NOTE OF THE WEEK.

Ignoring for a moment the extravagant diversion and waste of energy caused by the Press setting on the mob to loot the shops of peaceful aliens in our midst, the new feature in the situation is the resolution apparently come to by the governing classes to carry the war to the heart of Berlin. Following on Germany's recent breaches of the civilised code, it now appears that her mere unconditional surrender to the Allies will not be enough; for "unless Berlin is entered all the blood which has been shed will have flowed in vain." We are by no means certain that this is possible, however desirable it may be; for the simple reason that a country in the occupation of nearly ninety million people would be likely to offer resistance every inch of the way. But what we are certain of is that such an expedition will prove not only a waste of energy caused by the Press setting on the mob to loot the shops of peaceful aliens in our midst, but that it will have flowed in vain. We are by no means certain that this is possible, however desirable it may be; for the simple reason that a country in the occupation of nearly ninety million people would be likely to offer resistance every inch of the way. But what we are certain of is that such an expedition will prove not only a waste of energy caused by the Press setting on the mob to loot the shops of peaceful aliens in our midst, but that it will have flowed in vain.

The will to self-delusion, however, is one of the well-known manias. It attacks nations quite as often as individuals, and England no less readily than Germany. If, as we see, Germany is suffering from the self-delusion that the war will end in victory for her, we in turn have persuaded ourselves that we can win without any class losing money. Yet it stands to the simplest reason that it is impossible to destroy capital at the rate of about two millions a day and at the same time to diminish production by several million units of men's labour without somebody becoming the poorer. Who is it? It is certainly not the working classes as yet, for they, whether under arms or in civil occupation, are being paid as they have not been paid since the golden age of the proletariat in the fourteenth century. The total income of the class is probably, in fact, a good fifty per cent. more than usual. Nor can it be said to diminish production by several million units of men's labour without somebody becoming the poorer. Who is it? It is certainly not the working classes as yet, for they, whether under arms or in civil occupation, are being paid as they have not been paid since the golden age of the proletariat in the fourteenth century. The total income of the class is probably, in fact, a good fifty per cent. more than usual. Nor can it be said to

The South African Situation. By Dr. H. J. Poutsma

Advocatus Diaboli. By C. H. Norman

Drama. By John Francis Hope

Readers and Writers. By R. H. C.

Impressions of Paris. By Alice Morning

Letters from Italy. By L.

Views and Reviews: Homunculus. By A. E. R.

Reviews

Pastiche. By André B., P. Selver


The war to an end while still retaining the social status quo. To this short-sighted optimism, however, there are two replies: one of them is that our present prosperity is wholly illusory, and the other is that the longer the war lasts the more clearly will this illusiveness become apparent. In short, if even we can maintain the pre-war conditions during the early months of the war, we cannot maintain them if the war is prolonged; and, in any event, whether the war be long or short, they cannot be maintained after the war.

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closing the debate on the tea-duty last week he did, it is true, warn everybody that the country could not go on spending without somebody having to pay. He even exhorted the nation to run a tuck in its past extravagant standards of luxury and to begin to economise. But as well might the ant in the fable advise the grasshopper and remind it of the approach of winter. Nothing, from a sane point of view, can be more obvious than that now is the time for the commercial classes in particular to re-model their rates of expenditure nearer to the old simpler levels. Under the cover of patriotism they can do it without being suspected of bowing to necessity. Similarly we would appeal to the Trade Unions to issue an advice to their members to save while they can. No allurement of business-as-usual or any such advertising dodge ought to persuade them to spend a penny more upon luxuries at this moment than in the days when they just made ends meet. But words alone, we fear, will have little effect; and for this reason we regret that Mr. Lloyd George has not begun to tax as he must assuredly begin sooner or later; upon a scale to cure the prevalent delusion that the nation can become rich by becoming poorer. Why has he not done so? The reason alleged is that the Government fears the war may at once become unpopular. ... But what becomes of all the talk of saving and of spending our last shilling if, in fact, the first real sacrifice is anticipated to put an end to the war? Truly reported or not, the reason appears to us both unfounded and puerile. It is puerile to suppose that the Trade Unions to forgo the protection of their rules, to stand of luxury and to begin to economise. But as well might the ant in the fable address the summer

An exception, however, must be made of a class of business men whom we would like to see in front of the German authorities, and it is a class which was exemplified in the House of Commons last week when two of their number employed a whole party to destroy the remains of the Government's drink legislation. Anything more humiliating than the advocacy of the interests of distillers by the Conservative and Irish leaders could scarcely be inflicted on the vicissitudes of Prussia. Our so-called free institutions are a mockery; national government is irony. An equally cynical exhibition of the power of this class of tape-worm was given by Mr. Runciman in his cool abandonment of Lord Kitchener to the employers. If he admitted, he stated that Lord Kitchener had promised the armament workmen a share in the profits of the employers, but the War Office had no power to compel the latter to keep its promise. In other words, Lord Kitchener was to be made a liar by the profitteers, and nobody in the Government dared protest. But any man among them would protest and protest effectively. If means can be found, and worse threatened, to compel Trade Unions to forgo the protection of their rules, Lord Kitchener, we imagine, would find the means, if the Government would let him, of compelling the employers to respect his promise. Until, indeed, the means are found, we should advise the workmen to continue their agitation and, if need be, their strikes; for in striking against employers of this kind they are doing a national service. But our words will fall upon deaf ears, we know. For it is neither any national service nor even any Trade Union service of which the men's leaders are thinking but of securing private tips. The "question," said Mr. W. C. Anderson, during the momentous debate, "was not of profits, but whether the men were going to get a monetary gift." Waiter! There is more than one reason why the recent attacks upon Germans and German shops throughout the country must be held to be deplorable. It is always deplorable that the innocent should suffer for the wrongdoing of the guilty; and we can, in justice, make no distinction between the Belgian non-combatants who were maltreated by the deliberately brutalised armies of the German Junkers and the London mobs who were brutalised, with equal deliberation, by the hysterical propaganda of the Northcliffe Press. We entitled our summer number, "For the Looting;" for the rioting was worse in London than elsewhere. It is true that the relatives of many members of the "Lusitania" crew started the outbreak at Liverpool; but there it appears to have spent itself in a few hours, out last most a couple of days, and on the other instance it can be said that it degenerated into mere looting. No such excuse can be applied to the rioting in London. From the first the outbreak of mob temper was systematically directed to the looting of German shopkeepers; and the crowds, not content with confining their loot to pianos, chairs, ornaments, and the like, out of the windows into the street. We read of the English wife of a naturalised baker being knocked down, with her young child, and trampled on; and we wonder, naturally enough, whether we are in Belgium or in German Poland.

Unfortunately for our national self-conceit, thick as though it usually proves itself to be in emergencies, the Prussians, from the most hectoring Junker down, have an excuse which we have not. They have admittedly neglected the finer aspects of civilisation for the sake of perfecting their military organisation; and to this end they have been careful to brutalise their population. The Prussians have aimed low—they may a boast of it—but within their narrow limits they are efficient. They live in ideas, even though their ideas may seem to us to be coarse, crude, and clumsy. They are, we hope, ideas which will not survive this generation, and which will be regarded by the next generation of Germans even as enlightened Englishmen regard with horror and contempt the axe and block at the Tower. But ideas, however low and unworthy, do make and keep men consistent—consistent even in their cruelty and barbarism. Where ideas are lacking there is no guidance at all; and this is precisely what is wrong with the people who come under the influence of our stupid Press. At one moment the Government is a fine collection of patriots, men whom the country can trust to the very end; the next moment we are being ruled by adventurers "who never look ahead," who "shift responsibility," or who fail to interpret this or that pet scheme of the unbalanced newspaper owner.

The problem of the aliens in the midst of us was never a complex one. They did not number more than sixty thousand, all told, and the sixty thousand were scattered all over the country. All the spies among them were known to the authorities, and were promptly locked up when war was declared—as many of them, that is to say, as remained with us when war became inevitable. There are spies among us even now, but they are not enemy aliens. They are in most cases Englishmen who have chosen this method of making a living, with a sprinkling of Scandinavians and Dutchmen. This fact is perfectly well known to the authorities, and it would be equally well known to readers of the gutter newspapers if these newspapers were not the most ill-informed and mendacious periodicals that ever soiled a printing press. Our readers

May 20, 1915
papers we have mentioned were puzzled to account for all the evils which were befalling their country—they were told that we were short of shells because the John French could not begin his "drive"—which is now beginning—because he had not enough men in reserve; that women must learn to do men's work because of the shortage of war munitions; that Lord Haldane, who had reorganised our Army and made the Expeditionary Force possible, had ruined it; and that all these matters were connected with the problem of enemy aliens in England, and particularly in London.

It is with strict justice that we single out Lord Northcliffe as the instigator of these outrages. Other papers, we know, have tried to improve upon his example, but they have failed. It was Lord Northcliffe alone who began, or allowed to be begun, the grotesque campaign of rancour, envy, and hatred against the German race, resident among us; and it was he who brought all our legal formulae into contempt by throwing doubt on the good faith of foreigners among us who had taken out naturalisation papers. The repeated guarantee of Lord Haldane, who through the mobs of Whitechapel, Kennington, Walthamstow, Limehouse, and a score of such places he brought all our notices and warnings issued from time to time by the authorities themselves. Alone among London newspapers, for instance, and in flagrant contradiction of all the notices and warnings issued from time to time by the Press Bureau, the "Times," which has been an unjustly severe critic of the Cabinet, is allowed to send the following comments on the angelic English! Imagine what our comments on the German and Austrian papers! Imagine the American papers we have mentioned were puzzled to account for all the evils which were befalling their country—they were told that we were short of shells because the John French could not begin his "drive"—which is now beginning—because he had not enough men in reserve; that women must learn to do men's work because of the shortage of war munitions; that Lord Haldane, who had reorganised our Army and made the Expeditionary Force possible, had ruined it; and that all these matters were connected with the problem of enemy aliens in England, and particularly in London.

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Current Cant.

"What the World must do."—"T.P.'s Weekly.

"Learn to act for the films."—"Evening News.

"Mr. Bottomley on his Victory."—"Globe.

"We will indulge in no fury of words."—"Pall Mall Gazette.

"American people are easy to deceive."—"Holt-White.

"Go to the front free from rupture."—"Daily Sketch.

"Vengeance is mine saith the Lord, by Horatio Bottomley."—"John Bull.

"The people are awake."—"Daily Express.

"Love Russia."—"Stephen Graham.

"Defeated by Drink—to its eternal shame, that seems the inevitable fate of this country."—"Liverpool Post.

"While there is a boy scout left in England we shall never be defeated."—"Bishop of London.


"Hush-a-bye, Baby, or Sound the Alarm. To which song shall we listen?"—"Jerome K. Jerome.

"The crisis for women after the war. Bread, not husbands."—"W. L. George.

"What is to be our attitude to Germans and the German nation after peace is declared?"—"Sunday Herald.

"All women are wonderful in times of peace, but they are more wonderful in times of war."—"James Douglas.

"The judgment and mercy of God are the prevailing New Testament ideas which surely come to us to-day with a wholly new hope."—"Professor D. S. Cairns.

"We ought to be fearless in our ministry when God takes so much trouble to assure us of our safety and success."

"Tongues of Fire."

"The progress of the War this week, leaving aside mere war."—"New Witness.

"We are on the eve of a New Calvary. Upon a wider Golgotha."—"Horatio Bottomley.

"All young clergymen under forty should join the army. After the peace these men who have thus taken part in the contest will form the nucleus of such Christian ministries as the Churches have not possessed for ages."—Rev. F. J. Foakes.

