

THE NEW AGE

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

It is as well that we should be reminded that the war is not yet over. Both the Bishop of London and Lord Derby have made this observation during the week with the intention of arousing responsible public opinion to the gravity of the fact; but the Press and a section of the Ministry still appear to be indifferent to it. The method of the Lady Northcliffe Press in particular appears to be to single out one by one each of the Ministers in turn and to bring him down with the assistance of a pack of lies, so that he may afterwards owe his restoration to Lord Northcliffe. We may say at once that, however stimulating it may be to the circulation of these lupin newspapers, the procedure is not helpful towards winning the war. Moreover it is not only a denial of the principle of Cabinet responsibility, which principle we shall need much more often than the contrary principle, but it panders to the ignorance of the mob by pretending, in face of fact and probability, that the parliamentary heads of departments act in complete isolation. For Mr. Churchill, upon whom lately Lord Northcliffe's pack has fallen, we ourselves have as little respect as anybody. The celebrated hero of Sidney Street, the author of the phrases about the German Navy as rats and baby-killers, is not from our peculiar point of view a representative English statesman, but, on the contrary, a typical "Daily Mail" journalist. His position as the titular head of the British Navy, the custodians and exemplars of the best traditions of the nation, is therefore in our opinion quite as grotesque as Lord Northcliffe's Press for other reasons alleges it to be. But, on the other hand, Mr. Churchill is not everybody at the Admiralty and still less in the conduct of the military operations of the Government. In both respects it is to be presumed that his advice must at least be concurred in by the Ministry as a whole, by his own Admiralty colleagues, by the military chiefs of State, by the representatives of each of these on the part of our Allies, Russia and France, and, above all, by the actual admirals and generals on sea and land. Is it likely that with all these checks upon him Mr. Churchill not only has his own way upon every occasion, but on occasions when their weight is against him? So to conclude is to conclude that our whole organisation is rotten from the

roots upward. Then it would not be the case that Mr. Churchill alone is at fault, but every one of his colleagues both here and abroad.

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A proper cause of complaint is not that any individual Minister is negligent or domineering or stupid, but that there appears to be nobody willing and capable of speaking for the Executive as a whole; and for this abdication not only must Ministers suffer singly and the Cabinet collectively, but the nation itself must pay dearly in the misconduct of the war. Ministers suffer, as we say, by becoming each in turn the sport of the gutter-journalists who will pull down or set up anybody for a sensation without the smallest regard for the facts of the case. Yesterday it was Lord Haldane, the day before it was Prince Louis of Battenberg or Mr. McKenna, to-day it is Mr. Churchill, to-morrow it may be Mr. Asquith or Sir Edward Grey. So long, in fact, as nobody in supreme authority controls these mob-criticisms, so long will no Minister, however indispensable to the State, be safe in his place. What inducement, we ask, is there in such a situation for Ministers to do their best—when their best is just as likely as their worst to bring the Northcliffe gang about their ears? Serving a nation thus blown about by the foul winds of Fleet Street must be a purgatory worse than the trenches poisoned by Prussian chemists. Only the best and the worst of our Ministers will be able to endure it. And the Cabinet must equally suffer as a whole from the fact that it can be made and unmade without rhyme or reason by forces outside its own control. Hitherto it has been the rule of our Constitution that the Prime Minister is alone responsible for the selection and retention of his colleagues. While they continued loyal to himself and efficient in his judgment, not only were they secure in their office but he was secure in their support. To-day, however, not merely no single Minister can be sure that he will not find himself out of office to-morrow, but the Prime Minister cannot be sure of it either. Not the King or the Privy Council is now the maker or unmaker of Ministries; still less instructed public opinion (there would be some sense in that!); but this function is in the hands of two or three halfpenny demagogues responsible to nobody but to the shareholders of their wretched rags. Under these circumstances it is, we

say, a legitimate cause of complaint that Mr. Asquith, as the chief of his Cabinet and the head of the nation, should not exercise his representative authority a little more often. Allowing him to be the most responsible man in the world at this moment, his other duties cannot be more important than the duty of safeguarding the security of his colleagues and of his Cabinet. Or, if these are not important enough, the necessity of maintaining national confidence in the prosecution of the war must surely override every other consideration; and this confidence, it is obvious, can as easily be sapped by Lord Northcliffe as confidence in the Ministry itself.

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Mr. Asquith's negligence is all the worse for the circumstance that we have not now a single journal of anything approaching national authority. At crises in our past history the "Times," under its old gentlemanly, public-spirited and uncommercial management, was able to drop its ordinary partisan complexion and to become without question the medium of communication between the Government and the national opinion of the day. But with Lord Northcliffe's usurpation of its control (for allowing which our wealthy governing classes deserve to be eternally despised), the "Times" has ceased to be able to rise to a national occasion, but, on the contrary, sinks invariably to the level of a parochial and partisan debating club. Yet it should be obvious that in a war such as we are now engaged in even a national outlook is all too narrow for the needs of the case. It is not England alone against Germany and Austria, but England, France, Russia, Serbia and as many of the neutral countries as we can draw to our aid. Nor is the military, the naval or the diplomatic conduct of the war to be looked at exclusively even from a national point of view—difficult as that seems—but from a view that embraces as a whole the forces and circumstances of all our Allies, potential as well as actual. Let us take, for instance, the question of the passage of the Dardanelles, concerning which our Press in general has lately been making a profitable stir to themselves. From a parochial point of view the attempt to force the Dardanelles may easily be made to appear a piece of Mr. Churchill's Sidney Street bluster. Even from a national point of view the cost may be made to appear not worth our candle, since nationally our critical concern is with our troops in France and Belgium. From the point of view of the Allies, however, of whom, after all, England is only one, the forcing of the passage of the Dardanelles is at least as important as the free passage of the Straits of Dover is to us. Looking at the situation in its totality, we have Germany and Austria (and now Turkey) besieged by a single force composed of the various allied armies whose means of communication at several points is the English Navy. The practical problem of strategy is to bring together at every point of the circle where they are needed men and munitions, so that at no point shall there be men without munitions or munitions without men. It is notorious, however, that men without munitions has hitherto been the exact description of our Russian allies operating on the eastern side of the single field of operations; and it is no more open to doubt that the opening of the Dardanelles is the only means of putting an end to that state. Hence, we say, the passage of the Dardanelles is a military necessity, and not a flighty piece of Mr. Churchill's fancy. And as a diplomatic necessity the need of forcing it is even greater. We should not be surprised, indeed, if with the forcing of the Dardanelles the war were brought to an end!

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But why, then, since so much depends upon it that might have been foreseen, was the attempt not made sooner or in a different fashion from the first attempt? We do not know, and we doubt whether any of our contemporaries know. It is part, in fact, of our case against the Government that in matters of this kind

the public is kept in childish ignorance. The bare chance that Turkey might remain neutral may have accounted for the initial delay, and the belief attributed to the Navy that it could force the Dardanelles off its own bat may have brought about the loss of five or eight valuable weeks. What, however, we do know, because it stands to reason and requires no secret information, is that neither Mr. Churchill nor any other single Minister in this or the allied countries can be held responsible. The attribution, in fact, of so much power to Mr. Churchill in particular is precisely what this adventurer is charged with wishing to claim. Lord Northcliffe could not flatter him more or bring about more certainly the very end he professes to fear Mr. Churchill has in view—the half-Napoleon, half-Nelson dictatorship of the Allies. But the charge as well as the claim is ridiculous on the face of it. In the choice of naval operations exclusively, not only had Mr. Churchill a voice, but of necessity the Admiralties of the three Allies and the three Admirals of the Fleet—as well as the Entente Cabinets—were all more or less consulted. If they were all convinced by whatever means that a naval attempt might be successful who was Mr. Churchill to overrule them? And if they were not convinced who was he to override them? Are they all petty men walking under the huge legs of his Colossus, peeping about to find themselves dishonourable graves? We cannot blame Mr. Churchill as the sole author of the mistakes that have been made without thereby passing a more severe judgment upon the body of his colleagues. Theirs, we contend, is the responsibility; and as theirs and not his is also the power, the credit or the discredit must attach to them.

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But, after all, the winning of the war is not everything. We are certain of victory in the long run, if not in the short run, for the simple reason that, muddle as our rulers may, the people of this country mean them to muddle *through*. But if the actual victory were everything, then Germany would be justified in using poison and any other means to procure it. The reason, however, that Germany is neither wise nor justified in using any means is, in the first place, that war so waged passes from hostilities into a mere war of extermination in which there is no common humanity upon which to found a peace; and, in the second place, that a dishonourably conducted war, even if it should result in military victory, defeats the very objects for which it is fought. Nobody supposes that Germany is going to all this trouble and desperately waging everything for nothing but to win in a military point of view. Her object can easily be defined: it is to secure some of the consideration in the world that we English are supposed to have monopolised. We are top-dogs and have naturally all the prestige, together with the material advantages, of the position; and it is Germany's ambition to become the top-dogs in our place. Having in view, however, no other factor than the methods she is employing, we may say in all confidence that, win or lose, Germany will certainly never obtain in this war what she wants. Her object, in fact, has been already defeated by the means she has adopted of obtaining it. Tearing up scraps of paper, using poison and practising reprisals are not means of procuring the consideration of the world. As well as a confession of failure from a military point of view—for a strong Power or a Power confident of future success needs none of these things—they are an invitation to humiliation.

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But equally it is not to be supposed that England is engaged in the war for no positive end but military victory. Our Allies we know are not; they have, indeed, very material individual objects as well as objects we share in common. Nor is it enough that we should be engaged up to our necks in a merely defensive war, the sole purpose of which is the restoration of the status quo. That, for a nation like ours, would be igno-

minious. We go further and say that it is even a little quixotic to profess and believe that all we hope to gain by the war is the list of objects enumerated by Mr. Asquith, the restoration of Belgium, the rights of small nationalities, the end of German militarism, and so forth. We do not say that these objects are not worth a war or that they may not be gained by the present war, but assuredly they might much more easily have been obtained by the familiar means of bribery and negotiation. No, our main object in the war, the *idea* underlying and propelling us into it, must be of a nature to match that of Germany. If her idea is to obtain something, not material in the first instance, that we possess, then our idea must be to obtain something, equally not material in the first instance, that she possesses. If the fruits of victory should be for her some of the virtue of England, the fruits of victory for us should be some of the virtue of Germany. What can that be? It is not, of course, security, independence, prestige—all these we have as much as we want of them. Full satisfaction for the trouble to which Germany has put us will only be obtained if, by the end of the war, we have not merely maintained our position, but added to our present strength the strength of national organisation whose virtue has hitherto been Germany's alone. National organisation, we repeat, is the proper fruit of our victory; and it can be gathered as we go along. Every fresh step in this direction is a fresh step towards the defeat of Germany. What is more, like all true victories, it not only does not rob Germany of anything except *relative* superiority; but it secures itself. What Power would dare to challenge England's pre-eminence again if, as a consequence of this war, the virtue of Germany, her spirit of national organisation, were added to our own virtue, that of liberty?

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It is in just this respect that we, for our part, know, without prying into State secrets, that the Government is failing. For its military, naval and diplomatic conduct of the war we may, like the rest of the Press, have occasional criticisms; but these in the end are subject to the necessary qualification (even when they appear in the "Times" or the "Morning Post"!) that journalists cannot be as well informed as Ministers. Regarding the Government's social and domestic conduct of the war, on the contrary, not only are we as well informed as Ministers, but we have every qualification for criticism. If the Press were indeed to confine itself to this, the military part of the war might well be trusted to look after itself! It is not to be denied that in the early weeks of the war (chiefly, we suspect, as the result of the despised Lord Haldane's precautions) the Government handled the situation masterfully, courageously, and, from the common point of view, well. The railways were virtually nationalised—whatever Mr. Harold Cox may say—the banks were set on their legs, the Stock Exchange was propped up, commodities like sugar and cotton were secured, and everything seemed in a fair way to be disposed as comfortably as reason could make it. And was the nation disturbed at all by the vast powers taken and exercised by the State? Not in the least, but, on the contrary, we defy any truthful observer to deny that as each successive act of national organisation proceeded from the Cabinet, public opinion in a universal chorus welcomed it as evidence that our rulers were alive and that England was herself again. But since those early days, with the single exception of the Engineering mobilisation, what have we seen that shows the same spirit? Every proposal for national organisation is now preceded, accompanied and finally done to death by a plague of exaggerations, lies, cowardly innuendoes, timidities and subterfuges that would have horrified their authors had they appeared in the opening weeks of the war. Smaller and smaller everything has become until we are now nearly back in the pre-war period of party squabbles and partisan wrangles. Unless Germany can lift us out of it again by threatening us with defeat, or the authority of the

Cabinet can be restored, the fruits of our victory are all already gathered. We have nothing further to win in the war.

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Our leading anti-national organ, the "Times" (remember that Lord Northcliffe is an Irishman!) is fond now of saying that only such a degree of legislation is permissible as our military victory requires. For reasons, however, that we have already given, a military victory, and nothing more, is not enough to compensate us for the cost of the war or to justify it as a war for an idea. We ought, on the other hand, to make use of the war and of the conditions the war has brought, to acquire the national organisation which the conditions of peace will never make imperative. Again, it may be asked whether this limitation of the scope of permissible war-legislation was thought of before the "Times" discovered its value for its wealthy share-holding readers. Was the moratorium strictly military in its necessity? Did our troops in France require the Government security to the banks, or the covering of the loans of the Stock Exchange? Was sugar a munition of war, or cotton? It appears, we are afraid, that the largest possible exercise of State authority was permitted in the interests of the smallest class of the population, only afterwards to be limited when the interests of the majority were concerned. For it is a fact that for the bulk of the population literally nothing has been done except indirectly and as an unavoidable consequence of legislation for the few. The banks were rehabilitated and the people have inadvertently shared in the advantage of it. But the chief commodities of the workmen and of those living upon fixed nominal salaries—coal and food-stuffs particularly—remain at a price untouched by legislation and apparently never to be interfered with. What wonder is there, we ask, that the war shows signs of sinking in popular estimation to the dimensions of an ordinary war? All the unique accompaniments of its early days have vanished, leaving only the burden and the tragedy of it. The decline, moreover, is to be seen in political life to our national dishonour. Whereas when national measures were being promulgated party dissensions were stilled, all the little beasts of prey are venturing out to try their claws on the petty measures now set afoot. The fault is the Cabinet's, and nobody else's. The little politicians will behave after their kind and no exhortation will move them. The only hope of silencing them again lies in removing the plane of legislation back to the national.

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The case of the proposed Drink legislation is, we should say, decisive for our contentions. Never at any time has there been the least particle of evidence that an unwonted amount of drinking has been taking place among our workmen on military supplies, and even the "Times" now admits that "the more news the Cabinet gets from the North, the clearer it is that the extent of the evil has been greatly exaggerated." But since the exaggeration was made to serve the turn of vilifying the workmen at the moment when it seemed that they might demand the general limitation of profits, statesmanship would suggest that the same exaggeration might have been made to serve the turn of national organisation as a set-off. When again shall we meet the opportunity, thus providentially provided, for setting our public-house in order? Temperance reformers—we do not refer to teetotallers—know very well that their efforts in the past have been nullified by the chaos of individualism prevailing in the Drink industry, so that neither good drink nor drink under respectable citizen-like circumstances could be easily secured; and they know as well that a national and disinterested control is the first condition of any general improvement. What was more natural, what could have been wiser, than to seize the most favourable moment for bringing under national control an evil, which if not now worse than usual, is at all times great? The public, we may safely say, would have

accepted the step with something more than resignation, with enthusiasm. The very "Spectator," as we remarked last week, was in favour of nationalisation. What was it then that persuaded the Government to trim and whittle away at the large proposal until it is reduced to the size scarcely of a vent-peg? We can only reply that it appears to have been Lord Northcliffe again, who with his genius for making great things small and small things great, instantly protested, when nationalisation was proposed, that this was no war-measure within the limits now fixed by himself, but an "ambitious project," involving the terrible circumstance of a scheme of "social reconstruction." But who the devil is Lord Northcliffe to dictate to a unanimous nation what it may "ambitiously" attempt and what it may not? And what has the Cabinet done, what secrets has it confided to him, that his bare veto is enough to suspend their national legislation? The man and his influence we should have thought the Cabinet had realised by this time—the evil and the ambitious nature of both. Has he ever, save in the way of advertising his calamitous rags, performed any national service with all his illimitable publicity? His ravages are felt in the Cabinet itself. Lord Haldane, one of the most devoted statesmen of our day, was dismissed by him for doing his duty. Mr. Churchill and even Mr. Asquith himself he makes to totter in their offices. Is this the man to be obeyed by the Cabinet just when, as luck would have it, his diminutive policy, which he calls "moderate and common sense," is in plain opposition to public hope and public expectation? As well as seizing the moment to legislate nationally regarding Drink, the moment, on the contrary, should have been seized to legislate against the curse of Lord Northcliffe. Two good riddances would have been placed to the credit of Armageddon.

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It must not be supposed, however, that the proposal for nationalisation was academic, pedantic or impracticable. On the other hand, these descriptions apply much more exactly to every proposal short of nationalisation. The Cabinet may well have thought, on the suggestion of Lord Northcliffe, that if nationalisation was an "ambitious project" that "could not be defended as a war-measure," the more "moderate and common-sense" measures recommended by the "Times" would prove at least practicable and pass without opposition. Lord Northcliffe is not, however, merely a fool in matters so utopian as national welfare, dignity and statesmanship; he is a blind guide in the peddling affairs of everyday politics. The measures now produced, at his dictation, by Mr. Lloyd George for dealing with the Drink traffic are as far from meeting the simple needs of the case as they are from indulging the nation in its "ambitious project" of organising itself. If "reports from the North" now prove that the evil of Drink has been greatly exaggerated, why produce all the machinery of the present Bill to deal with it? The Bill is either not enough, or it is a great deal too much. Either the evil is of such a magnitude under normal and peace conditions that the moment should be seized to deal radically with it by nationalisation, or its present magnitude is so small that the minimum of temporary legislation is necessary. What in any case is wrong is to be of the opinion of Lord Northcliffe and to legislate drastically but not radically for an evil that has been "greatly exaggerated." And the proof of it is that as certainly as nationalisation could have been carried without anything but newspaper opposition, only newspaper approval will be given, and that not much, to the proposals of Lord Northcliffe. Our case for "ambitious projects" of legislation, we say, is proved. It is either "ambitious," which is to say national, or it is none at all.

