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 lurid 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 this 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 Haldane, the day before it was Prince Louis of Battenberg, and now it is 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? 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.

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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 safety 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 only be supported by Lord Northcliffe as confident in the Ministry itself.

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Mr. Asquith's negligence is all the worse for the circumstance that we have not a single journal of 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 it 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 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 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 own 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 the credit or the discredit must attach to him. 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 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 by what was brought over to them, but, on the contrary, sinks invariably to the level of the 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 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 military, and not his is also the power, and as theirs and not his 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 have been, the people of the world are upon which our military necessity, and not a military 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 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 recognition of our equality. 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 nations, 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 assiduously they might much more easily have been obtained by the familiar means of bribery and negotiation. At any rate, the object 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 state of national organisation whose virtue 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 victories, it not only does not rob Germany of anything except relative superiority; but it secures itself. What Power would care 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 in the past has been described as desperate, doomed to failure, and immediately due to death by a plague of exaggerations, lies, cowardly innuendoes, timidities and subterfuges which would have horrified their authors had they appeared in the opening weeks of the war. Smaller and smaller everything seemed, 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 as 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 now fond of saying that only such a conclusion as will do as a basis of peace as permissible to 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 a new idea. We are fought, on the other hand, to reduce, if possible, the scope 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 and cotton weeded out to try their claws on the petty measures of the few. The banks were rehabilitated and the people have inadvertently shared in the advantage of the Stock Exchange? Was sugar and 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 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 the Government's social and domestic conduct of the war (chiefly, we suspect, as the result of legislation and apparently never to be interfered with. What wonder is there, then, 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 unwanted 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 with again shall 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, and that the only 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. That what could have been better, 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
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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 warm-measure," the more "moderate and common-sense" exaggerated. ''And the proof of it is that as certainly "ambitious project," involving the terrible circumstance of "social reconstruction." But who the devil is Lord Northcliffe to dictate to a unanimous nation what it may "ambitious," 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 time, was dismissed by him for doing his duty. Mr. Churchill and even Mr. Asquith himself makes to titter 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 of politics. The measures now produced, at his dictation, are of such a magnitude under normal and peace circumstances, that it confided to him, that his bare veto is enough to reduce the proposal of a national system of agriculture to a mere "ambitious project" of organising itself. The latter is 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 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 incollectivist proposals the function of central administration and the function of local 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 of a "national farm. If we are the friends by adoption of the chimeras 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 Pekin radius, the hunt by foreigners for concessions, the absolute inability of the great mass of the people to rule by 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 unable to exercise their authority in the distant provinces; and not even a powerful personality like Yuan-Shi-Kai has had much impact on the local authorities. Where Yuan has undoubtedly succeeded is in the application of Abdul Hamid's policy of promoting the independence of his country for as long a period as possible by playing off one Power against another.

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-Heroed 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 capitalist ethics. Pekin 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 Pekin borrowed from lending countries; in other cases the provincial administrations borrowed from lending countries without consulting Pekin. 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 middle; but China has never ceased to want money.

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 Pekin. 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 a 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 Alliance, and that the Japanese now possess de facto the prior right to concessions in China, 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, Pekin, and other districts was 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 Pekin. The Belgians, once the Germans are driven back, are not necessarily 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-hsing 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 million dollars were to be paid over unconditionally to the Chinese Government, and the rest 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 1905.

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 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 in the interests of our National Guilds. 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, yester- day, and yesterday 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 Guild idea, and in fact taken the opposite course. 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 and De Maeztu would have it, 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.

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, by the way, is not an affection of ignorance, for 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 labourers, 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 Guild idea, and in fact taken the opposite course. 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 and De Maeztu would have it, 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.

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 the 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 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 yesterday 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 Guild idea, and in fact taken the opposite course. 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 and De Maeztu would have it, 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.

Much remains to be said on the subject of sovereignty concerning which we appreciate greatly the discussion that has been taking place elsewhere. 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 that 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 consuetudo inter.pares, in time the State Guild will find itself sovereign among its peers, the National Guilds.