"Every day's delay in the adoption of Conscription Service is a nail in England's coffin."—Arnold White.

"Punishment is the German principle. If a horse stumbles it is flogged. If a child cries it is whacked. . . . All over Germany men beat wives, children and animals."—Austin Harrison.

"I don't want to be taken as going back on Democracy."—Sidney Webb at the Essex Hall.

"Women have got a new insight into life. They are doing men's work in a noble spirit that excludes pettiness."—"Daily Mail.

"Armed with a folded paper (the 'Daily Mail's' best), I grip my lip and fiercely flip the house-fly to his rest."—Jessie Pope in the "Daily Mail."

"Members of the London Stock Exchange, gentlemen and men of education."—"Artifex in "Manchester Guardian."

"The moral of the riots."—"The Star.

Foreign Affairs

By S. Verdak.

By the time this article appears the Italian Cabinet crisis will have been settled. So much has been said about Italy's intervention, and the Government at Rome has been "on the verge" so long, that to raise the subject in diplomatic society in London recently was only to provoke a smile—except among those who realised the tough struggle which diplomatists were fighting to a polite conclusion in the Italian capital itself. It appeared to be somewhat strange, even to those who were fairly familiar with what was going on, that Italy should have borrowed money from us in November, again in December, and again early this year, on the understanding that Italian troops, if we wanted them, should be available in March. There is now question for a moment of "pressure" on the Italian Government; and Italian journalists should be well aware that the engagements with the Entente Powers that Italy entered into were entered into by her willingly, almost joyfully, as the only means she had of recovering her "unredeemed" provinces, of securing the undisputed command of the Adriatic, and of regulating, at last, her strategic frontiers. At an earlier stage I gave, in The New Age, some reasons why Italy, the Vatican, and other neutrals were not unitedly in favour of the Allies, and even unsympathetic towards them. Italy is not wholly in favour of the Allies, but the minority there in favour of the enemy is small. It is not relatively powerful, but it is powerful enough to make the Cabinet resign, even though this resignation, eventually, will not affect the agreements entered into by Signor Salandra and his colleagues. There are certain features of the present situation in Italy which deserve a few words of comment.

* * *

The Italian people, to begin with, are overwhelmingly in favour of the Allies. There is, it is true, perhaps more indifference than actual enthusiasm in the south, but even here the indifference is not in the least likely to fall over the German side of the fence. Most of the tradespeople are sympathetic to the Allies, and, even though they may dislike a war for economic reasons, they are not so much opposed to it that they will go over the German side of the fence. Most of the south is, or at any rate both of the Andalusian provinces, is, in the main, strongly pro-Ally. The financial classes are disposed to France forget their differences of opinion. . . .

* * *

It might be thought that this attitude on the part of the various classes comprised in the nation would be reflected in the Chamber and in the Senate, and that any Government could obtain a sufficient majority to undertake a military campaign against Germany, Austria, and Turkey. This is precisely what is not the case. The two anti-Governmental parties in the Chamber are taking their lead, not from the heads of their own groups, but from the utterances of Signor Giolittti, the ex-Prime Minister, and the articles in his chief organ, the Turin "Stampa." Signor Giolittti is above all a party man; and the greatest crisis in Italy's history is being regarded by him and his friends from a purely party standpoint. Provided that a war leaves him in an assured position of power. Giolittti will have no objection to a war. But a war which threatens to sub-
vert his power will be opposed by him with the utmost energy and passion. In this respect Giolitti is not like Clemenceau. He is willing to head Ministries and to carry out what he presumes to be the will of the people. When it does not suit him to do so he retires, appoints a nominee, and has him turned out when he thinks fit. Clemenceau has done this more than once; and his speeches in "L'Homme Enchaine" for the last few months are due to the fact that the formation of a National Ministry has prevented him from doing so again. Giolitti has been able to cause the resignation of the Saldarina Ministry. That, however, does not mean that he will be able to decide the next Ministry: though he may be able, as usual, to influence many votes in the Chamber. All the telegrams which have recently been received from Rome, all the private letters, show sufficiently clearly that the Italian public is not at present in a temper to tolerate interference with national aims.

Where national aims are dependent upon foreign policy, Giolitti is utterly lost: hopelessly at sea. He has often boasted to his friends that foreign politics don't matter at all, and that he himself never bothered about foreign politics until the war with Turkey in 1911. It was characteristic of him to oppose this war when he was out of office. Within a month of speaking against it he had turned out the Ministry and had headed a new Ministry which made the continuance and completion of the campaign the essential feature of its programme. I think I have indicated that Signor Giolitti is a time-server and a politician. With his eyes fixed on the internal situation, Signor Giolitti has not troubled himself to look into the future—a characteristic of all men and bodies which have no foreign policy; we need only remember the Independent Labour Party. It does not matter to this opportunist politician that Italy has now the only chance she will ever have of expanding in a perfectly legitimate way, that is, by the annexation of provinces which are as much hers as Yorkshire is a part of England. It does not occur to him that, apart from this question, Italy's position in the Mediterranean is about to be settled for the next couple of centuries, and that the possibilities of Italy's economic expansion in Asia Minor must be settled now or never. Giolitti thinks in parliamentary majorities, and this is a feature of his character which must never be overlooked.

But foreign policy, whatever it is, must be continuous. Even in France this is so, and the reason for it is obvious: a business house may make some economic changes it likes in its stuff or on its board of directors; but it must keep its engagements with the people from whom it has undertaken to buy and with the people to whom it has undertaken to sell. If the engagements are to be broken, well and good, if proper warning is given. It is this point which Signor Giolitti does not appear, from the utterances of his friends and his papers, to have considered with sufficient care. It is known, and even officially it is half acknowledged, that Italy has entered into a definite contract with the Entente Powers, that she had had grants of money in England and from England—and leave the nation poorer! The wealth of a country is not to be measured by the amount its profiteers can "save" and invest abroad. That is only the measure of what they can extract from the people in Rent, Interest and Profit. The true test of economic wealth is the production per head of the population; and from this test Germany emerges superior to Great Britain.

In a recent article in the "Railway Review" (April 16) upon "The Future of Trade Unionism" Mr. Wardle refers to us as "a group of very clever but not very scrupulous men." A libel action, we may say, would be launched by some people we know for less than these words; but libel actions are beneath us. Our point of interrogation is the nature of the charges against us. We publicly pledge ourselves to take no legal action in whatever manner they may be formulated. Say on, Mr. Wardle, and have no fear. The rest of the article, in our "unsuspicious" opinion, is no less evasive and woolly than the charge just referred to. Twice in the article trade unionists are warned that "we are on the eve of great developments." Once it is even suggested that something approximating to the forecasts of that "group of very clever men" may be afoot. But in the end, trade unionists are advised that it is useless to consider the means; "the exact form of the machinery is of small moment in comparison with the object of emancipation." For "the Trade Union is not a political party; it is an instrument for a political end. Here we have a Trade Union leader once again willing the end, but shirking the examination of the means. The Trade Unions are here; over yonder is Emancipation shining in undefined glory; but the path from one to the other is "of small moment."

In the same issue of the "Railway Review" another editorial draws attention to that most novel, hitherto unheard-of problem of women's labour and its effect upon men's wages. We fancy we have heard something about it before—but was it? The problem has now, however, reached Mr. Wardle, and thus he writes of it: "Whether we like it or whether we don't makes no difference, the question will have to be faced, and faced soon, and the more wisdom we bring into its consideration the better both for the women and the men concerned it will be." Well, every little helps, as they say; and better too late than never at all! The courage with which Mr. Wardle faces the past, and faces it late, is magnificent; but it is not trade unionism as the hope of the world, but as the despair of the world.

Towards National Guilds.

The "Nation" (April 10): "Why should not the workmen be given a share in the settlement of the question of production? . . . Let them be consulted on the best method of increasing and improving production, with special regard to their health and comfort; let them be asked . . . . The answer to this question is that three sets of people are disinclined: the profiteers, the Press, and the present trade union leaders.

A little thought upon the very difficult subject of finance would save the "Nation" from the error of comparing Germany with Great Britain. Germany, it says, sinks into complete inferiority. "The test of this inferiority is simple. It lies in the comparatively small exports of capital which Germany is able to send abroad in time of peace." But from a slave State an even greater amount of capital could be exported than from England—and leave the nation poorer! The wealth of a country is not to be measured by the amount its profiteers can "save" and invest abroad. That is only the measure of what they can extract from the people in Rent, Interest and Profit. The true test of economic wealth is the production per head of the population; and from this test Germany emerges superior to Great Britain.

One of us, at present abroad, writes as follows on the controversy that has been elsewhere taking place. He writes for himself:

The discussion on democracy leaves me cold. Unless you identify Labour with Democracy, I see little point
in it. “A. E. R.” is right in one respect—democracy is not a definite entity. On the other hand, he insists that aristocracy is; but that won’t wash either. We must, however, avoid the error of assuming that Labour and Democracy are synonymous terms. Is not Balfour right when he adopts the tone of a democrat? For is it not the plain truth that everybody belongs to a democracy, while the wage-earners belong neither to a democracy nor to an aristocracy? The wage-earners are without any status as citizens, and to refer to them even as segments of the State is a mistake. We want them to become a democracy and to be included in the class of Balfour. Balfour, on the contrary, wants them to think that they already are a democracy. I once described Balfour as an Athenian democrat; but when we speak of the Athenians as a democracy we exclude the helots from consideration. Similarly, in discussing modern democracy, we ought to exclude the corresponding class of the wage-earners, for they are only helots in another form. That they can become a democracy I have not the shadow of a doubt. But in order to begin their journey they must shake loose from wagery. And that they can shake loose from wagery I have no doubt either. The whole discussion seems to me, therefore, premature. We know not yet what democracy may be when the wage-system has been abolished. To abolish the wage-system is our first work.

The reaction of occupation upon character has often been examined; but less attention has been paid to the reaction of pay upon intelligence. A “Times” writer recently remarked that one great difference in the psychology of the farming and the commercial classes was due to the habit of the first of “thinking in seasons,” and of the second of “thinking in deals.” Thinking in seasons entails a slower rhythm, and hence a longer sight than thinking in irregular deals. The former makes for what are called slow wits; the latter for quick wits. Compare this now with the relative effects upon intelligence of salary and wages. Your salaried person is usually secure for at least a quarter at a time. He has therefore sea-room for reflection and calculation to the same amount. The wage-labourer, on the other hand, is secure only from week to week. His horizon is bounded by the limit of seven days ahead. What wonder, therefore, that he should be more improvident, reckless, unreflecting, than his salaried fellow? But both, again, differ from their companion who receives “pay” in the Civil Service sense. Such a man needs not to think from week to week, or even from quarter to quarter. He can think “in a lifetime.” These relative lengths of vision, with their correlative habits, result in a difference of character or intelligence, but from the economic modes of drawing income.

The article on “Bureaucracy and the War,” by Mr. De Maetz, which appeared in these pages might seem to warn us against permitting the State to assume too many controls over industry. The remedy, however, for bureaucracy is more of it! At present, bureaucracy not only constitutes only a section of the people, but, by virtue of its cohesion, it constitutes, as Mr. De Maetz admirably pointed out, an autonomous guild in antagonism and in superiority to the scattered and multiple associations of the rest of the nation. Assume, however, that all industries are bureaucratised—when every industry is a bureaucracy, there is no bureaucrat. It is by its singularity as a guild that the existing bureaucracy is dangerous. Pluralise it by adding other relatively autonomous national guilds to it, and the power of its isolation is destroyed. Should the war continue, the nationalistic forces in industries, they not only can be, but they must be, guildised afterwards. The true-blue bureaucrats, like Mr. Sidney Webb, will object, and cling to the “rights” of the existing bureaucracy; but with the Trade Unions alive to the situation a bargain may be struck with the State. “You nationalise,” the Unions can say, “but we shall guildise.” When this bargain begins to be made the split between Collectivists and Guildsmen will form the new political parties. Take your places and set to partners! National Guildsmen.


