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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Since we last wrote our Notes another discussion on food prices has taken place in the House of Commons. It is a tribute to our national placidity, though not at all to our common sense, that the debate was talked out; and the nation stands, in consequence, in very much the same position as it did last week. As the Board of Trade returns show, the cost of the necessaries of life has advanced by over twenty per cent. since the war began, and wages, even when we take recent increases into account, have advanced by an average of only five to ten per cent. No attempt was made in the House of Commons to dispute any of the figures. The distress was admitted, the Government appeared to appreciate the fact that the poorer classes were suffering to an even greater extent than the official figures showed. Yet nothing was done towards alleviating the acute misery of the proletariat and the serious hardships of the middle and lower-middle classes. And the Labour members, sent to the House of Commons presumably to look after the interests of their fellows, could offer but little comment, few suggestions, and no practical scheme—a complaint which was made by Sir Alfred Mond at the conclusion of the debate. The complaint was justified, and the two Labour Members who spoke after him could only try to get the Speaker to accept a motion for the closure. What a party—to have to submit to such a criticism from the lips of such a Member!

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We have been saying for five or six years that the Labour Party in Parliament could never hope to exercise any influence on the proceedings or the legislation of the House of Commons if they persisted in their absurd policy of excluding from their numbers, as they have consistently done, any man or men who exhibited a distaste for wire-pulling and for the customary features of political intrigue and jobbery. Allied to this boycott, of course, was the exclusion of any man as parliamentary representative who did not belong to some particular body of the skilled working class. On only two occasions, we believe, did the Labour groups take to themselves a man who did not strictly belong to their own ranks; and we have, as a result, the baggy trousers of the Nonconformist conscience represented in the spectres of Mr. Snowden and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald. In the midst of this war, in fact, as in the midst of the internal economic wars of the last decade, the Labour leaders, in Parliament or out of it, have been distinguished by ideology, sheer ignorance, and an entire lack of adaptability. We propose to examine the discussion in the House generally, and to justify both our own criticism and the taunt of Sir Alfred Mond.

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Mr. Tootill, the Labour Member for Bolton, referring to food prices, asked that the Government should "prevent a continuance of this unjustifiable increase by employing the shipping and railway facilities necessary to put the required supplies on the market, by fixing maximum prices, and by acquiring control of commodities that are or may be subject to artificial costs." This was the first Labour amendment to Mr. Ferens' motion; and Mr. Tootill, in urging its adoption, said that it was the duty of the Government to prevent the exploitation of the poor. "If the Government confessed impotence in the matter, then it remained for the Labour party to request employers throughout the country to meet the situation by an adequate advance in wages. Why should it be more difficult to control food supplies than to control national finance?" If Mr. Tootill were merely "asking for information" it was not necessary to express himself in so naïve a form; and if he did not know in advance the true replies to his questions, and the replies which the Government would probably make, he had no right to be in Parliament at all. It is more difficult, but not insuperably difficult, to control food than national finance; for food, in the end, reduces itself to the question of a wheat supply, and, as Mr. Prothero pointed out, the price of wheat for the world in general is fixed in the United States. Mr. W. C. Anderson, echoing The New Age of a few weeks ago, urged that the laws of supply and demand should be set aside. "The scarcity of home-grown wheat," he added, "is in a large measure due to our present land system." And that was the end of the latest parliamentary hope of the Trade Unions. Both Mr. Ander-

son and Mr. Tootill were dumb when Mr. Runciman elaborated the Government's policy. Mr. Runciman taunted Mr. Anderson with relying upon the State in time of peace as well as in time of war; and when he was dealing with that point, and the general average of food prices, the Government speaker was on firm enough ground. But he was wrong in regard to coal; for, as Sir Alfred Markham pointed out, coal had risen, not merely by fifteen per cent., as the House had been led to understand, but by nearer seventy per cent.

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The Brummagen gentility of our poor, puzzled, helpless Labour party was to be still further shocked, however. Referring to Mr. Anderson's plea for State control, Mr. Runciman "implored the hon. member not to try to bring about the millennium in the middle of a great war"—a remark which was received with "laughter and cheers." To this Mr. Anderson had absolutely nothing to say. The laughter and cheers echoed and vanished; and the only reply to Mr. Runciman's remark was given by Chiozza-Money two days later in a letter to the Press. Mr. Money, who missed the debate in the House, wrote: "The nation at this time is, as to by far the greater part of its activities, a Socialist undertaking, created ad hoc for the purposes of war . . . we have nationalised the railways, saved the banks, monopolised sugar, given the Board of Trade power to seize supplies, saved the shipowners by a State risks insurance office, moved to bring State Socialism to the establishment of a dye industry which capitalism has so grossly neglected, and done a number of other things." This retort, or part of it, might have been made; but you cannot answer a political witticism in a postscript. Mr. Anderson appears to have collected his senses the morning after, though to judge from what he said to a "Daily News" reporter his first experience of parliamentary life had not provided him with any new ideas: "You knock your pate and fancy wit will come; knock as you please, there's nobody at home." We learn from Mr. Anderson—not from the medium of the parliamentary reports, where we expected to find a record of such views as he possesses; but from the organ of cant and cocoa—that the English working classes are now "politically enlightened," that pressure should be put upon the farmers, not to pay more wages, but to sow more wheat, and that the Government was compelled to put some Socialist schemes into action. Why could not Mr. Anderson have discovered this important fact a little earlier; why could not he have conveyed his views on the point to the House of Commons and consequently to the country, instead of to the "Daily News" and consequently only to the Nonconformist chapels?

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We say that the retort as to State Socialism might have been made, though we are very far from agreeing that the measures undertaken by the Government are an example of Socialism under any definition. It is quite ludicrous to say that the railways have been taken over by the nation in a Socialistic or Communist sense. The Government have simply appointed a central committee of managers so as to eliminate duplicating, and with the object, of course, of enabling trains to be run to the best advantage when troops have to be moved from one part of the country to another or sent abroad. The ordinary dividends are guaranteed to the shareholders on the basis of the dividends paid for the corresponding period last year, and income tax will be paid on them as usual. This is an important point; for the income tax payable on railway shares, which would have been paid in any case, is all the benefit in a financial sense which the State derives from the transaction. Whose Socialism is this? Not ours, not Marx's; not even Mr. Sidney Webb's bantling. It may be the Socialism of Mr. Money and of Mr. Anderson, but, if so, it would be of no little interest to hear what their latest definition of Socialism is. Mr. Anderson seems to be quite satisfied if the State has a hand in industry; but who is to have ultimate control, whether industries are to be "run" at a profit, and who is to have the profits, if any, are matters with which he does not appear to have concerned himself.

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Mr. Chiozza-Money, as we have seen, refers to the Socialism of the Government's dye scheme. But this is not Socialism. The Government, to put it bluntly, is proposing to go into partnership with an unusually keen and extortionate pack of capitalists; it has no control in the management and is simply a large shareholder. Is this Socialism according to Mr. Money's definition? Or Mr. Anderson's? And how, in the name of international finance, does Mr. Anderson or Mr. Money imagine that the banks have been dealt with from a Socialistic standpoint? Does the nation now own the banks? Is the Government even a shareholder in the banks? Does the Government control the banks as it controls the Army and the Navy? Of course it does not; and it is quibbling with words to suggest for a moment that it does. At an early stage of the war Mr. Lloyd George threatened—oh, very fiercely!—that if certain banks he had in mind did not at once lend money to embarrassed tradesmen he would have all the banks taken over by the State and official receivers appointed to discharge the liabilities of those banks which did not follow his suggestions. The banks, however, did not lend money with much greater expedition than before; and they have not yet been taken over by the State. Nor are they likely to be in a Socialistic sense. Furthermore, the Government's "Socialistic" experiment with the railways has not profited either the men or the public. In many cases excursion fares have been stopped, the price of season tickets has been raised, and the men had almost to strike to secure a slight increase of wages—about half what the additional cost of living would represent to them.

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It would serve no purpose to go on labouring this point. All the criticism we have set down, and are going to set down, could and should have been made by Mr. Tootill and Mr. Anderson on the floor of the House of Commons last week, and it should have been expressed so forcibly as to carry weight and conviction to the Government benches and to the country. We have dealt with only the most glaring omissions. But what, we might ask, did Mr. Tootill mean when he said that if the Government admitted its impotence in the matter, it remained for the Labour Party to request employers throughout the country to meet the situation by an adequate advance in wages? Can the man imagine that a "request" from the Labour Party, no matter how tactfully put—we notice that the "Daily News" emphasises the tact of Mr. Anderson, poor man!—would be effective where even the Government itself has failed to live up to our ideal conception of it as a model employer? What have the Labour Members ever yet had in return for requests? In all matters affecting wages, Labour Members of Parliament or Labour leaders, or both in combination, have never yet succeeded in getting the better of their capitalistic adversaries; and in cases where they have appeared to gain a temporary advantage the employers have always been able to make things even by raising prices, discharging elderly men, speeding-up, and so on. The truth is, we think, that the two Labour Members who spoke last week in the course of this debate have long been out of touch with really modern economic developments. Their views seem to go back to the age of the Christian Socialists, or the Benthamites; or, at the very best, to the early period of the Fabian Society. Of the nature of wages they have heard something and know little; of international finance, international trade, and the international fixing of prices they appear to know nothing whatever. They do not even seem to have studied the subject before setting out to speak on it in

the Commons. They never pointed out, for instance, that Mr. Runciman was skipping over difficulties and plunging into fallacies when he referred to the prices of grain, chilled meat, coal, and the like. Let us take coal as an instance. Mr. Runciman denied that coal had gone up very much, and in cases where it had gone up in price a great deal he suggested vaguely that it was owing to inconvenience caused by the war. It remained for a Liberal Member, Sir A. Markham, to point out that the coal difficulty would have been solved if the Government had forbidden coal-owners to sell their product at prices of more than one or two shillings a ton above those for the twelve months preceding the war.

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It is quite possible that this price might have resulted in a loss to a few coal-owners, though certainly not to all. The Government could have guaranteed the difference, if necessary, as it guaranteed the difference in railway receipts under what a few critics appear to regard as a Socialistic scheme of ownership. But nothing of the kind was done, as we know, with the result that coal, in many of the poorer districts, has doubled in value. Why should not Mr. Lloyd George appoint one of his official receivers to a coal-mine or two? Why could not Mr. Runciman have been reminded that, earlier in the war, the Government interfered in the case of wool and cotton? We seem to remember negotiations with the United States, protests by bumptious Liverpool cotton brokers, and a few tactful speeches by Sir Charles Macara. But, above all, why could not Mr. Runciman have been reminded that the Government interfered in an even more serious instance than that of coal, viz., in the matter of Stock Exchange prices? Surely it would have been an easy matter for intending speakers to turn to the regulations governing the re-opening of the Stock Exchange. And there is, of course, the instance of the official purchase of sugar. If, as Mr. Runciman said, Governments can never buy half so well as private individuals, why did the Government buy sugar and not wheat? Are there any factors governing the world-price of sugar which do not affect the world-price of wheat? Let us suppose that the Government had ascertained from its financial advisers precisely what would have been a fair price for United States wheat, taking into consideration the German seizure of the French and Belgian harvests and the consequent Continental demand, the difficulty of securing exports from Russia, and the failure of the Australian crop. Such a price, we feel convinced, would have been far below the prices now being asked and given for wheat in the Chicago wheat-pits. And supposing, as we may well suppose, that the Americans had refused to sell to us at that price. There cannot be an unlimited demand for wheat, for none can enter Austria and Germany. But, if the Government had refused to bid a penny more, and the Americans had deliberately chosen to send their wheat elsewhere—say to Africa or China or Peru—how could they have carried out their purpose? We could have recalled our mercantile marine under the powers now at the disposal of the Government, and done so without committing anything like an act of war. Wheat will not keep indefinitely, either in the United States or in any other country, and we could have checked the export of the bulk of it. Would the Americans have held out? Not for an instant.

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This would have been a drastic and effective plan; but it is not the only one which might have occurred to the Labour Party if they had known anything about international finance and international economics. An alternative plan was suggested by Dr. Gilbert Slater, the principal of Ruskin College, Oxford, on the morning of the 17th inst. The Labour Members would have had all day to study it before making their way to the House of Commons in the afternoon; and as the alternative plan referred to appeared in the "Daily News" there is no excuse for their neglect of it. Dr. Slater, in brief, suggested that wheat could be attracted to these shores by high prices, and that the Government, therefore, could well afford to offer a bounty of, say, ten shillings a quarter on the first twelve million quarters imported. This would have been an incalculable boon, and would have cost only six millions sterling—a mere trifle in the gigantic war expenditure we are incurring, and little more than half of the recent ten-million Russian Treasury Bond issue, which was over-subscribed by our patriotic City men before noon on the day of issue. But this plan, too, good or bad as it might have been in practice, was equally unknown to the Labour Party. We have laid continual stress upon the attitude of the Labour Party because its members are in the House of Commons, if they are there for anything, to see that Government proposals and actions are at least thoroughly and adequately criticised. By themselves alone the Labour Members are powerless; and they cannot expect Conservative and Liberal members to pass, at all times, the criticisms which the working classes would like to see passed. Sir A. Markham's suggestion regarding coal prices undoubtedly helped the Anderson-Tootill group over an embarrassing obstacle; but such assistance may not always be forthcoming.

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But nothing, as Bacon said, doth more hurt in a State than that cunning men pass for wise. What are the general characteristics of Labour Members of Parliament? Is it their cunning or their wisdom that has led them to the House of Commons? There is no doubt as to the answer. If you scratch a Labour Member you find the intriguer, the wirepuller, the man whose opinions are ill-formed and vague, the ideologue—the mixture, in short, of the knave and the fool. That political power is merely a reflection of economic power has never occurred to these pseudo-politicians; nor do they even realise, we venture to say, in what economic power consists. We should not expect any cause to be advanced by two score sheep who piously move resolutions and let platitudes slip off their tongues for the benefit of six hundred wolves; and yet that is exactly the position of the Labour Party in the House of Commons. If Mr. Anderson and Mr. Tootill had studied international economics instead of trying to echo catchwords, the cost of living would not to-day have been twenty per cent. higher than the increased wages on the average, and a good forty per cent. higher in the poorer districts.

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It may be retorted, however, that not all the Liberal and Conservative candidates enter Parliament in consequence of their wisdom, but more often on account of their cunning. We agree. But Conservative and Liberal Members have always seemed to us to be more closely in contact with realities than the Labour Members. When war broke out so suddenly last autumn, taking England by surprise, it was the Conservatives and Liberals who recovered their senses first, and reorganised as much of the economic system as they considered necessary at a time when the Labour Party were disputing over their leadership, and Mr. MacDonald was painfully making up his mind whether to resign or not. When the Labour Party had decided that the war was "just," and that Mr. Henderson, a typical Stiggins, was a fit and proper person to lead them in Parliament as successor to Mr. MacDonald, who might almost have passed as Mr. Sam Weller's mother-in-law so far as intelligence goes, they found that, without their assistance or suggestions, society had been largely reorganised. Petty men, walking under the legs of the Parliamentary Colossus! But perhaps, in view of the relative unimportance of political power, they are less dangerous to the workmen in the House of Commons than at the head of Trade Unions.

Current Cant.

"Why women should love soldiers."—"Science Siftings."

"God's secret of success."—"New Zealand Outlook."

"The humour of James Hassall."—JAMES DOUGLAS.

"Slack workmen. How they are helping the enemy."—"Daily Mail."

"Nothing is too good for musical comedy."—ROBERT COURTNEIDGE.

"The British public has never shown more common sense than it has since this war began."—ST. JOHN G. ERVINE.

"Men who fall in the trenches go straight to heaven, while those young bloods who fall in night clubs go to the other place."—FATHER BERNARD VAUGHAN.

"The 'Blücher's' death agony. The 'Daily Mail' will publish the most wonderful photo of the war, occupying a whole page. It will show the huge German cruiser at the very moment of capsizing, with scores of sailors clinging to her upturned side."—"Daily Mail."

"The moss is blossoming on the wall, the exultant song of the birds is heard in the woods—and the poets send their verses to the 'Evening News.'"—ARTHUR MACHEN.

"Progress is the life-force of the human mind, and the concrete expression of human minds called BUSINESS. The mighty force has always been more than welcome at Selfridge's."—SELFRIDGE & CO., in the "Pall Mall Gazette."

"There is a good deal in common between the genius of Phil May and the genius of John Hassall."—JAMES DOUGLAS.

"The man who killed eight Germans. Photograph."—"Daily Mirror."

"What is the Femastine, or Sleep of Death? Thousands of people are yearly buried alive, mistaken for dead, yet still alive. Medical men baffled. What is it? The sensation of sensations. For fullest particulars refer to the Great Morelle advert.: The Money Maker. There is only one act of this kind, and Morelle has it. Shipped from Mexico."—"The Performer."

"Following the example of their Majesties the King and Queen. Theatre-goers supporting the stage in wartime."—"Sketch."

"The Allies tossing the Prussian pancake."—JOHN HASSALL.

"In spite of every set-back, Europe is becoming more Christian."—DEAN INGE.

"Wife's plea for another chance. Warm enough to bathe. Keep the flag flying, daddy. Husbands' tempers cured by wives. No time for pastry. After a woman is thirty. War's beauty experts. Shot 27 Uhlans."—"Daily Mirror."

"Why discharge a man for flat-foot when he can march equally well if wearing Holland's instep supports? . . . Many highly-placed officers are using Holland's supports on active service. Many recruits can be saved to the country if recommended an adequate support before being discharged."—"British Medical Journal."

"The successful owner, Mr. Wernher, is a young man of vast wealth, left him by his father, Sir Julius; but, in spite of the possession of all this money, he is helping to beat the Germans. Good luck to him!"—ROBIN GOODFELLOW in the "Daily Mail."

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

I HAVE been usually content to record facts and to leave my readers more or less to guess at my own convictions. If it were a matter of my personal reputation only, I should be well content to continue to fill my modest rôle and to allow my correspondents to put such interpretations on my facts as suit their particular motives. But the situation of affairs demands that even the least of us, however neutral we may be normally, should deliver his opinion and, perhaps, his advice, in the discharge of his duty as a publicist. For, as matters now stand, two things are clear: first, that the existing Allies are not sufficient to teach Germany the lesson she needs if international affairs are henceforward to be conducted under world-rules; and, secondly, that even if the present Allies were materially sufficient to this end, it is not desirable that they should conclude the war without the co-operating decision and approval of the rest of the world.

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Various correspondents have from time to time taken me to task for belittling, as they say, the influence, actual or potential, of the International Socialist Movement. I am far from wishing to decry any genuine and serious movement in favour of peace; and it is more in sorrow than in derision that I have criticised the International Socialist Bureau and its works. But facts are facts, and it is not to be denied that the Movement, though formidable in words and on paper before the war, proved as powerless to prevent war as if its members were mere ciphers. Are we not entitled to poke a little fun at an organisation that talked last spring of stopping war and in summer saw its members marching to the trenches without so much as a protest? But I would not stop, like the Philistines of the capitalist Press, at derision; but would beg my readers to consider how the collapse of a great ideal has come about. What is wrong with the International Socialist Movement? Why has it failed. How can it succeed?

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To begin with, it is not sense to precipitate into the world an ideal that is not practical. Individuals, it is true, may indulge in the idealist pursuit of the moon, but so soon as they associate as a party in practical affairs their business is to define a practical aim. With Tolstoy, for example, I have no quarrel. He cried beautifully for the moon, and cried for the most part alone. But a Tolstoyan party at this period of the world is an absurdity. Now the International Socialist Party was not only a party of Tolstoyans, but a party of particularly ignorant and unphilosophical Tolstoyans. They not only pursued a world-peace that is unattainable, but they pursued it without a comprehension of the problem to be solved and without even a reasonable solution of the problem to offer. Worse than this, they failed to realise that the beginning of the solution of the real problem already existed and required their support as much as it received only their indifference.

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What is the germ of the international force which they have in mind? It is not, I venture to say, in the international organisation of labour. The union of the proletariat of the world will never be as strong as the union of the proletariat of a single nation; and hence it is folly to count upon the international labour movement to oppose effectively a national movement in any of its parts. This is a case in which the part will always be greater than the whole. But a union for a particular purpose of the various nations as units is, on the other hand, quite feasible, and not only feasible but already partially in being. The despised Hague Tribunal is, in fact, the germ of the true organ of internationalism. Its constituent parts are nations and not classes in nations. In other words, its foundations are right.

Unfortunately, however, the Hague Tribunal started with a wrong premiss as to its object, though with right units as its constituents. It started with the assumption that its object was to abolish war. Never was there a more idealistic notion or one that history has so often delighted to confute. War, we may safely say, is as eternal an institution as the character of human nature and will not be abolished while two nations, nay, two men, are left upon the earth. The reason is clear to any psychologist. War necessarily ensues when in any nation there arises that degree of pride which will not accept reason for an answer, but insists upon employing force. Such a pride requires that force shall meet its force; and while, as I say, two human beings are left alive, such a pride will always provoke the counter-pride of resistance. The Hague Tribunal, however, reckoned without this trait of human nature and fancied that such a pride could be eliminated. Around its portals were pacifists who encouraged the false notion; with the result that the Hague Congress became the laughing-stock of the practical world and, in its errors, the despair of philosophers.

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But though the Hague Congress could not ingeminate a world-peace—this being beyond human power—it could and it did contribute towards the civilisation of war. The comparison may be made with revenge and legal justice. Revenge, said Bacon, is a kind of wild justice; from which it follows that legal justice is a kind of regulated revenge. Similarly, the Hague Congress, though it could not abolish war any more than the law courts could abolish the passion of revenge, could still hope to regulate war, and has, in fact, partially accomplished this purpose. Let nobody laugh at the idea that war becomes in reality less terrible when it is regulated than when it is left unregulated. Such is the nature of men that what is murder without rules becomes duelling when under rules, what is revenge without ceremony becomes justice when legally pursued, and what is a degrading war of extermination—a mere rat-fight—when unregulated, becomes an honourable war when conducted under rules mutually agreed upon. What, in fact, raises the eternal necessity of war above its animal origin is just the element of reason and regulation which the Hague Tribunal, intent upon abolishing war, incidentally gave it. The Hague Tribunal, we may say, came like Balaam to curse and remained to bless. It came to abolish war and it succeeded in polishing war. By attempting to eradicate the causes of war it has stumbled upon the means of ennobling war. Its rules would dignify war and make it once more the sport of over-proud nations.

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Now it is the commonly accepted doctrine of every civilised nation that every citizen must be prepared to defend the law of the land. The most Tolstoyan of us can, in fact, be called upon by the police to assist in preserving the regulated revenge we call law and justice. Equally, however, it seems to me, the signatories of the Hague Conventions—the object of which was to regulate national aggression and revenge—can morally be called upon to preserve what they agreed to regard as the law of the world. No nation, it follows, ought to be neutral in a war such as the present. Germany, it is clear, has broken the law solemnly defined by practically the whole world in council. She is as much a criminal in the presence of the Hague signatory nations as an embezzler or a murderer is in the presence of the law courts of his own nation. Hence every nation that refrains, with whatever motive, from joining with the Hague Tribunal in restraining Germany is guilty of collusion in her crime. There is no escape, it appears to me, from this conclusion; and ex-President Roosevelt, who proclaims it in America, is, in my opinion, a citizen of the world in which President Wilson, who shuffles it, is an unwitting confederate with a criminal.

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I do not say that it was the bounden duty of every nation to join with the Allies in the opening week of the war. Those nearest the criminal when the crime was first attempted had the immediate duty of prevention thrust upon them; and only as the task of handcuffing the offender proved beyond their power were the remoter nations called upon to intervene. But at this stage I do not hesitate to say that every signatory of the Hague Conventions not engaged (or preparing to engage) on the side of the Allies is a traitor to the world. We cannot, it is true, compel them to assist us: any more than the police, struggling with a gang of ruffians, can compel the bystanders to come to their aid. But we shall not forget their indifference; and the long arm of the world-law will one day reach them. On the other hand, consider what would be gained by the whole world if the Hague signatories were now to join en masse to put Germany in her place. First, the issue of the war would be certain and speedy. Secondly, Germany would be defeated with dignity and with no long remnant of bitterness; against the world not even Treitschke could be regarded as right. Thirdly, the world, and not the present Allies alone, would have the proud consciousness of having established the law of nations. Fourthly, immense respect would accrue to the Hague Tribunal as the more than professed, the *actual,* seat of judgment of the world. Finally, we should be well on the way to the establishment of a real international force capable, if not of abolishing war, at least of robbing it of its lawlessness and perhaps of elevating it to the rank of ancient chivalry.

