TOWARDS MILITARY NOTES OF THE unfortunate successors. Of the November Budget the immediately proceed to appropriate half our incomes, he
ongratulations.—II. THE SOUTH IMPRESSIONS OF PARIS. By

humbly suggested a mere doubling of the income-tax. "Times," too, remarks on this occasion that "it is on other passages they might even have imagined that

This diminuendo he has now repeated in his Budget speech of last week. From certain passages in it his speech ended, however, in

wealthy classes. The speech ended, however, in

the only conclusion from which was that he would

evil day of taxation as long as possible. It will be

readers to the Editor from The Writer of "Notes of the Week," Romney, G. D., Dora Forster, W. Mellor, Marmaduke Pickthall, L., Otto Bucht

Suspecting references were made by Mr. Lloyd George to a source of national income of which the nation has heard all too little during the last quarter of a century—foreign investments. Of these, it appears, we have normally some four thousand millions worth outstanding, to which some four hundred millions more are added annually out of "savings." The supposition is that these investments are not only "ours" in the nominal sense, but in the real sense of belonging to the nation. The "Times," for instance, remarks that "we have, indeed, our accumulated wealth, and our 4,000 millions of capital invested in foreign and colonial securities to realise." But who are "we" in the case? It is certainly not the corporate nation, for the State, to our knowledge, owns scarcely a penny of this vast sum of four thousand millions. It is, therefore, no more "ours" to realise than the most private of property existing at home. The four thousand millions is, indeed, the private property of our financial classes, who have as much or as little right to it as home-investors to property here. That a discrimination between the two directions of investment should nevertheless be made we do not, however, deny. It is true that foreign and home investments are equally the private property of the foreign and home investors respectively, and that, from this point of view, the former may claim to be taxed no more than the latter. But when it is remembered that foreign investments cost the State much more to defend than home investments, the commission payable to the State on the one should be much more than the commission payable on the other. The foreign investments of our financiers are, in fact, the prime determinants of our national foreign policy. The flag follows the financiers' trade. We may therefore conclude that a special tax on the income from foreign investments can fairly be laid, over and above the tax to be levied on mere home investments. And if, at the same time, the State were to control not only the income from foreign investments, but the direction and distribution of the foreign investments themselves, the first step would have been taken towards a real nationalisation of our national foreign policy. As it is, the foreign investors call the tune
and the Foreign Office, with the nation at its tail, must dance to it.

* * *

Casting about for stores of wealth to be taxed, some bright genius has suggested the taxation of wages. If wages were or ever could be a form of capital, there would be something to be said for the idea. But wages are not only not capital and never can become capital, but capital is precisely the surplus of Rent, Interest and Profit over and above the cost of production, one of whose items is wages. It is true, no doubt, that wages at this moment are higher than usual, and that, in some instances, they have been raised by companies even higher than the corresponding cost of living, so that, in fact, a limited number of workmen are now in a position to save; but even this saving is not necessarily capital in the commercial sense, since infallibly it must be drawn upon by the workmen so soon as their rainy day comes. Capital in the commercial sense consists of sums set apart, not for future consumption, but for future production. The savings now, perhaps, being made out of wages, are, however, not destined for future consumption, at least not yet set aside to be touched save in the way of investment; on the contrary, they are merely a store laid up against the next lean season the wage-market will certainly encounter. To tax that store would be not to tax capital, but to tax an accidental accumulation of the means of subsistence of Labour. Better, however, a moderate voluntary saving than compulsory saving even upon a large scale. If workmen cannot foresee the evil days that lie ahead for labour, or, foreseeing them, have not the moral courage to forewarn the nation, it will be theirs and future leaders. And it is better that they should be damned by their own act than saved by the compulsion of the State. It is more English at least.

* * *

Various journals and persons are asking a great deal of credit for having forecast the war. As far as we can see at present THE New Age will be the only journal that will now forecast the industrial conditions that must prevail after peace. And they will not be, we repeat, much less disastrous than the war itself. The two decisive factors in industry are the price of Capital and the supply of Labour; and it must be obvious even to newspaper intelligence that after the war the price of Capital will be high and the supply of Labour correspondingly excessive. What this must mean in the matter of wages is likewise, we hope, obvious. If under the law of Supply and Demand, the price of Capital will be raised because the war will have diminished its supply, then under the same law Wages or the price of Labour will be reduced because, both relatively and absolutely, the supply of Labour will have been increased by the war. Wages, in short, as soon as the war is over, will fall as the interest demanded by Capital rises, with the general effect that the condition of the working classes will be more grievous than it has ever been before. We wish we could impress this upon the parties now boasting their prevision of the war and reproaching the nation for having been deaf to their warnings. But so loudly are they now shouting that they "always told us so," that they in turn fail to hear the warnings which we are now uttering. Let us repeat. As comparatively as they affirmed that the war with all its horrors was coming, we now affirm that peace with its industrial horrors is coming. And as earnestly as they implored the nation to prepare for war, we implore the nation to prepare for peace. To make the parallel complete it needs only to be added that as few signs as they saw of attention to their alarms of war, we see now of attention to our alarms of peace.

Yet everybody is so sagacious nowadays! We are like our late sovereign lord the King who never said a foolish thing and never did a wise one. The "Times," for instance, recently published this immediate premonition: "There is nothing we hate so much as the man who continues to judge us when we do not wish to be judged; and yet he represents for us posterity and the better part of ourselves; we may turn on him and rend him, but we cannot rend ourselves of his judgment." Unimpeachable reflection, but what is its value if it simply stands without application to conduct at this moment? The lessons of the war are not surely to be all oral and verbal and none of them practical. If we can deduce as a conclusion of reason that the nation has been wrong in the past to ignore the warnings of its men of judgment—warnings that posterity must confirm in bitter experience—the application of the conclusion to the present moment would appear to be equally dictated by reason. The same "Times," however, that thus glows philosophically over the past offers itself as an illustration in the present of the vice it condemns; for far from listening to the judgment of men to-day who represent posterity and the better part of ourselves, its only task is to drown them in toadying vagaries and the echoes of it that certainly may be heard in the nation.

On the question of the recent proposed Drink legislation our illustration of last week may be recalled for a final addition. Apart from the microscopic character of the abnormal evil of excessive drinking, there is not the least doubt that the nation, and every man of judgment in it, were prepared a month ago to legislate for posterity by nationalising the whole Drink traffic, taking advantage of the circumstances of the war to carry a measure that in peace has proved impossible. What did the "Times" say? That it was a "dead-thing" that the conditions of war would not justify; moreover, that moderate and common-sense taxation was the proper course. It even specifically commended the amended proposals of Mr. Lloyd George until the "trade" protested, whereupon it pronounced them "dead—killed by public opinion." Even admitting that they were killed by public opinion (which is absurd), their rejection was not due to their "ambitious character, but to their "moderate and common-sense" "Times" character. They were killed, in short, because they were not nearly ambitious enough. Will the "Times" (we take the "Times" as a type) now learn that "ambitious projects" are at this moment the only practical projects; that now or never is the occasion for acting on the advice of men of judgment who represent posterity and the better part of ourselves.

* * *

To Mr. Lloyd George who is reported to have favoured the "ambitious project" and who has now the mortification of seeing his moderate measures killed by the trade, commiseration has been extended by the very journals that misled him. The lesson, however, ought to be salutary for the Government; and it is this, that in every difference of opinion between the vested interests of any trade and the nation at large, the wise course for the State is to side with the nation. This elementary truth of popular government is, however, still so novel that if, as we see, it has been defied only to bring disaster on the Government in the case of the Drink traffic, it has not been recognised to exist, even to be defied, in the case of the traffics of corn and coal. Yet in the former at least the evils already due to private mismanagement surpass all the special evils of the Drink trade, and are moreover likely to increase with time. Is it realised that the price of the staple food of our people—namely, wheat—is at this moment higher than it has been since the Crimean War; and this without the smallest benefit to the State, though with gargantuan profits to scurvy individuals amongst us? The private tax on the food of a nation is beyond all reason to defend; every week a "Lusitania" is being taken out of the nation's pocket.
and put into the pockets of a few profiteers. Yet not only does the Government do nothing, but the example of Governments elsewhere inspires nobody here to act. We will set aside the example of Germany, whose vices only are held up for our emulation. But the French Government has taken power to control and regulate the whole wheat-trade. So too in our own Indian Government. So have several of the Australian States. So has New Zealand. Here at home, however, at the hub of the world's wheel, where an example to the world should be set, we have not even the means to follow half measures. Elsewhere nations are acting nationally; here we are content to talk nationally and to act by vested interests. We do not hope that there will be bread-riots in our streets; but the will to prosecute the war nationally will assuredly decline as private interests maintain their hands on the national helm.

After nearly ten months of war, the Government has at last ventured to regulate the exportation of coal. Sumer is y-comyn in, and it is to be supposed that as our domestic needs grow less the chance of benefiting us by the State regulation of the price of coal is now less also. The policy, however, of nationalising the coal industry is still urgent from a national point of view, for the war may conceivably last over the winter, and, in any event, the needs of manufacture include coal at a reasonable price as well as labour and other commodities. Why, in fact, deny coal to France (we call them ours by habit) were not nationalised with the railways at the outbreak of the war we cannot easily understand. Why should the railway proprietors alone be expected to accept their pre-war profits and other capitalists permitted to exploit the national needs unchecked? If the railways had been left, to profit by the unhindered law of Supply and Demand, it is probable that they, like these, would have held the country up to ransom and rather have ruined us than abate a farthing of their terms. Either it was not right to single out the railways for State control in the matter of profits, or it was equally right to include in the same action the coal-mines as well. The distinction the "Times" would draw between the one as a war-measure and the other as a social revolution is, has the face of it, a distinction without a difference. As many of the war-measures have been social revolutions, so many social revolutions may be also war-measures. It is to be hoped that these will be forced upon us, even as war-measures, before we are out of the wood. Better now than in the chaos that is likely to follow the war may conceivably last over the winter, and, but the will to prosecute the war nationally will be no less explicit than in the chaos that is likely to follow the war.

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The debate on the agricultural situation in the Commons last week gives, however, the measure both of the economic knowledge and of the intellectual honesty of certain members of the Government. It is not to be denied that there is an actual shortage of cheap labour in agriculture at this moment; nor is it to be denied that the proper remedy is the offer of higher wages. The "Times" expert calculated that not only should agricultural wages be advanced by between £5 and £6 a week more per man than at present. Wages hate, in fact, done up by some ten or fifteen per cent. but at this figure, in view once again of the demand elsewhere, agrarian labour is still scarce. What, under the circumstances, is the remedy? You would suppose that the Government would be no less explicit with the farmers than it has been with the workmen on the Clyde and elsewhere. If these can be lectured on their habits, the farmers might surely be monitorily exhortations to the golf-clubs to release their men? No, but the Government, nothing daunted, began to look elsewhere. At all costs to farmers since they died not pay higher wages, must be provided with labour at rates they would pay. The golf-clubs had turned a deaf ear, but there were still other resources, and these were enumerated by Sir H. Verney as follows: partially disabled soldiers, German prisoners, Irish labourers, boys, boys-scouts, clerks on holiday, Belgian refugees, and women. It is with these and such-like that the supply of cheap labour is to be maintained for farmers without patriotism and without the government. The railways had been left, as the coal-mines have been left, to profit by the unhindered law of Supply and Demand, it is probable that they, like these, would have held the country up to ransom and rather have ruined us than abate a farthing of their terms. Either it was not right to single out the railways for State control in the matter of profits, or it was equally right to include in the same action the coal-mines as well. The distinction the "Times" would draw between the one as a war-measure and the other as a social revolution is, has the face of it, a distinction without a difference. As many of the war-measures have been social revolutions, so many social revolutions may be also war-measures. It is to be hoped that these will be forced upon us, even as war-measures, before we are out of the wood. Better now than in the chaos that is likely to follow the war.

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Like most problems of no particular importance, the so-called problem of "war-babies" has been exaggeated almost beyond recognition. If it were the case that these were as numerous as the scare-mongers alleged, our problem would be one for civilisation rather than for the duration of the war only. Happily, however, there is plenty of evidence to show that in all probability the number of illegitimates will be no more this year than usual. Only the figures will be increased! The explanation of this apparent contradiction is to be found in the fact that our normal recorded percentage of illegitimacy is much lower than the actual. Instead of four per cent., eight per cent. at the most is to be hoped that these will be forced upon us, even as war-measures, before we are out of the wood. Better now than in the chaos that is likely to follow the war.

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The Hague Convention to seize hostages at all, much less shoot them. These towns are now, for the most part, in ruins, having been burnt by the enemy after a large proportion of the civil population had already been driven out of their own houses or bundled together in the churches and schools. Again, whole sections of towns such as Malines, Diest, Alost, and Liège were set on fire without warning and scores of the non-combatant inhabitants were burnt to death.

These outrages—I speak only of those which were admitted by the Germans themselves—were "justified" in two ways: as warnings to the inhabitants of Belgium generally (this was conveyed in a German wireless message intended for the benefit of neutral States) and as something unavoidable, carried out under the pressure of military necessity. Both excuses were very rightly ridiculed by observers from neutral countries, including at least one American Consul in Belgium, and the Belgian representatives of two or three South American Republics. The sinking of the two liners is a crime against humanity and civilisation; but it is no worse than the butchery systematically carried out against civilians in Belgium. We rightly regard the sinking of American vessels or the lives of American citizens, it would be difficult to view the act in any other light than as an indefensible violation of neutral rights, which would be very hard indeed to reconcile with the friendly relations now so happily subsisting between the two Governments. If such a deplorable situation should arise, the Imperial Government can readily appreciate that the Government of the United States would be constrained to hold the Imperial Government to strict accountability for such acts of its naval authorities, and to take any steps that might be necessary to safeguard American lives and property, and to support American citizens the full enjoyment of their acknowledged rights on the high seas.

