regarding the "financial mobilisation" of Germany and THE general meeting of the London City and Midland Bank shareholders took place last week, and Sir Edward found most instructive, for this matter has been dealt with up to the present almost entirely by journalists who England. The details given in this speech will be pretended to have some knowledge of it, and showed by their writings that they had none. We do ON BELGIAN NATIONALITY. By Ramiro de Maeztu 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 million 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 their 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.

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, 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 Reichsbank; 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.

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-
Just returned from the capital cities of the world until the end of July last. The de-

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 Indian
domestically. It is not the first time we hear, not
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 monetized in Germany at one division
or another of the special banks. From Sir Edward
Riorden's speech we learn that a plan, not nearly so
dracatic as the German, but not so very dissimilar in
principle, was "strongly opposed" by the Bank of Eng-
lah—in the interests, one presumes, of the leading
financiers.

We must be allowed to emphasise the part which the
financiers have been playing during the war. In Ger-
many, 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 re-
verse, as we know, was the case with us. So strong
were the complaints that the banks refused to accom-
modate merchants and manufacturers that even the
Government was forced to take notice of them; the mark
must be admitted that little was done to relieve legiti-
mate trade. It is clear that the English financiers had
greater power than the German to be able thus to in-
fluence 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 overseas invest-
ments—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.

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 some-
what smaller scale, Switzerland, Belgium, and Holland
—and of the effect of these investments on international
politics, the student of economics will search the text-
books in vain. A few casual references are all he will
wish to "develop" foreign countries on account of the
interest brought in by these investments. 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 de-
mand 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.
Sometimes they have found out from experience that it does not
"pay" them to default.

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,"
instigation of the English "interests," say the Americans. Then came Huerta, whom the American Government refused to recognize. 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. We do not sympathise with anybody in these sordid financial adventures; we content ourselves with pointing out the facts.

In 1912 it appears that 186 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 are 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 ($8,000,000); the Cortez Oil Corporation ($1,000,000); the Penn Fuel Company ($10,000,000); the Mexican Petroleum 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); the Shell Oil, Ltd. (£2,000,000); and innumerable others. If we leave oil aside and turn to mines the story is the same, beginning with the American Smelting and Reining Company ($100,000,000); the Greene Cananea Copper Company ($86,000,000); and other American concerns; and ending with the great British "interests," such as El Oro Mining and Railway Company (£1,150,000); the Mazzapí Copper Co. (£500,000); the Santa Gertrudis Company (£1,500,000); and so on.

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 probably the first section of the railway was completed in 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 at war with each other, and the Triple Alliance 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 unfilching hostility of the Triple Alliance in any conflict which may be likely to end in independence. Austria, too, has no choice. Either the countries on the Lower Danube must be her friends, or she must seek to annihilate them.

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 overseas 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 materials. 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 use the 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 "Frankforter 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 imports of their raw materials. We do not sympathise with anybody in these sordid financial adventures; we content ourselves with pointing out the facts.

The first concession in connection with this celebrated line dates from 1888, the money being borrowed from the Deutsche Bank. What was probably the first section of the railway was completed in 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 at war with each other, and the Triple Alliance 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 unfilching hostility of the Triple Alliance in any conflict which may be likely to end in independence. Austria, too, has no choice. Either the countries on the Lower Danube must be her friends, or she must seek to annihilate them.
may be 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 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.

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 arrangements were completed. But the Deutsche Bank owns oil in Rumania; it controls the Allgemeine Elektrizitäts 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 Constantinoop 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.

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.

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 workingmen—an appeal, 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, willily-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.


"The Pitt Press of Cambridge seems to have become the special patron of flies... The House-Fly—Musca Domestica Linn... certainly one of the complete 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."

"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."—"Fall 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. Verdaz.

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 his 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 been otherwise.

Public feeling in Northern Italy has now become so strong that participation is all but inevitable. I find that even diplomats 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 conscientious, 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; but 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 Pekin 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, that 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.

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 collinery 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 Danell is no more.
Military Notes.

By Romens.