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The conclusions, if I have reasoned correctly, concern both the theoretical and the practical problems raised in my opening paragraph. Theoretically, my analysis gives ground for my attitude towards the International Socialist Movement. That movement, I say, is on a wrong tack, because it not only assumes that war can be abolished and that a union of discrete proletarian classes can prevent war, but it ignores or, at any rate, does not identify itself with the *only existing institution* —namely the Hague Tribunal—which can conceivably accomplish the one practical object the International Socialist Movement has in view. The practical and immediate conclusion in regard to the war itself is that we should do all in our power to induce, persuade, cajole, compel or bribe the nations now neutral to join the Allies against Germany. The continued neutrality of America in particular is an offence for which the world (including, I dare to prophesy, Germany herself when she has recovered her senses) will find it hard to forgive the American people. Signatories like the Allies, to the Hague Conventions, and spectators, like us, of their breach by Germany, it behoves America in the long run, quite as much as ourselves, to uphold the world-laws to which we set our hands in common. Given the adhesion of America to the Hague Conventions in deed as well as in word, I should confidently look forward to an era of regulated war and an epoch of human justice. My Socialist critics had better, for their own cause, address America than piffle at Amsterdam. And now to turn to the diplomatic events of the past few days.

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Four or five weeks ago, when the British Press did not seem to be aware of the existence of an Italian ex-Premier named Giolitti, I gave a brief account of him in relation to the intrigues of Prince Buelow. It remains for me to carry this story a little further on than has recently been done by the newspaper correspondents. As I stated in my previous note on this point, it was not merely Signor Giolitti's organ, "La Stampa," which appeared to have been deceived with regard to what Italy might expect from Austria by remaining neutral. There were many Italian newspapers which were not well informed, or indifferent. These papers, urged on by the "interests" to which a war would have been unfavourable, took the side of Signor Giolitti and emphasised his plea that it would be foolish to resort to war when all that was wanted could be had through diplomatic negotiations.

A great many arguments of this nature appear to have been published in the Press all through Italy. It was only last week that the Austrian newspapers—I refer, naturally, to the view expressed in the official and semi-official organs—began to take their Italian colleagues seriously. An article in the Vienna "Fremdenblatt" has put what we may call, I think, a definite end to the talk of Italy's being recompensed as the result of diplomatic pourparlers—recompensed, at all events, in territory. The substance of the remarks made by the "Fremdenblatt" is that, unless Austria finds herself reduced to the position of a fifth-rate Power, she will not yield even an inch of territory to Italy. The immediate result of this categorical and obviously inspired statement was the complete cessation of the pro-neutrality campaign in the Italian Press; and even the "Stampa" felt itself obliged to eat its own words.

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It need not be assumed that the Italian war parties —and there are several groups of them, from the most reactionary Conservatives to the most rabid Progressives—are planning a war of conquest similar to the German raid on Belgium. If part of England had been overrun by, say, Germans in the middle of the last century, and if the counties of Norfolk and Suffolk, still populated almost entirely by English-speaking people, were ruled over by the enemy, we might cherish feelings similar to those of the Northern and Central Italians when they think of their "unredeemed" provinces. The advocates of small nationalities and their rights have always earnestly advocated the restoration of Trieste and the Trentino, if not part of Dalmatia, to Italy; but the Austrian Government, supported, of course, by the German Government, has invariably refused to consider such proposals as practical politics. The Italian-speaking provinces of Austria were taken by the sword; and if they are to be re-taken it must be by the sword. That is the clear answer of Vienna to the efforts of those who wish to see a peaceful restoration of territory. No amount of discussion will settle the question. No arguments, even if the attachment, or rather passion, of the Italian for land and people which, by all the principles of language and race, they regard as belonging to Italy proper.

* * *

Apart from this—for we can hardly be expected to share the intense feelings of the Italians on the point, any more than the Italians could side with or against Ulster last year—there are strategic reasons why Italian statesmen have always looked anxiously towards Trieste and Dalmatia. These districts are now almost purely Italian—we should except, perhaps, a few agricultural areas in Dalmatia. It is a standing strategic axiom that Italy is not safe so long as those provinces are in the hands of a potential enemy. This axiom is admitted even by the Austrians, and it constitutes the precise reason why the Austrians propose to remain where they are. The Romans, I think, at later stages in their history, and certainly the Venetians, always made a point of assuring their command over Trieste and Dalmatia; and only when they had done so did they feel secure. Austria, on the other hand, was never designed to be a maritime Power any more than Bavaria; and all her efforts to reach the sea—directed, let it be remembered, largely from Germany—have taken her through territory which has always been utterly alien to her. Trieste and Dalmatia belong as naturally to Italy as they belong unnaturally to Austria.

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This is an aspect of the question upon which, of course, no emphasis has been laid openly in recent times. The Italians, being members, nominally, of the Triple Alliance, could not discuss the matter in public, though it has given their naval and military experts many an anxious moment.

As to Italy's intervention, I should recommend the reader to make a careful study of Italian exchange in the Wall Street market. At present it is unfavourable to Italy; but it has only just become so. This position of the Italian exchange rate reflects the views (and perhaps also the private information) of American financiers.

* * *

When on this subject of finance, again I think it worth while mentioning a fact which ought to be borne in mind when we speak of Roumania. It is true that we have made what we regard as satisfactory arrangements with Roumania, and they will no doubt be carried into effect very shortly. The campaign in that part of the world depends upon the climate. It is also true that we have lent Roumania five millions sterling in the form of war credits. We are justified in assuming that we have not lent her this amount for nothing. But we must not on that account proceed to form the impression that we have made this small if important Balkan State dependent upon us, for we have not. The financial relations of Roumania and Germany have been discreetly hidden from us by the journalists who have commented upon Roumania's intervention. Let me remind them, therefore, that the Roumanian Public Debt amounts to sixty-five millions sterling (I exclude the newly-lent five millions), and that of this amount nearly sixty millions is held in Germany. If consular reports be consulted it will be found that the nominal exports from Germany to Roumania annually are valued at almost exactly six times the worth of the commodities (chiefly oil and wheat) nominally sent by Roumania to Germany. The balance against Roumania has to be made up somehow; and it is made up very largely—in fact, almost wholly—of the interest on the German loans to Roumania. In this connection mention of Austria should not be omitted, for a fair proportion of the Roumanian public debt is held in Vienna.

* * *

While still on the subject of finance, what of China? Even the war need not prevent us from remembering that Japan has formulated certain demands which the Chinese Government is supposed to be considering, and plenipotentiaries appointed by both countries were understood to be discussing until a week or two ago. These demands are based almost entirely on purely financial considerations—we are told, for instance, that China shall henceforth purchase at least half her supply of arms and ammunition from Japan every year; that mining concessions adjoining certain specified Japanese concessions shall not be granted to foreigners unless the consent of Japan has first been obtained; that certain specified railway concessions shall be transferred or granted; and foreigners shall be excluded from all mercantile concessions unless Japanese approval has been sought. I refer the reader to my recent notes on Japanese expansion for a suitable commentary on the meagre references to the policy of the Tokio Government which are now appearing in the ordinary newspaper Press.

TO MARINETTI.

Of cogs and wheels, of cranks and piston-rods,
  In loathsome adoration censed your praise,
And many mantras to these devil-gods
  Acclaimed! O faithless, blind, of empty days!
As if of all the wit of Man this was
  The best, this acromegaly of noise,
  This vain and frightful Mechanistic Cause,
This whirling, whizzing, clashing counterpoise
Of health and vim, of beauty, life, and sense!
  And now? . . . O speed! Some mountain shrine, and there
On crouching knees beshrew with ceaseless prayer
Your haunted soul, if soul you own! For, whence,
  O bard of Baal, of cordite, petrol, steam,
This monstrous war, this cursed dæmon's dream?

MORGAN TUD.

Letters to a Trade Unionist.

VIII.

THE change that came over me after that collapse in the tunnel was one which I have never understood, which I probably never shall understand, but which affects me even to this day. For the rest of my time on that job I was a different individual. Previously I had taken a certain pride in mere physical endurance and power. To me there had been a wondrous joy in being able to wield a tool of some kind for a full shift and to know that every stroke had told; that no blow had fallen that had not had behind it a full measure of energy; that no effort had been made without a definite aim; and that I had been able to look back on the completed job with pleasure, no matter who else had not. As I have already indicated, I became a machine. I never "old soldiered," so I was never pestered by the ganger. (I commend that phrase "to old soldier" to our oozing militarists to whom the soldier is everything that is fine and large.) And then there was no need to old soldier. I noticed for the first time that many—or most—of the men were the same as myself. Whilst some of them attacked every piece of work as if they had some feeling in the matter, the majority simply waded in as a matter of no interest but of bare necessity. And so it went on for a long time. Whatever had happened to me was permanent and enduring; that is, some of the basis of a certain part of me had been removed for good. I recovered somewhat, of course, but always the effect was there. Four years after the tunnel job, I remember, I was working on some buildings in the country. I was in excellent form, and it was one of my joys occasionally to put an extra couple of bricks in my hod and mount the ladder two steps at a time. Swagger? Perhaps! But notice it was four years after my tunnel experience and then that natural strength and exuberance of spirits came very seldom. Generally, I went about my work steadily, sometimes stoically, and never missed a chance to rest. Mind, I do not want to suggest that as a boy I had gloried in nothing but work. The natives of our village would have told you that I feared nothing so much as work, though that was an overstatement of the matter. But I had gloried in my physical strength, in its possession, and when it had to be used, in using it well. After the break, I scarcely ever gloried in it. I had a continual feeling of having gone an intolerably long time without a sleep; that this period of sleep I had missed must be made up before I could feel well again; and that, no matter how long or how soundly I slept, I never could make it up. And, I assert, that period never has nor never can be made up. Explain it how one may, something broke in me that can never be repaired. And I am as sure of this as I am sure that my pen is tracing these words, that in millions of workers the same thing happens, but with more disastrous consequences.

Here, then, is the explanation of the workers' fear of power; of their lack of initiative. They have lost control of their own wills, their limbs have to learn to move without initiative. They have no will to responsibility because their will has been broken. Some strain has been imposed upon them that has given them just enough to do for the rest of their lives to keep slogging along on one beaten path. They want nothing more; they dare not face anything more. They are trying to catch up with something that must lie, if it lies anywhere at all, in the grave. In my case it was not quite so bad as that, as you know. I was idiot enough at times, I was a worse idiot than I care to say for taking on that tunnel job when I did, but at other times I was nasty enough and obstinate enough to keep some shreds of will—will enough, at any rate, to see work at the devil for awhile before I would tackle it. But most of the workers are not like that. They go dragging on through life without either the sense or the pluck to throw everything over and go on the spree, or on tramp, or merely be "lazy good-for-nowts." This break in their lives is not, as a rule, so sudden as in my case. It comes more gently. A boy of eleven or twelve is put to some sort of factory work. For a time he likes it. He does indeed! In Lancashire many of the children are anxious to leave school and start work as half-timers, and for a while after they enter the mill they are pleased and proud to be there. But the long hours, the noise, the thick, warm atmosphere, and the continual concentration of their attention upon the machines tell. They do not need to be driven to bed at night; they do need to be dragged out in the morning. They have never had quite enough sleep. Their faces become sallow, and their appetites fail. (Factory districts for pills and pickles!) They are being broken in, but the process is so gradual that no one notices it until one day somebody remarks that Johnny's or Sarah's roses have gone and that they're not half so funny or noisy as they used to be. They are being ground into the approved factory pattern. Any initiative or will to power or responsibility they may have had is being steadily ground out of them, and any mental activity that may have graced them as children is being checked and choked by the eternal, infernal clang of machinery, and the call of the loom or other machine that claims their undivided attention.

Let me deal with the point as it more directly affects "Romney's" contention. Take Lancashire factories again. Before the industrial revolution the Lancashire workers who combined farming with hand-loom weaving formed one of the finest types of Englishmen. On the Lancashire and Yorkshire border hills you can still find a few of the old type, but, of course, they have not such strongly marked characteristics as the old ones had. But the point is this: In pre-factory days the Lancashire man had initiative. He worked when he wanted, and how he wanted; he had his own sports, pastimes and customs which he indulged in according to his own fancy and carried out in his own way. He was always initiating. One or two men have been credited with inventing the wonderful machinery now used in cotton spinning and weaving; they were mere innovators in one or two special fields. At the end of the eighteenth century every village in Lancashire was full of inventors, full of initiators. I will not say that it was full of men with wills to be powerful or responsible, because the men were not of that type; they were of the type that refuses to have a master or to be one, a much better type than the dragooning military superman. If anyone would trace the deterioration of a people through modern industrialism, let me recommend a study of the decline and fall of the Lancashire yeomen. A century ago the typical Lancashire worker would cheerfully have commanded a battleship had you let him have a week to "practise in"; but he would not face anything of the sort now. It is a positive fact that, some few years ago, managers of mills offered vacant overlooker's posts to every spinner in their employ in turn, and every man refused the job. All they wanted was the beaten track. The factories have "broken them in." In their daily labour all they ask is for the same to-day, yesterday, and for ever. At the end of the day they want rest or unhealthy excitement. They are not serfs at heart, they are not intellectually lazy, they are intellectually inert. Something in them has been stretched beyond its strength and has broken, and they are never allowed time even partially to recover. And this part of them that is lost is the part upon which we must largely depend for any will and determination to alter their circumstances. Many workers are, of course, beyond redemption; but among the others is power enough, or potential power, to save the nation. I am quite aware of the fact that this has been badly stated; my case is incomplete, I know; I could go on for pages on the subject. But perhaps some psychologist or other scientist will now come along and offer some simple, long accepted explanation.

ROWLAND KENNEY.

An Open Letter to Mr Stephen Graham.

SIR,—Since the outbreak of the war you have written copiously about the position of the Jews in Russia. As you have not troubled much about the feelings of those who are akin to Russian Jews by race and sentiment, I have the less compunction in saying, if I am permitted, what I think of your despicable anti-Jewish propaganda. Not that I hope to persuade you to discontinue your writings on the subject. That would be too much to expect. The world would miss the obiter dicta of the "super-tramp."

The signal of war was for you the signal of mendacity. Russia had promised the reconstitution and emancipation of Poland; whereupon, you proceeded to surfeit the London Press with "evidence" of Jewry's unfitness to share the glories of Polish emancipation. You urged that the antagonism between the Poles and the Jews was deep-seated and permanent; that the former, to realise their legitimate wishes, must be rid of an alien race; that there was nothing left for the Jews but to emigrate en masse; and, when the land was free of the interlopers, the way would be clear for a holy reconciliation between Russia and Poland. You retailed malevolent gossip about the lack of patriotism of Jews to Russia, but forgot to mention that well over a quarter of a million of the people that you urge should be exported from Russia, in the same unemotional manner as you might export wheat, were willingly fighting Russia's battles. You repeated the tittle-tattle and the mean and libellous accusations about a subject race which has suffered, martyr-like, the most abominable treatment ever meted out to human beings with a history of their own. It was a busy occupation. You flatter yourself that you have told the truth. You have looked through a glass darkly. You have given us a caricature—a hideous, inhuman portrayal. "What concern have Jews in Russia with political and human rights?" you seem to have asked yourself. And the purport of your answer is: "They have been pariahs in the past; if they remain in Russia, they must be pariahs in the present and the future."

This is a war of liberation. To you it is a war of liberation for everybody and anybody except Russian Jewry. It is at such a time as this, when the statesmen of the Allied Powers interpret the idealism of the war in noble and moving language—the war for the protection of the weak and oppressed against the brutal aggression of the strong, the fight to preserve the integrity and individuality of little peoples—it is at such a time that you have chosen to add to the already staggering burden of Russian Jewry. You are guilty of either incredible malice or incredible folly. Perhaps on second thoughts it is a combination of both.

Take your article in the February number of the "English Review." It is full of innuendo, carefully embroidered by a thin veneer of unctuous sympathy and deprecation which deceives nobody. You have surpassed yourself. A more mischievous document, a more mendacious contribution to the Russo-Jewish problem, has never been published. Of course, you profess intellectual disgust with the antics and projects of the exponents of extreme and crude anti-Semitism. Of course, you cannot accept all the frenzied theories of the learned Jew-haters. You reject the extreme but court the medium. It is as though you absolve a people of a charge of murder only to convict them of manslaughter. Do not come to the hasty conclusion, I pray you, that I am not deeply grateful for your moderation.

When you tell us that the "Russian patriot cannot tolerate the Jew—he sees in him the whole instinct of materialism and Westernism and commercialism," you really mean that the Russian patriot cannot tolerate the Jew because the latter is so material, so Western, so commercial as to desire equality of economic opportunity. The Pale of Settlement, political, educational, and commercial restrictions, are the answers of Russian patriots to the Jews' insolent and intolerable demand for fair treatment. By the way, in Western nations the complaint is sometimes that the Jews are too Oriental in their outlook. Evidently the Jew is rather a complicated compound.

You aver that if freedom were granted to all the peoples the Jews would overrun Russia and all the secular power would fall into their hands. Six millions of people overrunning one hundred and sixty milllions! You do not possess even a sense of humour. Your argument is painfully reminiscent of the alarm excited in this country when the admission of Jews to Parliament was proposed. It was said, seriously, that such a concession would de-Christianise the Legislature. Vain alarm, indeed! Is Russia so invertebrate, so defenceless, that she cannot contemplate the freedom of Jews without nightmare visions of a Jewish hegemony? Tolerance towards the Jews does not seem to have upset the equilibrium of the Western Powers, with whom Russia is now linked; so why should it create internal chaos in Russia?

You rake up the hideous Beiliss trial in order to give relief to your pseudo-impartiality. "Beiliss was certainly involved in the murder." "The probability is that a Jew did actually commit the murder." "If among the illiterate and savage Jews that dwell in the remoter parts of the Pale there should exist dark sects in whose rites child-sacrifice, Moloch-worship, and the like are practised—it is merely a curiosity among religions of contemporary Europe." "Russia does not hate Jews because they occasionally murder a Christian child."

You either know a great deal about Jewish religious rites or you know nothing. I incline to the latter view. Every man of common sense knows that there is not a scintilla of evidence in support of the allegation of child-murder or ritual murder against Jews. The suggestion of the existence of murderous secret sects among Russian Jews—or any community of Jews throughout the length and breadth of the world—is preposterous nonsense. But it is good pabulum for you. "Give a dog a bad name and hang him" is your enlightened motto. I accept your analysis of Russian opinion when you say: "There are two parties in Russia—an enormous one that distrusts the Jew and believes evil of him; a small one that protects him." The child-murder lie is a figment of the imagination of the people who hate the Jews. They believe what they want to believe. Why not admit it? Why not cultivate a sense of candour—and, I plead again, a sense of humour?

You say apropos the aftermath of the war: "Jewry has made up its mind that, though it has not been promised anything, it intends to get something out of it all." From the sentences which follow you apparently regard the aspiration as illegitimate. Serbia may be encouraged to resist an encroachment on her independence; France may desire to set free the conquered provinces of Alsace-Lorraine; Italy may aspire to restore the nationality of Trentino and Trieste; but Russian Jews must not hug the thought of the restoration of their human rights. That would be monstrous. That would be a grasping and extortionate demand. If they plead: "Is not any reward due to us on account of our willing sacrifice of manhood?" all you can reply, with soulless logic, is: "Of course, the Jew is compelled to serve—he has no say in the matter." You would only recognise Jewish manhood by sacrificing it. Really, when all is said and done, this is a more genuine ritual murder than the other.

You make a proposition: "I believe there may be something in the possibility of the re-establishment of the Jewish Palestine as a nation." Anything but a mitigation of the rigours of Russian rule. Anything but Liberalism, tolerance, sympathy, justice or humanity. It may or may not be practicable to establish Palestine as a Jewish State; but, in any event, Jews must have the right to go there as freemen, not with the brand of Russian serfdom stamped on their foreheads. There are

100,000 Jews in Palestine; there are still 6,000,000 Jews in Russia. Your proposition is a studied evasion of the problem.

I am writing no "ad misericordiam" appeal to you on behalf of my co-religionists. The iron has entered your soul. The Jewish tragedy to you is but a peg on which to hang solemn avowals of illiberalism, strongly flavoured with mediæval arrogance. Elsewhere you have asked Englishmen to love Russia. Which Russia—a Russia of "pogroms," repression, political reaction and fiendish superstition, or a Russia of liberty, equality and fraternity? The Russia of the dawn cannot be a country which perpetuates the monstrous infamies with which Jews are at present saddled. I am prepared to love Russia, but it must be a Russia that can be loved.

PERCY COHEN.

A Troublesome Neighbour.

THERE must be somewhere in England somebody who is convinced that Russia has outgrown her lust for territory, and is honestly devoted to internal progress and reforms. So much is being written to persuade the British public of Russia's civilising and pacific tendencies that one would be sorry to know that no one on this earth believed in the existence of those tendencies. Indeed, after much inquiry, I have heard of one man—a man reputed clever in the region of diplomacy—who (according to his friends, who laugh at him) does honestly indulge in this fine orgy of credulity. To such a man my fear of Russia would, of course, seem moonshine just as his faith in Russia seems to me insanity. He would not hesitate to give Russia all that she wants of the Ottoman Empire; though the fact that she wants as much as she can get of it, and that insistently, even now that he would have us think she is converted, ought to give him pause. Before proceeding further to discuss the fate in store for Turkey, let me briefly state my reasons for distrusting Russia.

We have read a great deal lately of the culture, loyalty, artistic tendencies and truly Christian spirit of the Russian people. We have even been assured that the mentality of the Slav is more nearly akin to our own than is that of the Teuton! We have heard nothing of the abysmal ignorance, blind superstition, and consequent filth and brutality in which the vast majority of the population of Russia is maintained by priests and rulers. The Russian people is the most pathetic people in the world, deserving of all human pity. The Russian people may by nature be pacific, and the intelligence which has managed to emerge from it may be opposed to all aggression. But the Russian people has no voice in Russia's Government. We are not allied, as simple persons who read newspapers might think we were, with the Russian people. We are allied with the Russian bureaucracy, the cynical and cruel enemy of that people. And the Russian bureaucracy must have war. War is a necessity of its existence. An era of peace would inevitably bring to pass the revolution which has long been brewing. It was England's friendship and financial help which enabled the bureaucracy to suppress that revolution at its last outbreak. But war is better. War for the glorification of Slavdom annihilates the revolution while it lasts. The Russian nihilist is quite as much a jingo as the Russian bureaucrat. Their difference is one of method rather than ideal. The bureaucrat says: "We will discipline the Slavs and give them the whole world"; while the Nihilist says: "We will liberate the Slavs and give them the whole world." The whole world stands to lose in either case. Both bureaucrat and nihilist are apart from the Russian people, each trying to engross its whole attention. In times of peace the two are bitter foes. In times of war for the glorification of Slavdom, their differences disappear; for the nihilist, regarding himself as future ruler of the Russian Empire, and future leader of the pan-Slavonic movement, is not displeased to see his heritage enlarged. Has the alliance between England and the Russian bureaucracy brought peace or war to the world? Can the continuance of that alliance possibly produce a lasting peace? I am content to leave the answer to my reader's judgment. But surely, when attempting a settlement of the Eastern question, it would be mere prudence in our unknown rulers to think of Russia as a possible enemy. Only by such mistrust (which need not be at all offensive) of our unspeakable ally can such a settlement be given any hope of permanence.

Last week I roughly described the project for a partition of the Turkish Empire between the great Powers of Europe, which in the event of a total defeat of Germany will almost certainly be put into execution. In the event of a partial defeat of Germany, allowing that country still some voice as against Russia, there are a number of alternatives varying from complete dismemberment of Turkey to something in the nature of her re-construction according to the opposition offered to the will of Russia, which is for partition. The arrangement would probably take the form of a number of autonomous States covering the territory now marked "Turkish Empire" on the map. But an autonomous State may mean practically anything. It might mean a "protected" State. The division of the Turkish Empire into a series of States each "protected" by a Power of Europe would be no better than the project of partition. The recent action of our unknown rulers with regard to Egypt may indicate, perhaps, their way of dealing with the Ottoman dominions. In one sense Egypt may be said to have autonomy, as apart from and opposed to independence. On the analogy of Egypt, we may see an "autonomous" protected State set up in Mesopotamia. Its ruler would most likely be one of those Indian Muslim notables who of late have so assiduously played the toady to the British Government, with the title of Sultan as in Egypt; though personally I should prefer the appointment of one of our own dear time-servers with the title of Kaiser, also Pope of Rome. Russia and France would then be called upon to deal in like manner with their share of the spoils. We may thus behold a goodly crop of bogus sultanates, principalities and kingdoms, designed in some mysterious way to minister to the pride of the native inhabitants of the unfortunate countries and make them more amenable to exploitation; designed too, in a way still more mysterious, to stave off the great day of Armageddon.

