NOTES OF THE WEEK.

To the best of our recollection we have not written in these pages a demand of England as the acknowledged opposing England's participation in the war. We have never thought or said that England should not have been in it; nor have we once suggested that England should get out of it before its end is attained. On the contrary, our conviction from the first week of the war is maintained by Prussia, as England as the acknowledged power of the destruction of Capitalism, the need for military training and resources organised for victory, immediate sacrifices, particularly ironical, the most efficient local instruments in the repair were the voluntary army was itself the worst blunder that could have been created by the State, could have persuaded ten. County and Borough Councils which the War Office had in the past ignored or despised. Our readers may likewise be reminded of the fact that our concern for the military efficiency of England did not begin with the present war. Having in view, as we always had, the contingency of such a war as this from the collisions of international capitalism as well as from the collisions of national ideals, our first criticism of the Territorial scheme of Lord Haldane was that it would fail, from its unpopular constitution, to give the nation the reserve of trained men adequate to our coming needs. The disinterment from their dust of the County Lieutenants to be the local authorities of the new voluntary army was itself the worst blunder that could have been made. There were, we said, the new popular bodies, the County and Borough Councils, whose function it clearly was to organise their areas for peace, and if for peace, why not for war? Where the County Lieutenants could induce or persuade one man to undergo voluntary military training, the County Councils, provided they were properly recognised by the State, could have persuaded ten. County emulation, territorial pride, and the ambition of the new authorities to justify their new responsibilities would, we maintained, ensure for the nation a practically universal military training and thus create an inexhaustible body of reserves on which the regular professional army might draw at a moment's notice. Lord Haldane, we have reason to believe, was himself in favour of some such form of control for the Territorial armies. But the traditional snobbery of the War Office effectually opposed him. When the war broke out, therefore, instead of finding ourselves with counties of trained men and counties of at least training equipment, the neglected years had suddenly to be repaired by improvisation. And, what is particularly ironical, the most efficient local instruments in the repair were the very County and Borough Councils which the War Office had in the past ignored or despised.

With what object have we recalled these facts? It is assuredly not to pat ourselves on the back for our proven prescience, for in respect of our forecasts, that of the war and that of the comparative failure of the Territorial system, we had rather have been proved wrong than right. Our object is only to show that in opposing Conscription our ground is not, and cannot be regarded as being, mere pacifism, since never at any time have we been pacifists even by neglect. Our objections to Conscription, on the other hand, are on the ground of England's efficiency, immediately in the present war, and in the wars to come. Whatever, we say, may be the case with Conscription in other countries, in England Conscription not only will not conduce to victory in the present war, but we believe it will impair our military efficiency from the moment that an attempt is made to establish it. And of the two considerations the latter is not, in our opinion, any less important than the former. If, indeed, we could assure ourselves that the present war would end war, something might conceivably be said for adopting a temporary measure of desperation in the certainty that no precedent would be created by it. But unfortunately this is not likely to be the case. On the contrary, as far as we can see, and in the continued postponement of the destruction of Capitalism, the need for military...
efficiency in England will be greater in the future than ever before. England has ceased to be an island. Our Navy, once so feared and menacing, is now in the mercy of enemy submarines whose extended powers must inevitably transform the nature of our supremacy in the world and transfer its centre of gravity from sea to land power. It is our business, therefore, to look ahead as well as to the present; and to reflect that an expedient adopted now in desperation may easily become the principle of the future. Is Conscription the method best suited, not merely to our temporary but to our permanent needs? Shall we get the best out of our national character by it?

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It would, however, be taxing too much a journalistic nation, accustomed to no longer than diurnal views, to press considerations for the remote future of the coining of a durable army. We will therefore confine our objections to Conscription to the war in which we are at present engaged. In the first place, then, it cannot be said that we have done so badly under the voluntary system that, if it can be avoided, Conscription ought lightly to be established as if the voluntary system had completely failed. We said last week and we repeat it that the volunteers now under arms number very much nearer the established as if the voluntary system has failed. We proved a disgraceful failure, whereas, on the contrary, it has in fact proved a glorious success. Are we to confine the world's worst suspicions by abandoning, for the sake of the remainder of our eligible men, a system which, besides being to our national honour (for not even Conscriptionists deny that the voluntary system is more honourable than Compulsion), has also so far served us well? To argue that this residue cannot be available man.

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In the second place, we are pretty certain that if the advocates of Conscription dream that they will have a walk-over in the first attempt, it will only be at the cost of their men, for they are living in a fool's paradise. As well as arousing all the active opponents of Conscription, they will rally to a single flag the various groups of the opponents of the war itself who are now scattered, silent and powerless. Of these we believe that not only has public opinion no just conception as to their numbers and weight, but, fortunately for the prosecution of the war, none of the groups has a just conception either. They are, however, a minority all told sufficient in strength to the national Napoleonism. The opinions of Compulsion and of sparing ourselves the strain of intelligent persuasion, are we now to make a common cause for all these groups and to present them with a commodious Cave of Adullam in which to meet? Our apprehension is not one to be ignored at the moment of crisis; our defence against the war represented, for instance, by Lord Morley and Mr. Burns, to say nothing of the more fanatical opposition of the Independent Labour Party, the doctrinaire Liberals, the Quakers and other pacifist associations, is not, in our opinion, any stronger for the moment; but it is latent in the country, it is considerable in weight, and under sufficient provocation it will surely become active. The attempt to establish Conscription would, we believe, provide all these groups with the very element necessary to precipitate their combination. From one end of the country to the other these people would emerge from their retreats to discover their numbers, to realise their power, and to oppose not only Conscription but the war as well. Once more we ask whether the choice of Conscription over continued persuasion is worth this risk.

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Nor are these the only objections to Conscription even as a temporary measure. Our English tradition of liberty is certainly an asset in the war of incalculable military advantage. To lose this already the admission to the Allied cause of Italy, not to count the inestimable services, all voluntary, of our own sister dominions. And should the war be prolonged, as the war against Napoleonism was, we may still hope to owe to it the support, in one form or another, of another half of the countries of the world. That these will be more disposed to join us if we see us abandoning our voluntary system and adopting the system associated with Prussia is a specious argument founded upon bad psychology. Certainly they must wish to see us exerting our full strength before they can be expected to come to our help. But they must no less wish to see us exerting our strength in our own traditional manner which affords them guarantees that, unlike Prussia, England is not prepared to wear out the chips of paper for strategic military advantage. The obligation upon England is not only to win the war for liberty, but to win it by means of liberty. Our aim presumably is to demonstrate to the world that not only is Prussianism detestable in itself but that, in the long run, it is weaker than Anglicism. The long run, in such an ordeal, has doubtless to be paid for in present disadvantage. We do not deny that Prussia for the moment has the winning cards. Our confidence, however, and that of the world, is that in liberty the final trumps will be with us. It would be worse than folly to throw them away.

But we will not leave the problem with a mere negative. It can never be said of The New Age that we criticise everything and take the opposite side as a matter of routine. On the contrary, though they are invariably ignored, our suggestions are as invariably offered as our criticisms. The practical problem of filling the Army remains, we agree, when Conscription has finally been put aside, and it remains to be seen whether the question is how to solve it while maintaining the voluntary system. To begin with, we should ask ourselves why the residue of men eligible for military service and more useful to the nation in war than in industry do not come forward. The reasons, we believe, are three. In the first place, not nearly enough information has been given to the public concerning not only the conduct of the war but its issues, its importance and its meaning. Compare, for example, as we have just been doing, the speeches with which Pitt kept the nation alive to the present-day Napoleonic with the public utterances of our Cabinet. The long-run, in such an ordeal, has doubtless to be paid for in present disadvantage. We do not deny that Prussia for the moment has the winning cards. Our confidence, however, and that of the world, is that in liberty the final trumps will be with us. It would be worse than folly to throw them away.
the Executive into war, or in France have maintained the Executive in war, if the public in these two countries had been as much neglected in the matter of information as in Belgium. Our rulers have been, and still are, trumpeating at the outset of the war and have hung them up ever since, as if it were a matter of indifference to them whether the call was heard. Even our Oxford Professors, who rained pamphlets on the nation during the opening days of the war, have now retired with their cloisters to sleep as soundly as before the war. But the English nation is not in these days, if ever it was, aroused once and for good by a single blast. It needs to be kept awake as well as to be awakened.

The second reason is to be found in the continued supremacy of the profiteer in the counsels of the nation. The assumption, we see, is made by the conscripted Press that those who refuse to enlist are, without exception, slackers and shirkers, stupid selfish fellows who cannot see the importance of the present war. No assumption, we believe, could be more mistaken. Without reflecting upon the intelligence of the men who have joined already, we believe that the intelligence, the courage and even the public spirit of those who have deferred their enlistment are not less, but perhaps greater. The reluctants who finally joined the North in the American Civil War were not, by all accounts, the worst fighters. The very considerable number of theoretically eligible men whose services in industry are more important than their military services, even the remainder think they have good reason to delay, at any rate, their enlistment while so many evidences exist of the determination of the wealthy classes to profit by their sacrifices. Provision for the dependents of those killed is still far from satisfactory to men who take their family responsibilities seriously. Guarantees of reemployment after the war are still so far to seek that Mr. Tennant plainly told a depopulation of shop-assistants that “the Government could not guarantee their reinstatement after the war”; and it is obvious that the employment of women adds to the precariousness of the returning soldier’s economic outlook. The proposed limitation of profits during the war is still so hypothetical and promissory that the most well-meaning of workmen-patriots may doubt if it was ever intended. And, finally, the intention of the commercial classes to maintain the existing industrial system through the war and after it, is so apparent that any revolutionary may be excused for preferring to witness their work on the spot to risking his life to forward it abroad.

