

THE NEW AGE

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART.

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

FOR six months we have never ceased to emphasise the most essential feature of this war, namely, that it is a war of ideas. No one has realised better than ourselves how impossible it is to defeat such spiritual power as modern Prussia represents by any number of pitched battles or by the latest improvements in guns and flying machines. Those are, at best, crude expedients, however necessary. It is in quite other directions that the real defeat of Prussia must ensue; and it is because we are anxious, above all, to annul and destroy the spiritual power of Prussianism that we view with intense satisfaction the resignation of Mr. Masterman. This is a victory, if you like—a victory of even greater importance for us than the sudden turning of the German line at the Battle of the Marne.

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With Mr. Masterman personally we are hardly concerned at all. That for the sake of place and power he repudiated his early ideals and his early friends, that his speeches outdid in hypocrisy even those of Mr. Lloyd George himself, that neither his superiors nor his inferiors could respect him—these things, for the moment, hardly matter. What does matter is the fact that Mr. Masterman undertook to be responsible for the detailed work rendered necessary by the application of the Insurance Act, that in effecting his task he befouled with the stiff, exotic notions of Prussia the fine spirit of the English working classes, and that, solely on account of the work he accomplished in connection with the Insurance Act, he brought down on himself the hatred, wrath, contempt, and loathing of all men, who, from instinct or knowledge, could discern and love the qualities which have always distinguished Englishmen and led them to be the political and economic innovators of the world. For three years Mr. Masterman has been steadily endeavouring to undermine the character of the English working classes, those very

foundation stones of the national edifice. He found them, God knows, in a sad enough condition—working at subsistence level, all but crushed by the weight of the profiteers, vainly seeking principles, leaders, a better way of life; but clinging, nevertheless, with all the tenacity of unreasoning despair, to some traditional quality which generations of free men had stamped upon them. Mr. Burns defined this quality with sufficient exactness when he told his listeners, in a burst of sound rhetoric, that they must not break the proud spirit of the poor. So they had more to their name, these people, than their poverty and squalor!

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Let us recall once again, as we have never ceased to recall, the character of the Insurance Act. In many points of detail, and in the one great point of principle, it was the precise contrary of Magna Charta: it took away the rights and liberties of one class in the nation. Plantagenet gave way to Tudor, Tudor to Stuart, Stuart to Orange, and Orange to the more evil-sounding lines of Brunswick and Saxe-Coburg; but still, despite all the changes in the social and economic organisation of the country, the law made no theoretical distinction between classes. Englishmen were equal. It remained for the new industrial regime of twentieth-century Liberalism to erect a definite barrier between masters and men; to split the nation by definitely setting one class aside and labelling it servile. Compulsion: that was the keynote of the new measure; but compulsion for one class only. And the Insurance Act was itself only the forerunner of other measures destined to restrict the liberty of the workers. The extension of the unemployment section of the Act; the pernicious scheme of Labour Exchanges; the bribes, the corruption, the strangling of the national conscience: it is unnecessary for us to particularise. It was the aim of the capitalists to enmesh the proletariat in a net which left them at the mercy of the employing classes; and the Government, as the instrument of the profiteers, had to carry out their commands. A model was found, characteristically enough, in the very State in which freedom of thought and action, even in a social

sense—and much less in a political sense—had hardly ever been known. Accustomed to be ordered about from the day of their birth to the day of their death, it was natural enough that the Prussians should have tolerated Bismarck's insurance schemes. But England!

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The agitation which followed the introduction and passing of the Insurance Act in this country will always, we hope, be memorable while Englishmen value their liberties. There was a spontaneous, intense, and widespread outburst of indignation, so profound and far-reaching that not even the toadying newspapers of the capitalists could conceal it. It is customarily said that there has been no party system since the war began. This is belated. In the minds of workmen, at least, there has been no party system among us since it was realised that the Conservatives and the bulk of the Labour and Nationalist members were as deeply committed to the working of the Insurance Act as were the Liberals who introduced it. Every group in the House of Commons has officiously professed to come forward with amendments to this or that section of the Act. But no party organisation has dared to support the needful change in the principle of the measure, the entire abolition of the compulsory clause. Why, they would waive the contributory clause rather than that! Yes; it would actually "pay" our profiteers to offer their employees free insurance, so it be compulsory and not optional.

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Although the Act has been "working" smoothly enough on the surface, those who are most intimately concerned with it know what is really thought of it, and how bitter is the resentment against it. At a very early stage the anti-insurance agitation became crystallised in the Insurance Tax Resisters' Defence Association; and the support which Miss Douglas and her colleagues continue to receive even now from both employers and workmen is sufficient in itself to act as a warning to any Government. You may go to Lancashire, Yorkshire, Northumberland, Durham, the Potteries, the Home Counties, Wales, Scotland, and Protestant or Catholic Ireland, and you will not fail to hear the Insurance Act spoken of in violent terms of reprobation and disgust. Among the best and the best-paid classes of our workmen—those, we mean, whose traditional English spirit has been least crushed by the industrial legislation of the last two or three decades—you will find that not even the war has superseded the Act as a topic of discussion. The workmen feel, and feel keenly, that the Act segregates them into a servile class; and that is something which they will resent so long as they possess and can give rein to the feelings of Englishmen. But approach them with suggestions of a purely voluntary scheme of insurance! We may remind our readers that a measure providing for voluntary insurance—and incidentally for the complete rehabilitation of the Friendly Societies—was introduced into the House of Lords and the House of Commons by Lord Willoughby de Broke and Sir Richard Cooper last year. It met, as we stated at the time, with the infuriated opposition of Conservative and Liberal party wirepullers; but its reception in the country was quite another matter. When Lord Willoughby de Broke, at the first meeting held to explain the new measure, addressed a thronged roomful of miners in Northumberland, there was an outburst of enthusiastic joy such as we have seldom observed at a political gathering; and at meetings held in other parts of the country in June and July last the revised proposals were hailed with equal fervour. The war has merely suspended, and by no means checked, the work of those who are determined to see the present Act removed from the Statute Book.

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Indeed, the feeling of the country, war or no war, is shown in the fate of Mr. Masterman. Mr. Masterman,

as soon as he became associated with the Insurance Act, was turned out of his London constituency, and subsequently failed to be elected for Ipswich. Swansea refused to consider his candidature, and so did Shipley. At one or two of these constituencies, certainly, Mr. Masterman may have been personally unpopular; but that four of them should have rejected him one after the other is a fact of such significance that not even our capitalists can fail to see the meaning of it. The Executive has assumed to itself in war-time the most extreme powers; but not all the wirepulling of autocrats and bureaucrats could force the administrator of the Insurance Act on any constituency in the country. It is hardly necessary for us to lay any further stress on this point; but there are one or two matters arising out of the Insurance Act and its administration which may well be reconsidered with advantage.

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The relationship which it has been sought to establish between masters and men by the English Insurance Act is not precisely the German relationship; and it is not, as we have heard even Liberals professing to believe, an attempt to introduce into industrialism the patriarchal features of feudalism. The essential principle of feudalism, whatever we may think of it, was clear enough—honourable service was given by both parties. The protected yeoman had at least the right to ask for protection; the baron or chief had at most the right to demand the military service of those he protected. The system was a rudimentary enough feature of our early political development; but, so far as it went, it was strictly honourable. There was nothing to suggest that the higher classes looked down on the lower; nor, indeed, did they. All men were equal in the sight of God, the king, and the Pope. What has happened under the Insurance Act is well enough known. It is precisely because of the class barrier which has been raised, and of the dishonourable implications which a class barrier conveys, that the working classes object to the Act. Nor have we succeeded in emulating Germany, however ill it might become us to do so if we could. In Germany the workman is expected to serve the State; but, as everybody else is expected to do so, the German worker would consequently not be likely to feel a class distinction even if his sensitiveness were more acute than it appears to be. But remember what, after all, the German State does for those who serve it. The German State owns mines, inland waterways, forests, canals, railways, and even potash works. It subsidises—either as a State or through the municipalities—theatres, operas, concerts, parks, libraries, rail and tramway services for workmen, and a host of other social conveniences. We no more recommend the German system of insurances for modern England than we would advocate a return to feudalism; but we do recognise that both have conferred advantages which our own capitalistic classes do not seek to confer at all. It is an old complaint of ours that the Chancellor of the Exchequer was willing to raise money socially, but not to spend it in the same way.

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The baneful effects of measures like the German Insurance Act, on which ours is, of course, modelled, are seen at a time of national crisis such as the present. A habit of unquestioning obedience leads to the proletariat's marching at the word of command; and the obedience of the army is strictly enforced in industrial life. The workman little by little loses the power of self-assertion; and in the long run, no matter how intolerable his conditions may be, he finds himself caught so tightly in the grip of the State that he is unable to take even a preliminary step towards remedying them. The growth of trade unions has been checked in Germany and discouraged here. Despite this discouragement, our trade unions have grown, only to be attacked in a subtle way by the unemployment section of the Act regulating unemployment insurance. Grind the work-

man down to subsistence level, leave him with only a few pence to spare for insurance against anything, force him to pay this to the State, and what then becomes of his union? The value of this Insurance Act to employers may be judged from one single incident. The sudden outbreak of war found us in a state of unpreparedness which is likely to provide moralising historians with a warning example. At once we began to reorganise our army, our financial system, our political organisation. But, before any of these things had been reorganised, arrangements had been made, at an hour's notice, for maintaining the operations of the Insurance Act. And they were made. Territorials and recruits found that three-halfpence a week was to be deducted from their pay, while on their return to civil life the previous payments were to go on as before.

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This is a form of State service which the soldier would prefer to do without, but the capitalist takes long views and realises that while war is transitory the struggle between capital and labour is not. The duty of the capitalist toward his own class during a period of war, indeed, was known as far back as the time of the Napoleonic wars; and no less a Liberal economist than Mill summed it up in frank enough language. Mill, it may be recollected, pointed out for the benefit of English employers who might follow him that war withdrew from productive employment not merely capital, but also labour, and that neither the labouring classes nor the employing classes could be said to suffer acutely if men were withdrawn from production to man the army and navy, though the general produce of the country might be diminished by the war expenditure. The rule did not always apply. The Napoleonic campaigns withdrew labour from France to a very great extent, though, as the invading armies supported themselves on the countries they overran, little capital was withdrawn. The consequence was that there was a wide demand for labour in France and a small supply; and wages rose accordingly, the wealth of the country being impaired by the suspension of a specific amount of productive labour. In England the exact contrary took place. During the campaigns in question this country subsidised foreign countries, i.e., England employed the soldiers and sailors of other nations to do her fighting for her, while she "diverted hundreds of millions of capital from productive employment to supply munitions of war and support armies for her Continental allies." The result, in England, was that the labouring classes suffered while the capitalists prospered; and "the permanent productive resources of the country did not fall off."

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This significant argument, which will be found stuffed away in an unimportant-looking footnote, has ever since been interpreted to their own advantage by English capitalists. When we were threatened with an extended campaign, as in the case of the Crimean War, we saw to it that we had allies in France and Turkey; and in the case of the present war our industrialists' opportunities for making money are limited only by the productive capacity of their plants and the man-power at their disposal. Here, we think, will be found the answer to one of the most fundamental principles of the school of Mr. Norman Angell. It is clear enough that when one State conquers and absorbs another—as Germany has conquered and absorbed Belgium, for instance, at least temporarily—the inhabitants of the conquering State, taking them generally, are not a whit the better, morally or economically speaking. But when the Norman Angell school speak thus they are thinking of the State as a whole, which, as we have said, does not benefit from the absorption of another State. But one class in the conquering State does undoubtedly benefit, namely, the ruling class. To this extent war is beneficial—not to the State, but to a class in it. Mr. Angell, in his latest book on the destruction

of Prussianism, says, truly enough, that Germany draws more tribute from South America than Spain ever did, despite the Spanish outpouring of blood and treasure in wars of "conquest." This may be granted. But "Germany" does not draw this tribute; the tribute is drawn by the German financiers who have lent money to South America, or by the German industrialists who have established branches of their business there. The German people as a whole do not benefit at all. On the contrary, as we indicated last week, they lose. They are exploited at home as producers, and, when the "tribute" arrives (as it does in the form of commodities) they are exploited as consumers. In either case the capitalistic class gains; the other classes lose. We need say nothing of the economic benefits a war confers on financiers who have money to lend, for this is a matter in which even neutrals may participate; and the investing classes, if they are tired of war loans, may put their money in industry. We are not forgetting the new Treasury regulations; for it is obvious enough that the required permission will be given to any firms who may want money for the manufacture of war materials—a very comprehensive term.

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We see that the economic objection to war only partly applies. It does not benefit the conquering country, true; but it benefits a financial class in that country, and if this class is powerful—and it must be, for money is power—it will control war or peace. But the moral arguments for and against war may be dealt with similarly. When the Angellists say that war is of no economic value they are thinking of the State as a whole. When they say that war is of no moral value they appear to be thinking of the capitalistic classes. On the other hand, when our own jingoes argue that war is of moral value they think they are referring to the State as a whole, and to the capitalistic and industrial classes in particular, whereas it is precisely these classes that do not benefit from the moral effects of a war. It is they, rather, who exploit the patriotism, the noble sentiments, of the remaining classes in the State. Such benefits as may be admitted to arise from war considered as a dangerous sport are acquired by precisely the classes in a State who do not benefit from the economic side of war; while the capitalistic classes, who are so continually being praised by the Maxses, the Garvins, and the riff-raff of the "Morning Post" and the "Saturday Review," are precisely the people who deserve no eulogies at all—they get money, not honour or moral improvement, from the campaigns which they cause to be waged on their behalf.

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If these arguments be properly appreciated we think that much which now puzzles neutral countries with regard to our attitude will be explained. The cry of business as usual followed naturally on the principles laid down by the Whig and Liberal economists—you fight, we will supply you with munitions of war for which you will pay, and our workmen will suffer from unemployment in some industries and a huge influx of capital into others. Of course, if you can't pay for the war materials we propose to supply to you, we shall enable you to do so by lending you money at four, five, six per cent. That, in none too brutal language, is the attitude of our employing classes and financiers. The attitude of the rest of the country is simply one of self-sacrifice for the benefit of the nation—a characteristic quality of our aristocrats and our workmen, both of whom are exploited, in war as in peace, by the parasitic financiers. It is complained, too, that our business principles change—that we have for the time being thrown over the doctrines of free trade, for example. But this, again, as we indicated a few weeks ago, is natural. Our trade policy has always varied with the requirements of our industrialists, and will continue to do so. We shall have occasion very shortly to examine this question at greater length.

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

I HAVE seen no reference in the papers to the fact that a financial conference was held in Paris last week, those taking part being M. Bark, the Russian Minister of Finance; M. Ribot, representing the French Treasury; Mr. Lloyd George and Lord Reading. This week or next these gentlemen hope to meet in London. I do not know that there is any particular necessity for keeping secret the subjects under discussion; for I observe that many of the German papers are making more or less satisfactory guesses at the nature of the conference.

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When our own large war loan was issued some weeks ago it was understood that the three hundred and fifty millions would last us up to June of this year. Included in this amount was the loan to Italy, though the recent Roumanian loan was also understood to be provided for in it. In other words, the loan provided for our own needs and for the preliminary expenses of Roumania and Italy. There were, however, other matters connected with the financing of the war which were not included in the loan. For example, Russia is now in a prosperous condition. It is stated that, in consequence of the prohibition of the sale of alcohol, the savings bank deposits have risen enormously throughout the Empire, in some cases by as much as thirty times the normal return. The harvest has been good, and the number of orders for war material placed in Russia itself has greatly stimulated various branches of trade. In spite of all this, Russia's international credit is low. The practical closing of the Baltic, the entire closing of the Dardanelles, and the stoppage of communication by land over Austria and Germany, have led to a complete cessation of the normal Russian export trade. Many consignments of merchandise have reached the northern ports of the Empire; but here again trade has been interfered with by the weather. The result is that Russia cannot pay by the exchange of goods the international debts she has contracted; and we have the irritating phenomenon of wheat prices rising in England, France, and the United States, while the Russian wheat supply which, in ordinary circumstances, would be exported, is going to rot.

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When speaking of the Roumanian loan last week I mentioned that the £5,000,000 was to be lent by credit, i.e., it is proposed to manufacture war and other materials to that value in England, send them to Roumania, and credit the Roumanian Government with the loan as their purchase price. As Roumanian exchange has also depreciated for much the same reasons as the Russian, this serves the double purpose of letting Roumania have full value for her money, and at the same time obviating the export of gold. Something similar is to be arranged, I understand, in the case of Russia. As City men are painfully aware, the value of the rouble has depreciated by very nearly twenty per cent. It is probable that credits for the Russian Government will be opened in London and in Paris; and perhaps means will likewise be found for opening a Russian account in New York. In this way the ordinary exchange value of the rouble may be restored. This matter is of great importance from the point of view of the Allies in general as well as of Russia in particular; for it is essential that the credit of the Allies as a whole shall be maintained at the customary level in neutral countries, and this, of course, cannot be done if the value of Russian money is to decline by one-fifth.