The arrangement would not bother Russia in the least. She would speedily absorb the new States as she has absorbed so many other States to which she guaranteed some measure of autonomy. We presumably, meanwhile, should "play the game" to some extent, so that our "protected" Arab States would be more vulnerable than would an actual province of our empire. I have had some opportunity for observing Russia's methods of advance in peaceful times, and I have no hesitation in declaring her to be a most undesirable neighbour. A neighbour who will throw stones surreptitiously through your window, and then rush in and claim the house or a particular room in it, on the strength of the stones—*her* stones—which may be found inside; a neighbour who corrupts your servants, persuading them to shirk their work or do it badly, and then points to the untidiness of your abode as proof conclusive that you are not fit to be a householder; is that the kind of neighbour one would seek? Russia gives such treatment both to friend and foe. She cannot help it. It is pretty Fanny's way. Therefore I admire the wisdom of our ancestors who sought to interpose some independent buffer State of military power at every point between our frontier and the frontier of the Russian Empire. And therefore I sincerely hope our unknown rulers—whose eyes must surely now be opening—may see their way to placing some efficient butt between the Empires when this war is over.

MARMADUKE PICKTHALL.

Letters to my Nephew.

III.

The Choice of a Profession—*(Continued)*.

My Dear George,—Since you reject law and teaching, I am curious to know whether you have thought of journalism. A young man with £700 a year has an excellent chance to achieve a striking career in journalism. You could mount high. But there is a proviso or two. You must have something to say; or, alternatively, you must have considerable literary adaptability to write what somebody else thinks. But you did not go to Cambridge to learn how to be an echo. Therefore, having regard to the dignity of your own soul, I presume that you will leave journalism severely alone unless you have a sense of some essence, some leavening within you, that will ultimately call for utterance. To adopt a phrase much used by your Quaker ancestors, you must "feel drawn." Your father lived and died a Quaker; I was "disowned." But I think the Quakers are in the right of it when they lay such stress, both in theory and practice, upon "the inner light." This "inner light" is not conscience; it is a totally different quality. Conscience always seems to me to be a negative thing: it makes you feel uneasy when you have done wrong; but it is a poor guide when you would rejoice to be assured that something you are about to do is right. It is as though you stubbed your toe against a stone whilst walking in the dark. The "inner light" would not only have lit your way, so that your person was safe; you would not have started on your journey unless certain that it was God's will. Thus, you may reason yourself into a course of action, your conscience being perfectly quiescent, yet unless this Divine wire within you incandesces in response to your reason, then, to adopt another Quaker phrase, "better wait further light." It is said that there is a Providence that protects little children and drunken men. I do not pretend to explain it, being of the earth earthy, but it is undoubted that the Quaker habit (not necessarily confined to Quakers) of acting only in accordance with this "inner light" goes far to explain that seeming paradox "the practical mystic." The most striking example of this type, in the last century, was Abraham Lincoln. Oddly enough (when we think of the great war in which he was the chief protagonist) he, like us, came of Quaker stock. My point is that you must not merely reason yourself into journalism; you must feel that inner glow. If you do, depend upon it, you will not stub your toe. You will walk with assurance and safety, guided perchance (who knows?) by that same Providence that protects little children with an impalpable shield.

Why do I lay so much emphasis upon this "inner light," this subjective assurance, in regard to journalism, when I did not even mention it in respect of law and teaching? I will tell you. Because extremes are inherent in the theory and practice of journalism. It is a calling either sacred or of diabolical wickedness. And it entirely depends upon the practitioner. Why sacred? Because you do not deal merely with ideas in the abstract, but with living issues, out of which proceed conduct and action. If you sit on a jury, you are put on your oath "to well and truly try [why do lawyers always split their infinitives?] the issues between our Sovereign Lord the King," etc., or whatever is the jargon. How many journalists are there who, if put upon oath, would write what they do? I reject with scorn the usual defence that a journalist is in the position of a barrister, paid to present a certain point of view. It is an utterly false analogy. It breaks down at the first touch. A barrister is an officer of the Court and his primary duty is to assist the Court. If the judge asks him for the precise law on the point being dealt with, he must tell the judge, regardless of his client's interest. Further, he must not implicitly or explicitly mislead the Court. Further, the judge is presumed to be a more experienced lawyer than the barrister. None of these conditions holds good in respect of a paid journalistic advocate. If he cannot make a better defence than that, let him be packed off incontinent "to his Master, the Father of All Lies." Tell me, then, is it not diabolically wicked to write what you do not believe, when you know that you may influence men's minds and actions? It is a dreadful thing unconsciously to mislead; to do it consciously, *and for pay* . . . I would prefer the company of Judas Iscariot.

In the religious sense of the word the journalist must have a "vocation." And the Institute of Journalists (if that is the representative body) should, like the Church, prepare its calendar of saints. I do not know much about journalists, but there are one or two names I should like to see in that calendar. First amongst them Frederick Greenwood. I think, also, Hutton of the "Spectator." They probably never wrote anything that appealed to me—sinner that I am—but I would go bail that Greenwood never wrote a line he did not sincerely believe and very few lines perfunctorily. If you were going into journalism (£700 a year assured), I would advise you to model your work on Greenwood's. Above all, you must know when to remain silent. If you cannot write with certainty, then do not write at all, or frankly admit your doubts and let your readers feel and know that your conclusions are tentative. The usual journalistic pose of omniscience sickens sensible men. I live in hopes that, some day, some writer will leave a blank column with the announcement "Waiting for light." I suppose, however, the proprietor must be considered. Did you ever hear of the leader writer who came into the office with nothing ready and the comps. waiting? He was drunk. His editor addressed him in pointed language. "All right, old cock," he hiccoughed, "hand me the shears." Taking the current issue of the "Times," he cut out the leading article, headed it: "What Does the 'Times' Mean By This?" and, hey presto! his space was filled, truth was honoured and curiosity piqued.

I can see you smiling as you smoke a foul pipe. (Why do you let your pipes get so rank? Give them a good scrape and leave them in whisky overnight.) I can almost hear you saying: "By Jove; the Old Boy is pitching it very high." To be sure I am. If I discuss the Church of England with an Anglican, I treat him as though he were the Archbishop of Canterbury, the veritable head of the Church, bound, in conscience and not by ecclesiastical policy, to hand on the faith unimpaired, unfractured by a comma. Do not tell me that there are thousands of clergymen, who live harmless and fairly useful lives, to whom the finer points of the creed are remote, just as there are thousands of decently minded journalists who do nothing in particular, certainly nothing that offends their conscience. I know all about these journeymen. I wish them well. But it is those who are responsible for the principles and tendencies of journalism with whom one must discuss the fundamental things. As a mere outsider, a simple-minded planter, I to-day look at the higher reaches of journalism, and I affirm that, in spirit and faith, in the essentials of truth-telling, it has never sunk so low. Its infidelities are obscured in its mechanical efficiency. Not by design but by Providence do its thousand falsehoods nullify each other.

I ascribe this spiritual decadence to two main causes: the invasion of the sanctuary by commercial interests and the debasing theory of the paid advocate.

Let me again remind you of your Quaker ancestry. Your forefathers would have sacrificed anything to preserve their belief that a paid ministry and the free utterance of truth were incompatible. If any man or woman was moved by the Spirit of God to utter some truth, some hope, some doubt, some prayer, then let him do it. Nay, more: he must do it. Imagine their horror at the modern journalistic conception that this should be done at so much per speech, so much per prayer! "A counsel of perfection," you may say. Not a bit of it. We must, of course, consider the writing habit in relation to life.

In many parts of Europe, notably in Italy and Austria, in a little cubby-hole, generally near some cathedral or church, you will find a discreet old man, who, for a small consideration, writes letters for illiterates. Young men and women, through this medium, send impassioned missives to their lovers; older men and women communicate on more material topics. The same thing is found in Central America. Some time ago, a negro in Puerto Cortez asked me to give him a job on the estate. I told him to go there and work would be found for him. A week or two later, I received the following letter, written in a very clerkly hand:—

"Sir,—I beg to advise you that I shall reach your estate next Thursday, on board the schooner 'Corozal' (Captain Gardner, 25 tons).

"I trust it will be convenient for you to receive me at your pier.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

ALOYSIUS FERGUSON."

A few weeks later he asked me to write a letter for him to his wife. He insisted on beginning "Beloved and honest spouse." Nowadays we write our own love letters, at least I always do. If I can assist you at any time, pray command me.

Very good; we do our own writing. But is it to be confined only to affairs of the heart or the body? Why not the mind and the soul? In other days every gentleman was expected to be proficient with sword, rapier or pistol. I think that now he ought to be equally proficient with his pen. Some of the best writers of recent years have been plain business men: Bagehot, Clodd, Graham, Hodgkin and several others. When the habit of serious writing spreads, depend upon it, the paid advocate's day will be over. We shall, of course, have professional journalists. To edit and sub-edit a paper requires experience, knowledge and skill. Even more important, flair. If journalism is to recover its good name, the element of sincerity must be re-introduced. And the most sincere writing, in the region of ideas particularly, must be done by men who write because they must, because they are truly moved by the Spirit. Most assuredly *not* because they are paid for it.

It is evident, too, that journalists must learn to respect themselves and their profession. I notice that any untrained scribbler calls himself a journalist. Just as many women before the magistrate used to describe themselves as actresses, so to-day it is not unusual for any adventurer or failure to claim journalism as his profession. Did I ever speak to you of Thomas Smithson? Probably not. Indeed, I haven't thought of him for years. He came to me with a letter of introduction from Jack Hurley. "Dear Tony," it read, "the bearer of this letter, Mr. Thomas Smithson, has been until recently the Minister of the Unitarian Church which I am wrongly supposed to attend. I would go with pleasure, but the morning meeting clashes with my golf and the evening meeting with dinner. When Father died I continued his subscription. I wish now I hadn't. From what I can gather from Adeline, Smithson seems to have been preaching the most subversive rot. Anyhow, all the decent members of the fraternity or congregation, or whatever they call themselves, got up on their hind legs and kicked up Pandemonium. The working-class members, most of whom are employed at our works, rather liked it. Personally, I didn't care a brass farthing. Adeline said that it was only my subscription that kept the show going. It didn't seem quite cricket to put the poor devil on his beam ends, so I called him up the other day and suggested that probably a year's rest and earnest thought would restore his jangled nerves. Luckily he jumped at it. Adeline and her prig of a husband are quite perky about it and are busy looking round for some ass with a degree—I think they are rather keen on a B.D. Smithson insists on going to London, where he will be probably gobbled up by you clever blighters. Give him a le~-up. Yours, in the service of God, Jack."

As I read this ingenuous letter, Mr. Thomas Smithson sat awkwardly on the corner of a chair. I told him that anything I could do for a man so deeply respected, I might also say revered, by my friend Mr. Hurley, would most readily be done. Then he told me how that he had risen from the lowly position of an insurance collector; that always his heart had bled for the people; that the wealthy members of his congregation were deeply unsympathetic, except Mr. Hurley, to whom he always went for support; that finally his conscience had led him to seek a wider sphere of labour in London. I asked him what he proposed to do. "Why, sir," said he, "I wield a ready and facile pen." My sense of humour was too much for me. Putting on a look of consternation, I said "Don't!" He sprang up, his eyes flashed through his spectacles, his moustache and beard stiffened like porcupine quills. "I see, sir, that you also are cynical and worldly minded." Smoothing him down (I had clearly treated a guest discourteously) I gave him tea, took his address and promised to write to him. Just then, as luck had it, a semi-sinecure job turned up and Smithson got it. He writes in obscure magazines, sometimes getting 2s. 6d. or 5s. He has a new baby with distressing frequency, and I am godfather to his eldest son. On his letter-head you will read: "Thomas Smithson, Author and Journalist."—Your affectionate Uncle, ANTHONY FARLEY.

Affirmations.

By Ezra Pound.

VII.

The Non-existence of Ireland.

"CELTS! There are no Celts," said the voice contemptuously, "they were entirely obliterated by the early Dravidian races." That was six years ago, when I came up to London, a provincial, the pilgrim in search of literary shrines, etc. The first man I asked about the Celtic Renaissance was a large man with an abnormally large red moustache. "Irish Renaissance," he said; "there is no Irish Renaissance. Mr. Yeats has carefully collected every scrap of réclame which accrued to that movement, and taken it back with him into Ireland." The second man of letters of whom I inquired, made me the above reply about Dravidians, and I thought them hard men of the world, devoid of all finer feelings. Since that date I have watched what for want of a better name we must call the "progress of letters," and during this half of a decade I am compelled to say that I have seen no adequate proofs of the continued existence of Ireland.

Colum, whose work I admire, has almost stopped writing. When I meet an elderly member of the "Irish Literary" society he runs over a catalogue of names which are precisely the same set of names I heard before I came up to London. At that time they were "going to write" or had written verses of promise. I suppose they are still in that position, as one looks in vain for further achievement. One still hears the same myths about Ireland making ironclads and having developed stage-plays in the fifth century of our era. One still hears that the Gaelic bards were very accomplished, and had ten rhymes to a line, but these things only indicate a past existence of Ireland, something like that of Atlantis. True, I meet occasional charming people who claim to be Irish and who arrive via King's Cross, but who may, for all I know to the contrary, be impostors from Arran or Skye. We know that Napoleon read Ossian, which came out of Scotland. We know that a similar wave of enthusiasm, like in kind, but considerably less in degree, spread from a more recent bevy of Irish writers, who have apparently no part in the present decade.

I accept Ireland, then, as the creation of certain writers; I can even accept the peasant as a passing but pleasant fiction. Here is a charming prose book by one Joseph Campbell. It is called "Mearing

Stones," and purports to be notes on a walking journey. It interests me largely because Mr. Campbell has been content to present a series of brief pictures in prose. He has cast over the attempt at continuous narrative which has spoiled so many books of walking since Heine.

Campbell says he talked with peasants. He gives snatches of talk which have something of Synge's richness about them, but nothing of Synge's abundance. Mr. Campbell says he has seen a peasant, but he also writes that he has seen and talked with a leprechaun, so I do not know how far we can rely on his evidence.

Careful study of modern print leaves me convinced of two things, first, that there are a few dozen worthy and entertaining writers of fiction who call themselves Irish, and secondly that there is an incredible bog or slum or inferno of blackness somewhere in swamps off Liverpool which produces the "Irish Papers." For example, I take up a sheet purporting to come from a place called "Belfast" and read: "The vulgarities, obscenities, and blasphemies of the late decadent Mr. Synge—as witness 'The Playboy of the Western World.'" Gentle reader, can it possibly matter what becomes of a place that writes like that? Can a dignified empire care two straws whether or no it keeps or casts off a province where this passes for public opinion?

Synge was before our decade. He is, I suppose, the only modern dramatist who profoundly moves us. At least he is the one modern man to whom we without exception give the title "Great Dramatist." His fame is not of one country. His contemporaries did little or nothing save cheapen and "hurry the tempo" of the social drama as bequeathed them by Ibsen. Synge claimed Irish descent. He was indeed part of a past and mythical Ireland. When Ireland turned against Synge's genius it (Ireland) ceased, quite simply, to exist. Perhaps it behaved no worse than other provinces have behaved; for that I cannot answer. But when Ireland turned against Synge it ceased to be of any more importance than any other unclassified slum of Cardiff or Birmingham.

A man of genius cannot help where he is born, and Ireland has no claim upon Synge. It did not produce him. And we for our part have no need to accept Ireland on Synge's account. A nation's claim to a man depends not upon the locality of his birth, but upon their ability to receive him. Synge was the product of Paris and Arran, and the dramatic form of his expression depends upon the chance that a little and generally despised theatre, run in opposition to Ireland, happened to be there to receive him.

I would get away from the term "Irish Movement," I would put an end to the confusion between a few hated individuals whom we respect, and the so-called "nation" of Ireland. The Irish writers who are any good are apparently of two classes, both of which escape from "Ireland"—the one is driven abroad, the other is driven into the wilderness. For example, Mr. Campbell is most Celtic. Blindfold Mr. Campbell, set him down on any other cliff with due allowance of mist and the usual accoutrements, and Mr. Campbell, full of mythology, would evolve stuff quite as good as that which he now produces, but which would owe no shadow of debt to geographical Ireland. Even James Stephens, whom one would think, in all conscience, a mild enough writer, has chosen a life in Paris. Coming down to the present, I can find only one man calling himself Irish who is in any sense part of the decade. I refer to the exile James Joyce. Synge fled to Paris, driven out presumably by the local stupidity. Joyce has fled to Trieste and into the modern world. And in the calm of that foreign city he has written books about Ireland. There are many books about Ireland. But Joyce's books are in prose. I mean they are written in what we call "prose" par excellence.

If there is anything wearying in this life it is "arty" unmetrical writing; the spilling out of ornaments and sentimental melancholy that came in the wake of the neo-symbolist writers and which has had more than its day in Ireland, as it has had elsewhere. It is a joy then to find in Mr. Joyce a hardness and gauntness, "like the side of an engine"; efficient; clear statement, no shadow of comment, and behind it a sense of beauty that never relapses into ornament. So far as I know there are only two writers of prose fiction of my decade whom anyone takes in earnest. I mean Mr. Joyce and Mr. D. H. Lawrence.* Of these two the latter is undoubtedly a writer of some power. I have never envied Mr. Lawrence, though I have often enjoyed him. I do not want to write, even good stories, in a loaded ornate style, heavy with sex, fruity with a certain sort of emotion. Mr. Lawrence has written also some short narrative poems in dialects which are worthy of admiration.

Mr. Joyce writes the sort of prose I should like to write were I a prose writer. He writes, and one perhaps only heaps up repetitions and epithets in trying to describe any good writing; he writes with a clear hardness, accepting all things, defining all things in clean outline. He is never in haste. He writes as a European, not as a provincial. He is not "a follower in Mr. Wells' school" or in any school whatsoever. Life is there. Mr. Joyce looks without bewilderment. He finds no need to disguise things to himself. He writes with no trace of morbidity. The sordid is there, but he does not seek for the sordid. He has the sense of abundant beauty. Often we find a writer who can get a certain delusive sense of "power" out of "strong" situations, or by describing rough life. Mr. Joyce is not forced into this. He presents his people regardless of "bareness," regardless of their not being considered "romantic" or "realistic" material. And when he has written they stand so that the reader says to himself, "this thing happened"; "this is not a magazine story made to please some editor, or some current taste, or to 'ring a bell in the last paragraph.'" His work is not a mode, not a literary endeavour.

Let us presume that Ireland is ignorant of Mr. Joyce's existence, and that if any copy of his works ever reaches that country it will be reviled and put on the index. For ourselves, we can be thankful for clear, hard surfaces, for an escape from the softness and mushiness of the neo-symbolist movement, and from the fruitier school of the neo-realists, and in no less a degree from the phantasists who are the most trivial and most wearying of the lot. All of which attests the existence of Mr. Joyce, but by no means the continued existence of Ireland.

The south will, I suppose, rise against me for quoting a Belfast paper. But the south was no more open to Synge than is Belfast. Dublin is, I suppose, no better than Belfast. It is only chance or politics that brings either place to one's notice. And even the politics may, for all one hears to the contrary, be cooked up in England or in Germany or in my own country. Still Dublin did get its name into print a year or so ago in connection with certain pictures. Sir Hugh Lane offered that city a collection of Corots, Degas, Manets, etc.

I have no interest in Sir Hugh Lane. He is, for all I know, a picture dealer and connoisseur with some sort of flair for what is valuable and for what is about to increase in price, and no sort of interest in the creative faculty in art, or in changing and living artists, or in the art of the present. His mind has, we may presume, petrified. It works up to Degas, perhaps even to Cézanne and Gauguin, all of whom are certainly "valuable" painters in the sense that you run no financial risk in buying their pictures, and that any banker or broker would commend their possession. I say this not because of any desire to present an imaginary character sketch of a man whom I never have met and whom there is no likelihood of my meeting, and with

*A critic, whom I respect, frequently quotes a pseudonymous romance—"The Maid's Comedy"—which I have unfortunately never read.

whom it is unlikely that I should agree upon any contemporary subject. I have no brief, then, for Sir Hugh Lane.

I narrate simply a fact in the history of Dublin. Sir Hugh Lane offered to that city a valuable collection of pictures by painters the value of whose work is no more in dispute than is the value of Rembrandt or Titian. And the city of Dublin seized the opportunity for making a gratuitous display of the abysmal depth of its ignorance and stupidity. They clamoured in so many words for pictures like "those beautiful works which we see in our city art shops." (Pears' Annual, we presume.) They refused the Lane collection with insults. It seems needless to offer more comment.

Dublin claims, or aspires, to be the capital of a nation. There is no city even in America so small or so provincial that it would not have welcomed these pictures. I say this to get into focus. There is no State, no recently promoted territory in the Union, which has not more claim to being a nation in itself than has this "John Bull's Other Island," this stronghold of ignorance and obstruction. Ireland is judged so little from the outside and so little save by its own factions that it seems almost worth while for me to set down these statements, seeing that I am a stranger who had once a predisposition to respect the Irish nation, and who has certainly nothing but the most kindly of feelings towards every Irishman whom I have ever met. I cannot remember quarrelling with any Irishman whatsoever. I usually enjoy their conversation, until they become aged and glue their eyes resolutely upon some single date in the past. But I simply cannot accept the evidence that they have any worth *as a nation*, or that they have any function in modern civilisation, save perhaps to decline and perish if that can be called a function.

"But there still remains Mr. Shaw!" Surely Mr. Shaw is at his busiest, and engaged precisely in fulfilling this function. Mr. Shaw goes down into the limbo of those who put their trust in abstractions. As a dramatist he has trivialised Ibsen; he has done very little more. He has amused us. He has amused us immensely. He has left a few permanently charming characters for comedy, slight sketches, such as the boy and the girl and the waiter in "You Never Can Tell." He has given us one intense scene in the farce about "Androcles." He subsides, a spent bomb, a bit of cast-iron shrapnel. His sternest furies have been in the debate as to whether "Mary should live her own life," which means to Mr. Shaw's genteel mind: Should Mary go to bed at ten o'clock or eleven. Mr. Shaw is the genteel type, the type of middle-class Ireland.

But even in this voluminous writer we can find no proof of continued Irish existence.

Impressions of Paris.

AN hour of muggy warmth, a shop-window full of drawings, a woman, a man, and me. The woman points to a sketch of the Kaiser bombastically donning the hat of Napoleon. "Ah, my faith, that doesn't suit the barbarian!" The man, in Russian-French: "Why not, madame? The hat of one brute to serve for another." "But, monsieur—Napoleon!" "Oui, madame—Napoleon!" "Napoleon!! You venture to say that to me only because I am a woman! I am a woman!! That's why you dare." "Madame, we are not indoors, and you invited my opinion." "You [shrewishly] are *very amiable*!" "Ah, you have assured me that you are a woman and now. . . . No doubt you have perfect reason."

They went their different ways after this, probably the sole and single inter-communication destiny may arrange for them. I remembered once having seen a squabble between two coster women, at the end of which, one, defeated, suddenly began to shriek: "I'm on'y a woman, I'm on'y a woman!" The other, an old crone, stood astounded for a moment, and then replied with an air of only half believing herself: "Why, so am I!" Squabbles between the French vulgar are very differently conducted from ours, much more reserved if equally intellectually dishonest. The socially convenient manners thoroughly taught in the Lycées last the lifetime of most French, even the lowest. Very bitter is the discussion when we arrive at—"Monsieur, you are not polite!" Vous n'êtes pas poli! One must hear that to know how nearly the human voice can be made to suggest the guillotine—"Sir, you are n't p'l't!" I heard a butcher remark after the departure of a lady who required an explanation of the sudden rise in cutlets, "Ah, vous savey, it is not a well-educated person who argues such matters." *Vous savey* is also a guillotine phrase, and very savage it can sound. An Englishman would look round for a quarter-staff, hearing it thus enunciated on a dark night.