The third reason lies, we believe, in the threat of Conscription itself. If the voluntary system has so far succeeded, it is not because but in spite of the fact that it has been accompanied by threats of compulsion. The threat of compulsion, particularly in a matter where his honour is involved, is the signal for arousing in the Englishman all his characteristic obstinacy. To what other quality, after all, will the Kaiser owe his defeat at our hands but to this trait of English obstinacy aroused by threats? To imagine that this exists, and is our foolish pride, in the nation at large, and does not exist in its parts, is to affirm that the whole and the part are of different texture. We say that this trait exists in the men who have so far refused to enlist, and is daily being aroused more and more by the threats of the Press to apply compulsion. The comment that they are waiting to be fetched is as much a challenge as an invitation. Attempt to compel the Englishman, from a man he becomes a mule. On the other hand, nobody is more easily coaxed—we had almost written hoodwinked—than the Englishman. The confidence-trick takes him in as it would never take in an Irishman. Let but the governing classes appeal to him, with that break in the voice and that way of speaking, his eyes instantly fill with tears and he is willing to follow them or be directed by them anywhere. To force such a people argues an ignorance on the part of our governing classes eloquent of the estrangement between them and the nation, and ominous for our future. If they are as wise as they appear foolish, they will instantly drop all talk of compulsion, declare outright that under no circumstances shall men be forced to enlist, and then appeal in the names of England and honour to the remaining men to enlist of their own free will.

We fear, however, that more is hoped by our profiteers from Conscription than mere war. Conscription is the present war; and in that event all the foregoing arguments are useless because irrelevant to their condition of mind. As Mr. Garvin, if we remember, advocated the arguments element—that is, the Prussian element—in the Insurance Act, not for its own sake, but to familiarise the English people with compulsion and thus to take off the edge of their objection to Conscription, so, we suspect, many people are to be found advocating Conscription at the eleventh hour of the day, not with an eye to the war in Flanders, but with both eyes on the industrial war at home. The contrast of the discipline and of the sharp sanctions of command in the army and in industry is too striking not to fill the profiteers with envy of the power of the military directors. They would fain, if they could, procure for themselves a weapon of authority so effective. If only, under cover of national organisation or some such phrase, they could thimble-rig the pea and introduce military discipline into their factories, strikes could be treated as mutiny, demands for better conditions or higher wages as insubordination, and transfers of employment as desertion. Listen, for example, to the Bishop of Pretoria who has come all the way from South Africa to teach us how to constitute a petty-bourgeois and patriotic in England. Or to the Bishop of Hull, that Venice of our lovely North. “Just as a deserter in the Army,” said the Bishop, “was shot, so should they treat the men who refused work. Have we not promised that kind of sequel promised to military Conscription and expected to make it more palatable to our workmen? The similar contrast between the nature of military and industrial service does not yet seem to have risen to the scum of our episcopal minds. Yet it has become plain to all serious thinkers, as the following passage from the current issue of “The Round Table” proves. Referring to the unrest on the Clyde and of the episcopal attempt of the Government to deal with it, “The Round Table” says:—

The fact is that Mr. Lloyd George’s oratory and the awards of his nominees had little effect on the men, because, however tactful in detail, they can never touch the root of the trouble. It was all very well to encourage the armament workers by describing them as “soldiers of industry,” but the men knew very well that, if their work was as valuable as that of their comrades in the trenches, the conditions under which it was performed were entirely different. In strict and literal truth, however useful to their country their work might be, they were not working for the State, but for private employers—employers who, as they believed, were already profiting largely by the war, and will profit still more by the adoption of speeding up methods. Now can Pretoria and Hull see the difference! or shall we make it still plainer? The officers of the Army have the right to command and the right to punish those who use their risks and objects are common with those of their men. Our industrial employers, on the other hand, thrive on their men’s defeat and grow wealthier as these grow more worn.

We promised last week to examine the conditions that make, in our opinion, a General Election advisable. They must wait another week. It is clear, however, that the attempt at compulsory enlistment, involving as it would a rupture in our national tradition, requires, if any measure ever did, a popular mandate. We simply cannot understand the mind that screamed for election upon election, referendum upon referendum, in the cases of the Lords’ dispute and Home Rule, and is prepared to see Conscription carried by a voice of its own, Catholic Obscura which is certainly not even popular. But we shall return to the subject.
Foreign Affairs
By S. Verdad.

Whatever the Bishop of Pretoria may know of godliness, I am prepared to affirm that he knows very little about shells or about the best method of organising the country so as to increase the supply. It is not pleasant to find dignitaries of the Church interfering in purely technical matters of this sort; and there is no reason why the Bishop of Hull should echo the crudities of the "Times" leaders. If there are any other bishops who think of emulating the examples set by the two persons I have mentioned, let them take care of their facts. I have myself accumulated special information regarding shells, and it does not tally with the extraordinary statements in the Northcliffe Press. Incidentally, I notice that at last the Director of Public Prosecutions is to be empowered to take steps against papers which publish information likely to be of value to the enemy. It was high time for somebody to realise that Carmelite House had become little else than an asylum for neuropaths.

Speaking generally, there is no lack of shells at the British front in Flanders—the remark applies as much to high explosive shells as to shrapnel shells. There are plenty of shells at the front, and there are plenty in reserve. When I say there are plenty in reserve, I mean that there are large reserves of shells in Flanders and also in this country. There is, it is true, a slight scarcity of shells for the eighteen-pounders, the field-pieces, though this important fact has not yet been brought to the notice of Lord Northcliffe. This is a purely temporary shortage, and applies only to one section of the line held by the British troops. It is true that, here and there on the line, a few artillery brigades have occasionally run short of shells; it is true that more than once the infantry regiments they were covering have suffered in consequence. But these occasional shortages may be quite adequately explained by technical reasons: surprise attacks at unexpected points, the use of poisonous gas, the difficulties of transport, etc.

There is no shortage of shells in the sense indicated by the "Times" and the "Daily Mail." Our guns are not gasping for shells; and our men at the front are not shouting for conscription so that a regular supply of shells may be assured.

More than this, when Colonel Repington visited Sir John French a few weeks ago and subsequently published a statement in the "Times" regarding shells, he did not succeed in conveying to his readers the precise ideas which Sir John French had formed on the subject and had endeavoured to convey to him. If Sir John had had the writing of the statement in the "Times" which gave rise to so much comment, it would have been written in a way much less likely to set the War Office by the ears. In short, the statement in question, as it appeared in print, was exaggerated. Either the speaker had not explained himself carefully, or the editor had misunderstood him. The fact remains that no one read the statement on shells with more surprise than Sir John French himself. That is a very important point, and no small part of the hysterical attack on Lord Kitchener by the Northcliffe Press can be explained by it.

It was high time, as I have said, that the Director of Public Prosecutions was entrusted with greater powers in dealing with newspapers. For the last two or three weeks it has been impossible for any Englishman to explain to a neutral on what lines our censorship is exercised. Judicious use of the censorship authorities, even in time of war, can always be made in the House of Commons; it can even be made in the more responsible newspapers. Our Allies and friends, bearing this in mind, were naturally astonished to observe the leniency with which the Northcliffe Press was treated; and they were still more astounded that Mr. Bottomley's paper was allowed to continue publication. The Government was blamed abroad, not merely for yielding to clamour, but for refraining from utterly repudiating the clamour before it became effective.

Indeed, there are still many people abroad who believe that the "Times" is the official or semi-official organ of the British Government; and such people naturally could not understand why the members of the Cabinet permitted themselves to be criticised by an organ of such presumed importance. It was not surprising in the circumstances that Government financiers should have asked me, as they did: "Why is Asquith trying to bribe Northcliffe? What has been done? Who has been threatening whom?"

Obviously, if the Government wishes Lord Northcliffe to be pacified there is a reason, possibly a bad one, for putting up with the jeers and insults of his papers. But why should any attempt be made to buy off Northcliffe's criticisms? Where are we to look for an explanation of this? Consider once more the question of shells. Supposing that the reserves are not so large as they might be—let us postulate this for the sake of argument—can we contemplate the possibility of the Northcliffe Press knowing some fact or facts which might be awkward for the Government, if published? If we examine this aspect of the question of munitions we shall be struck by a curious incident. Shortly after the war began, when it was realised that our own factories could not turn out ammunition quickly enough, an appeal was made to the United States, and a contract was entered into between the Government of this country on the one hand and Messrs. Morgan on the other. Whereby it was practically agreed that all war supplies to be made or purchased in the United States should be secured through a "trust" of financiers with Mr. Morgan at its head. The meaning of this contract, which appeared to the outsider to be most extraordinary, was never explained. It will be better understood when I say that Messrs. Morgan had bought up, early in August, not merely all the available supplies of war munitions in the United States not directly required for the American army, but also all the plant they could lay their hands on. No such Trust was ever formed at such short notice; but the result of the financiers' activity was that there was a virtual monopoly of war materials in the United States. Our Government had to buy from Morgans or go without.

Except, I should add, in one instance. From a private member of the House of Commons, whose name I forget for the moment, the Government received, a few weeks ago, a public invitation to buy several million shells which he professed to be able to deliver to the War Office—repeated in writing at the request of the Government. The offer—repeated in writing at the request of the War Office—was not accepted. Why? Was it because of the Morgan contract? For, if so, the Morgan contract could, even legally, have been broken in the public interest. In other words, if shells were wanted, and Messrs. Morgan were unable to supply them, it was the imperative duty of the Government to get them elsewhere if possible. If the Government did not choose to do so it must have been actuated by several motives, or perhaps only one. And the one motive, or one of the several motives, may have been fear of something or somebody. Perhaps it was not altogether a question of Mr. Morgan's profits, and the profits of his friends.