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Apart from this question, at least one other of significance was discussed in Paris. It is proposed to issue another war loan; but this time it may be a joint affair. While no sum has yet been decided upon, the

amount mentioned was £700,000,000. It was for this reason, naturally, that the recent Treasury order prohibited the export of capital and even placed restrictions upon the use of capital in England and within the limits of the British Empire. The loan may be floated simultaneously in London, Paris, and Petrograd; and subscriptions may be invited from neutrals. It will not matter whether neutrals subscribe or not, for there is an ample supply of money at the disposal of the Allies. France, it is true, is at a disadvantage owing to the German occupation of several French Departments; but French credit is unimpaired, and a loan can be floated in Paris without difficulty. Our own financiers, as has been clearly suggested in the Editorial columns of this journal during the last two or three weeks, have chosen to hold up their money and practically to threaten the Treasury with demands for higher rates of interest, giving the alternative of no money at all. We can hardly—such is our bitter experience—expect patriotism from financiers; but they are always susceptible to pressure of the kind that is now being exercised upon them. We may find out later that as the result of profound consideration of their "mutual interests," as they call them, the industrialists of this country have agreed to support the Government as against the financiers; and for once complete control of the money market has failed to browbeat the Treasury. Our new loan will probably be issued at four per cent.—i.e., $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. issued at 95. The rates of interest will vary, however, for the French Government may float their loan at a slightly lower rate, while the Russians will probably have to pay $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.

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It may be added that the Allies do not expect to have to issue a further war loan after this one, either jointly or severally. It is fully expected that the sum of seven or eight hundred million will pay all expenses to the end of the war—and not merely the expenses of the chief participants, but of such smaller nations as may ultimately be induced to join us. The expenses now include not merely the ordinary costs of a long campaign but a foreign Press propaganda on a large scale. It was, thanks to her excellent Press arrangements, that Germany managed for the early months of the war to have her case presented, and presented exclusively, in Greece, Turkey, Switzerland, the Scandinavian countries, and in all the Central and South American Republics. Such a widespread Press organisation had never before been known. Every Turkish paper, of course, was either in the hands of Germans or susceptible to the influence of the Turco-German Government. An attempt is now being made by our side to emulate this form of publicity, though it will be carried out, it is to be hoped, with rather more tact and dignity than the Germans have shown. Hitherto we have confined our efforts almost entirely to the United States of America.

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It may be thought that the presentation of the Note regarding the right of search, and the "Dacia" case, not to mention the food ship "Wilhelmina," have hardly justified our efforts. We have, however, had to contend with a heavily subsidised German Press in America, and with the openly expressed German sympathies of nearly a third of the population. Those Americans who were hesitating which side to join have now made up their minds, and made them up in our favour. The ridiculous threat of the German Government to blockade England—and an ineffective blockade, which is the only kind Germany can attempt, is contrary to The Hague Convention—is not likely to affect our shipping, but it may likely jeopardise the lives of American travellers on the big liners. Even the American papers have begun to point out facts like this. The best argument we can use in the United States—and we can prove it—is that it will "pay" the Americans to support us.

Military Notes.

By Romney.

Six months' embodied service in the Territorial Force or the New Army is the best corrective which man can devise for democratic enthusiasm. At the end of the period one arrives at the conclusion that, whether or no democracy be an ideal method of government for certain societies, it is in England simply impossible. I do not think that any straight-seeing man can spend half a year in that intimate contact with his non-commissioned officers and men which is customary to the good company officer and arrive at any other conclusion than that the Englishman of the lower classes is simply incapable of ruling at all. It is not a question of whether he will rule well or badly, harshly or leniently, purely or corruptly. It is a question of whether he can even start to rule—and personally I answer without hesitation that he can't.

* * *

A company consists in roughly two hundred and fifty n.c.o.'s and men, with six officers. The officers, of course, are almost invariably of the class called gentlemen. Their tactical and administrative capacity varies within broad limits: it is, however, safe to say that eighty per cent. have some capacity for handling men. This capacity, of course, wants training, pruning and developing; uncorrected and undeveloped, it frequently leads its possessor into trouble, as when a too exacting officer goads his subordinates into sullenness or insubordination. But of almost all Englishmen of the upper classes—or at any rate of such of them as present themselves for commissions—this much may safely be said, that they are not afraid of power. They welcome it, and, if anything, the trouble in forming an officer corps arises from the fact that most of them desire too much of it.

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So far so good. But a company is not run—or rather should not be run—by six officers alone. There exists a functionary whom Wellington—surely in jest?—described as the backbone of the British Army: the n.c.o. Roughly speaking it may be described as the duty of this person to see that the officers' orders are executed by the men. With these he is supposed to be in more intimate contact than is possible to the officer, drawn from another and a distinct class, and by means of tact, judgment and natural authority—for in the British service the non-commissioned officer wields no independent powers of punishment—he is supposed to get the "scrub-work" of the company done.

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Such is your theory, founded perhaps upon the experience of other epochs when common Englishmen retained some modicum of personality and the profession of "machine-minder" was not of so frequent appearance in the trades' column of the section rolls. Now for the practice. You examine your two hundred and fifty men with the laudable object of discovering sixteen section commanders for the sixteen sections, each commanded by an n.c.o., into which the company is divided. The theory is that each section commander is responsible for the arms, equipment, fire discipline and general good order of his section. Within that region, and subject to the orders of his superior officers, he is a petty king. "A splendid system!" you imagine. "There will surely be no difficulty about working this! Among this two hundred and fifty I shall easily discover sixteen keen men, who, of course, will only be too glad to be afforded the chance of showing what they are worth! They will compete with one another, and as the fruit of their praiseworthy emulation, I, the organiser, shall get the credit of a good and well-administered company." O fool! Ere a dozen suns have set—But wait. Let the history of events explain itself—and attend, O democrats!

The first matter that presents itself will be, let us say, the allotment of week-end passes. This is a difficult affair, only some ten per cent. or so being allowed per company and it being, and the unhappy company commander finding it, naturally difficult to allot them without incurring the charge of carelessness or partiality. We will accordingly picture you, assisted nominally by your Colour-Sergeant, standing before a mass of about a hundred applicants and endeavouring to decide, without fear or favour, which twenty of them are the best fitted in the interests of the Army to be allowed to visit their wives and families for the week-end. A few eliminations immediately suggest themselves. Jones has seen too much of his wife lately; you more than suspect that that is why Private Jones is apt to flinch like a little cat when he lets off his rifle on the range and betrays every other sign of nervous degeneration. Brown is also "out of it." If you let him go home he will almost certainly come back drunk and assault the Sergeant of the Guard, whilst Tomkins will not return at all because he has been over-persuaded by his mother to go sick and stop in bed. By the way, that is another great distinction between the upper and the lower class in England—the great reliance of the latter on its mother. When during the earlier months of the campaign the Territorial Force was asked to volunteer for service at the front, ninety per cent. of the refusals were avowedly because "my mother said I wasn't to." No officer would ever give such an excuse—his wife perhaps, but not his mother! However, to return to our passes. You find it impossible yourself to reduce the number of applicants below eighty, whereas, as we have seen, no more than twenty can be successful. At or about this moment it suddenly occurs to you that you have sixteen section commanders. Here is a chance to prove their worth! Their knowledge of the circumstances will enable them to discriminate in a manner which you could not possibly have done. You call them up. "To-morrow morning by nine," you say, "each one of you will bring me the name of one man in your section whom you consider the most fitted to receive a week-end pass. Away, my sucking supermen!" Section commanders exeunt.

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Next morning you are greeted by the Colour-Sergeant. "That arrangement of yours with reference to them passes don't seem to be working very well, Sir!" he says. "They 'aven't chosen nobody at all!" Upon further inquiry you discover that in face of the task of choosing one of the twelve to fifteen members of their commands your sixteen budding champions of democracy have broken down. All of them look badgered; most of them distinctly frightened. Upon secret inquiries, conducted through the officers' servants, you discover that no single one of them has dared to name a man and to have done with it; and at last becoming sick of the matter, you give somebody instructions to place the eighty odd names in a hat and to draw twenty of them by lot. So much for your experiment in democracy.

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It is the same all through. There are plenty of hard working men among the English lower classes. There is a reasonable number of intelligent ones. The war has shown that there is an unreasonable amount of very brave ones. But there is not, so far as I can see, a working proportion of men with the independence of character and the initiative to rule. It may be that the corps of which I write is exceptionally deficient in such men. I hope so. It may be that a democratic society can rub along without those qualities. I doubt it, and I am certain that an army cannot. It may be again that the apparent lack of them among modern Englishmen of the lower classes is due to exceptional conditions—board schools, wage slavery and all the rest of it. But for the present it is a matter, as a Colonel of the Guards once observed to me, of "officer, officer, everywhere and all through."

Letters to a Trade Unionist.

VI.

THERE were a number of points in my letter last week which I should like to discuss further with you. There was my question at the end, for instance, wherein I asked whether it is possible to explain your position in any other way than by stating that the wage-earning class is composed largely of men who are either serfs at heart or intellectually too lazy to consider their position. I repeat that one in particular at this point because, for the benefit of a few superior salaried persons who seem to have made up their minds that there is no other explanation and that the wage-earners therefore deserve to continue to stew in their own juice, I wish to remark that I have another explanation—but it must wait; I want to deal with a different matter just now. And the matter of most importance at this point is contained in another question I put last week, asking what your inclinations are with regard to the future of your children. Now let us forget for a moment that whatever we do in our generation will only give very tangible results in the next, and consider the question as if our actions would affect us in the immediate future. In the first place, then, realise that there are two paths now lying open to the feet of the wage-earners. The first they will take if they are blind to signs of danger and deaf to reasoned argument. At the present moment their faces are turned towards this dangerous path. They are being told by their pastors and masters of nearly every type that it is a pleasant path, and in a sense that is true. If they follow it quietly it will lead them to that apparently happy consummation I have already mentioned: A state of things wherein they will be sure of a full belly and a cottage with a bathroom, and for the lucky ones, perhaps, a strip of garden. Honestly, I do believe that the workers, if they are willing, can get these things in a comparatively short time. If the social conscience that now pricks on men and women of all sects, creeds, and shades of political opinion, to consider social reform and amelioration of the lot of the poor, if the present trend of reformist legislation continues unchecked—and I see no earthly reason why it should be checked; indeed, all the signs point the other way—then we shall soon reach a time when no man, woman, or child in these islands will stand in need of a meal or a roof. Everyone will be provided for—in a way. For the wage-earning class, work will be found for all who are capable of working; and there will be no possibility of shirking. The sick will be tended; the lunatic will be locked up; the criminal will be eliminated by a crazy eugenicist; the organisation of the State will be as sound as human ingenuity can make it—on mechanical principles; you will have no further need to worry about your son's future—because the State will see to him; and no one but members of the owning and controlling classes will have one vestige of freedom left.

Now, the real danger to the workers of these islands is that they will be persuaded to follow this first path to this conclusion. In their present state of poverty, disunity and consequent weakness, it seems a very desirable thing to many of them that they should do so. They actually idealise it; and this false ideal is fostered by the press, by their own leaders, by nearly every reformist body in existence.

The disgusting physical manifestations of generations of want, and the mental weaknesses that are so prevalent and so obvious among such a large proportion of the victims of modern commercialism, lead many otherwise sane and healthy individuals to pray and strive for a time when labour shall be assured of the security of a bare measure of food and shelter. But never forget, even for one moment, what so very few of your fellow Trade Unionists realise, that this way out of the poor's morass of misery leads also to a state of mental and

spiritual slavery which can only result ultimately in spiritual death. Harassed and worried as you are both at work and in your scanty hours of leisure, it is hard for you to bear this in mind, I know. Sometimes, when I look round and see the horrors of our time, when my soul is scourged with the thought of memories of "sights that are abominable and secrets that are unutterable," I could almost fall into that same pit of despair which has swallowed up so many of our teachers and our mates, and work and strive for the era that our modern reformers are so anxious to usher in to this tortured world. Everyone, I suppose, even every one among those of us who should know better, is afflicted in the same way at times, but, fortunately, with most of us it is only for a short time—it is but a passing mood. For beyond the state of comfort towards which the reformers direct your gaze and beg of you to turn your feet we can see the slavery that will inevitably be your lot if you allow yourselves to be led, driven, or goaded to this reformers' goal. And so we seek to point out to you the second path that can save you from the destruction that must overtake you if you follow the first. For the second path is one of which you are scarcely aware. You have not yet been told of it, and you are so intent upon the glories promised by the advocates of the first that you have apparently no desire to know whether there is an alternative road or no. But the alternative is there, and be assured that, if you will take it resolutely, it will give you all and more than you can possibly get by following the first. It will bring you physical comfort and security; it will bring you the whole of the wealth of this world; it will give you leisure and light, a new atmosphere in which to waken gently and kindly nourish your almost atrophied intelligence; and it will save your souls from destruction. For the first road is the road to the servile state, the second is the road to a state of freedom. The first is the broad, straight path; the second is the narrow way. The first you will be helped along by every orthodox force, and many so-called heterodox forces, in the country; you will be driven along it, if need be, by all the civil and military forces of the Crown, as Mr. Asquith once put it; but for the second you will need the light of reason as a guide, and your friends will be few. Further than that, you will have to change your direction pretty quickly if you are to be saved from the evils of the first; for the farther you go along that road, the more hopeless is your chance of salvation.

It is necessary, or so it seems to me, to make this fact plain at the outset. There are muddle-headed politicians and witless economists who are convinced that the jugglery of the Cabinet, the crazy impudence of Mr. Lloyd George, the eternal creation of Government Departments which deal with, and are supposed, in some magic way, to cure poverty, and the whole sordid structure of labourist and Socialist political reforms are going to usher in a new golden age. And muddle-headed and witless as these people are, they are, in a way, right. The golden age is already on the way, but you must remember that your share in it will be but a sufficiency of the bare necessities of physical existence; the golden glories you will produce will be for but a few; and you are given but a short time in which to choose whether you will have this or set about the creation of a human state. Without doubt you have the choice. You may support your Trade Union leaders, your leaders of Labour, your leaders of Liberalism and—why not?—Toryism, and your leaders of Religion, and they will all help you to a state of collectivism in which you will be well-fed and well-clothed—and deprived of every reasonable human desire and aspiration; or you may throw these people over, tell them to get to Hell or scurry off into the pit they are digging for your feet, and set about refashioning the nation in such a way that you will not only be assured of satisfaction for your physical needs, but one in which you will be mentally and spiritually alive, active, and vigorous as well.

ROWLAND KENNEY.

National Honour and Personal Honour.

YEARS ago in Syria an old Circassian exile said, when I was introduced to him: "An Englishman—any Englishman—is good, and his word is sure. Three Englishmen in Kars behaved like warrior angels, fought like devils; and while they fought for us their Government betrayed our country."

The betrayal to which he referred is that of the Circassian rising under the once famous guerrilla chief Shamil at the time of the Crimean War. This rising was at first very warmly encouraged with all kinds of promises and protestations, but afterwards forgotten, by the British Government. It was a small affair, and must have seemed quite unimportant to the Foreign Office of that day, but in the estimation of a whole race it destroyed our national honour which then was much esteemed by Orientals generally. It is possible that the sentiment of national honour to be found in England's rulers, its high priests, was no more then than it is now, and that only a series of commanding personalities pursuing a determined policy made it seem more to the Easterns. However that may be, the fact remains that it is only in the last few years, and apparently as a result of the Russian alliance, that the East, as a whole, has been compelled to recognise that England has no honour as an empire, that she breaks her pledges, and will sacrifice old friends without compunction when it serves her turn to do so. Yet the honour of the individual Englishman remains as high as ever among Orientals. Why? Simply because he keeps his word, and is generally to be trusted in his dealings. With us personal honour is infinitely greater than national honour—at least, as manifested in our rulers. With Eastern peoples it is less. You may be cheated by an individual occasionally, but if a tribe or a community has pledged its word to you in solemn conclave you may trust that word for ever. I knew a man who, having received a solemn promise from the Druze Chiefs of the Hauran, asked for a written contract to confirm it. The document was given, but you should have seen their faces.

The decent Englishman whose fate it is to represent England among Orientals, whether it be as an officer of the frontier force in India, or as an inspector under an Egyptian ministry, or as a consul in Persia, has had to suffer shame in these last years. Obligated by his position and the mentality of the people among whom he works constantly to pledge his personal honour for the national honour in which, with the majority of simple Englishmen, he honestly believed, he has been placed in a most false position by the diplomatic subtleties of the Home Government, and by the new type of official superior which those subtleties have evolved. No diplomatist, in the current acceptation of the term, should ever be put in charge of Orientals, or allowed control of any Eastern situation, unless the Government wants trouble. He will only irritate the men of honour and attract the rogues who make disorders. Diplomacy, as we now practise it, is held derogatory to, and inconsistent with, high dignity, whose way should be one honest word with force behind it. A soldier with good brains is more desirable, for he is commonly straight-speaking and a man of honour. A fine example of the soldier turned administrator may be

seen in Sir Reginald Wingate, Governor-General of the Sudan, in my opinion the best man we have at present, as his work is certainly the best work that can be shown in the whole Empire. He has had the rare good fortune to be left alone. The diplomatist invariably makes a mess of things.

"If you walk straight forward we are powerless to stop you, nor should we really wish to stop you, seeing you mean well. But if the game is dodging, we can dodge much better than you can, and the mere fact of your dodging makes us hate you," an Egyptian nationalist friend of mine once told me in a moment of unusual candour. Another Egyptian told a man I know at the time of Sir Eldon Gorst's appointment to succeed Lord Cromer, "Efendina (i.e., the Khedive) will be happier now. He could not dine at Casr ed-dubbâreh when the Lord was there. It was too strange. Now he will be able to dine there and feel quite at home. It will be just the same as at the palace. He will never feel quite sure his coffee is not poisoned."