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 medioeval 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 sentinels 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 one side by the cheap labour, 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?
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 pain-
fully 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 Society: 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, on the simple 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 irresponsible to the spark of a grand, revolutionary 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-militarist, 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 articulate 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 medieval 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 thought 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 animates the Latin spirit or 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 animates the Latin spirit.
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 Mahomedan public, 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 of vital public importance the policy 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 Crewe’s letter lends itself, rather unconsciously, to the suggestion 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” propose to fill the blank with some words of conciliation, 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 Khalifate. Clearly, 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. Under one name, however, the change is not complete. It is, I think, significant that in the words of the “Times” (May 11) when it comes to converting pious theories into practical admissions. Thus both Lord Cromer and the “Times” talk of the Sultan of Turkey having been “tactfully” 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 of the Constitutional principle 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 the 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 never 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.” Unforfeated as the rumour was, did not its circulation become inevitable to the suggestion of Lord Crewe’s successor as Sultan by way of counter-blast to the venerable “alien enemy” of Stamboul? When this was followed by the dispatch of His Highness the Aga Khan, in company with the Mahomedian 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 doctrine of a “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” propose to fill the blank with some words of conciliation, 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 Khalifate. Clearly, also, is a matter with which Islam alone is competent to deal, and with which we have nothing whatever to do.”

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"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 by any obiter dicta; the party most interested in the matter are the Mahomedans themselves, and what they say, 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 Islandom.

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 negativing 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 that they may or may not have the disease. It is, however, in that benighted country which lies on the western side of the North Atlantic, 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.

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 has elected its own 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 American Civil War and called attention to the fact that from that time to the present every generation has elected its own 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 American Civil War and called attention to the fact that from that time to the present every generation has elected its own Democratic Administration.

The Supreme Court, which as we shall have occasion to see, really governs America, thought it would not be well to put a stop to 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.
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 merit of his preparations, and of his skill in the 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 written in a letter 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 candor. 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.

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 enforced under Mr. Wilson's leadership 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, 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, imposed for revenue only, produced neither free trade nor revenue.

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—boar!—boar!—boar, isn't he?—Boar always Boar. Nothing matters now but Morality. Stop fiddling with politics, with art, with commerce. Save your souls and virtue until I babbled too. Saves! Save your souls and virtue until I babbled too. Save your souls and virtue until I babbled too. 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 nature?" 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 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 Premayl 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, are right because they have to be). Belgium! . . . but there. I expect you have your own stock of deprecators and know their stories. If Belgium had corrupted fifty Congos, they were fifty times as mercenary as she may be for all I know, and had not the miserable national genealogy and 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 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.

The 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 President has been inspired by 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 would not have been 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.
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 l'Homme Belge cannot still exist; jure 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. Gold and herring under the direction of no less a character than that "eccentric neighbour, who, in spite of his hawks, was a racy, lettered man, who wrote even more spaciously than his patron lived. Recently in the "Athenaeum," a critic remarked of the "piffling Russian lady dentist."

He is long since dead, but I feel sure he would agree with my giving him a title. Indeed, he sets me the better done; the Ghost stands against a low parapet, in alluring signboard of the 'Athenaeum,' for understandable characters, 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; the Ghost, however, is curiously better done; the Ghost stands against a low parapet, in invisible armour, plummed 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 curious 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, to knight's 'single game' 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 young don was once a priest, a racy, lettered man, who wrote even more spasiously than his patron lived. Recently in the "Athenaeum," 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 by no means a popular character, having amassed a considerable fortune, nothing but a dab of science and a large bit of painting and a pension. It is extraordinary how people leave their 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 piffling 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 painting, they can also put all the world in step. Presently, they will invade London, and then you'll see for yourself. I 'tates 'em! There are only about three men dentists in Paris now: and they are full up for months to come: hence my patronage was strong.