This article is intended as a hint and a reassurance. Shells are wanted for the "big drive"; but we have enough to go on with. The hint will be appreciated by more than one hemisphere; and it will, in case of necessity, be emphasised.
Towards National Guilds.

There is, of course, not the smallest significance in the choice of Mr. Arthur Henderson as a Cabinet Minister: the significance is in the choice of the Leader of the Labour Party. Once more public homage is due to the fact that Labour now holds the future in its hands. No longer now is it a question of policy; continue at this pace, and perhaps, the leaders of the Labour Party will come to the country with no such vices among them as Trade Unionism. Every small matter of horse and stable is gone. Trade Union officials who are not urging the substitution of walking for riding, country amusements for town amusements, conversation for entertainments, books for newspapers, and thinking for idling. Thought, above all, is the duty of the trulyred, real leaders of Labour. They owe it to themselves, to society and to God. Having become, by virtue of skill, the most important factor in modern life; having, in short, risen to power; it is their plain duty to think, think, think how most wisely they can exercise it. The Trade Unionist who is not thinking for his class to-day is the potential blackleg of to-morrow.

The reply to the critics who allege that Labour alone has struck for higher rewards during the war is that the profiteering classes either had no need to strike or called their action by another name. But what else than a strike (and a successful strike) was the action of the distillers who defeated the Government's drink legislation? What else but a strike was the action of the shipowners who compelled the Government to raise the price of requisitioned ships from 8s. 6d to 11s. per month? What else but a strike was the action of the railway companies when they threatened to share the cost of their men's war bonus? What else but by means of a threat of a strike (that is, by threatening to withhold their services) have the various capitalist industries retained their monopolies during the war and increased their profits? Labour, on the contrary, has struck no more than once for every ten times Capital has struck.

The "Times" special Clyde correspondent writes that "so long as employers and employees are allowed to quarrel about wages, they will go on quarrelling." Naturally; but what is to put an end to it? It is useless to ask the men to withdraw their demands, for with the least weakness on their part the employers would depress wages to nothing. It is equally useless to ask the masters to forgo their profits—for they have the power to take them. Only by abolishing both profits and wages in the industry can the quarrel be ended. And this is only to be done by making a National Guild of Engineering with pay according to the function of its hierarchy of members. The "Times" correspondent continues that "I should say that the fault rests primarily with the employers," for "when deep distrust and persistent irritation exists among the men they have cause for it." How often have we said the same? It is contrary to human nature that a thousand or so men should strike for no good reason. The benefit of the doubt in every case of a strike should therefore always be given to the men and not to the masters. It may be, and it often is, that the strike is for the wrong object. Strikes for higher wages are idiotic. But wrong object or not, the cause of the strike is always just.

Is it not odd that the North is accused of "industrial inefficiency," while the other engineering districts receive nothing but flattery? Differences like these do not exist without a cause, but the cause is not to be discovered where the "Times" looks for it, in the difference of character of the two sets of men. Place the Clyde workmen in Woolwich or under the conditions of Portsmouth and they would be as quiet as the men of Woolwich and Portsmouth. Remove the latter to the Clyde and they would be as quiet as the Clyde men are. Dig a little deeper, you "Times" correspondent and others. The engineers of the Clyde are under private control, in service for private profit; the engineers of the South are working directly for the nation! Martial law is not necessary for the latter—why is it supposed to be for the former? Put employers under martial law, if you like; for it is their encroachments and indiscipline that provoke men to unrest. They must be compelled to work for the State; the men do so willingly when they get the chance.
Aspects of the Guild Idea.

By Ivor Brown

V.

In my last paper I was engaged in discussing the relation of human character to social machinery; more particularly was I concerned to doubt the old-time Socialists' assumption that capitalism was the product of fiendish devilry on the part of definite individuals. Rather I preferred to attribute it to accidental working upon a basis of modified greediness and pettiness; negligence and carelessness, far more than conscious wickedness, have set loose the appalling avalanche of industrialism. It has descended upon us, not at the command of a few, but "all along o' mess, all along o' doing things rather more or less." But once the evil thing was well under way, it definitely appealed to the worst side of humanity and acquired strength and additional honours as it went. But, if my attitude towards the capitalist is to follow these lines, what is to be said of the worker? Is it fair to attribute the collapse of the medieval Guilds to the excessive jealousy, selfishness, and bigotry of the craftsmen? Is there any justification, that is to say, for the current criticism that a Guild system with its democratic sharing out of duties and responsibilities may be a very good thing but that mankind is not good enough for it?

I deny absolutely that the transition from the medieval Guilds to modern capitalism was caused by the poverty and pettiness of human character. Such poverty and pettiness, greed and laziness, conservatism and oligarchy may all have helped; but without the accidents of history they would never brought to the ground the fine edifice of industrial organisation known to this country in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. Let us consider for a moment these accidents of history. In 1349 the slaughterous march of the Black Death devastated the countryside and caused a revolutionary upheaval in agricultural processes. Through the next two or three centuries British rural history is the history of the creation by robbery and dispossession of a landless proletariat, ready for absorption in urban industry. Simultaneously the substitution of pasture for agriculture and the existence of a proletariat made smooth the way for the wool-merchant and the manufacturer of clothes. The immigration of foreign artisans and the popular production of rough English cloths in a domestic system of industry struck a terrific blow at the old English Guilds, and it was in the sixteenth century that we find the factory system appearing in the notorious case of Jack of Newbury with his two hundred or more makers of kersies. The staple industry of England was the industry most susceptible of capitalist production. No wonder the releases stoned of industrialism rolled invincibly on. Equally important, too, is the fact that the very essence of the medieval craft guild system was its localism. Its life depended upon the absence of communication between town and town. Mainly it flourished in the self-sufficient towns, who knew trade not as a regular thing but as the extraordinary product of the annual fair or a chance traveller. But the growth of transport facilities and especially the introduction of sea-borne commerce, the invasion of the Flemish weavers and the specialisation of function caused by the capitalising of the woollen industry altered the whole state of affairs. Make industry international, say, make it even national, and a system of purely municipal guilds must bow like a sapling to the storm.

It needed a superlatative provision and a great organising genius to forestall the hurricane and create a National Guild system to meet the new situation. That provision and that genius were not forthcoming. Why? Because the Guild system had arisen quietly in the mediaeval night, the fruit of historical development, alike, if not the same, in all the countries of Western Europe. What man had not consciously created, man did not consciously accept. What man only unconsciously accepted, man carelessly let slip. No one could foresee the necessity of fighting national capitalism with National Guilds. And so the abominable accident proceeded.

To suffer is to learn. Humanity seems strangely patient of its thrones, but there is a beginning of knowledge and some of us believe that we have learned. The lesson to be drawn from the history of English industry two chief points: first that attacks on human nature as such cannot be justified by the records of the past; and secondly, that in a system of National Guilds we must be particularly careful to see that no class lacks status. An aristocratic hierarchy of capacity may be essential, but the hierarchy must not extend to rights and privilege. Better service must be the only privilege of the gifted. Should we once allow a class of intermediaries to arise between the apprentice and the full member of the Guild, we may involve ourselves in a hierarchy of rights and all the destructive influences of jealous oligarchy. That class-structure would be fatal to self-government in industry and would bring us at last to the bureaucracy against which we fight.

The old Guilds were accidental, evolving everywhere in the due course of economic development. This meant at once strength and weakness, the strength of universal acceptance, the weakness of being unable to defend oneself. Ditto for the Guilds. Why? Because the Guild system had arisen quietly in the mediaeval night, the fruit of historical development, alike, if not the same, in all the countries of Western Europe. What man had not consciously created, man did not consciously accept. What man only unconsciously accepted, man carelessly let slip. No one could foresee the necessity of fighting national capitalism with National Guilds. And so the abominable accident proceeded.
Oriental Local Government.

It was stated lately by a public speaker that the Turks have never had any system of local government. Were such indeed the case they would be the most remarkable of ruling races, having existed for five centuries without a backbone, so to speak.

The Eastern system seems like chaos to the average Englishman, simply because he does not understand it. It has been weakened and in places broken of late years by European influences; but it is in the blood of the Oriental, and it reappears continually—sometimes in strange forms. A friend of mine was robbed of a large sum of money in an Eastern city. The police, though diligent, proved useless. His servant led him to the sheykh (or headman) of the thieves—a most polite old gentleman, who, when he learned of the matter, much regretted that it was beyond his power to mend. The culprit was a Greek, he said, a creature quite devoid of honour, and not a member of the guild of thieves—in short, a blackleg. He had already made off with his booty, or the proper thieves would have obliged him to disgorge it. I have since wondered, when I saw advertisements in London of an association for insurance against burglary, whether such a guild of thieves, amenable to yearly tribute, might not conceivably be useful in England.