Sir Eldon Gorst was clever, amazingly clever, as clever as the cleverest Egyptian, and for that very reason did not do with Orientals. Clever men with diplomatic minds—minds accustomed to dissociate conduct from all thought of their personal honour—are responsible for all this present Turkish muddle, which, however things may go, is bad for England. The Turks, although they had the reputation of such great diplomatists, are much too Oriental to admire diplomacy. They have always been attracted towards that Power of Europe whose language at a crisis was plain speech and not diplomacy. Even among the Hamidian officials, who had a reputation for rascality as great as that of our own Foreign Office, I have found a pitiable trust in the good faith of certain Powers, a quite pathetic clinging to the hope that underneath the lies and seeming treachery there must be some kind of an honest purpose. An interview with Reshid Bey at Geneva published by one of our newspapers—I think, the "Morning Post"—the other day, betrays this hope against hope in the benevolence of France and England. The East—even the advance-guard of it—is not yet commercialised. I do not think it ever could be in the sense in which we are commercialised. There honour is still high above self-interest. That a man personally honourable can regard it as the natural thing to do, in a public capacity, where he represents the honour of a mighty Empire, things which in his private dealings he would deem abominable, is a thing in England which Orientals find incredible. If the man were an out-and-out ruffian, well and good. But he is not. He is an honourable man. Think of the story of the Turkish Dreadnoughts, bought and paid for by the patriotic efforts of the people of a bankrupt country, forced to fight for bare existence, a country whose navy England had undertaken to improve and strengthen; seized by our Government in a most insulting manner and the money not refunded; while Great Britain still "wished" Turkey to maintain neutrality. Think of the effect of that small incident upon the East. It is only one of many little incidents—and not the worst—which have damaged England's name for honest dealing. And still hundreds of Englishmen in Asia and North Africa are talking of the honour and the perfect uprightness of England—to Mohammedans! Can they not see? This minister is an honourable man. That bureaucrat is an honourable man.

"So are they all honourable men." But in the aggregate, a monstrous rogue. The rogue must learn to mask his leering face when looking East; to put on the behaviour of a gentleman, and that consistently, or, by his very cleverness, he will destroy our Eastern Empire.

MARMADUKE PICKTHALL.

The Recent Cotton Agreements.

THE song of thanksgiving that has arisen in regard to the recent agreements entered into by the employers and employees in the cotton industry has found an echo in a recent article in the "Herald," by Messrs. G. D. H. Cole and W. Mellor. And their pæan of praise on behalf of these agreements is in a strain which must have caused any textile reader to feel a trifle dizzy.

In setting forth the events that induced the spinners, and, later, the cardroom operatives and weavers to withdraw from the Brooklands Agreement, an agreement that was in constant use for regulating disputes in the cotton trade for a period of twenty years, they state:

In 1912, the spinners, tired of waiting for the masters to speed up the machinery of negotiation, and angry at the refusal to deal with bad spinning complaints, decided to abandon all attempts at compromise and to accept the strike as the deciding factor in disputes of every kind. One type of dispute, however, became so frequent that the union felt compelled to meet the employers and to adopt some kind of machinery of negotiation. October, 1913, saw the birth of an agreement dealing exclusively with "bad spinning," which was to be in operation three months. The salient feature in this temporary arrangement was that no strike or lock-out should take place until joint inquiries, local and central, had been held. Under this arrangement cotton-spinning went on more or less peaceably until July, 1914, when the agreement was extended indefinitely.

Further on, in dealing with the recent agreements between the operatives and masters, in which all disputes are to be investigated by local and joint committees before work shall cease, they write:

The machinery to be used is that of the Brooklands Agreement, and probably this has led some people to believe that the agreement itself has been restored. Actually, as we shall show, this is not the case. . . . The cotton operatives have won a really substantial victory. The Brooklands Agreement was bad because of two things. In the first place, the masters could always refuse to discuss any particular matter—e.g., bad spinning—on the ground that it did not come under the terms, and, secondly, delay was the normal reward of patience. To-day every question has to be brought before joint committees, be the matter involved bad spinning, wages, conditions, or discipline. Whatever be the dispute, the men's unions are now in the position to demand a hearing. The right to strike has been preserved in its entirety, and the operatives have gained a greater measure of control.

To this one can only reply that while the mistaken conclusions of Messrs. Cole and Mellor may be quite excusable owing to their ignorance of textile matters in general, and the Brooklands Agreement in particular, there is really no excuse for embodying these mistaken conclusions in a Labour journal. Now, what do we gather from this article that I have quoted at length in order to avoid misrepresentation? That an agreement which the spinners abrogated in disgust, because its cumbersome machinery of negotiation was bad, but that another agreement utilising the same machinery of negotiation is a substantial victory for the operatives. Messrs. Cole and Mellor write that the Brooklands Agreement was bad because of two things: "In the first place, the masters could always refuse to discuss any particular matter—e.g., bad spinning—on the ground that it did not come under the terms of the agreement." Had these writers been familiar with the Brooklands Agreement they would have known that bad spinning in particular did come under the terms, that there were two additional clauses, one in 1900 and another in 1906, dealing exclusively with bad spinning. It was because bad spinning had to be dealt with by the machinery of the Brooklands Agreement, whose long-drawn-out negotiations allowed the employers to move in a kind of vicious circle by improving the spinning before formalities were concluded with a recurrence of bad spinning afterwards, that the spinners finally withdrew. It is significant that the spinners will not accept this machinery under the new agreement in case of bad

spinning disputes, but will utilise the machinery of the September, 1913, agreement, which sets forth that investigations must take place within three days of the receipt of a complaint by the Masters' Federation. As far as the spinner is concerned this time clause was the salient feature of that agreement. That no strike should take place until joint inquiries, local and central, had been held may have been the salient feature from the masters' point of view. As to the weavers and cardroom operatives, they were, in a measure, compelled to withdraw from the Brooklands Agreement because its existence was completely ignored by the employers at the time of the threatened lock-out arising from the Beehive dispute in 1913. Secondly, these writers say that the old agreement was bad because under its terms delay was the normal reward of patience; and that brings us to a consideration of the recent agreements, and whether the conclusion that these are a great advance upon the Brooklands Agreement is justified.

The new agreements signed by the officials of the Masters' Federation and the Amalgamated Operative Spinners and Cardroom Operatives respectively state: "That notices to cease work shall not be posted at any mill until the matter in dispute has been considered by the joint committees of the two organisations, both local and central." Simple enough! But one naturally inquires: Who shall constitute these joint committees, and what is the time period of negotiation? And the simplicity seems nearly akin to the simplicity of an empty pocket, than which there are few things more useless, until one gathers that the method of procedure is to be similar to that laid down by the old Brooklands Agreement. So there we are!

But Messrs. Cole and Mellor claim that we have won a substantial victory in that every question must now be brought before joint committees—"Whatever be the dispute, the men's unions are now in a position to demand a hearing." Quite so! But then we were in the same position according to the Brooklands Agreement. Clause 6—and that is the clause we are to utilise for carrying out the new agreement—says distinctly: "That in future no local employers' association nor the federated association of employers on the one hand, nor any Trade Union or Federations of Trade Unions on the other hand, shall countenance, encourage or support any lock-out or strike which may arise from or be caused by any question, difference or dispute, contention, grievance or complaint, with regard to work, wages, or any other matter unless and until the same has been submitted"—to the procedure that will be carried out under the new agreements.

I know that this particular clause has been questioned and ignored by the employers when it suited their purpose, but that does not alter the wording of the agreement upon which the wording of the new agreement is, in my opinion, no advance. And, seeing that the Brooklands Agreement was drawn up in 1893, I can discover no reason for going into transports of delight at our rate of progress. The victory for the operatives would have been much more evident if the period allowed for investigation into bad spinning complaints—namely, three days—had been adopted as the time limit for all complaints. As an operative, I know that three days is quite long enough to struggle under adverse conditions. Then, again, we never can tell how the employers will interpret this agreement.

That no clause relating to wages has been inserted in the new agreement is a matter for congratulation, but not for surprise, considering the present unstable condition of the markets and the fact that there is a wages agreement in existence, and which will not terminate until July, 1915.

But, from the point of view of the operative, the most serious thing about the new agreement is the spirit behind it. Perhaps I can best make this clear by quoting from an interview with the President of the Cardroom Amalgamation.

"What about the Brooklands Agreement?" asked the interviewer.

"In my opinion," replied Mr. Crinion, "it was a mistake to abolish the Brooklands Agreement. . . . Take the case of a ring spinner. There is a big difference between that class of operatives and mule spinners. If a mule spinner has a grievance with an employer which cannot be adjusted, there is no reason for stopping ring spinners who are not concerned in the dispute, and are chiefly females."

Now, these ring spinners are members of the same association as the cardroom workers, but they are really spinners, competitors of the mule spinners (who are men), but not yet able to turn out as great a variety of yarn. Whether the mule spinners thought they could best deal with competition by ignoring the competitors is not quite clear, but, anyhow, they would not organise them into their association. That the Cardroom Association did so is deserving of the gratitude of the spinner.

But in those days the Cardroom Operatives and the Operative Spinners Associations had an agreement to support each other in cases of individual strikes. When the spinners discarded the Brooklands Agreement this agreement also terminated, and since then there is no agreement for securing joint action on the part of these two bodies. The cardroom operatives and the spinners, both mule and ring, are dependent on each other. If one department ceases work the other must do the same shortly after. It is almost impossible for one to continue work for a week after the other has ceased. But there are many ring mills in existence now, and these contain no mule-spinning at all, and if there is no dispute with the cardroom operatives and no agreement with the mule spinners, these can go on working and supplying the market with yarn, thereby diminishing the mule spinners' chances of a successful issue.

And that is the spirit behind the new agreement, that when the mule spinners are at war, the ring spinners shall supply the employers with ammunition in the shape of yarn for urgent orders. In these days of closer amalgamation between Trade Unionists, as amongst the employing class, this is a reactionary policy, and not only to be deplored but to be fought by the workers concerned, workers who are members of one class, one industry, and in many cases, one family.

ALICE SMITH.

Impressions of Paris.

PARIS forgot the war for a moment after the arrest of M. France Desclaux. If this, and all countries, were politically and financially honest an arrest in such high quarters as Paymaster-General might be taken as equivalent with guilt—but as things are! The incendiary press, headed by "Le Matin," is, of course, overjoyed at the new sensation, calls the one-time Minister of State quite simply Desclaux and publishes photographs of him smudgy and villainous. Against such hunters one would feel like siding with the veriest human weasel, especially in our age which has taught us that the official officially found out is probably only a scapegoat for others. Whenever and whatever will be the end of all this official corruption? Dishonesty, perhaps, will never disappear from mankind—but why organise it by creating an official preserve practically closed to the public? This is foolish even from the official side, because the day of reckoning must arrive sometime, and after that it is small choice to the guilty whether to be condemned and punished outright or to be Marconied for ever—never to know when a "Beware!" signal is passing concerning them. The poets are never tired of warning men in general to beware of taking power. Unhappily, when the poets exasperated come to warning men in general against men in particular, the enemy is already at the gate with his mission to destroy and to be destroyed. It looks as though all this will be eternally repeated. Our system of education might do something by calmly and rationally inculcating what religions furiously and irration-

ally inculcate, namely, that we are all born potential villains, with an especial itch, aggravated by power, for thieving. Samuel Butler imagined a country where people condoled with and prescribed for each other's vices instead of their maladies; but the state of things was as boring as our own, because people were furiously and irrationally punished for being ill. "L'Humanité" points out that the charge, if proved true, will prove also that large salaries are no guarantee against official corruption. Obviously, the smaller the salary the less possibility for an official to blind the public about his legitimate expenditure. Obviously, also, not any penalty devisable by men is sufficient to save a badly educated man. But blame our teachers who punish and harden our egoism far more than they instruct it.

I nearly succeeded inadvertently in getting my place burned down by a flame of wrath. I was remarking carelessly that the value of works of plastic art has to be settled by the critics because, of course, artists seldom know their good work from their bad—when the fire broke out. We quenched it somehow, but the moment was grave. Perhaps I meant what I said, all the same. For example, I possess a stone head by Modigliani which I would not part with for a hundred pounds even at this crisis: and I routed out this head from a corner sacred to the rubbish of centuries, and was called stupid for my pains in taking it away. Nothing human, save the mean, is missing from the stone. It has a fearful chip above the right eye, but it can stand a few chips. I am told that it was never finished, that it never will be finished, that it is not worth finishing. There is nothing that matters to finish! The whole head equably smiles in contemplation of knowledge, of madness, of grace and sensibility, of stupidity, of sensuality, of illusions and disillusion—all locked away as matter of perpetual meditation. It is as readable as Ecclesiastes and more consoling, for there is no lugubrious looking-back in this effulgent, unforbidding smile of intelligent equilibrium. What avail for the artist to denounce such a work? One replies, that one can live by it as by great literature. I will never part with it unless to a poet; he will find what I find and the unfortunate artist will have no choice as to his immortality. But I don't think artists understand or bother much about immortality (I hope no flames of wrath are about!). They interpret their day with a kind of blind infallibility. If their day is more than ordinarily full of fads and freaks, so much the worse for them; their works will perish almost under their own eyes. Having no principles whatever (Fire!) and even being driven, age after age, to all kinds of cunning in order to extract from the public the means to buy stone and marble and paints and things, they are willing to pass off as art anything the public fancies for the moment. Of course they are very vain people, and set up to be more than they are, recorders of contemporary human phenomena—body culture, war, domesticity, landscape gardening, aristocracy or democracy, modes feminine in fat or thin, mysticism or mechanism; and, from this vanity, they envy and abominate the writers who are really their best friends, who control the public and try to bring it to a state of culture which will offer the artists great subject for their work. They are entirely dependent for everything which makes their lives happy upon the degree of culture of the public, and they avenge the gods on every stupid generation. Now all this is not entirely a jest, look you!

I shall have to leave Mr. Pound unreplyed to. It is very hard on me, because he mends one of his rags and tatters with an air of forgiving me for having noticed it. I noticed numbers . . . but one cannot remember things at this distance. I will just point out how recklessly Mr. Pound writes of "a vortex or cluster"; I could point out millions of muddles in his articles—but he knows I am handicapped by not being on the spot. He would only patronise my Parisian explorations and warn me, on pain of his ingratitude, to leave him alone. I leave him alone, then, the Clusterist. But

when he is considering sculptors, he might try on their work a paraphrase I take the liberty to make of a remark of Mr. Shaw's (who cannot always be saying the indefensible thing): With the technique of Michael Angelo they set themselves to produce primitives! The falsity of modern art is defined there.

The "Matin," which is always getting in my way, publishes under the description of "bad faith and lies" an account by a Swiss-German of the attitude of Paris. He says that Paris is sad, that a great many Belgian deserters are here, that the shops are full of postcards insulting the Germans, that the journals publish horrible histories ("and not only the 'Matin'") of women burned, of the wounded pillaged and mutilated; that the Germans are called Boches and barbarians, and the Kaiser insulted as the King of the Boches; that, in one and the same breath, the Germans are described as overwhelming savages and also as miserable, defeated cowards. Where is the lie, unless it be that the many Belgians idle here are actually deserters? It is all perfectly true! The very copy-books of the children now have picture covers of incidents all to the German bad. The post-cards are below all characterisation; and the popular journals, of course, make their living by "atrocities"—and from the printed opinion of the enemy I could never to this day have discovered whether the Germans are really a rabble of boys and dotards, or all to a man terror-spitting giants. The fact is that the Germans, though they might equal, could scarcely beat the common journalists as inconsequent hypocrites and impudent liars, nor could they easily add one overlooked insult to those imagined by the designers of post-cards. I don't know what Montparnasse is doing now. I have not seen it for days. I've been indoors nursing a sick wasp and writing a comic romance. The wasp strays in, eats a little honey, warms itself, tries to sting and crawls out to some winter lair. I suspect it is more sleepy than sick. The comic romance is not nearly so punctual as the wasp. I need to wait for some awful pang of agonised boredom before the incidents can take the proper mirthful colour. I wail horribly, and then amusement arrives. The worst is that even boredom must be a little varied to become stimulants. I can no longer, for instance, livelily bore myself with the "Echo de Paris." This "multiplication of dogmas, Mariolatry and miracle-mongering" is every whit as grossly dull as our own system of those "unions in church-fellowship at Hawley Square Chapel, Margate," and elsewhere, celebrated by the genius of Miss Emma Tatham. For a moment, after the departure of the troops, it looked as though Catholicism, trying as ever to arrest the master-current of intellectual progress, might have to be fought. Messieurs Maurice Barrés, René Bazin, de Mun and other Catholics out of their usual nests, embraced in mind the superstitious concierges and the women of the little bourgeoisie, wrote to catch them, and made the fortune of the "Echo de Paris," and counted on a speedy end of the war and a Papist revival. But the war went on; and the machinations and persecutions against republicans became scandalous, and the men who returned on short leave from the battle of the rivers asked for a little amusement in the family circle, and the men who come in now from the trenches only ask to be left in peace; and the hundreds of fat, red priests refuting in Paris are really too many. In short, Catholicism is not going well at all, thanks to all kinds of circumstances, but perhaps mainly to the Prussianist shadow of the claw it shot out all over the country and whose sharpest nail was the detested Croix Rouge. The "Figaro," which has enormous Catholic debts of capital, is very concerned because the tobacco shops have ceased to be supplied with Croix Rouge stamps although the baskets in which one drops a purchase for the soldiers are always filling up. This is not evidence that the people would buy Croix Rouge stamps if they had the chance. In all my excursions into tobacco shops I have never once heard a single soul ask for one of these stamps. I

have heard many requests for the soldiers' basket. You may imagine the heartless laziness of many tobacconists when I tell you that the basket often needs to be asked for! It takes up a tiny space which the fat pigs are used to employ otherwise, or the customers take too long deciding what to give. Explain the phenomenon as absurdly as you please—no explanation will bear decent investigation. I hate the little bourgeoisie like the plague, along with landlords and concierges. These latter made a desperate attack on the people last rent-day. Everyone one met had a tale of bullying. But it went for nothing, and the day after the same bullies were amiably inviting their unhappy tenants to make a little contribution to the amount as they were able. The commissariats had been overwhelmed by applicants, especially foreigners, wanting to know if they really were liable to be put out on the pavement in spite of the moratorium! One laughs revengefully to know that these landlords who are gradually obliterating the beauty of Paris are now losing money and will not begin more building for many a day. Lord! in how many streets already is it not necessary to bend the head right back in order to see a strip of the blue sky? Enough of that!