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For quite other reasons Professor Wrightson, whose letter we published last week, appears to us to be making

the same mistake about the Land problem that Lord Northcliffe has made about the Drink problem. As an expert who naturally wants to get on with practical farming and is impatient to cut the cackle of politics, he is of opinion that our criticism of small-holdings as a national policy is mere journalism, and our suggestion of national farming a chimera. Journalism or not, our objections to small-holdings are such as better agricultural politicians than Professor Wrightson have failed to overcome. They are, moreover, consistent with every word we have written both on the subject of economics and on the policy of National Guilds arising from our economic analysis. In the first place, the policy of small-holdings, however advantageous to the holders themselves, is of the nature of laissez-faire in agriculture. The plan is to multiply them as much as possible, to organise them co-operatively as much as possible, and then to trust to luck for the national system of agriculture that will arise out of them. But that is not a national policy at all, nor does it call for the intervention of the State. If the co-operative distributive movement has grown to its present dimensions by private means, there is no call for the State to discriminate in favour of a co-operative productive movement. In the second place, we invite Professor Wrightson to contrast the early expectations of the Co-operative movement and its now proven failure to keep up with private enterprise; and to compare the result with his own expectations from the War Society and its prospects. Does he think that his little Society will succeed in a field where the next greatest popular movement to Trade Unionism has failed? We should be surprised to find ten years hence a hundred small-holdings owing their existence to the new War Society. In the third place, as Mr. George Russell has discovered, the co-operative organisation of agricultural small-holdings is no cure for the problem of proletarian labour. That remains to be dealt with and is even aggravated by the condemnation of the class to perpetual wavery under small-holders. In the fourth place, like Mr. Penty, who advocates small craft workshops as a precedent condition of National Guilds, Professor Wrightson puts the cart before the horse in advocating small-holdings as a precedent condition of a national system of agriculture. It is not only, as we say, by no means a precedent condition, but time will show that, however it may now appear, the horse can be made to precede the cart more easily than the other way about; in other words, specialised agriculture, even under local or individual control, will more easily come out of a national policy of farming than a national farm will grow out of small-holdings. In short, a national farm is a more practical policy than the small holdings movement of Professor Wrightson. Finally—for the present—Professor Wrightson, being no politician, naturally misunderstands our proposal of a national farm. To him it presents the features of an unknown monster, a chimera, a creature of unnameable horror. To the statesman, however, the idea is not at all unfamiliar. We have learned to discriminate in collectivist proposals the function of central administration and the function of central management. The latter is by no means necessary or advisable; but on the contrary may be devolved area by area until an expert like Professor Wrightson finds himself in control of the management, on behalf of the State, of a farm as specialist as he could wish. There would not, in fact, be so much difficulty about it as in the piecing into a pattern of the scattered mosaic of small-holdings. What is more, we are by no means the authors of the proposal. If we are the friends by adoption of the chimera of a national farm, its parents were the great landlords who lately petitioned Parliament to make State officers of them, in return for managing their present farms. Oh no, the policy is neither new nor chimerical. The only people who oppose it, next to those who will certainly lose by it—the idle landlords—are agricultural experts like Professor Wrightson, whose profession would as certainly gain by it. But that is always the way of things!

Foreign Affairs

By S. Verdad.

WE shall be regarding the Sino-Japanese negotiations in a highly distorted perspective if we consider them merely as negotiations for concessions between China and Japan. The complete collapse of the Chinese Administration in 1911, the establishment of a Republican Government which never was Republican in anything but name, the almost entire lack of control possessed by the new Government outside a small Peking radius, the hunt by foreigners for concessions, the absolute inability of the great mass of the people to rule themselves or to understand the political principles of the new Administration; and, above all, the complexities of China's finances: these are factors which it is impossible to overlook in the present circumstances. Further, as their political history for the last century amply proves, the Chinese ruling classes are not merely weak but incompetent. The Manchus attempted vainly to exercise their authority in the distant provinces; and not even a powerful personality like Yuan-Shi-Kai has had much impression on the local authorities. Where Yuan has undoubtedly succeeded is in the application of Abdul Hamid's policy of maintaining the independence of his country for as long a period as possible by playing off one Power against another.

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Financial credit would seem to be fatal to an Oriental, or let us say an Asiatic, country. Lord Cromer, in his book on Egypt, has a passage somewhat to the effect that it is the discovery of foreign credit which has led some Oriental governments to out-Herod Herod in extravagance. The Boxer troubles resulted in China's having to pay an indemnity of 450,000,000 taels—approximately £67,000,000. This led to borrowing on a large scale; and unfortunately the Chinese Governments—the expression may pass to cover all Chinese ruling bodies, local and otherwise, both before and after the revolution—were more anxious to get loans than to make arrangements for paying the interest. We are not concerned with questions of capitalistic ethics. Peking realised that its own incompetence had left it bankrupt, that it must have money, and that it could not get money without paying for it as it would pay for any other commodity. In some cases Peking borrowed from lending countries; in other cases the provincial administrators borrowed from lending countries without consulting Peking. The consequence was, in a few years, a state of financial chaos. An English financial authority, Sir Richard Dane, was able to effect some kind of order in the muddle; but China has never ceased to want money.

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There is, by the way, an answer to those who profess to believe that China stands in the same relation to Japan as Belgium to Germany, and that any further encroachments by Japan would be tantamount to the violation of another scrap of paper. This view must be set aside immediately. Belgium has always differed from China in being a country that paid its way. Germany never had concessions in Belgium such as the Chinese readily granted to Japan in return for financial support. Belgium never borrowed money in the indiscriminate manner of Peking. In fact, though Belgium has had loans in London, and, I think, in Paris also from time to time, she has been a lending rather than borrowing nation. Therefore, although English financiers have certain interests in China which even Scottish "intellectuals" tell us must be safeguarded, we must remember that we are allied with Japan in the Quintuple or Five-Power Loan. We ourselves are only one of the countries with large interests in China, though the direct financial investments of our bankers are much larger than those of any other country—they are estimated at forty millions sterling. But it has never been denied that Japan has for many years possessed special rights in specified areas, just as we possess special rights in the Yang-tse Valley.

The text of the first Japanese demands, made several months ago, has now been published; but those demands, which were unduly sweeping, were considerably modified at the instance of our own Foreign Office. Japan now asks for what is virtually a Protectorate over Southern Manchuria and various districts of Eastern Mongolia. We have no more moral right to protest indignantly against this demand than we have to protest against the Russian sphere of influence in Persia or the French sphere of influence in Morocco. When nations become weak they will inevitably be set in order by nations which remain strong. Everyone knows that the Belgians, once the Germans are driven back, will once again make their country prosperous within a few years. The Chinese, reduced to the position of the Belgians, would expire—they have all but expired under infinitely more favourable circumstances. Let us keep our sentiment for a nation that promises to profit by it, and consider the other Japanese claims. The transfer to Japan of Germany's interests in the Shantung Province hardly affects us at all, provided that our own interests are untouched. The joint ownership of the Han-Yeh-Ping coal and iron mines, if acknowledged, would be merely a recognition de jure of what Japan now possesses de facto. The prior right to concessions in Fukien, the nearest mainland to Formosa, is not an insuperable difficulty. The graver claims are the claims which do not appear to have been considered by people here as of any importance at all, namely, the right of the Japanese to manufacture munitions of war for China in the Chinese arsenals, and the right to appoint Japanese as members of the Chinese public services. These are questions for discussion with Downing Street and Washington as well as Peking; for is it imagined that neither Japan nor England is leaving America out of the reckoning? Such a supposition would be foolish. Mr. Schwab, of the Steel Trust, paid so many visits to "up-country" China that even the London newspapers began to refer to them. The Steel Trust now holds important concessions in China. More than that: in the spring of last year Admiral Liu Kuan-hsuing negotiated a loan of 30,000,000 dollars (gold) direct with the Bethlehem Steel Trust of Pennsylvania. Most of this loan was to be applied to the construction of naval docks, etc., at Foochow, and the existing docks were made over as security. To be exact, ten millions dollars were to be paid over unconditionally to the Chinese Government, and the remaining two-thirds of the loan was to be applied to the construction of the new works mentioned. The preliminary negotiations in connection with this loan were started by Prince Tsai Hsun in 1909.

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One knows the innumerable ramifications of the Steel Trust. But there is an organisation with even more ramifications and even greater power, and that is the Standard Oil Company. Having negotiated for a considerable time, the Standard Oil Trust "pulled off" what one newspaper correspondent described in February, 1914, as a "brilliant coup." This was the exclusive right to exploit, not merely the rich oil-fields of the Shansi Province, but also the coal and copper mines there; and these coal and copper mines are said by the experts who have reported on them to be among the richest in the world. In addition to this, Krupps have entered into various agreements with Chinese Provincial authorities. The most important is the loan of £2,500,000 contracted at the beginning of last year by the southern Provinces of Kwangtung and Kwangsi. It was understood that part of this loan was to be spent in the purchase of arms. I do not profess to deal fully, or even in outline, with China's financial condition. I only wish critics to bear in mind that some of the Japanese demands are not incompatible with British financial interests, that the United States is not friendly to us, either politically or economically, and that Japan is our ally.

Towards National Guilds.

WE are glad to say, in opening the ninth year of THE NEW AGE, that a National Guilds League has been formed for the purpose of propaganda mainly among Trade Unions. More, no doubt, will be heard of it in these columns and elsewhere. It is fortunate that the new League decided to employ the name of National Guilds rather than of Guild Socialism. The various Socialist bodies, now cumbering the ground, have for years had it within their power to embrace the new ideas and to rehabilitate themselves by means of them. Alas, however, for poor human nature, the same to-day, yesterday and for ever! The very bodies whose usual cry was upon the intellectual apathy and inaccessibility to new ideas of the older parties have in turn fallen victims to old age. Except for the Church Socialist League, every Socialist organisation has rejected the new economic, with every sign of intolerance and detestation, prejudice and ignorance known to man. After this it would be folly to associate the new movement with the unburied corpses.

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Moreover, as we have often said, the suggestion of National Guilds is not only not the perquisite of the existing Socialist parties, it is not even to be confined to the Trade Unions. The new League, we understand—and this, by the way, is not an affectation of ignorance, for THE NEW AGE has no official relations with the League, but remains as independent as ever—will devote itself mainly to work among the Trade Unions as the first and most important ground for the coming industrial revolution. The Trade Unions must, in fact, take the first step. At the same time, the managerial sections, the sections of applied science, and all the business sections of industry are as indispensable to the complete Guild as the skilled and unskilled manual labour; and must sooner or later be appealed to. The new League has, therefore, all its work cut out and will need all the support our readers can give it. The form of the support is another matter. We are not in the counsels of the Executive; but, for our part, we should ask for support of a limited variety: money, proven propagandist ability, special information on Trade Union affairs, etc. No members should be admitted merely to keep the Executive warm. We want no Shaws buried in shavelings; no claques for Webbs; no sheep for MacDonalds.

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We hope that Mr. de Maeztu will elaborate the ideas contained in his loaded seed-pod of last week. He is a guild-thinker of consummate ability, and the propaganda is to be congratulated upon his generous support. The notion of jealousy is, as he says, as old as the hills in Guild tradition; but for many years it has been out of fashion with workmen. Falling, as they did, under the influence of phrases, they allowed this virtue to be mis-called and to be almost eradicated. Guild jealousy, as Mr. de Maeztu says, in its political dress is no other than the eternal vigilance which is the price of liberty. Without eternal jealousy, it is perfectly certain that no association of men can continue without falling either into decay or into despotism. We should welcome, therefore, the growls that are heard where the masters' profits threaten to topple upon the men's heads. If the men were to bite a little more often, it would be all the better. Particularly will jealousy be necessary in its fullest doses when the Guilds come to be established under the tutelage (in the first instance) of the oldest Guild—that of the bureaucracy. Each must expect to be, alternately and perhaps simultaneously, devil and baker, puller and pulled; and this not once and for all, but *always*. The price of Guilds is eternal jealousy.

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Another useful reminder contained in Mr. de Maeztu's article is of the corporeality of the State. Under such abstract terms as Industry, Poverty, Wealth, Labour,

our idealogues are, we know, in the habit of disguising the concrete facts upon which these cloudy erections rest. They can cackle so much better when they mean nothing in particular but only everything in general. Similarly, we are disposed to regard the State as something unique, *sui generis*, almost Jehovistic in its being. As Mr. de Maeztu, however, points out, it is composed of flesh and blood persons; and is, in fact, only a Guild. The critics who object that Guilds can never be formed are requested to turn their attention to the Guild that calls itself the State and actually carries out the functions of sovereignty. Imagine an anarchist-communist nation such as Kropotkin depicts, and the institution in its midst of just such a Guild as *our* State Guild would appear a Utopian notion. Similarly, if we had no such Guild as a working model, the institution of national industrial Guilds would appear impossible. With the State Guild, however, before their eyes, our critics must be blind to deny that Guilds are possible. The sixteen or so Guilds we propose are as easily within our power to create and maintain as the single monstrous isolated Guild of the State—the bureaucratic Guild.

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Much remains to be said on the subject of sovereignty concerning which we appreciate greatly the discussion that has been taking place elsewhere in these pages. Our readers, we hope, have followed it with the attention due both to the subject and from themselves. For it is by no means an academic question; nor are our readers at liberty to shirk fundamental thought after the manner of the ordinary newspaper-bibbers. Practical problems alone are here discussed; and they have the right to claim practical and serious examination. Mr. de Maeztu's quotation of the formula of monarchical election adopted by the Aragonese nobility appears to us in point when applied to the Guilds. As they proudly declared: "We who are as worthy as you, and together are worthier than you, make you our king that you may defend our privileges and liberties"; so, we imagine, *ultimately* the National Guilds will look upon the State Guild, or Guild of Guilds. It is true, as "A. E. R." has ably maintained, that in the first instance the National Guilds will be the children of the State Guild (as the colonial dominions are, in the same sense, children of the mother-country); as such, for a considerable period perhaps, they will accept the sovereignty of the "King in Parliament assembled" as we now have it. But as the dominions tend more and more to claim the privileges of a commonwealth, in which the mother-country is by consent only *primus inter pares*, in time the State Guild will find itself sovereign among its peers, the National Guilds.

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That a Guild cannot with safety confine its attention to its own affairs is another point brought out by Mr. de Maeztu with an arrow sped at the Labour Little Englanders en passant. The mediæval Guilds were undoubtedly ruined by their failure to keep their eye upon the forces growing outside them. Having won their first victory, they forgot, like a silly general, to post sentries about their camp. The two powers of Land and Capital meanwhile set to work to make themselves blackleg proof against the Guilds; and succeeded so well that, in no long time, the industrial Guilds found themselves swamped on the one side by the cheap labour expelled from the land, and, on the other, by the cheap goods produced by means of free capital exploiting the cheap labour. Thus surprised as they slept, they were slaughtered at leisure; and Capital and Land have ruled over us ever since. The revolt is, however, begun. The Trade Unions are on the eve of raising the banner of the Guilds. Is it credible that their leaders, nevertheless, are so unaware of the means by which they fell that they swear to eschew subjects not confined to Trade Unionism? What do they know of Trade Unions who only Trade Unionism know?

NATIONAL GUILDSMEN.

Aspects of the Guild Idea.

By Ivor Brown

I.

THE Socialists have quarrelled. That is the one vital, incontestable fact that stares the critic in the face. They are not merely calling each other names: they have done that for years. They are not merely objurgating rivals for the international wire-pulling championship. Our Labourites carried that off ages ago, and nobody took any notice. They have begun to quarrel about an idea: and that does matter. A movement lives on its quarrels as a baby lives on its milk; but the quarrels, like the milk, must have a certain quality, for quarrels and milk can be as deadly as they are nutritive. So far, Socialism has been reared in this country on the skim-milk of trivial personalities: it is now beginning to taste the rich cream of an idea.

The Socialism of Great Britain in the first decade of the twentieth century was a creed of dreamy optimism, unprobed, undiscussed, untested. One read a tract or two, realised the absurdity of profiteering, and thought how jolly it would all be when we had nationalised everything. Socialists said the same thing always. The fire-eaters of the "Clarion" and the bean-eaters of the "Labour Leader" lay down together like lambs in the pleasant fields of Social Democracy. All were superbly aware of their own supreme, invincible rightness. Nobody did any real critical work or research: the Fabians, indeed, sweated blood at times in their search for a new palliative; but their agony was not fruitful of Socialism. Mr. Wells made an amateur incursion into Socialism, as he made into everything, from women to astronomy; contributed some vague and much bedotted suggestions and cleared out to carry on the more profitable task of describing seduction in high life and luncheon parties where there were morning-coats, butlers, and real, shimmering, passionate peeresses. Then, as now, the Marxians refused to question any of their own assumptions or to assuage the questionings of others. Still they murmured cheerfully as Mr. Lloyd George fastened the chains upon them, "The workers must win." Nothing, it seemed, could make these astonishing people understand that wagedom was a growing menace and that the workers, docketed and insured and cocoa-pressed, were sinking into a spiritual hell as deep and abominable as was the material hell of a hundred years ago, which, of course, was still retained. Nothing could make them doubt their leaders' pathetic assurance that all was for the best in the worst of possible worlds. And so, in this world of dream and decay, of mouldering organisations and of political corpses that stank to heaven, Socialism was discredited, weakened, and waned.