We heard a good deal of this "strict accountability" phrase at the time; but the "Falaba" was torpedoed without the slightest effect being given to the American threat. The very natural consequence was that the German Government ceased to pay attention to Notes handed in at the German Embassy at Washington. The authorities at Berlin, indeed, realised as far back as September that the American Government was quite prepared to regard The Hague and Geneva Conventions as scraps of paper. We rightly regard the sinking of the "Falaba" and "Lusitania" as foul crimes. But crimes as foul had been committed in Belgium and North-Eastern France last autumn without so much as a word of protest from Washington. The sinking of the two liners was rightly looked upon as an unjustified and deliberate attack on non-combatants; on old men, women, and children. But the Germans, in defiance of all Conventions, had already attacked non-combatants of every age and of both sexes on their march through Belgium. We have this on the admission of the Germans themselves. At Tirlemont, Aerschot, Termonde, Jodoigne, Dinant, Ardennes, Vissé, Charleroi, Mons, and Louvain the civilian population, without the least necessity being shown, was systematically attacked and the non-combatant inhabitants indiscriminately butchered. Hostages were seized and shot—it being contrary to...
Military Notes.

By Romney.

The tactics of asphyxiation recently adopted by the Germans are objectionable only in so far as they are contrary to the letter of the Hague Convention—if indeed they are so contrary: I am not competent to say, and I am sure that the bulk of our critics are not. Asphyxiation is not, in itself, an inhumane method of killing men, and, as Colonel Maude has pointed out, it is equally certainly not a new one. People who have reconciled it with their consciences to stick sharp shafts into their enemy's abdomens, or to blow their limbs and jaws off with fragments of bursting shells, have really no right to start a whine about barbarity because that same enemy retaliates with choking fumes. The German offences consist therefore at most in employing a weapon which they had pledged themselves not to employ; but as no Power, and even the most upright, when driven into a corner, is likely to hesitate about employing weapons to which there is no objection save the illogical decisions of a few hair-splitting international lawyers, one is tempted to ask—again with Colonel Maude—"Why not denounce the Hague Convention, at any rate so far as it places restrictions upon the weapons to be used?" The persons who drafted that remarkable agreement were actuated no doubt by the benevolent intention of rendering war less horrible, but there is nothing to show that they have succeeded, and there is everything to show that the restrictions which they imposed have had an actually contrary effect. The effort to prevent elaboration of armament does not necessarily mean to ameliorate the conditions of war will appear when we reflect that men can inflict as deadly and as horrible wounds with carving knives as with modern rifles—and far surer. When was the proportion of dead to wounded higher—at Cannae, when soldiers fought with short swords, or at Neuve Chapelle, when they fought with rifles and quick-firing guns? Even if the death-dealing or wound-dealing properties of armament could actually be limited by conventions, there is nothing to show that the effect would be beneficial. There would be no result except to delay the decision, and thereby to increase the social and economic inconvenience of hostilities. If two nations set to work to fight it out, it is not to be expected that the end will come before one or the other is somewhat beaten, and if by Hague Conventions or other contrivances you render it more difficult for them to deal with each other effectually, you only prolong the agony. Let war be as horrible as possible, and let us get it over quick. History shows that it is not the short, sharp wars which debase mankind. These, it appears, rather elevate it by evoking heroism and self-sacrifice. What does the evil is the long, dragging contest, with its consequent accustoming of men to horror and rapine and its consequent hardening of hearts.

It is time that an end was put to the dishonourable attacks of certain papers upon Mr. Winston Churchill. Those attacks are dishonourable, as opposed to the merely ignorant or mistaken, because they are obviously inspired less by public considerations than by personal enmity, and because they are continued without any regard to their effect upon the enemy. If anyone supposes that the Germans and the Russians are not encouraged by this sort of thing, let them reflect what we should start saying if the German press suddenly began a campaign against Von Tirpitz, or the Hungarian newspapers a series of venomous attacks upon Count Tisza. What a feeling of exhalboration it would afford us to learn that our enemies were in this manner quarrel-

ing among themselves! Even if Mr. Churchill has made mistakes, it will not better matters to announce the fact for the benefit of the Germans, and frankly it does not pass to me, as an outsider, that his accusers themselves have their hands clean. There is too much venom in their oratory. The whole business looks like personal enmity, and seems to me exceedingly dirty.

Those who talk glibly of an Austrian secession from the German Alliance have failed to note two things. Firstly the Austrians cannot secede unless the Germans let them. The organisation and administration of civil and military Austria appear to have been effectually Germanised, and a large portion of the local Monarchy is actually in the hands of German troops. Then, again, even if Germany allows Austria to secede, will the Allies permit that misguided Power to cut her losses—much though she may be ready to surrender? It is true that by her reversion to neutrality Germany would lose a granary; but she would actually gain in other respects, Germany being only invadable from Russia via Austria. It is almost certain that the Allies will demand from Austria not only neutrality but neutrality benevolent to the extent of permitting the passage of troops against Germany. And Austria could not honourably concede that. Again, when a Hungarian secession is spoken of, do people reflect that no terms which the Allies grant to Hungary can be preferable to a fight to the end? By the time that Serbia, Roumania, Italy, and Russia have been satisfied, Hungary will remain a very small and silly place, and the Hungarians will have to feel themselves very badly beaten before they will consent to such a farewell to all their greatness. And, after all, the Russians are not yet in Budapest as the recent German success shows.

In estimating the value of these local successes—such as, for example, the partial one over our own troops at Ypres or the much larger affair in Galicia, one must remember that so long as both sides are not generally engaged, either can win a local success by concentrating a sufficiently large force at a given spot. It does so, however, at a certain cost in men and munitions, and as the success obtained is neither general nor decisive, the question remains whether it is worth the cost to the Germans it is certainly now less advantageous than to the Allies, since they have smaller resources, and their troops compel them to buy these local successes at a higher rate. In other words the whole business is a game of beggar my neighbour, in which cards being played singly, the weaker player can always cap his adversaries' cards until his resources give out. The Germans can always win a local success by expending a thousand men to our five hundred—until they wear themselves down to a point at which our general advance becomes easy and profitable.

MILTON.

"What could a man require more from a Nation so plant and so prone to seek after knowledge? What wants thou to such a tardy and pregnant soul? . . ."

(1643.)

"I should have spok'n only to trees and stones." (1660.)

In this inconstant isle, with instant zeal To sow eternal seeds, and from the high Bright apeogee, raptur'd, to discern The harvest-home of love and liberty, The harvest-time of faith and hope, where In darkness, thwarted, raked between the poles Of hell and heaven. O, mighty Muse that bore Such wounds of deadly woe, yet higher soared, Though changed—unto terror changed—With eagle wings Fierce with compassion, dipped in agony, O'er the reft eyrie circling, hovering hung, Heavy with thunder, shedding bolts of fire.

E. H. VISIAK.
Towards National Guilds.

A lecture on "The Future of the Teaching Profession" was recently delivered at a meeting of the Glasgow Local Association of the Educational Institute of Scotland by Dr. William Boyd, of Glasgow University, and reported in the "Educational News" of November 27. "The greatest change," said the lecturer, "better than the doctors and the State after the passing of the Insurance Act came to most teachers as a revelation of the possibilities of a strong profession with a proper concern for its own rights, and suggested the need for far-reaching changes in the organisation of teachers."

This is true enough, but it must not be forgotten that the medical profession, being without any elevated object, gained an enormous financial advantage out of the Act, but at the cost of a considerable degradation of status. We hope that the National Union of Teachers, if it decides upon a new programme, will be careful to place status above pay. Pay may be added to status, but status is not a necessary child of pay.

The writer continues as follows:

It ought further to be made clear that now that the Education Department had succeeded in creating a body of competent teachers, the time had come for a transfer of some of their powers to them, who have under their own control the supervision and inspection of the schools, and even perhaps of the examinations for entrance to the profession. The internal economy of the schools should be left in the hands of the teachers themselves, and not for any outside bodies. Even in those provinces of school administration which were properly subject to external control in the public interest, such as questions relating to the curriculum, the teachers as experts were entitled to have a more direct representation of their opinions than they now had. To raise the professional status in those various ways it was necessary to bring together all the different teachers' associations into one big federal association, which, while conserving the rights of the various sections, would enable joint action to be taken in all matters of common concern. Once that was accomplished it might be possible to win for the profession the autonomy which it still lacked, but without which it could not hope to do its best work for the community.

A competent though brief review of "National Guilds" appears in the "Oxford Magazine" of December 4. After an accurate summary of the argument of the book the review concludes: "This is an important book, not so much for its detailed working out of the problems of the industrial organisation of labor, but for the ideas that it expresses—an attitude of mind which may well revolutionise the whole philosophy underlying Socialism and Trade Unionism." We may gently deprecate the confinement of the revolution to the philosophy of Socialism and Trade Unionism. As we have often said, we are English nationalists even before we are Socialists and Trade Unionists. Such a revolution as we have advocated in the philosophy of Trade Unionism has, it is true, the welfare of Labour as its first object; but, indirectly, the revolution could not fail to modify profoundly and for the better the conditions of our national life. England having become, by virtue of her position, the pioneer of liberty, owes it to the world to break new ground and to make the first conquest of economic democracy. As formerly she made the first conquest of political democracy, so far as the world is concerned. The Trade Unions can contribute towards this (and they are, we believe, the first means) they will not only benefit their class but their nation and the world.

To the "Christian Commonwealth" and a writer in it who signs himself "H. T." we are indebted for an able résumé of "National Guilds," sympathetic in tone throughout and calling for no reply but our thanks. The writer suggests that in addition to the reprint of our articles from The New Age, the comments upon current problems appearing in the "Notes of the Week" should also be read. They are, he says, "much more than a political commentary—an application of the constructive policy of National Guilds by a writer who thoroughly understands his business and who does not hesitate to speak his mind." It was in our mind, we may say, to include in our volume selections from the "Notes" referred to; but the relevant passages would have necessitated a volume at least twice as large as our own.

Partly in response to a correspondent's suggestion, the Huddersfield "Worker" promises to publish shortly a series of articles on "National Guilds." It is true, as "W. M.," says, that so far "the most dynamic idea born of modern Socialism is receiving scant attention from Socialists," but so far it is the least neglect is one of the laws of human nature. Few men can change their ideas more than once in a lifetime, and Socialists are not in a majority among these few. It will appear strange to posterity, for example, that Mr. Bernard Shaw should be a contemporary of his old age of the National Guilds movement, and should die without making a public comment on it. He will become thereby a classic instance of a preacher of ideas practising the contrary of his own doctrine. Of men like Mr. Blatchford, Mr. Keir Hardie, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald we never once hoped for a word even of criticism. Their intellectual interests are well contained within their waistcoats. But the dashing Shaw, the critic of our poor English inaccessibility to new ideas, the iconoclast and the up-dater, the pushing Barnum—we could weep with vexation that he should leave us with our notoriety ungathered.

Already in the "Catholic Social Year Book for 1915" reference was made to the doctrines of National Guilds; and in the same work for 1915 appears a summary written by Mr. J. E. F. Mann, one of the authors of "The Real Democracy." Further than this, the Catholic Social Guild "hopes to issue a volume on the subject." We take the liberty of reprinting Mr. Mann's summary entire:

Guild Socialism, or the National Guild System—as its exponents now prefer to call it—is a scheme of industrial reform which has for its cardinal principle the alliance between the Guilds and the State. The State is conceived as holding and possessing to the exclusion of all rival authorities the material implements of industry, and through such possession as being able to exercise its proper control in its capacity of guardian of the general interest. The relation that binds the Guild to the State is conceived as a species of partnership. In this partnership the Guild will be endowed with the power and right to control the organisation and management of the various industries; and it will possess this power rather as a natural incident of its status as a Guild than by reason of any enactment or external sanction.

It is argued that as the State will own the instruments of production, will receive a rent therefore from the Guild, and will be able if necessary to refuse their use to the Guild, the Guild will not be in a position permanently to act against the national interest. On the other hand, the State will not be able permanently to injure or bully the Guild by reason, first, of the Guild's chartered privilege, and, secondly, of its peculiar economic invulnerability. Both of these things might happen intermittently but could never persist for any time without disturbing the whole balance of the system.

The theory of Guild Socialism is primarily based upon two principles of assumed universal application. The first is that no reform of any kind whatsoever is possible while the Wage-system—the basis of modern industry—is left intact. Wages are defined as commodity-price or the subsistence-cost of labour. Within the wage-system the remuneration of labour never will and can never be made to exceed the existing wage level. The second principle, which is also said to be universal, is that economic power precedes political power. It follows from these two principles that at present the political power of Labour is practically nil and will not develop a power which though economic is peculiar to the Guild. This power is found to reside in the possession of a monopoly of labour which will absorb the surplus from which interest, rent and profits are drawn. And when these are gone the wage-system will go with them, and Labour will possess a poli-
Aspects of the Guild Idea.

By 

The immediate policy of the upholders of this theory is mainly directed towards, first, strengthening the Trade Unions so as to render them "blackleg-proof," and, secondly, exposing and defeating the innumerable projects of reform which, however diverse, are all designed to render the populace more powerless against the reactions of Capitalism. Though there is no question at all that this new movement is, both in its genuineness and lucidity, incomparably superior to the Collectivist Fabian policy which it repudiates, it should be noted that at present it derives its main force from the extraordinary vigour with which it is supported by its protagonist, the New Age. On its critical side it has no equal and recalls in its method and ability the eighteenth century pamphleteers.

II.