In contrast to the Poesie manufactured by belligerent stay-at-homes here are a few verses in the "Figaro," written by a soldier at the front, in a trench, under the storm of the weather and under the slow war of exhaustion. The poem, called "The Hours," is signed merely "A. X.," and dated from the front the twenty-fifth of January.

They drip away
With the clouds that stream
On our life:
Melt at sun's ray
If he throws a beam
Through the strife.
As under steel
Is the grindstone broken,
So the Hours' slow wheel . . .
We see blue token
Of coming spring.
Like waves one by one
That by moon-dusk strand
Gnaw the rock,
The grey Hours have gone . . .
To-morrow we stand
For the shock.
Surer than cliff
By the ocean torn
Are we sure:
Our hearts are more stiff
Than the grindstone worn
To endure.
And the Hours pass, all—
Hours of hope, Hours of doubt
Curbed by will.
To-morrow will call,
Will find us, throughout
Resolute still.

Nothing about the Kaiser or Huns or Reims Cathedral!

I waited in the post-office while an interminable dame got possession of hundreds and hundreds of francs. By came a prosperous Monsieur with a string-coloured beard that once was golden. At a little private door he knocked in an attitude which expected to be opened to At Once. Nobody answered. He turned round astounded, and the fur of his coat edge seemed the continuation of his beard. He knocked again, turned again, and I turned away in servile compassion to see so much pomp miscarry. Suddenly the door opened. Off came Monsieur's hat, and his bald head bowed nervously to an imperturbable sphinx of a civil servant arranging documents. "Ah," I said to myself, "the old thing went in to persuade one of the chiefs to rob the bank and found a clerk!" Inside there he had evidently pretended something about foreign mandates, because he came and fiddled with signing papers, sent a telegram, no doubt to his accomplice, and went off in an automobile. They told me that my money hadn't arrived yet.

ALICE MORNING.

Letters from Russia.

By C. E. Bechhöfer.

IT will go down to posterity that Mr. Hamilton Fyfe, travelling post-haste to Russia, managed to dispatch articles from Newcastle, Bergen, Christiania, Stockholm, and Finland, with another to herald his arrival at Petrograd. You may well ask why I do not emulate his ability; you may ask—is it that I lack volubility? The "Daily Mail" being mercifully rare in these uncultured parts, I have read little of its Russian news. The most striking was that all the soldiers knew Mr. Fyfe was a foreigner, because he carried his overcoat over his shoulder. Now you, on the other hand, want great spiritual adventures; you want to live in a world of pure ideas, where what-is-Russian and what-is-not-Russian are distinguished like blackness and whiteness—alas! my soul is not so purified that I can launch it like an arrow into the mystic world; I am a coarse-fibred materialist, a reader of Mr. Wells. . . .

When Sterne was at a loss for a subject or a phrase he used to dandify himself and in the consequent moments of delight the fogs flew out of his brain, and lo! another chapter of *Tristram Shandy* was finished. To write in a Russian hotel is an ordeal that he would hardly have survived. The rooms are heated till it is difficult to breathe; one opens a window (supposing this possible), all through the house doors slam, curtains dance, chairs and clothes and towels stagger and fall, and one's papers mop the dusty floor. The table on which I write has three legs of approximately the same length, but the fourth is a good inch shorter. Half a dozen people are stamping and shouting in the passage, hoping, I believe, that this will encourage me to tip them when I leave. But if you want a thorough sensation of Russian travelling amenities you must read Gogol's "Dead Souls." You can smell the stuffy rooms without nausea. Why, when I breathed the air of Warsaw, sanctified by Menkiewicz, Kosziusko, and the rest, did I not become a poet, a bird of song, an epicist of the old square, the old city, and the old kingdom? Myself am surprised and can scarcely find the reason. Certainly Baumgartner said that for the young poet three things were very excellent: wine, riding on horses, and chastely regarding beautiful women. There you have it! There is no wine in Warsaw, nor in any other big Russian town now, only illicit bottles of whisky sordidly smuggled under the lift-boy's tunic. Most of the horses, the sun's also, have been commandeered for the war. As for beautiful women, it was not my chaste regards that were lacking, but the beautiful women. I suppose the Polish damsels, of whom so much is heard, have fled to Moscow or Petrograd; they certainly were not at Warsaw. Beautiful some of the singers were at the opera, and sang well, but poets are not stage-door loafers. And this good singing carried its daggers with it; in "Onegin" one lady as Tatiana sang finely the letter incident; the scene was practically a solo; the curtain fell; all the men applauded frantically, but not a single woman. You see, they were jealous! After this the poet in me vanished, and I read Mr. Wells. . . .

But, to be sure, I do not lack adventures. Even my sturdy Russian goloshes have twice led me near to death. First, they made me slip up in the slimy, wood-paved street, and half a dozen motor-cars ran into one another to avoid me. Again, returning from a visit, I saw my tram coming. I ran like a gazelle, jumped on board; off flew one of my goloshes into the air and descended into a policeman's face, to the delight of all bystanders. He loosened his sword calmly, and I waited round a safe corner until a little boy could be bribed to fetch it along.

No, it is not adventures I lack. When I went to the station to take train to Kiev a porter carried off my luggage and I waited to take my ticket. There was only one booking-office—that goes without saying—and I had to stand in a queue for half an hour before I was

finished. "Do you think this confusion is only now?" said my neighbour, "it is always like this." Then I looked for my porter. "What number?" said everybody. "I don't know," said I, "but I know my luggage." Then we found the trunk and dispatched it; but the hand-luggage was nowhere to be seen. I went through the train twice and inspected every inch of the station. My luggage was not to be seen, and of the crowd of porters, big and little, fat and thin, bearded and blotched and shaven and pimply, mine I could not find. I searched in great agony of soul for an hour and a half. By a lucky inspiration I went through the train again a minute before it left, and there, all at once, was the missing luggage, hidden away in a crowded second-class compartment. I stayed an hour in that compartment, until darkness came, at four o'clock; the air was already foul, the company pleasant but much. With another thirty hours to go, I transferred into the first class and never regretted the extravagance. But I do think the railways might provide more light than a single candle in each compartment of each class. In summer the benevolent autocracy may rightly say, "Sleep, my children, it is time"; but the kindest official can hardly expect us to sleep in winter from four of the afternoon till it grows light again at eight in the morning. Certainly it keeps one from the temptation of reading pernicious literature—I know no other reason.

Two rich Jews, father and son, were in my carriage. They were not pleasant people and seemed to delight in "taking it out" of the Gentile. First of all, they lay down flat on the seats, wiped their boots on me, and said I had come late and must wait for the upper berths to be arranged. I called in the conductor to fit them up, but the Jews refused to stand up for the few necessary seconds. It was not yet time, they said. At last the conductor came in of his own accord; I stepped into the corridor to be out of the way; when I came in again, there were my two persecutors sniggering on the upper berths, delighted to have the advantage of me. There was no doubt of it; trusting in my ignorance, they began to congratulate themselves in bad French, "Il était bien étonné." I said nothing, but enjoyed a subtle revenge. A huge Pole entered the compartment, a gigantic man, and entered into conversation with me. Not knowing who the other individuals were, he spoke of the Warsaw Jews with such sarcasm and contempt that the upper berths groaned with the agonies of their occupants. He was really unkind, and I rejoiced not a little.

He had more interesting things to tell. His estates, close to the Austrian border, were traversed by the invaders immediately after the beginning of the war. His house was occupied by numerous officers, German, Austrian and Hungarian, and thanks to his prudence in putting everything at their disposal, he was spared the fate of some of his neighbours, who were robbed and carried off, or even shot or hanged. The Germans, he said, were unpleasantly surprised by the Russian artillery, and when they heard of the prohibition of alcohol they feared that all was lost; they had counted upon the usual degradation of the Russian officers. The Hungarian troops had their own officers, right up to the top, but the Austrians were mostly led by Germans. How ignorant the Magyars are, said my friend with emotions; why, after living in my house a fortnight, one of them asked me if I were a Russian! At midnight, the giant alighted, to the relief of the upper berths. Crushing my hand in his great fingers, he asked me to visit him when I returned to Poland; he was thinking now, he said, of going to see Petrograd and also Kiev, to neither of which towns he had yet been in his life, although he knew Paris and Berlin!

Of course we had compared Poland with Ireland. Was it not a fact, he asked, that Ireland was always dissatisfied under British rule, while all other subject nations were happy? When he was gone, I thought of my visit, a couple of years ago, to Arabindo Ghose in his refuge at Pondicherry. My young cocoanut-cracking Brahmin of a secretary, I remember, returned to

tell me that he would see me whenever I cared to call on him, or, unheard-of favour, would even call on me if I desired. I got into my "push-push," which is the large perambulator in which one promenades in that territory, and four bare sturdy coolies pulled and pushed. Arrived at the house, passing an undisguised group of British police spies, I went up a flight of stairs to a cool verandah, and there received me—Robert Louis Stevenson! No, it was Ghose, but if photographs do not lie, the resemblance is extraordinary. His history is strange. Educated at the school of Milton, Pepys, G. K. Chesterton and myself, he had passed high in the Indian Civil Service. But he could not ride a horse, which feat is demanded from the candidates. He was terrified of horses, say the Anglo-Indians. Maybe, say his supporters, yet he could easily have got round the test, but he refused to lie. The incident is somewhat mysterious; anyhow Ghose did not join the Service; but, after a while, became the Gaekwar's Prime Minister. Dismissed by pressure of the English Government, he was twice brought up for conspiracy to murder, and each time acquitted. Nevertheless, many of his friends and relations suffered, some were hanged, some tried and transported to the dreary Andamans, some transported there without trial (we do such things in India!) Ghose is now a great man mad with hate, a terrorist and a conspirator. He denies it, but, I fear, in vain. But he has one distinction, he hates the self-seeking political nationalists with a great and open hate, the Gokhales, the Tagores and their type. If Messrs. Macdonald, Anderson and Henderson were Indians, they would have been of this class. If Mr. Wells were an Indian. . . And Ghose would hate them as he hates Lord Sydenham and the rest. But in this tragic broken figure there is something great. He might have been—Ah! if Mr. Peter Ouspenski's prophecy comes true, and mankind is divided into the men who possess a "certain something" (call it what you will) and those who do not, Arabindo Ghose will be on the side of the angels, as will but few Indians of to-day.

When I woke in the early morning, the train was still crawling along, and the Jews were packing up. We came to the junction at five o'clock; I took coffee to myself and went back alone to sleep. Woe unto me, hungry man! All the stations we came to were very small. Three times I bought a glass of scalding tea and three times the train left before it was cool enough to be drunk. Sour bread and dastardly sausage was all that could be procured. Could I not feast on the scenery? The scenery was this—snowy pine-woods, snowy beech-woods, bare snowy plains, and occasional snowy villages of wooden huts. In the afternoon I commenced to count. I had come to 15,760 beeches, 11,427 pines, 2 frozen rivers, 2 dogs, 6 men, when the conductor came in and told me we were coming to a buffet. I leapt out of the train and followed a very hungry fat gentleman who was running for the food. We found a couple of big tables covered with plates of steaming broth. The old gentleman grabbed a spoon and started in; I did the same, and two score of passengers followed. Huge was the interest of the local population, which seemed to spend its life in and round the station. There were a dozen officials in blue cloaks, some with red caps, some with black caps, some with blue caps, some civilians (probably land-owners and merchants) and the populace, which dresses in sheep-skins, very woolly and verminous inside, very yellow and smelly outside. Enormous padded hats and felt boots, an unkempt beard and an innocent, inquiring look complete the superficial outfit of the peasant. You wouldn't have me search into things from a railway train, would you? Yet even at the stations when the train halts and there is time to walk about, one can feel the marvellous stillness of these great tracts of virgin land. The damned engine whistles and one is thrown back into banality again. The muzhik hath charms to soothe the savage breast!

Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

I SUPPOSE that this is the greatest War in history, and if we have not yet reproduced Swift's "Battle of the Books," there is perceptible a "Battle of the Plays" of which, I hope, there will be a "biologically just" decision. The "revivals" that are now practically monopolising the London stage must be our "National Reserve," for they are undoubtedly old "stagers." But here and there we see a trace of novelty. I have been to see "an original farce in three acts." It was, I think, the only farce that I have seen that did not make me laugh; and if it amused the rest of the audience, they disguised the fact with remarkable skill. I will not be so kind as to mention the title of the play, or the name of the author; let it suffice that he is a man who once meant well, and apparently means the same thing now that he is declining in years. But I did discover something that was called, quite simply, "a play, in three acts"; its title was "Kings and Queens," the author was Rudolf Besier, and it was produced at the St. James' Theatre. But, good Lord, I might just as well have gone to a "revival."

Æsop's fables are published with the moral at the end; Mr. Besier puts his moral at the beginning, on the very programme. It is this: "My dears, they have five fingers on each hand, and take their meals regularly." Now I grant that all the Kings and Queens of my acquaintance have five fingers on each hand, but they also have two thumbs, which makes a total of seven digits to each hand. They are thus people set apart from the mass, and Mr. Besier's attempt to show that they are just the same as everybody else really misleads the populace. Besides, what has the number of fingers to do with the nature of Royalty, as revealed by Mr. Besier in this play? He does not attempt to show that they are capable of more manual dexterity than are ordinary people; although H.I.M. Frederick IV has his finger-nails cut, in the third act, the manicurist does not remark the regal abnormality. As for taking their meals regularly, two of the men take coffee and liqueurs in the second act, and for the rest seem to live on cigars and cigarettes. No, no! All this nonsense about fingers being made before forks has nothing to do with the play; the moral of the play is that Kings and Queens are like unto their subjects in "senses, dimensions, passions, affections," that they, too, can love and be loved. Who would have thought it?

Very well, then; "love rules the court, the camp, the grove." How? Elliptically! Besides, the old mother-in-law joke must be worked. King Charles (and who'll do him right now?) is dead; and his widow, Queen Elizabeth, laments his memory, for she had been the rarest joy of his life. That is very delicately put. Like Byron's Donna Inez, she trained her child, who became H.M. King Richard VIII, in the way that he should go; so that when he came to the throne he should not dismiss her from it. Once, and once only, did he lapse from the high ideals of kingship with which she had inspired him; that was when he fell in love with and married Charlotte. He loved her, she loved him; they were man and wife, and Queen Elizabeth was her mother-in-law. "Look on the tragic loading of this bed!" Now I must state Mr. Rudolf Besier's very subtle distinction. Charlotte (perhaps related to Apple Charlotte) fell in love with a man, but she married a king; with the consequence that whatever she did was wrong. She went and had a baby, of the wrong sort; it was a girl, and it died, and ever since that time had she shown "a will most incorrect to Heaven." If you want to know what Heaven is, at the beginning of the

play, it is H.M. Queen Elizabeth, called, by her brother, Lizzie, and by her son, mamma.

Now for depravity! There is to be a Court Ball, and it has been suggested (by Charlotte, I think) that the one-step should be danced at that Ball. Queen Elizabeth cannot dance it, so she vetoes its performance on moral grounds. Charlotte's hope of happiness is thus dashed to the ground. Then there is a woman (a Marquee or something) who is a friend of Charlotte; it is discovered that she had divorced her husband because his whiskers jerked, or his motor-car was not fitted with shock absorbers, or for some similar reason, and Queen Elizabeth decides that she shall not be invited to the Ball. H.R.H. Prince Louis (hitherto unmentioned, but operative behind the scenes for some time) has induced Madame Sélincourt, the great costumier, to bring some of her great costumes to Queen Charlotte, who raves about the fact that if the shoulder-straps were broken, the whole gown would fall to the ground. These dresses, with their alluring vistas, seem to affect Queen Elizabeth adversely; she makes what were intended to be cutting remarks about their scantiness, although she does not say, as Swift said, that she had never seen such a sight in her life, at least, not since she was weaned. So King Richard Cœur-de-Lion implores his wife not to buy these dresses, but to support home industries and wear clothes like his mother; and she dismisses Madame Sélincourt with a promise of recommendation to her friends, and the gift of a ring given to her by King Richard when they were first engaged. Charlotte loses the first round on points; she loses the one-step, the Marquise, the diaphanous dresses, and her engagement ring.