But I mustn'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 Compéigne 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 it should happen, which God forbid, that through violence of pain and agony, or by subtlety of the devil, I should fall into any impetuous temptation of blasphemy ... my papers may be en...
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 combined; but, however, embracing 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 one might suppose, a good omen or ovum, or whatever you call it, for the egg was added, "like comedy," as I murmured. But it would take too long even to summarise my mystical or mytho-cal (which is a contradiction in terms) experiences; the fact is 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 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 this competition ensure 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 procuring a work for 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!"

I think, fatal, of his 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 procuring a work for 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"; let him write comedy from the "vasty deep"; but will it come when 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. Now, the extremes of geometry, 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 is linked 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 Russian 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 the art of poetry in the 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 banz, but the poets only deliver a golden": and then, as I say, retreads 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 on the poetry and all art, Wordsworth's upon Wordsworth!

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 treated excellently, 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 popular 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 roughly 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 "Spiritual Quixote"—a modern undesignated 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.

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 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, like him, exploits ignorance and other disadvantages. We would have him judged and paid by his peers.

What the pay of a writer would be, if determined by his own profession, I should assume would be divided both in its maximum and in its minimum. No writer, once sealed of the tribe, should receive less than £1,000 a year—ample for a young writer; none, on the other hand, should receive more than £5,000. Coleridge, a man of great taste, thought 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 £250 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 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!).

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

Easter has come! For seven weeks no believer has eaten meat or milk—we ourselves condescending 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 and the Generalsha and the Commander’s widow were so marred by it that they were not able to eat anything solid for days:

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 sat off two 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. 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 round the church. The sexton up in the bulb of a tower struck the bell. The priest read the Gospels. The people groaned and howled dirges. Then I went out to wait, and we scrambled in pell-mell. The service continued.

Meanwhile, we said, one to the other, “Christ is arisen!” Germany was at heart hostile to Russia, the “Novoye Vremya” 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 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.

ROM.

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
Outvie in progeny; o’er all the Earth
And proud of the full brood that she begot.

Outvie in progeny; o’er all the Earth
And proud of the full brood that she begot.

And had no likeness save her own proud lot.

And by the eternal Synod ordered
For the future their holy race to destroy.

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Rome.

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-button-boxes and 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 'doll's' 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.

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 alike, and came to have the same idea: to rob the isolated one of his consolations.

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 they will let you out of 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 they will let you 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 sun 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 is in my deltoid. When, at night, 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 workmen fished. One spot 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, it 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.

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 hem 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 entries by the roof, and conversations, legs hanging through the skylight, and accidents to the try-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-raft and the sun raises his cudgel. He has no right to rob the isolated one of his consolation. I remember how I toppled over 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 hem 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 entries by the roof, and conversations, legs hanging through the skylight, and accidents to the try-pan.

The Open-air Theatre. We arrived in victorias on the heights; through the wood the sun shone all 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 battles to fight? All those geniuses with pinces-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 pate 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 fractionally to embrace that hand without fear of a box on the ear.

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 portrait of the concierge like the man in the moon, to knock. At last he knocks. No reply. "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 king in the shade of the 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; 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. 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 navvy. 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 cap, and the 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."

Axioiablogenes.

"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 purgatory into the iridescent twilight of the fields. The pale and tremulous beam of the sun laid its leaves of porphyry into the iridescent twilight of the fields.

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dental 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 fac-
tory;" through their sweet fragrance, the flowers and
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 wine. The vines bore twelve different har-
vests 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
Symposium suppers from the poets, but none from
the Stock Exchange. Business? 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 discomfiture of the
spirit. Poverty? What irreverence was this that could
flout the teachings of the Scriptures that the poor are
the children of idleness."

For his soul was not pleased. This impracticable and
thriftless dalliance, this unexploited abundance, this in-
difference 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 and angry conjured to his mind the
apocalypse of a universal strike. "Nature herself," he
groaned, "has turned paid agitator." Commerce? Entertain-
ment? Where was it? Morality? Toothbrushes, no doubt, as well as
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,
frenched from the city walls and destined for the
country residences of their sons; Hades, the
master of men, was 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
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.
The Greeks and Trojans, some were fashioning their
rusty armour and sharpening their blunted swords;
others assembling and marshalling the forced levies (dur-
ing part of their days); and in the midst of this chaos of
Elysians. For the blessed forgot their ancient faiths
and worshipped in their stead the trinity of Economy,
Efficiency and Development.