It was odd, perhaps, this failure of a fine idea. Yet, had Socialists looked deeper, they might have seen that it was natural. The idea failed because it was just an idea, loose, sweeping, ill-correlated with workaday existence. The leaders made speeches about liberty and fraternity and democracy and a host of abstract things, about which the British people care very little so long as they are mere ideas. Unlike the Frenchman and the Italian, the British worker does not play with ideas: he plays with footballs or whippets or his children. But commercial history has shown that, whatever his play, his work is extremely successful. May it not be that the British worker is a worker before he is a thinker? The Socialists wanted him to be a thinker and a vegetarian and a pacifist long before they thought about his work. They treated his working associations as mere booty to be captured for their own political ends. They never talked to him about making work better, but only about making it shorter: they never talked to him about pleasure, but only about leisure.

The British people is a secret people, a mystery to all the world. It has done many and strange and difficult things, but no one ever knows what it really wants. The British Socialists approached with a Continental idea, vague, flaming, altogether worthy. Few people took any notice, the S.D.F. became more and more reformist. The Independent Labour Party became painfully dependent and painfully middle-class. It thought strikes silly and wanted to fight conscription. As G. K. Chesterton has put it in his fine poem, "The Secret People":

We hear men speaking for us of new laws strong and sweet,
Yet is there no man speaketh as men speak in the street;
It may be we shall rise the last as the Frenchmen rose the first,
Our wrath come after Russia's wrath, and our wrath be the worst.

The men of the 'eighties had high hopes, but they were doomed to despair. There was no rising. No man had spoken as men speak in the street.

The Guild idea was not only a fine idea, it was a practical idea. It did not come from Continental economists or revolutionaries. It was British, in the direct line of Owen and of Morris. If it is a philosophy of anything, it is a philosophy of work. Its end is good work in a good State: its means, the workers' own organisation, the Trade Union. Advocates of the Guild idea realised that the bait of internationalism and universal love was too much for the small mouth of the British people: they determined upon a simpler appeal, the appeal to the craftsman—or, rather, to all that the capitalist had left of him. They believed that the secret of the secret people might be found here, and that the British people, so irresponsive to the spark of a grand, revolutionary idea that animates the Latin, might understand now what it was these Socialists were getting at. No one who has talked casually in trains and bars and places where men meet can deny that in the mind of the average man Socialism has become mixed up inextricably with Mr. Keir Hardie, anti-militarism, vague spouting, and other possibly desirable and certainly irrelevant manifestations of the rebel spirit. But when tackled on the subject of his work and his Trade Union, if any, the average man has a different tale to tell. Blindly prejudiced against Socialism, he is not blindly prejudiced in favour of capitalism. In many cases, no doubt, the strength of environment has told and men are content with scamped work, profiteers' tricks, and a general regime of bustle and snatch. But in others, who would reject violently the name Socialist, there still lingers the spirit of the craftsman, an inarticulate loathing of modern methods. The hope of the Guild idea lies in the possibility of articulating this desire for better work and of taking the Englishman on his best and fullest side. But we must not be content to remain mere mediæval dabblers, Utopists, and literary dreamers. It is essential to graft the Guild idea on to the working fabric of Trade Unionism and to do what the early Socialists never troubled to do, to work out what we really mean by the magic words "Social Democracy." This elaboration will mean the combination of Industrial Unionism and the idea of Guild control and Guild responsibility. That is why the Guild idea has been so fine a stimulant. It has forced men to discover ways and means of realising democracy in a Socialist State; above all, it has forced men to undertake a revaluation of ideals and to ask themselves whether what they want is the collectivist-efficiency-leisure State dear to the followers of Webb and Wells, or the work State of William Morris. There is cant of the Guild; there is a cant of joy in labour; but so is there a cant of all good things. And better to risk the cant of the Guild, say some, than to despair of work and fight only for leisure. That leisure-State, machine-run and politician-ruled, may be preferable to capitalism. But the Guild idea has warned us that in our search for new worlds it is quite possible to reveal "New Hells for Old."

England and the Caliphate.

By Syud Hossain.

THE past few days have witnessed an interesting interlude on the question of the Caliphate. The topic, as is well known to everyone in (and out of) Fleet Street, has been under the Censor's taboo ever since the declaration of war between England and Turkey. Evidently, however, it has been officially discovered that the policy of "looking the *other* way and saying nuffin'" has its limitations. So, in reply to a blameless inquiry addressed in the House of Lords by the Earl of Cromer (April 20), the Secretary of State for India made an important statement on the attitude of the Government towards Moslem sentiment in relation to the Caliphate. The embargo being thus lifted, the "Times" published (April 24) a letter from Lord Cromer in amplification of his remarks in the House of Lords, and accompanied by the inevitable leader on the "Future of the Khalifate." (The "Times," be it noted, consistently spells Caliphate with a K.) During the week some further correspondence on the subject has been allowed, with full observance of the elaborate typographical ritual customary with the "Times."

It is worth while considering for a moment the import of these various and sudden utterances on the Caliphate.

Lord Crewe declared that the future of the Caliphate was a matter for the Moslem world to decide, and disclaimed any desire on the part of His Majesty's Government to interfere in the matter, or influence their contingent choice. This, of course, is calculated to give general satisfaction to the Mahomedans of India, who, while steadfastly adhering to the enlightened policy they adopted at the beginning of the crisis, have waited in vain through trying weeks of acute misgivings for some such responsible statement of policy. At a time, however, when so much else that is of vital public importance remains shrouded in silence, it would be idle merely to inquire why so eminently sensible and useful a declaration could not have been made a little earlier in the day. But the moral has to be pointed. How have the policy of silence in this country, and suppression in India, paid? A carefully worded passage in Lord Cromer's letter lends itself, rather unconsciously, to suggest the answer:

It cannot be doubted that there is at this moment some anxiety current amongst Moslems as regards the future of Islam, coupled, possibly, with some suspicions as to the general attitude of the British Government and British public opinion towards Islamism.

What subtle distinction may be intended by Lord Cromer's employment of the terms "Islam" and "Islamism" I do not profess to be able to probe. Both are wide terms and give a generalised bearing to the statement. But the specific political purport that underlies is not difficult to perceive, and constitutes an unfortunate development. Can it be doubted that had Lord Crewe's statement been more timely it would have gained in grace and influence, and thus materially modified, if not indeed forestalled, the situation that has arisen? Let me illustrate this concretely. Lord Cromer naively remarks: "It is well known that a mischievous rumour gained some currency a short time ago that there was an idea of the recently appointed Sultan of Egypt being brought forward as a candidate for the Khalifate. This rumour was, I am aware, wholly devoid of foundation, but the mere fact that such an idea should have been mooted in irresponsible quarters caused much alarm and excited some suspicion as regards the intentions of the British Government." Unfounded as the rumour was, did not its circulation become inevitable—by sheer association of ideas—once the inept decision had been taken to dub the ex-Khedive's successor as *Sultan* by way of counter-blast to the venerable "alien enemy" at Stambul? When this was followed by the dispatch of His Highness the Aga Khan, in company with the Mahomedan member of the

India Council, on a kind of mysterious mission to Egypt, the Moslems would have been more, or less, than human if they had not imagined or suspected that the British Government intended "running" a candidate of its own for the Caliphate of Islam. What, then, is the point of talking of the idea having been "mooted in irresponsible quarters?" Had Lord Cromer been a Moslem he would have "mooted" it right enough like everyone else. Given the circumstances I have set forth, the speculation then would have been in his blood. A policy of frank and courageous guidance on the part of the Government, based on a sympathetic understanding of sentiment, would of course have produced a different atmosphere, and induced trust rather than speculation.

One would fain believe that in the quarters that count experience has generated wisdom. Certainly some of the indications are significant and hopeful. I have already cited Lord Crewe's assurance that the future of the Caliphate was an exclusively Islamic concern with which the Government had no intention of interfering. Lord Cromer is prepared to go further: he suggests the issuing of a "manifesto which might reassure the world of Islam in the sense of acquainting them with the importance which Great Britain, as a great Moslem Power, attaches to the political independence of the Khalif, whoever he may be." Whereupon the "Times" proceeds to fill the cup of magnanimity, thus: "We agree that some such declaration would have a good effect, but it should be accompanied by an intimation that the manifesto is not intended to question the position of the present titular head of the Caliphate. Clearly that also is a matter with which Islam alone is competent to deal, and with which we have nothing whatever to do."

The new orientation thus revealed is to be welcomed. It has the breadth and insight of statesmanship. It should materialise into a settled and coherent policy. Unfortunately, however, one already detects a certain tendency to "wobble in the application" (like the sermon in the story) when it comes to converting pious theories into practical admissions. Thus both Lord Cromer and the "Times" talk of the Sultans of Turkey having been "tacitly" acknowledged as Caliph by "the vast majority of Moslems." Selim I, who obtained a cession of the sacred office from the last Abbaside Caliph in 1517, was, it appears, a "usurper." That the institution of the Caliphate has vested in the House of Osman for over four centuries, and commanded recognition, is, of course, a detail. What is the value of historical research if inconvenient facts cannot be adjusted to their proper proportions? And this brings me to Sir George Birdwood, who, at the moment of writing, has erupted into the "Times," and thereby compelled a revision of the original plan of this article. Sir George, for the last thirty-five years, has indulged the hobby of periodically writing to the "Times" denying the right and title of the Sultan of Turkey to the Caliphate. About 1878 Sir George suggested—through the medium of the "Times," it need hardly be said—his own nominee for the sacred office, and within a few weeks of this friendly attention the man was assassinated, under orders, he strongly suspects, from Constantinople. Since then he has returned to the charge, though, happily, without declaring his preference for a Caliph-designate. When, about seven years ago, he started his favourite hare, it was my painful duty to overtake and, as I had hoped, strangle it. I might have known better. It was the self-same subject of the Ottoman Caliphate exercising our minds to-day, but no urgent political purposes had been imported into its consideration. As there was no question of an Anglo-Turkish war at that date, and no Censor to temper truth with patriotism, the discussion could be free and frank—or perhaps I should say freer and franker. What was said then in its application to the point now raised has a certain interest, and might even have some value as being wholly uninfluenced by current passions and prejudices. Writing in the

"Englishman" (Calcutta), in its issue of September 8, 1908, I said:

Sir George Birdwood, in his great wisdom, may regard the "Ottoman Caliphate" as a "contradiction in terms," but his valuable opinion does not, I fancy, affect its tangible reality in the least. . . . Whether or not the Sultan of Turkey is the Caliph of Islam is a question which is not to be disposed of by any *obiter dicta*; the party most interested in the matter are the Mahomedans themselves, and they have, all the world over, duly and formally recognised the Sultan of Turkey as their Caliph. In Morocco, Egypt, Afghanistan, India and China, he is universally venerated as the Caliph, and his name is mentioned in the public "Khutba" every Friday in every mosque in Islamdom.

This might have been penned in reply to Sir George's letter to the "Times" of last Thursday, instead of in 1908. For the rest, when he suggests that the Caliph "must be of the Koreish," as an everlasting and irrevocable condition, he perhaps does not adequately realise that he is negating the stern and splendid democratic tradition of Islam. It was not for nothing that the Prophet refused, on his deathbed, to *nominate* a successor, but enjoined that the people should *elect* their own leader. In the modern far-flung community of Islam election can only mean an intellectual and spiritual acceptance. It is a right of conscience about which Mahomedans are sensitive. Pedantic zeal or political short-sightedness could hardly be worse employed than in trying to subvert it.

An American Note-Book.

It is no longer popular superstition that every child should have the measles. Parents do not, to-day, expose their children to infection in order to have it over and done with. It is, however, in that benighted country which lies on the western side of the North Atlantic, so far from Piccadilly Circus, still considered necessary that every generation should have political measles, otherwise known as a Democratic Administration. The word "administration" probably deserves a passing comment. Readers are, no doubt, familiar with the fact that, in the United States of America, the President is elected for a term of four years. As he is the chief administrative officer, his term is called "an administration." It is frequently designated by the name of the party by which the President was elected. The word is also used to describe the President and Cabinet collectively.

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If the writer of these notes were an historian, he would begin, as historians invariably do, by going back to the earliest days of the American Republic and calling attention to the fact that from that time to the present every generation but one has had its Democratic Administration. This would be amplified by brief sketches of the various historical events which lead up to present conditions. The reader is to be spared, for the scope of these notes includes only present-day conditions. They are not directed to scientific inquiry into the causes thereof. It is needless, therefore, to give details of past experiences of the "land of the free." It is sufficient to note, by way of introduction, two facts. The only generation which escaped the "measles" was that which reached manhood immediately after the great Civil War which, by the way, produced most of the seeds from which have since developed the magnificent, full-grown plants of destruction now blossoming in Europe. In those days, the memory of the rebellion was fresh. The Democratic party had had its stronghold in the disaffected part of the country. When, in 1876, they did elect their candidate to be President, some loyal and ingenious citizens contested the election. The Supreme Court, which as we shall have occasion to see, really governs America, thought it would not be well to have the Federal Government pass into the hands of the late rebels. The contest was decided in favour of the Republican candidate. This was an injustice.

It must be borne in mind in considering matters as they are to-day.

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The year 1892 was the most prosperous that the United States had known up to that time. That means much to the average American. It means that in such a year he can accumulate more dollars than in other years, and the gentle reader is cognisant of the fact that dollars are near to the heart of the average American, even as £ s. d. are near to the heart of the average Englishman. Early in the year 1893, a Democratic President took office. That year is famous in the history of the United States. It is the classic period of "hard times." Since then there has been an ineradicable association of ideas among the people generally, namely, that of a Democratic administration with hard times. So universal was this mental illusion that a generation passed away before the people dared to trust the control of their National Government to the Democratic Party. In 1912, however, when a president was about to be elected, the most powerful politician in the country made up his mind to rule or ruin the Republican Party. As invariably happens in such cases, the second purpose was effectively accomplished and a Democratic President was again installed. Concomitant with the change of Government was the appearance of hard times. Nothing like the present business depression has been known in America since last there was a Democratic President. It is not the writer's purpose to consider whether or not there is a casual connection between Democratic Presidents and hard times, but merely to discuss the present status of American civics.

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The discussion should, properly, be divided into three parts—the national, the State and the local governments; but the national government presents so many remarkable features that space will not permit the consideration of anything else. One more fact is to be noted by way of introduction. The political system of the United States is *sui generis*. It was founded in the days when the ideas of Jean Jacques Rousseau were rampant. The Constitution of the United States is in very truth a social contract. When the independence of her colonies was recognised in Great Britain in 1783, a great dispute arose on the western side of the Atlantic as to whether there were thirteen nations or one. To put at rest all question, the thirteen entered into a written contract associating themselves together into one "more perfect union," granting to the Federal Government certain powers and denying it others. They followed minutely the theories of the French philosophers and agreed that the executive, legislative and judicial branches of the Government should be wholly independent of each other.

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Under this system the President is a very powerful person. He is wholly irresponsible during the period for which he is elected. He appoints the Cabinet and formerly appointed all the officials, clerks and employees of the Government. In those days, when a new President was of a different political faith from the old, all the employees of the Government lost their jobs. An effort has been made of late years to install a system of competitive examinations for positions in the Civil Service of the Government. This movement is known as "Civil Service Reform," or more familiarly as "Civil Service." When Mr. Wilson took office a new era began. The Republican Party had grown decadent and reactionary by reason of its repeated successes at the polls. A magnificent opportunity opened before the new administration. Progress, change, the destruction of ancient and useless customs was the order of the day. The new President and his ministers soon showed the country that as a Government they were unusual. Indeed, as already remarked, they are so unusual that it is difficult to know where to begin a description of them. The human intellect, scientists tell us, recognises those things which impress themselves upon it through the medium of the senses by comparing them with other

things previously impressed through the same medium. We are informed that an infant must see its mother many times before it recognises the difference between her and a table or the moon. Here is an intellectual difficulty presented by the Wilson administration. Nobody ever saw anything like it before. There is nothing with which to compare it.

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The writings of Professor Wilson of Princeton University (the President was an instructor in history and in the science of government) will convince any unbiased reader of the profundity of their author's mental grasp, of the lofty ideals which inspired him and of his intimate knowledge of the theory of government. Upon coming into office, he at once surrounded himself with a Cabinet as capable of the arduous duties they assumed as he was himself. His choice for Secretary of State stamped indelibly his character upon his official record. Mr. Bryan, who was selected by the new President for the chief office within his appointment, had been a leader of Democratic politics as well as Democratic thought for years. Some years before, Mr. Wilson had remarked in writing that he wished Mr. Bryan could be knocked into a cocked hat. Mr. Bryan, however, had expanded mentally since then, as was proved by the fact that his conduct alone was responsible for Mr. Wilson's candidacy for President. Scandalous tongues will wag. It is a known fact that Mr. Bryan is the most powerful critic in the country. It has been suggested that as his appointment as Secretary of State effectually prevented a powerful pen from being used against the administration, it was justified. Such an indirect act is not characteristic of Mr. Wilson.

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Reform, *per se*, is not popular in America. It is associated with too much humbuggery. This fact made it essential that the new Cabinet should not assume the attitude of reformers. They have, therefore, carefully avoided fundamental reform. For example, they have sought to regulate monopolies, not to abolish the privileges upon which they are founded. They have been careful to avoid the question of landlordism and single tax. They have steered a middle course, seeking to correct the errors of present conditions without upsetting things by touching fundamentals. The Tariff Law which they enacted under the slogan "tariff should be imposed for revenue only," produced neither free trade nor revenue. The income tax, which was intended to make the rich pay for the government, cost every bank and banking-house in the country large sums of money, put the well-to-do and rich to infinite pains and annoyance, but produced only one-half of the revenue that was promised by its sponsors. The Currency Act adopted all the essential features of the Republican measure that was pending when the Government changed hands, but added the ingredient of bringing the national currency under political control. When it was found that the decreasing government revenues were insufficient to meet the increased expenditures, they enacted a Stamp Act called the War Revenue Bill. It is always essential when other nations are at war to lay war taxes on those at peace. In only one thing is the present administration typical of reform, as that word is construed in America: they come to their task of improving without any knowledge of the thing to be improved and with the inward assurance that such knowledge is wholly unnecessary.