She rallies a little at the beginning of the second act. She sings a song (off) to the accompaniment of Prince Louis, and comes warbling into the smoking room. Warbling in the smoking room is indecorous, so her husband goes back to his kingly duties; while his wife classifies men, for the benefit of H.I.M. Frederick IV, into lovers and not-lovers, and finds difficulty in placing Prince Louis. Left alone with Louis, her spirit rises; she induces him to play while she dances, and she is just lifting a leg as high as the lintel when H.M. Queen Elizabeth enters. Mamma is shocked; being about seventy, she could not do such a thing; and so there is now going to be a row. King Richard tells his wife that she must give up this woman, the Marquise; and then they proceed to indict each other. Queen Charlotte enters judgment against the prosecution, declares that she hates her husband, and that he and his old mother may go to the devil. Louis for his defence of Charlotte and his avowal of love for her is kicked out of the palace; and Charlotte goes with him.

But she is not that sort of woman. Before she leaves the Palace Louis kisses her, once and once only; and the poor girl cries. She comes back next morning to tell her husband that she has not run away with Louis, but that she is going home to her mother, who sings folk-songs and understands her. Richard has told his mother to get out of his way, for he intends to go to the devil (as his wife had suggested); because he loves his wife, and now he has lost her. Therefore, his mother's ideas of kingliness are wrong, and he intends to adopt his father's ideas and banish melancholy in the usual way. The thing is quite simple; H.I.M. Frederick IV has only to recite these facts to H.M. Queen Charlotte, and to take H.M. Queen Elizabeth by the hand, and ostentatiously steal out of the room, to bring the play to a speedy conclusion. She looks at him with the star-spangled banner still in her eyes, and still dreaming of one-steps, turkey-trots, bunny-hugs, and gin-fizzes, says: "You love me like that?" and he kisses her just as though he were a man. Well, I am sure that it is a very edifying spectacle, and it restores our faith in the morality of monarchy. But uneasy lies the crowned head that does not sleep with another man's wife seems to be the real moral of the play.

Readers and Writers.

How wise our critics have become after the event! In the current issue of the "Nation" there is a "Study in Temperament" apropos of Nietzsche, in the course of which we learn that the present war was implicit in the character of Nietzsche and his contemporary Germany. But such critics remind me of the analysts for Crown prosecutions in murder charges; they appear to be able to discover what you will in a post-mortem. *Before* the event they are too careful ever to commit themselves to a judgment. Though presumably long-sighted by profession (otherwise why do they set up as critics?) they shirk the duty of prophecy and are content, when all is over, to say we might have told you so. But why did they not? For what other utility have they been placed in their situations of advantage? Professor Vinogradoff, I see, agrees with me that if our critics had handled the German theory with proper criticism years ago the war might have never been necessary. All action, said Joubert, is coarsened thought; and war between nations, I would add, is neglected criticism and controversy. It is all very well to speculate backwards in the complete safety of actual history; but the perilous duty of critics is to speculate forwards and to risk immediate reputation in the hope of subsequent justification.

* * *

And how justified some of us have been in our speculations of the last few years! In the case particularly of our own contemporaries I do not see cause now to retract a word the NEW AGE has written—words that appeared, at first, as merely offensive. Compare, for instance, Mr. Austin Harrison's treacherous conduct to his friend Dr. Oscar Levy, with his own article, criticised in these columns some years ago, entitled "We Come Down to a Shilling." Of that article we said that the writer was capable of any vulgarity. To-day the evidence is before our eyes. Look, too, at what has been said herein of Mr. Austin Harrison's protégés, Mr. Frank Harris and Mr. Aleister Crowley. While they were being boomed by the "English Review" as great writers, THE NEW AGE consistently warned the public against them as untrustworthy charlatans. Well, where are they to-day? What are your friends, Mr. Austin Harrison, now doing with the reputation you assisted them to make? I repeat that we have not been surprised by the actions of any of our modern publicists; nor ought our readers to have been. Coming events cast their shadows before them in the *style* in which men write. The criticism of style is, therefore, the forecast of events.

* * *

Even at post-mortems, however, our critics are not very skilful. The "Nation's" conception of Nietzsche, for instance, after all these illuminating years is utterly wrong and not far removed from mob-prejudice. The occasion of the article is the publication of the English translation (a very good one, by the way) of the second volume of Frau Förster-Nietzsche's life of her brother under the title of "The Lonely Nietzsche" (Heinemann, 15s.). The book, which I have read, is certainly not calculated to give a good impression of Nietzsche to a superficial reader. His sister is a little stupid; her interest in her brother is concerned mainly with trivialities; and her disposition is naturally to make him out to be more of a suffering martyr than a triumphant renescent. At the same time, the complementary facts are given from which the careful reader may construct a vastly different portrait from that drawn by Frau Förster-Nietzsche. Yet the "Nation" takes Nietzsche mainly at his sister's valuation. Instead of reading beneath her chatter and correcting her perspectives, the writer accepts them and even magnifies their errors. The title of the book, for instance, is accepted by the "Nation" as a true description of Nietzsche's state. He was, above everything, a "lonely" man. So he

was undoubtedly from one point of view; and he may even have complained bitterly of his neglect by Germany. To his sister and to other over-sympathetic friends his loneliness was emphasised with more self-pity, indeed, than was creditable to Nietzsche. But you have only to examine the records of Nietzsche's thoughts and actions to realise that this "loneliness" on which he harped so much to his sister (*because* she revelled in it) was much to Nietzsche's taste. Over and over again he said that solitude was necessary to him. Over and over again he declared that the neglect of his German contemporaries, so far from depressing him, confirmed him in his opinion both of their lack of culture and of his own uniqueness. Over and over again, he felt that his solitude was really a multitude. "Although (he said) I know no one who shares my views, I have an impression of having thought, not as an individual, but as a plurality—the strangest blend of solitude and multitude." Is it good criticism, after this, to pretend that Nietzsche was really and pathetically lonely? He had no friends in Germany, it is true; but that was less his fault than his fate. His *separation* from Germany was demonstrated by the fact.

* * *

The "Nation," however, makes his isolation a reproach to him. But, on its own showing, if Germany was going mad at the time, it was no reproach to Nietzsche, who remained sane, that among incipient lunatics none called him friend! Yet we are to believe that he, and not his contemporary Germany, was "frankly impossible." The lack of friends was not a reproach to Germany, but to Nietzsche. He was so "unclubbable"; he was "exacting and monopolising"; he "claimed all and gave nothing." On the contrary, however, you will find that wherever Nietzsche went he made himself liked. Never was he even disagreeable to any *person*; it was only towards ideas that he was severe. At his university, as student and as professor; at the pensions and restaurants he frequented; at his various lodgings; he was always adored as the incarnation of kindness, exquisite manners and sympathetic consideration. I have not come across an instance of rudeness in him even under circumstances of the greatest provocation. To say, then, that he was unclubbable, exacting, monopolising and all the rest of the unsociable qualities, is to say what is exactly the opposite of the truth. Never was there or will there be in Germany or in England a greater or more natural gentleman. His "misfortune" was not that he was "unclubbable," but that he so much desired to be even among swine. Let the "Nation" try to imagine a Sir Philip Sidney with the mind of Bacon planted down in the National Liberal Club. The reproach is upon the Club.

* * *

The Frau Lou Salomé incident is likewise turned by the "Nation" somehow or other to Nietzsche's discredit. In dealing with this baggage, Nietzsche is said to have made preposterous demands such as no woman could be expected to satisfy without return. Nietzsche's theory, however, was in this respect identical with the custom of the ancient Brahman caste of India, whose noblest members received, as a matter of course, the whole-hearted service of one or more women (or pupils). Frau Salomé professed a passion for truth and reverence for Nietzsche as an embodiment of the will to truth. While she thought he would become famous, she offered her services to him with alleged disinterest. And her attitude took Nietzsche in! But, later, when she feared Nietzsche would never cut a figure, she not only left him, but she employed his confidences to compare him unfavourably with Rée and herself. This, however, is again no reproach to Nietzsche. That a man of his intellectual value to the human race could not find a woman-servant-pupil-friend is a reproach to women. What would Disraeli have been without such an one? Was Nietzsche only to blame because all Germany failed him?

R. H. C.

Letters to my Nephew—I.

On Going Down.

MY DEAR GEORGE,—I have received your letter in which you tell me that, after you have taken your degree, you would prefer some useful occupation; that the Bar has no attraction for you; that an academic career would bore you stiff. Very good; please yourself, my dear boy, and, if you do it thoroughly, you will please me. (By the way, times have surely changed: you don't even mention the Church as a possible field for the exercise of your genius. They tell me that this war will revivify religion.)

Just now, however, I am more concerned with your question as to how you stand financially. You tell me that you don't want to live in a fool's paradise and you don't want to sponge on me. A very direct young man! And quite right too. I am glad that in starting out in life you are prepared to face manfully your financial position, whether it be comfortable or the reverse. So, at long last, I must tell you something about yourself that has had to wait the appropriate moment. It also involves a confession on my part that I have been guilty of a breach of trust, for which, I dare say, you could put me in gaol.

You came to me, with old Nurse (she's very feeble—I tell her heroic cock-and-bull stories about you), on the day we buried your father. You were four years old. You seemed to me like any other kid. I wasn't very keen about having you; in fact, your invasion of my bachelor arrangements was a nuisance. But we were, and are, all that remained from two pairs of grandparents. I hadn't the moral courage to pack you off to some respectable establishment where orphans are tended with more or less kindness and attention. Nurse, too, had bullied me from the days of my petticoats. Come to think of it, I don't remember her consulting me about it. She suddenly loomed large as the arbiter of our family morality, and so toted you along, choosing the best room in the house for her precious charge. Your father, of course, dreamily assumed that I should be something more than a guardian.

Mention of his name brings me back to my crime. Near the end, he handed me the key of his safe. "There's £1,000 there for Geordie; put him through a good university." When I searched the safe I found the money. It was all in bearer bonds—mostly French. For diddling Somerset House, there's nothing like bearer bonds. So I pouched the plunder, sold the other effects, kept your father's books (they are now yours—mostly rubbish of the Leslie Stephen-Humphry Ward-Professor Drummond order), and found myself possessed of funds amounting to precisely £1,274 12s. 4d. I calculated that you would go to Cambridge at the age of nineteen. So I had to keep you for fifteen years and turn you out at the age of, say, 23 or 24, a full fledged M.A. Nothing less than that would have gratified your father. Money invested at 5 per cent. compound interest doubles itself in fourteen years. Note the phrase "doubles itself." By its own unaided exertions it doubles itself. Isn't money clever? The shillings spread themselves out to the circumference of florins; "thin 'uns" grow into "thick 'uns"; £5 notes mysteriously "split." Marvellous middle-class alchemy! No vulgar workman with stubbed fingers plying at the bench, no shortened square-toed miner, picking his tonnage in the gloom and grime, no hectic clerk with hideous tie, no homeless, wretched A.B. in the fo'c'sle has ought to do with this strange process. No, sir, it doubles itself. This is the self-reliance that has made us a great nation. Money doubles itself; we double our fortunes; we then cut some figure in the world, grabbing as much of it as we can. Apropos, did you ever hear of the story of Commodore Vanderbilt? As he was on the gang-plank of his yacht, somebody asked him where he was going. "Round the world," said he "and if I like it I'll buy it." Was I then to

put out this money at interest or spend it upon your clothes, your food, your schooling, and all those other things that boys expect? A decision was not urgent; it could wait a year or more.

Meantime, I began to take an interest in you. You were the son of my brother and were entrusted to my keeping; I had this money to spend upon you. Of course, if I were that advertising fakir, H. G. Wells, I could spin a pseudo-psychological yarn about my approach to you. It wouldn't be true; but it would be amusing. Thus:—

"In all my private affairs and even in the pursuit of my public activities, aimed, as you know, at the reconstruction of England on a more orderly basis, compacted of clear thinking and good-will, I seldom missed tea at the club with a rubber of whist or a hundred at billiards. I was one of a group of cronies who rather relied upon each other for this enjoyable relaxation. They were all prosperous men of the world whose good-breeding and savoir-faire stirred within me complacent memories of earlier days when my origin would have been instantly discovered by my boots. It took me many years before I acquired the style and material of dress in vogue amongst the wealthier classes. Even longer before I passed through what might be called dandiacal adolescence to that stage of *négligé* which is the true mark of those upper circles to which I now belonged and upon whose conversion I was set. It chanced that, in my many preoccupations, I had forgotten one of our public holidays. I walked into the club and upon collecting my letters (how dreary is some correspondence!) Thompson, the hall porter, told me that the club was deserted. I stuffed my letters into my despatch-case and became conscious of a blank. My thoughts travelled far beyond the next two blank hours to a quickly deepening sense of a grim hiatus in my more intimate life. . . .

"A hansom cab brought me to my own door. Calling for tea, I walked into your nursery and found you with your toys. You were building a house with square and oblong blocks. With childish prattle you invited my help. I watched you with a kindling curiosity. My far-flung schemes of social regeneration had assumed a certain degree of universal intelligence—a sort of spiritual and mental common-denominator. Suddenly I saw that your childish ways and whimsies must be the foundation of a really permanent and beneficent change. The nurse came for you to bath you, give you your evening meal and put you to bed. I crossed the passage to my study, my brain scintillating with thoughts of a new educational system. I had seen a miracle. Mankind in the making. . . .

"Luckily, or unluckily I had no engagement that evening. A simple dinner (when alone it is prudent to impress economy upon the servants—a lesson the middle-classes have yet to learn from us), and I sat down to work. My study is my castle. In it are my treasures. Over the door is a bust of Lord Northcliffe, whose ebullient vitality (and prescient appreciation of national passions and tendencies) have yet to be understood by his critics. A signed photograph of G. B. S. is mounted in a panel of the chimney mantel, whilst opposite is a composite photo of Sidney and Beatrice Webb. A Guild Socialist, to whom I showed it, murmured, 'Mankind in the unmaking.' I have travelled far since those photos were mounted, but I cherish only friendliness for these interesting, if futile, Fabians. Widely apart though we now are, I like to think that I have always treated them with a courtesy and urbaneness very pleasing to my self-conceit. But work was impossible. A restlessness, an incoming tide of nervous unquiet, set me tramping up and down my study—a large room, once the studio of a famous painter. Then my thoughts went back to you. I wished that you were my own son. The wish grew into a swift tempestuous current of emotion, tingling with alternating pains and perturbations, poignant,

delicious, disturbing. I realised that Nature can call through the step-children of this disorderly world—a call to effort, to duty, to the deeper things that transcend purely objective life. . . .

"My pacing stopped mechanically at my desk. I took up my diary. To-morrow was important. I must go into the City early. There was a directors' meeting at 11 o'clock when we must finally decide about Adams. A nasty affair that. I could only hope that we would steer clear of the law courts. At 1 o'clock, lunch with Templeton, to discuss the Westralian Conduit scheme—a biggish thing, requiring diplomatic handling. That would take me to 2.30. Then I must hurry back to my office to complete my correspondence. At 4.30 there was a paper at the Royal Statistical Society, 'The Proportion of Tubercles to the Varying Densities of the Square Yard of Factory Space,' diagrams of immense value and probably a discussion of some significance. I must dine at 6.30 to preside at the Fabian at 8. A lecture on 'Preparing for Maternity' by Mrs. Christabel Cross. Altogether a fruitful day was promised. I felt tired, switched off the lights and walked down the passage. Your nursery door was shut and again came the vision. I thought of you as my son, lying in your mother's arms, in a room filled with all those feminine fripperies and utensils which constitute the perennial charm of young motherhood. I thought of my own room, austere and untidy. Almost deluded by the vividness of my imagining, I stole up furtively to your door. . . ."

Wellsian fiction, my dear George, remains fiction, and cheap and nasty at that. My feeling was too simple and elemental for fiction. I had no special affection for you, but it was interesting to me to speculate what the thousand pounds would do for you. Obviously nothing, unless we could keep you healthy and see to your physical growth. Nurse and I, between us, did this. Affection comes with knowledge; the bonds grow gradually. I think, too, that it is the child, helpless, confiding, and often charming, who starts it. A time came when you brought your childish troubles to me; a time came when your questions could not be stayed or evaded; a time came when school called you; a time came when I watched the doctor stand over you, testing by your tremulous pulse whether you would come back to us from an eerie dreamland, which we could not even vaguely surmise by your little parched lips parted as though in wonder at strange sights. A time came when you went away to a boarding school and I missed you. A time came when I felt it wise to warn you against a certain secret vice. Yesterday I turned up your letter in reply to mine:—

"Dear Uncle,—I would not do such an ungentlemanly thing. Last term a boy was expelled for it.

"Last Saturday we played Wolverton and won 5 to 2. I played half-back and kicked a goal. In the train going back, Old Chilvers said that if I used my shoulders less and my feet more I might become a decent player. He is a beast for ragging a fellow, but a ripping full-back.

"Templeton has a camera. His pater gave £2 for it. He wants to buy a collection of something and would sell it to me for £1. I have only 7s. 6d left.

"When vac. comes and you meet me at Euston will you take me home in one of those new autocar things? It would be spiffing.

"Please let me know about the camera as I promised to let Templeton know.