III.

Plato’s conception of the statesman was founded on his psychology; founded, that is to say, on the theory of knowledge by recollection or rediscovery of innate wisdom. The statesman’s duty was not to shove ideas into people’s heads but to pull ideas out of them: modern education is a cram, while the Platonic training was a purging. The business of the Old Statesman was to investigate the soul of man and to cater for its needs: the business of the New Statesman is to tell the soul of man what it ought to want. And between the old world and the new there is a great gulf fixed, a gulf that really divides.

Modern Socialism has built itself upon the new idea, little seeking whether that be a foundation of rock or of sand. The movement has gone to the masses and told them what they ought to want. It has not analysed the working-class psychology, it has not even adapted itself to national temperaments and national idiosyncrasies. It has told them that the socialisation of the means, etc., etc., was what they ought to want. In so doing it was, of course, half right. But it forgot to make Socialism a reality by bringing it into intimate connection with the facts and phenomena of every-day life. It tried, like modern education, to cram, never to probe or purge or elicit. It came with a cut-and-dried scheme and attempted a process of forcible feeding. The results, measured in terms of working-class nutrition, have not been gratifying. The Labour Leader may pump away with his gruel but the labourer does not seem to gain much weight.

The Guild idea is not only a new idea in itself: it involves a new method. It carries us away from the New Statesman with its incalculation from above, to the Old Statesman with his probing of the human soul and his turning of the soul’s eye towards reality. By that I mean that the Guild thinker, with his philosophy of work, is more in touch with the worker than the Collectivist with his philosophy of consumption. He takes human nature as he finds it and he makes his inquiry.

Hard facts have shown that it does not particularly want international social democracy. Well, what does it want? In my two previous papers I have tried to show that there still exist in humanity two valuable desires, neglected by the Socialists, crushed and perverted by the capitalists. The first desire was the will to do good work, the producer’s will to serve. The second desire was the craving for some freedom in personal choice and expression, exemplified by the popular sentiments about marriage and the home, two inalienable rights which are denied to nobody by the capitalist: nor less important was the deep-driven longing for beauty in some form, a longing which, under the obvious perversion of industrialism, finds relief in the ubiquitous sentimentality of our age. My case is that these two desires, however plastered over with the vile deposits of an evil system, still live and form the fine foundation of a Socialism which will be really alive. Ours, then, not to come to the worker with a cramming-machine and stuff the goose-liver with a foreign food, but to elicit according to the Platonic tradition the basic desires of the soul, and so to build our new republic. The old Socialism brought up its machinery and bade mankind adapt itself; we must adapt our machinery to mankind.

Let me take yet another instance, the desire to serve.
The South African Situation.  
By Dr. H. J. Poutsma.

General Hertzog is certainly attached to his own race, and to its language and traditions, but that does not prevent him from being tolerant and just towards the other race is South Africa. But he is accused of having been intolerant and unjust, or at any rate, obstinate and unreasonable, in regard to the Education question in the Orange River Colony. To say that he was misunderstood and misrepresented on that question would give but a faint idea of the nature and extent of the misunderstanding and misrepresentation. Most Englishmen imagine that General Hertzog tried to force the Dutch language upon the children of English-speaking people, whereas the exact opposite is the case. Let us consider the facts. What is known as the Taal, that is to say, the language that is spoken by the bulk of the Dutch people in South Africa, bears practically the same relationship to the language of Holland that the dialect of a country village in England bears to the English of Oxford or Cambridge. It is obvious, therefore, that in the altered circumstances resulting from the conquest of the South African Republics, the section of the people confined to that language could not be expected to hold its own against the section that possessed what is admittedly the most comprehensive language in the world. And altogether apart from the relative value of the two languages, it was clearly essential that the Dutch people should learn the English language thoroughly. General Hertzog was aware of this and set himself, at the first opportunity, the task of enabling or compelling them to do so. For the accomplishment of this design three courses were open to him: (1) To leave both languages optional and rely upon the wisdom of the Dutch people to look to the interests of their children by compelling them to learn English; (2) To compel the children of Dutch-speaking people to learn both English and Dutch, leaving Dutch optional to the children of English-speaking people; and (3) To compel all children, English and Dutch alike, to learn both languages. If he adopted the first course he feared that many of the Dutch people, either from prejudice or carelessness, would fail to have their children taught English. If he took the second course he feared that many of the Dutch people, not understanding or appreciating his purpose, would resent the apparent injustice. He followed the third course and was misunderstood by the English-speaking people, who resented being forced to teach their children a language that was not their own. But he is accused of having been unreasonable, in regard to the Education question in the Orange River Colony. To say that he was misunderstood and misrepresented on that question would give but a faint idea of the nature and extent of the misunderstanding and misrepresentation. Most Englishmen imagine that General Hertzog tried to force the Dutch language upon the children of English-speaking people, whereas the exact opposite is the case. Let us consider the facts. What is known as the Taal, that is to say, the language that is spoken by the bulk of the Dutch people in South Africa, bears practically the same relationship to the language of Holland that the dialect of a country village in England bears to the English of Oxford or Cambridge. It is obvious, therefore, that in the altered circumstances resulting from the conquest of the South African Republics, the section of the people confined to that language could not be expected to hold its own against the section that possessed what is admittedly the most comprehensive language in the world. And altogether apart from the relative value of the two languages, it was clearly essential that the Dutch people should learn the English language thoroughly. General Hertzog was aware of this and set himself, at the first opportunity, the task of enabling or compelling them to do so. 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But he is accused of having been unreasonable, in regard to the Education question in the Orange River Colony. Here again, Mr. Hertzog was certainly not blameless, but his intentions were honest and altogether admirable, and had the English parents acted reasonably the difficulties would have gradually disappeared, and the system would have come in time to accomplish the aims of its author. It is true that three British School Inspectors were dismissed the service as a result of General Hertzog’s policy. Here again, Mr. Hertzog was not in, my opinion, blameless, but the Inspectors were dismissed because, despising the Dutch language, and caring more about what they believed to be the interests of education generally, than about the intentions of General Hertzog—which they could not fully appreciate—they were not unreasonably suspected of indifference, if not of hostility, towards the Act. But that he was not actuated by prejudice I think all honest men who know anything of the true character of General Hertzog will admit.
Again, in his now famous "foreign adventurer" speech, Mr. Hertzog was accused of showing antipathy to Englishmen. It is clear, however, that he had in his mind on that occasion the foreign capitalist whose presence in any country is frankly to exploit it. But as it is unusual for anyone but a Socialist or a Syndicalist to speak disrespectfully of any capitalist, foreign or native, it was only natural that such a reference should have been misunderstood by the public, and still more natural that it should have been misrepresented by the Capitalist Press. It is hardly necessary to speak of what reason there was for the "two-stream" policy of General Hertzog. Some of the ablest men in Parliament, including Mr. Merriman, tried hard during recent debates to set up an unfavourable comparison between what they conceived that policy to be and the mystical policy of General Botha. Very little has since been heard of these efforts, however, for the simple reason that every word that was said was favourable to General Hertzog. But it is probable that General Hertzog himself would find it difficult to say exactly what he meant by the words, except that they were a rather fanciful way of expressing his recognition of the fact that there are in South Africa two races, more or less dissimilar in aims and ideals, and whose antecedents, though the one more exceptionally favoured by the Government, the other not, have resulted in the one being frequently driven from his office. Even General Smuts stated distinctly in his speech on that occasion that the Government was in possession of evidence not having accepted bribes from German agents; and a man, if found guilty, are to be let off with a fine or a visit to the House, he is at the same time the most contemptible. A Dutchmen he will always be what Emmett is to Irishmen.

Another aspect of the rebellion must not be forgotten. Mr. Merriman, one of the Labour members, stated in one of his speeches that in his opinion the rebellion had economic as well as political and national causes. This statement was amplified and illustrated—quite unintentionally, however—by Mr. John X. Merriman in the following characterisation: "the poor and humble men of Bechuanaoland," he said, "tell you what went on at the dry diggings along the Vaal River. There were hundreds of men literally starving owing to the slump in the diamond market. Mr. Kemp came along. They joined him in shoals. What for? To hoist any particular flag, or, as the honourable member for Uitenhage said, to turn the Prime Minister out? Not at all. They made a bee-line for the nearest store and looted it to the hilt. They were mere rebels. Mr. Merriman's objection to a rebellion is not so much that it aims at pulling down thrones, setting up flags, or even that innocent people may be killed, as that it gives an opportunity to starving people to loot stores. The looting of a store is, to Mr. Merriman, the unpardonable sin. Altogether, Mr. Merriman is the most remarkable figure in South African politics. He is a man who has the relative position of the Defence Council, is at the same time the most contemptible. His evenly balanced hatred of oppression and dread of lawlessness renders him useless alike to a government and to an opposition. If he had two votes I believe he would give one guilty of rebellion. As it is he usually speaks for liberty and votes for tyranny.
Advocatus Diabioli.
The Policy of "Moral Indignation."
By C. H. Norman.

The British Government has not been very wise in pretending that Great Britain intervened in the war in defence of treaty obligations and to uphold the rights of small nations, considering that the British forces, according to an instructive article in "Le Journal" on March 25, seized the Greek Island of Tenedos without the slightest intimation to the Greek Government, as a base for the operations against the Dardanelles. This incident certainly gives point to the comment of Major Stewart Murray, in "The Future Place of the Anglo-Saxons" on British methods of diplomacy: "There is no such thing as international law, for the thing so miscalled is merely international custom, and a new custom can be added at any time by any nation powerful enough. To break through international law is no more than for an individual to break through the conventionalities of social intercourse... We ourselves have been the greatest offenders of all in breaking international conventions. We have frequently made use of our naval power to attack other nations by surprise..." For people in this country to talk of the sanctity of international law is nothing but hypocrisy or ignorance. To break through it we declare that International Law is no protection except to the strong. We interpret International Law simply as pleases herself, without the slightest reference to anybody else's opinion. The European waste-paper basket is the place to which all treaties eventually find their way. That is a recognition of the reality of British and Russian political morality, which is well known to European statesmen in the neutral countries. A Greek publicist has shrewdly remarked that the small countries that join in this war will either emerge the vassals of their victorious Allies, or else be restored to their position after being crushed, as Belgium has been, by their enemies. Moreover, to regard the breach of a treaty as a casus belli is the negation of international law: which means the substitution of law for force in settling disputes between nations; that is, if international law has any practical significance at all. If the breach of treaties is treated as a moral excuse for war, then international law is multiplying, and excusing, the possible causes of war instead of diminishing them! Men who break contracts are not liable to the same penalties for their act as collectively responsible, as they are for their acts as collectively responsible. It may be necessary to resort to reprisals against a locality or community for some act committed by its inhabitants or members who cannot be identified." In a footnote, the editors give this interesting example of the futility of certain kinds of reprisals re prisoners. "In 1813, the British Government having sent to England to be tried for treason 23 Irishmen naturalised in the United States, who had been captured on vessels of the United States, Congress authorised the President to retaliate. Under this Act, General Dearborn plundered in close proximity 23 prisoners taken at Fort George. General Prevost, under the express direction of Lord Bathurst, ordered the close imprisonment of double the number of commissioned and non-commissioned United States officers. This was followed by a 'threat of unmitigated severity against American citizens and villages' in case the system of retaliation was pursued. "Mr. Madison retaliated by putting into confinement a similar number of British officers taken by the United States. General Prevost immediately retaliated by subjecting to the same discipline all his prisoners. However, soon came over the British Government, by whom the system had been instituted, and the prisoners were released on both sides." Perhaps Mr. Winston Churchill and Mr. Asquith will study that incident in regard to the severity of the differential treatment of submarine prisoners of war.