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It would be impossible for such a man to come to the very head of a great government without impressing his personality upon its affairs. The person of the President is probably the most striking feature of American politics to-day. That he is a great man no one can deny. People criticise what he does, thinkers differ from him, business men hate him, newspaper men call him "The Schoolmaster," "A Theorist," "Wielder of the Birch," and "Wilson" without any handle to his name (though that mark of respect was bestowed upon every one of his predecessors), but they cannot deny that

he is the whole Government of the United States in his private person in a way no President was before. The sixty-third Congress elected under the present Constitution was kept in session during practically the entire time for which it was elected, an event unparalleled in time of peace, and this was done solely by the strength of the President's personality.

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This same power has compelled this same Congress to enact copious legislation, in spite of the fact that a majority of the members were individually opposed to the laws they voted for. Indeed, the Presidential person has played with the deliberative body in a way that recalls the house cat and her prey. For example, Mr. Wilson compelled Congress to pass a Currency Act during the year 1913, insisting that it should be passed before Congress adjourned for the Christmas vacation. The bill was hastily drafted and little considered. It was enacted because the President proclaimed from the house-tops that it was an immediate public necessity. The Act as adopted by Congress could not be put into operation until the President appointed a Board of Control, whose powers included, practically, the management of the currency. This board was not appointed until November, 1914. Even then it appeared that most of the appointees had not been consulted and more than one refused to serve. This was not playing with Congress, but the repetition of the circumstances was. Shortly after the Currency Act was passed the President demanded the creation of a commission to examine all business houses to see whether they were dealing honestly with the public. Congress was compelled to pass this Bill without consideration because of immediate necessity, and then the Chief Executive took five months to deliberate upon the appointment of the board. Comment is superfluous.

GRAHAM COX WOODWARD.

Impressions of Paris.

HE was an old maniac. "These theosophists!" he said, "they twaddle about things being at the turn upward. We are at the end! Look at the moon. You see him? Boar—pass on, pass on—still Boar—oh, turn, pass on, you're only at Atalanta—h'm, h'm!—ah, Greek—h'm Anglo-Saxon—German! And still Boar, isn't he?—Boar always Boar. Nothing matters now but Morality. Stop fiddling with politics, with art, with commerce. Save your souls! Are you straight with the moon?" I would have told him that he was quite mad but for its being no use to try and convince a madman of that. He babbled o' green fields and virtue until I babbled too o' green fields and said that nothing mattered now but Nature and Morality. It is very difficult to laugh brazenly at madmen while men are killing each other in all terrible ways (and it is even more difficult to believe that they are killing each other). But, after all, what is morality but the sense of humour which forbids you to gull the electorate, water your capital, palm off Futurism for Art, or do any other shady thing which may turn you into a pillar of salt in your old age?

It is the turn of the Belgians just now to be abused by the temporarily out of work alarmists. Before Premzyl fell it was the Russians, before Neuve Chapelle it was us. Now, it appears, the Belgians are a worthless nation (the French, as everybody knows, only fight because they have to). Belgium . . . but there, I expect you have your own stock of deprecators and know their stories. If Belgium had corrupted fifty Congos, were fifty times as mercenary as she may be for all I know, and had not a single name of genius in her family bible, I for my part, should still not know how to say Bo! to the thousands of valiant geese among them who were stupid enough to hold up the German advance in its prime and thus aided me to remain a British subject under French protection in Paris, where one lacks

for little and not for long. I think one must always permit oneself to be beguiled by the "Poor little Belgian girl, Madame," although she was probably born in the Rue de la Gaieté. If the name Belge cannot still conjure a sou, hard luck on the begging profession! And, of course, she may be really pure Antwerp.

On Sunday an Arab soldier was buried, and all Montparnasse ran to see. Instead of dreadful, boozy, chattering undertakers in front of the hearse, which was hidden with flags and flowers, a troupe of Arabs preceded, chanting all the way! Behind the hearse marched an escort of French, and then the usual procession. Black is not so absolutely de rigueur at French funerals as at English. In a long procession many a colour may pick up the hues around the coffin. They have a hideous fashion in bead wreaths and crosses woven and coloured to imitate flowers, I think an even less respectful offering to the departed than our own wax beauties. When I depart if anyone venture . . . enough!

I picked up a very amusing book, a new uncut gem—"Shakespeare and His Times," by Mr. N. Drake. He is long since dead, but I feel sure he would agree with my giving him a title. Indeed, he sets me the example, since when he himself has to speak of John-a-Combe, dead two centuries, he says: "Mr. Combe who, it appears, was buried two days after his disease, was by no means a popular character, having amassed considerable wealth through the medium of usury. The custom, though now honourable and familiar, was then deemed so odious, etc." There are nine authentic portraits of the Bard, "the object almost of our adolutry," and eighty adorable steel and wood engravings, one especially pleasing of Anthony and Cleopatra, in which the Queen of Egypt has the countenance of Good Queen Eleanor and wears a veil of Brussels point, Anthony being suitably masculine and untidy with a stubbly beard. Hamlet and the Ghost, however, are curiously better done; the Ghost stands against a low parapet, in invisible armour, plumed and stately in the moonlight, while Hamlet, fallen on one knee, leans heavily on a bending sword. I have taken in a quantity of the curiousest information about our jolly old times.

"Alas! These men and these horses are no more. . ."

Henry Hastings, for instance, Lord Shaftesbury's "eccentric neighbour, who, in spite of his hawks, hounds, kittens, and oysters, could not forbear to indulge his book-propensities, though in a moderate degree! Let us fancy we see him in his eightieth year, just alighted from the toils of the chase, or listening, after dinner, with his 'single glass' of ale by his side, to some old woman with spectacle on nose, who reads to him a choice passage out of John Fox's 'Book of Martyrs.' A rare old boy was this Hastings!" Perhaps there still survives in out of the way spots the tradition of times when your country squire kept a live priest, a racy, lettered man, who wrote even more spaciouly than his patron lived. Recently in the "Athenæum," a critic remarked of the £30,000 pension given to an Imaum that it was "a tolerable sum in the desert." You need to have eaten a lot of pheasant to write like that!

I wonder is Bishop Earle still easily obtainable? Mr. Drake quotes him a great deal and certainly he is a delightful writer. He says of a plain country fellow that "he is one that manures his ground well, but lets himself lye fallow and untilled. He has reason enough to doe his business, and not enough to be idle and melancholy. . . . His dinner is his other work, for he sweats at it as much as at his labour; he is a terrible fastner on a piece of beef, and you may hope to stave off the guard sooner. . . . He apprehends God's blessings only in a good year or a fat pasture, and never praises Him but on *good ground*. . . . His compliment with his neighbour is a good thump on the back, and his salutation commonly some blunt curse. . . . He is sensible of no calamity but the burning of a stack of corn or the overflowing of a meadow, and thinks Noah's flood the greatest calamity that ever was, not because it drowned the world, but spoiled the grass.

For death he is never troubled, and if he get in but his harvest before, let it come when it will, he cares not." This is all seen, of course, very much as an indulgent, droll Bishop would see it, for small copyholders of the time were not all so free and happy as to have, as he says, "a double ceiling of bacon" to keep their huts dry: but what a lucky, solid, good-natured style he writes with! Contrast him with Stubbes, a kind of morality suffragette, who couldn't believe people were sound unless they dressed their very meat in his colours. Mr. Stubbes could not abide May Day, when maids and men went to the woods; he calls the flowery pole "a stinking idol"—and yet, apparently, he could not keep his imagination away from the subject, for he lashes it with more detail than I should be admired for repeating. The sorry part of the joke against the Stubbeses of the world is that they do succeed for a while in sitting on the safety-valves; before they are themselves blown off, they do some mischief. When the present-war broke out, Stubbes came forth in Paris against every kind of pastime. He had not a very long run here, but he did manage in the persons of the concierges to reduce to absolute starvation a great number of theatre artists, mostly women, of course, who asked no more than to be allowed to sing in the courts for a sou, as there was nowhere else to sing. As nobody sang and nobody listened to singing, people took to talking behind their shutters and grew nervous, so that at various times the alarmists had the population in their power, and even a free expression of opinion in the streets had to be met by arrest. Stubbes naturally did not omit his part of active philanthropist. Now that things have settled down sufficiently for inquiries to be made, it is found that out of one hundred and forty-seven "Works of Charity," seventy-six are liable to criminal prosecution! One of the last to be raided was the microbe's den in the Avenue du Maine. The creatures seem to have been raking in money "for the artists of Montparnasse" with the hope of shining in Petrograd after the war. This house, before the war, used to be a painting academy, chiefly for women, and where many a very independent young American bud left some of Papa's dollars. It is extraordinary how people leave their dollars! I left several of mine yesterday behind a most alluring signboard of a piffing Russian lady dentist. But, in any case, I seriously dislike Russian women in Paris. You know, they have all modelled themselves on Catherine the Great; and with no throne, no face, no fortune, nothing but a dab of science and a large bit of impudence they believe themselves to be competent to put all the world in step. Presently, they will invade London, and then you'll see for yourselves. I 'ates 'em! There are only about three men dentists in Paris now; and they are full up for months to come: hence my patronage of a damned dabbler.

But I musn't get cross, though she has destroyed my happiness; people have been telling me such amusing tales. A poet, a little eccentric, dined in a very bourgeois restaurant, and because of the sudden heat, took off his coat—a thing not so uncommon in Paris. Madame Le Gros, the lady in the money-cage, was offended. "Monsieur T—," she screamed at last, "if you took off your coat at M. Poincaré's, what would he say?" "M. Poincaré? He would say, 'Look here, T—, do you think you are at Madame Le Gros's?'" I like even better the reply of the English officer at Compiègne who, on committing some innocent offence against French etiquette was sarcastically implored to make himself at home. "I thought to be better off!" he said. Speaking of concierges makes me want to swear; they are nothing but police spies attached to you: if you take them to court for even brutal violence you may be sure of coming off worst! I, English, loathe them! I borrow John Shakespeare, father of the Bard, the object almost of our idolatry; and I do protest by this present writing that wherein if it should happen, which God forbid, that through violence of pain and agony, or by subtlety of the devil, I should fall into any impatience or temptation of blasphemy . . . my papers may be en

régie, the which they are not at the present—and I have had no fewer than eight guests this evening, and the old witch at the gate has grumbled at every one of them. She will smile without a blush, to-morrow, after I have given her a franc; but my unhappy English back gets up at bribery of an old cat of a spy. A bas la France! Vivent les Boches!

ALICE MORNING.

Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

I HAVE never been able to understand or to sympathise with the scepticism that denies the value of prayer. Perhaps my name entitles me to rank among the aspirants; but, anyhow, I may state it as a fact of my experience that the prayers of the just are always answered—in the negative. I am not a just man, I suppose, for my prayers are always answered by substitution. I pray, and pray, and pray, until my chamber is filled with carbon dioxide; and then I get something else. For instance, my readers must be well aware how, for a long time, I have yearned for a comedy. I have prayed for one; and, not being willing to leave it all to God, I have tried black magic, white magic, black and white magic; I have resorted to crystal-gazing, to palmistry, to the germ theory, to intensive agriculture; but never a comedy came forth. The black magic was the greatest disappointment, for the fowl refused to remain hypnotised, and cawked and clucked and laid an egg. This was not, as might be supposed, a good omen or ovum, or whatever you call it, for the egg was addled, "like comedy," as I murmured. But it would take too long even to summarise my mystical or mythical (which is it?) experiences; what I want to emphasise is the fact that my prayer has been answered, as is usual, by substitution. No one has found a comedy, because no one has lost one; you cannot lose what you have not got; but there are other people looking for a comedy. Mr. J. T. Grein announces: "There is a great demand and a very small supply of modern English comedies; and, judging from results abroad, I am firmly convinced that a well-endowed prize competition may encourage many who feel that they possess the gift to turn their imagination to play-writing." I seem to remember a similar competition some years ago which produced Miss Netta Syrett—God help her!—as a comedian, in flagrant defiance of Congreve's statement that he had "never made any observation of what I apprehend to be true humour in women." Where is Netta Syrett now, and why have we to find another comedian by competition?

Let me do justice to this competition before I proceed to state my hopes and fears. You may or may not have heard of Messrs. George Grossmith and Edward Laurillard; they have just produced "Tonight's the Night," "a new musical play," at the Gaiety. These gentlemen are also yearning for a good comedy; and they "immediately offered to help [Mr. Grein] in this renewed pioneer work of the Independent Theatre. They have promised [him] a cheque for £100 and the loan of one of their theatres for the production of the play which, by the judges and arbitrator, will be deemed to be worthy of this reward." Honour to whom honour is due: honi soit qui mal y pense; and so on. This competition is open until October 1 of this year, after which date it will be shut.

Now let us look at the constitution of the Court. The young author will write his play (this will be the easiest part of the competition); to the manuscript (which must be anonymous) he will attach a sealed envelope bearing a motto (such as *Quid rides?*) and containing his name and address. This envelope will only be opened after the final award. He will enclose a postal order for five shillings "for administrative expenses and for the remuneration of the professional play-reader," and he

will then sit back and wait for Fame. Now send your soul through the Invisible, and follow the play to its destination. "The plays will, in the first instance, be perused by a well-known professional play-reader, Miss Agnes Platt." God in heaven, and this is a competition for a comedy! Why, if it had been left to the Guiccioli we should never have had the last twelve cantos of "Don Juan." Who is Agnes, what is she, that J. T. Grein commends her? She is a lady, a maiden lady: which means that the moral test will be rigorously applied. No comedy if she can help it! Anyhow, from morality we progress to mysticism, morality being a mystical discipline. Agnes will choose twelve plays, like Christ choosing His apostles; "Have I not chosen you twelve, and one of you is a devil?"; and these twelve plays will go to the Initiates, William Archer, Henry Ainley, and H. A. Hertz. "Let us build three tabernacles, one for Archer, one for Ainley, and one for Hertz." It is suggested that these three judges represent dramatic criticism, acting, and the constant playgoer. They will choose three plays (Peter, James, and John) and submit them "for final award of prize and production" to Mr. J. T. Grein. If a comedy can find its way through that apparently impregnable defence it must be truly an Immortal Comedy. The last condition of the competition is this: "It is understood that Messrs. Laurillard and Grossmith retain an option to purchase the world's rights on the usual theatrical terms of any play sent in. The ordinary author's commission will in this case go to the Independent Theatre in order to strengthen its hands for further production of original plays." Even a play that does not win the prize may thus be of benefit to the Independent Theatre, and the commission on the play accepted by Messrs. Laurillard and Grossmith will help to produce plays rejected by them.

There is one objection to the scheme, and that is, I think, fatal; no hint is given of what is meant by comedy. The very institution of this competition implies that we have no comedy, and, therefore, the models that new authors have before their eyes will be misleading, probably useless. Nor does the previous history of the Independent Theatre encourage us to hope much from this competition; its most important discovery was Shaw, and Shaw was never a comedian, but a satirist. The moral test of comedy has been avowed by him on many occasions, and with meticulous precision he described one of his volumes as "Three Plays for Puritans." Shaw wanted to do us good; he thought that it did us good to be shocked, and he tried to shock us. He was derivative of the stage by his very reaction against it; he found what is called "sentimental comedy" (a contradiction in terms) in possession of the stage, and he substituted argument for sentiment with disastrous results. Alike on technique and mood, his influence has been fatal; for the mood of the satirist is different indeed from that "noble laziness of the mind" that is the origin of comedy. The satirist, like Hamlet, exclaims: "The time is out of joint. O cursed spite, that ever I was born to set it right!" Comedy, it may be said, assumes that the Graces are the Virtues, even as Poetry has alleged that "Beauty is Truth; Truth, Beauty"; but the satirist at his best can only add a grace to virtue; at his worst, he defaces with ugliness what to him is not virtue. Let Shaw rest with his confession that he wrote "Fanny's First Play" as a "pot-boiler."

But for whom is the Independent Theatre looking? What is the model that their competitive comedians are to follow? There is no indication. Mr. Grein calls comedy from the "vasty deep"; but will it come when he does call for it? I think not; that product of the leisure of the mind is not to be evoked by competition. Until it is recognised that comedy is "for men only" we shall have to tolerate the epicene and epi-obscene plays of our modern stage, which, by striving not to bring a blush to the cheek of the virtuous maiden, make her of all creatures the most hypocritical, and bore the men into the more sacred recesses of the bar.

Readers and Writers.

IN his brilliant letters (I may patronise the rising generation!) Mr. Bechhöfer is inclined, I think, to take his Russia a little too superficially. There is undoubtedly a Russian superficiality that is as repulsive as anything known to present-day mankind; and it is often enough reflected in Russian literature as well as in Russian politics. But the character of a whole nation is not to be divined through only one of its sides, and that the outside; but in the totality of its manifestations. From this point of view, the extremes of genius, both good and bad, are as the boundaries within which the national portrait is placed. England, for example, is only to be comprehended after a study of her buccaneers and murderers and of her men of beneficent genius—Shakespeare, Newton, Bacon, Milton, Burke. (By the way, it should be noted that Newton's name is on the list of great English writers to whom the German, Haeckel, has just paid farewell homage. In Germany, Newton ranks with Shakespeare as a *German* discovery; he is forgotten here.) Similarly, when we are shocked by the symptoms of Russian barbarity, we should balance ourselves by the contrary shock of delight at the symptoms of Russian culture. Neither set, it is true, is yet completely distinct; in Tolstoy there is a good deal of the brute, and in any Russian villain there is a good deal of Tolstoy. But that, I take it, is due to the fact that Russia has not yet stopped growing. Like all nations before their coming-of-age, Russia exhibits possibilities rather than actual accomplishments. Several more centuries may be necessary before her promise is fulfilled. At present, therefore, she can no more be defined than the continent which is the form her mind has to fill. She is, indeed, a "myth," and so must remain until time reveals its meaning. As the poet Tiutchev says: "Russia cannot be understood by the intelligence; she cannot be measured by a common foot-rule; she possesses a special stature—one can only believe in Russia." Criticism of Russia must for some time yet be rather reverential than rationalist.