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 sovereignties 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 very near and 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 hirpling of the gheto standing upon his tottering legs and vilifying the traditions of honourable men it makes me sick. What has Lord Rosebery 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 cried delighted, "Noble is their mien."

Most kingly are they," her own chiefs replied,
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.

Before leaving the subject of the war and the strangely transformative effects 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 Candour 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 land would not live. You could not live, 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 choose 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 servant'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? You are told that the wage-earners now seem to believe honestly that the curse of labour is the labour agitator; that, if left alone, they and their together would get on quite peacefully 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 of course, 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 twenty-first 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 bear on 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, that is, the bad masters, that mark some companies? And so 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 this 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 millions of your class in this present moment short of the necessary food and fuel to keep their bodies warm. Is that generous of you 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 do with it? Do you buy for your family food and clothes and keep respectable; realise that you have the power to make the hell that is now burning itself out on the Continent look like a child's panorama?
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 Prince of Darkness" would have been for ever unable to find. 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 un-gregarious 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 Catholic Church which England would naturally have joined, had she been able to afford it. The Press was corrupted—or, perhaps, I should rather say, controlled to an extent till then unknown in freedom-loving England. Our movements towards the 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 pursued involved the abandonment of liberal policies in international politics with which the name of England had long been associated. Also, 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. The 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 her war with 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 the other countries of the Eastern Hemisphere, 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 serious danger as Russia. So they bolstered up the Russian bureaucracy when by simply letting Revolution take its course in Russia they could have saved the situation and put an end to all trouble. But revolution is anathema to them. One is forced to the rather cynical conclusion that there is more sympathy between the 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.
THE German spy mania among us, carefully fostered by the irresponsible sections of the Press, has caused many never produced a madder, stranger freak than this letter is no more a physician than I am. Twenty-odd years ago he took his degree in medicine, but he has never prac-

tice, 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 information available, as the so-called physician above referred to is able to do? Probably, every week some well-informed unofficial person can know. He is an in-

telligent man, and keenly observant. Here, then we have 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; as 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 apparently reside in one district more than another.

A German whom I have known for years astonished me last week by telling me that he had obtained permis-

sion 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 hun-

dreds 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—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 for any other well-informed person can know. He is an in-

telligent 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 the Germans 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 any-body 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; by this time even the President of Uruguay knows how Kitchener’s Army is armed and clothed and approxi-

mately how many uniforms and rifles go to a regiment. The really valuable information regarding the Army is not known 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 accept 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, which the Germans could arrange for one a week, to obtain a permit, and thus ensure a continuous supply of information.

How very ingenious! What naiveté! 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 Ger-

many about him. If a false minister of religion wishes to get him home himself, 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 the “active” German clergymen 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 apparently reside in one district more than another.

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Democracy and the Guilds.


Let me begin with the sting in the tail of "A. E. R.'s" The New Age of January 21, commenting on my recent series of articles on "Freedom in the Guild," he says: he criticizes the "double distrust," first, of the President and the Assembly, each claiming to represent directly the people of France. Naturally, in such a case, the one can prevail over the other: 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 elected in the same way is to court autocracy. Perhaps "A. E. R.'s" criticism of democracy; but, if he does, I could wish that he had said so.

I 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 the same source and function, and there is need of craft 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 recognised: their expression is to be the ballot of all the men under him, the General Manager is to be chosen by direct popular government. There is therefore a plain choice: either we must have an autocratic official caste, or "A. E. R." is right in claiming there is no need of craft representatives of each works in the district against all the crafts. Surely he means to imply that craft representatives are unnecessary on the District Committee. I treat 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 a 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 be 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 officers." 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 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 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 foretold. "The result of a great European conflict 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 purely political, void 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 thus 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 Poland 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 Russia's advance and victories. May not the nationalities suddenly become pieces instead of mere pawns upon the chessboard? 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, [See Chapter—Conjonctions Politiques.]

* Gregor Alexinsky: "La Russie Moderne." (Paris, 1913.) The English translation has not been published by Fisher Unwin.