Whatever was Diderot attempting in his "Neveu de Rameau"? The French critic informs me that this book is a "stinging satire on the times which too often resemble our own"; and I have heard people who professed to believe the nephew of Rameau was a living study, and some who thought him an heroic figure. It seems to me that there never was any such person, that Diderot tried to imagine what man would be like if he had evolved without the moral sense, that the study failed because, outside the madhouse, there is, naturally, no type without the moral sense, and that he fell away from his fantastical ideal, produced a pedantic rascal of a small order, but published the book all the same. The nephew of Rameau reasons; to reason, so reasonable men say, is to be incipiently moral, and to be moral is to will the progress towards human perfection. Diderot cannot avoid allowing him to reason—otherwise he would have had simply to present a madman. Rameau not only reasons, but reasons on all subjects save morality, like a highly developed philosopher, say Diderot himself; on the subject of morality he reasons, also, with unfailing consequence—to justify his unsocial acts of the most ordinary feebleness, cheating, pandering, flattering, and so on.

The rogue does nothing to prove himself incorrigible. His reiteration of his own incorrigible naughtiness is no proof of it. This reiteration constructs what there is of his figure. The rest of his discourse is Diderot's summary of the best ideas of the period; and it is small mark of a great mind to put them into the mouth of an absurd vagabond whose notion of grandeur was to wave his arms inconveniently to the world while talking to someone in the Palais Royal. Every petty rascal may find support in Rameau for his knavery and ill-manners, and may fancy himself an unmoral phenomenon past the power of gods or men to alter, a regular devil in human form. Feeble people love to believe that the devil exists in human shape and may be Themselves.

Had the study been attempted in romantic form instead of in dialogue, the unreality of Rameau would have been impossible to hide. Without falsifying the whole world of men no adventures could have been invented for him which did not show him checkmated either by animal suspicion, by contempt or by ridicule at every turn. A very few years or days of attempting to play the unmoral devil would suffice to make a man at least morally reasonable enough to imitate morality.

All very well to dance off to the Opera like a fictional Rameau, lamenting the death of one's wife whose luxurious charms might have made one's fortune, declaring that one is always reasonable in one's unmorality, and boasting that they laugh best who laugh last! In real life, the most moral men laugh best and last, the imitators of an unreal Rameau are laughed very far down into real misery, and (however reluctantly) into primitive morality. Very sad, but this would-be mad world is balanced by reason in spite of itself.

At the Sorbonne, with its agreeable divisions of the amphitheatre into very very large boxes, the audience went wild over the Russian troupe of folk-singers introduced by M. Walewitch. There were about twenty performers, half of them singers with M. Walewitch as solo, and the rest players on the balalaïka, the Russian national instrument, a thing of the mandoline species only quite different, with fewer strings, and with much more melodious sound. They made fine colour in the orchestra, being dressed in Russian shirts, red, cerise and white, very gorgeous. The folk songs were all soft, monotone, but beautiful. The audience seemed hypnotised, and then suddenly burst into cheers, holding up the programme for several minutes. They demanded the Russian national anthem after the Marseillaise (sung exceedingly well by M. Gresse of the Opera), and the troupe sang it with the orchestra. By the way, the Marseillaise was encored. Has that ever happened to God Save the King? There was the violinist, M. Jules Boucherit, who played a caprice by Guirard with the kind of exaltation which, I think, people try to get through cocaine and that. He strung the nerves up, and the audience in listening put its head agreeably on one side. Unlike cocaineites, however, they did not turn sulky shortly afterwards. Circulation in the hall during the numbers being rigorously interdicted, it was surprising suddenly to hear large feet coming past me. Of course it was a policeman. Nobody else would have dared! He made up for his large feet by clapping the house down and rendering exercise on our part quite unnecessary. The audience neither coughed nor fidgetted; but then the French are used to being in rooms with the windows shut. I sat next to a pretty girl who asked if I liked "Mimi Pinson." I hadn't read it then, but bought it for threepence in a charming little edition. I don't think anything great of the tale, which seems to me very poor for Alfred de Musset. The long arm of coincidence is prodigiously long for such slight matter. Mimi is said to be still the ideal of all the little women of the Latin Quarter. Her sacrifice of her one and only frock to buy a breakfast for her apparently dying friend brings tears to their eyes. I can't think why it should, for sympathetic memory of similar sacrifice can hardly be part of their over-dressed experience. The Latin Quarter nowadays seems to have evolved only the Rougette type, who die viciously one minute and the next, with twenty francs, adorn the café windows. I went to the American Hospital at Neuilly to see my old lady friend who befriended a Rougette, and got a laugh out of her over the incident. Anything more homely and yet workmanlike than this hospital is not to be imagined. The outside is ugly and forbidding, stiff red brick, but inside is almost charming. My friend is in a little ward of white and fawn colouring, absolutely quiet and with windows on the gardens. There was no hospital odour of any kind. Of course, all the mechanism is of the most modern. In the ward was a tiny boy from Arras. During a recent bombardment his mother and sister were killed and himself injured in both legs. The poor child does not know that his mother is dead. Ah, dear, this reminds me that my good friend, the hostess of the Hotel Blois, Rue Vavin, has lost her eldest son. Twice wounded, he went to the trenches for the third time and was killed. She will never again be the same bright creature, but she does not cease any the less to console the rest of the world. ALICE MORNING.

P.S.—I am quite blind with sudden influenza and shall have to pass two or three unimpressionable weeks.

Letters from Russia.

By C. E. Bechhöfer.

HOLY Kiev—Jerusalem of Russia, Mother of all Cities—has now sixty-two cinematographs! Barely had Beiliss gone home than the Cossacks were called out for the Shevchenko processions; Stolypin was assassinated in the theatre; the Fatal Princess of Kiev passed the Venetian judges—but now there are sixty-two cinematographs! What an advance; it is like the steam-roller! How changed since Lermontov said that nobody advanced in Russia but he that goes back! The steam-roller has advanced already forty miles from Warsaw—oh! give me Dostoievsky's teaching, the adoration of Russia, "which cannot be understood by reason, but which is a matter of faith." And the patriotism! Red-hot! It costs £300 to speak German in the streets of Kiev, and we've all got our eyes on the Jews.

You thought the Revolution of 1905 was provocated; no, no, no—it was the Jews! *You* thought the Beiliss case was most idiotic chicanery—my dear sirs, the ritual murder was a fact! Russians have told me so, Russians, real Russians, and ladies—women, the sort of people who cannot be deceived. Gentlemen, the Jews—are devils. Mr. Raffalovich is a Jew; hence the Little Russian partisans are demons—but I will postpone them. Stolypin's murderer was a Jew, and he was well hanged (illegally) two days after. It was the Jews—but let us talk about the weather.

There is no fun about it now. A few days we had nothing to do but watch the floods in the thawing streets. There are persons known as dvorniks who are compendia of institutions. They are responsible both to the police and to the householders. They have to see that all our passports are in order, and they have to clean the street and pavement in front of the house. They sleep outside the street-door, and one finds them slumbering in twenty degrees of frost with stalactites on their beards. Our interesting specimen had to clean his bit of street when the thaws came. By rights he should have taken a sleigh and pulled the loose snow down the hill. Luckily, there is a Government building opposite. He pushed the snow across, and, after that side of the street had been impassable for five days, up sprang the Government and had it cleaned properly. But now, as I say, the cold has set in. Ten degrees Celsius below zero—we shall soon be off the Fahrenheit thermometer. But the dvornik still sleeps outside and is scarcely recognisable as human in his furs and beard. When it thawed, the sledges looked like boats; now the horses wear white snow-drifts on their chests and look very valiant and distinguished. They have reason for pride; in Kiev one driver is ample for three sledges. He leads the way and the other two horses follow up of their own accord. When the driver falls off into the snow asleep, or, if he has been lucky enough to find drink nowadays, drunk, the horses do not stop for him. He scratches his neck and walks home to meet them.

A few stories come from the war to remind us that it is going on. Two Russian officers forced an entrance (in all courtesy) upon some peasants in Galicia. They commandeered a meal, when lo! enter a devil, i.e., a Jew. The peasants crowded round the Jew and kissed his hand. He was the local middleman! The Russian officers (in all courtesy) caused the Jew to kiss the peasants' boots and kicked him out of the hut. So the Russian brings freedom to the Slavs of Austria!

Jews!—a great man in Kiev is Brodsky, the millionaire. He subscribed liberally (like the true Jew he is) to the building of a local synagogue, which was duly erected with a gratifying inscription to him. Then he

asked for his money back, with interest; and the local poor Jews are subscribing again. But thank the Lamb! the brutes will soon have nothing to subscribe with—we expect pogroms!

I cannot resist the remark a coloured gentleman from Lagos made to me recently in a café. "De Austrimans," he said, "in de Galicee are being blown to ant'ems."

When I get out again—but there, I have given the show away. The truth is, I am in bed. I went to see the Blessing of the Waters, the beautiful Blessing of the Waters, as Mr. Stephen Graham would undoubtedly say. It was very slippery going down to the Dniëper, and everybody slipped up half a dozen times and lost his temper. A few enthusiasts cut holes in the ice and took a bathe; they will surely die, thought I—but like the dog, it was I that got influenza. So here I am with my fevers and my bruises, and for amusement I have the local yellow press, which bears the unique reputation that every contribution from its "own correspondents" is false. In case sympathisers should bewail my lot, let them see the sort of life we lead in Kiev, the sort of adventures we have in the Mother of Cities.

The following is a strictly literal translation from one of yesterday's local papers:—

"CARRYINGS ON OF CHINAMAN ON KRESHATIK."
(Kiev's main street).

"To-day in town much of discussion about sufficiently sensational carryings on of Chinaman, which accompanied themselves with following detail:

"To-day about six o'clock of morning to one out of automobilists on Nicholas Street, Hans Lej, went up unknown decently dressed gentleman with bicycle in hands and asked carry off him on Good-News-Mary Street. Chauffeur agreed himself.

"In this same time having passed against house No. 20 on Kreshatik beat(-)policeman suddenly to astonishment to his saw that in shop of bicycles of Torkler broken in window great plate-glass. Policeman raised alarm, called night-watchman, but appeared itself that nobody nothing not seen and not heard noise of smashed glass, etc.

"Between that unknown person managed carry off on automobile bicycle into house No. 129 along Good-News-Mary Street, and returned himself on automobile back on Kreshatik and ordered to stop himself about jeweller's shop of Marshak, accommodating itself, as known, on corner of Three-Holy-Lights Street. Completely calmly, unknown went up to window of shop and with strong blow of fist smashed glass and speedily began grasp having been finding themselves in window preciousnesses—vases, watches and such like.

"Sound of broken glass attracted attention of not far having been standing beat(-)policeman Ponomaref, which immediately threw himself to criminal, but last having noticed him lowered himself to run through Imperial Square, up along Alexander Street. Policeman betook himself him to follow, but as how street was empty and help arrest criminal to nobody was, policeman after warning compelled was to open on him shooting out of revolver.

"Raised itself alarm; from all sides began run themselves together dvorniks and watchmen, but evilthinker decamped very speedily and in end of ends to him succeeded itself hide himself in Imperial Garden, although as appeared itself subsequently he was wounded by shot of policeman. Immediately about this case was communicated to Palace Station whence arrived squad of police.

"Chauffeur Leus [sic!], having carried unknown after theft at Torkler on Good-News-Mary Street and having been witness of proceeding at shop of Marshak was detained and in detail related how carried his fare, where to carried off him with bicycle and so forth.

"Policeman directed himself with him on Good-News-Mary, No. 129, searched out on indication of chauffeur bicycle and delivered it in Old Kiev Station.

"Between this on Kreshatik and in radius of Palace station alarm continued itself. Produced themselves energetic researches of having hidden himself criminal, in which took part staffs of two stations. But suddenly completely unexpectedly, unknown criminal appeared himself on Town-hall Square.

"Having been standing here on beat, policeman Masor recognised him according to marks as how was warned about unavoidableness of arresting of him.

"But until policeman approached him, unknown not having noticed constable, speedily sprang up to window of manufacturer's shop of Reisman (Town-hall Square, 3) and in same manner as in shop of Marshak with fist smashed glass, splinters of which with sound began scatter themselves on pavement. Evilthinker began feverishly grasp goods out of window. But in this moment policeman Masor seized him by shoulder and began give alarm signal, calling up dvorniks. However, arrest criminal appeared itself not so easy.

"With one strong movement he threw off policeman in side, threw himself to run along Kreshatik. Policeman not lost himself having seized out sword, he threw himself behind unknown, reached him and dealt him blow on head.

"But having possessed with unbelievable strength, criminal turned himself round to policeman and having seized him threw him on earth, and himself dashed himself along Kreshatik. This was about seven o'clock of the morning.

"At house No. 22 Kreshatik in this time collected itself sufficiently large crowd of workmen looking at broken pane in shop of Torkler! Having noticed running away covered with blood man, chased with policeman, some out of crowd, dvorniks, etc., threw themselves on criminal and seized him. But criminal lightly scattered off having thrown themselves on him ten of man and ran further. Alarm done itself general! Whistles and cries filled with sound street, behind strong one ran whole various-haired crowd and at last on corner a street when to him barred way group of workmen, dvorniks, beat(-)policemen, criminal was bound and arrested. In accompaniment of large crowd of folk him delivered in Old Kiev station and began interrogate.

"From beginning criminal to name himself refused himself, but having recognised him one out of inspectors speedily unmasked him. He well famous to Kiev wrestler-athlete, Chinaman Lee-Kwee-Syan, having stepped out in the circus of Krutikov two years to that behind.

"With furthermost research was stopped that Lee-Kwee-Syan arrived in Kiev in end of December and settled himself in 129, Good-News-Mary Street, where he engaged room.

"In latest time he not with anything not occupied himself. What like were motives of kidnap of Lee-Kwee-Syan until not settled.

"Explain his carrying on he categorically refuses himself.

"At search of Lee-Kwee-Syan appeared itself that with shot of policeman Ponomaref he wounded in palm of left hand, and with sword of Masor in head and right shoulder. Doctor having laid on to him bandages announced that danger for life wounds not threaten.

"Is producing itself inquiry."

"Pygmalion," also, has arrived and young enthusiasts try to persuade me that Shaw is a philosopher and, like any other native prophet, is hated by the English bourgeoisie!

Meanwhile I feverishly wait for Mr. Wells' war to break out—you know the one he prophesied, between Germany and America, with the yellow races and the Magyar Slavs all joining in with airships! Talking about the Magyar Slavs, it is now sixty-seven years since Russia preserved the Austrian Empire by suppressing the Hungarian revolt; and one hundred and fifty-five years since the Russians entered Berlin. The people who imagine Russia to be now entering European life might remember these two facts. And please remember, Kiev has sixty-two cinematographs!

Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

You cannot teach an old dog new tricks, nor an old playwright to write new plays. The blatant policy of "revivals" is at least honest, but the "new" plays are simply the old ones with a little something about the war added to make them topical; and, really, when one thinks of what this war means it does seem absurd to use it as the deus ex machina of a sentimental comedy. My acquaintance with modern dramatic literature forbade me to agree with Mr. H. G. Wells when he made one of the characters in his last novel say that men will always marry, no matter how onerous the conditions of marriage may be or may be made. But Mr. Horace Annesley Vachell, in his play, "Searchlights," goes beyond me in his postulate of male misogamy; for, to compass the marriage of one silly "knut," he has not only to invoke the aid of the Great War, but has to afflict his hero with fever and sunstroke. The cause and effect are not really commensurate; and what Mr. Vachell secures by the toxic action of fever would have been more fittingly obtained by the use of a love-philtre, such as stout and oysters. There is a story of a girl who went to be married who, when the clergyman refused to perform the ceremony because the bridegroom was drunk, cried out: "But he won't come when he's sober." Had Harry Blaine been only wounded, Phœbe Schmaltz would probably never have succeeded in "trading with the enemy"; and that Mr. Vachell should have had to soften his heart by turning his head with sunstroke only adds indignity to the incompetence of Phœbe Schmaltz.

The rest of the play deals with the theme of Strindberg's "The Father" in the English way. The skeleton in the cupboard of this household is Harry Blaine, and in the last act he looked like nothing but a bag of bones; and Robert Blaine and his wife, when they want to create a little hell upon earth, drag this skeleton from its hiding-place (usually the billiard-room) and argue the question of its paternity. There is no doubt that Mrs. Blaine was its mother, nor is there any doubt that she was Mrs. Blaine when she became its mother; but the boy is so unlike his putative father, in appearance, temperament, and habits, that Robert Blaine has doubted the authentic source of the offspring. He doubts for twenty-five years or so, because Mr. Vachell wanted to drag in this war, before he obtains confirmation of his doubts; and, meanwhile, he and Mrs. Blaine enjoy the pleasures of married life so well described in Vanbrugh's "A Journey to London."

It seems that long, long ago, somewhere about 1880, Mrs. Blaine (who was then, I believe, a Miss Boyle) fell in love with Captain Arthur Trevor. Unfortunately for her happiness he only had about £400 a year, and he was too noble to ask her to share his life in barracks. So "they met, they kissed, they parted, as many have done before"; and then Robert Blaine, who at the age of twenty-five was earning £1,200 a year and was determined to earn more, came along and an alliance was made between the Boyles and the Blaines. For five years, it seems, they lived together happily; but while Blaine combined finance with felicity, she met Captain Arthur Trevor again. She begged her husband to take her away; he could not, as he was making a profit from a banking crisis; she felt herself neglected, threw herself into the arms of her lover, and named the child Harry. Captain Trevor, being not only a charming but poor man, but also a hero, went to the Boer War, exposed himself recklessly, won the V.C. and was killed, leaving Harry, like a cuckoo's egg, in the nest of a more domesticated bird.

It was unfortunate, perhaps, that Harry had no protective resemblance to his putative father, and that his mother exercised all her influence to make him like his real father. But so it was: women were always perverse, and the neglected wife only attracted the jealous attention of her husband. She had been what Othello called "a subtle whore; a closet-lock-and-key of villainous secrets"; so Robert Blaine had no evidence that would satisfy a court of law, for a High Court judge had not then decided a disputed paternity by a matter of facial resemblance. Robert had to wait until Harry grew up, became a "knut" and an officer in the Guards, contracted debts which his father had to be asked to pay, before the matter could come to a head. This happened when Harry wanted a mere trifle of nearly £4,000 to get him out of the hands of a moneylender, facetiously named Montague Montmorency Gordon; and the father refused to pay it. He brutally suggested that Harry's mother should sell her pearls, the pearls that he had given her in the happy days of their marriage, to raise the money for her dear son's benefit; and when she exclaimed against this hideous proposal he told her even more brutally that she had already sold the real pearls and was wearing imitation ones. Oh! he was a horribly stern father; so his wife promptly told him that he was not Harry's father at all, that she gloried in the fact that not one drop of his blood ran in Harry's veins. He offered to pay the debt if his wife would sign a confession of her infidelity; but the crisis was avoided for the moment by the declaration of war. Harry went to the front in debt, but secretly engaged to Phœbe Schmaltz; for Robert Blaine had refused his consent to the marriage on the ground that the girl was too good for Harry.

But the war makes a lot of difference. Robert Blaine, being well informed, makes what are technically called "pots of money"; Sir Adelbert Schmaltz, having put all his eggs in one basket, which he calls "Shermany," is reduced to his wife's settlement and love in a cottage, and very little food from Appenrodt. Before war was declared he had said that he "was more English than the English—he was Scotch"; and having no more dividends to draw from Germany he expressed his detestation of Germany's action in declaring war, and changed his name to Roberts, or some similar name. But the greatest difference was made to Phœbe; after Harry had gone to the front she seemed to have spent her time hanging about Hyde Park and watching the common soldiers saying good-bye to their sweethearts. She concluded, from her observation of their embraces, that there was something wanting in Harry's farewell to her—some fervour, some touch of passion, some je ne sais quoi, which is indicative of real love. So, when she comes to see Harry in his illness, she comes prepared to release him from his engagement. It is not stated, but I think it probable that she has an eye on one of the soldiers in the park.

But everything must turn out well. Secretly and silently, as is his way, Robert Blaine settles with the moneylender, and at last gets his wife's signature to the confession of infidelity. Phœbe, coming to release the hero from his engagement, is met with the real embrace and the fervent declaration; he had been thinking about her during the retreat from Mons, and the unwonted effort had exposed him to sunstroke. Now that he has been invalided out of the Army he really does want to marry her, in spite of her poverty; so he asks her to hold his hand while he talks to his father about it. Robert Blaine has in his possession two papers, the receipted bill and the signed declaration of Harry's paternity. He listens to Harry's statement, then asks Phœbe if she would love Harry just as much if he were not the son of Robert Blaine: and, of course, she would. So he gives a paper to Harry, which his wife thinks is the signed confession, but is, of course, the receipted bill; and Harry indulges in really enthusiastic approval of Robert Blaine's generosity. Robert Blaine promises to make suitable provision for Harry's marriage, and destroys the confession of his wife's infidelity: so we have to thank the war not only for the avoidance of a domestic scandal, but for the promotion of another marriage. I dare swear that Germany never calculated on this result of the war.

Readers and Writers.

CONVERSATIONALISTS ought to be added to our title, since without good conversation it is unlikely that there will ever be good readers and writers. Many witty and true things are said, however, in conversation that are forgotten for want of record. It is not perhaps that people are too idle to make notes, but, like one of Lincoln's secretaries, they are not awake to the merit of what they hear. This poor fellow, discovering after Lincoln's death what a market there was for recollections, solemnly excused his own neglect on the ground that he did not know at the time that Mr. Lincoln was a great man! Even so have I known fellow-guests at a party complain afterwards that *they* never heard the bon-mots reported by me. Not with their attention with a view to remembering them certainly; but I swear I did not invent them. Ee gee. The following remarks I picked up at a recent evening spent together by some contributors to THE NEW AGE. I record them here as evidence that one, at least, of the company was quick in the uptake and not ashamed to play Boswell.

* * *

Discussing the relation between idealism and realism, someone said that these were desire and will writ large or abstracted. Desire is of the undefined and perhaps of the unattainable. Will is of the defined and the attainable. For instance, one can desire the moon and even cry for it; but one cannot *will* to have it. Circumstances are thus the determinant. Change circumstances and the idealist becomes the realist and the realist the idealist.

* * *

It was remarked that the apathy of the "people" was not of necessity due to their having been "broken in" by industry. A nation with a competent governing class is disposed to leave authority in the hands of those who have used it well; thus a people under able rulers tends to become servile and thus to nourish the seeds of the ruin of the nation. A people with a corrupt governing class, on the other hand, becomes self-reliant, obstreperous to authority and revolutionary: thus nourishing the seeds of the nation's renaissance.

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The retort was made on somebody who complained that THE NEW AGE treated Germany as if she were an honourable enemy: No, but as if England were.

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The neighbours of a celebrated philanthropist once petitioned God that He should grant the first requests of the man they so greatly admired. The prayer was answered and the philanthropist promptly proceeded to put an end to every man, woman and child in the place. This story was told apropos of Mr. John Galsworthy, who had been described as "good upon second thoughts."

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Shaw was discussed. The conclusion arrived at was that the "Quintessence of Ibsenism" was his best work, since, when writing it, he felt himself, for the only time in his life, in the presence of a superior mind. It was Shaw's first propaganda in the Fabian Society. Henceforth he became such a lion among the Fabians that he conceived it his duty to slay everybody for his young.

* * *

This is Wells' war, yet he has let Le Queux and Begbie run off with most of the credit of it.

* * *

There are two kinds of classics: national and world.

Of the eighteenth century writers it was said that they thought like scholars and wrote like men of the world.

* * *

You fear pedantry? Not the reality, but the appearance of it.

* * *

Emerson saw England with the eyes of a primitive American puritan. Almost with his eyes England looks at America to-day.

* * *

Be popular with the best minds first, and, afterwards, if God wills, you may safely be popular with the rest.

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The modern movement is likely to land us in a series of marital disasters. On the one side, men are aiming at the synthetic man typical of the Renaissance: on the other, women are specialising in fragments. Very soon it will take seven women to balance a man, and polygamy will be talked of. But even a fragment of a woman will insist on the rights of a whole.

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Only a half-truth is never forgotten.

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Reversing an epigram of Wilde's, it was said of THE NEW AGE that it had not a friend in the world, but its enemies loved it.

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Few people can see greatness at less than a hundred miles or years off.

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Another reversed epigram was addressed to the pacifists who have so often been the harbingers of war: "If you wish for war, prepare for peace."

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England before the war was going to sleep on her Imperial bed.

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The Germans have made a religion of the State and naturally embarked on patriotic proselytism.

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Of someone who excused his vices by the experience he derived from them, it was said that "it was a queer way of getting the best out of himself."

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One can have characteristics without a character.

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The soldiers' letters from the front have made very small beer of all the war-realists of fiction.