"Your affectionate nephew,

"GEORDIE."

In all our vicissitudes, you observe that a time comes; sooner or later *the* time, the supreme moment, also surely comes to pass.

And the time has come to tell you of my malfeasance. Have all the divagations of this letter led you to forget it? But I want you to understand my whole attitude, and I think that probably this long way round is the

shortest cut home. When I began to divagate (forgive me if my spelling is wrong, but the word tickles my fancy) I was left pondering whether I would put out the whole or the main part of your legacy at compound interest and keep a ledger account between us. Apart from the fact that I hate book-keeping—the job is fit only for Eurasians and spinsters—other considerations came to mind. Where would you be, if, after you had taken your degree, your legacy were spent? I had seen too many instances of young men just down, whose last stiver had gone. I saw them drift about, taking up odd jobs in journalism, acting as private secretaries to aspiring and perspiring politicians, tutoring young fools on the Continent, going into the Church, without religious convictions (“untouched by grace,” as your grandfather would have put it), teaching at third-rate schools and generally licking the boots of circumstance. Your innocent father had unintentionally placed you in jeopardy and put upon me a heavy responsibility. For it was clear to me that you must be provided not only for your university career, but for another five years after. How many thousand guileless parents are there who think that, in sending their sons to Oxford or Cambridge, they give them a training for their future work? The truth is that a true university life trains its students in intellectual receptivity, but never by any chance for the actualities of life. No doubt things have changed since then. Your engineering school, for example, is rated quite highly by some technical friends of mine.

To cut the story short, I convinced myself that, if we were to interpret your father's wishes generously and not meanly, a thousand pounds was inadequate. So I determined to do a flutter on the Stock Exchange with your money and damn the consequences. If the worst came to the worst, I would find the money myself. I have friends in the City who are on the inside track of things and I also know (they have since gone bankrupt or gone to prison) a number of company promoters. Between these two sets of thieves I felt it possible to do something profitable. And I brought it off, my boy. Not, however, without anxious moments. At one stage of the game there stood £57 to the credit of your account and a monstrous mush of scrip. At the right moment, the financial press (well sugared) began to boom the various stocks, and I promptly sold out at a Jew's profit. Several times did I repeat the operations, choosing my own time, for there was no hurry, no urgency, to realise. I have made up the final reckoning. I started gambling on your account, eighteen years ago, with something over £1,000. I am handing to you, in good securities, £15,372. I have instructed Ellison to transfer all this stock to you.

If the Germans do not send the whole demnition pow-wow to perdition, you go down from Cambridge with an assured income of something over £700 a year. Your father and I started with nothing. I wonder whether we or you, at your age, mark you, are the better men. I do not regret putting you into a financially secure position before you have won your spurs. In my young days, the lack of ha'pence was a torment and a degradation. It hardened me and gave me self-reliance. But I lost much that was precious. The struggle killed your father. He was a gentle man. We had very little in common. But as he lay dying, a great hatred of the senseless struggle that had sapped his strength surged up in me.

I derive comfort from the thought that changes are pending; that the grinding of the faces of the poor shows signs of working on creaking pivots and rusty hinges. God's mill is also grinding. Wait!

Your assured income won't carry you very far, my dear boy. There is much I want to tell you. To-night I am tired and a little sad. I have ceased to be your guardian. From now on you are free and independent. I can only hold you by my affection and by whatever spiritual and worldly wisdom the gods have given to me. Your affectionate uncle,

ANTHONY FARLEY.

Views and Reviews.

Autocracy and the Guilds.

I WILL begin my reply to Mr. Cole with a personal statement: I am not Mr. G. D. H. Cole. It is necessary that I should make this announcement, for Mr. Cole is apparently confused about the matter. He reminds me, aptly enough, that the French “Republic of 1848 was doomed as soon as the Republican Government determined upon a President elected by universal suffrage. The immediate result of the plebiscite,” he continues, “was to place Louis Napoleon in such a position that he effectually ‘hobbled’ the Republic. At once there were in France two independent powers, the President and the Assembly, each claiming to represent directly the people of France. Naturally, in such a case, the one man prevailed over the many; the conversion of the Presidency into a dictatorship could be, in a centralised State, only a question of time. To confront a representative body elected by universal suffrage with a single head official elected in the same way is to court autocracy. Perhaps ‘A. E. R.’ likes autocracy. . . I can only say that I do not like it.” I am open to correction on this point, but I believe that Louis Napoleon was not elected in the same way as were the members of the Assembly; I think that he was elected by general national ballot, and that the members of the Assembly were elected by general district ballot.

In Article VI, published on December 10, we are told that “the National Guild Executive will consist (1) of district representatives, elected by general ballot of each district, and (2) of craft representatives, elected by general national ballot of each craft.” This body will thus approximate more nearly to Mr. Cole's idea of the National Assembly of 1848 than I think that the real Assembly did, for it will actually contain members, the craft representatives, elected by universal suffrage. In Article VII, published on December 17, we are told that “the President of the Guild will be elected by ballot of all the members. . . His functions will be to preside over the Executive Committee and to act as the official figurehead of the Guild on public occasions.” Whether or not I like autocracy, does not matter; on Mr. Cole's own showing, he is “courting autocracy,” for he has reproduced as nearly as may be the constitution of the Republic of 1848. Mr. Cole has even gone further in his courting of autocracy, for, in his reply to my criticism, he now says that, although he was silent on the point, he assumed that the President would preside over the “ultimate governing body,” the National Delegate Meeting, consisting of district representatives and district craft representatives. My criticism that the National Delegate Meeting will “be free from any taint of Cæsarism, because the President of the Guild will not have a seat on it” is thus rendered void; Mr. Cole, who does not “like autocracy,” has prepared the way for it. If I thought that Mr. Cole knew what he was talking about, I should accuse him of intellectual dishonesty; as it is, I accuse him only of intellectual confusion. He professes himself a “democrat”; he has the word “democracy” ever on his lips; and, on his own showing, he is creating the very thing that he professes to detest, an autocracy.

It was only to be expected that Mr. Cole would prove me to be a heretic by quoting the book on “National Guilds” against me; and if it gives him any satisfaction to call me an “autocrat,” a “State Socialist,” or anything but a “Guild Socialist,” I shall not deprive him of that satisfaction. My own initials will designate me far more accurately than will any other conjunction of letters, except, perhaps, the word Englishman. I accept no responsibility for the fact that I am a member of that oppressed and derided nation of whose very existence Professor Dicey reminds his readers in the preface to the eighth edition of his “Law of the Constitution.” Being an Englishman, I regard myself as being bound only by the objects of National Guilds, and not by any prescription of the methods by which those objects will be obtained.

The Guild Writers have said: "The active principle of the Guild is industrial democracy"; and, "the term 'Guild' implies democratic management." In my opinion, these phrases are meaningless; but let us see how Mr. Cole interprets them. He says in his reply to me that "it is impossible, as well as undesirable, to divide the final authority between the official and the representative body." He tells us that the Works Committee, "if the Guild is to be democratic, must be the sovereign body within the works, and it must not be 'hobbled' by the creation of an independent authority elected on the same suffrage as itself." We were told on December 10, that "each 'shop' will appoint, by direct ballot, its own representative to sit on the Works Committee"; we were told, on December 17, that "the Works Manager will be elected by ballot of all the workers on the manipulative side of the works." Here, then, we have a case of a sectionally elected sovereign body, and a universally elected Manager. In his article of last week, Mr. Cole says that we have "a plain choice; either we must have an autocratic official caste, or the official must be subject to the representative body." He leads us to suppose that he decides in favour of the second principle. But what authority can the Works Committee exercise over the Works Manager? They do not appoint him, they cannot dismiss him; he holds his position by virtue of a wider suffrage than does any member of the Committee, and he is responsible, not to the Committee, but to the whole body of the workers. Where, then, is the sovereignty of the representative body, where is the subjection of the official? In the event of a conflict between them, who will decide? Not the General Manager, the creature of the Works Committee, for Mr. Cole tells us that "he stands for the works unit in its dealings with other works and with outside bodies generally." Not the District Committee, for that would be interfering with the autonomy of the works unit. Where, then, is the "democratic management" on which the Guild Writers insist; where is the subjection of the official to the representative body, which is Mr. Cole's own interpretation of the phrase?

Like Mr. Cole, I find it impossible to deal with more than a few of the details that this suggested constitution of a Guild has made matter for controversy; but the fact that a closer consideration of Mr. Cole's proposals, and a comparison of these with his professed principles, lead me to vary my criticism of him damages, at least, the validity of democracy as "the fundamental principle" of the Guilds. It is apparent that democracy means, to him, election; and his democratic fiction of the sovereignty of "the whole mass of the members" means that they are capable of distinguishing the functions of the various bodies and individuals, and of choosing the right person for the right position. I submit that if I am confused, after careful perusal of these articles, concerning the respective powers of these bodies, if I find that when Mr. Cole says "democracy," he creates an autocrat, when he says "subjection," he grants independence, the mass of the workers are not likely to be clearer of perception than I am. If democracy means election, and it is the fundamental principle of the Guilds, then I shall have to invent an aristocracy of the Guilds, recruited by heredity, co-option, election, and even State appointment, to distinguish myself from Mr. Cole. A Guild is, and always was, a privileged body, an aristocracy; and no "poppy cock" about industrial democracy will disguise the fact. Mr. Cole's inconsistencies are themselves proof of the same fact, and no theoretical preference for one or another form of government can alter the fact that if the Guild is to be a reality, its activities must permit of the application of more than one principle. The Guild, like every other body, will compel the subordination of the subordinates; and no paradoxes such as "the competent officer being under the control of those whom he directs" will avail against this necessary process.

A. E. R.

Affirmations.

By Ezra Pound.

VI.

Analysis of this Decade.

THE Renaissance is a convenient stalking-horse for all young men with ideas. You can prove anything you like by the Renaissance; yet, for all that, there seems to be something in the study of the quattrocento which communicates vigour to the student of it, especially to such scholars as have considered the whole age, the composite life of the age, in contradistinction to those who have sentimentalised over its æsthetics. Burckhardt writes in German with the verve of the best French heavy prose. Villari's *Italian* is thoroughly Germanised; he writes always with an eye on modern national development for Italy, he has presumably an atrocious taste in pictures, he is out of sympathy with many of the Renaissance enthusiasms, and yet manages to be interesting and most shrewd in his critical estimates, even of things he dislikes (e.g., though he speaks with reverence of Raphael, he sees quite clearly the inferiority of Renaissance painting to the painting which went before, and attributes it to the right lack of energy).

Whatever one's party, the Renaissance is perhaps the only period in history that can be of much use to one—for the adducing of pious examples, and for showing "horrible results." It may be an hallucination, but one seems able to find modern civilisation in its simple elements in the Renaissance. The motive ideas were not then confused and mingled into so many fine shades and combinations one with the other.

Never was the life of arts so obviously and conspicuously intermingled with the life of power. Rightly or wrongly, it is looked back to as a sort of golden age for the arts and for the literati, and I suppose no student, however imperfect his equipment, can ever quite rest until he has made his own analysis, or written out his own book or essay. I shall not do that here; I shall only draw up a brief table of forces: first, those which seem to me to have been the effective propaganda of the Renaissance; secondly, those which seem to me the acting ideas of this decade—not that they are exclusively of this decade, but it seems that they have, in this decade, come in a curious way into focus, and have become at least in some degree operative. I shall identify the motive ideas in each case with the men who may, roughly, be considered as their incarnations or exponents.

The Renaissance, as you have all read forty times, was "caused" by the invention of printing and the consequently increased rapidity in the multiplication of books, by the fall of Constantinople (which happened after the Renaissance was somewhat well under way, granting that it—the Renaissance—had not been more or less under way since the fall of Rome). However, let us say that various causes worked together and caused, or assisted or accelerated, a complex result. The fall of Constantinople made necessary new trade routes, drove Columbus into the West Indies, sent Crisolora to Florence with a knowledge of Greek, and Filelfo to Milan with a bad temper. And these things synchronised with "the revival of classicism," and just preceded the shaping up of mediæval Europe into more or less the modern "great States."

This "revival of classicism," a very vague phrase, is analysable, at the start, into a few very different men, with each one a very definite propaganda.

You had, for instance, Ficino, seized in his youth by Cosimo dei Medici and set to work translating a Greek that was in spirit anything but "classic." That is to say, you had ultimately a "Platonic" academy messing

up Christian and Pagan mysticism, allegory, occultism, demonology, Trismegistus, Psellus, Porphyry, into a most eloquent and exciting and exhilarating hotch-potch, which "did for" the mediæval fear of the *dies iræ* and for human abasement generally. Ficino himself writes of Hermes Trismegistus in a New Testament Latin, and arranges his chronology by co-dating Hermes' great-grandfather with Moses.

Somewhat later Pico writes his "De Dignitate" in endless periods, among which is one so eloquent that it is being continually quoted.

Pico della Mirandola based his own propaganda on what we should call a very simple and obvious proposition. He claimed that science and knowledge generally were not, or, at least, should not, or need not be, grounded solely and exclusively on the knowledge of the Greeks and Romans. This created horrible scandal. People had indeed heard of Arabs and Hebrews, but this scoundrelly Pico insisted that there were still other languages and unexplored traditions. It was very inconvenient to hear that one was not omniscient. It still is. It was equally bad when Erasmus wanted scholars to begin using accent-marks over Greek letters. I sympathise with the scholars who objected to being bothered with "Tittle-tattles."

The finest force of the age, I think, came early—came from Lorenzo Valla. He had a great passion for exactness, and he valued the Roman vortex. By philology, by the "harmless" study of language, he dissipated the donation of Constantine. The revival of Roman Law, while not his private act, was made possible or accelerated by him. His dictum that eloquence and dialectic were one—i.e., that good sense is the backbone of eloquence—is still worth considering. I suppose anyone will now admit it in theory. Also, he taught the world once more how to write Latin, which was perhaps valuable. Seeing that they were drawing much of their thought from Latin sources, a lively familiarity with that tongue could not but clarify their impressions.

At this time, also, observation came back into vogue, stimulated, some say, by a reading of classics. The thing that mattered was a revival of the sense of realism: the substitution of Homer for Virgil; the attitude of Odysseus for that of the snivelling Æneas, who was probably not so bad as Virgil makes out.

As Valla had come to exactness, it was possible for Machiavelli to write with clarity. I do not wish to become entailed in the political phases save in so far as they are inextricably bound in with literature. Tyranny, democracy, etc., these things were, in the quattrocento and cinquecento, debatable ideas, transient facts. None of them could be taken for granted. In Machiavelli's prose we have a realism born perhaps from Valla's exactness and the realism of Homer, both coming to Machiavelli indirectly.

And in the midst of these awakenings Italy went to rot, destroyed by rhetoric, destroyed by the periodic sentence and by the flowing paragraph, as the Roman Empire had been destroyed before her. For when words cease to cling close to things, kingdoms fall, empires wane and diminish. Rome went because it was no longer the fashion to hit the nail on the head. They desired orators. And, curiously enough, in the mid-Renaissance, rhetoric and floridity were drawn out of the very Greek and Latin revival that had freed the world from mediævalism and Aquinas.

Quintilian "did for" the direct sentence. And the Greek language was made an excuse for more adjectives. I know no place where this can be more readily seen than in the Hymns to the Gods appended to Divus' translation of the Odyssey into Latin. The attempt to reproduce Greek by Latin produced a new dialect that was never spoken and had never before been read. The rhetoric got into painting. The habit of having no definite conviction save that it was glorious to reflect life in a given determined costume or decoration "did for" the painters.

Our thought jumps from the Renaissance to the

present because it is only recently that men have begun to combat the Renaissance. I do not mean that they merely react against it; that was done in the hideous and deadening counter-reformation; but we have begun deliberately to try to free ourselves from the Renaissance shackles, as the Renaissance freed itself from the Middle Ages.

We may regard all the intervening movements as revivals of the Renaissance or as continuations of special phases: for instance, the various forms of "classicism" getting "colder and colder," or more and more florid. Rousseau was almost born out of his due time, and Napoleon is but an exaggerated condottiere to the very detail of the Roman robe in which he surmounts the column Vendôme. It would be quite possible to sustain the thesis that we are still a continuation of certain Renaissance phases, that we still follow one or two dicta of Pico or Valla. But we have in so many ways made definite a divergence (not a volte-face, because we are scarcely returning to pious Catholicism or to limited mediævalism). It is easier, it is clearer, to call this age a new focus. By focus I do not in the least mean that the forces focussed are in themselves new inventions. I mean that they begin to act. I mean, also, that the results are decidedly different from the results of Renaissance theory and aesthetics. It is not long since Springer wrote: "Durch Raffael ist das madonnenideale Fleisch geworden." We remove ourselves from the state of mind of Herr Springer.

A certain number of fairly simple and now obvious ideas moved the Renaissance; their ramifications and interactions are still a force with the people. A certain number of simple and obvious ideas, running together and interacting, are making a new, and to many a most obnoxious, art. I need scarcely say that there were many people to whom the art of the quattrocento and the paganism of the Renaissance seemed equally damnable, unimportant, obnoxious. It was "Rome or Geneva." I shall give these simple ideas of this decade as directly as I have given the ideas which seem to me to be the motifs of the Renaissance. I shall give the names of men who embody them. I shall make some few explanations and no apology whatsoever.