But the soul of Axioioblabogenes was not pleased. There were many that murmured at these new misguided ways. Aeneas was thinking of emigrating to Africa, brooded and refused to work, and Thescus was attempting to form a Trade Union. The Councillors sat in stubborn conclaves and would have nothing to do with him. "I must educate public opinion," he said, "I must get the workers from my store and gain converts of the more respectable inhabitants," thought Axioioblabogenes. 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 myrrh, and, after flatterimg them to make (by a pro-
cess 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 cloum.
Multitudes thronged the portals of his new mansion
"Riviera" and sought to take part in this new diver-
sion. But Axioioblabogenes was wise with the wisdom of
earthly experience. For graduated rewards drawn from
his treasury, he induced his inferiors, this indolent
adolescence, to participate in such negotiations with the elect and set Ulysses to draw up his
advertisements with wily cajoliers. Orestes was en-
trusted with the task of writing sensational stories of
crime. Medea presided over the "children's page."
Cresaida published her "sensational news. Niobe was in-
structed to write the sentimentalserials, 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
of gossip, and Ajax Telamon, whose wits were still some-
what disordered, wrote obedient leading articles for
nothing. Nor was this but the beginning. Entertain-
ment in many forms was provided to smoother any
symptoms of revolt. Helen was tempted to organise a
beauty competition, and Cassandra, in picturesque dis-
array, 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. Poppaea sold seawater in little urns
labelled "perfumery." Obols (made of shells and now
the current exchange) were dropped into little slots
pierced in the oracle, and the Sophists, in regular
shifts, gave the desired answers. Marcus Aurelius was
interviewed to ascertain his views upon the old marry-
ing the young. Esop 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 Anthroopaghi from the mydrolous country in
which they dwelled, to take part in it. Sheets of parch-
ment, on which were traced garish and persuasive
characters, were attached to the backs and bellies of the
Charybdis. “It was Nestor who, on account of his Peripatetics, who patrolled the city, extolling upstart.” Homer, who had nodded during Nestor’s exceeding age, opened the discussion. In well-rounded opposition, adopted towards Catiline, we should, we talking it over with the enemy. “If only,” he said, but lugubrious cadences, he represented to his kind. There was no precedent to authorise such a step. “Our esteemed president had adopted the same methods passed over. Plato shrugged his shoulders and said Rhadamanthus, “will I abdicate in favour of Alexander, more alert than he had been since he had ousted Socrates from the Council, threatened to marry the Styx. “The meeting,” said Rhadamanthus, with metamorphose the rascal into a swine and then pitch him into the Styx. “The ancient Scythians,” began another Rhadamanthus, with frigid composure, “is adjourned.”

He arose and, signing to his Councillors to remain where they were, walked straight up to Axiosiobalogenes, who, at that moment, was in deep converse with an Alexander, more alert than he had been since he had entreated Rhadamanthus, Inorganic matter, but which nowhere announces the consciousness will not illuminate more than one general idea at a given moment; it is honestly 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 expression of the will” which, by making a cross-section of the structure of fact, has revealed a new stratum of meaning. But if the formula be precise, one formula cannot invalidate another; it is fundamental to logic, of course, that contradictions cannot both be true, but it is certain that if two formulae are both true, they are not contradictions; and when both rest upon a precise historical demonstration, the verity of neither can be denied, even if, at the moment, one 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 formula, and all other interpretations seem to be invalid; a man who denies, even if, at the moment, one cannot be reconciled with the other in a more general formula. Mr. Jane, in this volume, attempts a more satisfactory, because more particular, relation of the facts of History to the 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 have brought about the conditions of the present.  