A second example of reprisals is thus stated in a footnote by the editor: "In his proclamations of May 31, June 16, and June 19, 1900, Field-Marshal Lord Roberts threatened reprisals for wanton damage to property and damage to railway and telegraph lines by the burning of the houses and farms in the vicinity of the places where the damage was done." In a pamphlet on "The War in South Africa (1900) and How It Is Being Carried On," signed "An Officer in the Field," some of these orders are set out as follows: "(1) "If occupants of farms are disloyal, or have fathers and sons still serving against us, the cattle and stock are to be seized without payment or receipts." (2) "While giving protection to loyal inhabitants in his district the general officer commanding will see that the country is so denuded of forage and supplies that no means of subsistence is left for any commands attempting to make incursions." Another proclamation ran thus: "(1) The principal residents of the towns and districts are to be held jointly and severally responsible for the acts done in their district. (2) Heavy fines are to be inflicted and the receipts for all goods taken by the troops to be cancelled. (3) The principal residents may be forced to by contribution. Cash, over and above taxes, may be requisitioned from the inhabitants and is then called a 'contribution.' [378] Public worship must be permitted and religious convictions respected. If the salaries of the clergy are paid by the State they must be continued. The clergy must refrain from reference to politics, and if they use their position to incite the population to resist or revolt, they may be dealt with as war criminals."

When one recollects the uproar there was in this country because Cardinal Mercier was placed under detention in consequence of his pastoral to the Belgian people, one is surprised that so many prominent politicians, who must own the name, the description of this subject, should have lent themselves to that absurd demonstration. The Cardinal was dealt with somewhat leniently from the British militarist standard. [336] If, contrary to the duty of the inhabitants to remain peaceful, hostile acts are committed by individual inhabitants, a belligerent is justified in requiring the aid of the population to prevent their recurrence and, in serious and urgent cases, in resorting to reprisals. [414] The custom of war permits as an act of reprisals the destruction of a house by burning or otherwise, whose inmates, without possessing the rights of combatants, have fired on the troops. [458] Although collective punishment of the population is forbidden for the acts of individuals for which it cannot be regarded as collectively responsible, it may be resorted to for reprisals against a locality or community for some act committed by its inhabitants or members who cannot be identified."
travel on the trains. (4) The houses and farms in the vicinity of the places where the damage is done are to be destroyed. The residents in the neighbourhood dealt with according to martial law." The consequence of this sort of conduct was put thus by the writer of the pamphlet: "In England, people are astonished at the mobility which enables De Wet to defy all the efforts of our Government. They would consider, if, for instance, they could see the march of a column of the Imperial Light Horse, with its endless array of wagons and vehicles of all sorts, piled up with the contents of Boer houses: beds, chairs, tables, all things that can be moved are carried away, and not by this corps alone, but Canadians, New Zealanders, Yeomanry; all pursue the same game. Such proceedings are a sad commentary on the Peace Conference at the Hague." The writer then describes the effect of this warfare upon the Boer women: "Some went to Kaffir tribes and helped them to get their children and degrading their wives and daughters is surely a barbarity that no European nation would be guilty of at the end of the nineteenth century of the Christian era." So the Germans have some way to travel still upon the road marked out by the British militarists! The conclusion of this pamphlet is rather sinister, in its warning note, in view of the present critical state of Europe: "What is demanded by the Germans, then, is that all the means at the disposal of the British forces are turned toward the destruction of those centres which are the natural focal points of the enemy's military activity." Lord Charles Beresford, who is so active in abusing the "baby killers," was an advocate of this device for intimidating the enemy. He wrote thus in the "Times," August 18th, 1888: "The whole art of war is to strike at the enemy's weakest points wherever they are or whatever they be: there is no sentiment after once the action commences. I say boldly and openly, that if an officer could damage his enemy and procure panic or demoralisation in the enemy's country, he would be wrong to demur a moment in exacting a ransom or bombarding a seaboard town if the opportunity occurs. Such a bombardment, had a large wireless station, and was the terminus of the single line of coast railway between Scarborough and Whitby, which any hostile fleet would be entitled to destroy by bombardment from the enemy's shore. So much for Lord Charles Beresford. Whether the body of civilian opinion would support Lord Charles Beresford is a totally different matter.

Upon the use of submarines against merchant vessels in war time the following are most illuminating. In a letter to the "Times" on July 16, 1914, Admiral Sir Percy Scott cited this extract from a letter of a foreign naval officer: "If we went to war with an insular country depending for its food on supplies from overseas, it would be our business to stop that supply. On the declaration of war we should notify the enemy that she should warn those of her merchant ships coming home not to approach the island as we were establishing a blockade of mines and submarines. Similarly we should notify all neutrals that all their vessels which had been established, and that if any of their vessels approached the island they would be liable to destruction, either by mines or submarines, and therefore would do so at their own risk." This is Sir Percy Scott's comment upon that forecast of future action which a clamor would, in my opinion, be perfectly in order, and once it had been made if any British or neutral ships disregarded it, they could not be held to be engaged in peaceful avocations, and if they were sunk in the attempt, it could not be described as a relapse into savagery or piracy in its blackest form." This opinion of a distinguished British Admiral might have been remembered by Mr. Winston Churchill before he began his denunciations of the German "pirates." Mr. Churchill may put this test. What would be the British action if the submarine that torpedoed the "Lusitania" were identified and caught, with the result that the commander of the submarine committed to him as a punishment? Would it be imprisonment or death? Mr. Churchill, in the light of this, that British naval commanders would lodge a very emphatic protest against the holding of any trial, or the execution of a sentence of the kind. The hypocrisy of Mr. Winston Churchill is made worse by this further circumstance that the British Admiralty encouraged merchant vessels to ram and sink submarines. Now a merchant vessel so doing would place itself in the status of a non-combatant firing upon an enemy combatant: an act which is severely punished under all military codes. That was the line adopted by the Germans very soon; and both the "Falaba" and the Austrian Red Book on the atrocities of the Allies complains bitterly of the breach of the first part of No. 38 in the Gurkhass and the Turcos could hardly be described as "civilised races" as the practice of both is that of mutilation. However, enough has been quoted to indicate that the practical differences between German militarism and British militarism are somewhat difficult to detect. It is always the custom in war to accuse "the other side" of atrocities and infractions of the rules of the game; but it looks as though this were done to embitter the confiding civilians of the various belligerent States.
"Lusitania" outrages should be upon the conscience of Mr. Churchill, as well as upon the German conscience; because there can be no doubt that to sink passenger-vessels is an excessive reprisal, even though the "Lusitania" was carrying men who were coming over to enlist. On the other hand, the German Ambassador in the United States intimated that the "Lusitania" would be sunk if she sailed. The German Government has been interpreting the saying "War is war" in a severe sense, but in most of the matters exciting the indignation of uninformed British pressmen the Germans have obeyed the rules such as they are. For instance, supposing a German merchant vessel tried to ram a British gunboat, or attempted to run away with onboard troops, the British commander would order his men within his rights in sinking the vessel, even though she was defenceless; but he would have a duty to save as many of the passengers and crew as he could in the circumstances. The use of the submarine is objectionable in the sense that it cannot render assistance to the torpedoed vessel; but it must not be forgotten that, until the British Admiralty lent its sanction to the ramming of submarines by merchant vessels, with the result that some German submarines were lost, the commanders of the German submarines gave due notice. "So the rain of lyddite began again and the camp was wired, in outlining the policy to be adopted between Europe that has been preparing for war of the criminal doctrines that they set out in their figures refute that contention.

The secret, the open secret of this almost incredible crime against treaty faith, British interests, and the peace of the world, is the unfortunate fact that Sir Edward Grey has been dominated by men at the Foreign Office (who believe in the mystique of the "U-boat") who believe that the "peace of the world" is the unfortunate fact that Sir Edward Grey and Mr. Asquith would confine themselves to laying before their countrysmen their real motives in embarking upon this war. They have been so immersed in the rubbish about Belgian neutrality, German militarism, atrocities, and all the other bogeys, then the British people and the statesmen of other countries might understand what the exact position was. In the meantime, the policy of diplomatic drift has been complicating the situation in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America; and the moment is too perilous for this sort of procedure to be tolerated indefinitely.

What is the conclusion from this examination? To be honest, one must recognise that hell, if anywhere, is upon this earth, and that the agents of the devil are visible everywhere; but that the innate virtue of human character is always striving against the red-coated, blue-coated, and black-coated sentinels of Satan; to wit, the military and the priestly castes. M. Kaustoff, the leader of the Russian Social Democrats, speaking in the Duma on the declaration of war between Russia and Germany, said: "The present war, the result of a policy of greed, is a war the responsibility for which will be borne by the ruling classes of all the countries now fighting; and we express the conviction that this war will, once and for all, open the eyes of the European masses to the true source of the persecution and oppression under which they are suffering." That true source is that the ruling classes of Britain and Europe are the real criminal classes; and it is because of the criminal doctrines that they are the really criminal that the world is witnessing the degradation of humanity at a rate which months ago would have seemed inconceivable.
Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

I MUST offer my apologies to other contributors to this review for my peculiarity in pointing out to the enlightened men of this country, to instruct my countrymen. It is not so very long ago that I was competing with "Romney" as a military correspondent; now I shall have to take the words out of the mouth of "S. Verdad," and talk about America. I really cannot help it. Drama is so instructive in these days of the cinematograph that to be a dramatic critic is to receive a liberal education in everything but drama. We have the most expert treatises on all forms of insanity, we know the secret history of Courts and Cabinets, we know the real truth of military matters (especially the origin of our Napoleonic wars), but the awful method of acting that occurred when the secretary of state went to see "On Trial" is probably an attempt to rub noses with us. Englishmen do persist in regarding America as a barbarous country; they tell without ceasing the story of the man who rushed up to a party which was about to hang a suspected horse-thief, and protested against their uncivilised, unconstitutional procedure. "What are you to do?" he said. "Why, give him a fair trial, and then hang him." This impression, I can assure my readers, is erroneous. I can speak with real authority on this subject, because I know exactly how American justice is administered. The action of the play, "On Trial," passes on the United States, we are told, "and endeavours have been made to retain the American surroundings and atmosphere. The Court Scene is an exact replica of a Criminal Court in New York, including costumes of the Judge, Barristers, and Court officials." The whole play is an object-lesson in American legal procedure, and I can state without fear of contradiction that the anecdote quoted above is exactly the contrary of the truth. In America, they do not try a man, and then hang him; they try him, then prove him guilty, and then convict him. As President Wilson says: "The example of America must be a special example"; and just as America believes in International Law, but not in enforcing its observance, so she believes in proving criminals guilty according to the State law, and acquitting them according to the unwritten law. There is nothing like Law, if only you have enough varieties of it; and perhaps Nature will follow the example of America, and cease to enforce by penalties the observance of Natural Law. "There is such a thing," said President Wilson, "as a nation being so right that it does not need to convince others by force that she is right;" and surely that argument applies to Nature. The law of gravitation, for instance, is demonstrably right, and does not need to be enforced by the force of gravity. American juries and Presidents could teach Nature something, if only she would learn.