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An anonymous writer in the "Nation" of last week gave me pleasure by coming very near my own definition of art, and then irritated me by retreating from it. A handful of us ought surely to be able to agree on the subject-matter of our profession; and most of all at a time like this, when the standards of criticism that will prevail after the war are being cast. Art, as I defined it (the idea is, of course, as old as the Himalayas!), is "the imaginative perfecting of nature"; or the intuitive perception and representation of reality in actuality. The "Nation" goes the length of quoting Ben Jonson, who said of the art of poetry in particular: "It utters somewhat above a mortal mouth"; and Poe, who said that "it is no mere appreciation of the beauty before us, but a wild effort to reach the beauty above"; and even stretches out to Sidney's inspired oracle that Nature's world "is brazen, but the poets only deliver a golden"; and then, as I say, retreats in disorder. The oracle of Sidney, comments the "Nation," is "a fine saying rather than an interpretation . . . it has no importance as a theory of poetry to compare with Wordsworth's definition in the preface to his 'Lyrical Ballads.'" On the contrary, as a description of the *spirit* of poetry, and of art in general, I find it infinitely to be preferred to Wordsworth's definition of the psychological method he, a single poet, employed. Sidney's sentence throws a light upon all poetry and all art, Wordsworth's upon—Wordsworth!

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If one of my readers chances to possess and will lend to me a copy of "The Spiritual Quixote" by Richard Graves, I shall be greatly obliged; for Dr. Havelock Ellis, who has a flair for neglected excellence, writes of this work in the current "Nineteenth Century" that it "deserves to rank with all but the best of Fielding, Smollett and Sterne." The book, it appears, was popu-

lar at the date of its appearance and remained popular for forty years, at the end of which time it fell into an oblivion from which, until now, no one has thought fit to rescue it. The theme of the story is modelled upon that of Cervantes', but is cast in England where Wildgoose and his servant Tugwell do doughty deeds among the Methodist and Wesleyan windmills and sheep then infesting the land. The author was something of a character which may account for his neglect. He was a country parson content with his lot and contemptuous of money as well as of fame. Like the "Maid's Comedy"—a modern undesigned parallel which a hundred years hence some future Dr. Havelock Ellis will discover—the "Spiritual Quixote" was published anonymously; and it remained anonymous to the day of Graves' death at the age of ninety in 1804. Malthus, by the way, who was one of Graves' earliest pupils, administered the last sacrament to him.

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The concluding paragraph of Senor Ramiro de Maeztu's article in last week's issue ought not to pass without our special attention. It links the literary mission of THE NEW AGE with the economic and the political. I have frequently commented on the fact that many of our readers appear to imagine that the subjects of economics and literature, as treated in these columns, are separate in the minds of our writers as well as separable in fact. And as frequently I have assured them that they are wrong. The reason, I hope, has now been made clear; we are guildsmen in literary criticism, jealous *for* our profession, as we are guildsmen in economics, jealous *for* the welfare of industry. At present, it is plain, the judgment together with the reward of good literary workmanship is in the hands of the mob—from which it is as much our duty to deliver it as we have made it our duty to deliver the judgment and reward of industrial labour from the hands of profiteers. *Their* standard, like the standard of the mob in literature, is obviously not a craft standard; but refers to the profitability in commercial exchange of material products; as *this* refers to the mere capacity to tickle the ears of the groundlings. The popular author of to-day (there are at least a hundred making several thousand pounds a year) is very often the counterpart of the profiteer and, like him, exploits ignorance and other disabilities. We would have him judged and paid by his peers.

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What the pay of a writer would be, if determined by his own profession, I should assume would be limited both in its maximum and in its minimum. No writer, once sealed of the tribe, should receive less than £100 a year—ample for a young writer; none, on the other hand, should receive more than £500. Coleridge, a man of great taste, thought £350 sufficient. When offered by Stuart £2,000 a year to write regularly for the "Morning Post" he replied that he "could not give up the country and the lazy reading of old folios for two thousand times £2,000; and, in short, considered that beyond £350 a year money was a real evil." So it is—to a man of letters. It feeds his vanity and distorts his vision so that, instead of being content in his own profession, he aspires to join the plutocracy. Look at Mr. Shaw, with his town house, his country house, his estate in Ireland, his motor-car, and all the rest of it; or at Mr. Arnold Bennett, with his yacht and his show-house; or at a score or others of the same overblown mob-made successes. They are indistinguishable in their expenditure from stockbrokers. But this is a real guild offence to transgress our traditions as men of letters and to set our young writers aspiring after success in the merely commercial sense. It sets them to thinking, as Steele said, more of the state of their fortune than of the state of their mind and style. It opens the career to talons as well as talents (Prof. J. A. Thomson's joke!).

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It is a pleasure to record the fact that Mr. G. K.

Chesterton is almost completely recovered from his illness and will shortly resume his literary work. A great journalist and a great writer, he is also a great man. England has need of him, and is as fortunate in his recovery as, we all hope, he may be. R. H. C.

Letters from Russia.

By C. E. Bechhöfer.

EASTER has come! For seven weeks no believer has eaten meat or milk—we ourselves condescended to fast thus for seven days. The Generalsha and the Commander's widow did not feel they could bear this change of diet, but the rest of us lasted out the week on potato cutlets and macaroni. For this last week cards, dominoes, gramophone, all were forbidden. The everlasting games of patience ceased to cover the tables, and for seven holy days we cultivated malicious scandal of one another. Saturday came at last. All day we stained eggs blue, red, and scarlet, prepared messes of butter, cheese, and flour, and waited. At half-past eleven the service began at the church. With the old housekeeper to guide us, we set out with lanterns for the church close by. The sexton was standing outside tolling the bell. "Open the side door," said the housekeeper. He handed over the rope to a little boy, whose energy made me smile. "Don't laugh," cried the Generalsha.

The door was opened with some difficulty, and we entered and took our places beside the sanctuary. Behind us stood a mob of peasants, praying, swaying, and, farther back, their women-folk and the chattering children. An old man was reading the Gospels. We waited, waited. The priest was late. "What is the time?" asked the Generalsha, "half-past twelve?" She laughed. "Christ is not yet arisen!" she said. I dared not even smile.

The Little Father came at last, and put on the maroon robes. The service commenced. We leaned against the holy pictures while the peasants crossed themselves and howled dirges. Then I went out to see the holy standards and a cross borne in procession round the church. The sexton up in the bulb of a tower let off two fireworks, the mob of small boys shouted, and the procession stopped at the closed doors of the church. Hardly could the priest make his way to them. "Oh! these children!" groaned the old peasants. He prayed for some minutes, then tapped the door with a cross and chanted, "Christ is arisen!" It was the hour at last; an hour late! "Truly, arisen!" we all replied, and the bells rang. The doors opened and we scrambled in pell-mell. The service continued. Several times the priest addressed the people in a quiet-speaking voice, as if he were imparting a confidence. "Christ is arisen!" he remarked, and swung his censer. We crossed ourselves and replied. When we returned to the house there was a table piled with good things to eat. But to eat was forbidden, for they were not yet blessed. We had sent a large basket to the church, but not till the end of the service would it return. Meanwhile, we said, one to the other, "Christ is arisen," and all embraced thrice. At four o'clock the basket came back, blessed. How religious!—the chief morsels were two sucking-pigs! We ate. For one long week we ate, ate, and ate. Half the village had dyspepsia, and a pious old gentleman died.

One of the servants gave notice and demanded his passport. Naturally, it was refused him. He did not change his mind, but left without it. Arrived at Tolka, he was arrested for being without a passport. Madame said it served him right for giving notice.

The Generalsha received a letter from Warsaw, telling her that unless economic troubles forced the Germans to retire, nothing of importance could be expected before the autumn.

With this poor news we travelled up to Tolka. But there the Russian prospect was brighter. The men who were treacherously responsible for the Russian

defeats have been caught. The English and French spies at Berlin and in the German General Staff informed their Governments that all the Russian dispositions were known in advance to the Germans; in addition, they obtained a list of the traitors, which came to General Joffre. Informed of this, the Grand Duke Nicholas requested him to send the fatal packet by the hands of someone he could trust as himself. That was the mission of General Pau!

As soon as he arrived revisions took place in the Russian army. A well-known aeronaut, who had been awarded two St. George's crosses for his long flights over the enemy's positions, was arrested at the moment of departure, and "revised." A dummy bomb was found with the plans of the Russian Staff! No less than 138 men in important positions have been arrested. One of them has already been hanged, the only public intimation of the whole affair. Two years ago one of the Suvorins named him as a spy and was assaulted by him in a public place. Both were imprisoned for a couple of months for disturbing the public peace. Thanks to influential official relations, the matter was hushed up. The Russians hope now that the successes of their army will equal those of their fleet.

The Black Sea fleet won a great victory the other day. Arrived unopposed in sight of Odessa, the audacious "Mejidiah" was just about to bombard the town when it ran upon a sandbank—I mean a Russian mine—I mean it will have been that it was sunk by a Russian torpedo. The crew was saved by its consorts, and next day the Russian fleet went out to have a look at it, but decided it was too rough to get it off. "Odessa," say the papers, "was miraculously saved by the gallant effort of our noble fleet." And the Bosphorus, you know, is on the point of being taken. Our fleets in the Dardanelles are merely assisting the major operations of the Russians. So the Russians say.

In this ranting, canting world of Russian newspapers it is good to read that the Petrograd Academy of Science has unanimously refused to expel indiscriminately all its German members of honour. Those who signed a certain treatise on the barbarism of Russia have been removed, but the rest left. The "Novoye Vremya" is aghast. Atrocious, it says, is this decision; if they are Germans, out with them, one and all. Unfortunately, "Retch" has taken to reprinting its rival's remarks of six years ago. "Retch" having hinted that Germany was at heart hostile to Russia, the "Novoye Vremya" called it a "Jewish-Jesuitical rag," and declared that Germany was the one real friend of the country.

The other day a rich Jew of Kiev was called before the military governor and informed that he had been taking too friendly an interest in the Jewish prisoners of war. "You must remember," he was told, "that these are alien enemies; let your aid to them cease." "Your Excellency," replied the culprit, "I know that you can hang me for it; but, while I see my own people in distress, I will never cease my attempts to aid them." Now he does his good work unhindered.

ROME.

From the French of Joachim du Bellay.

The Berecynthian in her chariot
Tower-crowned, from whose womb many gods had birth
Such was this ancient city in her mirth
And proud of the full brood that she begot.
This city even the Phrygian's womb could not
Outvie in progeny; o'er all the Earth
Her mighty sway out-topped all other worth
And had no likeness save her own proud lot.

Rome had but Rome for right belikening,
Rome had but Rome alone to cause her dread;
And by the eternal Synod orderéd
No human power had right of challenge
Her whose proud mighte did match the world's, whose
head
Rose dauntless to the skies environing.

WILFRID THORLEY.

Unpublished Extracts.

By Max Jacob.

THE SONS OF GREAT MEN. I remember the Bazaar where I was employed. I remember how I toppled over the trouser-buttons into the spectacles and swept all up with a broom. I remember a Chinese colleague who was pink and shaven. I wished to make an innovation: to show glass ink-pots on glass plaques. There was this also: we were in relations with the house of Fichet for natty strong-boxes and for dolls' strong-boxes. We learned that the son of Fichet had died, and as I passed for cultured, I was ordered, if not exactly to attend the funeral, at least to write a speech for the head of the natty strong-box department. I spent a day in arranging the documents concerning the house of Fichet, and a night in writing the speech, and then I learned that the Mr. Fichet who had died and in whom I had discerned the nobler qualities social and otherwise, being only three weeks old had hardly had time to display them.

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UNCONSCIOUS CRUELTY. Isolated, imprisoned, or working Alexander Dumas père consoled himself with the perfume of a woman's garment. Three such men, with similar round hats, similar little bodies, met astonished to be so alike, and came to have the same idea: to rob the isolated one of his consolation.

* * *

THE TRUE RUIN. When I was young, I believed that geniuses and fairies put themselves to trouble for my benefit, and no matter what insults I received I fancied that my geniuses pronounced on these occasions words intended for my guidance and mine alone. The truth and the disaster which have reduced me to make songs for my bread on this spot, teach me that I have always been abandoned by the gods. O geniuses, O fairies!

* * *

CHRISTMAS TALE. There was once an architect, or a horse; it was a horse rather than an architect at Philadelphia to whom someone said: "Do you know Cologne Cathedral? Build a cathedral like Cologne Cathedral." And as he did not know Cologne Cathedral, he was put in prison. But in prison an angel appeared and said to him: "Wolfgang, Wolfgang, why are you desolate?" "Because I must stay in prison for not knowing Cologne Cathedral." "Ah, you lack the Rhine wine in you to build Cologne Cathedral; but show them the plan of it and they will let you out of prison." And the angel gave the architect the plan and he showed it to them and was let out of prison. But he never could build the cathedral because he had never drunk the Rhine wine. He took the notion of importing the Rhine wine to Philadelphia, but they sent him a wretched Moselle, so that he never did build Cologne Cathedral at Philadelphia, but only a horrible Protestant temple.

* * *

INCONVENIENCES OF GRAFTING. The head was only an aged little ball in the big white bed. The wadded quilt of pure silk, ornamented exactly over the stitching, was level with the lamp. In the hollow of the huge white valley lay the mother, her false teeth removed; and the son near the bedside table with his seventeen years and his hairs which could not be shaved for the pimples, was surprised that out of this great old bed, out of this little ball without teeth, had come such a wonderful, conquering, and so clearly gifted a personality as his own. The little ball did not want him to quit the lamp beside the valley. It would have been better for him had he never quitted it, for this lamp has always prevented him from living truly when he was not near it.

* * *

NOCTURNE. There are nights which end in railway stations, and railway stations which end in nights. How often have we traversed the rails of night! Myself am all roughened by the angles of sleeping-carriages. The pain of it lingers in my deltoid. When, also, one waited for one's elder sister or father it all culminated in

miseries one never admits. I have a brother who is disagreeable in a railway station. He never arrives until the last moment (he has principles), then he finds it absolutely necessary to open a portmanteau which the servant has not yet brought. Even at the ticket-office he never knows to which station he means to go—he hesitates between Nogent-sur-Marne and Pont-de-Cé and elsewhere. The portmanteau is there, open. Still his ticket is not taken; and the gas-jets try in vain to turn night into day and day into night. There are nights which end in railway stations and railway stations which end in nights. O accursed hesitation, have you not ruined me and in many places besides waiting-rooms, O railway station!

* * *

ROMANTIC. The shop had the shutters open like a badly folded fan. There the musketeers lived. One spat in the cinders, another read the evening gazette, and the third—it was I—was still in bed when the king entered. One only saw his silhouette. The king brought me the brevet of captain: a laundress's note-book, indeed, in which was written the list of men and things to be furnished by a captain. Moreover, for the future I was to call myself Charles of France, and this gave me many reflections. Next day two charming children of four years arrived with rifles; they were the sentinels. I took them on my knees.

* * *

KALEIDOSCOPE. Everything had a mosaic look. The animals walked with their paws tucked behind. The white belly of the ass was written over with words which changed. The tower was an opera-glass. There were gilded tapestries embroidered with black cows; and as for the little princess in black robe—one could not say whether there were green suns on her robe, or whether one saw her through the holes in her rags.

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A GREAT MAN HAS NO VALET. In a paddock under the trees the king is seated dressed in a cotton skirt while a lobster-banquet is preparing. The charwoman, Madame Casimir, natural child of a grandee and distinguished in manner, salutes the king with her manner, her hump and her eighty years. "Well, how goes it, Madame Casimir?" "Oh, you know, Sire," says the la Parisian, "as soon as I get two francs I grow young again." Meanwhile, the lobster-banquet invited entrances by the roof, and conversations, legs hanging through the skylight, and accidents to the frying-pan.

* * *

IS THE SUN A PAGAN? The wood-sawyer near the church-door at the spot where the vine and the grazing stag are sculptured—the wood-sawyer sends the chipped wood to the sun-ray and the sun-ray replies by sending him back chipped wood. The battle becomes so rapid that the sawyer straightens his back and says: "I can't do any more." He enters the church, putting on his coat. The sun pursues him as far as possible with a big cudgel. But the sun is a Pagan. He has no right to enter the nave.

* * *

OPEN-AIR THEATRE. We arrived in victorias on the heights; through the woods the sunset showed as through opera-glasses. The mansion was supported by columns which supported geraniums: it was here that the synthetic play of all Shakespeare's works was to be mounted. For me, beforehand, what bridges to cross, what battlements! All those people with pince-nez whom I met on the tops of towers, those jewellers, those ladies (they dress better in the country than in Paris). At last evening comes. The hall of the mansion is a kind of Versailles. The hall is full. Some of the ladies are half Ophelias and half bourgeoises; one gentleman has the air of a crusted Strasbourg pâté in the mantle of Romeo: I am he. There were Monnet-Sallys, great actors, in antique bath-gowns. Next morning the dining-room was besieged by friends; the servants had to prevent them from forcing the glass-doors. I was terrified. Was it glory, robbery, or revolution?