In my last paper I endeavoured to show that the Guild authors made an extremely vital point when they called Socialism to its true paths and revealed it as a philosophy of work and not a philosophy of leisure. Socialism in England began by being an appeal to beauty; it has now become an appeal to business. Its old testament was News from Nowhere: its new testament is the Collectivist State. Emil Davies is, I understand, a competent financier and gives sound investment tips in his weekly contribution to the New Statesman. So far so good. Let the investor buy, read, and be thankful. But let not the face of society be the Collectivist State, or the New Testament of Socialism, and that the gospel according to St. John Ervine and the epistles of Emile are the last word in revolutionary thought. The Collectivists have laughed at the dreamers as a pack of Utopians, at the working classes as a timeless generation of reform which, however diverse, are all designed to make Capitalism, the poor will be very well cared for and not abandon, despite brief intervals of ragged, the Nights of Gladness in the Little Grey Home in the West. Go to a music-hall—and the variety taste is national, while the drama taste is international. I want now to show that Capitalism is the last word in revolutionary thought. The substitution of Mr. Hobhouse for the working basis. The appeal of Collectivism is for ever. Not in vain is Miss Gertie Gitana billed as the idol of the mass movement has been won in the West, and the working man toils patiently on with the sullen acquiescence of his class quite unaware that Socialism (save the mark!) is upon him and that the Great Red Day is coming imperceptibly to hand.

Surely the moral is plain. Put Socialism on a business basis, and the Collectivist State is very much in the making and certainly does not deserve to be made. The substitution of Mr. Hobhouse for the present director of telephones is, we are told, Socialism. If so, then the world of business is very different now from what it once meant. The early Socialists did not mean to start a propaganda which should bid and flower in business circles and remain unseen, as it is in the working man. The fatal mistake has been the putting of Socialism on a business basis, and not on a working basis. The appeal of Collectivism is to the politician and the financier, essentially consumers' authorities, and only in the last resort to the producer. A result its appeal has been cold, hard, and ugly; for the consumer a comparative success, for the producer an immaterial exchange of master.

So ingrained in Socialism has the Collectivist suspicion and contempt of the worker become that it is customary to ridicule Guildsmen as excessive optimists, quite ignorant of the real velineness of human nature. What on earth is the use, say the Fabians, of appealing to craft spirit, pride in work, and a sense of beauty? These things are dead, if ever they lived. Under Collectivism, there will be no individualism, but the worker will be very much cared for and kept scrupulously clean. But you cannot trust them to control their own labour. Sense of beauty! Look at their cinema-plays, their papers, their homes. What they really want is "a discreetly regulated freedom." I have tried to show that Socialists made a huge blunder in not appealing to the Englishman on his best and fullest side—that is, his working life. I want now to consider this accusation that the English have no sense of beauty, and that therefore to combine the idea of good craftsmanship with Socialism is so much waste of time. Perhaps the most striking feature of modern life is the sudden inrush of one new, ubiquitous, overpowering phenomenon, sentimentality. In the classical and Middle Ages we find passion and lust, pulchrius-worship and obscenity. We do not find sentimentalism. Again, we find good art, strong and virile, we find ugly and weak art, fees of incompetence. We do not find maudlin sentimentalism. But what do we find by an inspection of life under Capitalism? Sentimentality reigns supreme. In every branch of life it reigns supreme, this soft and spongy torso of our heartades, triumphs. Popular literature must have "a strong love-interest," which means embraces and what not; popular cinemaplays must end with a kiss and a rolling of great lurid eyes; popular pictures are about pretty girls and young mothers; popular songs—title of a man to a commodity—and one is reminded, perhaps, of a song which goes, but the sentimental ditty goes on for ever. Not in vain is Miss Gertie Gitana billed as the idol of the people and the star that never fails to shine. Everywhere, I assert, is this one great and new force prevalent and not on long for ever. Not in vain is Miss Gertie Gitana billed as the idol of the people and the star that never fails to shine. Everywhere, I assert, is this one great and new force prevalent and not on long for ever. Not in vain is Miss Gertie Gitana billed as the idol of the people and the star that never fails to shine. Everywhere, I assert, is this one great and new force prevalent and not on long for ever. Not in vain is Miss Gertie Gitana billed as the idol of the people and the star that never fails to shine. Everywhere, I assert, is this one great and new force prevalent and not on long for ever. Not in vain is Miss Gertie Gitana billed as the idol of the people and the star that never fails to shine. Everywhere, I assert, is this one great and new force prevalent and not on long for ever.
The South African Situation.

By Dr. H. J. Poutsma.

III.

The third reason given in the Blue-book for the extent to which the rebellion spread was, it will be remembered, that certain political leaders, namely President Steyn and General Hertzog, had failed to condemn it. The case against Mr. Steyn consists of a lengthy correspondence between that gentleman and General Botha, from which it appears that as soon as the rebellion became imminent on the side of the Free State, General Botha appealed to Mr. Steyn to use his influence to prevent bloodshed. Mr. Steyn expressed his willingness and anxiety to do this, but reminded General Botha of his (Mr. Steyn's) warning as to the probable results of the policy of the Government in regard to German South-West Africa. He pointed out that as he was opposed to the policy of the Government he must, in fairness to himself, maintain his opposition clear, and any appeal he might make to his people, General Botha, however, insisted on an unconditional condemnation of the rebellion. This, as was no doubt intended, placed Mr. Steyn in an awkward predicament. By acceding to the demand he would condemn, and appear to give his sanction and approval to the policy of the Government. By remaining silent he would lay himself open to the charge of encouraging the rebellion, and of neglecting an opportunity of preventing unmerited violence, and of which did not owe its origin to the will of the people. Moreover, as the methods of the rebels in resisting it, he ran the risk of offending both parties, of rendering his appeal ineffectual, and of landing himself in prison. It is difficult to understand how the Government, and antecedents of the Africander people to appreciate the difficulty of the position in which Mr. Steyn found himself. The Dutch people, as General Hertzog pointed out in his report, are sufficiently imbued with the moral obligation, imaginary or otherwise, upon the people to respect its laws. It is true that the Dutch Reformed Church, following the example of other churches, recently laid down the general principle that governments, meaning presumably all governments, are of Divine origin, and receive their authority direct from heaven. But the Dutch Reformed Church, still following the example of the past, would probably find some flaw in the title of a government that was not sufficiently powerful to protect itself against rebellion, or which did not owe its origin to the will of the people. This latter, is in reality the only valid moral claim any government has upon the loyalty of its subjects. A representative government is supposed to derive its power and authority from the majority of the citizens and it is therefore considered highly immoral and dangerous for any section of the community to attempt to subvert its authority or to influence its general policy by causing loss of life, which is a natural thing possible, Germany were to conquer Great Britain, could the subsequent grant of self-government be regarded as a claim upon the loyalty of Englishmen to Germany for all time and under all circumstances? It is only by considering these questions in their widest possible scope that we can appreciate the position of men like ex-President Steyn in regard to the rebellion. It would appear from the evidence, however, that President Steyn, partly by skill and partly by acceding to avoid compromising himself with either side. Stilling his own personal feelings he endeavoured to bring the leaders together for the purpose of inducing them to lay down their arms. But during the negotiations a collision, involving the lives of all at De Wet and those of the Transvaal under De Wet and the loyalists under one Cronje at a place called Doornberg. This collision appears to have been more or less accidental, as both sides were still in hopes of a peaceful settlement, but the Government refused to negotiate further with the rebels and demanded unconditional surrender. This attitude was taken up all the more confidently by the Government as it had become clear by that time that there was little or no possibility of co-operation between the Free State rebels under De Wet and those of the Transvaal under having violated the laws they desired to suffer. But was any attempt made to prove that they had violated them? And even if they had they might well ask who made those laws. Did the 30,000 railwaymen have any hand in making it a criminal offence to go on strike? And even if they had, and if the laws were the mildest and most perfect that were ever framed, what protection do they afford when a ministry of ten men have the power to set them aside and substitute martial law on any pretext they please? But here, surely, in the case of a rebellion in which 20,000 citizens took up arms, will be found a sufficient justification fornullating the law. Granted, but was a strike in which 30,000 railwaymen were engaged? And if so, would not one in which 1,000, or 500, or 100, or even 50, were engaged be sufficient? What possible restriction or limitation of the power of the Executive does the most liberal constitution provide? The power to turn them out of office at the end of five years? The politicians are the only people who appreciate that remedy. There was in this case, moreover, the purely imaginary one of the Greater Empire. The fact that Great Britain was at war might be considered sufficient to induce Englishmen of all classes to sink their political differences and forget their grievances until the danger to the Empire was past. But could the same feelings be expected from the Dutch? It will be said that Generals Botha and Smuts, and thousands of other Dutchmen, were actuated by those feelings. But when it is remembered that, even assuming their patriotism to be genuine, Generals Botha and Smuts have set up a new and unprecedented standard of national morality and national honour, is it any wonder that they failed to carry the whole nation with them? There is no previous instance in history in which a newly conquered people failed to take advantage of the opportunity of regaining their independence, much less, as in this case, voluntarily assisted them in overcoming those difficulties. But, it will be said, if there is no parallel in history for the attitude of General Botha and his Dutch supporters, there is no parallel for the treatment that South Africa has received from her conquerors. Frankly, indeed, that is the only possible explanation of the attitude of General Botha and his supporters. Great Britain, having conquered the two South African Republics, and deprived them of governments to which they were ardently attached, shortly afterwards granted them self-government, therefore the people of these republics owe allegiance and support to Great Britain. But admitting that the grant of self-government and the protection of the Empire is a satisfactory substitute for their former freedom, see what an embarrassing precedent has been set up as a guide for the nations of the earth. Suppose, if we could imagine such a thing possible, Germany were to conquer Great Britain, could the subsequent grant of self-government be regarded as a claim upon the loyalty of Englishmen to Germany for all time and under all circumstances? It is only by considering these questions in their widest possible scope that we can appreciate the position of men like ex-President Steyn in regard to the rebellion. It would appear from the evidence, however, that President Steyn, partly by skill and partly by acceding to avoid compromising himself with either side. Stilling his own personal feelings he endeavoured to bring the leaders together for the purpose of inducing them to lay down their arms. But during the negotiations a collision, involving the lives of all at De Wet and those of the Transvaal under De Wet and the loyalists under one Cronje at a place called Doornberg. This collision appears to have been more or less accidental, as both sides were still in hopes of a peaceful settlement, but the Government refused to negotiate further with the rebels and demanded unconditional surrender. This attitude was taken up all the more confidently by the Government as it had become clear by that time that there was little or no possibility of co-operation between the Free State rebels under De Wet and those of the Transvaal under
General Hertzog’s reply to his critics was that he did exactly what others did under similar circumstances. If he said less than others it was because, being an opponent of the Government, he could not speak his mind without landing himself in prison. In this position he was not alone. There can be no doubt that hundreds of intelligent Englishmen felt exactly as General Hertzog felt and acted just as he acted, but not being political they were brought up in a manner calculated to suggest that he was in sympathy with the rebellion. It is admitted, however, that this may have been due to a desire on the part of Maritz and De Wet to induce their followers to believe that they were backed up by men of influence. Indeed, as we have seen, the leaders were accused of having used the name of General Botha for a similar purpose. It seems to be taken for granted that because he happened to be in opposition to the Government General Hertzog should have taken steps to repudiate the suggestions made to him. It is only fair to point out that when contrasted with the grave national question then agitating the country, the charge of fomenting the rebellion is a relatively unimportant matter.

Mr. Quinn is a Unionist member for the Division of Troyville, Johannesburg. He belongs to that type of aggressive Imperial politician that is happily confined to South Africa, where financial success, and the social and political prominence it brings, is frequently too rapid to permit the acquisition of that veneer of respectability that usually accompanies such prominence. He is a baker and confectioner by profession, and has built up a prosperous business in a comparatively short period. It is but just to say that he appears to have honestly earned the reputation of being the best employer of labour on the Rand—apart from his hatred of Trade Unionism. Absolutely honest, as honesty goes in this country, he is full of that type of aggressive Imperial patriotism that was so well known on the continent of Europe during the first three-quarters of the nineteenth century, and of that inherent distrust often supplies the place of culture, he is yet gifted with that kind of volubility that may be acquired by an intelligent drill-instructor or overseer of labour, and he uses it as constrainedly in the Assembly as he would be expected to do in his own bake-house. It is not surprising, therefore, that Mr. Quinn should have told General Hertzog that he (Hertzog) was responsible for all the blood that was shed during the rebellion, and ought to be shot. The House laughed and applauded with that light-hearted cruelty that might be displayed towards the brutal ill-treatment of a nigger suspected of having insulted a white woman.

...
fashionable drawing-room in England, not so many years ago, towards a person described as a Socialist or an Anarchist. General Hertzog is a Socialist, correct, racialist not in the sense who feels and speaks with pride of the Anglo-Saxon race is a racialist. The Englishman, however, would be called a patriot, while General Hertzog is called a racialist.

Why? Because in England there is only one race, and in South Africa there are two. A patriot is usually described as one who loves his country; and, where one's country is a nation, not a province, a dependency, or a colony, or where there is no necessity to discriminate between the country itself and the people, which should not be considered even the inhabitants of that country, the description is accurate enough. But in South Africa a person is either an Imperialist, a racialist, or a Socialist. Mr. Creswell, for example, is an Imperialist, General Hertzog is a racialist, and Mr. Andrews a Socialist. What then is a person like General Smuts? A patriot? He himself would blush at the description.

**On Luxury and Waste.**

By Ramiro De Maetzu.

A visitor to England has remarked that English women, amid the stress of war, have effected a complete revolution in fashion. The traveller meant by his observation that neither the Germans been able to frighten Englishmen nor had Englishmen begun to realise the importance of the war, since, after nine months of the most sanguinary campaign in history, frivolous women went on being as frivolous as before.