To steal is deemed even more honourable in the East as it is here; yet no one—not even the police themselves—appeared to doubt the honour of the thieves collectively. Dealing with them through their headman, I was frequently assured, a man could be quite certain of receiving honest treatment. Every trade, every community, every ward or quarter of the city, every village, had its headman, who, chosen by the acclamation of his people, stood between them and the Government. He settled neighbourly disputes and money quarrels, and had the management of all the more important business not only of his community as a whole, but of its individual members. Thus the cloth merchants might transact business for themselves up to the sum, say, of 3,000; but, if it was a question of a larger contract or transaction, that concerned the community, and had to be referred to the Shahbenda (headman or provost) who settled it in council with the merchants. The headman was held responsible for any crime or public scandal which might occur in his community, and was liable to be punished for it, since he was the one official person of the community. On the other hand, he could be deposed by general outcry as easily as he had been set up by acclamation. The community which he thus governed and represented being small enough for him to be personally acquainted with all its members and talk things over with them daily, his government, though without formal limitation, was patriarchal rather than despotic; while, on the other hand, he stood between the people and the despotism of the State Government—a kind of umbrella of their own erecting. Many have been found to wonder how human beings could endure existence under such a despotic system. As has at times existed in all Eastern lands. The answer is that the State Government touched the people only upon State occasions, its oppressions coming thus to be regarded as the Act of God. For the rest the people enjoyed perfect freedom within a number of small constitutions of their own arranging. Even in the case of forced labour upon public works, the harshest act of tyranny, the gangs appointed their own foremen, who stood between them and the taskmasters, and thus enjoyed a measure of self-government.

Anyone who has ever employed Oriental workmen knows that, if left to themselves, their first act is to appoint their own foremen. In England, we have known an Englishman object to this, declaring that he knew the business and their language, and could be his own foreman. His own foreman! That is a point of view quite unintelligible to the Oriental workman. The foreman is the men's, not the employer's; no employer or overseer of labour, whether he be a State official or a private person, can possibly be foreman of the works. He has his own interests and the men have theirs. They need a spokesman to discuss the work with him, someone who can arrange the work intelligently, someone who can be the arbiter of their disputes and so save talk-bearing. Though there is never the least show of an election, the most trusted and therefore trustworthy man is pushed forward. And the employer will do well to submit lest a much worse thing happen. A friend of mine is always thrown with complaints and quarrels. The work, however simple, is the workmen's own, and they would take a corporate pride in it, which they can hardly do if the employer interferes and hectors every one of them. He has many times known an Englishman object to this, declaring that he knew the business and their language, and could be his own foreman. His own foreman! That is a point of view quite unintelligible to the Oriental workman. The foreman is the men's, not the employer's; no employer or overseer of labour, whether he be a State official or a private person, can possibly be foreman of the works. He has his own interests and the men have theirs. They need a spokesman to discuss the work with him, someone who can arrange the work intelligently, someone who can be the arbiter of their disputes and so save talk-bearing. Though there is never the least show of an election, the most trusted and therefore trustworthy man is pushed forward. And the employer will do well to submit lest a much worse thing happen. A friend of mine is always thrown with complaints and quarrels. The work, however simple, is the workmen's own, and they would take a corporate pride in it, which they can hardly do if the employer interferes and hectors every one of them. He has many times known an Englishman object to this, declaring that he knew the business and their language, and could be his own foreman. His own foreman! That is a point of view quite unintelligible to the Oriental workman. The foreman is the men's,
spirit was thus crushed by an imposed authority; while in the towns the Muslim guilds, with their dignified benignant way of dealing, were gradually ruined by the competition of the European trader and the native Christian with their cut-throat methods.

The old system of local authority in Turkey was based upon that of the Byzantine Empire, which the Turks took over, is thus graded:

(1) The Mudir, who rules a district called a Nahiye, consisting of one, two or more villages according to their area. The title is generally translated "commune," but the commune is a natural unit while the Nahiye is an artificial one, often, as I have said, comprising several villages. As a division it is ancient, but it is ill-adapted to become the unit of effective local government.

(2) The Caimmacam, who rules a district called Caza, containing many villages and at least one town.

(3) The Vali (or in certain provinces, the Mutesarrif), the governor of a whole province such as Kurdistan or Smyrna.

All these are appointed from above and thus depend entirely on the central government. They have no representative character. The old local institutions still exist beside them, though reduced in many districts to mere shadows. In Egypt there are the same three grades of local titles: (1) the qadi, headman of the village; (2) the mamur, in this case the provincial governor. Here the system is slightly more popular than in Turkey, since the omdah, though appointed by authority, is always a native of the village and is not always so with the mudir in Turkey; but the omdah does not really correspond to the Turkish mudir, but to the Turkish village headman who has become, as I have said, a mere shadow of his former self. The present system is a good view of discipline, order, and with a very little care I think it could be made to meet the aspirations of the people, their desire for real self-government. Unhappily, the educated Orientals have conceived an admiration for the ways of Europe. In Egypt, in the second year of the British Occupation, a European code of laws was introduced, for which that Occupation is only partly to be held accountable, since the idea of introducing such a code had long been cherished by Egyptian statesmen. The results were unforeseen and disconcerting. Under the old system of direct personal responsibility, if anything went wrong in any village the Government hit the mudir (provincial governor), the mudir hit the mamur (the district governor), the mamur hit the omdah (village headman) responsible for the behaviour of that village. Since the omdah was responsible, he was given full discretion, and very seldom were appeals by villagers allowed against him. On the other hand, living as he did among the people whom he had to govern, being one of them, he was accessible to public opinion and little likely to affront it seriously. Moreover, in those days of quick political vicissitudes he might any day be deposed and one of his neighbours set up in his place. The whole scheme was closely modelled on our English County Councils.

The province is just about a thousand times too large to be the unit of effective self-government as Orientals understand it—I mean the kind which keeps men busy and contented in their home surroundings and is the proper unit and, in cities, the trade corporation. Election by ballot is an altogether foreign notion. The Eastern way is to elect by acclamation, which can be practised only in quite small constituencies. When the Turks formed the Ottoman Empire they abolished the old Egyptian assemblies, for reasons of State, to hold free parliamentary elections in Turkey—the Ottoman Greeks tried to gerrymander the first parliamentary election in a shameless manner—so it must be impossible to have free elections for the Councils of the Vilayet. The anti-national elements in the population make it necessary that elections shall be supervised where fraud is possible. The men elected to the councils would be representative of what? And where in Turkish history is there any precedent for such a body? No, the Councils of the Vilayet are too closely modelled on our English County Councils altogether to answer me. It has always seemed to me the very basest form of cheating to give a man a vote for Parliament or the County Council and proclaim him a free citizen, while withholding from him all control of homely matters which he knows and cares about. But the Turks are guiltless of a fraudulent intent. Admiring England's greatness, they ascribe it to her institutions, and aspire to copy them without sufficient thought of their adaptability. Already they began to see this error; all would have come right in time; but time was not allowed them.

Instead of a Council of the Vilayet, I should have liked to see a council of the village headmen, and another of the heads of the temples in every district (sub-province). A Christian village would naturally have a Christian headman; and the Jews and Christians would be represented by their trades in due proportion. There would be no possibility here, as in the case of the Council of the Vilayet. Each headman elected by acclamation, would ex officio become a member of the Council of the Villages, which council would appoint the calimmacam, or have a veto on his appointment, as the case might be. The council would sit with a member of the villages and the trades from each caza, some of the Ulema, and some ex officio Christian and Jewish representatives, could form the Vilayet Council. The system of self-government would be complete on Oriental lines, without any weakening of discipline or the sense of personal responsibility which, in my opinion, is what Orientals most desire.

MARMADUKE PICKTHALL
Letters from Italy.

RICCARDO NOBILÌI said to me when I met him in the library a week ago, "Nothing but a miracle can save Italy from war. Of course miracles do happen, but it will have to be a genuine one to save her now." There was a little crowd in the street as I came out. They were standing in front of the paper-stall reading a placard, "The last and ultimate decision of Austria." One read a question in their excited faces, "Will it be war to-morrow?"

Well, it seemed as if the miracle had happened. Such a miracle, fantastic!... When the Sicilian, who was a stormy petrel of Italy, is a man to whom power is as butter on the bread of life. The honour of Italy, the future well-being of his country, weigh as a feather in his own insincerity. Too clever to be unscrupulous himself, he does not hesitate to use unscrupulous instruments; too wise to take any bribe but that of power, he makes no bones about the corruption of others. His friendship is as his enemy, if he is nothing but in his own sincerity. When Giolitti resigned last year, leaving the army in a hopeless muddle, a sigh of relief spread through the country. The confidence of the country in the sincerity and clear-headedness, and, above all, in the patriotism of Salandra and Sonnino was unbounded. But to return to the miracle.

The army was fully mobilised, millions had been spent on its equipment; the Triple Alliance had been definitely broken off before Quarto; the ink was scarcely dry upon the "Understanding" between Italy and England and France. Italy, by all the laws of 'Allied civilisation' was in honour and sympathy bound to go into the war.

Then Giolitti came to Rome, ostensibly to see his wife. Bertolini, the Minister for the Colonies, cordially invited Salandra to see Giolitti. What happened at that interview remains a mystery. Salandra and Sonnino found themselves in a difficult position. The parliamentary majority who had voted complete liberty to Salandra had revoked their vote by declaring with Giolitti that they would have neutrality at all costs. This majority was in the hands—one had almost written "the pay"—of the Germans, through Giolitti. The unity for which Salandra had worked so hard was shattered like a glass bowl. Salandra, had his position been strong enough, might have declared war over Giolitti's head.

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Salandra could do nothing against these odds.

The news came like a thunder-clap, "Salandra has resigned!" Giolitti, even in the days when he worked day and night filling the Parliament with his creatures, bribing and intriguing till the Prefect of every province was his servant, forcing with Germany's help the war in Libya, resigning when peace was declared to escape the unpopular task of imposing the heavy taxes entailed by the expedition, laughing in his sleeve at the thought that he had Salandra between his finger and thumb—even Giolitti could not have foreseen the amazing incidents of last week.