A TRUE TALE. The success of Mademoiselle Rathkine at the Franklin Theatre at St. Petersburg was interrupted by cries; the unfortunate singer had fallen under the stage and broken her arm. In my quality of doctor it was I who attended the beautiful sufferer and caused her to be carried to her dressing-room. The manager loved her. I perceived this. He walked up and down outside the room daring neither to enter nor to knock. At last he knocks. No reply. "No doubt her little French gallant is with her," he says to me. Her lover, alas! The sick one was occupied with the old stage-manager who, profiting by her single-handedness, had taken the occasion frantically to embrace that hand without fear of a box on the ear.

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THE TWO ELECT PUBLICS. On the day of the Grand Steeplechase, the queen-mother had on blue velvet stockings. Beside a barrier was the king with his mistress. "Prince," said she, "this woman is not your mother, she has not the rights she usurps about the throne." The king made a long speech in favour of prostitution and married his mistress, a courtesan. A lackey with a monocle, who slept in the kitchen on a decorated porcelain stove, was delighted with this marriage. What did the public think? The stalls found the discourse on prostitution rather too long.

* * *

STYLE BIOGRAPHICAL. Already at the age of three the author of these lines was remarkable—he had done a portrait of the concierge like the man in the moon, colour of terra-cotta, at the instant when she, with tearful eyes, plucked a fowl. The fowl stuck out a Platonic neck. This work, though only a pastime, is yet remarkable in that it was not remarked, remarkable but not regrettable, since if it had been remarked it would not have become remarkable—its career would have been cut short, which would have been regrettable. It were remarkable that it would have been regretted and regrettable that it would have been remarked. The fowl of the man in the moon was a goose.

* * *

THE REGATTA. The drowned do not always go to the bottom. It is enough that a man find himself in deep water for him to remember that he knows how to swim, and he sees his trousers stick out like the legs of a wooden doll. At the regatta of Concarneau this happened to me. I was perfectly still before going down . . . perhaps those elegant canoes will notice my efforts. . . or perhaps . . . in short, a certain optimism. The bank quite near !! with Israelitish personages large as life and most gracious. What surprised me on coming out of the water was to find myself so slightly wet and to be regarded not as a spaniel but a man.

* * *

SIR ELIZABETH. The city of Happney is destroyed, alas! There remains of it no more than a wall with two square towers, towers which give the look of a farm or a reservoir. They were the Faculty of Education; they are empty. There is nothing more, nothing but a stable-gate and crevices, with pavements covered by black-berry-bushes. The stationmaster is still there, however. He told me the history of Sir Elizabeth. She was of the feminine sex, but she had to be a navy. Sir Elizabeth took part in a poetry competition. At this time, even in America, the feminine sex had no idea of being a poet. Sir Elizabeth was crowned and won the right to be sculptured in bust on both sides of the stable-door. The door exists still; the two busts are ruined by the weather, alas! Sir Elizabeth was pursued by the sculptor who had made her bust and she revealed to him her sex, but the sculptor then repulsed her because she had deceived the city. Then Sir Elizabeth joined the militia and was killed. A vampire who had long waited for her to die contaminated her corpse.

* * *

A TALE WITH TWO WINGS. A carpenter praised one of his debtors. The latter heard of it, took alarm and ran to find some friends. "Where are you running to?"

Your creditor adores you." "Ah, don't you see that if he begins to praise me that is because he feels sure of getting his money, and if he is sure of getting his money this is because he means to put in the bailiffs. I run to my friends to find a creditor less hard who will lend me enough to pay this debt."

I told this anecdote to an artist, describing to him the family of the carpenter, the wife with the liberty-loving bosom, hands that rocked the cradle, and the beard of a young workman. "My friend," said the artist, "if you give a beard to the carpenter, pray do not give him a baby as well. If the father is shaven the picture is less stupid and the anecdote gains."

Axioblabogenes.

"THE meeting," said Rhadamanthus, with frigid composure, "is adjourned." He arose, and with an impenetrable dignity which enraged the dialectical soul of Cicero led his nine councillors from the committee-room of porphyry into the iridescent twilight of the fields. There the tempered beams of the sun lodged in the foliage of the almond-trees, the sun that neither rose nor set, but reposed eternally, like a contemplative Nereid, where the arc of the firmament touched the uttermost wave of the sea. But the nine councillors, who trod the asphodel lawns at a discreet distance from the majestic figure of their president, wagged their sage heads and whispered among themselves their fears and discontents. "It is not at all according to precedent," said Nestor. "If only," said Cicero, "our revered president had examined the credentials of this newcomer, whom I firmly believe to be a conspirator, with something of the circumspection and analytic penetration I myself directed towards the very plausible assumptions of Catiline, the man, I am confident, would have failed to secure admission into the Elysian Isles, and our trusted chief, like myself, have saved the Republic from potential disaster." "The Republic!" said Plato, "Do you call this a Republic?" "What the devil do you expect?" said Aristophanes. "Rhadamanthus had been listening for hours to putrid verse at the poetasters' Symposium; he hadn't an idea whom to award the peacock's feathers, since there was not a pin to choose between their several cacophonies; he is bored to death with the endless litigation between Paris and Menelaus for the possession of a light-o'-love like Helen. And now this fellow is personally squired here by Hermes, whom, no doubt, he had heavily bribed; he has been canonised by the mortals; he is recommended in the very strongest terms by Pluto. What on earth, I ask you, could Rhadamanthus do but let him in?"

But Axioblabogenes, the subject of these dissensions, with the unruffled and methodical precision of a surveyor, was touring what he already regarded as his new estate. He passed through the city of gold, whose walls were of emerald and whose seven gates were hewn from the trunk of a single cinnamon tree, and he thanked a complacent Providence for providing him with so much raw material. He stared at the temples of the gods that were of beryl, and the great altars whose masonry was of one whole amethyst, and the smoke of whose fires was of gold dust—and he projected upon them, as in letters of flame, the names of companies and hydros, of clubs, of restaurants and of churches. He came upon seven harbours made of crystals, into which flowed seven rivers of nectar, bearing the ships of the blessed, drawn by swans—and he saw, as in a vision, dockyards, piles of grimy merchandise and sweating sailors and heard the creak of windlasses and the hissing of steam. He crossed a river of milk and frowned at an extravagance that would not mingle water with it. He crossed another of honey, and he calculated that so many jars (well tintured with amiel) would supply the whole population of the immortals. He passed into the woods, the motion of whose branches made a continuous melody, like the sound of wind instruments—and he considered within himself whether this was the week-end resi-

dential quarter of the chosen. The perfumes of the zephyrs led him into the pleasant meadow that is called "Elysium," and he said, "It is a good site for a factory." He wandered through the cornfields, whose ears, instead of wheat, are loaves of bread ready baked, and he thought, "Here is a maximum of profit raised from a minimum of labour." Flowers of every hue and fragrance floated through the air like butterflies, and he sighed for vases. The vines bore twelve different harvests at the same time, one for every month of the year, and he said, "It is not enough." And, as he walked, he perceived in the distance the heroes feasting at their Symposia, seated upon couches of blossom. The winds waited upon them at their banqueting place; the clouds dropped unguent upon them, like a gentle dew, and the nightingales roses. Around them were mighty trees of shining glass, whose fruit were drinking-cups, which, when gathered, were immediately filled with wine. "Intemperance and impurity," thought Axioblabogenes, "are the children of idleness."

For his soul was not pleased. This impracticable and thriftless dalliance, this unexploited abundance, this indifference of earth towards her privileged jailors, this disorderly confusion between the upper and the lower orders, these distorted values, this lack of economic system, this indolent anarchy conjured to his mind the apocalypse of a universal strike. "Nature herself," he groaned, "has turned paid agitator." Commerce? Where was it? Politics? This helter-skelter Utopia had not so much as a decent constituency. Property? Not a prison, not a yard of barbed wire, not a single Notice to Trespassers anointed the discomfort of his spirit. Poverty? What irreverence was this that could flout the teachings of the Scriptures that the poor are with us always? Empire? These feckless degenerates could chant quotations from the poets, but none from the Stock Exchange. Business? These barbarous idolaters, drugged in the sloth of an eternal peace, knew Chronos, but nothing, nothing of his wardenship, in a more Christian and enlightened era, of the Financial Supplements. Work? Only a sacrilege, to which Syndicalism itself was loyalty, could have effected this unprincipled divorce between starvation and unemployment. Morality? Toothbrushes, no doubt, as well as wives, were part of the communal stock. Nor, so far as he could discover, were there even charitable societies, regulated through elaborate committees, to distribute crumbs of ambrosia from its rich men's tables to necessarily needy Lazarites.

And the fire that was in Elijah, in Savanarola, in Luther, and in Shelley began to lick the heart of Axioblabogenes. Not in vain had been his earthly subscriptions to diapered altar-cloths, to the Party Funds, and to Imperial zealots bent upon reclaiming the heathen. Such knight-errantry, he felt, was but the vigil in the reception-room of the temple; this was his final initiate. He was alone in a world of backwoodsmen and sansculottes (he repeated the word to his satisfaction); but the duty of regeneration lay before him. His and his alone was the task of hauling down the Jolly Roger of Elysium and running up to the mast-head his own flag, a flag as white as snow. He hesitated no longer, but, setting his face to its best director's manner, he approached Rhadamanthus, who reclined at the head of the blessed, hearkening to the sweet concords of the heroes, the maidens and the singing-birds. And Rhadamanthus, observing his coming, rose rapidly from his couch, and having announced that the feast was at an end, passed with the throng into the shade of the pomegranate trees.

A new moon that, without jealousy, shared with the unchanging sun the sovereignty of the heavens, shone upon the fields and fountains of Elysium. It shone upon the labours of the sweating Elysians, who, under the eye of Axioblabogenes, were busily engaged in felling the incense-bearing trees, casting the wood into great furnaces to melt down the drinking-cups and enclosing

the meadows with wattles. Lines of the more seasoned heroes were staggering under huge cubes of emerald, wrenched from the city walls and destined for the country residence of their new benefactor. Some were snaring the phoenixes and the nightingales for his kitchens and his aviaries; others were rooting up the choicest bays and myrtles for his park, and herding the oxen of Hercules into it. Some were dividing the more open spaces into great pens, into which were heaped all the precious stones from the gates and the temples, all the purple robes of the heroes and all the natural fruits of the soil, which later might be adulterated into various products. The women, who (excepting the Amazons) were exempted from the more arduous and responsible toil, were screening the sands of the shore from the land with blocks of timber and placing little wickets within them, so that their sons and lovers and husbands, in the short span of recuperation allotted them, might pass through them and rest awhile by the margin of the sea. Of the Greeks and Trojans, some were refurbishing their rusty armour and sharpening their blunted swords; others assembling and marshalling the forced levies (during part of their leisure) of the rest of the able-bodied Elysians. For the blessed forgot their ancient faiths and worshipped in their stead the trinity of Economy, Efficiency and Development.

But the soul of Axioblabogenes was not pleased. There were many that murmured at these new-fangled ways. Aeneas was thinking of emigrating; Achilles brooded and refused to work, and Theseus was attempting to form a Trade Union. The Councillors sat in stubborn conclave and would have nothing to do with him. "I must educate public opinion; I must pay the workers from my store and gain converts of the more respectable inhabitants," thought Axioblabogenes. And so, gathering the people that were sleeping from their labours by the seashore, he set them to pluck the rushes that grew by the rivers of milk, of honey, of cassia and of myrrh, and, after flattering them to make (by a process known to the ancients) papyrus, on which lettering might be inscribed. And all Elysium, as the scripts praising the new order in inexhaustible repetition fell among them like autumnal leaves, was in a clamour. Multitudes thronged the portals of his new mansion "Riviera" and sought to take part in this new diversion. But Axioblabogenes was wise with the wisdom of earthly experience. For graduated rewards drawn from his treasury, he induced Pandorus to conduct his negotiations with the elect and set Ulysses to draw up his advertisements with wily cajoleries. Orestes was entrusted with the task of writing sensational stories of crime. Medea presided over the children's page. Cressida published her reminiscences. Niobe was instructed to write the sentimental serials, and Paris to report the more interesting cases of conjugal infidelity. Silenus made jokes and Pandora mischief. Atalanta wrote up the games; Lucretius looked after the science gossip, and Ajax Telamon, whose wits were still somewhat disordered, wrote obedient leading articles for nothing. Nor was this but the beginning. Entertainment in many forms was provided to smother any symptoms of revolt. Helen was tempted to organise a beauty competition, and Cassandra, in picturesque disarray, to tell fortunes and to divine the future. Atlas was engaged as a professional weight-lifter; Diogenes and Polyphemus as eccentrics, and Hylas was exhibited in an aquarium. Poppæa sold seawater in little urns labelled "perfumery." Obols (made of shells and now the current exchange) were dropped into little slots pierced in the oracles, and the Sophists, in regular shifts, gave the desired answers. Marcus Aurelius was interviewed to ascertain his views upon the old marrying the young. Æsop was asked to form a circus, and Hermes (who paid periodic and private visits to his new friend) was solicited to fetch Cerberus from Hell and a few Anthropophagi from the malodorous country in which they dwelled, to take part in it. Sheets of parchment, on which were traced garish and persuasive characters, were attached to the backs and bellies of the

Peripatetics, who patrolled the city, extolling the departure of an obscurantist past.

But it was the news that Axioblabogenes was suborning Hermes to escort others of his kidney from earth to Elysium, together with the fact that a national war against Tartarus (for a concession) was not only mooted, but in active preparation, that finally urged the Council to form an extra official Committee of Public Safety. "Sooner than this Minotaur make an earth of heaven," said Rhadamanthus, "will I abdicate in favour of Charybdis." It was Nestor who, on account of his exceeding age, opened the discussion. In well-rounded but lugubrious cadences, he represented to his colleagues that the times were not as they were. He was a man of peace and he deprecated interference of any kind. There was no precedent to authorise such a step. It would, besides, be blasphemous. The calamities with which they were inflicted were, no doubt, a divine dispensation, occasioned by some oversight in the observances due to the gods. He was not sure they should not be grateful for the continued attentions of the gods. At any rate the only measures he could conscientiously advocate were prayer and fasting. Cicero suggested talking it over with the enemy. "If only," he said, "our esteemed president had adopted the same methods of procedure as I myself, in the teeth of the greatest opposition, adopted towards Catiline, we should, we would, we could be no longer encumbered with this upstart." Homer, who had nodded during Nestor's oration and fallen asleep while Cicero was speaking, was passed over. Plato shrugged his shoulders and remarked that if Elysium had been constructed on the principles of his Republic, this would never have happened. Aristotle, on consideration that the unities of time and place had been violated, propounded the doctrine of "laissez faire." Xantippe, who had long ousted Socrates from the Council, threatened to marry the fellow. "The ancient Scythians," began Herodotus, but Thucydides flatly contradicted him. Pythagoras suggested that a deputation should wait upon Circe in the neighbouring island, entreat her to metamorphose the rascal into a swine and then pitch him into the Styx. "The meeting," said Rhadamanthus, with frigid composure, "is adjourned."

He arose and, signing to his Councillors to remain where they were, walked straight up to Axioblabogenes, who, at that moment, was in deep converse with an Alexander, more alert than he had been since he had entered Elysium. And Rhadamanthus, in earnest and conciliatory accents, addressed the usurper. The Elysians, in spite of their instant recognition of a new and unimagined prosperity, were too simple, too aboriginal for such talents as Axioblabogenes had displayed. However willing to learn, they were but poor material for his constructive powers. The area of the country was circumscribed; its resources and material obviously offered but little scope to his ambitions. It would take æons of organisation to accomplish a tithe of his programme. On the other hand, let him visualise the advantages of Tartarus. The place was overpopulated; its territories were vast, its potentialities enormous. Its constitution was almost completely efficient and up to date. It only required a master-hand like his to put the finishing touches. He would no longer be solitary. Pluto would be only too glad to have him and assist him in every way. He would find everything there ready to his hand. The people would not only be adaptable, but versed in his requirements. Surely, surely, Tartarus would be a far more suitable, a far more congenial residence than Elysium. He should receive any compensation he liked to claim; the Trojan Horse could be requisitioned for the damages. Let him invade Tartarus by all means, not with an army, but by his own might, as the bearer of good tidings, as the harbinger of the new era. And Axioblabogenes, having pondered these things, instantly chartered a special boat to convey him, regardless of Charon, over the Styx.

HAROLD MASSINGHAM.

Views and Reviews.

Psychology in History.

It is characteristic of Reality that it is susceptible of explanation in the terms of every method of description, i.e., of every science, known to us; and History, which is the record of Reality, has had nearly as many interpretations as interpreters. To the partisans of any theory or method, such as the materialist or Malthusian, all other interpretations seem to be invalid; a man who is looking for evidence of the class-war, or for the pressure of population on the means of subsistence, is not likely to see the facts in any relation other than that necessary to establish their connection with his own theory. It is a psychological fact that we ourselves are more than one person; "my ego as a scholar, my sensual ego, my moral ego, etc.," says Griesinger, "that is, the complexus of ideas, of inclinations, and of directions of the will that are designated by these terms, may at any given moment enter into opposition and repel each other." Hence it happens that consciousness will not illuminate more than one general idea at a given moment; it is homely wisdom that you cannot think of two things at once; and every formula that resumes historical knowledge in a phrase or a general idea is valid only for the "direction of the will" which, by making a cross-section of the structure of fact, has revealed a new stratum of meaning. But if the formulæ be precise, one formula cannot invalidate another; it is fundamental to logic, of course, that contradictories cannot both be true, but it is certain that if two formulæ are both true, they are not contradictories; and when both rest upon a precise historical demonstration, the veridicity of neither can be denied, even if, at the moment, one cannot be reconciled with the other in a more general formula.