Nevertheless the feminine frivolity which it reveals is not the most important feature of this observation. What is important is that this revolution of fashions points to the fact that in the large cities there are hundreds of thousands of people engaged, in time of war, in spinning, weaving, cutting out, designing, trimming, and distributing clothing for women who still have their wardrobes crammed with garments. Many of these elegant women are not frivolous. Some of them are working hard at organising and conducting hospitals and attending to poor refugees. Do they fully realise what it means when they get unnecessary clothing made for themselves by people whose time would at the present moment be more profitably occupied, for instance, in making uniforms for soldiers?

The war has taught one periodical, which is certainly not a revolutionary organ, "The Statist," that: "The real wealth of the world is the work of its inhabitants. It is the labour, the industry, the skill, the intelligence, and the experience of the men who really make the wealth, and therefore is the wealth." This "journal of practical finance and trade" has learnt this lesson because it has seen that "the supply of labour in the great factories that turn out munitions of war is not able to cope with the emergency. . . It is the want of men that is really felt." "An abundance of what is called wealth is of practically no use without the men who turn it into the forms in which it is specially useful." "Our navy has control of the seas; our imports and exports are practically up to the normal; we can obtain food, raw materials, and everything we want in any quantities we please; and yet, while all materials are in plenty, the chiefs of the Army are calling out that the operations of the war are being protracted simply because of the want of abundant supplies of munitions."

Every reader of these words will rejoice to think that even City papers have begun to understand that true economics is that which interprets figures of production and consumption, or imports and exports, in human terms, and not human activities in figures of employers' profits. The statement is true: real wealth lies in the capacity to direct human activities into the moulds in which they are especially useful. Only, this capacity is obstructed by capitalism. It is, perhaps, necessary for England at this time that all women who work in factories should be making uniforms, or making Bandages, or tending the wounded, or cultivating the gardens of England. But Capital says that these things must not be; insists that these women shall devote their energies to making unnecessary garments; decrees that their activity shall be dissipated in the production of luxuries; and, in obedience to the will of Capital, the labour of hundreds of thousands of women is still wasted in producing luxuries.

Well, then, the thesis of this essay is that the production of articles of luxury is a waste of human energy which should not be tolerated in a regulated society. From this thesis it is to be deduced that no man or woman (apart, of course, from invalids, old people, and children) should have the right to consume any material objects other than those strictly necessary for their health and for the efficacy of the social function they fulfil. But modern economists answer these old attacks on waste by saying that the conception of luxury is relative, and one that cannot be determined objectively, for, they say: "It is not a luxury at all if a rich man drinks a glass of wine at his meals, while this consumption would mean a luxury on the table of a poor man." Are they right?

As has been indicated, everything is an article of luxury that does not benefit the health or the efficiency of producers. With this definition it follows that those economists who are right. As a Socialist, Herr Wagner has no interest for us. "You are a thief." In nine cases out of ten the persons who demand luxuries are themselves luxuries, and as such unnecessary. In a well-regulated society there would be no place for them.

But there are cases in which luxuries are considered necessary for persons fulfilling some functions. Only a few days ago the papers published an address delivered by the Dean of Canterbury in which he said that, after trying hard very often to abstain completely from alcoholic drinks, on the humble ground of economics, he found that the consumption of some little quantity of alcohol was necessary for his work. Richard Wagner, too, in his letters to Frau Wille, said that luxury was necessary for the full development of all the talents for which he was understood the world. As has been indicated, everything is an article of luxury that does not benefit the health or the efficiency of producers. With this definition it follows that those economists who are right. As a Socialist, Herr Wagner has no interest for us. "You are a thief." In nine cases out of ten the persons who demand luxuries are themselves luxuries, and as such unnecessary. In a well-regulated society there would be no place for them.

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we shall not haggle over giving him what he asks for. Once the need of it is proved to us, nobody will wish to deprive the Dean of Canterbury of his beer.

To this this vulgar argument might be added that the personal necessity of luxury is not a sufficient reason for its preservation. Subjective necessities may be of very strange kinds. Jack the Ripper may tell us with entire sincerity that he found it necessary to murder a woman every two months. Luxuries must have been authorised socially before individuals can give themselves to them.

So far we have only denied the subjective necessity of luxury and the right of the individual to it. We must now consider a more speculative and a more abstract argument which is most commonly brought forward in defence of luxury. It may be summed up in these words, that the production of luxuries enables the poor to live. In support of this vulgar argument Mommsen has, in his "History of Rome," coined a phrase already classical: "The luxury of the great cities enriches many industrial hands, and nourishes more poor people than the alms given from the love of one's neighbour." The opinion of Mommsen, however, may be that of the economists. Against his argument Mommsen might reply to Professor Marshall that his "Economists of Industry," p. 412): "Perhaps £1,000,000,000 annually are spent even by the working classes, and £400,000,000 by the rest of the population of Eng- land in little or nothing towards making life nobler or truly happier."

Mommsen might reply to Professor Marshall that his statement held good. And so, indeed, it does. Once Rome allowed her Senators to make themselves masters of Italian soil, expropriate the labourers, and drive them to the metropoles after having taken away their land, the Roman people had no choice but to starve or to set about serving the caprices of the wealthy—silly regretting, with Horace, those good old times when the private rents of Rome were small, but the common great:

Privatus illis census erat brevis
Commune magnus.

(Carm. II, 15.)

To deny that the luxury of the rich enables the poor to live would be to deny the evidence of our senses. The luxury of the rich enables the poor to live, certainly; but the whole point of the subject is the social function. The article of luxury is sterile. If a man spends a hundred pounds on a ring the hundred pounds will help the jeweller and his workmen to live; but the jewel itself will not serve to produce new wealth. Italy, rich in her own blood, while the younger men, intellectual workers, sellers of drinks and papers, etc., etc. These prophecies have not been realized and England still possesses a number of people accustomed to serious work; she has been able to organise an army in her hour of stress, and to make uniforms, guns, ammunition, and ships; and it is still possible that we may see the great stores of Harrods' and Selfridge's, and the hotels of Nice fulfilled the more useful social function?

To the war that the true wealth of England consists not in capital, but in "the labour, the industry, the skill, the intelligence, and the experience of men." Accumulated capital has done nothing but soften and enervate men and women, withdrawing them from really useful functions and turning them into servants of the rich and their whims. The "Statist," to whom luxury is the iniquity of luxury does not consist in the fact that the spendthrift withdraws from society which of capital. Perhaps the greatest crime of the miser is that his accumulations of wealth make the spendthrift possible. And certainly, if it is an evil that the miser should withdraw, and therefore poison, blood from circulation, it is worse still that the spendthrift should infect with it all the rest. For how much has society not lost by the conversion of twenty workmen into twenty idlers?

Economists are usually unfriendly to laws against luxuries, for, as they say, "the regulation of consumption is much less attainable than the regulation of production." And this article has not been written to urge the resurrection of laws such as those of the thirteenth century which prohibited the conversion of twenty workmen into twenty idlers.

"The luxury of the rich enables the poor to live, true. The luxury of the great enables the poor to live, but it likewise withdraws him from every useful function? It certainly does. Once the new school, the money would enable the manufacturer and his workmen to live, but the machinery itself would serve to produce fresh wealth. The money which enters Monaco is divided, to a great extent, among the poor inhabitants of the principality. But when have the great hotels of Nice fulfilled the more useful social function? When they served only to satisfy the caprices of the idle rich, or—this year—when they were utilised by the French Republic as hospitals for those who fell sick or were wounded in the war? And ought not what happens in time of war to happen also in time of peace? Would it not be better if the mild climate of the Riviera were enjoyed by manual labourers or intellectually fatigued by their daily toil than by idle rich men who do not rest, but work.

The luxury of the rich enables the poor to live, true. But what society requires is not merely that the poor shall live, but that they shall fulfil functions useful to society. The licentiousness of the rich men enriches the prostitute. But what society needs is not that the prostitute should be enriched, but that there shall be no prostitutes. Avarice is usually condemned because it withholds from society a capital which society requires. The censure is justified. Money, like blood, is life when it runs, but death when it stops. But the spendthrift is no less a culprit than the miser; for the spendthrift withholds from society activities which society requires as much at least as capital. Perhaps the greatest crime of the miser is that his accumulations of wealth make the spendthrift possible. And certainly, if it is an evil that the miser should withdraw, and therefore poison, blood from circulation, it is worse still that the spendthrift should infect with it all the rest. For how much has society not lost by the conversion of twenty workmen into twenty idlers?

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Impressions of Paris.

The neutrals here, instead of being grieved by the information that the British workman is an unprofitable drunkard, seem almost glad. They accept it as a final reason why their countries should not join the Allies—we are an unsafe lot to have anything to do with. What interests me is the question: By how much is drinking expected to be reduced, seeing that the Revenue expects a gain of £1,600,000 by the increased tax on beer alone?

It was during the most important war of history, which is naturally the one of one's own time. In a certain province which, thirty years earlier, had changed hands between the two peoples now again at war, the patriotic sentiments of the inhabitants were naturally more discordant than the newspapers would ever allow. As usually happens, the elders mainly held to the ancient rulers of their own blood, while the younger men, taught in a new school, by habit found admirable many
things in a regime which grated on their fathers. Thus it happened that in the village where occurred the incident described the grave-digger and the inhabitants had to blush for and finally to curse his son who responded to the call to arms on the side of his father’s conquerors.

As the war went on, this village in a valley became the scene of so many skirmishes, was bombarded and was taken and retaken so often that almost none of its houses remained standing and almost all of its inhabitants fled. At last, one fearful night, a struggle swept the battle clear out of the valley to the hills. At dawn, in the village street, the old grave-digger found himself alone alive. There lay many bodies, mostly in the uniform of the conquerors, and among the blackened houses. The blacksmith’s father lay shot dead in his garden. The grave-digger was bending over his old friend when from the shepherd’s house came a sudden sound of a girl’s screaming. The grave-digger knew that the girl must be Marie—Marie who was hidden behind a bush. He had long since driven off “the traitor.” The old man hurried across the road, hesitated, fearing that soldiers were inside; he stooped to hide by the shrubs, but, still hearing only the girl’s voice, went in towards the door. Marie was there, screaming beside the bodies of her father and mother. The old man had trouble to bring her to sufficient calmness to enable her to recognise him. Then she related how her mother had hidden with her in the cellar when the firing began, until her father’s death-cry had called her out. Marie remained below, too frightened to be able to reopen the trap. They covered the bodies and carried in that of the poor old blacksmith and they searched the village, but there was no other living soul; so they came back. The grave-digger bade Marie take refuge in his own cottage, which was less damaged than her own, and where at least were no dead. And then they set to eat something, trembling and tearful, doing what they had always done at the hour of noonday.

Marie made up a bed there against the night, and then went out to the graveyard where the old man had set himself to dig a grave for her parents, always with a rifle beside him. He told her to go search the cottages for food. There she found loaves of bread and other provisions; little enough, since few of the cottages had been recently inhabited.

The day passed, and the battle did not return their way, though they heard continually the sound of the guns among the hills. On the second day the grave-digger and Marie finished carrying the dead soldiers into the church; and this evening he and Marie talked of attempting to make for the neighbouring town, but what with their uncertainty as to who held the town and the grave-digger’s disinclination next morning to quit his ground, they made no start away. This day, as if she were suddenly awakened, the trouble took possession of Marie. She did nothing but sit upon a bench, not weeping, but staring at the hills around, and at the valley where were so many new graves marked with a rough cross, or without any mark at all. The sun at noonday struck on her fair head, but she seemed to feel nothing of her heart, which she had said, was like an aching stone. The grave-digger came in from the heat and found her gesticulating and crying, “No! No!” He could not soothe her, and at last went away to the church to bring some of the blessed water to sprinkle upon her. When he returned she was no longer in the garden; nor was she inside his house. He sought her as far as he dared among the woods, but she was not there. Then he came back by way of the churchyard. She was there, close by the grave of her father. She was not facing the grave, but was speaking to someone who was hidden behind a stone. The old man, with his rifle at shoulder, peering through the blinding sun, saw the gigantic form of the dead shepherd armed rear up in front of his daughter, and his hand in the hated uniform and bandaged all about the head sprang from behind the stone and fired low with a pistol. But it was Marie who fell. The grave-digger fired, and the soldier fell. The form of the shepherd was gone. Marie lay still, and the old grave-digger, going forward with the world reeling about him, saw his own son whose dying effort was to hide his face on the heart of his dead love. The father threw away his rifle and wandered into the hills until he came to the town; but it was many days before anyone could get his story from him. And some people told it afterwards quite differently.

My friends at the Hotel Blois, after weeks of anxiety about their second son, have news that he was cut off with others in an assault on a trench, and is now a prisoner in Germany. Almost all the wounded in the streets now have their heads bandaged. They are extraordinary beings, soldiers. One was in the Dome yesterday who has really no face left—no nose, no mouth—and he was as gay as a sandboy! There were crowds of wounded on all the sunny boulevards, men of all colours and uniforms. A Frenchman among one little crowd was leading a blinded Senegali. It is a point of honour of course to lean less heavily on your stick than may be absolutely necessary; and among the coloured soldiers the great thing seems to be to arrange yourself on a chair on some terrace of a café so as to look as though you were not wounded at all but were just a gentleman taking his ease.