At first it seemed as if his hour of triumph had come—the hour for which he was, and is still, risking his life. It was the hour of his Dictatorship, he was a man greater than the King. Still more was it the hour of Von Bulow's success. For three days Italy, willy-nilly, was the catspaw of Germany. Von Bulow celebrated his success by a magnificent banquet at his house.

But ministerial crises are digested in Italy with a velocity which gives my Anglo-Saxon organ a pain. Three crises in a week are not unknown, and one President of the Camera—I forget his name—had the honour of holding office for the shortest time on record; he received a telegram announcing his election, and by the time he reached Montecitero another Cabinet had been formed!

The Patriots, whether they had been neutralist or Interventionist before the "Understanding" with the Allies, rose in a hopeless muddle, a sigh of relief spread through the country. The confidence of the country in the sincerity and clear-headedness, and, above all, in the patriotism of Salandra and Sonnino was unbounded.

At first it seemed as if Giolitti had succeeded in sowing discord among the people, as if Unity in Italy had after all, but the soup-sud consistency of a bubble. But Salandra and Sonnino, the two sincerest statesmen who have ever been engaged in this adventure, had done their work so well that even when they were thrown overboard the nails which they had forged held the planks together and prevented the timber from being dispersed to become wreckage in the sea of international relations. In Rome a state approaching civil war broke out. Bertolini was held up in a tram for hours, unable to get on or out; Giolitti and Von Bulow became prisoners in their houses with a strong detachment of artillery and cavalry on guard night and day. Barricades were erected in the streets. Only Salandra and his colleagues could move about the city, cheered by the soldiers and the populace. Salandra's one care at this time was the public safety; he appealed to the military and the police to use the utmost discretion in dealing with the crowds. The ferment grew—it assumed the proportions of a revolution. In all Italy was one loud cry of indignation and anger. In Florence the Neutralists and Interventionists fought all one day in the little narrow streets, rushing from one place to another, firing revolvers, crying "Mort a Giolitti," "Viva la guerra!"... and from the neutral Socialists came the cry, "A bassa la guerra." (I nearly got into trouble myself. The cries of "A bassa la guerra" were too much for the self-control of two young professors who were acting as my escort. After a vain effort on their part, which I thought would end in apoplexy, the retort came, "Viva la guerra," and then a hail of sticks and the whole street started to run after our cab. Luckily there were no revolvers in that part of the crowd, so nothing happened.) A huge meeting to demand war was held in the theatre in Florence. Nearly 4,000 people, made up of students, all the professors and professional people of the city, and a great many of the middle classes attended. The papers were filled from end to end with short notices of demonstrations and riots against Giolitti in every part of Italy.

In fact Italy had found a conscience. The people
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 Impressions of Paris.

TERESA DA MAIANO.

Just before the disguised Taube arrived, two wounded soldiers, one with a forage cap and one with a fez, seated themselves heavily at the table next to mine in the cool of the café terrace. "It's a good thing we're rich," said the forage cap, evidently very pleased to be seated, and reaching already for his money like anyone who is not used to having it. "You, you mean?" replied the fez—"it's a long time since I got a smile." "Oh, as for that—"began the forage cap flourishingly—and then the garçon came up and told him that soldiers could only be served inside the café. So the poor things had to stump in to the hot room. My regret was interrupted by the bombs. As ever, we all went to the middle of the street and gazed up at the sky. Really, I did not see one face more scared than curious. This curiosity is one of the mysteries of the human psychology: rather to be dead than not see what's going to happen! Said a soldier so terribly crippled and cut about that nothing but his extraordinary wardrobe of a blue night-cap, a scarlet shirt, red pantaloons, and bright green slippers diverted the passers-by from openly pitying him. I saw him hobble across a stream of nervous taxis to ask the agent what that crowd was in the Champs Elysées; then there he went his very perilous way. I had just left the crowd which was around the chairs where the vendors of old postage-stamps fleeced the collectors of such. The books and boxes of stamps are spread out on chairs under the trees, and there the business is conducted. I was on my way from lunching with a friend at the restaurant of The Golden Snails, a Montmartre haunt opposite the shop of the Three Thousand Shirts, and where I heard a child say a quaint thing. She had asked for strawberries and was given rhubarb, which goaded her to take revenge on her serviette. The mother said—"You are losing half of it, my child!" and Child replied—"But, you know, one does not eat rhubarb for amusement!"

My personal joy over the débâcle of the "Daily Mail" nearly led me to dance on the boulevard. I nearly told the waiter what a splendid thing this was for England. How often has not this newspaper momentarily embittered my existence here since the war began? It has a great hold over the French newspapers; and many a time one throws away one's energy on some importantly headed column only to find "Daily Mail" cooly introduced three-quarters of the way down. The French journals have kept very quiet about the Kitchener affair. "La Liberté" took so much liberty as to mention that copies of "certain" London newspapers were publicly burned; but the majority of papers seem to have preferred to wait for further details! Probably they are now informed that the Northcliffe press is despoiled in England, but nothing less than the universal outburst against it could ever have convinced people like M. Clémentel that the Northcliffe "Times" is not quite the same thing as our old Thunderer. The Paris equivalent of "Daily Mail" would be "Le Matin"—had for its ill-bred motto before the war—"Le Matin dit tout." Of course, it does not "say everything" now, though
the assertion still clings to the walls of newsagents. "The Daily Mail" dit tout much," might—no, I shall become a pariah if I say things like that. But, seriously, I cannot think how such depressing and probably misleading articles as appear in the Paris "Mail," get through one latently picturesque calumny "The Caravan of Agony," describing the wounded in hospitals with detail. The writer, a man named E. Powell, spares you nothing, neither the pains of the genius will do it fitly. "Eye-Witness" does it fitly taint of sensationalism in white-cool brain to tell of horrors without arousing responsibility to the whole English public. The desperate pain and sorrow is heaped together to be Brixton. It is only his pocket which talks.

I cannot think how such depressing and probably very damaging, and of no possible use but very damaging, and of no possible use! One of my aunts has four sons at the front. I hope she may never read that article in which, as at the cinemas, more shown off in ten minutes than many soldiers may have seen in ten engagements. It needs a white-hot or a white-cool brain to tell of horrors without arousing disgust where this is not intended. A soldier may do it fitly with his phrase tempered by the battle as his steed by the fire; a great poet with talen hardening his genius will do it fitly. "Eye-Witness" does it fitly with his phrase tempered by the battle as his steel tempered by the fire; a great poet with talent hardening his genius will do it fitly.

"I suffocate. I cannot sympathise with people who eat sweets and cakes instead of smoking. I can sympathise with literary people who must have a room full of well-bound books; although I do with very few, and of those the covers are indifferent to me. It would never do, you see, for me to have to decide what was necessity or luxury for anyone else! I am prejudiced. Again, who can ever settle, except in terms of trade, whether a producer produces more than he consumes? The whole order of artists would have to be annihilated before a general question could be put. If I am well informed, the National Guildsmen exclude artists from their pension scheme: Artists will have, as ever, to live by their wits. Nothing can regulate their production. But I give it all up. It seems to me that one cannot categorise luxury. When it has been defined as that which does not benefit the health or efficiency of officers, thereafter the question is particular to each producer. What can there be in the service of British Embassies which makes the underlings so rude? They seem to have been always the same. But found them "hardy ride enough to earn their pay."

And insolence, no doubt, is what they are Employed for, since it is their daily labour, in the dear offices of peace or war; And should you doubt, pray ask of your next neighbour. When for a passport, or some other bar To freedom, he applied (a grief and a bore). If he found not this snippet of Tax-born riches, Like lap-dogs, the least civil sons of b-s. ---(Don Juan).

I went to the Consulate with a woman who had to get some paper in order to make her declaration for a permit to stay in Paris. The room was full of people and clerks. She filled up a widow's declaration, and the clerk asked for the date and place of her late husband's birth. "I don't know," she replied, and got very red. "You must know," he said, and added, "I can't give you any document whatever; and, what is more, you will be unable to go to England unless you find out the date." "Well, I don't know. He was born somewhere in England. It is eight years since he died, and I don't you go to England if you have to decide from his family?" "I'm not in touch with them... Everyone could hear, but she had to go on explaining that family differences, etc., you know! The clerk persisted that she must write to them, so she replied in effect that the differences were so definite that she did not know where any of the family were. It's not so phenomenal even in England," she ended, furious at the newspaper which makes the underlings so rude! They seem to have been always the same. But found them "hardy ride enough to earn their pay."

So in love and insolence, no doubt, is what they are Employed for, since it is their daily labour, in the dear offices of peace or war; And should you doubt, pray ask of your next neighbour. When for a passport, or some other bar To freedom, he applied (a grief and a bore). If he found not this snippet of Tax-born riches, Like lap-dogs, the least civil sons of b-s. ---(Don Juan).

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in the skylark, so he ought to have compelled the recognition and compensation of his right of property in his wife. She was a good wife, latest pattern, only slightly shop-soiled; self-starter, three speeds and reverse, and very economical in her consumption of "spirit," and was fitted with shock-absorbers. Indeed, the rector’s wife apostrophised her portrait as: “You baggage!” He ought at least to have got nearly as much as he paid for her; on the analogy of the skylark, he ought to have made a profit of a hundred per cent. This was the view that some of the villagers took, and then the rector’s wife urged upon him in the name of the Church and Christianity. But, no; St. Francis never paid for the birds freed by him, so Strangway refused to claim damages. “All for Love, or Love for all,” was his motto.