At the same time, it must be remembered that no one formula can resume all the activities that are expressed in History, however general that formula may be. The idea of Evolution, for example, which is one of the most general ideas ever conceived by the mind of man, expresses only one direction of the Reality that we call Life; its corollary, Decadence, reverses the process, and the two ideas may suffice to give a general idea of the processes of History. But the defect of these ideas is that they encourage the habit of attributing the power of causation to general ideas. Evolution speedily becomes Necessary Evolution, the process becomes identified with the power, when that relation between the facts receives a universal demonstration. The very generality of the idea makes it misleading when applied to matters that are subject, to some extent at least, to human volition; and, for practical purposes, its adoption would be disastrous. To suppose, for example, as Liberals so often suppose, that there is a necessary evolution in political structure from absolute monarchy to representative government, and that the process can be hastened by abolishing absolute monarchies and bestowing representative institutions upon people who cannot comprehend even their possibilities of corruption, is to commit a political error of the first order. It is to misread History by the light of a general idea which describes a process common to organic and inorganic matter, but which nowhere announces the power which compels that procession of events.

Mr. Jane, in this volume,* attempts a more satisfactory, because more particular, relation of the facts of History to two desires of men: the desire to rule, and the desire to be ruled, Individualism and Universalism, as he calls them. These two desires, or passions, suffice to make intelligible the national and international movements that History records; they are both to be found in every human being, operative in different degrees at any given moment, re-acting against each other, and by that re-action defining at that moment what we call national character. The extremes meet,

* "The Interpretation of History." By L. Cecil Jane. (Dent. 5s. net.)

of course; the success of the Individualism of Napoleon, for instance, was not merely the signal but the provocation of the re-action of Universalism, typified by the European Concert. The success of Universalism, in this case, brought its own re-action of Individualism; the Concert essayed to rule Europe just as Napoleon essayed to rule Europe, and Nationalism (which Mr. Jane calls "External Individualism") brought the Concert of Europe to disharmony. So he conceives History not as the record of a flux in any one direction, but as an oscillation, an ebb and a flow, of two prime passions. Every mystic is aware of the idea of high tides of the spirit, but its consequence of low tide of the spirit elsewhere is not so readily perceived. Yet at a time when the Great Powers of Europe seemed to be at a high tide of Universalism, that is to say, when the desire to be ruled was more powerful than the desire to rule, and the idea of arbitration instead of war gained credence everywhere, the re-action of Individualism became apparent in the Balkan States. Germany's desire to rule was stimulated by this re-action, and this war is really an expression of what we may call the running tide of Individualism.

This necessarily brief summary does not do full justice to Mr. Jane's thesis, which is demonstrated currente calamo throughout History from Greece to the present day. The value of the thesis depends, of course, on the constancy of human nature; and Mr. Jane is at some pains to prove that the re-actions of Individualism against Universalism, and vice versa, are not now so violent as they have been. As registered by the duration of war, for example, the nineteenth century was less Individualistic than the seventeenth; "more than half the years of the seventeenth century were years of war; in the eighteenth century more than half the years were years of peace. In the nineteenth century, the general peace of the Continent was only disturbed for the space of some twenty years." But if we were to consider not only wars in Europe, but wars by European countries, the twentieth century would show, I think, a disquieting proportion of years of war, and, anyhow, this war should be vast enough to modify any optimistic calculation of a change in the nature of man. It may be that we do not so readily proceed to the extreme of either Individualism or Universalism as we used to do; but if the language used on either side be any indication of the intensity of feeling (and the efforts made are certainly commensurate with the language), there can be no doubt that we are prepared for the most extreme expression of either passion of man.

This brings me to the only criticism that I want to make. Mr. Jane argues that it is possible to predict coming events on the basis of this theory of the ebb and flow of Individualism; and certainly it is helpful. But what we have no means of determining is the measure of intensity of either passion; for example, Germany calculated that the re-action of internal Individualism in England was so intense as to compel us to remain neutral. The Ulster question, the Suffrage question, the general re-action against the prevalence of State direction, justified the prophecy that we could not intervene effectively in European politics. But these Individualistic re-actions really masked the real fact, viz., that what Mr. Jane calls Universalism was a paramount fact of English life. There was no means of calculating the intensity of the Individualistic re-action, although the sullen acquiescence with the Insurance Act did vaguely indicate its comparative weakness. But now, when by all the canons of reasoning, Internal Universalism ought to be breaking down, the danger of External Individualism has intensified the flow of Internal Universalism, the State has taken a new lease of life, and Leviathan is stretching himself across half Europe, in the attempt to smother External Individualism. Yet victory for the Allies will really be a triumph of Individualism; for the re-drawing of the map on the basis of Nationality will intensify the National spirit, and give rise to another outburst of External Individualism and give rise to another outburst of External Individualism.

A. E. R.

Pastiche.

WISDOM AND WEB FEET.

Visions appear to people in various ways. Some are seen in sleep, some are induced by drugs, and others are beheld in broad daylight when lambs twitch their tails and robins make eyes at the sun. When lambs and robins were so engaged, I had the following vision, and, in proof of its veracity, I am able to tell you how many buttons were on the coat of the little grey man.

On the edge of a delightful common there is a pool. On its surface floats the green slime of summer, and this reminded me of Goldspouters. Five white ducks with yellow feet waddled towards the pool and they set me thinking of cards, indexes, and men and women running smoothly like machines, and while in this vortex of thought, I fell in the middle of a bramble bush. I must have lost consciousness, for when I awoke I was lying on the cool grass, and, seated on a mushroom near by, was a little grey man. He did not appear to be surprised; in fact, he seemed to expect me. In an instant I knew that I was in friendly company. It was a sensation similar to that experienced when one can feel the warmth in the air on entering a room full of strange people who bear different outward shapes but in spirit are one with your own.

In a voice sweeter than the music of the Sugar-Plum Fairy, he told me that he was ultimate Truth—that he was not visible all the year round, and that he preferred a new seat every day in preference to the impregnable rock of Holy Scripture. I was not surprised at this. His coat was the colour of the plumage of a nightingale at that season when sleepy wood anemones wake up to peep at the morn.

His fingers, which shone like polished ivory, were no thicker than twenty of those silver spider lines floating in the autumn air that warn us of the mote in our eye.

I did not remark upon the weather. I did not introduce myself, neither did I show any hesitation in asking a question. "I have seen five ducks, with yellow feet, waddling towards a slimy pool; why should they remind me of cards, indexes, and other inhuman classifications?" He answered, "You are stumbling on the relation of things. Web-feet are useful in water, but not so on land. When life is of secondary importance to wood pulp, your people are trying to swim on dry land. Wood pulp is necessary to slimy pools, but useless to real life, a truth which your Classificators overlook." I kept quite still, not venturing any further question, and hoped that he would continue. He did so. "Ducks take advantage of storms to gobble up their prey—the worms. The Classificators are now stuffing their gorge during a calamity to your nation—they need watching. They are bred of the Age's Knave, who always commands and domineers over the high and low vulgar. This man is sent in every age for a rod and scourge, and for a blight, to divide the classes of men. He is suffered by Providence for wise ends. He it is who flatters the ignoble for gold, who speaks words of honey to them who swish through the air in chariots."

I was greatly surprised at his wisdom.

Just then, a dirty hand reached down, uprooted the mushroom, sent my little grey man sprawling in the grass, and from that day to this I have never seen him. I forget how many buttons were on his coat, but I know that I saw him at that season when lambs twitch their tails and robins make eyes at the sun. I know that he is still alive, because he has sent me a postcard explaining what he meant by Classificators. He says: "Between the toes of the duck is web—the spider spins his web to catch flies—and Classificators, who cross themselves before speaking of Germany, are a breed that will eventually go mad, gibber of cards, and finally expire because they cannot attach one of their trade marks to every little child that sleeps innocently under the parsley bed." I shall have to fall into another bramble bush.

WILLIAM REPTON.

EPIGRAMS.

(Adapted from German writers of the 17th and 18th centuries). By P. SELVER.

ON A PARSON.

What ire amongst your charges in the Lord,
Because your deeds and creeds do not accord.
Boobies! Your doctrine teaches every one
What he should do, your deeds what he should shun.
(Gryphius).

ON A BAKER'S NEW HOUSE.

Citizens, come, and yonder turn your gaze,—
What a big house your tiny loaves can raise.
(Grob).

ON THE WORK OF SUNDRY POETASTERS.
Cæsura?—Good. The verse?—Well-turned. The rhyme?
—Shows skill.
The wording?—Neat. Naught but the sense is ill.
(Wernicke).

BLANDA.
Blanda so loveth him with whom she's mated,
That scarce by twenty can her love be sated.
She loves him, and to show her love is true,
She'll love the whole male sex,—his footman too.
(Wernicke).

TO A LIAR.
How skilfully you may deceive,
Never will I your rogueries believe.
You *have* deceived me,—only once, in sooth,
And then, because, for once, you told the truth.
(Lessing).

THE GODDESS.
This is the lady whom you a goddess call?
Fie! For she's the most human of them all.
(Hensler).

THE HEALER OF SOULS TO HIS FLOCK.
Dear friends, you question in daily speech
Whether I practise what I preach.
But a healer of souls should be spared such jibes,—
No doctor swallows the things he prescribes.
(Lichtenberg).

ON A BAD SATIRE AGAINST A BAD POET.
This satire on Omicron hath such lack
Of wit, adroitness, truth in the attack,
That, were Omicron not the prey it seeks,
You almost might suppose Omicron speaks.
(Kästner).

REFUTATION OF A ROYAL AUTHOR.
In praise of France, the Sage of Sans Souci
Hath penned a book that ne'er imposed on *me*.
For Frederick's armies, I would have you know,
Refuted all its wisdom long ago.
(Kästner).

TO A VIRTUOSO.
Orpheus in ancient times was famed
For the grim beasts his music tamed;
But you do more than this, my friend,—
You make the women's cackle end.
(Kästner).

THE ARDENT SUITOR.
He groans, beseeches, weeps, in his desire
To win this lady's hand. What restless fire!
"So beautiful?" "None uglier." "Why should
He woo?" "Her cough is bad, her money good."
(Kuh).

LEARN TO DIE.
To a pious person advanced in age
A monk spake: "Learn to die."
"Learn, quoth 'a!" cried the hoary sage,
"We succeed at the very first try!"
(Pfeffel).

THE POEM AND THE OCEAN.
Your splendid poem's like the ocean,—only half. The
fault
Does not lie in wealth of water, but in lack of salt.
(v. Alxinger).

ADAM.
Adam in Paradise lay down to doze,—
Woman was fashioned while he took his nap;
Poor Father Adam! Evil hap!
For your first slumber was your last repose.
(Claudius).

CRITICISM OF A DRAMA.
Sir Tragiscribax deems his play
Delighted us, because of this:
"Nobody hissed" I heard him say,—
But if we yawn, how can we hiss? (Göcking).

DELTA'S DEATH.
Delta for many days and nights would creep
Grubbing about among his books
In dusty nooks
Where he forgot food, drink and sleep,
So deep
His meditations, till
He grew renowned and ill.
And then, alas, to think that he
Untimely died,—of immortality.
(Haug).

CORRECTION.
This lady doth surrender herself (exaggerated phrase!)
Not to the first who comes, but to the last who stays.
(Haug).

PROPER PRIDE.
Miss X. recalls with proper pride and grace
Fame of her forebears and their ancient race,
Who at Rome's Capitol renown first won,
When, foemen through their quacking were undone.
(Günderode).

Current Cant.

"More wages will always mean more drink."—GEORGE R. SIMS.

"It is better to kill ten Germans than to lose one Briton."—"Daily Express."

"Alcohol—the pro-German."—"Echo."

"The Naked Soul."—LOUISE HEILGERS.

"Royal Academy. Art as usual."—"Westminster Gazette."

"I write with a deep sense of responsibility."—ARNOLD WHITE.

"Let us by all means be chivalrous and humane."—"Evening News."

"If the property you want to sell is good value, advertising will sell it. If not, it will not."—"Daily Express."

"Owing to the self-denial of the wine-drinking class. . . ."—"Referee."

"France has always stood for complete liberty. Her revolutionists call themselves Socialists, but they have never accepted the Marx theory. . . ."—SIDNEY DARK.

"'T. P.'s Weekly'—the finest literary weekly on the market."—GERTRUDE PROCTOR.

"The best of the batch is the 'Weekly Dispatch.'"—"Daily Mail."

"The times are indeed pregnant, and to every thinking man and woman the 'English Review' is of incalculable interest and value. It is English in the typical sense; it stands in a position of splendid isolation. It fears to face no problems. Its guiding spirit is absolute fearlessness."—"English Review."

"This is Princess Mary's eighteenth birthday, and everybody sympathises with her, as with all young girls who are having the good times that are theirs by right of their youth and prettiness blighted by the war. It is somehow surprising to realise that our Princess is eighteen. Perhaps this is because of her fresh colouring."—"Sunday Herald."

"That bronzed warrior, the Prince of Wales."—"Daily Sketch."

"Production after production, one more remarkable than another, made us all realise that, in Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, Shakespeare had found the champion of champions."—"Magnet."

"Wicked old man in the moon."—HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

"Our dream of Armageddon in Wonderland has been shattered. . . . Something was wrong with England! Something was wrong with the war! Great heavens!"—W. HOLT-WHITE.

"Be of good cheer. All is well. The God of Battles is with us."—"John Bull."

"What we must do to win."—AUSTIN HARRISON.

"Mr. Ramsay MacDonald speaks of the establishment of the 'Daily Citizen' as one of the efforts made by Labour to win an influence on the life of the country."—"Daily Citizen."

"Cases are constantly occurring in which officers and soldiers are reported to have refused to take off their caps in police-courts. The Army regulation is perfectly clear, and covers all such cases completely."—"Times."

"The men's leaders have now put forward a demand for a National Joint Conference of owners and miners. . . . Behind that demand is hidden a policy which is nothing less than revolutionary. . . . The real aim they have in view is to make mining not a profitable industry but a source of living to the miner."—"Morning Post."

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

MONEY AND THE COST OF LIVING.

Sir,—In your issue of April 29, the writer of the "Notes of the Week" asserts that the immediate result of the issue of Treasury notes was an increase in the cost of living. It is, of course, true that an increase in the quantity of money (which includes credit as well as metal and paper) will, unless counteracted by an increase in the volume of trade, raise general prices, and it is equally true that this rise benefits the manufacturer and producer of raw material at the expense of the working classes. Wages, rents, and other fixed charges do not rise correspondingly, and there is an increased profit on existing stocks.

When, however, your leader writer avers that the issue of currency notes had this effect, he would seem to have left one or two attendant circumstances out of consideration. During the financial crisis, and for some weeks after, gold was being hoarded by private persons, and to a much larger extent by the banks—witness Mr. Lloyd George's speech of August 26, wherein he very mildly rebuked the selfishness and timidity of the banks, and actually threatened to name some of them! The Treasury notes merely filled the gap in the currency, and thus enabled the banks to maintain their gold reserves. The notes were advanced to the banks by the Treasury as a loan, bearing interest at Bank Rate (5 per cent.). By this means the supply of money was made commensurate with the demand, over-issue was avoided, thus obviating any adverse effect on general prices.

While, therefore, there is no ground for supposing that the Treasury notes benefited the manufacturing classes at the expense of the general public, there is ample evidence to show that the Government's assistance to the money market was a powerful factor in the rise in prices which actually occurred. The vast bulk of monetary transactions in this country are effected by bank credits, and an undue expansion of credit has the same effect as an increase in the supply of metallic or paper currency, i.e., the value of money is relatively lower and prices rise. When the Bank of England announced on August 13 that it was prepared to discount pre-Moratorium bills, the joint stock banks, who appear to have been thoroughly frightened, rushed to get their bills, to the extent of something like £130,000,000. In other words, they exchanged their bills, which represented money *already* lent to traders, for a credit at the Bank of England. But every banker regards a credit at the Bank of England as "cash," and as such a fit and proper basis on which to make fresh loans. By means of what was purely a paper transaction, a terrific extension of credit has been made to appear safe which would not have seemed safe before. The placing of these huge blocks of credit at the disposal of the financial houses has had the same effect on prices as the huge issues of inconvertible paper in Russia and Germany. There is one difference—in Russia and Germany the profits on the issue of paper revert to the Government through the State Bank, while in England the profits will accrue entirely to a profit-earning institution—the Bank of England. E. A. PUTTICK.

NATIONAL GUILDS AND FOREIGN POLICY.

Sir,—Apropos of your strictures on the I.L.P.'s foreign policy, and the subsequent animadversion thereon by Messrs. Norman and Dalby, might I suggest the publication of an outline of the foreign policy of a "Guild State"? The recent articles on the Position of Women form an excellent model. "S. Verdad" could thereby find an opportunity to state in the abstract those principles of international relations which many of his readers find it so difficult to ascertain from his particular references. Otherwise, one would welcome an "official" statement that the Guild writers accept as unassailable the present lines on which our foreign policy is conducted, and an explanation of how they reconcile such an attitude with their criticism of the rest of the present political and social system.

Some time ago, if I remember aright, in the course of some "Notes," they let fall the expression that "military power preceded economic power, as the latter did political power." The spirit of the dictum, at any rate, seems to inspire many editorial utterances. The second clause, if debatable, is yet comprehensible; but the first seems to border on those abstractions which THE NEW AGE rightly inveighs against. I had always understood military power to be a species of political power. Surely Norman Angell has only applied the doctrine of the precedence of economic power to one particular case. Can the Guild

writers explain why their own thesis should fail them in international relations? IGNOTUS QUIDAM.

* * *

SMALL HOLDINGS.

There are a few points upon which Professor Wrightson did not touch in his defence of small holdings, and, as he admits to "sixty years of observation," I feel sure he will oblige us with the information we need. Will he kindly tell us the average number of hours worked per week by the small holders in the places he mentioned, what sort of a time their wives have between the home and the land; and to what extent the children are called in to assist? Also, it would be interesting to know the number of hours worked by any labourers employed upon these small holdings, together with their status and rates of wages. The addition of these trifling details would complete the professor's case. A. D. WOOD.