I say, I hope that no excitable lady in Montparnasse may happen to read this. If her husband sees my “Vivent les Boches!” I shall never return alive to England. The other day two friends of mine had a squabble with the windows open. The wife said with final asperity to her husband: “You are a perfect Prussian!” “Yes!” he shouted gleefully. “I went to Russia!” Well, two dames in the neighbouring house reported him to the district as having not only admitted to be German, but having “abused the French thunderstrikingly!” The Commissaire, who, I suppose, receives similar information from similar dames two or three times a day, did not send to inquire; but the street sided with them, especially as the wicked husband insisted on laughing, and the wife had, for the sake of peace, secretly to show the concierge the papers proving that her husband was rejects from the Italian and French armies and that thus it would only be wise of him to try and take the general advice to “go and fight.” Nowadays, one only knows old men and rejects. Even pacifists who were so very firm last August go off one by one. But it seems to become difficult to enlist, especially for Russian subjects: so they say.

I haven’t been doing anything much lately owing to plagues. First it was ants, thousands rejoicing around a cup of sour milk. Next it was fleas; and here let me warn my country which will doubtless come to Paris after the war, that animals unmentionable in England are almost as common here as fleas: the toleration of them is on a par with the general state of sanitation, a state inconceivable by the lowest inhabitants of Bethnal Green. Then it was a queen wasp who engaged me a whole day waving a whisk. She had made up her mind, and I had to make up mine.

It is a good thing that Mr. Bechhofer went to Russia instead of me as very nearly did not happen. I cannot catch up Russian at all. I go sometimes to eat at a Russian communal restaurant where it all sounds like English gone mad. The tone sounds English, but the words! Perhaps Mr. Bechhofer can translate: “Hitchupyrwhiskers andindsptska: Newt! Dai! My sweara idindsptsinka: I died and was mortgaged—vierta: Harry was what?! idindsptsinka: Newt! Dai! Dzakooshka!”

Alice Morning.
Readers and Writers.

Beyond their personal interest, the "Love-letters of Juliette Drouet to Victor Hugo" (Paul, 1os. 6d. net) have an interest which, if not literary, is at least psychological. They number in all some two thousand and cover a period of fifty years of devoted fidelity. One of the first, written in 1833, contains this passage: "I love you, ergo I am faithful to you, touch only you, desire you, dream of you; in a word, I love you, and that means everything." And the last, written in the year of her death, is as follows: "I am proud and happy to sign my life certificate with this one word: I love you." Such a constancy of love would seem impossible to a woman, and a Frenchwoman, of Juliette Drouet's early life and character. An illegitimate child, she was the mistress of several men and a favourite of the stage before she met Hugo, and everything in her appeared to point to a fresh conquest quickly forgotten. Yet, at his jealoust suggestion, she not only gave up the stage, and for the most part, authors in rivalry with their subjects; they must be expected, therefore, to have its pleasures, as Heaven must have its pains, and ceases to concern culture.

It is something of a surprise to learn from ex-President Roosevelt that he is a serious reader. Our tendency is to regard American public men as about on a level with our own Labour leaders.—men, that is, who, though in painful youths read Carlyle and Emerson and have since subsisted upon newspaper. Here, however, is a paragraph from Mr. Roosevelt's recent confessions published in some American magazine—the "Ladies' Home Journal." I think: "A re-reading of the 'Federalist' led me to Burke, to Trevelyan's history of Fox, and of our own Revolution, to Lecky; and finally, by way of Malthus and Adam Smith and Lord Acton and Bagehot, to my own contemporaries, to Ross and George Alger." And here is another: "Once I travelled steadily from Montaigne through Addison, Swift, Steele, Lamb, Irving and Lowell to Crothers and Kenneth Grahame." In both instances, you will observe, Mr. Roosevelt comes down with something of a bump into modernity; but it is creditable to have travelled so far upon the highroad of literature.

Among the incongruities our pacifists must puzzle in vain to reconcile in the war is the publication from the trenches of several journals—men, that is, who must have its pleasures, as Heaven must have its pains, and though I do not agree with the doctrine (since either state must by definition be absolute and exclude its contrary), the production of amusing journals in the midst of the horrors of war supports one leg of it. The Paris "Gaulois" recently gave an account of the French trench magazines. One of them is the "War-Cry," issued by the 103rd Brigade, and described as "Official, Humorous, Literary and Intermittent." Among the advertisements is one of "Large apartments to let, light and well aired, with a fine view of the Boches." Another journal, "The Cave Men," announces that it appears "regularly several times a day or not at all." The spirit behind these enterprises is beyond all admiration in the same that drew wit from Heine as he lay dying, and raillery from Socrates in his condemned cell. Formerly, officers put on white gloves when they went into battle; to-day the common soldiers write ballades.

I am asked to give my opinion of "The Venture," a monthly magazine of Literature and Art for Civil Servants, edited by E. A. Smith and W. H. Hodges, and published from the General Post Office at Bristol. The issues sent to me are a credit to the editors and contributors, and if they amuse or instruct, the Civil Service their defined mission is presumably accomplished. I can say no more.
Letters from Russia.

By C. E. Bechhofer.

Exasperated, the young lover returns to the house and there is a reconciliation, while the horrified poet writes his condemnation on the door.

Then came a sketch of student life, "Weak Tea." Two students wake in their room, order in a samovar, and find they have neither tea and sugar nor the money for them. The landlord quite refuses to assist, some friends arrive, equally penniless, a young lady of the chorus pays a chance visit, two young milliners in the next room are rescued from a drunkard, a neighbour is heard singing an aria from an Italian opera, they all hurry to the window to listen, climbing on table and chairs, and the scene closes to their regret.

"A Solemn Public Occasion"—in devout memory of some celebrity. Three or four characteristic lectures are delivered by various types of professors, an infirm old general gives random reminiscences of an entirely different celebrity and has to be removed, and various silly songs are sung which the celebrity may be supposed to have written.

A "tragic-buffoonery," a parody of Gogol's "Revisor," followed. First a short scene is played in the traditional style, the town officials gather in horror round the governor while he tells them that a revisor—an inspector—is coming. Then we had the same scene as the Moscow Art Theatre would produce it. The curtain rose on an empty stage—a cock crows, a dog barks, a clock ticks noisily. A slatternly servant carries a glass of water across to the governor's room and returns with an indescribable vessel. The governor's matutinal grunts and coughs are heard, and he enters in his dressing-gown and spits out of the window. A fly settles on his nose, he tries to catch it, and watches its flight round the room. He then kills it with a slipper. Enter the officials, one by one, with a dog. They greet each other and breakfast. After breakfast the governor makes his disclosure, bending down andpatting the dog, as if it were far more important than the mere words. No doubt it is, in the Moscow Art Theatre. And when the moment comes to read the letter with the bad news the clock strikes so loudly that all is lost.

As Reinhardt would produce the "Revisor"—this was a failure, with its usual pathway into the stalls, an allegorical dance of laughter, satire, and humour, poking at the Kaiser and militarism. Then we saw Gordon Craig's presumable setting. It was explained to us that his object would be "to draw our present-day tears with Gogol's immortal comedy." Tall grey pillars reach to the sky; two angel trumpeters blow a fanfare, and an unseen choir answers them. Enter the governor, swathed in grey robes; he sobs, he moans, he howls, and the choir responsive. Then the cinematograph presentation of it; the usual street, the usual baker's boy, the traditional style is the best, and the best treatment of plays is to act them, not to set them.

The last evening of the "Distorting Mirror" was divided between "Lulu's Happiness," "Vampuka," and "The Love of a Russian Cossack." The first showed the awful intrigues in a doll's house when a little girl rearranges her dolls. "Vampuka," or "The Devil's Bath," is a rather weak parody of a certain type of opera, with exaggerated gestures, and so on. The cannibal king wipes his brow with a handkerchief, the hermit cries for a glass of water, "L'amour d'un cosak russe" is the sort of play French writers think representative of Russian life. "It's a balmy summer morning," says one character—only thirty degrees of frost! "Let us go and sit under the horse-ridicules."

It may not be unwise to point out that, while the most excellent Follies got their effects with seven or eight performers, the "Distorting Mirror" carries a train of thirty-five. The director assured me that their repertoire was exhausted, and that any contributions from England would be thankfully received. How charming it would be to write a series of, let us say, "Hamlets without Hamlet."

My big brother, the Censor, to save me from evil pride or eviler despair, does not as a rule permit me to receive my own letters from Russia. If the English Censor be so unkind I do not know. Did you receive my report on the Petrograd theatre of parodies? In the spring, the sweet spring, the stars start touring, and some of the actors of the "Distorting Mirror" have just passed through Toloka. At Petrograd I was disappointed; here I was better pleased. Perhaps after two months in a country-house anything might be agreeable. Lest I expostulates. They go to the telephone. "Drink wine, misjudge, I will describe the plays they gave. Knoblauch's "Faun." The fault of our modern mediocrity—my big brother, the Censor, to save me from evil pride or eviler despair, does not as a rule permit me to receive my own letters from Russia. If the English Censor be so unkind I do not know. Did you receive my report on the Petrograd theatre of parodies? In the spring, the sweet spring, the stars start touring, and some of the actors of the "Distorting Mirror" have just passed through Toloka. At Petrograd I was disappointed; here I was better pleased. Perhaps after two months in a country-house anything might be agreeable. Lest I expostulates. They go to the telephone. "Drink wine, misjudge, I will describe the plays they gave. Knoblauch's "Faun." The fault of our modern mediocrity.
Views and Reviews.

Nationality and the War.

There seems to be a general agreement among the liberal and progressive thinkers of this country that the re-drawing of the map of Europe to accord with the distribution of nationalities is the only desirable solution of the European problem, and, in conjunction with the construction of some international authority, will secure a permanent peace. The support of that argument, Mr. Arnold Toynbee has written the most elaborate, reasonable, and, at the same time, difident work* that, I believe, has been produced during the period of the war. His patient, laborious examination of the history, geography, and economics of Europe reveals the fact that the problem of Europe cannot be settled on the basis of Nationality alone; there are cases, such as that of the Austrian monarchy, where geography must determine the frontiers, and in many cases both national and geographical boundaries must be crossed by what he calls "economic rights-of-way." Thus he argues, for example, that Russia must have a railway through Norway to the Atlantic, and another through Persia to the Pacific; Poland must have a title to free trade down the Vistula, and to the enjoyment of a free port at Danzig; Germany must have a similar outlet at Trieste; the Balkan States must be economically federated in a Zollverein. These are just a few of his suggestions, all well argued and apparently reasonable; their value is discounted only by the fact that not Mr. Toynbee, but a congress of the victorious Powers, will draw the map of Europe. Even if they started with Mr. Toynbee's book as a plan, the varying degrees of emphasis laid by different representatives on various items of the plan would soon destroy its symmetry, and reduce it to a muddle. The fact mentioned by himself, that "if the Allies win this war, Russia will probably have a more decisive voice than any of us in the European settlement that must follow," tells powerfully against any such skilful and self-controlled apportionment of Europe to its various Powers as Mr. Toynbee desires.

Mr. Toynbee is wise enough to see that "the impending settlement will not be permanent, and the better it fits the situation, the less permanent will it be." Whatever constitution may be granted to Europe by the international committee, it is not to be supposed that some body must be appointed to interpret that Constitution; and Mr. Toynbee suggests that this need can only be satisfied by the appointment of a "standing international committee with executive powers." To this body will be committed not only the interpretation of the Constitution, but the enforcement of the guarantees of national minorities, of the economic rights-of-way, the control of immigration, and the regulation of the inflow of capital to non-sovereign units: and in such units as cannot save themselves from political anarchy, the international executive shall be prepared to step in and organise the government. The chimerical nature of this proposal must be apparent when it is remembered that Mr. Toynbee does not contemplate any derogation of sovereignty by the great States of Europe. He expressly excludes from the purview of this committee such matters as are confined within the limits of a single sovereign unit, for example, Indian emigration to Vancouver or the Transvaal, English commercial exploitation of Nigeria, etc. He recognises many matters affecting two sovereign States in spheres that fall entirely within their respective sovereignty, for example, the flotation by Russia of a loan. He does not contemplate the disarmament of the sovereign States of Europe; nor does he contemplate the possession of naval and military power by any one of them, save for the "economic rights-of-way." It is here that the supreme point of his constitution-building, that Mr. Toynbee is vague, and does not refer to history.

Mr. Toynbee, indeed, admits that whenever it chooses, a sovereign State can shatter the international mechanism by war. On what, then, does he rely for his hope of permanence as a consequence of the re-arrangement of Europe, and the establishment of a powerless international committee? So far as I can understand, he relies on nothing but the peaceful proclivities of the present and all possible European belligerents; he assumes, or, rather, hopes, that every Power in Europe will recognise that War has been rendered obsolete by the reign of Law. He despair of European civilisation if the German doctrine that the State is the political Absolute be true, and if the possibility of abolishing war between States be realised. "Why should not the State itself repeat the history of the Individual?" he asks, in the weakest passage of pleading in his book. "If the evolution of individual societies was compatible with the survival of the Blood-feud, surely we need not despair of organising sovereign States into a still greater political association merely because they are unwilling to abandon the sovereign right of war; and if once this international organisation is accomplished, surely we can look forward with hope to the eventual disappearance of War also." He is enamoured of the ideal of Pacifism, and thinks that we must regard European civilisation as a failure if the ideal is not realised. But there is no such thing as European civilisation, and we need not despair of what does not exist.

But why should we hope that an international organisation would abolish war? The Roman Empire, and the Holy Roman Empire, had international authority; but war did not cease to occur. The Concert practically ruled Europe for a generation; but it did not succeed. If we turn back to Greek history, we find the Amphictyon Council exercising powers equal, at least, to those demanded by Mr. Toynbee for his international committee; but Greece was a cockpit none the less. The Achaeen league was, in the opinion of Thucydides, a more closely unified and more wisely organised union than the other; but war did not cease. In the case of Greece, it must be remembered that they had a common language and a common religion, two powerful bonds that do not exist in Europe. Even the continent of America could find no other way of settling the question of succession than by one of the bloodiest wars in history; and that question of succession is always likely to arise in any union, but, more particularly, in a union of sovereign States.