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A certain journal, notorious for its combined scurrility and incompetence, was described as burning the scandal at both ends.

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Apropos of a recent letter in the "Times" by the headmaster of one of the public schools, the remark of Queen Charlotte was recalled "who was surprised to find the headmaster of Eton quite a gentleman in his manner." She would not be surprised to-day.

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Speaking of bathos, someone quoted an instance from a current article by the Bishop of Carlisle, who wrote of "the unparalleled crime of the Crucifixion."

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The praise of King Albert of Belgium was declared to be a democratic criticism of monarchs, for it implied how little a king was expected to act like one.

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Even the most vicious may be suspected of indulging in secret virtues.

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Talent is the search for genius. **R. H. C.**

Views and Reviews.

Initiative.

THE fundamental inconsistency between Socialism and Democracy of which Professor Dicey speaks in the last edition of his "Law and Opinion in England" is becoming manifest even in the pages of THE NEW AGE. "Romney," by reporting certain facts observed by himself, has brought the usual hornet's nest of protesters about his ears, the Democrats persisting in their childish practice of idolising the people. Yet the facts reported by "Romney" have long been known, and are capable of many explanations, the historical being not the least important. The classic pages of Thorold Rogers' "Work and Wages" contain many a reference to the subject, and show the legislative and administrative measures that were employed to rob the working classes of initiative. Take this passage as an example: "I can conceive nothing more cruel, I had almost said more insolent, than to condemn a labourer to the lowest possible wages on which life may be sustained, by an Act of Parliament, interpreted and enforced by an ubiquitous body of magistrates, whose interest it was to screw the pittance down to the lowest conceivable margin, and to inform the stinted recipient that when he had starved on that during the days of his strength, others must maintain him in sickness or in old age. Now this was what the Statute of Apprenticeship, supplemented by the Poor Law, did in the days of Elizabeth. And if you go into the streets and alleys of our large towns, and, indeed, of many English villages, you may meet the fruit of the wickedness of Henry and the policy of Elizabeth's counsellors in the degradation and helplessness of your countrymen."

It will, of course, be protested that these historical causes are not operative now, although it will be difficult to show any development of working class initiative comparable in degree or extent with the crushing blow inflicted on them in the days of Queen Elizabeth. The working classes, in spite of Household Suffrage, have not recovered the control of their own lives, which is a necessary condition of initiative. For the rigours of the wage-system forced them into the factories in the eighteenth century, and machine production did its deadly work in depressing the vital energies, the overflow of which into action we call initiative. I have quoted this passage before, but it will bear re-quotation. Emerson, in his "English Traits," published in 1856, said: "The robust rural Saxon degenerates in the mills to the Leicester stockinger, to the imbecile Manchester spinner—far on the way to the spiders and needles. The incessant repetition of the same hand-work dwarfs the man, robs him of his strength, wit, and versatility, to make a pin-polisher, a buckle-maker, or any other speciality; and presently, in a change of industry, whole towns are sacrificed like anthills, when the fashion of shoe-strings supersedes buckles, when cotton takes the place of linen, or railways of turnpikes, or when commons are enclosed by landlords. Then society is admonished of the mischief of the division of labour, and that the best political economy is care and culture of men; for, in these crises, all are ruined except such as are proper individuals, capable of thought, and of new choice and the appreciation of their talent to new labour."

When "Romney" writes of the lack of adaptability to new conditions among men whose profession, he says, is so often that of "machine-minder," he has only observed in another sphere of life facts which are known, and which it is absurd for the Democrats to deny. Machine-minding calls for the exercise of no mental faculty but that of attention; and Dr. A. E. Bridger, in his study of Neurasthenia, has said: "The classes of work that are baneful, even in moderation, are those that keep the individual out of active communion with his fellow man, or that actually deprive the brain of work; such are routine employments, and those that offer no sufficient prize as stimulus to individual thought and enterprise, and those which necessitate the long, habitual use of one or only a few of the mental faculties. . . To the deadening effect of unsuitable work, even more than to the want of physical exercise, breakdowns are due." That the breakdowns occur, there is no doubt; Mr. J. A. Hobson, in his "Work and Wealth," says that "the growing prevalence of cardiac neurosis and of neurasthenia in general among working-people is attested by many medical authorities, especially in occupations where long strains of attention are involved." It has even been noted by the careful Germans that the highest rate of accidents is during the fourth and fifth hours of morning work, and again in the late afternoon, when the attention of the worker and his muscular control are both weakened by fatigue.

Initiative is, of course, a mental phenomenon, but it is apt to be forgotten that it has a physiological basis. Nerve-potential and nerve-tone are very real things, and may be lowered not only by depressing emotions, routine employment, and lack of objective, but by insufficient or wrong feeding. Professor D. Fraser Harris says in his book on "Nerves": "Nerve starvation is a real thing, and is the cause of low nerve tone and neurasthenia; it needs treatment by generous feeding. But if plenty of good food builds up the nervous system and makes it capable of effort, we see that the nerve-energy must come from assimilated food; physiologically, this must be so. The starved man may be desperate, but he has no strength of nerves or of muscles. It has been said that if the starved masses in the great European cities could only acquire nerve-tone through being fed up for a week, there would be a revolution. Bad hygiene, alcohol and nerve-starvation have rendered them so unfit for effort that they remain as they are in their miserable surroundings; but a little more nerve-force and some organisation, and the course of history might be changed."

When "Romney" says that eighty per cent. of the commissioned officers have some capacity for handling men, and that the non-commissioned officers do not show anything like the same proportion, it is idle to pretend, as one correspondent does, that the facts are otherwise. The class from which they are drawn is a class that has been exercising initiative and command for centuries; they are born to it, bred to it, fed to it. But I speak from my own experience when I say that among the working-classes initiative is not encouraged; until one of their class rises beyond their control, they have little respect for his merits. It is common knowledge that in the Army, for example, a private qualifying for promotion is not usually encouraged by his fellows; and, when he gets his lance-stripe, the whole squad will set to work to make his life impossible until he is reduced to the ranks or he has beaten the members of his squad into obedience. I rather pity the elected foremen of the Guilds unless, by that time, the habits and traditions of the working-classes have undergone a change.

It ought not to have been necessary to insist on these quite elementary facts, but the folly of the Democrats seems to be incurable, and is, perhaps, the greatest obstacle to Democracy. A Democracy can be no better than the men who compose it, and no Socialist, at least, will blind himself to the demerits of the working-classes. That the demerits do not outweigh the merits is admitted; but the practical man, deciding the thing to be done at the moment, has to deal with things as they are, and utilise the powers that exist. The formation of new armies has given plenty of opportunity for the exercise of initiative and adaptation to new circumstances; we could not have had too much of these qualities; and "Romney" has testified to a well-known fact that the working-classes have not shown a sufficiency of them to justify any extravagant hopes of their capacity to rule. In the circumstances, it is wonderful that they have responded at all well to the new stimuli, and in that fact lies our only hope for the future.

A. E. R.

Carruthers' Diabolical Experiment.

"So you're absolutely determined to go through with it?" I directed the query at Carruthers, who stood in front of the fireplace with an indifferent expression upon his face. He nodded emphatically. "If there is one thing in this world," he replied stolidly, "that I was ever really determined to go through with, it's this." Westham, who sat mutely at the other end of the table, gave me a pleading glance as if to implore me to continue my attempt to distract Carruthers from this mad idea which he had conceived. But I knew Carruthers too well, and realised that my only chance of preventing him from going any further with the matter was by an appeal to his sentiment.

"Is it quite *fair*?" I continued. "Don't think for a moment that I want you to go back on your word to Bell. Nothing of the sort; I understand Bell's motive, though perhaps you don't believe it. But *old age*,—damn it all, that's where I draw the line." There was a note of genuine indignation in my voice which roused Carruthers. He stared at me with intense anxiety.

"I know you think I'm a beast," he burst out. "But that's only because you don't realise the universal importance of my experiment. I've tortured it all out; don't you worry about that. Old age, as you suggest, does command respect: there is something noble—something fine about the personality of a very old man." He paused, and Westham leaned forward suddenly across the table. "Especially when the old man happens to be your own grandfather," he exclaimed. "Think of it! Your mother's father——! Carruthers, it's inhuman." Westham leaned back in his chair and drummed his fingers upon the table. "It's *inhuman*," he repeated. "I can't think of a better word." Carruthers advanced to the table and struck his fist upon it. "It's a great idea," he exclaimed fiercely, "a tragic idea, and through it I hope to make sure of my Anti-Civilisation thesis—there's no other way. The same thing is happening in the civilised world on a big scale, but tendencies are slow—we cannot grasp them—I want to make sure of the tendencies—bring forward some tangible and obvious proof that we are on the wrong track. I claim that my idea will make this proof manifest to everybody. My grandfather is eighty-nine; I am thirty-two. I stand for the present moment in the world process; he stands for the past. Which will ultimately survive? That is the vital question, and I intend to solve it through the medium of a very simple experiment. If you disagree with the method, I ask you to suggest a more effective one." Westham crossed his arms and looked up at the ceiling. "I can suggest no more *effective* a method," he remarked, lowering his gaze until it rested upon Carruthers' vivid necktie. "As a matter of fact, it is just because we realise that your method will be effective that we are pained by it. Personally, I would rather wait for posterity to realise modern tendencies, and leave your poor old grandfather in peace. I really don't see what good you will do by demonstrating the issue. Nobody will take any serious notice of your experiment." Carruthers' eyes shone. "That's just where you make a mistake," he said. "The tragedy will be sufficiently inhuman to create a storm of controversy in all the papers——" Westham interrupted him with a laugh, "Then your experiment is a paradox," he exclaimed. "The mere fact that the result of the experiment will be thrashed out in the newspapers proves the futility of your idea."

At that moment the telephone rang. Carruthers stepped across the room and lifted the receiver. "Hello! Hello! Hell-O! That you, Bell? Yes, we're all here—waiting for you—coming round? Right O!" He replaced the receiver and took up his old position in front of the fireplace. "So it's no use us trying to make you realise the inhumanity of your idea?" I asked. "Nothing short of sudden death would stop me now," replied Carruthers grimly. "Besides, Bell is just as decided about it as I am. You chaps needn't get in a funk. Whatever happens, *you* won't be held responsible. I take the whole of the responsibility upon myself." Westham whistled. "I should jolly well think so," he exclaimed, "considering it's *your* grandfather."

. . . . .

Ten minutes later Bell let himself in with a latchkey. There was a mad look in his eyes, and he carried an enormous pile of newspapers which he flung triumphantly upon the table. We eyed them apprehensively. Carruthers turned them over one after another and counted them carefully. "Twenty-five," he said quietly. "We shan't need all of them. I particularly desire only those which specialise in photographs." Bell turned an anxious face towards us. "Why not the lot?" he exclaimed. "There's only about half of them illustrated by photographs." Carruthers divided the papers into two files. "I particularly want the illustrated ones," he replied, "because the modern tendency is undoubtedly towards a newspaper which is all photos. For proof of this I would draw your attention to the increasing popularity of the cinematograph which eliminates the necessity of reading printed matter. People won't be bothered to read what they can understand with less trouble and in less time from a photograph. For example, they will not trouble to read the verbal description of a murderer's personal appearance when special photographs of the murderer, in a dozen different positions, are available; or even a moving picture of him upon the cinematograph. No, the tendency, I feel convinced, is towards a newspaper composed entirely of photographs." He spoke in a quiet and confident voice; Bell drank in his words eagerly and turned to us with a look of silent admiration. "How's the old man?" he inquired, when Carruthers had finished sorting the papers. "He's still down at Chelmsford. Living all alone with a caretaker. He was born in the house and will probably die in it." Westham shifted his feet noisily. Carruthers gave me a swift glance. Bell lowered his head and stared at the carpet. "How old is he?" I inquired in a low voice. "Eighty-nine this November," answered Carruthers. "Never been to London, has he?" asked Westham. Carruthers shook his head. "Never," he replied. "In some ways the old man is a fanatic." Carruthers rolled the newspapers up in brown paper. "It's a stinking shame," exclaimed Westham after a pause. "We're absolutely decided," said Carruthers, sticking a label upon the parcel with a determined thump. "But what about your conscience?" insisted Westham. Bell placed his finger upon the string while Carruthers tied the final knot. "Conscience," replied Carruthers, weighing the parcel in his hand; "an experiment like mine excludes the possibility of conscience. I feel perfectly justified in the step I am taking." Carruthers' coolness annoyed me. "But imagine," I retorted, "imagine the scene which will follow upon the posting of that deadly parcel! Imagine your grandfather seated peacefully upon his little lawn enjoying the quietude and sunny freshness of a June morning. I see him quite clearly—the dignified old face, the serene expression, the finely domed brow and silver hair. The picture is old-world—and perfect. The trees cast a pleasant shadow across the grass where he sits: he is reading his beloved Shakespeare—his 'Bible,' he calls it, so you say. Imagine, then, the arrival of that—that fearful parcel of pornography!—that ghastly quintessence of Civilisation! The trembling hands undo the parcel, and there rolls out upon the clean green turf such a farrago of sinister vileness as will assuredly so shock the old gentleman as to cause a premature collapse. The idea to me seems diabolical—like throwing a bomb. It's monstrous. I—I wash my hands of the whole affair." Westham leaned over the table and shook my hand. "I'm with you," he said. "Carruthers will be sorry for it."

. . . . .

For a week after this last interview I went about haunted by the mental picture I had created of the old cultured country gentleman receiving that horrible parcel of concentrated civilisation which Carruthers had posted. I was too nervous to call on him to ascertain the result of his experiment, and Westham, whom I saw daily, shared my apprehension. A week later, however, we forced up sufficient courage to ring the bell at Carruthers' flat. Carruthers himself opened the door and I perceived with a start that he was not in mourning. He did not, however, look very pleased with himself, and with an irritable gesture led us into the sitting-room. Bell was there smoking moodily. "Well," exclaimed Westham anxiously, as he removed his hat. Carruthers handed round a box of cigars and drew the blinds. "Well," repeated Westham, lighting his cigar. "That's it," I exclaimed. "What's happened? You both look pretty rotten." Bell flung the stump of his cigar into the grate impatiently. "We've failed," he replied irritably. "Did you post the parcel?" I stammered. "Was the parcel posted?" Bell nodded. "The parcel was posted at Charing Cross the same night that you were here," he answered, "last Friday." Carruthers nodded, but did not speak. "With what result?" I exclaimed. "For heaven's sake, don't keep us in suspense. What happened?" Carruthers switched on the electric light, crossed over to a bureau, and produced a letter which he handed to me. "Read that," he said. "Read it aloud." I advanced to the light and read the letter. It ran as follows:—"Dear Mr. Carruthers,—Your grandfather asks me to write reminding you that for eighty-odd years he has successfully resisted civilisation and intends to do so till the end. I have instructions to burn or otherwise destroy all parcels, newspapers, etc., bearing the London postmark. As an old servant, I recognised your writing and informed your grandfather that you had written. As you know, he has no friends or relatives living in town with whom he wishes to communicate. He says, however, that if you are prepared to leave the City, never to return, he will offer you a quiet country home far from the distressing manifestations of civilisation. There is one condition: That you will read daily to him from the immortal works of Shakespeare, as his eyes have grown very weak and he refuses to wear spectacles.

"Yours faithfully,

"MRS. HEATH."

With a sigh of genuine relief, I laid the letter upon the table and glanced round the room. Westham was in convulsions, but Bell and Carruthers were fumbling in a dark corner with the whisky and soda!

ARTHUR F. THORN.

REVIEWS.

Labour War Chants. Albert Allen. (National Labour Press. 1d.)

The idea appears to be that the rich are militarist, raging, conscienceless, and over-sexed, whereas the poor are pacifist, calm, considerate, and merely human. This is not quite so. Vices and virtues are not parcelled off in this fashion. But if they were, Mr. Allen's chants should rather be addressed to the wicked rich than the virtuous poor, unless he intends to influence the latter towards imitating the former. His language is excessive, to put it mildly, and a little luscious when the subject is of women. The poor might be led away. Labour chants let us have by all means, but unless they are of the order of tragic genius they had far better express that humorous common sense of the workman which is indicative of his reserve force.

Labour Songs. Dorothea Hollins. (Rydal Press. 1s.)

In one "song" there is an approach to poetical feeling—"A Mother—and War." The rest is mostly the usual square-brick verse, stuck with sentimental putty, of propaganda. Worse—it is literary and annotated.

The Jangles of Jazed. (Rickinson, 3, Winchester Street. 1s.)

We have read the jangles with interest. With a little more skill the author might give pleasure to many people who, like himself, perplexed at the universe, find consolation in the fact that man has the seeds of reason and honesty within him. The verses "A Prayer" are spoiled for the ear by the repetition of the word "Father."

I would not ask
For shelter from wind and wave
But a bold true heart, and a strong right arm
Of thee I crave.

I do not seek
To fathom thy hidden plan,
But thou hast shown that Man alone
Can be saved by Man.

Prefix "Father" to the first and fourth lines and the music is all gone. The author has a notion of a "St. Mammon's Day"—the Feast of Well-to-Do Christians:

To meet the poor at Jesu's board
We can't refuse, but we *are* able
To shut them from *Thy* altar Lord,
As fast as from—our dining table.

Two love-songs included are no great matter. "A Fable" in prose, very clever, probably indicates the direction of the author's real talent.

Littleman's Book of Courtesy. H. Caldwell Cook. (Kibble, 18, Berners Street. 6d.)

This little volume is the author's farewell message to the Perse School. It begins:

Look this is what you are to do
When an elder speaks to you,
Bear yourself with seemly grace
And keep your eyes upon his face.
Give good heed to every word,
And if somewhat you have not heard
Eke it not out with fancy vain,
But ask to hear it o'er again.
Show neither haste to be away,
Nor make pretences for delay.

The book is full of the little rules of conduct which all together produce that "seemly grace" which might appear somewhat hard to produce at a moment's notice. Some of the couplets are thoroughly delightful, and the imagery is taking for youngsters; some inversion might have been avoided.

Your wishes are a little school
Of imps who must be brought to rule.

Smite no fellow upon the back,
They only do so who nurture lack,
And he goes about no thanks to win
Who startles another man out of his skin.

Care little for the toe that you forward put,
Walking is the trust of the hindmost foot.

And sometimes in these ill days one must
Take a knife to sunder a pastry crust.

We could find it a brave way of passing the evening of our days in academic quarrel with the author on the proper position of a table-knife in hand action. The present writer maintains, in opposition to Mr. Caldwell Cook and all kind friends and relations, that the knife should be held like a pen, as easily graceful. This may be a mania, but less has occupied centuries of ravishing dispute.

Poetry. December. (Monroe, Chicago.)

Miss Alice Corbin flatters the Creator. He has done his work—well. If she were he, she would not have builded it "nearer to heart's desire." Overleaf she twaddles that "To some the fat gods give money, to some love," but to her not enough of either! Mr. D. H. Lawrence is choc-a-bloc of queens with black hands which are red, he wallows in bleeding words, and says, Take away my missal, it may contain a bleeding word; he asks why his cigarette-smoke troubles him and probably expects us to be more respectful than himself towards his mother, whose "soft-foot malady" he makes into penny-a-line rhyme; finally, nothing will do for his silly pate but that "Iris the mystery must be in love with

me." Mr. Seumas d'Sullivan had an old passion that was Splendid and Terrible, "like a flame"—fancy!

Mr. John Rodker bought some studs of a hawker, "his look . . . and . . . this verse." The dots are not ours. How much for the studs and how much for the dots and verses? If less than the studs, Mr. Rodker would clearly do better to hawk, and look, and afterwards turn his own gazes into rhyme, "me=fatuity," and so on. We hate these pretentious wretches who go about buying studs and looks of unsuspicious, honest hawkers: to name them, the Flint School; and they make a hobby of misery, as the Davies school makes a hobby of ecstasy. Both schools are hard as nails. A specimen of Mr. Rodker:

> Oh! but the babble wearies me
> And the lights . . .
> And rococo . . .

Mr. Scharmel Iris contributes something like an imitation of the poets. He has, occasionally, rhyme and rhythm, but nothing to say save about the usual graves, martyrdoms and mad women.

Kabir. Trans. by R. Tagore and E. Underhill. (India Society. 7s. 6d.)

"In these poems a wide range of mystical emotion is brought into play." This sounds a little flat; but we were long since prepared for our Tagore and our Underhill. We would trust neither party with anything more mystical than the Minority Report, and can well believe that they have so trimmed Kabir that nothing remains visible of the original. If, indeed, this is the original, they have found their mystic right enough, all hoarse parrottings and pretty fancies. In their next lives all these people will be flower-sellers on eternally wet days.

Jessie Pope's War Poems. (Grant Richards. 1s.)

An epitome of the national vulgarity. Should be sent at once to Messrs. Begbie and Co. with the inscription: "Wake up! A woman leadeth ye!"

The Rubaiyat of William the War Lord. St. John Hammond. (Grant Richards. 1s.)

Some Englishmen, indeed, contrive "To spatter glory [by comparison] on the conquering Hun," while they believe themselves to be throwing good stickfast mud.

Women of the Revolutionary Era. By Lieut.-Colonel Andrew Haggard. (Paul. 16s. net.)

Colonel Haggard continues his self-appointed task of saying well-known things about well-known historical personages. This bouquet of balderdash deals with the Pompadour, du Barry, Jeanne de Valois, Marie Antoinette, Théroigne de Méricourt, Madame Roland, Madame de Staël, Charlotte Corday, and some others; all familiar figures familiarly treated by Colonel Haggard. The volume does not need criticism, for Colonel Haggard does no more than recount summarily of these people what is already known to readers of French history. He has neither a philosophy of history, the art of biography, nor even literary skill to make these sketches more than the most commonplace of hackwork; and we need do no more than announce the fact of their publication.

The Theatre of Max Reinhardt. By Huntly Carter. (Frank Palmer. 7s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Huntly Carter has yet to learn to write a book. Voluble he is, particularly in vituperation; but where he begins, where he ends, what he says, and what he intended to say, are questions that cannot readily be answered by reference to this volume. Digression has always disfigured his writing; and the fault is due entirely to Mr. Carter's ignorance of the meaning of the material he uses. Quite half of this book is digression; certainly, the whole chapter on Reinhardt's "Materials" is; because Mr. Carter is content only to describe or quote without making clear the relevance of the matter quoted to the subject in hand. There is, for example, a long passage describing the Chinese and Japanese stages, which may or may not have some relevance to the work of Max Reinhardt; but Mr. Carter only quotes it without comment. Everybody and everything comes into this book at some length: there is even an unflattering reference to guild-socialism (without capital initials), and a wrong attribution of this doctrine to Mr. Granville Barker and Mr. Bernard Shaw. Mr. Carter relegates it to "the political dust-heap," but it would be as misplaced there as it is in Mr. Carter's book. Perhaps Guild-Socialism may be the stone which the builders rejected; for if, as Mr. Carter says in one of his sane moments, "in my view, this mania for developing stage mechanics before we know what the new drama is going to be ought to be taxed," he is not so far from the political dust-heap himself. If "it is the sheerest nonsense to talk about building a new theatre in the belief that a new drama will be born when no one is looking," as he also declares, it may well be that the new drama will have to wait until some such revolutionary change in the economic foundations of existing society has been made. Mr. Carter's momentary flash of sanity, although not directed against Max Reinhardt, has put him out of court, and, with him, all the theatre reformers, including Mr. Carter. What Mr. Carter is really playing with, although his knowledge of political and economic theory is not sound enough to make him conscious of it, is the idea of Syndicalism in the theatre. With that hatred of reality (or, shall we say, that love of phrases that has always characterised him) Mr. Carter talks of "The Will of the Theatre" (capitals for this). He repudiates Gordon Craig's "Dictator of Manifold Genius" idea, and falls back on the round table conference of experts, each of whom is allowed to interpret the prevailing impression in his own way, through the medium of his own art. Put quite simply, this is "The Theatre for the Artists" idea, which is comparable with the communal form of Syndicalism popular in Italy. That it has another derivation, is true; it is only Wagner's idea of the union of the arts in the theatre hashed up again. Wagner's experiment certainly killed drama, and did not do much service to music; nor, if Mr. Carter is to be believed, did it do much service to the reformation of the theatre. Nietzsche reacted against this idea to the extent of insisting that "the theatre shall not become the master of art"; and we know where Mr. Carter is, artistically, when he invents "The Will of the Theatre." It is Syndicalism, pure and simple, forcing its will upon the community; for under cover of the "intimacy" idea the audience is compelled to become part of the drama. Behind it all is an idea that is pre-Greek and pre-dramatic: the idea of the dromenon, the communal celebration in which everyone took part. But drama differs from dromena in precisely this respect, that it is aloof from, and not intimate with, the spectators. At some time or other, the spectators said to the actors, like the old Irishwoman who was asserting her dignity: "I don't want to be great with you"; and the chorus was driven out of the arena, the apron was torn off the stage, and the actors were carefully confined in the three-sided box with the picture-frame proscenium that is so detested by Mr. Carter. Until the new drama is written, the efforts of Max Reinhardt, and the whole crew of Continentals, to find new methods of interpreting or decorating plays, are as useless as would be the building, by Colonel Goethals, of a replica of the Panama Canal in the Sahara desert. It needs no great imagination, no illimitable resources of stage mechanics and lighting, to produce "The Doctor's Dilemma," or "The Importance of Being Earnest"; and if Max Reinhardt, or even Mr. Carter, turned his attention to inspiring dramatists to write plays, instead of trying to impose "The Will of the Theatre" on works that have no relation to it, some service to dramatic art might be rendered. But dramatic salvation is not to be found in any system of lighting, or in any structural alterations in the theatre, or even in any improvement in the dressing of "costume" plays; and there really have been, even within living memory, quite competent actors performing on the conventional stage, and it is by no means easy to discover them on the improved stages of our reformers.