The village was shocked. Either he ought to have taken a whip to his wife (this Nietzschean doctrine was uttered by a man named Freman; more subtly), or he ought to have taken by the throat the uncircumcised dog, and smote him, as Jim Bere had done to the dog he found with his girl (this was more pleasing in prospect than in retrospect, for Jim Bere was smitten with hemiplegia in his moment of fury), or he ought to have divorced his wife, and claimed his damages. St. Francisian methods did not convince them of his manliness; they thought him a coward, until he threw Tam Jarland through the window of the village inn; but even after this, his landlord could say to him: “Tes as e’ad no passions-like!” “Do I bound to do that?” asked Strangway. He did, really; but one tells the truth at the Kingsway Theatre, so Burlacome only replied: “Tes not for me to say nothin’, certainly.” But the village resizable determination to cease interfering with his treatment of his horses, letting his wife go without a thrashing, in short, for his Franciscan conduct. So the villagers waited outside the church, and bussed and hooted him when he came out. He apologised to Jarland for having taught him the delights of freedom by throwing him through a window (Jarland, by the way, did not fly, but fell), and told the assembly that he was going, and said goodbye to them. He was a good man; “he’ve a-got a saith in ’im, for sure; but ‘tes only ’alf-baked, in a manner of speaking,” said his landlady.

What, then, was he to do? Jim Bere’s cat was irretrievably lost, Jack Cremer’s wife was irrevocably dead, Mercy Jarland was irretrievably free, Strangway’s wife was immorally happy, Strangway’s heart was imponderably sad, his ministry of love had unaccountably failed—oh! St. Francis, what could he do but seek for rest? Now, when the landlord has locked up his gun, and there is no poison in the house, where else can one look for rest but in a noose of rope in a barn? Thither went Strangway in his search. He looked through the noose, and was just mounting the ladder, when little Tibby Jarland, whose rest in the barn had been broken by his trampling, broke his rest with a cry of fright. What a thrill! He comforted her, and together they talked Mr. Galsworthy’s poetry to the moon; and at last he sent her home with a shilling. Then Jack Cremer came along, mankind enduring the loss of his wife by walking in the moonshine, refusing to kill himself, still “sticking it” as Strangway had told him to do. He was not going home that night; he would “just be walking.” “Twas the full moon—lucky.” Perhaps he expected to find another wife by moonlight—but he said it was lucky. So Strangway decided to walk with him; and, as he wanted to pray first, he sent Cremer on in advance. Thus be draped, poetically: “God of the moon and the sun, of joy and beauty, of loneliness and sorrow—Give me strength to go on, till I love every living thing.” What is the moral of this play? Strangway played the flute, and Aristotle said that “the flute is not a moral instrument, but one to inflame the passions.” Quod erat demonstrandum!
Readers and Writers.

By the time these notes have appeared the first issue of a new quarterly magazine will have been published— "The Gypsy" (Pomegranate Press, 10s. 6d. per annum). What room there is in the world at this moment for such a venture the editors do not say; they indeed almost go out of their way to discount the popularity they do not anticipate. Apparently, however, they expect to be read by somebody—"by a public which appreciates good work, sympathises with our attempt to produce something new, and is not expect to be placated or pandered to." At the same time, this public must expect no exclusive consideration; for "there is only one method of conducting a periodical that is to be more than ephemeral—profession of endeavour to satisfy, not others, but themselves." But next to the content for Art for its sake, the content for Art for the Artist's sake is condemnable. There never was an art worth talking about that was created entirely, or even mainly, for the public's benefit. An artist pointed at a public or pleasing to please the public aimed at (the public may have consisted only of two or three gathered together) have perhaps consoled themselves with their own approval; but in every such instance it is consolatory. An artist without a public is like the wanderer without his shadow. Extraordinary energy, magnificent faith, and dauntless into remote time are necessary to preserve his spirits; and even these assure him of no less, in the end, than a public!

A French correspondent of the "Times" writes as follows: "One good result of this war is that we French and English may be riveted together for decades to come. You do not understand us, we are not to understand you; but we complete and make good the deficiencies of each other. We are mutually incomprehensible and indispensable." That is well said, and it is also true. Voltaire, whom I take to be the typical genius of France, found Milton incomprehensible as, no doubt, whatever, Milton, the typical genius of England, would have found Voltaire. At the same time, to a good European (let us be simple and say to a whole man), both are indispensable as, in fact, the two countries are to each other. But for the critical spirit, perfected in Napoleon, the Miltonic quality of England (or manly qualities) would be in danger of running to sentimentality; indeed, it does in English writers who never read French. And without the high seriousness of Milton as a poet, the French sensibility tends to mere puerility. Weight is the English quality as light is the quality of the French. Without their mutual criticism the one becomes cant and the other light-mindedness.

"The English Essay and Essayists" is the subject of an excellent volume by Professor Hugh Walker in Messrs. Dent's series of "The Channels of English Literature" (5s. net). The essay is one of the great forms of the English genius; together with lyric our writers excel the world in it. There is, in fact, a resemblance between the two forms which Alexander Smith—whom Professor Walker rightly takes as having said the last word on the subject—points out: "The essay," he says, "as a literary form resembles the lyric so far as it is moulded by some central mood. ... Given the mood, and the essay, from the first sentence to the last, grows around it as the cocoon grows around the silkworm, the essay is controlled from within; something rather different from the spirit of the usual rules given in the text-books, with their "heads," one, two, three, etc. If I dare say it aloud, the free-rhythmists appear to me to be on the track of this almost forgotten principle; but they imagine their prose is poetry. In reality they are in the no-man's-land between the principle of lyric and the principle of the essay; that is, in a region of neither poetry nor prose. The simultaneous re-appearance of the lyric and the essay, in neither of which forms is anything much being done at present, would at once justify and put an end to them.

Professor Walker has naturally nothing very new to say of our essayists. His work has been to select the best final judgments passed upon them and to express these in standard form. But I was glad to see he is of my opinion regarding Lamb as a critic even greater than essayist. "Much has been written," he says, "about the humour of Lamb, his power of infinite jest, his exquisite sense of style; but it may be well to begin, for once, on the essay, insisting upon his wisdom as the greatest of all his qualities." Unfortunately he contents himself with this preliminary insistence and falls later into the old disporportionate praise of Lamb and underrates him.

Lamb as critic still remains to be justly honoured. The fact is that Lamb, like Goldsmith, suffered in reputation among his contemporaries, and therefore, since by reason of his good-nature he was so amiable, so modest, no exaggeration that his contemporaries misjudged the strength of his character as well as the power of his mind. Yet his reply to Coleridge, who referred to him as "gentle-hearted Charles," should have put his later readers, at any rate, on their guard. "I had rather," he said, "to be called a drunken dog."

As an essayist, as I have before observed, Lamb does not appeal to me by any means the greatest. I even prefer Hazlitt.

That Professor Walker, like so many other scholastic critics, is unsafe off the high road, is clear from his inclusion of Mr. Filson Young among modern essayists, from whom he excludes both Mr. Belloc and Mr. G. K. Chesterton. This judgment is deplorable. Admitting that neither of the latter is essayist in the strict sense, each having an axe to grind and being therefore not on giving pleasure alone bent, Mr. Filson Young is incapable even of giving the pleasure which presumably is his sole aim. I have just wasted an hour over his "New Leaves," a volume of essays recently published by Mr. Secker (5s. net). They are no better than maunderings to a convalescent dolt. They have nothing distinguished in style; they reveal no trace of preparation, research, or thought; they affect an interest in events so trivial and of itself of so slight an intensity that Mr. Young should be flattered if I suspect he himself yawned over them. That my judgment may not appear prejiced, let my readers confirm it from the following sentences, taken, I swear to you, at random. A better anthology is not to be found for the bookshelves.

There are few habits of daily life which more clearly reveal character than one's method of receiving and replying to letters.

For the last four mornings I have been getting up two hours before my usual time; and, in consequence, not free from that absurd pride in the fact which makes one wish to tell everyone about it, like a hen that has laid an egg.

If someone with a mental endowment corresponding to our own were to descend from some other planet and took upon our life with clear eyes, unclouded by prejudice and undulled by custom, he would regard with amazement many things which we take for granted.

What Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch said that about Breuning as a writer for the stage was said with all the authority to which Sir Arthur's name lends addition value, and which adds a feeling of peremptoriness that we not easily shake off.

Christmas shopping is an invention of the devil whereby people are induced to purchase things that are of no value, and give them to other people who do not want them.

Your honest verdict, if you please! Discover me in these passages, if you can. Now it is a great crime that there are not enough original expressions. You cannot. Yet in his dedicatory epistle to Mr. Gosse (who once, be it remembered, was Literary Editor of the "Daily Mail"), Mr. Young refers to himself as "one of those who like writing as an art seriously," and who, in this untoward generation, "do not get too much recognition." No seriousness, to my mind, is to be found in Mr. Young's essays; and of recognition he has had, from our untoward generation, a sight too much!
More Letters to My Nephew.

II.—On Commerce (continued).