A victories 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 to the facts. Even physically the Russian hope is likely to be realised. To the South of Russian Poland lie the Austrian provinces of Galicia and Bukowina. The student of history who wishes to obtain a clear idea of the feelings and national sentiments of the inhabitants should peruse Biénaïme’s scholarly and impartial work, containing useful and historical material. “After the oppressive policy of Metternich,” says the author, “after the system of Bismarck, Austria, especially since Saratow, 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 half is peopled by Poles. Whilst Posen and Silesia, in the midst of forests and marshes, constitutes an entrenched camp where an army even numerically inferior and momentarily isolated can defend herself victoriously.

As regards the Russian provinces in East Prussia, Silesia and Posen, nay, and in Alsace-and Russia, who has derived many lessons from her disasters in Manchuria, should learn how to reconcile the inhabitants.

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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 is impossible to draw a clear-cut line of separation between custom, 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—are 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. Rumours of this sort would normally have no 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 army and 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 General Joffre, Pau, Castelnau, Serral, 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 monarchial, 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 France.

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 he personally walks out injuring him; and that one glance of his sad eyes imbus 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 all manners; as happy when he can withdraw into seclusion as annoyed when social duties compel him 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 Leo-
pold, thought not of preserving 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, as a result 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 the 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, 1588, 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 1874 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 French; 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 Kaisser’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
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 Sinal."

It is the putrid Harmsworth heads it "Turkish Impudence.

"But, once there—spare my male ego, genius. What can a woman to be there. But, once there—spare my male ego, genius. What can a woman do there?"

By God, it is not. Nor will history name it so. 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 the one hand; 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, into which 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—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! Some people who go to the war lose their heads. We bury our dead in the form of religion which leads a man to hammer while he prays. He's awfully cut up. I must write to him.

"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 answer."

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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 quaint remarks about M. Avilon, the painter. M. Avilon, 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—never more any!—think of it!" I think the person had better combine against landlords, they are so detested. He was mistaken; they really are grocers and they don't combine against landlords, they are so detested.

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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 are very high. Arnold has been calling me up, saying that he is 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 wreathing the shops of anyone more nauseous than currants. They don't think, Arnold says, of doing 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 them to pay forfeit. From Galatea herself came Adonis to punish Venus for interfering with evolution, an in—

It is a good sign. 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 in—

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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 as 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 wisely read by the man in the street. Surely a public which chuckles over Pett Ridge and W. W. Jacobs could be roused to hilarity by such tales as "The Calumny," "A Work of Art," or "In Search of Information," all of which have appeared in The News 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 Player" (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 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 Player" (1908, out of print), (3) "Stories of Russian Life," just published at six shillings. * * * *

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, or appear, in a manner which I cannot but describe as essentially pointless. 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 fore-front 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 indifferenee 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, if 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 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—caconophonous 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 the idea that "we have a new Whitman 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 poetical strippling—that Mr. George Stirling, I would appear to read, was the herald of a great poet. These can best be suggested by saying that they remind me vaguely of "A."

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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 obvi- ously 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 advertisement." His melancholy comment was: "If those letters had appeared in an advertisement."

The New Age is admitted to preclude this insinuation. With no intention to advertise, in the sense alluded to, but to give 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 at San Francisco and are "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 hesitate to 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.

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 been excessively con- influenced 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. Mr. 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" success. I shall shortly return to this question. For the moment, I am content to say that Mr. George Sterling belongs to the unelect—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 Philadel-phia. Mr. Underwood is obviously suffering from Mr. James's blows. The art of writing American Notes is not to conceal American literature. With no intention to advertise, in the sense alluded to, but to give 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 at San Francisco and are "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 hesitate to 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.

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.