Nor can it be pretended that the world is only just awakening to the possibility of peace. Pacifism was not made in America by Mr. Carnegie. "We find its traces in the Iliad and the Sagas, in the verse of Pindar and in the profound and reflective prose of Thucydides," said Professor Cramb. "Livy's imagination responded to it, even when, with the brush of a Veronese or of a Titian, he painted the wars of Rome. It informs some of the noblest passages of the annals of Tacitus. It appears as the 'Truce of God' in the Middle Ages, and the orators of the Reformation pronounce a malediction upon him who wages war unjustly. In the seventeenth century, it is proclaimed as an ideal in the name of Religion, in the eighteenth in the name of Humanity, and in the nineteenth in the name of Science, Industry, industrialism and the progress of the working classes."

If the dream of peace has not been realised, it is because it is only a dream, "a thing of nothing." Let Mr. Toynbee have his own way, and settle the frontiers of Europe; the result will be such an aggravatement of national feeling that must, sooner or later, upset the harmony. Hungary will not cease its "Magyarisation" merely because it is severed from Austria; and the federated Balkan States may conceivably, after a period of recuperation, adopt the creed of sich imponiren, and settle the frontiers of the obstacles to the realisation of national ambitions, the pretext for conflict is altered; but the conflict is not abolished. The grouping according to sympathies or interests only makes the sympathies more formidable, and the groups more antagonistic.

A. E. R.
More Anecdotes of Bench and Bar. Edited by Arthur H. Engelbach. (Grant Richards. 3s. 6d. net.)

It is indicative of the dullness of legal proceedings that, to compile less than three hundred pages of good stories, Mr. Engelbach has to ransack the history of at least two centuries in his research, and even then is not innocent of the offence of wrong attribution. For example, Stevenson's story of the cautious sailor is here reproduced as the story of the cautious witness; and concerning the “other business” example, Stevenson's story of the cautious sailor is here innocent of the offence of wrong attribution. For Coleridge's sleeping on the bench until we nod Davenport on page 118, and a story of Baron Dowse to be printed on pp. 118 and 264, is inexcusable; and not less so is the attribution of a story to Sergeant Prime on page 142, and to Sir Thomas Davenport on page 205. Some of the best of these stories, such as Mr. Tim Healy's reference to Moses striking the rock, and Sir Edward Carson's question concerning the relations of the Bench and Bar; the administration of law and the execution of justice will be seen to be occupations that do not always exercise all the virtues, and but rarely permit the Graces to show themselves. When it is necessary to illuminate the correct public opinion concerning the occupations of the Bench and Bar; the administration of law and the execution of justice will be seen to be occupations that do not always exercise all the virtues, and but rarely permit the Graces to show themselves. Some of the best of these stories, such as Mr. Tim Healy's reference to Moses striking the rock, and Sir Edward Carson's question concerning the relations of the Bench and Bar; the administration of law and the execution of justice will be seen to be occupations that do not always exercise all the virtues, and but rarely permit the Graces to show themselves. When it is necessary to illuminate the correct public opinion concerning the occupations of the Bench and Bar; the administration of law and the execution of justice will be seen to be occupations that do not always exercise all the virtues, and but rarely permit the Graces to show themselves.

Greek Philosophy: Part I—Thales to Plato. (Macmillan. 1914.)

Since the death of Professor Zeller there are two men who easily rank first as specialist-exponents of the history of philosophy in ancient Greece. These two men are Professor Burnett in this country and Professor Gompertz in Austria. They both alike have the advantage over the late Professor Zeller in their command of an effective and oftentimes fascinating literary style, and hence of a power of presenting their subject in a way to fix the interest of the larger or less educated public. This Professor Zeller could never do. A man of scrupulous accuracy, combined with ponderous erudition, Zeller was, it can hardly be denied, a somewhat dry-as-dust scholar whose works are not likely to be extensively read by other than scholars and students in the narrower and specialist sense. With Professor Burnett, as with his German colleague on the same ground, above referred to, the case is far otherwise. The works of both alike are models of good scholarship combined with good literature. Gompertz's work is known in this country through a generally excellent translation, while Professor Burnett's “Early Greek Philosophy” has for some years past been easily recognized as the standard English work upon the subject. For the first book of the present volume the author goes over the old ground in an abbreviated form. He persists in the position adopted in the earlier work of refusing to regard Demokritos as in the line of the “pre-Sokratics.” A quite independent attempt,” says Professor Burnett (p. 193), “at reconstruction was made by Demokritos. Like his contemporary Sokrates he faced the difficulties about knowledge raised by his fellow-citizen Protagoras and others, and like him he paid great attention to the problem of conduct, which had also been forced to the front by the Sophists.”

Nevertheless, Mr. Burnett goes so far in the traditional direction in this matter as to assert that the cosmical system, i.e., the doctrine of atoms and the void, which Demokritos received from his master Leukippos, “was ‘mainly derived from Anaxagoros’”—a statement to which many even of those who would adhere generally to the previously recognised position of Demokritos in the history of Greek thought are including the line of the “pre-Sokratic” thinkers, might possibly demur. Our author also points out that the atomic theory rests on the Eleatic tradition!

The chapters dealing with Sokrates are full of original suggestion and present many aspects of the problem of Sokrates which are entirely new. Especially interesting is Mr. Burnett's rehabilitation of the historic value of the Platonik Sokrates. Nearly one hundred and fifty pages are devoted to Plato and the Platonie dialogues, of the most important of which latter a very thorough and illuminating analysis is given.

Few of those who read carefully Professor Burnett's elaborate and carefully thought-out presentation of the Theateus, Parmenides, the Sophist or the Philebos, will rise from its perusal without a clearer notion of the meaning of Plato and his influence on the history of Greek thought than they previously had.

The present volume is, of course, only the first of two or possibly three dealing with the whole subject. We shall look forward with great pleasure to Professor Burnett’s treatment of Aristotle, the culminating figure of Greek thought, and of the declining period of ancient philosophy, especially to what he has to say concerning the popularity of Stoicism and Epicureanism in Rome and in the world of the Roman Empire, as well as his views on the subject of the revival, in a more or less distorted form, of earlier systems culminating in the fascinating subject of neo-Platonism and the dissolution of ancient thought generally.


Mr. Barker, on his very first page, traces the origin of the worship of power in Germany, not to Nietzsche and Treitschke, but to Kant and Hegel. The real origin of Treitschke was not unknown to other students of German philosophy; but Mr. Barker is, as far as we know, the first writer on the war to call attention to it: Kant was the philosopher of Duty, stern daughter of the voice of God—duty, supreme over all alleged interests, and dominant in the individual life of the State; and even the life of the European comity or commonwealth of States—this was the Kantian doctrine. Hegel was the absolute finality of the State. Kant was the philosopher of Duty, and Hegel, with his German colleague on the same ground, above referred to, the case is far otherwise. Kant was the philosopher of Duty, stern daughter of the voice of God—duty, supreme over all alleged interests, and dominant in the individual life of the State; and even the life of the European community of States—this was the absolute finality of the State. Hegel was the philosopher of Duty, stern daughter of the voice of God—duty, supreme over all alleged interests, and dominant in the individual life of the State; and even the life of the European community of States—this was the absolute finality of the State.

“...If Kant was the philosopher of one side of Prussia, if he expresses that deep sense of duty which made Frederic the Great the first servant of the State, Hegel is the philosopher of another side, and Hegel expresses that sense of the absolute finality of the State as Kant did, this means that Frederic and Silke Rath the whole of one side of Prussia, and Silke Rath the whole of another. This is a very complete summary of a series of important facts. For the rest, Mr. Barker's pamphlet is
an impartial philosophical survey of both Nietzsche and Treitschke, in which the principles of each thinker are explained without bias or malice.

The Amateur Army. By Patrick MacGill. (Herbert Jenkins. 1s. net.)

It may interest the admirers of Mr. Patrick MacGill to know that he has joined the London Irish Rifles, and is presumably now fighting for his country somewhere abroad. This small volume recounts what happened to him from the time that he joined until the moment that his regiment was really ordered abroad. It is unfortunate that his experiences should resemble so closely those of the other millions of men under arms, who have all, we believe, recorded them in similarly small volumes; certainly, we seem to have read about that number of accounts of “What Happened to Me When I Joined.” We must confess that we are not much interested to hear for the nth time that, in bringing a rifle from the slope to the order, the back-sight tore the fingers of the recruit; or that the recoil of the rifle frequently admonishes the recruit of his error in gently handling it by kicking him under the jaw. But such details of soldiering, even the fact that bayonets are called swords in the Army, are recounted once again by Mr. Patrick MacGill; and we must confess that we were as pleased as he says the women were sorry when his battalion finally left its billet at St. Albans, and en-trained for some unknown destination.

Kitchener Chaps. By A. (The Bodley Head. 1s. net.)

Mr. Neil Lyons has developed a facility that, if not fatal, plunges him into banality. Of the fourteen sketches in this volume, only three can be read more than once. “Private Blood,” the best in the book, ranks with the best work done by Mr. Lyons in “Arthur’s,” and “The Mutiny of Sludge Lane” and “Why Sidney Joined,” although not equal in characterization to “Private Blood,” are at least not unworthy of Mr. Lyons’ talent. But, for the rest, Mr. Lyons makes nothing out of nothing; his pen runs on long details of soldiering, even the fact that bayonets are called swords in the Army, are recounted once again by Mr. Patrick MacGill; and we must confess that we were as pleased as he says the women were sorry when his battalion finally left its billet at St. Albans, and en-trained for some unknown destination.

The Healing of Nations, and the Hidden Sources of Their Strife. By Edward Carpenter. (George Allen and Unwin. 1s. net.)

The war has operated with disastrous effect on the minds of most of our literary men, but one man has worked more havoc than on the mind of Mr. Carpenter. It is pathetic that a book with this pretentious title should offer us no more illuminating comment than the assertion that “the roots of strife . . . are to be found in the very muddy waters of domination and selfishness and greed. But the roots of the Tree of Healing are in the pure waters of Life.” The quotation of the Book of Revelation does not seem to us to be an adequate explanation of the present conflict; and the futility of attempting to preach down war should by this time be apparent even to Mr. Carpenter. It is probable that neither our peace nor our war gives much concern to God and the Lamb; Byron suggested long ago that He had forgotten “you weak creation of such paltry things,” and we really ought not to forget that the Hebrew mythology on which Mr. Carpenter draws tells us of a dreadful war in Heaven. War seems to be a necessary condition of the manifestation of Deity, of the Becoming of Life, of Being’s knowledge of itself; and, to keep in the region of myths and poetry, we may re-call that it is after a murder that Browning’s Porphyria’s lover asserted that “God had not said a word.” The wisdom of excluding the Crown from political controversy may well extend to the exclusion of God from the same field of human activity. But if we come to consider more nearly the paroxysm of Mr. Carpenter, we are confronted with a confession that disqualifies him as a politician, although the quality confessed might be valuable to a missionary. He says: “Personally, I am probably more International than Patriotic. I feel a strange kinship and intimacy with all sorts of queer and outlandish races—Chinese, Egyptian, Mexican, or Polynesian—and always a slight but persistent sense of estrangement and misapprehension among my own people.” The confession is puerile, and invalidates what little argument Mr. Carpenter advances. A man who is constitutionally incapable of understanding his own countrymen is debarred from advising them with any measure of success; and we are not surprised to discover that Mr. Carpenter has a good word for every nation, race, and creed, and that he fights not out of England not even a rumour of appreciation. We are exhorted to look at the Amazonian Indians, the Kaffirs, the Polynesians, the Chinese, the East Indian peoples, the Russian peasants, the Servians, Finns, Scandinavians, Greeks, Italians, Frenchmen, Germans, Dutchmen, Arabs, Moors, and Berbers; we are asked: “Have we nothing to do but to prepare engines of death and of slaughter against all these peoples?” as though England ever contemplated war with them. An argument that begins in injustice ends only in foolishness; our nature is not so rank that it smells to Heaven, and the sordidness of motive, the coarseness of nature, the brutal indifference to the finer things of the spirit such words as these are quoted only to express the truth that the democratic nature of the Servians, are not our peculiar possession. You cannot make a lie do the work of truth; a painted lath is a painted lath, and only a fool would use it as though it were iron; and the duration of England’s power is itself the proof of some virtue that must have escaped the curious scrutiny of Mr. Carpenter, or have been not consonant with his strange sympathy. His assertion that the manual workers would not fight each other if their governing classes did not set them to, is the final fatuity of Mr. Carpenter; men have never wanted occasions for quarrelling, and have long since done their quarrels stop short of extermination, and if Mr. Carpenter really believes that the workers love each other, we invite him to go fishing in French waters, or ploughing a Servian’s farm, or even to set up as a cobbler in an English village that already has a cobbler,
Pastiche.

NIETZSCHE AND THE BUNDLES.

"There's absolutely no doubt about it," exclaimed my friend, as we turned together among Piccadilly. "A philosophy devoid of pity; a dogma of devilish hate and anti-Christian sentiment—you don't mean to tell me that a national philosopher like Nietzsche, as the 'Mail' truly calls him, is not responsible for the glibbrutalities and barbarities of the Germans?" My companion's face was solid in its expression of sincerity. I could not doubt, knowing him well, that he really meant what he said. "You've the sort of person," he went on, excitedly, "a modern and utterly cynical type, quite all right, really, but with an artificial knock of concentrating on the exact reverse of current public opinion. You say you detect the Northcliffe Press and all the vital organs of public opinion, not because you really believe what you say, but out of sheer perversity—forgive me for rubbing it in, old chap." My friend turned up his coat collar. "Nights are getting cold," I remarked, "can't remember such a cold night for years. God help soldiers on a night like this." My companion gave me an angry glance. "There you are again," he snapped, "more of your devilish purposes; purposely dragged in the blasphemy your devilish cynicism. You purposely dragged in the Almighty out of the affair altogether, blasphemy, your devilish cynicism. You purposely dragged in the Almighty out of the affair altogether, blasphemy, your devilish cynicism. You purposely dragged in the Almighty out of the affair altogether, blasphemy, your devilish cynicism. You purposely dragged in the Almighty out of the affair altogether, blasphemy, your devilish cynicism. You purposely dragged in the Almighty out of the affair altogether, blasphemy, your devilish cynicism. You purposely dragged in the Almighty out of the affair altogether, blasphemy, your devilish cynicism. 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Current Cant.