My dear George,—I have already dwelt upon the distinction between the public service and business, the point of greatest interest to me being that in business a man is as independent as a pirate, with not a little of piratical romance thrown in. Particularly is this true if you stray from the beaten tracks and are not afraid of a little risk, both personal and financial. Without deviating one iota from the literal truth, I could write two or three books on the careers of merchant venturers in all parts of the world that would be read as sheer romance. I close my eyes and recall memories of strange figures in China, Burmah and Persia; of Frenchmen, Germans, Belgians, as well as Britishers, not to mention one or two Chinamen and Japanese. I do not mean by this the accumulation of vast fortunes; that is the least romantic feature of their lives, and generally the most vulgar. The wholesale manufacture of South African millionaires is in the main the most sordid story of agrargradeism in almost the whole of our commercial history. Rhodes, let us grant it, was an exception. He knew there were big things in life and struck a balance. I remember his dying words: "So little done; so much to do." They say he said it; it is probably apocryphal; nevertheless, the phrase conveys some idea of the man's restless energy. Have you noticed, by the way, that tradition has as a rule of appropriating the dying men's mouths? Goethe is an instance: "Light; more light." I do not suppose he ever said it. If he did, he probably wanted the blinds drawn up. I like a man to die true to form. Our estate manager, for example, who died the other day; he had lived a hard life; he died game. For two days he knew his fate. Was he "resigned"? Not in the least. I saw him just before manufacture of South African millionaires is in the whole of our commercial history. Rhodes, let us grant it, was an exception. He knew there were big things in life and struck a balance. I remember his dying words: "So little done; so much to do." They say he said it; it is probably apocryphal; nevertheless, the phrase conveys some idea of the man's restless energy. Have you noticed, by the way, that tradition has as a rule of appropriating the dying men's mouths? Goethe is an instance: "Light; more light." I do not suppose he ever said it. If he did, he probably wanted the blinds drawn up. I like a man to die true to form. Our estate manager, for example, who died the other day; he had lived a hard life; he died game. For two days he knew his fate. Was he "resigned"? Not in the least. I saw him just before the end. He was in agonies and half the time under morphia. I never saw such a vigorous protest against the reigning power that cuts a man off in his prime. There is a phrase in the Old Testament about some ancient Israelite who, in anger, "smote his breast." I would never visualise it. And now I understand. This man, contemplating the fruitful years that might have been his, to which he felt himself legitimately entitled, literally smote his breast in unstrained anger. "It's a damned injustice, a bloody shame!" he exclaimed, with each stroke of his hand upon his breast. "Now, I'll say 'good-bye' to you all and the Doctor can send me asleep with morphia." In this recalcitrant spirit did he die.

But I digorate! By romantic (the word has changed its meaning since Queen Victoria rounded off her life) I mean that sense of doing something really worth while and finding in it a never-failing fascination. Let me tell you the story of Jonathan Plimsoll, our local millionaire. He paid me a visit the other day. Altogether a charming time that lingers pleasantly in my memory. He came down in his motor boat, arriving just before sun-down. We ate fish caught in the bay and venison killed in the pine-ridge. The sun went down behind the western mountains, splashing them with golden showers and shafts. There was no moon and so the stars came down close to us, multitudinous, and of great magnitude. The sand-flies being well-behaved, we sat out on the verandah and were lulled into lazy silence by the softly lapping lullaby of the Caribbean waves. Orion bestrode the high Heavens; Venus, with varicoloured eyes, glanced at him in passionate entreaty. To the North we saw King Charles's Wain carrying a load of sparkling jewels; whilst, to the South, the Southern Cross lay against the black wall of Beyond.

Plimsoll scanned the skies through his Zeiss glasses, discovering unseen stars and unsuspected nebula. Softly he quoted:—

"Yes," I said, "Matthew Arnold described that passage as 'drenched and intoxicated with the fairy dew of natural magic'; but I like better the words in the Psalm, 'When I consider thy Heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained.'"

"Was ever a word more exquisitely chosen?" explained Plimsoll, "ordained!" and he intoned it like the bass response in an anthem.

"Fish!" I replied, "what should two ancients like you and me be doing quoting old tags? Tell me, not why don't you go home? You have made your pile."

"I go home nearly every year," he answered. "I hate the English winter and I don't like the hot season out here. But, after all, this is my home. It was here that I met my wife."

"Tell me all about it; confess to me your sins this night."

In a Yorkshire accent, terse and fibrous, so different from the soft formless patois of Central America, Plimsoll told his story:

"I was born in the usual way; went to school according to schedule; learnt all the copy-book maxims such as 'Honesty is the best policy,' 'See'est thou a man diligent in business; he shall stand before kings'—and track of that sort. Then to the Yorkshire Collegiate; now Leeds University—where I picked up French, German and Spanish. Then into the textile business. At twenty-eight I was a junior partner; at thirty-two, by a stroke of luck, senior partner. At thirty-five, as I wanted to see the world, I sold out at a decent price. Then began my first wanderjahre. I went to Vienna, thence to Constantinople. I visited Greece and drifted into Asia Minor. I stood upon the Hill of Calvary; I stood beside Our Lord's Tomb. I gorged myself at the bazaars of Smyrna, Damascus and Bagdad. Then I crossed into Egypt and, so to speak, shook hands with that hoary old fraud, the Sphinx."

"At Cairo I received a cable asking me to return home. So back to London I came. I was met there by a group of business men with whom I had had dealings. 'We want you to go out to Honduras,' they said. 'Where the devil is that?' I asked. They would all be damned if they knew, they answered, but they had spent a pot of money out there trying to get log-wood for their dyes. Their man out there was always going to begin, but somehow got no forrader, so they wanted me to go out, investigate and report. I wasn't very keen about it, but they offered a fat fee, so I consented. Then I got an armchair to send me where I was going. And that is how I first came here."

"Well, I investigated, drew up a report and recommendation, posted the document and sailed for New Orleans. From thence I made for the Yellowstone Valley, moved leisurely towards Chicago and New York, finally reaching home. Within a week they were after me again. 'Look here,' they said, 'we want you to run our show out there.' 'You must put up thirty thousand pounds,' I answered. 'All right,' they said. So I came out here a second time. I gave the old game into ship-shape. Just as the hiring season had begun I received a cable. 'We are putting the money into a South African gold-mine. Close down everything and go back and take up the third time. I said they, 'you sold out at a decent price. We have made your pile.' "

"When I had settled with the group, I said, 'You don't mind, do you, if I go back and take up the business where you left off?' 'Right,' said they. 'We are putting the money into the South African gold-mine. Close down everything and go back and take up the business where you left off.' "

"Right," I said, "then I'll go back and take up the business where you left off.""
wood. And this, despite the fact that a prominent Mexican, Luciano Alvaravo, held the whole Yucatan concession from Porfirio Diaz. The informality of these proceedings made me anxious. I knew that old Diaz had a sharp and heavy way with him; that if he gave a promise, it was likely he would immediately violate his contract. So I went to Yucatan and looked up Alvaravo. 'I have come to see you about the concession you hold from the Mexican Government,' I said. 'Where do you come from?' he asked. 'Belize,' I said. 'Ah!' he said, 'for there are only three words and pirates in Belize.' 'Mea culpa,' said I, 'but I would reform—if you would make it worth my while.' 'You are the first honest man from Belize I have met; when you go to Heaven you will surely be lonely. But because you are honest and downright in your proposals—' 'It's a fine way we have in Yucatan,' said I. 'Because, then, you come from Yorkshire, since you will have it so, I will give you one-half of my concession. You shall sell and I will look after things here.' 'Agreed,' said I, 'but let's go to old Porfirio and make sure that everything is in good order.' 'You go; I like not Mexico City,' said he.

'All is as before.' Soon after came the aniline dyes, and pirates in Belize. 'Adios, Senor,' said I, 'let it go to the Devil?' 'I propose to dammed bastard!' Zapata laughed it off. He sat at his host's table, ate his hash brown, and polished his compliments. Leisurely rising, he called four of his men. They took the old man, stripped him naked, passed a rope under his arms, strung him up to a tree, and when I looked back, I saw a blackened body and a rope mark the parts you see. 'Where do you come from?' 'Belize,' said I. 'Is it any concern of yours, Senor, whether I subdue Yucatan or not?' He laughed. 'Yes; but I will put Alvaravo's concession on a business footing.' 'Are you the Englishman who would damn His Excellency's eyes?' 'It all depends,' said I. 'You are surely he; His Excellency's compliments and will you dine to-night at the Palace—seven-thirty—a carriage will call for you at seven-thirty. Adios, Senor.' That is how Porfirio Diaz and I became friends.

'The Alvaravo concession panned out well—and I was content. When the time had nearly expired Diaz sent for me. Your concession is dead,' said he, 'I shall renew it but I insist not to Alvaravo; I shall not renew it, in whole, to anybody. It would be politically embarrassing. Take to your hotel a map of Yucatan and with a blue pencil mark the parts you would like reserved.' So I took a map and a blue pencil. I knew; I drew circles round spots that I knew were rich; I blue'd the Mexican-Honduran frontier. Next morning I went back to Diaz. He was in gorgeous military array. 'My requirements are modest, your Excellency,' said I. He glanced at the map. 'Is this as big as Yorkshire?' he asked. Yorksire is bigger than the American Continent,' I replied. 'If you say so, Amigo Mio; but, inasmuch as you would damn my eyes if I refused, so shall this concession be yours. Come! I review my troops; you shall ride in my carriage.' I went back to Alvaravo. 'The concession is mine; you are out of it. But you gave me half when you had it; so now I give you half when I have it. All is as before.' Soon after came the aniline dyes, and logwood became a drug upon the market. So I left things to Alvaravo, not much caring what would happen, and started off on another wanderjahre. I reached Frisco by easy stages and had decided to go to Japan and China, when an urgent telegram came from Alvaravo to Chicago; away went I to Chicago and found a letter from my partner. It appeared that a powerful group of American chewing-gum manufacturers wanted the supply of chicle organised in Mexico and Honduras. They applied to Alvaravo and found they had made a mistake. They were to make fun of chewing-gum. After all, it slightly aids digestion and is quite as harmless as chocolate. Well, I saw the Chicago crowd, and in half an hour had contracted to supply them with all the chicle they wanted.