Having given himself away so far 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 manners, 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 admiral 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 con- temptuous 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, the civilization 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 interesting 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 only 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 hiccoughs. I cured him of these too and was commencing treatment for the snuffles, when the dear youth was suspect. I asked two policemen the way off now, in Dwansk, an "imbicile 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 in 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, disdainfully, enter into conversation with me. Yet, so exasperately, by their 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 become any better? 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, a rest 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 churb-fountain in the midst, nor the cable 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—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 these people who went to the war, who were wounded, who were killed in the trenches, who became a new army, to devastate 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. Perceval 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 pwmaking lick-spitting. And there was a highly unpleasant telegram 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 letter in the English “Journal” on a fortnight age beguiled me 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 as possible. It would be possible 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 I heard true common sense in that material book—Mr. Wells and I—we are 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—surely as are we right in applying this axiom to our intestinal industrial troubles, so Mr. Roman Dmovski correctly applies it to Poland. It is a temporary check. The whole war was a temporary check. The whole war was a check to Germany’s expansion, but, since the direction is inevitable, it will be only a temporary check. 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 world. 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, must seek so great an object as all its millions, Russia is not the chief nation in the European continent, simply because, in point of national endearment, three Russians, anarchic by nature, are not worth one German. The German is not an individualist like the Englishman; he is 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 parceled 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 acquisitions 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 was 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 was best that all non-German lands were wrested from Germany and Austria. Alsace would go to France; there would be a bigger Servia 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—Dantzig! For otherwise Poland, a hinterland, remains an economic slave to the surrounding nations. So only can Poland have economic freedom, from which alone dependent political freedom. The political stake is large—Polish patriotism is famous the world over. 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-
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. Dmowski, their temperament was plainly disclosed. In the rooms hung always two portraits, the Emperor Alexander of Germany and the Emperor of Russia, and beneath is—Bismarck! And their Russian sympathies battle with their Russian loyalty.

**Affirmations.**

By Ezra Pound.

V.

Gaudier-Brezka.

It may suit some of my friends to go about with their young noses pointing skyward, deifying 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 hall-lights claiming 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 think they are dead before I will praise them.

Having once set myself 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 heroes: 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... Bucrhalia, etc. And he had thoughts also of reducing Mount Atlas into the Shape of a Man. To raise on his left Hand a most ample City, and in his right to dig a large Basin, in which he designed to make a Compendium 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 stagy 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 anything better than that which would have abode the lightest of evening parties or in restaurants about Solo. I feel that Urbino was charming, that the scene is worthy of Veronese and especially 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 angioportis.

Et in quadriviis et angioportis 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 same 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 sights 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 Correggio, 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 Morpurgo, as a German professor, of the old type before the war, keeps a concealed, 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 symbolist 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-Brezka, 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 Reinch's Apollo but who can talk and think in the terms of world-sculpture and who is forever between the old and the new; a man with knowledge about primitive African tribes or of about Babylonia and Assyria, substantiated by quotations from the baldest 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 recognize 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 Epstein, 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 or inspired 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 document of 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 text book 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" now has a circulation of 500 copies a week. It is not merely a remarkable document of the artist who moves through his art, to whom

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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 secret society if he chose to master or pretty-pretties which the pink-sainted 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. The simple outline after expressive outline was given me day after day. And that the morning light came on it as it woke, and because of this shifting light plane after plane, outline after expressive outline was given me day after day, enhanced, apart taken 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 it is no reason for abusing the artist. 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 accused 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.

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**By Giovanni Papini.**

**Hamlet's Advice.**

*(Authorized Translation by Armand del Rí.)*

Our 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 the 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 met a long time ago a vigorous male, who like nothing save pretty women, was a hero of that class of men who, instead of doing, think of what they 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 a hero 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, and good Prince Hamlet had become— he 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 not the melancholy man 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 a hero sharp sword and a very bitter draught succeeding into introspection and vacillating will. Even in me, as in them, as in you, the pale cast of thought has grown into brooding, and the spirit, very little, has sickly o'er the rich wool 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 certain 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 criess 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 unopened, 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 tatters 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 the gods 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 recording one, thouest two joys to embark upon: to 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's 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 accept the burden. Let us not get weary of making a mark 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? Indeed, avow it, you have never done anything but this. Sweetest and most benign God, how I have loved and awaited. But what am I saying? All this which I so much, am I saying? All this which I have loved, is not the chaste betrothed of life for me?

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, despairing yourselves? Have you never a violent impulse which makes you leave the dissecting-room and stage and tear up your work? 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 interest has engaged us? Are we here to immerse 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 savours, 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 months to kiss, few memorials to create?