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TURKEY.

Sir,—There is no writer of THE NEW AGE whom I respect more thoroughly than Mr. Marmaduke Pickthall. He has only one subject, but he tells us a great deal about it that is really worth knowing. Unfortunately, Mr. Pickthall is not able to gain the full benefit of his own knowledge, because it happens that he belongs to the old school of writers who do not understand the scientific basis of foreign policy. He reminds me of the times when we believed that the evolution of nations was determined by statesmen, and that the principal qualifications of a statesman were a delicate appreciation of port wine and the ability to quote a few lines from the *Æneid*. Mr. Pickthall still believes in the power of those elegant persons called diplomats and foreign ministers. He thinks that one nation may be made friendly to Britain by the suavity of an ambassador, while an unfortunate remark by the ambassador's wife may drive another nation into the arms of Germany. Mr. Pickthall particularly regrets that we have not been polite enough to Turkey of late years, and have allowed the wicked Germans to gain the confidence which we might just as easily have had ourselves with a little trouble.

Mr. T. M. Healy lately paid a visit to America, and on his return he said that the causes of the war were better understood in the United States and Canada than in England. He was perfectly right. Most of the able articles on the war have been written by American journalists, and not by English ones; and they have been written by men who do not know a word of any language but English, and whose only personal knowledge of Europe has been gained in a few weeks of rushing through picture galleries and "doing" ancient cathedrals. These men have been able to write wisely on the war because they understand the fundamental motives of human conduct in all ages and countries. All that is needed is to give them a good knowledge of the physical geography and economic conditions of Europe and Asia, and they can dispense with other information. They do not require to be told how many thousand years have passed since the Russians spoke the same language as the Serbians. When they want to ascertain why Serbia has helped Russia to get Constantinople instead of Germany, they do not begin by reading works on ethnology. Likewise, they do not think it necessary to interview diplomats, however mysteriously informed. They quite realise that an ambassador is merely a confidential clerk with a facility in languages and the power to hold his tongue, and that the remaining persons who are seen round embassies are kept for the same purposes as the footmen and flunkies of the Vanderbilts and Astors. They are well aware that the real events in human history are the building of railways and the digging of canals, and that these are the events which shape foreign alliances and turn nations once friendly into bitter enmity.

The only thing of any importance in recent Turkish history is the development of the Bagdad Railway scheme. There can be no mistake about the stupendous importance of that scheme. A war many times as large as the present one might well be fought over that scheme on strictly business principles. What is proposed is the building of a railway running right through from Hamburg to the Persian Gulf, about 3,500 miles long, over which trains could run the whole distance in five days, even if they went no faster than the trains of the Canadian Pacific. In face of such a railway, where would Britain be, with her long and tedious sea route to the East, slowly meandering round the peninsulas of Spain and Arabia? A Berlin commercial traveller would be at Bombay about the same time as an English one was laboriously steaming past the shores of Crete. All kinds of light goods from Germany could be distributed

throughout the shops of Benares, Calcutta, and Madras, while the anxious British competitor was sweating and panting round the enormous angle of Arabia. Incidentally, the hopes of Russia to get out of the Black Sea would be for ever blighted. Nothing binds nations politically like a railway. From the moment that the railway was completed from Hamburg to Bassora, the whole territory from Hamburg to Bassora would be virtually one nation, and that nation would include the Dardanelles, the Bosphorus, Constantinople, and everything else on which the hopes of Russia have been built for ages. Britain bitterly opposed the building of the Suez Canal; imagine what the men who really count in both Britain and Russia now feel about the Bagdad Railway!

The point which I wish to make against Mr. Pickthall is that no conceivable amount of diplomacy could ever have made Turkey really friendly to Britain, for the simple reason that Turkey is desperately interested in getting the Bagdad Railway, and Britain is desperately interested in opposing it. The Bagdad Railway, as proposed by Germany, would open up Turkey throughout the entire length of the country. It would be to Turkey what the Canadian Pacific was to Canada, and the Union Pacific to the United States. Every man in Turkey who has any money, and therefore any power, must be an enthusiast for the Bagdad Railway. No conceivable Government could stand against such pressure as that.

I entirely agree with Mr. Pickthall about the danger of abolishing Turkey as a buffer State. The danger is nothing, however, compared with the danger to both Britain and Russia of a railway running from Hamburg to Bassora. The discovery of the Cape of Good Hope killed Venice and Genoa at one blow. The completion of the Bagdad Railway would be equally fateful.

R. B. KERR.

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THE DRINK QUESTION: PURE BEER.

Sir,—The following is a copy of a list of chemicals "for brewers and mineral-water manufacturers" sent to me (in mistake, I think) some two years ago by a large firm of chemical manufacturers:—

Acid Benzoic and Benzoates; Acid Fluoric; Acid Lactic; Acid Salicylic and Salicylates; Amyl Butyrate; Benzaldehyde; Citral; Ether Acetic and Ether Butyric; Fluorides; Formaldehyde; Glycyrrhizin; Lithium Salts; Saponin.

In the name of all that is honest and wholesome, where do the hops come in, and what unholy decoction is brewed out of such compounds? Is it possible that it is called Beer?

H. G. DIXON, M.R.C.S.

* * *

A SAD AFFAIR.

Sir,—When the writer of "Towards National Guilds" recommends meditating guilds men to enter the "arena of the present," does he think of such places as the "local" I.L.P.? If he has this arena in mind he should have medals struck, and give me one. By the seduction of a friend I gave a lecture on "National Guilds" at a branch of the I.L.P. noted for its ratiocinating B.A.'s, prospective city councillors and prime ministers. It is the intellectual branch of the town, so I especially sharpened my mental cutlery in order to kill the most savage critical lions. Lord bless us, I spoke for an hour on my subject with parenthetical digressions on Political Labourism, Patchwork Legislation, etc. After this delivery I prepared for the lions. Two sprang upon me with the ferocity of a lamb in silk ribbons. Their critical rage lasted about ten seconds each. Believe me, Sir, the following was their complete defence and attack after my hour's labour: that the question of political power and economic power is only a quibble in words, the only power is the will to be free (this smells of the "Clarion"); that the old Guilds proved futile because they did not last for ever. The second lion was confused.

I deduce accurately what he said thus: The wage is not the price of labour because—can the speaker tell what happens when the supply and demand are equal.

After firing some small shot into these, I waited, like Tartarin of Tarascon, for the female. There are many in the vicinity. Really I expected a question about "Votes." The female came not, and I, like Tartarin, found what seemed lions was but a donkey.

Take warning, O Pioneers, let not the glamour of the arena draw you my way. Go ye, rather, address the Tin Tack Pointers' Union. Economic Sense precedes Political Sense.

D.

GAELIC AMERICA.

Sir,—It seems rather curious for NEW AGE readers, sympathising with the struggle for Irish nationality, to notice the confusion of thought which "E. A. B." attempts to fasten on Gaelic America, so transparent in his last article, dated April 22.

Your correspondent's aim is to blacken the motives of the Irish Americans, because, forsooth! they (so he says) are pro-German. The statement that no volume could be produced, favourable to the Allies, at the price of Mr. McGuire's book, I think could be very well answered by a perusal of the American publishers' recent announcements. A comparison of Parnell with Wilhelm II is admittedly incongruous, although it is not quite so much evident when the comparison is extended to include Daniel O'Connell. How these rather stupid but possibly well-intentioned efforts can be construed into wholesale servility to wealth and power I cannot imagine. The Allies are most decidedly the party of wealth and power in this campaign, and Mr. McGuire should support them. Why doesn't he? How foolish these fuddleheaded expatriated Gaels are!

I hope "E. A. B." will not charge me with pro-Germanism if I venture to support the Prussian-Ireland argument stated; but I make the reservation that the Irish do not, either in America or Ireland, Sinn Feiners or Clan-na-Gael men, welcome the advent of a fresh conqueror to Ireland. That may be an excuse for them if not to "E. A. B.," who cannot see that the "blessings" (sic) of militarism and even industrialism may be preferable to the blessings of nothing. As to the motives of the annexation of Alsace-Lorraine, they are paralleled by the union of Ireland, and one conceals the other, except that the Irish have got the worse of the bargain. If the forcible turning of a subject country from agriculture to pasture land doesn't appeal to "E. A. B." as an outrage and a vile abuse of power, one wonders what his idea of force consists of? No "prosperity" might compensate for an exchange of masters, and I dare assert that Ireland could not have been worse off now than if she had endured a hundred years of Prussian government. Germans might feel even more flattered were they to learn that there is no necessity to go back two centuries to learn the privileges of being forcibly "Anglicised"; one half-century will suffice.

There is in Ireland a real Nationalist Party—not the official one that usurps to itself the right of saying how far and when Irish nationality may advance. Would your correspondent like to ask "A. E." who they are? Does "E. A. B." know the history of the Nationalist Volunteers? Does he know that the only party that cares a damn for Ireland has had its journals suppressed and its leaders' names bandied about by political clowns on the make, as they usually are? Yet these same newspapers did not support Germany; they supported Ireland. That is the reward of men who have remained at home; is it acceptable to "E. A. B."? Will he now acknowledge that British rule may signify to subject countries something else than windy "liberal" ideas. But who is "E. A. B." to lay down what Irish America may think and what she may not? Are the British the only race to be allowed pardon for their misdeeds? The volume reviewed may be a pro-German contribution, but "E. A. B." would lead one to imagine that every book not absolutely in favour of the Allies must be pro-German. That the Gaelic Americans are (so he says) pro-German does not make them anti-Nationalists any more than it makes the Bulgarians anti-Nationalists. "E. A. B." may write them down as such, but the facts are against him.

NEUTRAL.

* * *

FOREIGNERS IN ENGLAND.

Sir,—No man, I know well, has the power to force another not to make a fool of himself; so have I no actual forcible power to persuade Mr. Sorabji not to make a fool of himself.

If he hasn't got the guts to stick English people and English ways, why the devil can't he clear off back to his own country, which, by a casual glance at the map, I gather is large enough to hold most people? May I suggest that the English have invariably worshipped at the shrine of beauty both in man and woman. Personal appearance goes far to help matters either to a favourable or unfavourable end.

Also let Mr. Sorabji not take things so seriously, a little well-meaning chaff is characteristic of our race and has never done anyone any harm. Let him smile, if he can, and take it in good part. He's not the only one who has been ragged a bit in his time.

Myself the other day on top of a 'bus, and sat down

rather forcibly where there was not an over amount of room. There were chiefly workmen on top and my neighbour said: "What the — hell do yer want to come 'ere for, can't yer see there's no — room, yer —." I exclaimed, "Damn your 'lovely' eyes, is the 'bus your own private property?" That with a cigarette clinched the matter. Let Mr. Sorabji try the same, and don't blame me if he has his countenance altered. M. F. E.

* * *

Sir,—May one of your oldest contributors join in this discussion? My remarks will not take up much space.

I was appointed an interpreter by the War Office authorities in the early part of the war, and told to hold myself ready to leave for the front at any moment. Nine weeks after I was still wearing khaki and kicking my spurs about town.

Then all interpreters were asked to resign as there had been a blunder somewhere—or to find commissions in the New Army. I went, with a first-class introduction, to an old Colonel at the War Office, who said quite audibly that "damned aliens" were not fit to order British Tommies about. Three times after this did I try to enlist as a private. My eyesight prevented me from being accepted.

Now, during the last two or three days, all my correspondence reaches me open. Is it that some uninformed Ukrainian friend wrote me a foolish letter? I do not know, but all my correspondence, even that from London, is tampered with, delayed, censored by British official or Russian spies. This to an "alien" who has been living in England for years and years, is a naturalised British subject, and wishes for nothing more but the supremacy of British "comparative" freedom over Continental methods, to a man who could have rendered services to the Government either here or abroad—and who was just pining to do something so long as it was not going to help Russia directly.

If the Prussians were not what they are, they could have taken better advantage of this damnable insularity of England with regard to the winning over of the neutrals. S. Verdad may talk as much as he likes. British diplomacy cannot do much when friendly, nay, devoted, aliens are thus treated in this country. Are all foreigners stupid? Do they not resent the injustice, knowing themselves the equal, and, often, the superior of those who treat them in this manner? When I say I could have rendered services to England abroad, I mean it. A man who can write in French and English, who knows international politics to his fingers' ends, has relations in many neutral countries and friends among the politicians of several of these—well, I must end the panegyric. What happened when I offered my services? I am addressing envelopes in a Government office! GEORGE RAFFALOVICH.

* * *

NIETZSCHE IN INDIA.

Sir,—Since the war broke out, the English newspapers in India have reproduced articles that have appeared in the Press in Britain mostly of the kind that regard Nietzsche as the inspirer of present-day German kultur and militarism. These may be passed over.

The first attempt at a critical estimate on the part of an Indian student of philosophy of Nietzsche that I came across was "Friedrich Nietzsche as a Thinker," by Mr. S. S. Suryanarayanan, M.A., in the "Hindustan Review," edited by Mr. S. Sinha, barrister-at-law, and published in Allahabad, U.P., in the numbers for April and May-June, 1914. A short bibliography of Dr. Oscar Levy's edition in English and of the various books on Nietzsche, original and translated up to 1912, is given.

The writer begins by quoting the statement that "Nietzsche is the greatest European event since Goethe," and then summarily characterises him as "philologist, philosopher, and lunatic" and "a moral anarchist." "His intense self-consciousness as a revolutionary may have owed something to his Polish descent." A brief account of "The Birth of Tragedy" is given, and he then proceeds to state Nietzsche's doctrine of the Will as "the sole reality" and "the sum total of the instincts." The moral code is the product of human valuation, and no moral code can claim universal validity, good and evil being the product of human evolution in accordance with the standard of utility. The spirit of man passes through the three stages of the camel, the lion, and the child as Nietzsche allegorically presents them, the last phase, that of the child, being that of the Superman. The writer asks: What exactly is the Superman? How are we to define him? How is the goal to be achieved? "All that we are told is that the Superman is an ideal to be willed, a goal to be striven for. What it is, and how

we ought to strive, are not plain. . . . What are the virtues which conduce to power? That is the vital question which Nietzsche leaves unsolved."

The satisfactoriness of the new goal is discussed in a second paper. In it the writer says it would be desirable to examine the attitude other evolutionist writers take towards morals, and thus evaluate Nietzsche's own contribution to the sphere of ethical thought. The evolutionist stands midway between the intuitionist and the empiricist. "Nietzsche might say with Huxley 'that ethical nature, while born of cosmic nature, is necessarily at enmity with its parent'; but Huxley 'is inconsistent in admitting that morality possesses independent worth,' while Nietzsche 'decries it as worse than useless,' and to be 'actively discouraged.'" The writer then discusses "the psychology of the process by which Nietzsche arrived at his conclusion." The unsoundness in the practical morality of the day drove Nietzsche to his extreme views, which are "a continuous tirade against degeneration." The writer holds that "a proper study of the origin and development of moral ideas has still to be undertaken" and that "some really valuable work has been attempted by Westermarck, McDougall, and Hobhouse. The results of such writers stand in the way of acceding to Nietzscheism." The Eugenics movement is the lineal descendant of Nietzscheism. The same fallacy vitiates both. The moral or aesthetic sentiments of man count for little or nothing "in both. Nietzsche's ideal of Superman is of no practical value. He had no accurate conception of it. Something after man, other than man, which shall be to man as man to the ape, this is the ideal of Nietzsche—an ideal not only useless but even pernicious. . . . Nietzscheism as a system has very serious limitations. It accords imperfect recognition to psychology or ethics. . . . The farthest limit of Nietzsche's vision is, as Dr. Coomaraswamy suggests, the conception of *Samsara*. Out of the *Samsara* he could find no way—at least, no satisfactory one. Dr. Coomaraswamy, however, commits a very serious blunder in supposing that Vedantism gets over the limitations of Nietzsche. Nietzsche was all along the advocate of progress, progress at all costs. . . . Get on till you realise your goal; not get backwards to be absorbed in a fanciful Brahman. Vedantism and Nietzscheism are fundamentally opposed. The latter is the advocate of real movement. . . . The vital element in Nietzscheism is the stern advocacy of progress, and by that he shall be remembered, if at all, in aftertime; not by its consummation in Vedantism, nor by its practical adoption in the physiological manufacture of breeding men."

Such, in brief summary, is the interesting critical and on the whole hostile estimate of Nietzsche and his ideal of the Superman by an Indian thinker.

A more sympathetic estimate is given by Wilfrid Willock in the "Modern Review," Calcutta, edited by Mr. Ramananda Chatterjee, in an article on "Nietzsche and the War," in the January number, and also in a review in the "Pioneer," Allahabad, by the London writer of "Art and Letters" in that newspaper, dealing with Frau Förster's biographical volume, "The Lonely Nietzsche."

Meerut.

WM. MARWICK.

* * *

HERE AND THERE.

Sir,—The other evening I met a lady friend to whom I had written while I was in France, and she said, "Have you really been to France?"

"Why, of course!" I replied. "Didn't I write to you from there?"

"Yes; but I met a gentleman, the other day, who has just recently joined the National Guard, and he said he was certain you had not been there, and that the letters supposed to have come from you were posted by one of your friends in France."

My lady friend went on to say that she had met a Belgian who had lost his arm, and she wondered how it was that I was not minus a limb or in some way wounded.

I explained that I had been seriously ill out there, and that I was invalidated home, but she seemed to think that I was romancing.

I had two arms and two legs, and she didn't think that there was sufficient evidence to show that I had really been out on active service.

It is these "doubting Thomases" whom we go out to protect, and who, when we return, demand to see our open wounds and to thrust their fingers into them, lest we should be deceiving them. ROUGHRIDER P. THORN.

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