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 realities, and given them 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 opens that conscious insouciance will not illuminate more than one general idea at a given moment; it is honestly 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 expression of the will which, by making a cross-section of the structure of fact, has revealed a new stratum of meaning. But if the formula be precise, one formula cannot invalidate another; it is fundamental to logic, of course, that contradictions cannot both be true, but it is certain that if two formulae are both true, they are not contradictions; and when both rest upon a precise historical demonstration, the verity of neither can be denied, even if, at the moment, one be reconciled with the other in a more general formula.

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* The Interpretation of History. By L. Cecil Jane. (Dent. 5s. net.)
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 each other. Some 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 set me thinking of cards, indexes, and men and women running smoothly like machines, and while in this vortex of thought, I fell in. 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 sleep in the autumn air that warm us of the mists of 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?" I answered, "You are thinking of something more general than the relations of things. Web-feet are useful in water, but not 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 shifting their goals, calling their nation into their own 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 to divide the classes of men. He is suffered by Providence for wise ends. He 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 sleepy wood anemones wake up to sleep in the autumn air that warm us of the mists of our eye.

I shall have to fall into another bramble bush. I was greatly surprised at his wisdom.
ON THE WORK OF SUNDRY POETASTERS.

Cassius?—Good. The verse?—Well-turned. The rhyme?
—Shows skill.
The wording?—Neat. Naught but the sense is ill.

BLANCA.
Blasque 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 skillfully you may deceive,
Never will your rouggeries believe.
You have deceived me,—only once, in sooth,
And then, because, for once, you told the truth.

(The Goddess.
This is the lady whom you a goddess call?
Fie! For she's the most human of them all.

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 what, astuteness, truth in the attack,
That, were Omicron not the prey it seeks,
You almost might suppose Omicron speaks.

(Stendhal).

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,
For your first slumber was your last repose.

(Körner).

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.

(Kastner).

LEARN TO DIE.
To a pious person advanced in age
A monk spoke: "Learn to die.
"Learn, good man!" cried the hoary sage,
"We succeed at the very first try!"

(Feuchtel).

THE POEM AND THE OCEAN.
Your splendid poem's like the ocean,—only half.
The time is well.

\[\text{Your splendid poem's like the ocean,—only half.}
\]

THE ARDENT SUITOR.
Delta for many days and nights would creep
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 he
Untimely died,—of immortality.

(Hauff).

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

(Hauff).

PROPER PRIDE.
Miss X. recalls with proper pride and grace
Fame of her forebears and their ancient race,
Who once the Capitol renown first won,
When, feomen through their quacking were undone.

(Gänderole).

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 Heilges.

"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 faces 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. 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."—Mugnet.

"Wicked old man in the moon."—Horatio Bottomley.

"Our dream of Armageddon in Wonderland has been shattered. . . . Something was wrong with Engand! Something was wrong with the war! Great heavens!"—W. H. 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.
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," few people 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 kitchen and the land; and to what extent the children are called upon to assist? Also, it would be interesting to know the number of hours worked by the employed upon these small holdings, together with their status and rates of wages. The addition of these trifling details would complete the process case.

A. D. Woon.

TURKEY.

Sir,—There is no writer of the 

NATIONAL GUILDS AND FOREIGN POLICY.

writes explain why their own thesis should fail them in international relations? * * * IGNATIUS QUIDAM.

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. It is true that the value of money is relatively lower and prices rise, but the general public are not frightened, rushed to get their bills, to the extent of something like £100,000,000. In other words, they exchanged their bills, which represented money, for a credit at the Bank of England. But the same thing can be said to have happened 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 "Iliad."

Mr. Pickthall still believes in the power of those eloquent persons called diplomats and foreign ministers. He thinks that our foreign policy is conducted by the suavity of an ambassador 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 advised that the cause of Turkey would be 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 fundamentals 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 America and Europe, and they can dispense with other information. They do not require to be told how many thousand years have passed since the Russians annexed the Crimea, or why 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 realize 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 flunkeys 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 more real to the ordinary people than the alliances and turn nations once friendly into bitter enmity.