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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 stormy weather, rain or calm 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 hawser 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 say anything, 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 abaat Mister Piper, yer wuship."

"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 Scot 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." (Laughter.)

"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 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," studied the magistrate. "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 procurer 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 Slayer, 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 procurer; 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 who advocated the flogging of all people who hunted the fox or rode in the Row should be seized at once.

The expert thus addressed looked at his watch and said, "Mr. MacAndrew." He said, "Poor fellow, poor, I am not sure about. Do tell me what is the use of the boiler?"

"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 advertisements if they 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?"
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. Representations in 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.
A MODERN FANTASY.

I never saw Hall in brighter spirits. It was a day of days. Mortimer, Seymour, Laundy, 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 mosaicated floor, from the floor to the lustrous 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 masterminded, 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 enroll, for it rings with my soul. 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. Our mutual excitement that caused the illusion, 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 semi-circular shaped screen about her legs. As for myself, I confess that I had never before seen such splendid dominoes.

We watched him with increasing trepidation. He tipped 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 jadecoloured columns. The next moment we drew a breath of relief—Hall's hand re-appeared 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 enroll, for it rings with my soul. 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.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE RISE IN PRICES.

Sir,—It is good news to see that the "Citizen" is organizing a big campaign against the rise in prices which has been the most sensational feature of the war for live months past few months. It is undoubtedly due to the profiteering class that the British people have been feeling the pressure of war in times of peace and war with a complacent indifference. But it is wrong to say 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 supremacy in the seas, Great Britain would soon get into a serious economic position, and that 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 seas, 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 lessened production of foodstuffs; as the armies become completely armed and 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 been borne out by the events of November, December and January.

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 charity. The latter seeks only to relieve poverty. No mere threats or words, 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 as an argument in favour of war. Socialists have always maintained that their creed, or whatever you like to call it, stood for peace, as did they themselves, its true manifestation in the flesh. I have always maintained, on the contrary, that this was an erroneous assumption; and I pointed to the German Social Democracy, in particular, as Socialists who have always been 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.

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 your place in your collection.

M. D.

November, 1914.

This letter is sent with the concurrence of the 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 had to be used upon 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 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 these boxes is attached for your information.

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. The "Business as Usual" contract, the patriotic Hippodrome into which the Moss Empires, Ltd., headed by Frank Allen, consider England and the English to be the most precious soldier, in front of four galloping horses, who often get out of hand and become dangerous. Yet, upon your account of the War was produced at the "Hippodrome" the whole company working at the Finsbury Park Empire. It was Mr. Frank, the dancing master, who attempted to keep the group during the "Business as Usual" contract, the patriotic Hippodrome management accept no responsibility whatever for accidents of any kind (one unfortunate Englishman in this table 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, to which they consented, imagining that such a contract had been drawn up, but it is now believed that they were hoodwinked by the terms of the contract. The chorus demanded two pound five, being ten per cent. added to the two pound 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 began and they were paid only two shillings a week, it was 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 January 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. Albert P. de Courville, who is in America! When rehearsals for "Business as Usual" commenced, we assembled upon the stage. As Mr. Frank Trussell, his amiable gentleman told us that we were behaving in a 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 satis- faction 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 he would carry through the Harrow. Mr. Trussell warned us that he would carry through the Harrow. Mr. Trussell warned us that he would carry through the Harrow.

Sir,—Mr. Wright is a capital fellow, and no doubt wishes to do well by the Synchromatists. I apologise for being so behindhand. No one has had an opportunity to chal- lenge 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 a Belgian General in warfare, we should wait until he returned! No satis- faction as to who exactly fixes wages at the "Hippodrome" before the Revue was actually 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.

Further, to say that "not a single man has died of typhoid fever who has been inoculated," is not only valueless without our knowing the total number of inoculated and un inoculated men present.

Practically, the whole of the 200,000 men who were first sent out were on the same scale, and an inoculated man is better than the inoculated. There is no evidence to show that inoculated 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 inoculated 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 competent 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 is 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. 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 unless 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 are now being held in 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 unim- pressible, and second, that they are dealt with scientifically. Walter R. Hays, M.D., J.P.