But I must not digress, fascinating as are these abstractions. If I am the only one of the enlightened men of this country, to instruct my countrymen in the real procedure of American Courts. There is a jury of twelve, three of whom are named "etc." There are one judge, one clerk, one stenographer, two counsel, one prisoner, two custodians, and several witnesses. There is also a crime, and that, I think, completes the list of the necessary stage properties. The first thing is the swearing of the jury. Before this happens, a lot of questions are put to the foreman to elicit the fact that he knows all about the crime by having read the newspaper reports of it, but that apparently he does not know anything else. Then the whole jury swears that, as God helps them, they will well and truly try this case. The prisoner has pleaded "Guilty," and was arrested on the scene and at the moment of the crime; but if his plea had been accepted, this play could not have been written. So the judge allots him a counsel, to whom the prisoner refuses to give any information. In the opening speech, the prosecuting counsel says that he need not open the case at length, as it has already been reported in the newspapers which the jurymen have read; so, after showing that the prisoner is a hypocritical scoundrel, he calls the witnesses of the crime.

But American justice differs from English justice in a most remarkable manner. When the widow of the murdered man gives evidence, strange phenomena occur. Recounting the incidents of the night of the murder, she says that a telephone bell began to ring; and, sure enough, a telephone bell begins to ring, as though to corroborate her testimony. Then the lights go out, and a loud and long rumbling noise like an earthquake is heard; and when the spots fall off the sun, behold, the Court is no longer there, but a library has taken its place. Now the peculiarity of this magical transformation is that it is feminine in origin. Nor is it only one formula that produces these phenomena; the widow refers to the telephone bell, but the prisoner's daughter mentions her music lesson, and the prisoner's wife relates the story of her seduction, and each has a similar effect. The lights go out, a rumbling noise is heard; and the scene is changed. No male witness has the power of uttering these magical formulae; but the jury, in their disagreement, utter some words that cause the scene to change, but with what a difference. The formulæ of the feminine witnesses have a retrospective effect, they call up scenes from the past; but the formulæ of the jury has a progressive effect, and causes a change only to the next stage of the trial. I shall have to read Mr. Chesterton's "Magic" to find the explanation of this difference.

But I must protest that the evidence of these scenes is purely circumstantial; they never come to the point of proof, because they are not in the scene, and cannot be excluded from them. Nor do they have any material bearing on the issue. They are simply attempts to prejudice the audience in favour of a murderer and an adulteress. It is useless to protest to me that the "Tales of Hoffmann" uses the same method of acting instead of repeating scenes of the past; the "Tales of Hoffmann" is not a study in legal procedure, but in pot-house poetry. If American female witnesses really have this power of creating scenes for the pleasure of acting in them, they ought not to be allowed to exclude the judge and jury from witnessing them. It is possible to concede too much to American women, and I think that the limit has been reached when they are allowed to act their evidence in camera and to evade production of it in court. The disastrous effect of this procedure on the administration of justice is that it reverses the legal method of proof. The prisoner had not only pleaded "Guilty," but had been taken directly after the commission of the crime; these scenes proved most convincing. The prisoner is a hypocritical scoundrel, he calls the jury, and, sure enough, a telephone bell begins to ring; as though to corroborate his testimony. Then the lights go out, and a loud and long rumbling noise like an earthquake is heard; and when the spots fall off the sun, behold, the Court is no longer there, but a library has taken its place. Now the peculiarity of this magical transformation is that it is feminine in origin. Nor is it only one formula that produces these phenomena; the widow refers to the telephone bell, but the prisoner's daughter mentions her music lesson, and the prisoner's wife relates the story of her seduction, and each has a similar effect. The lights go out, a rumbling noise is heard; and the scene is changed. No male witness has the power of uttering these magical formulæ; but the jury, in their disagreement, utter some words that cause the scene to change, but with what a difference. The formulæ of the feminine witnesses have a retrospective effect, they call up scenes from the past; but the formulæ of the jury has a progressive effect, and causes a change only to the next stage of the trial. I shall have to read Mr. Chesterton's "Magic" to find the explanation of this difference.
Readers and Writers.

Hitherto in his novels Mr. Wells has written of his contemporaries under thinly disguised names. In "Boon," purporting to be the work of Mr. "Reginald Bliss" [Unwin, 6s.], he reverses the method, and under a thin disguise discusses his contemporaries under their proper names. Such an affectation of anonymity is childish. It is as bad as Mr. Shaw referring mysteriously to the author of "Fanny's First Play." It is like amateur conjuring at which, nevertheless, we are expected to be mystified. And when Mr. Wells obtains in the way of freedom by the transparent disguise I cannot gather. Were not his descriptions of living people in "Ann Veronica," for example, free enough? Does he want still more licence than he has already taken? If it were so, 1, for one, would be happy to give it him; but in "Boon" his comments on his co-temporaries are milder than those he has published under his own name. I can only conclude that he has been playing floor-games so long that he is now playing with his public. That Mr. Wells and his Mr. "Reginald Bliss" is the author of this book is even more apparent in the text than in the arch introduction.

Mr. Wells' accidental prejudices, preferences and tricks recur through out with the regularity of the footprints of a buffalo. There is a must of this Mr. Wells' envious gibe at the Academic Committee, of which Mr. Wells is not a member. There are the famous dots . . . The writer defends the formlessness of such novels as Mr. Wells writes against the form of the novels of Mr. Henry James. He never mentions the name of Mr. Wells, but is always talking of him as if he were perpetually apologising for his existence. He refers to The New Age in the terms that would first occur to the lowest class of journalist. He fastens on to others his own dislikes. He is verbally witty and has an occasional good phrase. He flatters Miss Rebecca West and promiscuously associates her with Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer and the editor of this journal. He pleads for severe thought and discussion and shows himself incapable of either. Finally he sinks exhausted in a paddle of self-deprecation which he mistakes for good-will. If these are not the marks of Mr. Wells, may I be filipped with a three-man beetle.

In his Introduction Mr. Wells says: "I will confess I have not read the book through." With much more truth I can boast the same confession, and probably in my time and mind will fail to skip. One or two illustrations of the foregoing observations, however, he could amuse me in. In a passage about the chicks of "The New Age," Mr. Wells describes Mr. Shaw as an "intellectual jackdaw," in imitation of Mr. Shaw's own description of himself as "a crow that has followed many ploughs"—which is better! But when he continues that Mr. Shaw's "stuff is too incoherent and recklessly positive ever to be systematically answered," then Mr. Wells is most perfectly describing himself. Contrast, however, his description of this quality of formlessness when he thinks he perceives it in Mr. Shaw, with his account of it when he sees it in Mr. Wells. Mr. Shaw is incoherent; but Mr. Boon (that is, Mr. Wells) is "one of those people who will not photograph; so much of him is movement, gesture, expression, atmosphere and colour, and so little of him is form." What, in short, is incoherence in Mr. Shaw is movement, gesture, etc. in Mr. Boon (that is, Mr. Wells) is "thought" in his life, this challenge is something amusing: "Are there no men to think at least as earnestly as one climbs a mountain, and to write with their uttermost pride?" There are, Mr. Wells, there are—but you are their antipodes and naturally your average reader does not like them. You do not have "semi-mineral minds," why not marble or golden? without movement, gesture and all the rest of the virtues—including encomiums and advertisement? As an example of his humour—almost Yankee in its form—take this: "Ordinary people snuggle up to God as a lost leveret in a freezing wildness might snuggle up to a Siberian tiger. A more polished thrust is this: Mr. Norman was well advanced himself in a small magazine, and resents any other work for peace as though it were an infringement of his copyright." Finally, as I say, he collapses in a slop of sentiment. On the last page we are told that "it does not matter how individually feeble or fiery writers and disseminators are; we have to hunt the Wild Asses; as the feeblest puppy has to bark at cats and burglars," What a scale of imagination for an intellectual hunter! But the enemies of Truth and Beauty and Right are not mere cats and burglars; and neither puppies nor even full-grown dogs will scare them away; they are devils and demons. * * *

Mr. Boon-Bliss-Wells' references to The New Age and its editor ought, I suppose, to be taken, in these days, as flattering simply because they are publicly made. On Mr. Shaw's principle, which he appropriated from Barnum, it is no matter what people say so long as they say it. But what people say it, is surely of some slight importance even in an age when we are all so gloriously equal—all of us save our own selves and a few selected personal friends. The editor of The New Age, says Mr. Wells, is "gifted" but "incurably embittered." Comments in The New Age are "rarely helpful, always unamiable and frequently in the worst possible taste." New Age criticism is "literary carbonate with an occasional substitution of vitriol." The New Age is consistently hostile to young genius, it being "impossible to imagine Incipient Greatness nestling comfortably upon Orage," like an elder duckling upon its mother's down. Well, well! Mr. Wells! Mr. Wells! The "incurable bitterness" of The New Age cannot, I am afraid, be attributed to years of failure such as would infallibly have driven Mr. Wells to revert to type: The New Age was born with it! The "incurable bitterness" Mr. Wells discovers in us is, in fact, rather incurable optimism. We are so infatuated with ourselves and the world that we positively believe that both can and ought to be made better. Despair is the last of our failings—despair settling down into comfortable "good-will," too hopeless to give or receive any severe lesson—good-will, whose other name is What's the use! That our comments are "rarely helpful" to Mr. Wells we can easily believe, since he has never yet arrived at our particular problems. We are not shooting cats and burglars from suburban villas. When he goes tiger-hunting, it is for unamiable, and even "embittered," I suppose, to describe The New Age in Mr. Wells' terms; but damn amiability—the great war is on! To be in Mr. Wells' opinion "in the worst possible taste" is to be in the good company of the plain-spoken and the clear-thinking. The carbonate and the vitriol are the cliches of the "Daily Express." We do not merit them—in all modesty I say it. They should be reserved for our giant forefathers, Juvenal and Swift, Demosthenes and Milton. And we are hostile to young genius, are we? I was counting up the other day the number of literary celebrities, some of them now in the crowded front rank of novelists, whose Incipient Greatness was first hatchet out in The New Age. By the side of Mr. Meek, the bathchairman, for whose Incipient Greatness Mr. Wells has had a single eye, the chicks of The New Age are legion. We ought to be made to apologise for the number we have brought into the world. Malthus would be scandalised. True, The New Age can say of most of them what Blake said of his brood: I found them blind, I taught them how to see, And now they know neither themselves nor me. But after all, what greater comfort than the judge also lay its own eggs? Is it not enough that the eggs should be hatchet and presently the birds should learn to peck alone? I chance (pure chance, of course) I chance to know that every Incipient Greatness that has
passed through The New Age incubator was told in private while he was still a-hatching more unamiable truths than have been addressed to him in The New Age after he had taken flight. No Greatness, to my knowledge, that once was hatched in The New Age has complained that our subsequent comments were surprising. Not incontinent, but decadent Greatness is afraid of us.

Mr. Wells' comments on Mr. Henry James' art are another story. Having re-read much of Mr. James in Messrs. Secker's excellent new and cheap edition (as, for instance, I shall have something to say on the subject. I believe I shall be the first critic who has even understood the Art of Mr. Henry James!

R. H. C.

Impressions of Paris.

The world talks of nothing but the "Lusitania." The Americans mildly ask me why I didn't provide the ship with torpedo destroyers, and I mildly ask them why they don't come in and lend me some of theirs as I need all mine to protect my battleships. I note that the "Daily Mail" snap-shot fiend secured the next best thing to a photo of the wretched people drowning; he got the unique illustration of the "Lusitania" being warned by an armed merchant cruiser. It says a great deal for humanity that this photograph is unique, as, otherwise, there must have been only one man aboard sufficiently fish-blooded to think of winning a hundred pounds at such a moment. But this sort of competition ought to be stopped. The prize is simply blood-money.