Pastiche.

EVIL COMMUNICATIONS.

Mr. Alfred Binns, a young man of twenty-seven, with a pimply, but otherwise uninteresting face, and in receipt of thirty-six shillings and sixpence per week from the dry-salting firm of Battledore, Snell and Co., was glorifying Saturday afternoon with a one and threepenny *table d'hôte* lunch at the Ingle Nook.

As you are doubtless aware, the Ingle Nook is a stately pile which, with fitting dignity, cements the union of Charing Cross Road with the Strand. A cursory glance might delude you into supposing that you are confronted with an insurance office, the headquarters of a feminist movement, or the private residence of an advertisement agent. So overwhelming is the magnificence of the Ingle Nook. It is a restaurant in which Shepherd's Bush may feed with the gestures of Park Lane, yet at a cost scarcely greater than the charges made in those flavoursome hutches where carmen are counselled to pull up. Moreover, the word gratuities with all its hateful synonyms is exhibited, only to be denounced in scathing terms. The waiters all view mammon with a languid and pitying deprecation, if, as sometimes happens, an inexperienced or misguided guest seeks to tempt them with the sight of it. In addition to this, the Ingle Nook provides the conveniences of an up-to-date palace. Six bands on six floors skilfully contrive to elude each other's melodies from noon till midnight. The vestibule is gorgeous with several efficiently equipped cash-desks, a tank containing live gold-fish, surmounted by a discreetly trickling fountain, and, nearer the curtained swing-doors that automatically usher visitors into the ground floor saloon stands the terminus of two lifts, whose activities play Box and Cox incessantly, under the management of bedizened and sedate page-boys. In a word, the Ingle Nook is refined, select, decorous.

Mr. Binns, fully conscious of these qualities, which so thoroughly accorded with his own *naturel*, was, therefore, much concerned at observing that they were in serious danger of being rudely violated. He had just removed from his moustache the final traces of the *consommé* which formed, as it were, the prologue to the five-act culinary drama of whose merits he was to be sole and final arbiter, when he became aware of a disquieting phenomenon. A young woman (the charitable vocabulary at the disposal of Mr. Binns stopped short at any more exact designation) had begun to lavish pining glances at some distant object ahead of her; which object, Mr. Binns ascertained by a judicious and somewhat furtive craning of the neck, was a stout, rubicund gentleman, who, in spite of his middle age, was chuckling over a flamboyant journal. It was clear that the contents of this infamous print suited the temperament of the reader as precisely as its colour scheme matched his complexion. Further investigations on the part of Mr. Binns led to the discovery that the rubicund student of anecdote, far from ignoring or resenting the feminine blandishments, was returning wink for ogle with considerable relish, in the intervals of sipping at an absurdly tiny glass of *crême-de-menthe*.

Mr. Binns, a great believer in the principle of keeping people in their place, was outraged. So much so, in fact, that he could only toy listlessly with the *merlan frit*, which oozed opulently over a decorative layer of frilled paper. The whole brazen episode was, morally speaking, besmirching the spotless napery of the Ingle Nook, and marring the soothing placidity of the magnificent dining-saloon, which at this early section of the afternoon was but sparsely attended. It was, indeed, an impressive scene. Marble pillars upheld the vaulted and delicately tinted ceiling, on whose pale opal background a bevy of juvenile angels draped (or, rather, undraped—but, of course, with strict decorum) in sunbeams and pink ribbon, sat astraddle of convenient masses of cloud. Above the gilded crystal bevelled mirrors, alternate red unicorns pursued alternate green peacocks around the dadoed perimeter of the hall. And with these glories of colour were mingled the intoxicating harmonies of the orchestra that, with unerring taste and a muffled silkiness of tone, was appropriately rendering "My Little Grey Home in the West." No wonder, then, that Mr. Binns felt outraged.

The ruins of the *merlan frit* had been removed with all due solemnity by a waiter who received each fresh behest of Mr. Binns with sympathetic and deferential approbation. He now had before him a portion of *poulet rôti aux épinards*, but its subtle flavour no longer enthralled him. The cognisance of this blatant and illicit gallantry poisoned each single morsel in the eating. Mr. Binns almost felt that he was an accomplice to this unbridled interchange of amorous signals.

Mr. Binns was altering his diet to a multi-coloured slab of *glace napolitaine* when he made the startling discovery that the racing periodical and its owner had vanished. That worthy's mantle, however, had fallen on a quaintly garbed youth, whose straw-coloured locks were brushed with amazing regularity and glossiness over an abbreviated forehead. His lips were connected by two straws to a glass of some cinnamon-coloured liquid. He was not slow to acknowledge the meretricious message by punctuating his vacant gaze with a series of amiable grins, repeated at odd intervals. Mr. Binns did not see all this, because he was not so ill-mannered as to stare, but what he did see enabled him to draw general conclusions about the depravity of what was going on. He felt very put out to think that such things should happen at the Ingle Nook. It was like seeing a Methodist chapel defiled by an exhibition of ju-jitsu.

Mr. Binns was now approaching the end of his meal, if so commonplace a word may be applied to so dignified a proceeding. He took a final gulp at his "Lohengrin" light lager (especially included in the one-and-threepenny schedule) and mechanically nibbled at a stray remainder of patent hygienic roll. The waiter now arrived with the crowning item, a cup of *café noir* (which Mr. Binns secretly detested) and a "Kopros" Egyptian cigarette. This he ignited with the aid of an ingenious contrivance, and then withdrew to respectful aloofness. It was while the sugar was dissolving that Mr. Binns made his most startling discovery of the afternoon. The whole concentrated ardour of the damsel's gaze was now focussed upon *him*. A swift backward glance confirmed his surmise that the rubicund sportsman's successor had also quitted the lists.

Mr. Binns, in spite of his better self, began to study the optical performance with closer interest. This scrutiny yielded sundry details that his previous observations, necessarily superficial as they were, had failed to disclose. There was a curious sudden raising of the pupils, a half-questioning uplift of the eyebrows, a slow drooping of the lids, an arch quivering of the lashes. The whole process became more bewildering through a capricious interplay of the lips, which began to curve into the rudiments of a smile. Mr. Binns watched with the intentness of an astronomer who conjectures the discovery of some new constellation. Suddenly the austerity of Mr. Binns melted with impotent and unstruggling capitulation. He found himself responding to the eloquent advances with such effect that the smile, gathering warmth and intensity, had soon developed far beyond the rudimentary stage. And it reached the natural limits of its progress as Mr. Binns arose, drew nearer with stumbling gait, and, in a voice which was like unto no voice he had ever heard before, stammered: "Good afternoon, miss."

P. SELVER.

NICHOLAS ALEXANDROVITCH: HIS MARK.

[The famous revolutionary journalist, Bourtseff, having returned to Russia to offer his services to the Tsar in connection with the war, was promptly arrested and has now been sent to Siberia for lèse-majesté.]

So, Nicholas, they thought to find thee changed:
Less coward, and less cunning, and less cruel!
The fools did homage, when they saw you ranged
Ready to fight for Freedom—that fair jewel.

When little Belgium faced the wicked Hun,
(As Finland might have done, if we had backed her!),
You marched (by proxy), shouldering a gun,
For Liberty, 'gainst Wilhelm, who'd attacked her.

This son of yours, who really had behaved
Towards your gracious rule uncommon badly,
Forgot himself and went, when flags were waved,
To fight for you, and Liberty, quite gladly.

He should have stayed away—he knows it now!
Those of your subjects who for Freedom sigh, sir,
Will find your little finger still, I trow,
Much thicker than the waist of any Kaiser.

He went to do the Little Father's will—
Such Quixotism sways you not a tittle,
'Tis evident, most dear ally, you're still
A doubtful father, but, without doubt, little!

LANGDON EVERARD.

THREE TALES.

BY MORGAN TUD.

III.—A PLEASANT SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

Croton was wholly to blame. Full of the madness of our times was he, although a doctor. "The medical profession," he would say, "are stick-in-the-muds. Like their primordial utricles they crawl. They cannot palpitate to the throbs of an aeroplane. They know not the visions of the upper atmospheres. Bah!" So we went.

The tiny hall was nearly full. Figures in black ushered us into our seats. Figures in black were everywhere. Surely we had strayed? I looked around at the congregation. People were grinning and chatting: weird anæmic women, some in trousers, some in skirts. "Let's begone," cried D'Arcy. "Croton is a fool." And then the hub-bub ceased. A strange, eager hush! A queer expectancy! Suddenly, a little man appeared on the platform before us, and immediately a hoarse cry of welcome rose in the hall, as of a flock of ravens a-croak.

A dapper little man was he, wide-shouldered, wasp-waisted, slick and active, with white hands and a white face, a narrow forehead, from which the dark hair was brushed flat back, a pair of fierce black moustachios, a small pouting mouth, a long thin nose, a pointed chin, prominent molars, and a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles. But his voice—mellow, and broad, and deep, trained to the note of the boom of the falling of many waters: yea, like unto the Niagara in all its glory was that voice.

"Dearly beloved brethren," it began. "Men and women of the Faith, I am here to-day to lecture, as you know, upon 'The Superman.'" For three-quarters of an hour it exhorted, exhorted and extolled, extolled and exhorted: "Brethren, quit ye like men, be strong"; "My brethren, only the noblest is hard; become hard"; "Dearly beloved brethren, hear what comfortable words our Lord and Master, Dionysos, saith unto all that truly turn to him"; and listening to that voice one forgot the frail hands, and the weakling face, the long thin nose, the pointed chin, the gold-rimmed spectacles.

"Look at these superfluous," it thundered forth. "They steal the works of inventors, and the treasures of the wise; their theft, their putrid theft, they call—Education. Diseased are they, and know it not; strumous, luetic; they vomit bile, yea, bitter bile, and call it—Culture. Lo! I teach you Superman. . . . Where mine honesty ceaseth, I am blind, and will be blind. But where I intend to know, I also will be honest, ay, hard, severe, narrow, cruel, cruel, inexorable. Lo! my brethren, I teach you Superman. . . . Ho! ye servile and weak-kneed! Ho! ye strumous and luetic! Ho! ye worms and slugs! What care ye for Superman? Verily, verily, I walk among men as among the fragments and limbs of cuttle-fish; fragments and limbs and dismal accidents, blind, insensate, imbecile, but no men! For he who is beautiful amongst you, O slugs, is but a discord, and he who is wise among you, O worms, is naught but the hybrid of a plant and a ghost. Man is something to be surpassed. What have ye done to surpass him, Cretius? O brethren, brethren, not your sin but your moderation crieth out unto heaven before Almighty God. . . ." But, alas! at this point the orator suddenly threw up his arms and fell forward in a deep faint.

"Make way!" cried D'Arcy. "Make way! Make way! We are medical men." The women gladly retreated, and we carried the little orator into the vestry. Quickly we undid his collar and waistcoat, and in an atmosphere heavily laden with odours of musk and rose we opened his silk shirt to find a pair of tightly-laced corsets. . . .

THE FORSAKEN PRINCESS.

In the mournful woods mysterious,
'Neath sighing branches high,
A pallid stripling wanders,
With many a groan and sigh.

His cheek is pale with sorrow,
And wildly gleam his eyes.
"Ah, what is the grief thou mournest
In burning tears and sighs?

"Has thy true love forsaken
And left thee alone to pine?"
"Alas, a heavier anguish,
A deadlier grief is mine.

"For once I adored a princess
With true, unseeking love.
I served her in silent worship,
Nor raised my eyes above.

"But now her sceptre is fallen,
Her faithless knights are fled,
And traitorous merchants triumph
O'er her abaséd head.

"In the populous mart at noonday
Her *price* they loud proclaim,
And traffic upon her honour,
And brand her brow with shame.

"Ah, proudly, proudly she bears it,
The furtive laugh obscene,
And folds her shame around her
Like the rich robes of a queen.

"The brave, the pure and the haughty,
With scornful mien pass by,
The shallow and faithless rabble
Loud mock her misery.

"But I, though worthless, and feeble
My hand, and faint my heart,
Shall never desert my princess
Nor from her side depart.

"In the ringing mart, at noonday,
Alone, I'll stand by her side,
And bear the jeers and the laughter,
In anguish and lonely pride.

"And when, in the sorrowful darkness,
She weeps disconsolate,
I'll cheer her with happy legends
Of her ancient royal state.

"And speak high words and dauntless
Of the sure approaching day
When her chains, like leaden vapours,
Shall melt and roll away.

"And, 'mid her well-loved people,
A queen again she'll reign . . . .
Alas, the shame and the torture,
The gyve's hard, chilling pain! . . .

"But know'st thou, then, this princess,
Whom all men scorn and shun?
She is called the Princess Britain,
This fair, forsaken one." EDWARD MOORE.

A THING OF THE PAST.

Where once stood Gillman's Pianoforte Factory and Furniture Depository has now been erected the "New Queen's Cinema," an enormous hall, accommodating nearly two thousand people. The prices range from threepence to a shilling, every seat being plush-covered and tip-up. A first-class orchestra is engaged. On the other corner of the road is situate the Church—a cold, white stone building, affording a vivid contrast to the "New Queen's," with its brilliant blue and gold façade.

Week by week the crowds which lined up outside the "Queen's" increased in size, and on Sundays it was only by waiting in the long queue that one could get inside at all. But at the Church on the other corner only a few sombre figures could be seen entering. The Church stood outside the circle of light which shone from the Cinema upon the roadway, and was shrouded in darkness. Before the service commenced the Rev. Cyril Black would stand for a few moments in the gateway of the little churchyard and contemplate the great crowds of people who struggled to get inside the Cinema. He also noted the new branch of "Gayland," which had been opened opposite next to the Boots Chemists. This was also crowded, mostly by happy young people who participated in all the fun of the fair. Some were shooting with real rifles at coloured celluloid balls, which danced upon water-jets: others were fixing rubber pipes into their ears and listening to the latest rag-time melody upon the gramophone. Two young women, with golden hair, were in charge of the shooting range. At the entrance it was possible to try one's weight for a halfpenny. A large electric piano provided the music in penn'orths.

The Rev. Cyril Black stood watching the scene with a frown. The old verger, a man who had been attached to the church for forty years, and who could remember the High Street when it was a country lane, commenced to ring the bell. Its monotonous sound was drowned by the noise of motor-cycles, trams, 'buses, and the continual cracking of the rifles from "Gayland." In a momentary lull the Rev. Cyril Black heard a few bars of music from the Grand Electric Piano. He glanced towards the Cinema. A Commissionaire, in a scarlet and gold uniform, was fixing a large board above the entrance. Upon it was printed, "House Full."

The Rev. Cyril Black turned suddenly and entered the empty church. A. F. T.

EARTH IMAGES.

I walked within a city strange and far
And saw a shadow through an alley fleeing;
I walked unseen amidst the never-seeing—
And there were many shadows that were calling
From lighted windows. O'er the roofs were falling
The reddened ashes of a perished star,
And leaves from trees. And then I knew that all
That lives or sings or weeps aloud or stammers—
The town that moans, the beggar-child that clamours—
Is but as sculpture broken by the hammers
The years upon the hollow world let fall.

HERMAN SCHEFFAUER.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

INTERNATIONAL SOCIALISM.

Sir,—Although the movement towards a Guild organisation of society contains elements unique of itself, it is, broadly considered, a development from the earlier Socialist movement. It has given form and substance to what before was inchoate and obscurantist. Political, or obscurantist, Socialism, as was foreseen by many writers and thinkers so far back as 1903-4, absorbed the vital energies of Socialism, leaving it attenuated and bloodless. Nevertheless, Socialism, reasonably interpreted, is democracy applied to life, and, if we Guildsmen have found it necessary to scourge its political activities as premature, weakening, and wrongly conceived, we must be careful, in emptying the bath, not to throw away the baby. In plain terms, we must preserve intact our democratic principles. The war has not only rendered life but thought abnormal. All the more reason, then, why we should keep our heads. Democracy has not been killed by the war, although there are people who like to think so, the wish being father to the thought.

Mr. S. Verdad is a case in point. In the issues of December 24, 1914, and January 7, 1915, he gloats over the apparent discomfiture of the Socialists, particularly in the international aspect. He writes (January 7): "It is remarkable enough that all the Socialists of the world have not yet been able to propose a satisfactory settlement of the war." As though anybody else "in the world" could do it. He then quotes, with an undercurrent of derision, a number of statements by Socialists, and alleged Socialists, to prove what feeble folk they are. He includes Mr. Crooks amongst them, on the ground, presumably, that he is, or was, a member of the Fabian Society, a stroke of unconscious humour. He drags in Jean Grave, of "La Bataille Syndicaliste." Those who have met Jean Grave will, of course, smile at this second stroke of unconscious humour. He quotes a new year's greeting from Rosa Luxemburg, a remarkable woman, who has forgotten more international politics than Mr. Verdad ever knew. As though a new year's greeting is the proper occasion for elaborating the "settlement" of a gigantic war.

Let us, however, do Mr. Verdad justice. He himself has propounded a solution. In THE NEW AGE of October 1, 1914, we have it in black and white. Here, in all their radiance, are his ipsissima verba:—"The proposal I venture to put forward is that, since the German Empire cannot be got rid of in its entirety, it should, after the war, be made to include the German provinces of Austria; and that Austria should in future be regarded as the head of the German Empire, and not Prussia." This was probably a conversational crumb dropped at some demi-semi-diplomatic dinner. It was picked up by a footman, who handed it to the butler, who, with a knowing wink, gave it to the housekeeper, who, over a cup of tea, passed it on to the cook, who garrulously tipped it to a kitchen-maid, who contemptuously threw it into the dustbin. It was picked out of the dustbin by the tweenie, who, with an amorous caress, in the dark, down the kitchen area, gave it to Mr. Verdad. Why Mr. Verdad should perpetually foist this wench's tittle-tattle on the readers of THE NEW AGE is a conundrum I have never yet been able to solve. Nor can I fathom his own obtuseness. For quite a number of years, he has been booming his tweenie's revelations, which have invariably proved to be silly mare's nests. He is, to put it bluntly, a credulous fool. And, like all credulous fools he can be tricky in a mean way. Thus, he states that the German Socialists regard this as a holy war. They do nothing of the kind. But observe how he makes his assertion: "The good doctor overlooks the fact that his fellow-countrymen—Socialists, Junkers and otherwise—regard this as a holy war—'der heilige krieg' is a frequent reference in German papers of all shades of opinion." So far as representative Socialist opinion in Germany is concerned, Mr. Verdad is romancing. Romance is his only charm, and we will leave it at that. But the writer, whose "settlement" of the war is to "regard"—yes, "regard"—Austria as the head of the German Empire (particularly after her German provinces have been given to Germany) who twits the Socialists with having no "satisfactory settlement," writes himself down as rank Fleet Street, and unfit for NEW AGE company.

I make three observations on the German Social Democratic party:—

(i) For years past, it has been motived by fear of Russian Tsarism—a fear which many of us share. We must remember that, technically at least, German mobilisation was in reply to Russian mobilisation. We must remember, too, that the Russian diplomatist, in the most formal manner, assured Germany that its mobilisation was not directed against Germany, but was in reply to Austrian mobilisation. In Austria, there is not the least doubt that the fear of pan-Serbianism was a vital factor in the situation. So far, all was plain sailing. Germany, by a war against Russia, would subserve two objectives: the clipping of Russia's wings and the strengthening of her own ally. Had that been all, and had I been a German Social Democrat, I do not see how I could have resisted war. In my heart, at least, I should not have been particularly sorry about it. Next came the consideration of France and Belgium. We now know that the German Autocracy gave the Social Democrats assurances as to Belgium which were broken. I should have lamented war against France, but what could I do? And, at that time, the whole of Germany believed that Great Britain would remain neutral. In these circumstances, the attitude of the German Social Democratic party was intelligible, although they subsequently discovered that they had been grossly deceived by their own bureaucracy—an experience not unknown to English Socialists. Great Britain has yet to discover whether, in exorcising the Prussian devil, she has not called up a more evil spirit from the vasty East.

(ii) I am six thousand miles from the scene of action, and am naturally out of touch with the more intimate facts, but I venture to assert that the German Social Democrats exacted promises from their Government that, win or lose, a more democratic constitution should be conceded. I cannot conceive it possible, save on the hypothesis that they are as stupid as our own Labour party, that they blindly voted supplies without some such definite undertaking as a *quid pro quo*. I am content to let developments prove my guess.

(iii) It is altogether premature to assume that the war has broken the German Social Democrats. On the contrary, we may find that it has strengthened them. There is a dreadful reckoning waiting for the German bureaucracy. Moreover, German capitalism has been hard hit. Pro tanto, this strengthens the relative economic power of the German proletariat. Increased economic power, even though relative and not absolute, spells greater political power. Mr. Verdad and others would do well to hold their breath to cool their porridge.

On the general question, the main fact that emerges is that, with one or two exceptions, notably Hervé, the Socialists of Europe have run true to form. "International" does not mean cosmopolite. In its earlier days, Socialism showed a tendency towards the cosmopolitan, but the International Congress of 1896 settled the point, which was afterwards dramatically re-affirmed at Amsterdam. We all know of Bebel's declaration. Mr. Verdad seems to think that Jaurès was cosmopolitan. He was as keen a Frenchman as Bebel was a German. We all know that the rôle of Socialism was to aim at universal peace by bringing pressure upon our respective Governments. It succeeded over the Moroccan tangle; this time it has failed.

The mistake made by every national Socialist group was that they falsely assumed that political power was real power. THE NEW AGE has been warning them of their error for years past. And now the French Yellow Book proves beyond cavil that economic power did not reside in formal politics but really rested with the bankers, manufacturers, shippers, exporters, armament manufacturers, and profiteers of a like ilk. And we now know that the profiteers had decided for war.

If then the German, French, and British Socialists will grasp the fundamental fact that it is only by the economic integration of their own class, national and international, that they can exercise real power, this war will not have been in vain. But at what a cost!

S. G. H.

ITALIAN DALMATIA.

Sir,—It was, I believe, an English diplomat who once said, "First comes a fib, then a lie, and lastly Austrian statistics." The Imperial Royal Government has, however, set great store by this branch of statesmanship, and has used it to blind its anti-national policy in Bosnia, as also in Trieste and Dalmatia.

As I have said in this paper on another occasion, Dalmatia is Italian historically as well as racially and culturally. So late as Campofomio, Napoleon, while robbing Venice of her liberty, for strategic and political reasons incorporated Istria and Dalmatia into the newly formed kingdom of Italy. The tradition is clear and unassailable, from whatever point of view one may look at it.

Dalmatia was first conquered by Rome in the second century B.C., so as to free the Adriatic from the Illyrian pirates who occupied it, and were called respectively Dalmatians in the north and Liburnians in the south. These Illyrians had nothing whatsoever to do with the Slavs, and had been completely absorbed by Latinity when the Slavs broke into Dalmatia in the seventh century A.D. This invasion pushed the native population to the coast and the islands, where they definitely settled as Latin municipia under the nominal suzerainity of Byzantium, the successor of Rome in the Adriatic, until its place was later taken by the Republic of Venice. About the eleventh century, Doge Pietro Orseolo II conquered the whole of the coast-line as far as Le Bocche di Cattaro, with the exception of the territory of the Republic of Ragusa, to protect the Adriatic from the pirates of the Narenta. In 1409 Venice acquired all the rights that Ladislaus of Naples and King of Hungary claimed over Dalmatia.