Ford Hueffer, a sense of the *mot juste*. The belief that poetry should be at least as well written as prose, and that "good prose is just your conversation."

This is out of Flaubert and Turgenev and Stendhal, and what you will. It is not invention, but focus. I know quite well that Wordsworth talked about "common words," and that Leigh Hunt wrote to Byron advising him against clichés. But it did not deter Byron from clichés. The common word is not the same thing as *mot juste*, not by a long way. And it is possible to write in a stilted and bookish dialect without using clichés. When I say the idea "becomes operative" here I presumably mean that Mr. Hueffer is the first man who has made enemies by insisting on these ideas in England. That matter can be discussed, and it will aid to the clarity of the discussion if we discuss it quite apart from your opinion or my opinion of Mr. Hueffer's work "as a whole" or in detail.

Myself, an active sense not merely of comparative literature, but of the need for a uniform criticism of excellence based on world-poetry, and not of the fashion of any one particular decade of English verse, or even on English verse as a whole. The qualitative analysis in literature (practised but never formulated by Gaston Paris, Reinach in his *Manual of Classical Philology*, etc.). The Image.

Wyndham Lewis, a great faculty of design, synthesis of modern art movements, the sense of emotion in abstract design. A sense of the import of design not bounded by Continental achievement. A sense of dynamics.

Barzun's question: Pourquoi doubler l'image?

Gaudier-Brzeska. In him the "new" sculptural principle becomes articulate. "The feeling of masses in relation." (Practised by Epstein and countless "primitives" outside the Hellenic quasi-Renaissance tradition.)

General thorough knowledge of world-sculpture. Sense of a standard not limited by 1870 or 1905.

Edward Wadsworth, sense of the need of "radicals in design," an attempt toward radicals in design. A feeling for ports and machines (most certainly not peculiar to himself, but I think a very natural and personal tendency, unstimulated in his case by Continental propaganda).

I consider this one of the age-tendencies, springing up naturally in many places and coming into the arts quite naturally and spontaneously in England, in America, and in Italy. We all know the small boy's delight in machines. It is a natural delight in a beauty that had not been pointed out by professional aesthetes. I remember young men with no care for aesthetics who certainly would not know what the devil this article was about, I remember them examining machinery catalogues, to my intense bewilderment, commenting on machines that certainly they would never own and that could never by any flight of fancy be of the least use to them. This enjoyment of machinery is just as natural and just as significant a phase of this age as was the Renaissance "enjoyment of nature for its own sake," and not merely as an illustration of dogmatic ideas. The modern sense of the value of the "creative, constructive individual" (vide Allan Upward's constant propaganda, etc., etc.) is just as definite a doctrine as the Renaissance attitude De Dignitate, Humanism. As for external stimulus, new discoveries, new lands, new languages gradually opened to us; we have great advantage over the cinque- or quattro-cento.

Ernest Fenollosa's finds in China and Japan, his intimate personal knowledge, are no less potent than Crisolora's manuscripts. China is no less stimulating than Greece, even if Fenollosa had not had insight. And this force of external stimuli is certainly not limited by "what we do"; these new masses of unexplored arts and facts are pouring into the vortex of London. They cannot help but bring about changes as great as the Renaissance changes, even if we set ourselves blindly against it. As it is, there is life in the fusion. The complete man must have more interest in things which are in seed and dynamic than in things which are dead, dying, static.

The interest and perhaps a good deal of the force of the group I mention lie in the fact that they have perfectly definite intentions; that they are, if you like, "arrogant" enough to dare to intend "to wake the dead" (quite as definitely as Cyriac of Ancona), that they dare to put forward specifications for a new art, quite as distinct as that of the Renaissance, and that they do not believe it impossible to achieve these results.

Many parallels will rise in the mind of the reader; I have only attempted certain obscure ones. The external forces of the Renaissance have been so often presented that one need not expatiate upon them. Certain inner causes are much less familiar, for which reason it has seemed worth while to underline the "simple directions" of Pico and Crisolora and Valla, and the good and evil of Greek. The Renaissance sought a realism and attained it. It rose in a search for precision and declined through rhetoric and rhetorical thinking, through a habit of defining things always "in the terms of something else."

Whatever force there may be in our own decade and vortex is likewise in a search for a certain precision; in a refusal to define things in the terms of something else; in the "primary pigment." The Renaissance sought for a lost reality, a lost freedom. We seek for a lost reality and a lost intensity. We believe that the Renaissance was in part the result of a programme. We believe in the value of a programme in contradistinction to, but not in contradiction of, the individual impulse. Without such vagrant impulse there is no art, and the impulse is not subject to programme. The use and the limitation of force need not bring about mental confusion. An engine is not a confusion merely because it uses the force of steam and the physical principles of the lever and piston.

Current Cant.

"Conscription."—AUSTIN HARRISON.

"Weekly Dispatch War Loaf for England."—LORD NORTHCLIFFE.

"The Christian World."—13 and 14, Fleet Street.

"'Punch' is said to be the only British paper that the Kaiser INSISTS on having."—"Daily Sketch."

"Only a fool despairs in this inspired age."—HERBERT KAUFMAN.

"The Money Makers. A letter to the Editor of the 'Star' which will interest everybody."—"Star."

"There are wild moments when I suspect Sir Herbert Tree is the Kaiser."—JAMES DOUGLAS.

"'Business as Usual' is a triumph for everybody concerned."—"Sunday Times."

"No one has a greater knowledge of the classics than Professor Gilbert Murray."—W. F. AITKEN.

"Get out or Go under."—"T.P.'s Weekly."

"The Kaiser and the Kaiser alone is the one man responsible for the great War. . . . The 'Daily Express' has, therefore, commissioned Mr. Sidney Dark. . . ."—"Daily Express."

"There is no need to worry over the stings of the German Mosquito, for the submarine is a mosquito and nothing more."—"Star."

"The 'English Review' enables one to keep abreast of the most modern thought and literature of the day."—"Clarion."

"I spoke with a damsel who is lately come out of the Midlands and tells me of the gunmakers in a certain town of this part being grown very high, and striking off work. Whereupon my Lord Kitchener post haste from town to quell the rebels, and will hold no parley but straightly tells them that any man who is not at work by six next morning shall be brought to court-martial and shot."—"Truth."

"Inoculation should be made compulsory."—"Country Life."

"The public would have loved to have heard the cries of the men as they loaded the guns. 'That's for Scarborough!' 'That's for the child-killers!' The enthusiasm was intense."—"Daily Mail."

"The constant salutes of passing soldiers at least lend to Brighton something of the continental air which it has always so desired."—"Sphere."

"The Rev. F. B. Meyer is finding time to give a series of addresses to the soldiers in the huts and tents."—"British Weekly."

"One cheering thought which stands out above all others in our review of back gardens is that the gardens which are tended really outnumber those that are neglected. Truly a hopeful sign."—"Spectator."

"The grave from which Mrs. Lloyd's body was exhumed."—"Daily Sketch" Photo.

"A true democracy, proud of the past, and eager to do her best in the best way, would have divided the male population into classes, and on given dates class after class would have been called up by the Military Authorities."—WALTER SHAW SPARROW.

"The result of this War will be more and more to carry the world back to Christ, the greatest revelation of God we have had on this Earth."—SIR OLIVER LODGE.

Pastiche.

WAR FOOD.

Woe is me, I know too well,
What it means, this awful smell.
Odour as of cats decayed—
Fish for breakfast, I'm afraid.
Sure, a rainbow in the sky,
Is a treat to every eye,
But I don't call it a treat
To find rainbows on the meat.
Bacon's going up, they say,
There's a rise in price each day.
Taste it, and you'll know it's high,
(Then they say that pigs can't fly!)
Eggs have got the same complaint;
They're enough to make one faint.
Tuppence halfpenny, I paid
To hear one say, "ma-me-laid!"
Though the food has got so dear,
Wages will not rise, I fear.

E. L.

THREE TALES.

BY MORGAN TUD.

II.—IN THE STRAND.

"Listen!" cried Croton, and began to read:—

"What has become of Buffalo Bill? Where is the White King of the Pawnees? And O, tell me, have you heard aught of the Mutineers on board the brave ship 'Leander'? Or of the gallant Sir Ludar? Wonderful heroes of long ago, where fight ye now? Are all the mighty dead? In what green lands far away still plays the lasso and the knife? Where can one hear the shouting and the shooting at the dead of night? Ah! and what of those bloody tomahawks of yesterday? Gone! Gone! And their memories are naught but ghosts that walk the night. In their stead are the horrid tales of modern crime, of gruesome hangings, and pallid thieveries untold. And as for Romance—who hears that word to-day must surely think of turkey-trots, and bunny-hugs, the tango and 'bosh!'"

"Bosh?" I asked. "Why?"

"I was in the Strand the other day," said Croton, irrelevantly, "and I walked into a chemist's: 'Have you any Acetyl-Salicylic Acid?' I asked.

"I have some Aspirin tablets, sir; or, perhaps, you would prefer Xaxa? They are both good for neuralgia."

"I said Acetyl-Salicylic Acid, not Xaxaspiration or any other tomfoolery," I replied, smiling.

"Aspirin and Xaxa are the same as the powders you want, sir, but far more convenient to take."

"Yes, and I suppose about four times the price? How do you sell the powders?"

"Tuppence each."

"How many grains in each?"

"Ten."

"Far too much. Make me up two powders with five grains in each, please."

"The chemist disappeared for a moment, and then returned with the powders. I handed him two pennies."

"I want another tuppence, please, sir."

"Why? Ten grains cost tuppence?"

"I said tuppence a powder. It's an insult to offer me tuppence for ten grains. A powder is a powder whether it contains five, ten, or twenty grains. Please give me another tuppence."

"Ah, well, if you are going to grow insolent," said I, "I don't want the powders."

"But you shall have the powders," cried the little chemist. "You ordered them"; and running round the counter, he placed himself between me and the door: "You shall not leave this shop, sir, until you have paid me that tuppence!"

"You were back in the Wild West," I interrupted. "Involuntarily, your hand flew to your hip pocket—and, then, looking down at the angry little chemist from your six foot of cool muscle, you laughed. And outside roared the Strand."

"Don't be silly," said Croton. "I gave him the tuppence."

JOURNALISTS.

"Think you they write with tongue in their cheek?"

"I know not; but among

The scribes you name there are many who speak

With cheek in their tongue!"

P. SILVER.

TROPHIES.

Mr. Gordon Selfridge, addressing the members of the Manchester Column Club, said:—"Business to-day is a great big game with profits instead of silver cups for trophies."—"Daily News," November 24.)

We're a sporting nation nowadays, we always play the game,

Whate'er it is we try to win and strive with might and main;

Some hunt the leather, some the fox, Yo! Ho! Hey! Tally Ho!

There is a greater game to play, my lads, and the trophies large—What Ho!

Of metal cups and medals we've long since had enough,
They're very nice to look at, yet only paltry stuff
To decorate old sideboards with proof of sinewy grit,
There's a greater game to play, my lads, requiring greater wit.

Like billiards, it's exciting, when once you've got your cue

To cannon off your enemies as sportsmen ought to do;
Your total keeps on rising, and markets mark your score,
There's a greater game to play, my lads, with pockets holding more.

Of course, some men the turf prefer, the far-famed sport of Kings,

To back a fancy if it runs, and sometimes when it wins.
You're on a cert, yes, every time, in this the sport of gods—

A greater game to play, my lads, The Odds! the Odds! the Odds!

Of all the games men play at, it most resembles chess,
There's Kings and knights and bishops, too, and pawns that these oppress,

And these big men, so powerful, their tricky moves do try—

There's a greater game to play, my lads, to crush the smaller fry.

The competition's wonderful, the trophies always tall,
The strong are knights of chivalry, the weaker find the wall,

Success to profiteering, then, Hail! Patriotic band—
A greater game to play, my lads; God help our native land!

THOMAS FLEMING.

A BALLADE OF HEROES.

You shout for the heroes of Marne and Mons,

And they deserve of their country well;

Outnumbered, bravely they struggle on;

None, perhaps, can their deeds excel.

The chorus of praise you loudly swell.

While Death drives on in the cannon cars;

But what will you do for the sons of Mars—

Worthy of Moore and Wolfe and Clive?

What will you pay for their deaths and scars?

Where are the heroes of 'fifty-five?

A few are living, but most are gone,

Who braved the weather and Russian shell;

Alma, Inkermann, fought and won;

The Light Brigade that galloped pell-mell,

As Tennyson said, to the mouth of Hell,

And charged the batteries of the Tsars,

Have had their reward in medals and bars.

But what of the few who are left alive—

Broken and spent in England's wars?

Where are the heroes of 'fifty-five?

For those who look grim Death upon,

Holding their line, as the records tell;

For what they dare and what they have done,

Whom Prussians vainly essayed to quell;

For those who are stricken and those who fell

Will you give more than your loud hurrahs,

And a workhouse charity—though it jars?

A loan to the nation you can contrive;

Such is your flight to the realm of stars!

Where are the heroes of 'fifty-five?

ENVOI.

Oyes, lancers, dragoons, hussars,

Guardsmen, linesmen, marines and tars,

Gunners and sappers who bravely strive!

You are the heroes of frothy pars!

But where are the heroes of 'fifty-five?

VECTIS.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

CONSCRIPTION.

Sir,—A very great effort is evidently being made by the organised Press gradually to accustom the Public to the idea of conscription, while yet, at the same time, putting them off their guard by pretending to think themselves that, after all, it is not likely to happen.

This sly method of preparing the ground will be well understood by anyone who has read Mr. Oliver Onion's novel, "Good Boy Seldom." Those who have not read it should do so.

Now, I am one who believes that conscription would have a disastrous effect on the nation. It seems to me that it would completely hand over the levers of the "governing machine" to a class—not, indeed, of military bullies, as in Germany—but a class whose sole idea is the dominance of the profiteer.

Of the two classes I firmly believe that the military bully is the less objectionable, as the highway robber is a less ignoble person than the sneaking swindler. The military caste desires at any rate that its slaves should be strong in body and brave in soul, provided only that they are obedient; but the profiteer cares nothing for the bodies of his slaves, and does not suppose them to have souls.

Once we get conscription riveted on our necks, we shall be absolutely at the mercy of this class. The financier will hold the levers of the machine and the machine will obey him. He could be thrown into war by the financial clique at any moment when they might judge it to be advantageous to their financial interests. They would have no need to consider the nation's verdict, whether the war would be popular or not. A proclamation that civilians were to join the colours, and protest could be punished with death.

It matters nothing to me personally whether we have conscription or not. I am too old to be called upon, and my sons, although still too young, are already fired with the idea of serving under arms. It is, therefore, purely because it seems to me to be a national danger that I urge that all classes of honest men, but especially the working class, should immediately organise themselves to defeat this insidious project.

If the working class allow themselves to be surprised and taken in flank, they will, in my opinion, deserve all that they will get. But that will be a poor consolation when we see England "bond not free."

It is impossible to make any protest in the ordinary Press. The big newspapers will not print letters that show the real danger of conscription in all its nakedness. If your readers doubt this, let them make an experiment. Get half-a-dozen private persons whose names are unknown to fame to write so many letters at your dictation to as many daily journals, and mark the result.

I know, having tried.

Now, if conscription is to be nipped in the bud, we want not only an organisation that will defeat it, but one that will also serve in its place. One, that is, that will enable the nation to put forth its whole strength in self-defence, but without giving its mouth to be bitted and curbed and martingaled by the financial rings.

Such an organisation is, in my opinion, not only possible, but not very difficult of achievement if the proletariat will but put *their own* brains to the task, and not wait for a heaven-sent leader to show them the way.

LEST ENGLAND SHOULD BE BOND, NOT FREE.

* * *

THE GERMAN LABOUR MOVEMENT.

Sir,—Mr. H. Gifford Oyston's letter on the work of the German clergy on behalf of Labour makes one wish that the matter could be discussed more fully in THE NEW AGE. It would be particularly interesting to hear how this movement for the rehabilitation of the German workman was in recent years "scotched." Probably, if the truth were known—and the inadequacy and incompetence of our information on German matters makes one diffident and over-conscious of one's ignorance—it would be roughly parallel to movements of a like nature in England.

F. S. Nitti in his "Catholic Socialism" (Sonnenschein) gives an illuminating account of the work of the Catholic clergy, making much of the courageous and erudite Canon Hitye, who had come to this conclusion in regard to the Social problem in Germany:—

"The actual system of production, which in practice inclines more and more towards Socialism, demands the means of expressing itself fully, in right as in fact, by a suitable legal organisation inspired by social principles. The reign of Individualism and Liberalism is in reality nothing else than the reign of despotic hypocrisy, which

satisfies neither the wants of the community at large nor the interests of production. The future belongs to Socialism, whether it be absolute Democratic Socialism tending to revolutionise the State, or the healthy, conservative, relative Socialism of the trade corporations. A social organisation of the nations is the only possible safe solution of the social question."

Nitti continues: "Nor does it astonish us that Hitye should see no other safe path than by returning to the old corporative systems adapted to the requirements of new times." In Germany the Corporations have withstood the shock of the liberal ideas and economic tendencies of our day. These institutions are deeply rooted in the historic traditions of the German people, and for many centuries all German industry and manufacture have been based on the corporative system; only in 1868 were the corporations or guilds legally deprived of the privilege which they had enjoyed for many centuries."