The widowed mothers of France have made their voices heard against the philanthropists who want to build orphanages where the young children may be interred. There is a great deal of money; and a movement is already afoot to pension the mothers directly and not waste a penny of it on buildings. Any orphanage, be it ever so clever at femininity, will be going altogether too far for gentle human reason. What an extraordinary notion of charity which would separate young children from their mothers! "L'Union des Veuves" is going to fight orphanages, and in good time. I do think that Frenchwomen are extremely clever at femininity: they know what they can get.

Whatever means the announcement that thousands of Englishwomen who have never yet worked are volunteering for the "armaments" department? Thank goodness the French are taking no chances of this sort! This is the kind of reply made here to the question: "What a leaky slum of a world this must be where such a very little laughter as we get seems so good?" Then comes in reason or religion, according to one's sort, and we promise ourselves something very much better to come in the shape of a calm enguignaut to save our children from the storms of our winter. The rhythm, in sevens, is sustained in its naive and seems to hold the subject together, but this, after all, is all moods, and there is nothing whatever to catch hold of. Men cannot blunt the sense of ephemeralty by regarding the roses as the roses, alas! We have many ages of being; and the old tell us that we never possibly can be usefully warned to make the most of our youth; and the older we grow the more we consider youth to be the most irritating time of our lives; and one day we say to ourselves: What a bleak slum of a world this must be where such a very little laughter as we get seems so good?"

For the gods, we manage to keep our tempers, the which it would be small use in any case to lose against the gods.

Ronsard's verses on selecting his sepulchre astonish me in a poet so delicate about roses and larks. He hopes that a troupe of rustics may come every year to his tomb, which is to be under a nice shady tree, and make flow milk and the blood of a lamb shed with Ave de la demeure. D'ont leur pourpris. (dwellings.)

THE NEW AGE

Judi\ndy by the journals men seem to be suspending thought about the war. The tide is perhaps too full for movement. Most people, like me, have no thoughts—only surface waves of mood. To-day, one wonders fantastically why everyone does not make merry for to-morrow we shall all be dead. To-morrow, one is startled back to reality by some act which calls for homage or for revenge; the day after, homage given or revenge satisfied, pity, or another passion, opens the scene for whatever there may be of comedy in things. Nature takes no notice whatever of our doings. The trees break into leaf, the sun and the rain encourage the corn which may never come to be reaped, the rivers flow onward, the aged die and the young are born. A poet tells me to read Ronsard, and I read him. I find out that for about forty years he lived dead as a post, after having expected a career among the great human ways. As a young man he knew every court in Europe. He was one of the handsomest and cleverest of pages, being taken in turn by the Duke of Orleans, Madeleine of France, and James the First. He spoke all the polite languages and was about to begin shining as a diplomat when he fell ill, and after that he could hear nothing. So, at twenty, he shut himself away from courts and became a scholar and a poet. He cultivated, above all, his mother-tongue, clearing away corrupt words, restoring good old roots, enriching it with harmonious words from other languages. And he had fame and glory from first to last. The princes of the world rivalled each other in patronising him. More, the poets sat at his feet. Tasso submitted his songs to the "founder of French poetry." And then he died, and was abused and afterwards forgotten for three hundred years until Sainte-Beuve and Hugo, Gautier and others restored him to French literature.

The most celebrated of his odes, the one on Roses, is a delicate, dreamy poem with a melancholy not too profound, a cheerfulness not too robust. "Nature is surely an unkind step-mother whose children flourish but from a morn to an eve." The poet advises youth to be awake betimes, as it were, to its own fleetingness: as the dewy rosewarns men to pass the time joyously. Yesterday, Brison was a man; to-day, he is only a little dust upon his bier. But, after all, the coming of the roseannupts us to the bright season of our winter. The rhythm, in sevens, is sustained in its naive and seems to hold the subject together, but this, after all, is all moods, and there is nothing whatever to catch hold of. Men cannot blunt the sense of ephemeralty by regarding the roses as the roses, alas! We have many ages of being; and the old tell us that we never possibly can be usefully warned to make the most of our youth; and the older we grow the more we consider youth to be the most irritating time of our lives; and one day we say to ourselves: What a bleak slum of a world this must be where such a very little laughter as we get seems so good?" Then comes in reason or religion, according to one's sort, and we promise ourselves something very much better to arrive some day after the stormy winter. And so we manage to keep our tempers, the which it would be small use in any case to lose against the gods.

Ronsard's verses on selecting his sepulchre astonish me in a poet so delicate about roses and larks. He hopes that a troupe of rustics may come every year to his tomb, which is to be under a nice shady tree, and make flow milk and the blood of a lamb shed with "many a cut." Surely I do not misread!

Ainsi dira la trompe Versant de mainte par la demeure. Où leurs heureux esprits Avec du lait, Desseux moy, qui à l'heure alors. Où les heureux esprits Ont leur pourpris. (dwellings.)

Ronsard's mightier efforts, it is said, were a failure.
He tried in vain the Pindaric ode. In his “Hymn of Death,” he says in effect at last, “Myself, who long since knew that one finds nothing now upon Parma news but the quenching of a sinner’s throat— I discover an untouched brook....” An unhappy enthusiast of the age, the Bishop of Evreux, preaching Ronsard’s funeral sermon, placed him higher than Homer and Pindar. It was his epithet through three centuries, but too severe; and Time has set him right in spite of all. Lord save us from our contemporaries! You understand that I may have a frightful scene when I meet my friend the poet who is at the knees of Ronsard; but no amount of alliance will make me do more than be silent while he butts up to it. He is, indeed, a long way from Parnassus. However, I think I may mollify my poet by a prostration before Corneille whose “Cid” I was with difficulty persuaded to read, the play having been made entirely hateful to me at school. What a miracle of a play! I am going to spend a whole week on it. Even my enemy may knock in vain at my door. The choicest quarrel shall wait!

I must mention a new penny Russian weekly, “The Russian Echo,” which has come out here, in French and in English, published at 58, Boulevard de Port Royal. I discovered it at a soiree given in support of a war charity. I love it. It assumes that I know almost nothing about Russia and tells me something. Another charm is the English as she is wrote! The first number contains an account with a number of illuminating and personal—details of the treatment of Missajoff for whom many innocent people have suffered; an appeal for the Jews by the Russian intellectuals to Russian society; and a Chronicle which picks up the interest of life all over Russia. The second number has been censored on the subject of the Finns.

The king did not attend the ceremony of the Quarto after all—to the great joy of those who see in his absence and in that of the ministers “a perceptible defect.” It was, however, probably from a fear of unmanageable Irredentist enthusiasm that he altered his mind at the last moment.

Inconstantly D’Annunzio is more of a demi-god than ever. He spoke in front of the monument for an hour, a long orate speech full of flowery phrases, interspersed with “Pistoletti” as the Italians describe the meaningless brilliance beloved by the crowd—ending with a series of beatitudes.

“Blessed are you who, disdaining sterile loves, keep themselves virgin for this first and last love.” He spoke in front of the monument for an hour, a long orate speech full of flowery phrases, interspersed with “Pistoletti” as the Italians describe the meaningless brilliance beloved by the crowd—ending with a series of beatitudes.

“Blessed are those returned from victory for they shall be satisfied.”
see the new face of Rome, the recrowned forehead of Dante, the triumphal beauty of Italy.

What a guessing the man is! The delight of the Italian in words for their own sake—every educated man spends six years studying his own language, and the old university professors will discuss for hours the exact value of some particular word—causes oratory to be estimated above thought. How often have I heard as the highest compliment that could be paid: "He is a great man, he speaks beautiful Italian!" And the flags and the scaffolding, the bespangled speech and the theatrical appearance of an aeroplane performing over D'Annunzio (as perhaps it was!), but the thinking minority are aware that the great, sincere spirit of Garibaldi deserved a simpler, more reverent tribute. It was a school, a name, a flag, a thing that the ancient Coliseum "shows" aided the machinations of their ancestors at Rome.

The country is singularly peaceful. All the rioting and restlessness of the past weeks seems to have died down—evidently the Quarto acted as a safety-valve. There is a curious hush over the whole nation. Every well-born Italian one meets in these days has a little ball of private information which he will bring out and put back again in his pocket with the greatest security.

"And really we know nothing!" was the verdict of four well-known university professors, with whom I dined last night. "The people do not want war; but the general feeling is that the situation is so difficult that we must leave it to those in whose hands are gathered all the threads, i.e., the government. We may grumble afterwards—we may even have a revolution with a Sicilian president ("they are very clever, those Sicilians!", said one professor, "too clever!"), but no one asked for it. It was not only a question of Italy and Austria, but of day and night. We cannot stand by and see Germany master of the world. England, though we do not minimise her mistakes, stands to the rest of Europe for liberty and civilisation.

We do not want any master, but we would say, "if we are to have one, give us England."

The cry of "Coward!" that has been thrown at Italy's head by some people is not well considered. No one in England realises, apparently, how hard the military authorities have had to work to bring the army up to its present state of efficiency. They are at last mobilised. Nearly all the ammunition is being made in the country—and not a single man has been called out from the army. The army is under no hesitancy; the Italians would be the last to deny. For Prussianism must be stamped out; in the centre of the army, the flags and the scaffolding, the bespangled speech and the theatrical appearance of an aeroplane performing over D'Annunzio (as perhaps it was!), but the thinking minority are aware that the great, sincere spirit of Garibaldi deserved a simpler, more reverent tribute.

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Such was the hymn the Orphics chanted. And if we would worship knowledge, this is the hymn that we must chant today, together, man and woman—to-day and to-morrow." This is, of course, a very convenient interpretation for a suffragist; but it is possible to object that too high a price may be paid for knowledge, and that price is demanded when we are asked to worship, not a divinity, but a teratological specimen of humanity. If the number of eyes is so important, why should we not worship the four beasts in Revelations, who were "full of eyes before and behind, and full of eyes within"? One of them, at least, had the face of a man.

But having been the Orphics, she had found it added with sex, Miss Harrison becomes iconoclast again. "Hither she rides, singing her song of Deicides"; and in "Alpha and Omega," she smashes theology, eikonism, God. She had previously quoted Dostoevsky, and it is possible to construe it as if she knew, or knew about the unknown, is so much filched from religion." I have not the space to detail the process by which she arrives at this conclusion; but it seems that the everlasting and apparently natural process by which the unknown becomes known, the conscious mind becomes the conscious, must be prevented in the interests of ecstasy. After all, religious experience is only a special form of experience, and the processes of reason cannot be divorced from the processes of feeling. The reason will rationalise whatever is presented to it; and all that can be demanded is that those who object to the rationalisations of other people's experience should obtain experience for themselves.

This is what Miss Harrison's contention. She does not want to know (I think that she does not know) all that she knows; like the Christian in the hymn, she wants to be nothing, nothing, and she is only a Staff-lecturer of Newnham College. She wants to be one with Nature, two with Humanity, and three with Unanimist Love; I may have the figures wrongly stated, but in the presence of such a subliminal uprush as these essays express, I cannot calculate calmly. What is clear is that all barriers must be broken down, or all that can be demanded is that those who object to the rationalisations of other people's experience should obtain experience for themselves.

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A Lady of Russia. By Robert Bowman. (Heine- mann. 6s.)

The Lady of Russia, although the wife of a Russian diplomat, perhaps because of it, is exiled to her estate by administrative order. Hither comes an English-
engineer to open up some mine workings; and although he
was engaged to a nice English cousin who lives in a coun-
ytryside, he falls in love with the beautiful exile, and she with him. There is no harm done; Russia is a very cold climate, and Jonathan Forty (the Englishman) seems to have the blood of a frog—while the de-
licacy of the Russian lady is beyond the reach of impor-
tuous speech made by her to the peasants that fear that the mining operations are to be stopped, is reported in the proper quarters by the treacherous steward, and causes her arrest. She escapes with Forty, who begs her to come and live with him in England, but she "loves him too well...ever to burden him with the weight of a secret love"; and they are re-captured.