"The Government do not like the 'Daily Mail.'"—Daily Mail.

"Since the war broke out we have been very lenient with Mr. Lloyd George."—New Witness.

"There is nothing degenerate in these noble days."—Katharine Tynan.

"Is war war?"—Horatio Bottomley.

"The Tsar—a hard-working mystic."—Arthur James, in the "World's Work."

"The men who drink at home murder the men who are being shot in the trenches."—Bishop of London.

"Those silent, serious, splendidly inspiring friends of freedom—the ladies."—R. E. Howard.

"Licks Longfellow—the 'Passing Show.'"—"Evening News."

"No more fooling with the war."—"John Bull."

"Next year we shall have all things new. A new world means a new Academy."—William Maxwell.

"England cherishes definite hope for the political conquest of Ireland."—Heir Franz Fromme.

"What to do on a rainy Sunday."—"T. E.'s Weekly."

"Doctors advise Maypole margarine."—"News and Leader."

"Our Father, we beseech Thee to keep us in perfect peace."—British Weekly.

"What odd things one dreams. I fell asleep and dreamed poetry."—George R. Soms.

"I have not seen a single suggestion that drunkenness should be made a criminal offence, with a punishment which would prove a real deterrent—namely, a few strokes with the 'cat.'"—J. B. Lame.

"Art and the stage of to-day."—Oswald Stoll.

"Gaby as a good Samaritan."—"Star and Echo."

"In the Royal Academy this year the best pictures are better than usual."—Egan Mew.

"I think that the war will sweep away that public who had a taste for unhealthy, unhappy, hopeless problem books."—Elinor Glyn.

"It is fitting that the 'Clarion,' which was practically the first organ to warn us of the peril of war, should be among the first to recognise the quite equal peril of an insufficent peace."—Critic, Chesterfield.

"The man or woman who has something to say, and who has learned to say it interestingly, can be quite independent."—Vincent Lockwood, M.I.S.C.A. (Lonld.)

"The day is coming when a great revival of Christianity will take place."—Dr. R. F. Horton.

"If I were a man."—Rebecca West.

"Toxol...Toxol...Toxol...The medical profession ought to feel grateful to Sir Jesse Boot."—British Medical Journal.

"Index to Advertisements."—British Medical Journal.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

MONEY AND THE COST OF LIVING.

Sir,—I am sure we are all indebted to Mr. Puttick for his very interesting comment on my reference to the issue of Treasury notes and the cost of living. As it happened, I was in particularly close touch with City banking circles in August last, and my remark was founded upon what I said and heard. Every one seemed to appear to realise that, while it would be necessary for the Bank of England to increase its gold supply largely, the hoarding of gold, to which Lloyd George had referred, with the stock exchange crashes abroad and in London, would be only temporary. If I may so express it, the leading of the business world—the level-headed element of it, I mean—can best be explained psychologically as one of complete assurance. It was realised that our command of the sea meant that our import and export trade would go on as before, and that, above all, the safety of our interest payments from abroad would be guaranteed. Business men were irritated by the shortage of gold, not rendered panic-stricken. And when it became known that the Government was coming to the rescue of all concerned there was a large extension of credit (as Mr. Puttick points out) and a rise in prices. Mr. Lloyd George's speech on August 26, which Mr. Puttick refers to, is of much significance, since in it he expressly states that the Government was adopting measures calculated to create a truce sufficiently strong that credit was extended when the Bank of England announced that it was prepared to discount promissory orders; but that the announcement was not carried out until August 13. It was known on August 3, on the other hand, that Treasury notes were to be issued, and the notes were ready on the 7th, when business was resumed after the extended Bank Holiday.

It is not altogether fair to the banks to suggest that they all behaved in a selfish and timid way. Some of them, even if we take Mr. Lloyd George's own statement, appear to have behaved admirably. A few, as he said, had behaved badly; but they had done so, in his opinion, because they were thinking of their depositors (of which they regarded themselves as the trustees) rather than of their dividends. By the middle of August, too, as Mr. Lloyd George pointed out, the banks generally were financing trade "liberally." Mr. Puttick is quite right, unfortunately enough, when he says that Russia and Germany reap a national benefit from their issues of paper, while we do not.

The Writer of "Notes of the Week."

THE ECONOMIC INTERPRETATION.

Sir,—I trespass outside my own notes to express my annoyance at the latest effusion of Air. R. Kerr, whose raw, hasty, and cocksure generalisations have the same effect upon my nerves as a loud twang, a boastful appraoch, the silty, half-digested civilisations of Europe and the East. Because in Mr. R. R. Kerr's huge and half-baked country, where ancient and decaedent cultures and linguistic distinctions still exist, and where everything is still a chaos of anarchic elements, racial, economic, and philosophical, that may, so far as one can prophesy, develop anyhow—because in so unsettled an environment the construction of a new railway or a new waterway has naturally an immediate and vast effect—Mr. Kerr calmly assumes that the same will follow in the old, established, and almost unalterable civilisations of Europe and the East. "From the moment that the railway was completed from Hamburg to Bassora," Mr. Kerr says, "the whole territory from Hamburg to Bassora would be virtually one nation!" O Lord, O God! For over half a century a railway has been completed from Seville to St. Petersburg, but how many intervening territories become one nation, or showed the faintest and remotest tendency to become one nation? Does Europe look like amalgamating? The silly, half-baked ass! I leave the rest of him to Mr. Marmaduke Pickthall. This is what comes of putting one's trust in the "materialist conception of history." It is not a history to live in America. The next impostor to be dealt with is called I. Cecil Jane, and he seems to have written a five-volume volume to explain history as a sort of everlasting seasaw between Individualism and Universalism, whatever they may be. This sort of thing is on a par with the attempt of a now forgotten individual called Herbert Spencer to expound all human history as a development from simplicity to complexity, or words to that effect, and the objection is the same in both cases.
that the "explanation" doesn't explain. The actions of one man or of a million men can only be explained in the light of the motives that compelled them. Individualism and Universalism are not motives at all. History, "refers everything to one motive, avarice, is, at any rate, an explanation, though a false one. But motives are hunger, religious excitement, sexual lust, avarice, the desire for knowledge, and so forth, and an explanation which, like the "materialism," constantly write upon and explain the war phenomena is pure damfool stuff. One might as well attempt to explain history as a matter of the length of men's hair.

I am surprised that "A. E. R." should have taken such a wild-cat position in the "New York World," dealing particularly with European countries. The underlying tone of these investigations, by non-Socialist writers, distinctly forecasts a fierce struggle, and that to be entirely a trade struggle. The subject is too large to treat in a short letter, but just glance, for instance, at the latest development—the Japanese demands upon China. Here is a whole series of demand—each one good enough to start a matter of the length of a man's life. The story of the war on, of a purely economic trade character; no piffle here about liberty, offended royal dignity, places in the sun, scraps of paper, or blague of that sort. The Japanese have evidently not yet learned the arts of European diplomacy—they give the game away much too much. There is no need here to seek for any other explanation of a conflict between Japan and China except those matters of cash and trade interest plainly stated upon the demand. Neither should it be forgotten that the average man says, "Quite right, too; why shouldn't we fight about these things? Are they not matters of life and death?" It is only the Socialist who sees anything wrong in waging war about such matters, because he sees a possibility of a different system of life.

So wars are the European conflict. There may be a dozen or more separate causes of it, and each and every one is a purely economic matter. Call it interests; it means land, houses, finance, all these material things, and each and every one sufficient to explain the war. Then, why seek other explanations in terms like "psychologic," "racial," or "religious"—"explanations," moreover, which do not explain? They are not needed; the material reasons are adequate in themselves.

The war, unhappily, demonstrates the helplessness of the Socialist, but it proves absolutely his forecast of the inevitable course of capitalism. Capitalism logically means the extermination of the human race; the forecast was part of our humblest street-corner pamphlets, and sad the day that we have lived to see it, that inevitably the leading nations of the world would join the National Guard, and that to be entirely a trade struggle. The subject is too crudely. Obviously there is no need here to argue for the leading nations of the world, why do not the Malthusians give their estimate as to the number of human beings per square mile we can afford to grow in England? How do they account for the fact that the condition of the classes, bad as it is to-day, is, nevertheless, better than it was sixty years ago, when the population was only about half the present-day number? at least, so the free-traders tell us. If the present-day population of France is not too large to treat in a starving condition, it is obvious that the starvation of the peasants in 1790 (only 22 millions) was not due to over-population. Can the decline in the population of Ireland be shown to have resulted in the poor being better off? or is it suggested seriously that Ireland is not big enough and productive enough to feed itself at a better rate?

In any case, Mr. McCabe's remedy, which one gathers is the limitation of the family by artificial means, would very possibly be a disaster. When the population of Europe had by this method become small enough to be "pacific," they would be wiped out by the more virile populations (Oriental, perhaps) that would outnumber them. As the Europeans are now so busy wiping each other out, this point is perhaps not important. On purely theoretic grounds, no sound reason can be shown why the human race should populate the earth at all, since they can do nothing better with it than turn it into a vast slaughterhouse; but this pessimistic conclusion, if I mis-take not, Mr. McCabe will not reach.

How many centuries must pass ere the Russian mujiks, the Chinese, the Turks, or the Kaffirs, are convinced by the discreet neo-Malthusian pamphlet, of the advantage of doing without children? A little of the gentlemanly Frenchman, Mr. Belfort Bax, and other Socialists, who have devoted their lives to expounding the economic-materialist theory, should now seem to desert their own teachings, and seek for any other explanation of a conflict between Japan and China except those matters of cash and trade interest plainly stated upon the demand. Neither should it be forgotten that the average man says, "Quite right, too; why shouldn't we fight about these things? Are they not matters of life and death?" It is only the Socialist who sees anything wrong in waging war about such matters, because he sees a possibility of a different system of life.

So wars are the European conflict. There may be a dozen or more separate causes of it, and each and every one is a purely economic matter. Call it interests; it means land, houses, finance, all these material things, and each and every one sufficient to explain the war. Then, why seek other explanations in terms like "psychologic," "racial," or "religious"—"explanations," moreover, which do not explain? They are not needed; the material reasons are adequate in themselves.

The war, unhappily, demonstrates the helplessness of the Socialist, but it proves absolutely his forecast of the inevitable course of capitalism. Capitalism logically means the extermination of the human race; the forecast was part of our humblest street-corner pamphlets, and sad the day that we have lived to see it, that inevitably the leading nations of the world would join the National Guard, and that to be entirely a trade struggle. The subject is too crudely. Obviously there is no need here to argue for the leading nations of the world, why do not the Malthusians give their estimate as to the number of human beings per square mile we can afford to grow in England? How do they account for the fact that the condition of the classes, bad as it is to-day, is, nevertheless, better than it was sixty years ago, when the population was only about half the present-day number? at least, so the free-traders tell us. If the present-day population of France is not too large to treat in a starving condition, it is obvious that the starvation of the peasants in 1790 (only 22 millions) was not due to over-population. Can the decline in the population of Ireland be shown to have resulted in the poor being better off? or is it suggested seriously that Ireland is not big enough and productive enough to feed itself at a better rate?

In any case, Mr. McCabe's remedy, which one gathers is the limitation of the family by artificial means, would very possibly be a disaster. When the population of Europe had by this method become small enough to be "pacific," they would be wiped out by the more virile populations (Oriental, perhaps) that would outnumber them. As the Europeans are now so busy wiping each other out, this point is perhaps not important. On purely theoretic grounds, no sound reason can be shown why the human race should populate the earth at all, since they can do nothing better with it than turn it into a vast slaughterhouse; but this pessimistic conclusion, if I mis-take not, Mr. McCabe will not reach.

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In his patronising tone, and in building upon slight experience, Mr. Reckitt reminds me of a relative of mine who wrote these lines last year:

"Woman as She Is and as She Should Be," he being a Cambridge undergraduate of twenty-two years, having no female relatives living, and being too shy to speak to a woman marriage of this nature, I may add as a friendly hint to Mr. Reckitt and similar thinkers, was to a lady of the type of the first Mistress of the school. What other name could he have given her\?

The classical example in literature is Mrs. Jellyby, who is shown as a very successful secretary to a society.

Mr. Reckitt is writing exclusively from among girls and women of professional or middle class families. He steps aside, however, to mention some evidence, not very clearly given, that factory work of women has sometimes increased infant mortality. He says that women are not so able to look after the health of their baby as men, and that there is a phenomenal increase in the number of deaths of infants. The evidence, not very clearly given, that factory work of women has sometimes increased infant mortality, is far from the truth. We all know instances to the contrary. The evidence, not very clearly given, that factory work of women has sometimes increased infant mortality, is far from the truth. We all know instances to the contrary. The evidence, not very clearly given, that factory work of women has sometimes increased infant mortality, is far from the truth. We all know instances to the contrary.

Mr. Reckitt is, however, risk of overstrain, and there is often unhealthy loneliness. The statement that, "if women cannot manage their homes, they cannot manage anything," is far from the truth. We all know instances to the contrary. The evidence, not very clearly given, that factory work of women has sometimes increased infant mortality, is far from the truth. We all know instances to the contrary.