During the whole of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance the dealings between Hungary and Serbia and Dalmatia were of a friendly nature, the cities of the latter being considered as equals and sovereign States. The collection of statutes and ordinances were either written in Latin or translated into Italian, and were essentially Roman in character. These covered a period of 500 years (until 1808). One case alone has been found of a statute translated into the Serbian language and bearing traces of Serbian law. This is that of the little mountain Republic of Poglizza, where many Serbs and Croatians fled during the Turkish invasion. Each and every detail of the life, the language, the customs, the place-names, the religion, and the arts of Dalmatia, as well as its people, prove it to be Latin and Italian, just as are the cities and the people on the other side of the Adriatic.

There are many, however, who will question this statement as not being true at the present, though it may have been in the past. Dalmatia, they say, is Serbian; the Italians are in a great minority. Furthermore, Serbia and Croatia need an outlet. As to the latter argument, Italy does not make any objection. It is a case for mutual understanding and goodwill. As a proof of this, Italy would rest content with the strip of Dalmatia from the Zermanya to the Warenta; Croatia would have the coast from Fiume to the Zermanya, and Serbia the coast of Dalmatia from the Narenta to the Boyana, over 140 miles long.

Since the defeat of Sadowa and other unfortunate Western ventures, Austria determined at all costs to force her way eastward towards Salonika. An immediate result of this *Drang nach Osten* policy was the Croatisation and the Slavicisation of Dalmatia. It commenced by attempting to awake a national spirit among the Croatians and Slavs at the expense of the Italians, and in order to accomplish this it started, among other things, to prove the Slavic character and origin of Dalmatia by misreading and even deliberately misinterpreting the documents and remains in the archives. It attempted further to Slavicise Italian culture by assuming that Dalmatian poets and writers of the Renaissance, such as Flora Zuzzeri (Zuzzerich), Giovanni Gondola (Gundulich), who happened to have translated several Italian classics into Croatian, were ipso facto not Italian but Croatians, and accordingly modified their names. Had they lived to-day, they would doubtlessly have been counted as Croatians in the census of Dalmatia. I know personally of cases in which families who are wholly Italian even in name, and violently anti-Austrian to wit, but who happen to occupy important Government posts, are put down as Croatians or Serbs. It is frequent in Dalmatia to find families of Italian parents whose children are put down as Croatians or Serbs.

The official statistics of 1910, duly tampered with by the Croatian communes of Dalmatia, gave only 20,000 Italian inhabitants, while the Italians in reality amount at least to 60,000. In support of this statement Prof. Dudan points out that during the last general election (1911) with universal suffrage, the Italian candidates in the eleven electoral districts received 6,000 votes. The percentage of voters was 50 per cent., so that the voters may roughly be taken to be 12,000. As in Austria each voter under universal suffrage is calculated as representing five inhabitants (women, children, and men up to 24 years of age), the total of Italian inhabitants would amount to 60,000. Another striking instance of Austrian malpractice is given by the Island of Lesina. In 1880 it had 314 Italian inhabitants per 1,000. Ten years later the whole island had only 27 Italians left, and this without any epidemic or sudden emigration. Now as to actual figures. The total population of Dalmatia is 600,000 inhabitants. Of these, 400,000 are totally uncivilised, and live in the Carsus and the Dinaric Alps, and take no part in the life of the country; 100,000 are mixed Slav and Italian in equal degree. As regards the remainder, 60,000 are pure Italian and 40,000 pure Slavs and Croatians. So much for the validity of this argument.

There is, however, another and directer way of ousting the Italians from Dalmatia: the forced importation of Serbs and Croatians from the countryside. In connection with this, it may be interesting to observe that until 50 years ago the Italian coast-dwellers and the inland agricultural Slav population were very friendly, neither infringing the other's domains. Austrian domination, however, has modified these conditions. It has sought by every means to sow dissension and to awaken racial antagonism. This policy is in itself one of the best proofs of the purely Italian character of Dalmatia. As in Bosnia-Herzegovina since Austrian annexation, so here the Catholic Church, subsidised by the Government, has been a powerful ally in the work of denationalisation. But whereas in Bosnia it tried to destroy the Orthodox Church and so strike at the heart of the Serbian race, in Dalmatia it has been used to create a schism in the Church. Until very recently the parish priests and the bishops were Italians; few of the Slav population were sufficiently cultured to enter the priesthood, hence in some parishes the Latin language was replaced by special dispensation by the native dialect (Glagolitic). At present, wherever a vacancy occurs, it is filled by Slavs and Croatians who are anti-Italian and have gone so far as to refuse baptism and burial in consecrated ground to Italian Catholics. They have also disregarded the papal decrees limiting the use of Glagolitic to those churches where the custom has prevailed for over ten years.

The same policy has been adopted with regard to the administrative side of Dalmatian life. Until 1883 the whole local government was managed by Italians. Intellectually and economically superior—the agricultural population around the towns and inland had no culture to speak of, and what they had, as in the case of Bosnia, was Latin and Italian—Italian civilisation absorbed any element that came into contact with it; Italian money endowed schools and commercial enterprises; Italian, too, were the ideals and aspirations of the people to whom the Adriatic was, and is, not a barrier but a link. The life of the coast towns of the peninsula and Venice is in constant and immediate touch with those on the coast of Dalmatia. The boundaries of Italy lie across this, that might be compared to an Italian lake, in the Dinaric Alps and the Carsus. Nor is it a physical and technical frontier, but a natural one. Without Dalmatia, the whole coast-line from the Po to the Cape Sta Maria di Leuca lies open to the Power that happens to control the Adriatic.

Since 1883 the Slav invasion, stimulated and aided by Austria, has slowly been making headway. In that year the comune of Spalato, the largest town in Dalmatia, through incredible electioneering fraud and actual violence—during the elections the city was placed under martial law, Italian voters were arrested so as to prevent them voting, or their votes annulled—fell into Croatian hands. The same thing occurred in other important towns. Not only according to law, the official language was Italian, Serb or Croatian being only allowed for external purposes, but any foreigner wishing to settle in the Dalmatian towns had to learn it in order to be admitted into polite society or to trade with the Italians. In 1912 this law was revoked by a ministerial decree (sic)! This work of forced Croatisation has been further helped through the establishment of numerous Croatian schools in which the Italian language is not taught or

spoken, while, on the other hand, the Government has suppressed and as far as possible prohibited Italian schools, even though self-supporting.

Thus on all sides Austria is carrying on her intensive campaign of denationalisation in Dalmatia, imposing violently a new, forced, and unnatural Slav civilisation. Italy has no desire to prevent or to hinder the natural expansion of the Croatians or the Serbs, but can no longer stand by and watch a part of her people being strangled inch by inch by an artificial force which under the cloak of nationalism violates the elementary principles of the rights of nationality.

ARUNDEL DEL RÉ.

* * *

THE UKRAINE AND PRUSSIA.

Sir,—Professor Rohrbach has recently published an amazing article in "Das Grossere Deutschland" under the title, "Us and Russia." The *us* applied to those fat-headed but efficient dolts—the semi-Polish, semi-Lettish Prussians who led the German nations into trouble. "Russia is to be rendered powerless," says Rohrbach, "by cutting off from it those provinces on which its industrial life depends." Of course, Dr. Rohrbach meant to echo the claims of another dullard who expressed himself no less clearly in the "Vossiche Zeitung." The article was reported in the London Press on October 29 last. It is clear that Prussia will try to grab the Ukraine, and, by the living soul of "Mother Cossack," I can promise the Prussians a rattling reception. There are, so far as I know, three Ukrainian leaders who feed on Prussian crumbs, and the three of them enjoy among their countrymen a most unenviable reputation. There are thousands of Ukrainians who respect Austrian rule—but Prussia!

Lithuanians and Poles were the worst enemies of the Ukraine from early times. It was to escape Lithuanians and Poles that the Ukraine threw herself into the arms of Muscovy. Yet, Dr. Rohrbach thinks that the mangy mongrels who are the outcome of the Lithuano-Polish union could be received in Russian and Austrian Ukraine otherwise than with scythes, whips and the contents of *pots-de-chambre*!

The "Vossiche Zeitung" remarked that "although the possession of Russian Poland is exceedingly advantageous from a military standpoint, even greater benefit would accrue to Germany if she could plant her foot firmly in Little Russia." So, that is it! For three years I have endeavoured to make the British and American public acquainted with what was before the war an international problem of great importance to any Power interested in the Mediterranean Sea. Moved by a genuine feeling of pity for the long sorrow of the Ukrainians I became anti-Muscovite and took up the case of an unhappy nation in the process of re-birth. I had against me all those who, in Russia and her lickspittle Poland, alleged that the whole Ukraine problem was a fake destined to hide Prussian designs upon the bounteous plains of the Russian Ukraine. Of course, it was true that German ambassadors intrigued behind the back of Austrian diplomats in that way, but I, and several Englishmen who visited the Ukraine with me, knew that the national revival among Little Russians and Ruthenes was no fake. I have had sufficient dealings with Ukrainian leaders and peasants to be able to affirm that no fate could be more hateful to them all than that which Prussia has thought out for their country. If the Ukrainians have not yet obtained recognition of their national rights, at least they may still hope to reach that goal some day after a period of lighter rule under Austria or Russia or both. Under the Prussian heel they would be like German Poles and Alsatians.

If a Muscovite school teacher beats a Ukrainian child—well, he at least is a Slav; if not a brother, at least a kinsman. He understands the remarks of his pupils' parents. But the Prussian!

The open desire of Prussia shows how well Austria was "dished" by her ally. Like Turkey, she has been misled. She is to-day bearing the brunt of the fight in the East. As all our correspondents assert, the Austrian troops are fighting a good deal harder than the Prussians and their satellites. Her soldiers are apparently fighting *pour le roi de Prusse*. So far as we of the Ukraine Committee working in the Anglo-Saxon world are concerned, we do not intend to work for the *roi de Prusse*. If I were not convinced that all Ukrainians but three rascally idiots repudiate the idea with disgust I would this very day lay down my pen, still my voice, and go in for plum-picking with Messrs. Stephen Graham, H. G. Wells, and other one-eyed magpies.

GEORGE RAFFALOVICH.

SPORT AS USUAL.

Sir,—All the cant about "Business as Usual" has been brilliantly exploded in your exhilarating columns, and now I beg to add something on the subject of that greater national cant of Britain—"Sport as Usual." I see, as my compatriot Mister Dooley used to say, by the papers (our mendacious American Press that first told you the truth about the "Audacious") that a pack of beagles have been shipped to the front for the benefit of your officers. Both Germany and America—indeed, all the world—have long known that they are most awfully keen on sport. At the beginning of the war some of the cant about the Britisher having an advantage over the German, because of his natural *shikkar* instincts, even seriously impressed the naïf and lethargic Junker.

But I really am not challenging you to precipitate anything on so sacred a matter as sportsmanship, especially now we have grown accustomed to credit this particular quality to the scions of your great "beerage and peerage" class. Rather I am referring to an item which may have run foul of the Censor, and thus was denied your simple, trusting eyes. It seems that a long and delightful series of "junkets," of exciting week-ends at the front for the great ladies of London, has been summarily stopped by General Joffre. No less a *grande dame* than a Cabinet Minister's wife was turned back in her motor ruthlessly by General Joffre's firm but courteous aide-de-camp!

Now, all this must be admitted to be infinitely more sporting! While you are "fighting for existence," the great ladies of London must continue to occupy a "place in the sun" to preen their feathers. While the poor devils from the streets have left their wives and mothers behind to the tender mercies of an insulting, paternalistic Government, so they can have the privilege of giving their worthless lives to Old England—the rear of the British lines maintains a weekly orgy of champagne and "visits." Instead of your precious cruisers and destroyers maintaining a safe lane across the Channel for private yachts, they should be protecting the women and children of men at the front from the coast raids of the Germans. However, the situation has its compensations. Doubtless General French, like a good bluff soldier, feared his officers would grow "down-hearted," and conceded *place aux dames*. But one wonders where the vigilant, misogynistic Kitchener was; surely he wasn't afraid of "the lady with the serpent tongue"? However, there is something quite awesome to us about you British when facing the jaws of death; you simply can't die meanly; even Wellington's officers followed the fox during their campaigns. I, on behalf of the people who are proud of having licked you at Bunker Hill, must add my humble tribute of recognition. You certainly are the most awfully sporting people in the world, by gad, sir!

New York. MILTON C. KEEP.

* * *

ARMY INOCULATION.

Sir,—The arguments in support of anti-typhoid inoculation become more interesting as they develop. In his article in the "Times" of September 28, stating the "case for compulsion," Sir Almroth Wright said: "An army on going out on active service goes from the sanitary conditions of civilisation straight back to those of barbarism. It goes out to confront dangers which have, in settled communities, been so completely extinguished as to have passed almost out of mind." It was precisely for this reason that Sir Almroth Wright pleaded for the compulsory inoculation of our troops: the "sanitation" that your correspondent, Mr. Frederick Dillon, so derides was asserted by Sir Almroth Wright as the prime and principal cause of the "complete extinction" of typhoid in civilised life. Dr. William Hunter, the Senior Physician to the London Fever Hospital, writing in the "Times" of February 10, even attributes "the small number of cases" which have occurred among our troops to "the exceptional efficiency with which the Army Medical and Sanitary Corps have carried out their heavy and responsible duties." Apparently, the experts in typhoid fever have more respect for "sanitation" than has Mr. Dillon; and they do not find it necessary to put the word in quotation marks whenever they use it.

But Dr. Hunter's letter has more interest than this, for he adduces some facts which seem to give the lie both to his own assumption and that of Sir Almroth Wright. He tells us that "during the 20 years, 1848-1867, the number of cases admitted [to the London Fever Hospital] was 3,897, and the mortality was 16 per cent. During the 35 years, 1872-1906, the number of cases admitted into the

Asylum Board Hospitals of London was 21,382, and the mortality was 16.4 per cent. Although the incidence of typhoid fever is now very low, as compared with that in former years, these figures show that all our vastly improved measures of treatment in respect of care, nursing, and medical treatment have not in any way affected its mortality in those attacked." It will, of course, be instantly inferred by most people that the case-mortality of our troops, "living," as Dr. Hunter says, "under the most appalling conditions of exposure, discomfort, and physical endurance to which troops were ever subjected—conditions, moreover, specially favouring those under which typhoid fever was most likely to prevail," would be higher than the civilian case-mortality; but the inference would be wrong. The "sanitary conditions of barbarism," to use Sir Ahuroth Wright's phrase, are actually coincident with a lower case-mortality than is customary in civilised life; Dr. Hunter says: "Despite the most adverse conditions, the number of cases is astonishingly small; the mortality, even among those not protected by inoculation, has been only 11 per cent., or 5 per cent. below the average of civilian cases."

We are thus faced with the fact that under "the most adverse conditions," the case-mortality is 5 per cent. lower than it is under the most suitable conditions for recovery; and it cannot be pretended that this reduction of the case-mortality is due to inoculation, for 34 out of the 35 deaths occurred among the uninoculated. What may be the explanation of this curious fact, I do not pretend to know; it cannot be inoculation, and it does not seem that previous good health will explain it, for Dr. Hunter says: "Another peculiar fact relating to the disease is that neither previous good health nor station in life affects this mortality. For it has long been observed that the strong and robust succumb not less but even more readily to it than the weak and feeble; and the disease is probably more fatal among the upper classes than among the very poor." Altogether, typhoid seems to be a most tantalising disease, contradicting everybody who expresses a definite opinion about it. The strong and robust succumb more readily to typhoid: Our troops are the physically best of the nation:

Therefore, the case-mortality is 5 per cent. lower than among civilians. This does not seem to be a logical syllogism; let us try another.

The sanitary conditions of civilisation are inimical to typhoid: Our troops are living under conditions amid which typhoid is likely to prevail:

Therefore, the number of cases is astonishingly small.

This is no more satisfactory than the other syllogism; but I suggest that all the facts are not before us. Surely, as your editorial writer has suggested, there must be a large number of naturally immune men, or the sanitary conditions cannot be so deplorable as Sir Almroth Wright supposed that they would be; or, perhaps, there is a measure of truth in both hypotheses. But if the latter hypothesis has any validity at all, it ought to be possible to narrow the sphere of inquiry. If we knew that the cases of typhoid occurred in a limited number of regiments, stationed in a limited area, and that the sanitary conditions of that area were, for whatever reason, abominable, and it was also proved that only a few men in those regiments had been inoculated, the value of the figures as an argument for inoculation would be nil; for the fact would be that a larger proportion of uninoculated men had been exposed to infection. Something of the sort has been suggested, not only in relation to our Army, but to the French and Belgian Armies. Statistical evidence is only valuable when its application is precise, and it cannot be precisely applied when none of the concomitant facts are known. The figures quoted by Sir William Leishman afford only prima facie proof of the value of inoculation; they really do no more than grant the right of hearing to the advocates of inoculation. If these advocates are really imbued with the scientific spirit, as they pretend to be, they will now proceed to the rigorous proof of their assertions. In the circumstances, seeing that typhoid in this war is the most perverse of diseases, and we know nothing of the degree of immunity, natural or acquired, possessed by our men, I venture to think that they will only convince themselves that inoculation has reduced the case-mortality of uninoculated troops to 5 per cent. less than the civilian rate.

J. L. MURRAY.

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Sir,—Does your correspondent Mr. Frederick Dillon mean to suggest that if it could be proved that 200,000 men went out in the Expeditionary Force without being inoculated, while less, say, than 100 were inoculated, and the majority of cases of typhoid occurred among the former number, the ratio of cases to class would not matter? Sir William Leishman admitted at a meeting at the Royal Sanitary Institute that the figures without percentages were valueless to establish a correct scientific conclusion, but since he made that confession he has put forward, as part of a strenuous campaign, the same kind of figures.

Let me say at once that I do not altogether trust the statistics collected by enthusiasts for particular treatments. We have had one case in England of a man dying from inoculation, and so described in the death certificate, pneumonia being given as a secondary cause. The attending medical man told the relatives that the pneumonia was of a "septic" form, arising from the inoculation. Sir William Osler has stated that "this is evidently one of the pneumonias from exposure, such as might happen to anyone." Here the wish surely was father to the thought; and I ask—is the wish ever likely to dictate the recording, as typhoid deaths, of deaths in which a secondary cause was contributory? How is it that Sir Frederick Treves, whose figures have been quoted over the length and breadth of the land, omitted all reference to the typhoid case recorded by the "British Medical Journal" of January 9?

This thing ought to be judged scientifically, not statistically. The basis of the theory is that one attack of disease is protective against another; and experience proves that that is false. Reason is outraged by the assertion that an uninoculated soldier should not be allowed to travel, "lest he bring back infection" to the camps. What proof is there that typhoid is infectious at all? How is it that, in spite of the large number of uninoculated men at the front, there has been so little typhoid? Had they all been inoculated, it would have been undoubtedly asserted that, had this not been so, typhoid would have decimated our forces. The incidence of typhoid depends on *conditions;* and the number of persons attacked (whether out of a certain number or without such percentage rate) depends upon the actions and habits of the individual. The figures given by Mr. Dillon can be contradicted by others, in which it was the inoculated and not the uninoculated who happened to suffer most from typhoid.

Mr. Dillon appears to have confused two issues when he accuses me of contradiction. I remarked that there "was no evidence to show either way" what was the proportion of typhoid cases to inoculation groups; but I had definite evidence of an attempt "to minimise the failure of inoculation to protect." The figures have been so given to the man in the street that he would unhesitatingly quote, for the "uninoculated deaths," those which Sir Frederick Treves includes under the term "unprotected." He wrote, "Of these, 201 were *unprotected men;* 173 had not been inoculated at all, while 28 had received one inoculation or had not been inoculated for a period of over two years." I say that the inclusion of these 28 among the "unprotected" is a method of playing with statistics which cannot appeal to any intelligent statistician. By putting them back into the class of "protected" we could alter the percentages, were any percentages given. But as they are not given, the whole of the statistics are valueless.

WALTER R. HADWEN, M.D., J.P.,
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32, Charing Cross, S.W.

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THE VOLUNTEER MOVEMENT.

Sir,—In his Military Notes last week, "Romney" commences a paragraph with the words: "I cannot let this week pass without animadverting upon the appalling tomfoolery that goes on under the pretext of Volunteer Corps and National Guards." That is mere abuse, but some statements of fact and expressions of opinion he gives to justify his attitude admit of answers.

Putting aside for the moment all questions of utility, the movement is inevitable for the following reason. A decent man who is unable to get to the fighting line cannot take his recreation in ordinary games at the present time. The great game for life or death of the nation is being played now, and to those who cannot take immediate part in it the only recreative exercise that seems worth taking part in is military training. Call it "play" if you like, it is the only play worth playing. It is not "playing the fool."

As to waste of money in uniforms and rifles, your contributor should inquire as to the facts. The expense of these items in the corps of which I am a member is slightly over £5, not ten or twenty. What is the total

cost of a year's golf? If one does a thing at all, one may as well do it well, and I need not explain to your military critic the stimulus to smartness and efficiency given by the wearing of uniform and the carrying of arms.

As to competition with the State for clothing and equipment, "Romney" may leave the State to see to that. It has done so by, very properly, placing an embargo on the supply of service clothing material, and service weapons to anyone not in the Regular Forces. The permitted clothing is serviceable, and the permitted rifle is a sound weapon, and probably more useful in the hands of other than the most highly trained troops than a magazine rifle. It is not an "obsolete" weapon.

These are minor points. "Romney" gets to essentials when he talks about the "enemy who will never come." It seems likely that he will not come—now; but there was a time when his coming was quite probable, and we are hardly out of the wood yet. In such an emergency a body of, say, a quarter of a million men who have for six months devoted their spare time to the acquisition of habits of discipline (and that is the main object of drill), and who have passed tests of proficiency in shooting, etc., might be very useful, if not in the firing line, at all events behind it. They might set free a very considerable number of men for more active services at the front. And if, as "Romney" says, the Government has provided a force of Regulars and Territorial troops outnumbering the invader by six to one; well, then, a less number might suffice with the help of a few hundred thousand volunteers to be employed on lines of communication and similar services. It is in France that we want every fully trained man we can put there, whether the Germans are attempting invasion of this country or not.

I mention a quarter of a million, and not the million who are commonly stated to have enrolled in the Volunteer Force. I think one may safely assume that one man in four at least would be efficient for such duties as I have indicated.

There is another aspect of the matter. Many words have been wasted about the danger of permitting any but the Regular Forces to take any belligerent part; about the provocation of Belgian atrocities, and general reprisals. But can anything be more certain, if the Germans land here, than that every male person (I say nothing of women and little girls) who falls into their hands will be killed or suffer unpleasantness that many would think worse? There will be no distinction between regular soldiers, volunteers, or armed civilians. How can Germans in England take any prisoners? It is the people without arms who will feel miserable in that day. The volunteer can at least have the satisfaction of taking a shot at the enemy.

The authorities are quite right to give no encouragement to the movement. They want all their energies for more urgent matters. All the Volunteers ask for is liberty, so far as is compatible with the paramount needs of the active Army, to get themselves trained and provide themselves with serviceable equipment at their own charges, and that liberty they receive. If, in the day of emergency, a body of disciplined men, armed, and proficient in shooting, can present themselves to the Government, one may be sure that the Government will be glad enough to find ammunition for them, and posts where they can be of service.

P. H. HEPBURN.

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BEFORE AND NOW.

Sir,—THE NEW AGE has a long memory, as well as a strong non-commercial position. It has often been able to make its opponents eat their own words, or lay bare the shoddy defences of their soul. The last delectable instance of this occurs in its treatment of the Harrison-Levy episode, in which the Harmsworthian office-boy editor of that "adult" review and Masefieldian prize-ring stands self-damned not only by his treacherous would-be patriotic letter to the press, but also by his utterances before the war, and, most of all, by the very words and spirit with which he defends his scurrilous action. Was ever retort more puerile—more congested and beslobbered with impotent fury, falsehood, and ignoble spite? You have made the man measure himself by a convulsive peristaltic movement along a particularly nasty bit of ground and upon the inch-scale of his own character.