Jonathan is dismissed from Russia, and will never be permitted to return; she is sent to Siberia, a very cold place. Eight years afterwards, he does return, disguised as an American journalist; and finds her in Siberia, drunk. Although her husband is now dead, she still loves Jonathan too much to burden him with a drunken wife; and after he has departed in accordance with her request, she closes the stove, and dies of asphyxiation. So another tale ends in smoke.

The Rat-Pit. By Patrick MacGill. (Herbert Jenkins. 6s.)

For a writer who is being compared with Kipling and George Borrow, Mr. MacGill shows very little originality; and his literary gifts, whatever they may be, are admirably concealed in this book. The beautiful, fragile, modest Irish girl, who is seduced and taken to prostitution to save her baby's life, and finally dies gracefully of phthisis in the presence of the lover to whom she had denied her favours, is a rather familiar type. The assumption that her soul was unspotted by the "great sin" that she committed, although shame left her, and she took to drink, is precisely the sentimental assumption that does not accord with Mr. Mac-
Gill's "realistic" treatment of his subject. The chance that nearly brought her into professional relations with her long-lost brother is entirely fictitious, as is also the murder of her brother after he left her. But the book drags wearily on through potato-fields, slums, dust-heaps, rag-sorting warehouses, lodging-houses, all for no more apparent reason than that Mr. MacGill wanted to tell us all that he knew, or thought he knew, about the "under-world" of Glasgow. It is asserted by the publisher that "most of the characters are real people"; we can only say that the author's treatment lends no support to the assertion. These "demireps that love any save their own" are as Mid-Victorian as this quotation; and Norah Ryan never begins to be a real woman. Perhaps Mr. MacGill will turn his attention to fiction, and Norah Ryan never begins to be a real woman.

Summer Friendships. By Dorothy Muir. (Grant Richards. 6s.)

This is a record of a caravan tour in Scotland preserved in the form of letters to a silly old fool in Surrey (supposed to be a charming old woman of about forty, with dark hair, and a profound knowledge of the mystery of existence), written by six of the nine members of the party. As the party was mixed, and the author is a woman, the principal interest is concerned with the mating of couples. A dash of jealousy is introduced by the irruption of a female who longs to go on the stage, but who really joins them because she has planned an elopement. The man elopes before she arrives, and she marries the legal personage in Edinburgh from whom she attempted to escape. The young couple, after the usual stupidity, plight their troth near Ben Glioch; and at the end of the book, the silly old fool is coming from Surrey, and her middle-aged admirer is confidently looking forward to becoming her husband. A married couple were already in the company; and so the only other persons were a schoolboy and a baby girl, the author could not marry any more of them. But she converts the schoolboy from contempt to love of the baby girl, and thus rounds off the picture.

The story is illustrated by forty-eight photographs: we are told that the caravans are the "photographer's despair," but they nevertheless appear in about forty of the forty-eight illustrations. "Nil desperandum" seems to be the motto of the whole party, including the photographer. If it is a poor novel that blows nobody into marriage, it does not follow that it is a good novel that shifts three couples off the shelf.

Pastiche.

THE ODES OF ANACREON, TRANSLATED BY ANDRÉ B.

II.

Nature has given borns to the bull
And hooves to the horse;
Dreadful teeth to the lion;
To fish the power of swimming;
To birds the wing for flight;
To men courage.
For women she had naught else.
What then has she given?
Beauty—in lieu of all bucklers,
In place of all spears;
And woman with beauty subdues both fire and sword.

IV.

Reclining upon tender myrtle and on verdant lotus,
I would drink, the white Cupid,
Tying his tunic at the neck with papyrus rush,
Pours wine for me.
And wherefore strew the ground with libations
To men courage.
Rather do thou anoint me while yet I live,
Uttering sneers, because of those fair ones.
But any whom I wished to love fled my dreams,
And I, forsaken and sorrowful, essayed to sleep again.

VIII.

Sleeping upon sea-blue carpets through the night,
Gladdened with wine, methought I saw myself
Coursing on tip-toe, sporting with maidens,
And some, drinking the babbling water of belaurelled Phoebus,
Near to the banks of Claros, shriek aloud in their frenzy.
But I, glutted with wine, with perfumes, and with my mistress,
Wish, yea, wish, to rave.

XV.

The sable earth drinks,
And the trees drink her;
The sea drinks torrents,
And the sun the sea,
And the moon the sun
Friends, why are ye angry with me
When I, too, wish to drink?
The daughter of Tantalus
Once stood a statue on the Phrygian hills;
And the child of Pandion flew, a swallow.
And I would I were a mirror.
That thou might ever look at me;
For thee to wear always.
I wish to become water,
That I may bathe thy skin for thee.
And may I become the girdle of thy breasts,
And pearls for thy neck;
That thou mayst tread me with thy feet.

When Bacchus is within me, my cares are lulled,
And being in my fancy possessed of the riches of Croesus,
If to reckon the sand of the whole ocean,
And then for Corinth set down strings of love,
Put down for me my loves in Lesbia,
For it is in Achaea, where the women are fair.
First set down for Athens twenty loves and fifteen
If thou hast skill to count every leaf on the trees,
What sayest thou? Loves without end?
I appoint thee alone chronicler of my loves.
In Caria and in Rhodes—two thousand loves.
Not yet have I told of my loves in Syria,
Nor those in Crete, the possessor
In whose cities Love holds his orgies.
Why wilt thou that I number those too beyond Gadira?
Because the blooming flower of spring is with thee,
Fly not from me, seeing my hoary
Rather teach me to sport with golden Aphrodite.
Why teach me the laws and quibbles of rhetoricians?
Observe how becoming even in garlands
Are the white lilies entwined with roses
Hoary hairs crown my head;
Soon thou wilt cover me no longer alive.
The dead man has no desires.

FROM THE GHAZELS OF DJELALEDDIN.

I. I gazed aloft and there beheld amid all spaces one:
And in the sea I found amid all foamy traces one.
I searched the heart of man,—it was a shifting maze of worlds,
Where throngs abode, and I beheld amid all faces one.
Thou art the First, thou art the Last, the Utmost and the Whole.
Thy splendour 'tis, that all the splendours interlaces,
The chariot of the world by four unbridled steeds is drawn,
Subdued by thee, they keep their own appointed places.
In concert to thy will awow thy sovereign graces, one.

II. When the smith has wrought the sabre edged with flawless blade,
Sir,—I enclose cutting from your issue of March 18, and possibly the following might give you a different opinion from that you seem to have about the state of things in South Africa.

As I have nothing to do with the one or the other (British or German), have been 34 years in this country, and am intimately acquainted with its affairs, you can trust that my statements are truthful and unbiased.

You say, "One can't expect a back-veldt Boer to see these things."

Well, listen now.

Twelve years ago England was fighting in South Africa, but that all animosity should have disappeared in this comparatively short lapse of time. Let us be sports. England's boast is patriotism and love of home and country. It is over 40 years since Alsace and Lorraine were taken by Germany, and what you admire most in them to-day is that their hearts are still French, and that all that Germany has done to make Germans of them has been futile. Why should this admirable trait in the one be laudable and despicable in the other? No! The older generation of Boers are true republicans, and nothing will satisfy them in this world but their old flag and constitution. Yet they make a virtue of necessity and accept the Union Jack. True, they wear more or less audibly when they see it, but, for all that, next to their old flag, the English flag is good enough for them.

I must try to tell a very long story short.

When the European war started, the position of German South-West was discussed, and the Botha Government told the people that they had been requested by Britain to go to Windhoek and destroy the wireless station, which was causing considerable disturbance in the messages to and from the vessels they found out our coast. For all the harm that could come to this country from Germany South-West, the place might as well be in the middle of the Atlantic. Windhoek lies in the northern part of a good bit of country separated by a desert from the sea, and several deserts from Transvaal Rhodesia and Cape. It is very difficult to know the truth as to how many men there are in G.S.W. Rumours vary between two thousand and twenty thousand. I take the figure to be about fifteen thousand, composed mostly of Germans, and a few Boers, who, not wishing to live under British rule, emigrated there some years ago. They are German subjects now, and consequently in the German ranks.

A few travellers along the coast, and a few patrols watching the frontier lines, would have held the crowd as prisoners of war in their own country as long as necessary. Any attempt to harm us here was out of the question, and the Germans knew it. Any attempt to overwhelm us would have formed part of the whole of German population, Briton, Boer, etc., ready to meet them. Moreover, fifteen thousand men can easily get lost before they can ever get a part of the Transvaal Rhodesia.

To any of us old stagers who know a thing or two, and have been through the mill, the attempt would be considered a great joke. And if it had gone beyond the joke, every one of us would have dug out his gun and gone out for a short practice. That would have been the end of it.

This was the feeling of nearly every man here, no matter what nationality. If the Government had called on them, they would have found them ready to stand up for the country against all comers, and the rebellion would have been avoided. But compared with the German despotic system, to destroy which all Europe is up in arms, the policy of the South African dictator is, Botha, Smuts, Merrillan, etc., stands well on the same level.

They took upon themselves to mobilise the defence force, 30 to 40 per cent. of whom are youngsters, and kidnapped them out of the country into G.S.W. It was the inspiration raised by this high-handed policy which caused the rebellion. The Boers said, "Let the Germans try to come here, and every one of us will fight; but the Germans must leave our home's way or where they are, and we are not going to worry about them."

This would be very easy for Botha and his crew to have settled the matter satisfactorily. An intelligent settlement would have kept us on our farms as we always did, and we would have heard about twenty thousand men ready to volunteer for home service (all of the best), and would have saved an enormous expenditure (which we can ill afford), and guaranteed the internal safety of the country.

The Government has at present more than fifty thousand men in G.S.W., many of them against their will, has already spent ten millions, and is looking for more (and more money), has hardened the producing classes with enormous and unreasonable taxation; and is on the way of making this country unfit for a dog to live in.

The rebellion is long finished, but we are still under martial law. Nobody dares express any sympathy against the mad actions of a few Kaiser imitators, without bringing upon himself all the weight of the law.

The only possible excuse for their dealings would be conviction of ideals and honesty of purpose. The have not, neither the one nor the other. At the bottom of all their dealings you will find greed and dishonesty. You will find a combination of the most unscrupulous capitalists and members of the Government, for the purpose of acquiring the G.S.W. diamond fields and any other valuable assets in the country on the cheap. They expected an easy job, and now find that they have more than they bargained for. As you say, there would have been some sense in speeding the men and the money out of Europe, but that would not have suited their book. Their plan is that England should find the Union in possession of G.S.W. by the time the war is over, and have to give the pocketed resources of those who have for years exploited South Africa for their own selfish and nefarious purposes.

This is what the back-veldt Boer knows so well. His protests are always attributed to racialism and treated with contempt. No wonder that they gave expression to their feelings by revolting. I do not want to make any excuses for the action of Boers, still, without being justified, it was the only issue left to them to bring their case forcibly before the Government. There are now in G.S.W., many Boers serving as prisoners of war in their own country, for as long as they have encountered in a part of the world.

Food Supply.

Sir,—Will the writer of the "Notes of the Week," in simple, dispassionate terms, state the steps he advises to be taken to prevent the price of the wheat quarter loaf rising above ninepence during this coming winter?

To write of turning England into one national farm does not meet the case, for the time has long since passed where other does reference to the example of the French Government, for it has the natural supply of corn stored, or growing, in its land; the French have long since taken a bare-one-sixth of the needed supply under its control.