President British Union for Abolition of Vivisection.
the "Cabaret." Not having seen any Synchromatist work (which, 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, for instance, can by any flight of fancy be said to be a derivative work of my own in whatever way or where is there 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 Synchromatists has led him into some exaggeration in a matter irrelevant to his main theme.

America has, I believe, one excellent Futurist and pro-fessed "Futurist," Stella Stirling, 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 Synchromatists at the top of an imaginary pyramid.

Judging from print and not from pictures, which are for the present inaccessible, Synchronism would seem to be a praiseworthy department of expressionism, making legitimate use of line and form, but that is no reason why their advocates should not dwell more on the words than the palate. Stendhal, of course, is well aware of the importance of names. Vortex is, I fear, of Berlin origin, and not in accordance with the palate. 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 Synchromatists at the top of an imaginary pyramid.

Are the Synchromatists working with colour as the Vorticists and Futurists are with line and form? In which case where is Mr. Wright's charge against Vorticism? Also, is his Minerva sprung from the forehead of Kandinsky? (Kandinsky)

* * *

IMAGISME.

Sir,—There are phrases in Mr. Ezra Pound's "As for Imagism" 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 explain.

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 central 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 skillfully 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 intense emotion at Thisbe's absence on a certain primal Thursday, which emotion discharged itself by causing him to think a new "pattern-unit," perhaps, "O." Let us suppose that Pyramus is thrown into an equally intense emotional state on Friday when he hears that Thisbe has been with Cypsys. Will this emotion cause Pyramus to repeat the thought "O" or will a qualitative change in the emotion cause him to think a second pattern-unit, perhaps "O?" or will this emotion express itself in bodily activity so that Pyramus finds Cypsys and "N Namely, from Mr. Pound's scanty word-ing 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.

* * *

RUSSIAN V. GERMAN CULTURE.

Sir,—As there is a danger that Mr. J. Butler Burke's railing epistle will lead to further trouble, 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 me to be in almost direct opposition, 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 lenient separations 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 overruled by a mere fortuions alliance. It was this principle which led me into a controversy last Octo-

Sir,—I see by a review in the "Daily News" that the latest cracker Mr. Archer has burst at Nietzsche is "Pathological megalo-mania." 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 be-

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FEBRUARY 4, 1915

CONSTANTIA STONE.

Selver.

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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 Nietzschian doctrines, but who simply hold men of unequalled genius in artistic honour, should protest against the petty scrullions directed against his name. Let us by all means unlash the fog-worms 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 point-offering to an ignorant and fanatic opinion. His "Panem et circenses" school of criticism is not much superior to the idolatrous ring of pseudo-mystics who, before the intellectual thin and muddy stream of Rüken'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 with them for all, with the kind of criticism which 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 coxalvescence." From which Mr. Archer draws aesthetic 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 Dostoevsky, to Keats, to Francis Thompson, to James Thynne, to Bismarck, to Syneve, to the jefferies, to John Addington Symonds, and a host of others. And, if just and impartial criticism is ever to maintain its claim to the powerful influence and influence modern enemies, let us attempt to apply to the man of genius (of whatever country and whatever point of view) new valuations, new and unbiased criteria of perception, rather than, for the plundits 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 and several entire departments which the "Post" never makes use of.

H. D. W. FULLER, Editor.

VORTICISM.

Sir,—Your printer has put "primary pigment" 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 "panem et circenses" school of criticism is not much as applied, from the same angle of criticism, to Dr. Johnson, to Swift, to Stevenson, to Pope, to Dostoevsky, to Keats, to Francis Thompson, to James Thynne, to Bismarck, to Syneve, to the jefferies, to John Addington Symonds, and a host of others. And, if just and impartial criticism is ever to maintain its claim to the powerful influence and influence modern enemies, let us attempt to apply to the man of genius (of whatever country and whatever point of view) new valuations, new and unbiased criteria of perception, rather than, for the plundits of indiscriminate spectators, to stone him in the market-place.

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