THE NEW AGE, too, was first to warn us against the charlatanism of the much-beboomed H. G. Wells. I once enjoyed his pseudo-scientific fictitional hash, and even thought it superior to the brand of Jules Verne. I once thought the man really had a mission or a message. But the hurricane of the war has not only unmasked him—as it has so many other vulgar and inflated minds—but it has literally unroofed and unseated him. We used to watch him stand like a Bengal firework or set-piece upon the shaky walls that separate the domains of sex and sociology, and right torrentially he kept his squibs and sparkers going according to his favourite and hackneyed diagrams. And now? Instead of admonishing his suburban multitudes to coolness with that mock-Olympian pose of aloofness he was wont to make in the market-place of the fiction-mongers, he sweats ink and blood as he stokes the fires of international hate and tribal passion. A pitiful backslider on his own Socialistic principles, his published pro-German convictions and his "scientific" deductions as to the superiority of that nation. He has become a pathetic example of that very muddle-headedness at which he used to sneer. The man's impudent and ignorant proposals for the re-organisation of Europe, for instance! His comically revised opinion of the enemy and the enemy's institutions!—that bombardment of jingo shibboleths with which he imagines he "helps."

In order to confound him with a cold douche out of his own mouth—let the following be quoted against him—*ante-bellum* and possibly sincere words of his which I have just come across:—

"We in Great Britain are now intensely jealous of Germany. We are intensely jealous of Germany not only because the Germans outnumber us, and have a much larger and more diversified country than ours, and lie in the very heart and body of Europe, but because in the last hundred years, while we have fed on platitudes and vanity, they have had the energy and humility to develop a splendid system of national education, to toil at science and art and literature, to develop social organisation, to master and better our methods of business and industry, and to clamber above us in the scale of civilisation. This has humiliated and irritated rather than chastened us."

Let H. G. Wells proceed perspiringly to prove that white is now as green as black.

HARVEY L. FENWICK.

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THE COTTON AGREEMENTS.

Sir,—If, in my article on Cotton Trade Agreements, I merely succeeded in scoring a verbal point, I am sorry. I have no time to waste on such vanities, and I know that that department can be left safely to theorists, experts, and lawyers.

Messrs. Cole and Mellor claimed that the recent agreements are a substantial victory for the operatives. I, an operative, subject to these agreements, dispute that claim, and contend that not only is there no advance in the letter of these agreements, but that there is a reactionary spirit behind them.

I did not accuse these writers of ignorance because of what I read into one of their sentences, but because of what *they* wrote into that sentence. If they were so familiar with the Brooklands agreement, as their letter in your last issue implies, then it was bad policy to choose the illustration of bad spinning to show that the employers could always shelve a discussion on any particular matter, when there were a couple of amendments devoted entirely to this matter of bad spinning. Messrs. Cole and Mellor state that if they had given instead the instance of the Ram Mill dispute, a dispute that turned on whether the particular grievance came under the terms of the Brooklands, I should have had not even a verbal justification for attack. But why not? If they, the employers, could wriggle out of the Brooklands, they can wriggle out of this more recent one, because the wording of the Brooklands is just as definite. The agreement to submit any question of work, wages, or *any other matter* to certain formalities is just as comprehensive as to agree to submit the *matter in dispute* to these formalities. The wording of the Brooklands is more elaborate, certainly, but then this agreement sets up machinery of negotiation. Without this machinery of negotiation of the Brooklands, or some other agreement, the new agreement would not be worth the paper on which it is written, because in it there is no mention of time period of negotiation, or construction of committees. With these omissions the employers could keep the matter in dispute in abeyance for an indefinite period, seeing that the operatives could not strike until the matter had been considered.

I never denied that the bad spinning agreement with its time clause of three days was a victory—in so far as any agreement can be a victory for the operatives—in fact, I pointed out that the victory would have been more obvious if this time clause had obtained in all disputes.

But this was not the agreement that Messrs. Cole and Mellor were alluding to in their "Herald" article. They were dealing with the recent agreements that are to utilise the machinery of negotiation of the Brooklands, the very agreement that they had termed bad because of the opportunities it afforded for delay. Evidently, to them, the Brooklands existed as something apart from its machinery of negotiation.

I had no desire to give a false impression of these writers on the question of sectionalism. What I did wish to convey was a true impression of the sectional spirit behind these agreements, and the fact that this spirit had been overlooked, or ignored, by them, just as they had overlooked, or ignored, the resurrection of the old agreement in the machinery of the new one. As for the belief that these agreements have taken away from the employers all chance of wriggling, that is a "dream out of the ivory gate" under the present system of production. They have got the mills and can always stop them, on one or another pretext, when it best suits their purpose, agreement or no agreement. The faith that they are now powerless to interpret "all," in the matter of disputes, to suit their convenience, may be touching but it is not scientific.

ALICE SMITH.

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DEMOCRACY AND THE GUILDS.

Sir,—"A. E. R." really cannot have everything both ways. I write a series of articles; at once "A. E. R." accuses me of being a doctrinaire democrat, intent on suppressing all authority. I reply that I am a doctrinaire democrat, but that this does not involve the suppression of reasonable authority; at once "A. E. R." accuses me of "courting autocracy." Moreover, he uses the same examples to confute me in both cases: apparently the official will have no authority over his subordinates, and at the same time the subordinates, through their elected representatives, will be unable to control the official. Moreover, if I follow "A. E. R.'s" reasoning, the Guild President will be at the same time a nonentity (according to "A. E. R.'s" first article) and an autocrat (according to his second article). It puts me in a very difficult position to have to argue with a dual personality that has only one name. I should be obliged if in future "A. E. R." will tell me when he is Dr. Jekyll and when he is Mr. Hyde.

Paragraphs 2 and 4 of his last article are, if I am not mistaken, in the main the work of Mr. Hyde. I will deal with them first. I am accused of erecting the Guild President into an autocrat, because I allow him to be elected by the same electorate as the National Executive. May I again ask "A. E. R." to consider the question of function. In his earlier article, he accused me of making the President a nonentity, and rested his attack on my description of the President's functions. "His functions," I wrote, "will be to preside over the Executive Committee and to act as the official figurehead of the Guild on public occasions." That is to say, he does not himself possess any executive power, save by virtue of his membership of the National Executive, on which he is only one among many. He is no dictator, armed with an executive power which he can turn against the Executive itself; he is a committeeman, and, in addition, a figurehead. "A. E. R.'s" criticism, therefore, has no application whatsoever. He is assuming a President vested with executive power; I stated that mine was only chairman of the elected body possessing that power.

This criticism of "A. E. R.'s" may be even more satisfactorily answered by an instance from a modern Trade Union. The President of the National Union of Railwaymen is elected as I suggest, and has the function I suggest; yet he is certainly no autocrat. I entreat "A. E. R." to stick to criticisms he really means. The President of the N.U.R. has far too little power to please the Nietzschean Dr. Jekyll.

I should like, further, to ask "A. E. R." whether he realises that my Guild constitution is not built in the air, but is based, in all its essential proposals, on the structure and government of Trade Unionism. It is clear from "A. E. R.'s" criticisms that he knows nothing of Trade Unionism, out of which the Guilds must grow. If he had the smallest knowledge of the working of Trade Union government, he would not make the fatuous criticisms which disfigured his last article.

Paragraph 4 of his last article rests on a misrepresentation, or at least on a misunderstanding. "A E. R." wishes to convince his readers that he has, in at least one instance, convicted me of "hobbling"—that is, of setting up two independent authorities responsible to the same electorate. I can only refer him to my articles and explain to him gently that this is not the case. The Works Committee is elected by the whole personnel of the works, and is the sovereign authority for the works as a whole. The works manager, on the other hand, is a departmental official, elected only by the workers on the productive side of the works, just as the clerical manager is a departmental official elected by the clerical workers. Both can therefore quite clearly be placed under the control of the Works Committee and its agent, the general manager. "A. E. R." objects that, since the Works Committee has not the right of appointment or dismissal, it cannot control the works manager. May I again refer him to existing trade union practice? It is customary for district delegates in trade unions to be elected by general ballot of the district in which they work; but these delegates are invariably under the control of the executive, which does in fact effectively control them, and which can, in the last resort, exercise the power of suspending them. Here, again, I was merely following existing trade union practice, of which "A. E. R." seems to be unaware.

It is admitted that the Guilds must grow out of the trade unions. Is it not, then, the business of any person who desires to play either a constructive or a critical part in the formulation of Guild-Socialism to make himself reasonably familiar with the working of modern trade unionism? I ask "A. E. R.," before he returns to the charge, to go away and find out how trade unions are governed. If he does that I shall admit his right to criticise. Till then I shall continue to exclaim, "Exegi monumentum AERe perennius," because I am building on the practice of the workers themselves, and not upon a confused, if wide, reading of Nietzsche, Faguet, Dicey, and other indigestible persons.

Finally, on the question of democracy, "A. E. R." says that "the Guild, like every other body, will compel the subordination of the subordinates." As a democrat, I should say that the subordinates will be prepared to accept a reasonable and self-imposed subordination.

G. D. H. COLE.

* * *

Sir,—In spite of "A. E. R.'s" chatty reply, I refuse to lose my head. The issue is quite simple. Of course, I don't object to the superior people of THE NEW AGE suggesting to the Trade Unions a new way of life, nor do I object to Sidney Webb telling the workers what to do in war-time. Discussion is essential to democracy. But what I do object to is a state of affairs in which the superior people are not only able to advise but to force their advice upon Tom, Dick, and Harry. These latter may be fools not to take the advice, but the risk of their being fools is preferable to the risk (I might almost say the certainty) of their becoming slaves.

An aristocracy, in my opinion, is a State or association where a few who are held to be "the best" can force their will on the many who are held to be "worst." How are "the best" to be chosen? "By heredity, co-option, election, and even State-appointment," says "A. E. R." "God help us," say I.

Aristocracy can be assaulted on two grounds. (1) That it doesn't work; (2) that it is spiritually obscene and abominable. The first can be argued out on lines of history and would take volumes. The second must be either seen directly or not at all. If "A. E. R." really imagines that state of industry desirable in which the common man is not only advised but ruled and controlled by hereditary cliques and State officials, then he must love his England of to-day. I do not, because I am a pedantic Democrat, and believe that the essence of man's life (was the meat extract joke worth it?) is to choose.

As for the accusation about individualism, I am not in the least overcome, nor do I care a damn what Nietzsche said about the disgregation of atoms. If it is individualism to demand that phrases like the common good and national welfare shall not remain mere abstractions, but find expression in the lives and welfare of the various people who make up a community, then I am an out-and-out individualist. But that sort of individualism is very different from the Manchester school type which was connected with discussing the relation between individuals and collective bodies. By asserting that the common good must be something which individuals can experience, and that, therefore, the individual has a right to choose and administer that common good, I am thought to introduce an "excessive individualism which would soon bring the Guild to ruin." I fail to see it.

IVOR BROWN.

* * *

SURVEY OF THE WOMAN WORKER'S WORLD.

Sir,—As one of the experts upon the employments of women who has consistently pointed out the danger of

new bodies of inexperienced ladies constituting themselves as employment agents and wasting large sums of money in such artificial schemes as toymaking and the rest, whilst so well equipped an organisation as the Central Bureau in Prince's Street exists, I welcome the information that the Bureau has received a large grant from the Government, which will enable it to extend its work and do in a serious manner what a collection of well-meaning but wholly uninstructed persons cannot hope to do. I have received a great deal of criticism of the Central Bureau from many women who have from time to time applied to it; but as the present is a time of exception—stress and pressure for all departments—I shall not for the present, at any rate, make their strictures, and in some cases very severe criticisms, public.

But one point I must emphasise, and this is, in view of the big Government grant and the substantial subscriptions made for the support of the Bureau, it seems to me that the fees mentioned by correspondents, though small, ought to be entirely dispensed with. The Bureau makes money out of the sale of its fortnightly publication, as practically every one of the hundreds of announcements figuring therein are paid for, and it is rather a question whether such a publication ought to be *sold* at all.

There is another grievance which I mention here, though I do not myself believe that it has a foundation in fact at the present time, though undoubtedly it had at one period. This is that, at a moment when scores of journalists of the better sort are on the verge of starvation, the Bureau is answering questions upon employment without any payment, and by this means depriving some woman expert upon this subject of the remuneration that would be paid her by the weekly journals—in one instance, the property of a big firm of publishers—if they wished to give their readers this sort of reading matter. The Bureau, in its favoured position, has no more right to supply editors of weekly journals with free information upon women's employments, than the officials at the War Office would have the right to deprive the expert military journalist of his place by supplying gratuitous "copy" on war topics.

When the war is over, I hope that Miss Spencer and her able assistants will endeavour to go more deeply into the questions underlying the work of women who are genuine proletariats than they do at present, and leave the compiling of leaflets and pamphlets to the many capable experts who should not have to face this sort of competition on the part of the Bureau.

A Bureau of Woman's Work that will *investigate* is as urgently needed to-day as it was fifteen years ago, when, owing to an article of mine, the late Walter Besant took steps to start this very Bureau. It is wanted, as I then pointed out, and have never ceased to do ever since, to undertake the serious work that no private individual can do, and that in the frightful chaos of the educated woman's market is becoming one of the most urgent questions of the hour.

Let me illustrate this by a statement made in the current number of "Women's Employment," which, by the way, contains an excellent practical article on "Housekeeping and Cookery" of the higher kind, where it becomes a real craft suitable for the thoroughly intelligent woman. It is this:

"Two pupils who have been thoroughly trained in accountancy and book-keeping have recently taken excellent posts which were formerly held by men. In one case the admission of a woman is an entirely new departure."

Now, this piece of information will be received with boundless enthusiasm in certain quarters where any occupation wrested from men, and the advent of each fresh woman into the fight-for-bread arena is welcomed as a gain. But those who are not quite so superficial and who know what the struggle for life means both for man and woman who are penniless, will need to ask some grave questions before they can feel that they are not facing a new modern disaster, which, owing to present conditions, is being intensified a thousand-fold.

Is the excellent post that this woman has taken a temporary matter due to the exigencies of the war, and will the woman retire when the man (who has nobly fulfilled a part against probably his own inclination and interests and those of his family) returns alive from the war? If so, then all is well, and the affair is a mere temporary matter of convenience. But is this the fact? Or does it mean that the employer, taking a mean advantage of his country's necessities, is *superseding* the male worker with a woman at a *lower salary;* and is the woman knowingly supplanting the man, and thereby injuring not only the man rival, but also the man's wife, another woman, and, unless the family is of no account to the State, doing far more important work than the most competent of women accountants? Cannot women see the short-sightedness, the suicidal short-sightedness, of cutting men out, and not only lowering wages in the trade or occupation that they have entered, but at once creating unemployment amongst men with wives and children to support. So that in place of a male breadwinner with the family dependent upon him, occupying a post in which wages are kept up to the standard of the family's maintenance, we have a woman more than likely not even *self-dependent,* probably living at home or enjoying a subsidy from her father or even husband, willing to consider half that salary an "excellent" one, as it is for the needs of one person. So, though the woman may *seem* to have taken a great step forward, in reality she has injured some other woman, if a wife as I have shown, if unmarried by making marriage more difficult for men workers. Of course, there is a school of thought which joyfully counts up each additional bachelor woman, but in the ranks of this school you do not find the genuine woman breadwinner, who knows that marriage, however humble, is her only deliverance from the sordid, unceasing struggle and loneliness of old age and failing strength.

Coming to practical matters of the moment, it is, of course, easy to criticise schemes for employment, and I have no wish to be down upon the numerous persons, titled and industrial—a queer mix-up—who are doing their best. But with the large, or, at any rate, adequate, sums of money at the disposal of the Queen Mary and other funds, it seems a thousand pities that more lasting and comprehensive solutions to meet the distress have not been thought out. A number of quite unnecessary and highly artificial industries and occupations have been subsidised, which, the moment the war is over, will leave girls and women not one whit better than they were before. Whereas no thoughtful woman with a mind and heart can go about to-day without feeling that efficiency in the life of women of all ranks and grades is as urgently needed, if the nation is to stand, as the efficiency which men, to do them justice, with noble courage, are recognising to be necessary in the world of masculine force and energy.

It has lately been my lot to come into closest touch with the wives and daughters of the soldiers and sailors at the front, and, though no one could feel a warmer sympathy for them and a something akin to admiration for their goodness and kindness and their wonderful patience and unselfishness, yet I am appalled at the ignorance of all housewifely knowledge and practice, the utter inefficiency and incapacity as home makers displayed on every side, so that even where there is a certain small amount of comfort, or what passes for it, there is a corresponding waste that is simply tragic. I do not mean mainly or only waste of money, but the waste that comes from ignorance, from incapacity, to use any methods, any tools, and the knowledge which should be the basis of every home, however modest. When one looks at this picture, whole rows of mean streets, where the elements of cleanliness, personal and domestic, do not exist, what can we say of the leisured well-to-do women clamouring for higher powers of the State in view of their utter neglect of their sisters transmitting their dirt and ignorance from one generation to another? No politics are needed. In many, perhaps the majority of cases, even security of good, adequate wages—the real need of the working classes—would not materially alter the condition of things, so long as such hopeless ignorance and incapacity flourish. Consequently one feels some well-organised system of teaching working women, and especially girls, the elements of practical domestic crafts by sending teachers into their homes would at least be one of the compensations of this war. And by teachers I do not mean young certificated ladies who earn thirty shillings a week and "live on it" with a girl friend, nor yet philanthropic ladies of the business-like kind living in Grosvenor Square, but the capable, kind, wise, large-hearted woman who has reared a family well and decently on the smallest imaginable sum and knows. Care might have been taken to employ widows and others suitable who need help, to teach in the most practical way the forgotten Craft of the home. F.

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INDUSTRIAL INSURANCE.

Sir,—I read your comments on Mr. Masterman's exit, and the part he played in connection with the Insur-

ance Act. I wish you to know that the Industrial Assurance Companies are making a big profit out of it. 1913 was a record year with the Prudential; they said they never had so few lapses, and I want to tell you why. When a member is in arrear with his or her weekly premium, the agent deducts the amount from the sickness benefit he pays to that member. I have done it, and I know it is a regular thing among the company's agents, and approved by the supers. When Mr. Thompson, the manager, was excusing the company for the ridiculously small allowance paid to the agents for working the Act, he spoke of what the Act would be the means of bringing to them—the agents—but I am sure the Act was never meant to be used in that way.

PRUDENTIAL AGENT.

* * *

PANEL DOCTORING.

Sir,—I shall be pleased if you will allow me to draw the attention of your readers to a report in the "Battersea Borough News," dated 12th inst. The account is headed "Doctors and Panel Patients: Sequel to Battersea Man's Death: The Coroner's Comments and Jury's Rider." I enclose a cutting of the comments and rider:—

"The jury, after consulting in private, returned a verdict of 'Death from natural causes,' and added, as a rider: 'We wish to express our dissatisfaction with Dr. Poole's evidence, and desire that the Coroner speak a few words to him, for the doctor's future guidance, in respect to night calls from panel patients.'

"The Coroner, in addressing Dr. Poole, said that the jury evidently did not accept his version of what took place on Saturday night, but believed the boy's story. It might be that he was not feeling well at the time. A doctor, however, who accepted panel patients, must make up his mind to attend them whenever called upon to do so. There was a contract existing between the doctor, the patient, and the public, and they looked to panel doctors to give proper attention, when required. If Dr. Poole was not well, he should get someone to do his duty for him. If he did not understand the message he received, he could have asked to have it explained. It might have been a matter of vital importance. It was an extraordinary thing that no less than eight doctors should have failed to attend in this case. As he had said, doctors could refuse to attend at night, if their consciences allowed them, but, in the case of a panel doctor, it was his legal duty to go."

FIVEPENCE FOR NOTHING.

* * *

BREAD—GOOD AND BAD.

Sir,—My excuse for reopening the seemingly endless question of good and bad bread is that at a time like the present bread is a serious item. I am sorry to see that Dr. Hindede, in his little book, "What to Eat, and Why," repeats the tarradiddle about coarse, standard, or wholemeal bread being more wholesome, as well as being better for the teeth. Many people jump to the conclusion because a dog has fine, milk-white, strong teeth, that this is a result of gnawing bones. It is not. That dog was born with those teeth, and in ten years' time, teeth or no teeth, that dog is a dead 'un.

The other matter of wholesomeness is not anything like so important a question as digestibility; and we can test the digestibility of any kind of bread by its effect upon the skin. In the old days, when they had not our fine milling processes, coarse or wholemeal bread was the rule, and *the* disease of the time was scrofula, or King's evil. (Scotch oat-cake will raise a rash in a very short time on some.) We feed our pigs on millers' offals, and if they are fed exclusively on offals (without meal and potatoes) they have that rash that the silly experts call swine fever. If a skin-specialist saw this rash on a man's body he would order a change of diet.

The more wheat is split up the more easily is the loaf digested, though it should not be bleached. The doctor bears out the above statements when he insists that potatoes should be well mashed!

HAROLD LISTER.

P.S.—The longer the loaf will keep sweet and free from mould is the surest test of quality.

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PROPHET AND PRIEST.

Sir,—Please spare me a little space wherein to protest amiably against the article, "Prophet and Priest," in your issue of January 28. That article is ungenerous and unkind, and marked by a flippant note discreditable to the prestige of THE NEW AGE. Knowing Abdul Baha personally, and having reason to respect him and the movement that he represents, my protest is uttered in all good faith. His dignity and courtesy during forty years' confinement in Akka, bearing severe persecution and tribulation, witnessing the spoliation and slaughter of many of his people "for conscience sake," endow him surely with the respect I claim. His unfailing goodness of heart and bearing won the esteem of successive Governors of the little malarial fortress. His mission, and that of his predecessors Baha'u'llah and The Bale, is the establishment of Peace on Earth, Goodwill to Men. At his table, and wherever Bahais meet, Christians, Jews, Zoroastrians and Mohammedans eat together of the same food inspired of a conscious sense and practice of unity. Abdul Muntaqim writes without apparent desire to comprehend, and extends little grace to one who has borne a life-long sorrow for the religion of peace. It is easy to gird at a presentation of that religion because of Eastern imagery and Oriental manner of expression. "War must cease," says Abdul Baha, and Abdul Muntaqim smiles. Yet all the civilised world is using those very words, and the struggling nations proclaim the fact that they "war against war." The last sentence of the article gives the writer away. He aims at the sensational and attains to it. Abdul Baha is devoting himself in this crucial hour for Persia to the necessities of his starving and harassed people despite his seventy years. The personality of a peace-maker surely deserves courteous consideration.

ERIC HAMMOND.

* * *

NIETZSCHE AND FRAU SALOME.

Sir,—Frau Salomé professed a passion for truth and reverence for Nietzsche as the embodiment of the will to truth. While she was uncertain whether he would become famous she offered her services to him with undeniable disinterest. And later, when she knew that Nietzsche would cut a figure and could go along by himself, she left him to do so, and employed her supposed knowledge of him to compare him super-favourably with Rée; which only shows how stupid a woman quâ woman can be, because Nietzsche thought far less both of himself and of her than she did, and regarded himself as betrayed and her as a traitor, whereas she romantically disregarded all but her absurd nature and the truth of things.

X. Y.

* * *

AFFIRMATIONS.

Sir,—M. Jean Triboulet est très reconnaissant. His parable of the two prisoners is full of marrow. I write this from the heart of nature to which I have returned early and often. I suspect that Monsieur J. T. has not.

Miss Stone, on the contrary, flatters herself. It is to friend Triboulet that I am most indebted.

Were we to follow Mr. Hertslet's logical method, we would be forced to call Mr. Wyndham Lewis' painting "incomparable."

That was not my intention, and I doubt if it can have been Mr. Hertslet's.

Tout à vous. EZRA POUND.

Heart of nature after seven weeks of it.

February 20, 1915.

P.S.—Does Miss Morning really think I shall do any harm to Titian at this date?

Does my writing lead her to think that I do not enjoy Memling and Clouet?

Does she find no difference between the direction of my propaganda and that of the destructionists?

Who most respects the masterwork of the past, one who battens upon it, cheapening or deadening its effect by a multitude of bad imitations, or one who strives toward new interpretations of life? E. P.

* * *

"BUSINESS AS USUAL.

Sir,—Mr. Albert P. de Courville has decided to turn me out of his "Music Hall." I got the "sack" on Saturday night. This "gentleman" sent for me on Friday, and I had a long chat with him. Needless to say, the humane ideas for which I have fought during the last six weeks are beyond the limits of his intelligence. I might just as effectively have held converse with a type-writer. The "man" regards his employees as something less than scenery—he informed me that he paid exactly what he wanted to pay, and no more; whether people could live on 19s. 8d. a week or not did not concern him in the slightest; he assured me that by knocking off a shilling here and a shilling there he made thousands of pounds a year.

In conclusion, I would add that although Mr. De Courville has "sacked" me he has by no means got rid of me —"but business brains" are exceedingly stupid.

A MUSIC HALL ARTISTE.

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