At present, your "Writer of the 'Notes of the Week," seems to wish us to do what he did, on January 28, accused the dye-using manufacturers of doing: "running about to see what can be done to save them from their own past folly!"

HOWARD INCE.
THE UNSPEAKABLE TURK.

Sir,—In the name of Allah, the Merciful, the Compassionate, peace be upon him, I have a prophecy for you, shadowing a greater, and not less than your present condition. In "Blackwood's" for this month I came upon an article, entitled "Across Asia Minor on Foot," wherein occurs the following passage that so much confirmed what I wrote about the Turk in a previous letter to The New Age, that I venture to copy and send it on to you.

"I paid Ighsan reluctant tribute. He was brave and self-sacrificing; and often when I observed his patience and dignity, I felt that it was my business to keep silent. He had a broad, flat nose, low, narrow forehead, and cut his chin like an Englishman. But—where was his chaff?"

What says "Observer" in the "Sheffield Daily Telegraph" on just in?—"The prophets are now shaking their heads and saying: 'You will pay for this. Wait till war is over. Peace will bring ruin. The world will be waiting for the Triumph of Christianity and the jubilant howls of "the Churches," especially "the Free Churches," will be very soon followed by the hushed and ashamed "voice of the East"-"Yah! dirty furriner, go from my country!"

Sir,—The following report from a Midlands correspondent was printed last week by your contemporary, "The Engineer."

"Most of the cycle and motor-cycle manufacturers have given over a large portion of their plant to the output of munitions, and the demand for both is still further increased during the next weeks. To a considerable extent the workmen are forcing the hands of the employers. The operatives are anxious to be turned on to war material and work without spirit on goods going into commerce. That is the testimony of the head of one of the largest local factories."

How admirable an end! "Business as Usual"!

RICHARD MATHER.

MEN AND MUNDEN.

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FOREIGNERS IN ENGLAND.

Sir,—That which in "M. F. E.'s" letter is not abusive is meaningless nonsense. What possible bearing on the matter under discussion has the following remark, "... The English have invariably worshipped at the shrine of beauty both in man and woman. Personal appearance goes far to the election of lords and masters who have carried it on ever since. A different twist of Fortune's wheel, and the Turks might have been charging alongside the Sikhs and Pathans at Neuve Chapelle. The Bishop of London says that Christ is now in Waiting for the Triumph of Christianity and the jubilant howls of "the Churches," especially "the Free Churches," will be very soon followed by the hushed and ashamed "voice of the East"—"Yah! dirty furriner, go from my country!"

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Sir,—As one who knows something of modern industrial conditions, as a writer who considers he has done something to prove himself a poet (despite New Age critics who have inferred the contrary), as a man whose aesthetic consciousness, however immature as yet, is revolting by the vulgarity, indignities, and ugliness which Capitalism has imposed upon the world, I would like to offer my tribute of praise and support for Mr. Ivor Brown's article last week.

The profiteer has already justified his philosophy from his own point of view by practical illustration, and greed has certainly not been put aside. But I venture to suggest that the following paragraphs are of the New Age that I venture to copy.

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D. K. SORABJI.

BEAUTY AND THE GUILDS.

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understanding of so much in life. For these amusements we have an admiration so sincere and spontaneous that it cares no whit for the criticism of more fully developed intelligence. Nor will we dare to write a word obtaining which obscures the truth from those whose education and environment have been a sharpening rather than a formative process, lowering the temper of the mind, it claims to furnish and maintain. Robberies, bankruptcies as commercial enterprise has no foarer teather to its discredit than this fitching away of spiritual "sweetness and light."

Great as the National Guilds are, great is that true common sense, which seeing, a huge evil rampant, seeks to provide a natural method for its prevention, their spiritual wealth must remain dark to the majority of mankind for generations, unless such potentialities are insisted upon and explained from the beginning, as an integrant of that real common sense by which Mammon's spurious alternative is to be exposed and put to shame. To restate the human spirit during the period of economic crises, of struggle for subsistence made harsher by commercial enterprise has no fouler theft to its discredit than to have two doses, the death-rates being 6.29 and 7 per cent. respectively.

Your readers may be aware that there are grave risks attached to anti-typhoid inoculation, and in view of its failure to protect or mitigate, as shown by the Government statistics, it is to be hoped they will use their influence against any attempts to introduce the practice amongst the civil population.

L. LOM. Secretary of the National Anti-Vaccination League, 27, Southampton Street, W. C.

**MEXTZSCHE IN INDIA.**

Sir,—In the "Modern Review" for January, 1915 (210-31, Cornwallsia Street, Calcutta), there is an article by Wilfred Wellock, expository and critical, on "Nietzsche and the War."

After commenting on the way, during the present war especially, Nietzsche has been misrepresented as teaching that "might is right," he puts the point that "one of the chief principles in Nietzsche's system of thought is that might is nearly always wrong, that the great struggle of life is always of right against might."

No Nietzsche life is an eternal struggle of right against might, of enlightenment against prejudice, of knowledge against ignorance, of the minority against the majority, of the few who drink against the many who do not drink." In this idea he finds the source of all Nietzsche's language bearing upon warfare. And he thinks that if Nietzsche had been alive he would have been one of the last men in Germany to defend the German cause, the motive behind the war. "Nietzsche hated with an intense hatred all that we understand by the term Prussianism, Bureaucracy, and every form of State control he abhorred. What he desired and fought for was the maximum of liberty for the individual, whereby he might live his own life without interference, so long, of course, as he did not trespass upon the liberties of others."

He gives as examples of the passages most frequently quoted against Nietzsche the following from "Thus Spake Zarathustra": "Ye should love peace as a means to war—and the short peace more than the long. . . . I do not exhort you to peace but to victory. Let you a battle, let your peace be a victory. . . . Ye that say that a good cause will even sanctify war! Tell you it is the good war that sanctifies every cause."

Mr. Wellock comments thus: "These passages seem to be clear enough but really they are not; while the fact that they have been quoted as a justification of the present war is a proof that those who have done so have not the remotest idea of Nietzsche's philosophy; have never seriously read a whole page of Nietzsche. As a proof of this statement I need do no more than quote one or two passages which precede those I have just cited, by only a few sentences: "And I pray you, if ye cannot be saints of knowledge, be at least such saintship. I see many soldiers; would that I saw great souls. . . . Let the future and what is furthest off. . . . Ye. . . . Free life still remains open for great souls. . . ."

Again, the writer says that Nietzsche does not believe that the world is right in the commercial sphere, and quotes the passage beginning: "Look, I pray you, at the superfinous ones," and ending: "Fifth often sits on a throne—and often also the throne on film," and comments: "It would be difficult to find a still more serious condemnation of the objects and doings of present-day commercialists than we have here.

Continuing his exposition, he says that some inkling of Nietzsche's conception of the ideal life for man may be got from the following: "The earth still remains open for great souls. . . ."

In the journal called *The New Age*, May 20, 1915, FREDERICK H. EVANS gives a number of passages from the book that have never seriously read a whole page of Nietzsche. As a proof of this statement I need do no more than quote one or two passages which precede those I have just cited, by only a few sentences: "And I pray you, if ye cannot be saints of knowledge, be at least such saintship. I see many soldiers; would that I saw great souls. . . . Let the future and what is furthest off. . . . Free life still remains open for great souls. . . ."
is sacrificed. And I love those who will not hold them¬
se¬
ses back.

Mr. Wellock replies to the question: "What about Nietzsche's denial of the Christian virtues, pity and charity?

"I don't know if it is charity or pity, but Nietzsche claims it is the worship of strength. He talks about Christian virtues, and I think that Nietzsche was greatly concerned about defining the actual content of the life of supermen; he was too broad-minded for that, realising that such content was bound to change from time to time with the attainment of progress. His object was to make a better race of thinking, morally and spiritually free men, men whose whole lives rested, as it were, in their own hands, were the expressions of thought and of a high spiritual purpose. And is not that what we are all doing? [Alas, no!] And how can we have a real democ¬
cracy and be true to his ideas? .....

"In his hatred of mere uniformity of life and character . . . Nietzsche is in line with all the best modern thought.

Another criticism is that Nietzsche was too broad-minded. He has been read by scholars as a preacher when he should really be heard as a thinker. . . . But one morning he awoke . . .

The last criticism is that Nietzsche "over-emphasised the fighting element in life; but this being the chief idea of his supermen}; but, "that they are highly spiritual men with high spiritual purposes, he is quite . . .

"Learn to Die." Did the German write this before the Frenchman, De Chamfort, wrote his anecdotes? Here is a translation of one of De Chamfort's anecdotes.

"Why," said Mlle. de . . ., twelve years younger, "Why that phrase, 'Learn to Die'? I see that one succeeds in that very well at the first attempt.

The German's hoary sage and De Chamfort's miss seem to be the same person.

MR. BAX ON SCHOPENHAUER

Sir,—I have no time to write at length, but I would like to give a few reasons for disagreeing with R. H. C.'s praise of Mr. Bax's essay on Schopenhauer.

In the first place, Mr. Bax is hostile to pure literature. "Byron, Shelley, Scott, and other lesser lights of English imaginative literature, were languishing, rhapsodising, or sight-seeing in Venice, Florence, Rome, and elsewhere." What could be more vulgar? On an even lower level of style and temper is the following amusing mixture of images: "The ethical side of Schopenhauer's system has the character of the Middle Ages. It is a quasi-philosophical stalking-horse for the somewhat nebulous fin de siecle pessimism which is the characteristic note of the modem man of culture." I find no trace of reverence or even of sympathy in Mr. Bax's study of "our neo-Buddhist." And as for Mr. Bax's attempts to unravel his own ideas, but I give you an example. "Whether the abolition of social conditions of the antagonism at present existing between individual and society will be effective will depend on his attitude towards the individual and to the society, and finally the nature of the movement of the future. . . ."

"To impose its 'culture' by force upon its neighbours—would this not be the direct effect of the attempt of modern Germany and its 'national cupidity' to impose its 'culture' by force upon its neighbours—would not these attempts to unravel his own ideas be one of the most interesting by this a given society in its collective life?"

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Sir,—Among the translations of German epigrams which Mr. P. Selver gives us is one by Pfeffer, entitled "Learn to Die." Did the German write this before the Frenchman, De Chamfort, wrote his anecdotes? Here is a translation of one of De Chamfort's anecdotes.

Why," said Mlle. de . . ., twelve years younger, "Why that phrase, 'Learn to Die'? I see that one succeeds in that very well at the first attempt.

The German's hoary sage and De Chamfort's miss seem to be the same person.

** MR. BAX ON SCHOPENHAUER

Sir,—I have no time to write at length, but I would like to give a few reasons for disagreeing with R. H. C.'s praise of Mr. Bax's essay on Schopenhauer.

In the first place, Mr. Bax is hostile to pure literature. "Byron, Shelley, Scott, and other lesser lights of English imaginative literature, were languishing, rhapsodising, or sight-seeing in Venice, Florence, Rome, and elsewhere." What could be more vulgar? On an even lower level of style and temper is the following amusing mixture of images: "The ethical side of Schopenhauer's system has the character of the Middle Ages. It is a quasi-philosophical stalking-horse for the somewhat nebulous fin de siecle pessimism which is the characteristic note of the modem man of culture." I find no trace of reverence or even of sympathy in Mr. Bax's study of "our neo-Buddhist." And as for Mr. Bax's attempts to unravel his own ideas, but I give you an example. "Whether the abolition of social conditions of the antagonism at present existing between individual and society will be effective will depend on his attitude towards the individual and to the society, and finally the nature of the movement of the future. . . ."

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