In 1871 it was ordained by law that the *Zunft* or guilds should be retained within the Empire, but much curtailed in power, and degraded in character.

In 1881 Ackermann successfully introduced a Bill into the old Diet, which restored to them their former powers. But they, at this stage, excluded many workmen from their privileges, and another Bill was passed in 1887.

These provisions led the way for a Bill, introduced by Canon Hitye and Deputy Habeland, to promote a system of compulsory guilds. These Bills, which, if applied, would, in the beginning at least, have created a revolution in industrial pursuits, caused a real panic among the manufacturing class. And the strong *Central Verband deutscher Industriellen* opposed them in such manner that the *Bundesrath*, without even attempting to select what was really good among them, rejected all the measures already voted by the Reichstag, and together with them, consequently, the Bill brought in by Hitye and Habeland."

I must ask pardon for quoting at such length, but the process indicated seems at least spiritually parallel to our own, and hence, may not be without meaning to us.

The Taff Vale decision, with the consequent rousing of labour activity which produced the Trades Disputes Act of 1906, together with the subtle defeat of that activity, the consequent nullification of any measure of protection or privilege it may have granted to Labour by a series of schemes, Labour Exchanges, the Insurance Act—they are written in the book of the chronicles of Prussia in England, when it shall have been truthfully written.

Who is the publisher of the book, "The Priest and Social Action," by Father Plater? F. M. SALMON.

* * *

WHAT IS A NATION?

Sir,—In Ramiro de Maeztu's article on Belgian Nationality, February 4, he claims that he has found a definition for the concept "nation." He says: "A nation is a plurality of human beings in which prevails the will to form themselves into a sovereign State, circumstances permitting, or if they are already so constituted to maintain themselves in that condition."

Is this a definition at all? Has not Mr. de Maeztu merely examined several single concepts which go to make up the collective concept "nation," and given us a characteristic, which appears to him to be common to all such single concepts? We are moved to ask him if he will next define "definition." Is the definition of a collective concept the greatest common factor of those single concepts that go to make it up? Is it not rather the least common multiple of such concepts. It seems to me that I am not doing enough when I define man as a "biped capable of playing hop-scotch," and yet you will find that I am doing almost as much as Mr. de Maeztu does for "Nation." In some ways I am doing more, for my definition is at least exclusive. But Mr. de Maeztu will have to keep a very careful eye on that word plurality, or his skeleton definition will be brought down. What about certain idealists in Hoxton and other places who have the "will" to grab land in Venezuela with the idea of starting a collective commonwealth, and "circumstances permitting, of course, "to form themselves into a sovereign State."

Are these a nation? They fulfil the conditions, if we discover their number is "plurality." Exactly how many are a plurality? This question of plurality becomes very interesting when we consider the Zionists. By definition only the Zionists belong to the Jewish nation. Unless there are enough of them to make up a plurality, the Jewish nation would, by definition disappear. And yet whatever arithmetical value Mr. de Maeztu gives us for

"plurality," one feels the Jews are a nation. Is it not so? Will someone tell us what is a definition.

CONSTANTIA STONE.

* * *

OLD PHARISEE WRIT LARGE.

Sir,—The undernoted gem is too good to be missed: it is a letter to the editor of the "Daily News," and appeared in that paper on January 20 last:—

DEMOCRACY AND THE FOREIGN OFFICE.

Sir,—I am delighted to see, under the above heading, that an independent member of Parliament, Mr. Ellis Davies, has drawn attention to the secrecy of our diplomacy. But you are not likely to have either an open or a peaceful diplomacy so long as the Foreign Office is wholly recruited from a small caste of reactionaries—nursed in privilege and trained to despise or detest all liberal and democratic ideas. I have been reading the report and the volume of evidence, from which it appears that there are no Presbyterians or Nonconformists in the Foreign Office or the Diplomatic service! From this one may infer that there are practically no Free Traders or Home Rulers.

LIBERTAS.

The Athenæum, Pall Mall, S.W., January 19.

Isn't the whole thing laughable, down to the signature and the address? It reminds me somehow of the Wesleyan minister who complained that "what with Theists and Atheists, Gnostics and Agnostics, there isn't any genuine religion left."

S. VERDAD.

* * *

CHURCH AND PRESS.

Sir,—The Bishop of Calcutta has attacked the English Press and claimed to speak for many besides himself.

The "many" may seem to include me, and it is, therefore, important that the nation should be informed of my attitude. Besides, our English clergymen need a lead. They must be told what they ought to think, and they must understand what it is that they are expected to say. And I am the man to enlighten them. We can't have rebels like the Bishop of Calcutta leading astray the clergy at home—the English clergy must toe the line—no sittlichkeits allowed in our Church. As for the Press, I have nothing but praise for it—especially the "Morning Post," which so nobly upholds the rights of property and the privileges of the ship and coal owners. Our English Press is the soul of truth and honour, and could not tell a lie if it tried; although, as the German Press tells lies, ours has a perfect right to do so, too, if only it were able. That is my opinion, and so you may take it that the clergy think so, too.

The English Church, and the English Press, and the English Ruling Class are one glorious Trinity; Three in One and One in Three (in modern language "hand in glove"); and they must stand or fall together—and let no one venture to contradict me.

SEELY WYNBAG.

* * *

ARMY INOCULATION.

Sir,—Dr. Hadwen may be a good anti-vivisectionist; one can, at all events, appreciate the logic of his opposition to vivisection and vaccination on "humanitarian" or other principles which appeal to him. But when his efforts in this direction lead him to deny the existence and the significance of the facts of experience which are accumulating every day in support of the prophylactic inoculation against typhoid, it is evident that his ingenuity is going to be painfully overtaxed to produce the rationalisations which will put a colouring of reason over the inoculation-opposition complex.

In his letter in last week's NEW AGE Dr. Hadwen tells us that concerning the figures quoted by Sir William Leishman and made use of by Sir Frederick Treves, the former is stated to have added: "I know that statistically these figures are *valueless* without our knowing the total number of inoculated and uninoculated men present."

I should like to remark here, in passing, that if this is true—this worthlessness of the figures so quoted—one finds a none-too-credible parallel in the figures given in the editorial summary which closed the recent controversy on the same vaccination problem. In THE NEW AGE of December 10, 1914, we find the following: "In 1902, which was the year of greatest danger during the last seventeen years, we find that 821 vaccinated persons died of small-pox, and 791 unvaccinated persons died from the same cause." And never a word about the relative numbers of vaccinated and unvaccinated persons exposed to infection.

That, however, is incidental—it is of considerable interest in the illuminating insight it gives into the "New Age" mind.

Sir William Leishman's figures are quoted in the current number of the "British Medical Journal," and it is evident that even without the knowledge of the total number

of inoculated and uninoculated men present, they are far from being valueless as Dr. Hadwen would have us believe. It is practically impossible at present to obtain the total number of inoculated and uninoculated men, so what conceivable reason could Sir William Leishman have had in making use of the figures if they were utterly *valueless*? Presumably not with the object of misleading if he admitted subsequently that they were valueless. Evidently, in spite of his admission, Sir William Leishman believed the figures were of some definite value. I quote them below, taken from the "British Medical Journal" of February 6:—

"Incidence and Mortality from Typhoid Fever in the Expeditionary Force since the Commencement of Operations."

	Cases	Deaths	Death rate per cent.
<i>British Troops:</i>			
Not inoculated within two years	305	34	11.11
Inoculated—one dose within two years	83	1	1.20
Inoculated—two doses within two years	33	0	0.00
<i>Indian Troops:</i>			
Not inoculated..	23	3	13.04
Total..	444	38	8.55 (average.)

I add a further set of figures from the "British Medical Journal" of December 19, 1914:—"Among 10,378 inoculated men 56 cases of typhoid occurred, or 5.4 per 1,000, and among 8,936 uninoculated, 272 cases, or 30.4 per 1,000." It will be evident that the value of the former set of figures lies in their illustration of the case-mortality, the latter set gives a significant indication of the incidence of the disease among inoculated and uninoculated.

It is not contended that these figures are sufficient and convincing. But they, and other series of similar figures, do constitute evidence of varying degrees of validity, which indicates more and more as it accumulates the probable verification of the vaccinationist claims.

Dr. Hadwen calmly asserts "the failure of inoculation to protect" when, a few lines before, he has declared "there is no evidence to show either way." The familiar mechanism as regards this talk of his of "the attempt to minimise the failure of the inoculation to protect by deliberately taking out of the count the once inoculated and all who were inoculated two years previously, etc.," it is obvious, in the first place, from Sir William Leishman's figures that they are *not* taken out of the count—they are very carefully there—and, in the second place, Dr. Hadwen knows, or ought to know, that it is inoculation with two doses within a period of two years that are regarded as affording effective protection. And another thing he ought to be aware of, but concerning which he writes as if he were unaware, is that inoculation is not claimed to be a complete protection against the disease; what is claimed is that inoculation diminishes a person's chance of contracting the disease "to something between a fifth and a third of that appertaining to his non-inoculated comrades,"* that the case-mortality is reduced, and "that the process of inoculation does not itself entail dangers commensurate with those it prevents,"* in fact, "the price he has to pay is measured by a probability of at most about one in ten of being moderately indisposed."*

One word about the fatal case of typhoid in an inoculated man. Undoubtedly, it ought to have been taken into consideration in the official statistics. It does not, of course, invalidate the general conclusions to be drawn from the evidence, and it is expected, will be taken into account in the next official pronouncement on the subject. One might have thought that the fact that it was published openly in the "British Medical Journal" would have been sufficient to exclude the suggestion of deliberate suppression on Dr. Hadwen's part.

Dr. Hadwen, to judge from the press, is a much-harried man at the present time. Let him stick to his "humanitarianism" and "sanitation." Otherwise, it looks as if the strain of rationalisation-production is going to be too much for his imagination.

FREDERICK DILLON.

* * *

DISGRACEFUL.

Sir,—The following is a cutting from our local "rag": "Disgraceful lack of patriotism was shown at a meeting of the Independent Labour Party at Glasgow on Saturday, when resolutions were passed against recruiting."

Another version, not printed, is as follows:—

Disgraceful lack of patriotism has been, and is being manifested, by the United League of Labour exploiters

* B.M.J., Dec. 19, 1914.

at Glasgow and throughout the Empire, in refusing to consent to the adequate payment of men at the front, and to sufficient provision being made, by law, for the dependents of those men who may not return. The consequence is that there is a marked disinclination to enter military service, in defence of what is sometimes called the Commonwealth, but which is really a select preserve of a small band of landowners, mineowners, and other kinds of creatures who are so well described in Henry George's "Progress and Poverty." A cartoon in an American publication was good: Three John Bulls swearing to Heaven that never should the enemy enter our land—except across the dead bodies of our employees. One poor emaciated fellow in the background, within range of the guns, soliloquises: "In peace time they have our live bodies, in war time, our blood." *Tempora mutantur.*

EAST ANGLIAN.

* * *

THE SLAVS.

Sir,—Mr. Selver is inclined to criticise Mr. Mitrović because his "Buried Treasures" is not something quite different from what it was intended to be by its author. If the essay does no more than bring the name of Ivan Mestrovic before people in this country, it will not have been written in vain. When this sculptor exhibits in London (and we hope this may be possible in a little while), perhaps we shall realise what we have missed by not becoming acquainted earlier with works of art possessing not only "significant form," but in the highest degree "enhanced significance" also.

ERNEST H. R. COLLINGS.

* * *

MR. AUSTIN HARRISON REPLIES.

Sir,—Jew. M. Kennedy's pro-German expectorations in THE NEW AGE of February 4 have nothing to do with the principle involved in my letter (quoted by him), the sole object of which was to draw attention to the permission accorded to a German subject to leave this country in time of war.

I have no intention of entering into any controversy with him, for his facts are not facts. Jew. M. Kennedy is a liar and had better go to Germany.

AUSTIN HARRISON.

[Mr. J. M. Kennedy writes: After Mr. Harrison's treatment of his professed friend, his remarks concerning me may almost be said to be friendly. I charged him with un-English and most ungentelemanly conduct, and he cheerfully replies that I am a Jew and a pro-German. Actually, of course, as everybody knows, I am neither. The proprietor of the "English Review," which Mr. Austin Harrison edits, will, however, be interested to learn that "Jew," in the vocabulary of his employee, is a term of reproach. In the matter of the "principle involved" (Mr. Austin Harrison on principle!) the reciprocal arrangement of England with Germany for the limited exchange of doctors above military age may be presumed to be as wise as anything Mr. Harrison could suggest; and, in any event, the little watchdog of our liberties should have given the authorities his warning before, and not after, the horse, which he knew was going, had gone. Regarding the facts concerning Dr. Oscar Levy, Mr. Harrison makes no attempt to correct them; and he is wise at last, for they are beyond dispute.]

A DISCLAIMER.

Sir,—Since my indifference has been accelerated into impatience by repeated inquiries as to whether I am concealing my identity under the name of "Schiffsbauer," I am moved to deny all claim to this Machiavellian pseudonym. Were I to adopt a pen-name, I should certainly not use a parody of my own name. Mr. Ezra Pound might as well mask himself with the name of Ezra Pound.

As to the cryptic allusion to "a senotaph to the year 1912," I presume its unintelligibility is nothing more than a plain, straightforward vorticism.

HERMAN SCHEFFAUER.

* * *

IMAGISME.

Sir,—If your correspondent, re this subject, will turn back to my article on "Vorticism" (NEW AGE, January 14), she will, perhaps, be able to understand what I mean by the relation of pattern and emotion.

I do not pretend to understand the mind of Pyramus, neither can I explain why an electrical current generates pattern (demonstrable through certain instruments), nor why grass seed grows into grass (under certain conditions), nor why acorns grow into oaks, or why salt tastes salty.

Energy creates pattern. Defective pattern is a symp-

tom of defective energy. The result in terms of pattern is a test of energy. Similarly (since it seems that your correspondent desires above all things an explicit statement), if your correspondent finds an oak she may form a fairly accurate guess that it sprang, at some more or less remote period, from an acorn.

Secondly, regarding metaphor. To call Mr. Thompson an "egg," as does your correspondent, is not to use what I mean by explanatory metaphor. The term "egg" in this case is merely a vague figurative expression, used because said correspondent couldn't take the trouble to find some more precise expression.

When a very young child goes up to an electric light switch and says, "may I open the light"; when Dante uses some precise terms like that of the "brand struck on the hearth" to present some visionary apparition in his Paradise; when the early Chinese ideographist, wishing, in picture language, to express the idea "to ramble or visit," first made a diagram of a king and a dog sitting on the stern of a boat, they are each in his way using "explanatory metaphor," or the "language of exploration."

Anyone whose mind will stand consecutive use will be able readily to distinguish between this sort of speech and the vague application of expressions culled from literature and journalism and applied indefinitely as rhetoric and as decoration. In the latter case there is a shirking of precise expression, in the former there is a groping out into a place where no expression as yet exists. It is the difference between slovenliness and exploration.

EZRA POUND.

* * *

VORTICISM.

Sir,—It would be delightful to follow Mr. Pound into his magic wood of ribble-rows to stalk pattern-units and plunge the quivering spear into curlicubists, but bread and philosophy are very scarce nowadays, and we are not all fairy knights.

I hardly think (though, perhaps, I made such a statement in my breeching time) that Marco Polo went to China to invalidate Mr. Pound's interest in Chinese art, though I have heard of an explorer who approached Paris to destroy any interest we had in French poetry.

Be clear, Mr. Pound. Never say exiguous for narrow; nor talk of the intellectually-inventive-creative spirit when you mean what Englishmen once called wit, quick-parts and fancy. I suppose when the unseen genius in literary vorticism (I only speak of literature as I am an ass in sculptural matters) feels the creative impulse it is what Swift referred to when he told Stella he had "been scribbling."

Raw feeling, planes, words, thoughts: this is the Order which Mr. Pound is trying to explain. Of course, there is nothing wrong with the new Order, except its silly disorder; but that, we know, is all beside the argument.

JOHN DUNCAN.

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THE "DEMOCRACY" OF JAMES DOUGLAS.

Sir,—I mentioned in my last letter that I had written to Mr. James Douglas in the hope that he would publish the facts about the "Hippodrome" strike. This short letter was posted to Mr. Douglas on Sunday, January 24, and reached the "Star" office on the Monday morning of the strike (25th). Had my letter been published in the "Star" while the strike was in progress, there is no doubt that a great sensation would have been made while the iron was hot, and we should have been more successful in our attempt to shame a filthy management. Of course, the letter did not appear, and, as is usual in such vital cases, it fell to THE NEW AGE to make public the truth. I waited a week in the hope of my letter appearing, and then, in disgust, dispatched a post-card to Mr. Douglas which ran as follows:—"I am sorry that I bothered you with my letter about the 'Hippodrome.' I mistook you for a democrat." In reply to this Mr. Douglas wrote me a letter explaining that he had been ill in bed and that my letter had arrived at the "Star" office while he was away and had not been sent to him. Mr. Douglas's letter was dated February 2. Since writing this letter Mr. Douglas has had three days in which to make amends by publishing my attack upon the "Hippodrome," but he has not done so. A little incident like this shows us how we stand. Thinking the matter over I have come to the conclusion that the "Star" is afraid to publish my letter because they are getting an excellent advertisement out of the "Hippodrome" Revue. Five or six little street urchins run across the stage in one of the scenes waving "Star" posters.

A MUSIC HALL ARTISTE.

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