Cookery is a highly skilled art, and not to be learnt by taste or training for it, or else forgo mating and parenthood. But when the family system grows out of the primitive stage to more co-operation and division of work, ('freedom," at which Mr. Reckitt is, however, risk of overstrain, and there is often unhealthy loneliness. The statement that, "if women cannot manage their homes, they cannot manage anything," is far from the truth. We all know instances to the contrary. The evidence, not very clearly given, that factory work of women has sometimes increased infant mortality, is far from the truth. We all know instances to the contrary. The evidence, not very clearly given, that factory work of women has sometimes increased infant mortality, is far from the truth. We all know instances to the contrary.

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Parents who are set free from contending with the "devastating flood of children," as J. M. Robertson called it, are asking for a place of rest, and for a workshop, and questioning the advantage of making a kitchen the most important room in the house and at the same time a nursery. Neither the fewer and better cared-for babies nor their mothers should be made unhappy by the cook-stove. All except the poorest have long ago decided that laundry work should be sent out of the house, and many are now reduced to a great many instances, most definitely favoured a community form of feeding.

No one of experience would choose the word "dull" to describe the life of a typical housewife, with its whirl between cooking, cleaning, nursing, and tending children, dressmaking, sick-nursing, and often laundry work, and poultry and vegetable growing, and with emergencies in which one is responsible, from the collapse of a stove-pipe to the sudden dangerous illness of a baby. There is, however, risk of overstrain, and there is often unhealthy loneliness; and Mr. Reckitt's exhortation to the family woman to be "prepared to make sacrifices" seems neither new nor helpful. But when the family system grows out of the primitive stage to more co-operation and division of work, "freedom," at which Mr. Reckitt is, however, risk of overstrain, and there is often unhealthy loneliness. The statement that, "if women cannot manage their homes, they cannot manage anything," is far from the truth. We all know instances to the contrary. The evidence, not very clearly given, that factory work of women has sometimes increased infant mortality, is far from the truth. We all know instances to the contrary. The evidence, not very clearly given, that factory work of women has sometimes increased infant mortality, is far from the truth. We all know instances to the contrary.

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"The abolition of the wage-system and the establishment of self-government in industry through a system of National Guilds working in conjunction with the State." The methods of the League are defined in a subsequent rule as follows:

(a) Propaganda of Guild Socialism by means of lectures, meetings, and publications.
(b) Inquiry into subjects connected with National Guilds.
(c) Formation of a provisional executive committee (to be confirmed at the inaugural meeting, the following were elected to it:—Ivor Brown, G. D. H. Cole, Will Dyson, Sydney Herbert, S. G. Hobson, Rowland Kenyon, Mrs. Mellor, Noel, T. W. Pateman, M. B. Reckitt, T. B. Simmons, Mrs. Townsend, E. T. Widdington.

Mr. Pickthall still believes in the power of those who are under the rule of the League, who are under the rule of the League.

Turkey and Egypt.

SIR,—Your correspondent, Mr. R. B. Kerr, writes: "Mr. Pickthall is not able to gain the full benefit of his knowledge because it happens that he belongs to the old school of writers who do not understand the scientific basis of foreign policy."

The basis of foreign policy would seem to be a struggle between the agents of the commercialised Powers for the privilege of ruining and then exploiting the uncommercialised, conducted lightly in the spirit of the gaming-table. If that is scientific, save in the sense that any game requires a stake to be betted, it is dangerous to apply to a science, I will eat my hat. The science of foreign policy—I am thinking of my "one subject," the East, which, after all, is the crux of foreign policy—owes its chief interest to the taste or training for it, or else forgo mating and parenthood.

Knowing England, I am very sceptical as to the girls referred to by Mr. Reckitt, whose ambitions are limited to staying at home and cooking in the parental kitchen and cooking for themselves in old age, though I have known many English girls who set aside all idea of obtaining a suitable marriage partner.

Some very important occupations outside the home have hitherto been carried on more successfully by women than men, sick-nursing is one, and I should say school-teaching is another. Yet these need improved conditions, and in a direction opposite to Mr. Reckitt's proposals. How can a profession be its best when its members can only attain social advancement by re-linguishing that profession? Society suffers a loss when a first-rate man returns to the arms of a benevolent society, or (more frequently, as things are) cook to one man only besides herself. What would the medical profession be like if a doctor were forbidden sex-mating and parenthood.

The principle taught to everyone by the old English Church, in a moment of enlightenment, to "learn and labour for our own and our children's welfare," seems to me quite right, and the idea of bringing up daughters to an occupation by which they could support themselves if they did not marry.

It is very noticeable that girls who have the training and the experience of life involved in a definite calling are much more agreeable companions. "Home-keeping" is often only a part of their existence.

All kinds of essential work now called industries or professions were formerly done by women only, and are still so done in primitive districts. Why, then, did Mr. Reckitt refuse months later suddenly. There have been other proposals, one of which was that men should chiefly leaf, as they do in some old-world agricultural communities, it is equally wasteful for a developed society to support able-bodied women in idleness. No one can pretend that Mr. Reckitt's proposals are a just study of social questions will seek to squash social experiment by appealing to old-fashioned prejudices.
duplicitly or weakness on our part has driven Turkey "into the arms of Germany."

As for Mr. Kerr's contention (quoting Mr. T. M. Healy) that there was "little or no" cause for the causes of the war than English journalists, that might easily be the case without much credit to the former. They are all, still. But if Mr. Kerr would make of me an English journalist, I will call him "not horrid!" And I would commend to his notice once made to me by one of the greatest thinkers of America, that his country possessed heaps of clever writers capable of grasping the externals of a subject (its business aspect) instantly, but utterly incapable of getting at its heart.

"The only thing of any importance in recent Turkish history has been the Baghdad Railway scheme... A war many times as large as the present one might well be fought over that scheme on strictly business principles." In face of such a railway line would Britain be, with her long and tedious sea route to the East, slowly meandering round the peninsulas of Spain and Arabia? Berlin commercial traveller would be at Bombay about the same time as an English one was laboriously steaming past the shores of Crete.

Personally I consider the Turkish Revolution of infinitely more historical importance than the Baghdad Railway. But that is neither here nor there. The point I would impress upon such theorists as Mr. Kerr is that their theory is not basic in humanity, but derived, even as the theory of cricket is derived, from the game. It is not applicable to nations who do not know the game.

"The Baghdad Railway, as proposed by Germany, would open up the country to the entire length of the Turkish empire. It would be to Turkey what the Canadian Pacific was to Canada, and the Union Pacific to the United States. Every man in Turkey who has any money, and therefore any power to grant concessions for railways, is an enthusiast for the Baghdad Railway. No conceivable Government could stand against such pressure as that."

Could any move be further from the truth? No Turk has ever felt the least enthusiasm for the Baghdad Railway. Turkey never wanted to be opened up; she wanted simply to be let alone. The Young Turks, in particular, felt a passionate desire to keep the Baghdad Railway as the most anti-national act of the late despotism. Abdul Hamid had a great desire for railways for strategical purposes—in this one must admit that he showed foresight—and he was more willing to grant concessions for railways of that nature than for any other sort of public works. But owing to the corruption which prevailed in his en-tourage the terms of the concessions were made so onerous to Turkey that every patriotic Turk abhorred them. There has certainly been no rush of wealthy Turks to put their hand in the Baghdad Railway.

It may interest Mr. Kerr to know that the present Baghdad Railway was begun as a British concession and with British capital. The first section of the Anatolian railway was begun by us, which is the most anti-national act of the late despotism. Abdul Hamid had a great desire for railways for strategical purposes—in this one must admit that he showed foresight—and he was more willing to grant concessions for railways of that nature than for any other sort of public works. But owing to the corruption which prevailed in his entourage the terms of the concessions were made so onerous to Turkey that every patriotic Turk abhorred them. There has certainly been no rush of wealthy Turks to put their hand in the Baghdad Railway.

The Turks have never till the last six years taken any interest in the Baghdad railway they have hated in the last six years more than before. Because it aimed at undermining the cause of an association which was expressed in an English commercial traveller going slowly round the uncertain seas of the English offers of railway concessions in the fatuous belief that he could have robbed the Baghdad Railway of all menace. That she was not free to support that regime is the fault of the Russian Alliance, which must bear the burden of the Crimean war in the form of a financial sacrifice. We in England, Germany, France, Austria, Serbia, Turkey are great monsters guarding her re-birth with a flaming sword.

As for the rest of Italy, as you know, the question of war wages back and forth. For four months the people have been living at an intense nervous strain. We in England, Germany, France, Austria, Serbia, Turkey are great monsters guarding her re-birth with a flaming sword.

As a note to Synd Hossain's article on the British Government's insane design to anger Muslims by high-handed interference in the matter of the Caliphate, may I contribute a few facts communicated to me by an English Muslim who has just returned from Egypt? A general rising of the Egyptians has been prevented by the authority of one man, his name is not known. who considers English rule more favourable than Turkish aspirations towards independence. He would bitterly resell, however, an attempt to meet the demands of the Caliphate; unless, perhaps, those infidels thought fit to murder his Caliph, in which case he would lose a great part of his following. The British authorities have forbidden the appeal for the caliph to be sent in the mosques throughout Egypt—an extraordinarily foolish step, which in a trice converted a familiar, scarcely heeded formula into a heartfelt and innocuous cry. For the great omission, there is solemn silence. The Imam prostrates himself, the people with him, and whispers the petition to the earth. In spite of all repressive measures, and their grand new Sultanate, the Egyptians have not lost dislike for England. This I gather from an Egyptian, a great enthusiast for England—Heaven knows why!—who was formerly so persecuted for that reason that he fled the country. He returned a few weeks previous to the war with Turkey, and now writes to tell me that he is afraid he will probably be undergoing infinitely worse than it was formerly.  

MARMADUKE PICKTHALL  

LETTERS FROM ITALY.

Sir,—Florence has suddenly regained her geographical independence; today she is a fortified city, encircled by hills. The "forestieri" have departed and with them the beggars and the pestering crowd of curiosity and pocket-card sellers. The roof-tops are open; the windows overhanging the Arno if you wish to see the arms of Germany.

But no power, must be an enthusiast for the Baghdad Railway.  

Aaron Pickthall  

P.S.  

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munity like an epidemic and the boys themselves are talking in a way that makes one's flesh creep in its blood-thirstiness! The peasants do not want war. They are so poor that further taxation would mean destitution for a greater number of them than anything Italy has ever suffered (it is a fortunate fact into the race consciousness, and "national pride" is a virtue little understood, as yet, among the peasants.

On their side, for different reasons, is the Ecclesiastical Party, which is making every effort to come to an amicable settlement—Austria being, of course, one of the most fruitful sources of income to the Vatican and the Emperor Francis Joseph, holding an important position in the Papal election. But—still another complication—the Pope himself is extremely attached to Franco, he lived some time in Paris.

There is considerable speculation over the position of the Austrian Special Ambassador to the Vatican should Italy cast the glove. He does not hold a political position in any way, but one imagines his existence would be scarcely comfortable. The Labour Party, both at Rome and Milan, have finally abandoned the idea of a general strike against mobilisation.

One member of the Socialist Congress at Milan (which has just risen) even went so far as to say, that, as the International Socialists of the belligerent countries had not opposed war along the line that Italian Socialists was to repudiate any responsibility. No one else, however, agreed with this speech, and the Congress considered it as not adding anything important in diminishing the Government and the governing classes of the grave responsibility in which it is involving itself in making a war of aggression. Having lost the right to publish newspapers, which is a privilege of the working classes; it has already provoked explosions of popular exasperation, for which there reason have been many victims of pitiless repress in many parts of Italy.

"If," the leader continued, "the Italian proletariat, and the Socialist Party which represents its interests, has not sufficiently been able to persuade the workers to maintain before, during, and after the war the most rigid control. It is decided to make a uniform action of all the organs of the party, the parliamentary group, local federations, Press, administrative organisation, etc. and a meeting to arrange a plan of action was called for May 16 at Bologna.

The Interventionists themselves may be sub-divided into little hands and big hands, with a middle party. The little hands desire Trieste and the Trentino; the middle-sized hands desire, besides this, Istria and Dalmatia; while the large hands wish to add Corseca, Tunisia and a large mouthful of Asia Minor!

There is another section which wish to leave alone the vexed question of Istria. The Castelgrande, of course, should take Dalmatia she would have "bitten off more than she could chew," and it is their wish to obtain an "open door" for her emigrants in Africa.

As a real take-over of the zone, who closes his eyes and goes on with his work while his neighbours fight it out—I do not believe such a creature exists in Italy.

BERLIN IN WAR TIME.

Sir,—The neutral visitor who crosses the Baltic for the first time since the outbreak of the war is not reminded of the fact that Germany is fighting half the world until some miles off Rügen a dozen German torpedo-boats are sighted like black spiders slowly creeping along the horizon. He feels a pang in his civilian breast and the sudden falling of his heart, had not the torpedo-boats, as theERRY way forward, shown themselves as real spiders engaged in catching flies, i.e., in this case Russian mines which since Easter have threatened neutral travellers on this route. This sight is reassuring and our worst wishes naturally accompany these particular men-of-war as they steer eastwards.

The news from Constantinople is good—passports are issued without much delay. In Stralsund the first signs of the occupation of Belgium are seen in the form of Belgian goods carriages. Similarly, in Berlin along the way, no soldiers are seen along the railway, no passers-by. This sight is reassuring and our usual; in the haunts of over-civilisation in the South-German circles a hope that this feeling may not be everlasting, whereas the ennui towards France is considered ineradicable.

Berlin, April 19, 1915.

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