The only thing of any importance in recent Turkish history is the development of the Bosphorus 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 it on strictly business principles. What is proposed is the building of a railway running right through from Hamburg or Berlin on the German Continent, on the isthmus, 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 sea communications, her position in the East, slowly meandering round the peninsulas of Spain and Arabia? A Berin commercial traveller would be at home by now as an engineer, laboriously steering past the shores of Crete. All kinds of light goods from Germany could be distributed...
throughout the length of the country. It
Legislation, etc. After this delivery
"Votes." The female came not, and
Fluorides
getting the Bagdad Railway, and Britain is desperately
medals struck, and give me one.
the price of labour because—can the speaker tell what
incidentally, the hopes of Russia to get out of the Black Sea
would be for ever blighted. Nothing binds nations
diplomacy could ever have made Turkey really friendly to Britain, for
the simple reason that Turkey is desperately interested in
in order to kill the most savage critical lions. Lord
proved futile because they did not last for ever. The
panting round the enormous angle of Arabia. Incidentally,
the Bagdad Railway! The following point which I wish to make against Mr. Pickthall
is that the female animals could have convinced

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 brewers and mineral-water manufacturers. 

Sir,—When the writer of "Towards National Guilds"

GALIC AMERICA.

SIR,—It seems rather curious for New Age readers, sympathising with the efforts of the Irish people, to notice the confusion of thought which "E. A. B." attempts to listen on Gaelic America, so transparent in his last article, dated April 23rd, 1915.

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 Irish patriots, at this price of Mr. McGuire's book, I think I could be very well answered by a perusal of the American publishers' recent announcements. A comparison of purely financial, I would say it is admittedly incongruous, although it is not quite so much evident when the comparison is extended to include Daniel O'Connell. How that the old proverbial well-intentioned efforts can be construed into wholesale servility to wealth and power I cannot imagine. The Allies are most decided the party of wealth and power in this campaign, and Mr. McGuire should support them. Why doesn't he? How foolish these fuddledheaded ex-patriated Gaels are!

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rather forcibly where there was not an over amount of room. There were chiefly workmen on top and my neighbour always do yer want to come for, can't yer see there's no—room, yer—" I explained, "Damn your 'loveys' eyes, is the bus your own private, with a cigarette clinched on 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 to make friends among the politicians of neutral countries and friends among the politicians of England for years and years, is that of the child, being that of the Superman. The spirit of man passes through. Three times after this did I read my speech, even that from London, is tempered with, delayed, censored by British official or military censors. This to an 'alien' who has been living in England for years and years, is a naturalised British subject, and wishes for nothing but the supremacy of British rights in the Continental melée; 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 culture and militarism.**

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. Nayarananarayanan, 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, 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 characterizes him as "philosopher, scholar, and lunatic" and "the defense of self-sufiisainess 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 degrees of the camel, the lion, and the child as Nietzsche allegedly presents them, the last phase, that of the child, being that of the Superman. The writer asks: What exactly is the Superman? How do we 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 contribution to the sphere of ethical thought. The evolutionist stands midway between the materialist and the empiricist. Nietzsche might say, "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," and Nietzsche "decrees it worse than useless," and to be "actively discouraged." The writer then discusses "the psychology of the process by which Nietzsche arrived at his conclusions." Nietzsche arrived 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 according to Nietzscheism." The Eugenics movement is the linear descendant of Nietzscheanism. The same folly vitiates both. The assumption of man count for little or nothing "in both. Nietzsche's ideal of Superman is of no practical value. He had no accurate sense of the future. Nietzsche was a fanatical Brahman. Vedantism and Nietzscheanism are fundamentally opposed. The latter is the advocate of real movement. The vital element in Nietzscheanism 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 whole hostile estimate of Nietzsche and his ideal of the Superman by an Indian thinker.


Meerut.

W. M. MARVICK.

**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 we had not minus a limb or in some way wounded.

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

I had been in a state of 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 the '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." —ROBERTSON P. THOMEN.
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