"Then followed more busy years. After a time the American concerns was incorporated. The head of it said to me: Plimsoll, old horse, you supplied us all right, without fuss or superfluous palaver. We're capitalising at ten million dollars. This block of shares is yours for scraps. You're the only outside man. "That's all, I think," said Jonathan Plimsoll. I answered: "It were surely enough."

"Strong man Diaz," I remarked, after some silence.

"Yes; an Indian; he knew his Indians and how to deal with them. He was not the monster of cruelty Re was alleged to be. The Yucatecans were over-coloured by the Standard Oil interests to induce American intervention. Towards the end the old man was worried by the persistent Jacquerie of the Zapastistas and others."

"And Zapata?"

"I will tell you what Zapata is. One afternoon, with a troop of his ruffians, he rode up to the hacienda of a pure-bred Spaniard, quite of the hidalgo type. As he sat outside, a pretty girl, the Spaniard's daughter, crossed the patio. Turning to his lieutenant Zapata said: 'Get that girl for me.' The Spaniard, who had been in the house preparing for his guests, just then returned. 'Old man,' said Zapata, 'I want your girl.' The Spaniard retorted: 'You! You! You thinecraft dammed bastard!' Zapata laughed it off. He sat at his host's table, ate his hash brown, and polished his compliments. Leisurely rising, he called four of his men. They took the old man, stripped him naked, passed a rope under his arms, strung him up to a tree, literally skinned him alive, and then filled him with bullets. A few hours later the girl rushed from Zapata's room a shrieking lunatic. They cut her throat and buried her. Comme ça!"

Next morning, after distributing largesse with precisely hand, Plimsoll went off in what the natives call the "poof-poof." I watched it pass beyond the Point, lying in a hammock and pondering how closely allied were chance and romance. Then I wondered if, after all, romance were such a shy visitant to the haunts of men. Stray incidents and memories of my own life crowded in upon me. Of how President Grant patted my child's head; and, in his slow and deliberate way, said "God bless you. He will surely bless you." Of a wandering American who gave me a copy, unexpurgated, of Whitman's "Leaves of Grass"; of how, the following year, by strange chance, I shook hands with the poet in the very hotel where I had met him; of how his book had induced American intervention. Towards the end the old man was worried by the persistent Jacquerie of the Zapastistas and others."

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ANTHONY FARLEY.
The Great Race.

There would be a distinct gap in English life and letters if the names of Byron, Trelawny, Borrow, Kinglake, Scawen Blunt and Cunningham Graham were to be in some way blotted out. Like "Cæsar and Pompey, Mahomet, Belisarius" in the poem, "their lives and fortunes were extremely various," and from many sides they have little in common. Byron was a man of genius and a magnifico, Trelawny a romantic globe-trotter, Borrow, friend of outcasts, Kinglake a genuine, unassuming, devoted journalist, and the two living writers are men of divergent interests; but between them they begin and end a great movement. They stand for something peculiarly English in our literature—none the less so because on the whole they have affected to be peculiarly foreign; and we may name the movement which sweeps natures so diverse into one clause the pageant of the bleeding individuality. They are the Great Unstanchers.

Writers of different degrees of excellence they have imposed, or tried to impose, not their ideas, but their overflowing personalities; and now that only two of the school survive—and one of them is old and one not young—it is of interest to note what is the cause of its decay and why no young man has stepped forward to carry on the tradition. Taken as a whole it has been a great race. There is no country that has not seen them striding across it, watched the swing of the bat and followed the flight of the ball. Without being for a moment the most successful four or six of them, the rest are not bad. Of the most ten, the twenty, the hundred, the thousand, the most violent, perhaps because he caught the complaint of his time, and the last days, quite free from the danger of being considered 'slow'; I might ever after live on my reputation like 'single-speech Hamilton'..." Kinglake's claim to stand in this company is based on the way—in spite of a certain public school modesty—he shows himself to us in a hundred romantic scenes. He opened it too, the Eastern window for a stuffy age dominated emotionally by Montegy, morally by the Prince Consort, an age in which marriageable young ladies did not eat bacon in public or cheese at all, and young guardsmen were obliged to hide their mistresses in little streets off the Strand and to visit them after dark and in disguise.

If Kinglake is the mildest, Trelawny is certainly the most violent, perhaps because he caught the complaint from actual contact with Byron. His autobiography is the most romantic ever written and the least readable. If we must believe him at all, he was at the age of eleven the little Sertorius of his school and united his companions in resistance to the ushers:

"Satisfied with the ascendency I had gained over my schoolfellows, I turned my whole thoughts to the possibility of revenging myself on the master. I first tried my hand on his understanding. One day, he having been refreshed by long country walks; in the course of one of these the tutor sat down to rest himself; the boys, not acquainted with the plot, were busy gathering nuts; my chosen band loitered near, preparing rods; when I dropped by three of the strongest, I fell suddenly upon my enemy. I got my hand round his dirty cravat, which I continued twisting till, completely overcome, he entreated us, as well as he could articulate, to have mercy and not to strangle him. I gripped him tighter, till the sweat dropped from his brow like rain from the eaves of a pig-sty. We then gave him a sample of flogging he could never forget."

That is the note of the whole. In his subsequent career he is always dark and daring—too daring and too dark. He would have us believe that he turned pirate, joining himself to a Dutch superman of that profession, a character straight from Byron's poems. It all seems, very childish now, his escapes and bloody revenges, the wooling and the loss of his unconvincing Arab bride; but there is something more human in the appeal made now and formerly by this school that ordinary people leading ordinary lives are the happier for knowing that with them in the world is a Byron or Borrow or Cunningham Graham sucking the marrow out of life, realising, as it seems, the romantic aspirations of the young men of his generation. Nor must it be thought that the charm is merely a fictitious one. What a galaxy of magnificent creatures they are, judging them physically alone! With the exception of Borrow, whose other excellences bring him among the foremost, they are men of wealth and family. All are boxers, swimmers, horsemen; handsome, brave, talented. Is it a wonder that they turned their enormous energies to throw a glamour of romance round natures so richly endowed? Into what a frieze of equestrian figures might they be moulded! Byron with bare throat and wide sailor trousers; the heavier Cornishman, squiring to a pretty lady; Borrow, in the Andalusian hat and rusty cloak, "which had perhaps served half-a-dozen generations," or, better still, like a true athlete, all the larger when naked, riding his jaca down the bank of the Tagus to bathe with the one-eyed smith of Villa Seca; the semimilitary Kinglake, with the tight, well-fitting overalls settling on his shapely leg; Blunt, as the portrait at Crabett shows him, bareheaded on an Arab of his own breeding, a five-and-twentieth leader of our difficulties. There was something fascinating in this suggestion; for the slaying of the guide was, of course, easy enough, and would look like an act of what politicians call 'vigour.' If it were only to become known to my friends in England that I had calmly killed a fellow-creature for taking me out of my way, I might remain perfectly quiet and tranquil for all the rest of my days, quite free from the danger of being considered 'slow'; I might ever after live on my reputation like 'single-speech Hamilton'..." Kinglake's
of revolts; and Cunningham Graham, grave and courteous, with his right hand
they have no successors. Invention has shrunk the world, leaving little room for mystery. The great
causes which formed backgrounds for these men are won or lost. Greece is free, Italy united, Egypt definitely
and indefinitely enslaved; Belgrade is no longer the bulwark of the Turk, and Carlist has perished more
through lust than hate. The last leader has chosen the last subcontinent for the last stand, and the great game
is dying for want of more. It is the poor
Narcissus at the pool is well; his fortune was not to
unfriends. The grand manner has never quite carried
to the paper to tell us that he is in South America buying
the blood through forgotten arteries. He writes
and power. At this moment, when most of us are
modes
impressionistic picture and for the delightful Spanish
much more to
Sabadell clothes the heirs to the papal gift
under
arcades.
IfIigree held in their place by a split pin
hesitation the too small and cuplike billycock, which
realistic pictures, instinct with local colouring, which
fallen horse; and we thank him for the deft,
order, perhaps, that sends him scampering off, or a
blundering and noisy escarabajo
his heels,
Mr. Harold Owen, whom Mr. Owen has also written, with
irishman, has been only a guest from whom a meed of
Owen's heart; and, to him, Mr. Shaw, the Irishman,
his horror of "foreigners" has been
incidentally, his admirable and unlikely situation prevents him from acquiring it. Mr. Shaw himself, in his
Genius deserts him—he is but a
guest from whom a meed of reproach
his professional skill; and his horror of professionalism prevents him from acquiring it. Made his work, his genius deserts him—he is but a fool in a temper.
Mr. Harold Owen is only a case in point. Mr. Shaw's pamphlet, "Commonsense About The War," has made him really angry. It seems that for years that English hatred of "foreigners" has been smouldering in Mr. Owen's heart—and Mr. Shaw has not been grateful. He has, with some wit and more pretension, assiduously pointed out our defects, many of them characteristic qualities of which we could not divest ourselves without ceasing to be Englishmen. Incidentally, he has made
money and reputation; and, to the young ladies who live in the suburbs, he is a substitute for Life, he is the
epoch in literature. So long as we had not other things to think of, Mr. Shaw, like the Suffragettes (of whom Mr. Owen has also written, with more power than he has displayed on this occasion), could find only a thing to beたちاء that is at present an object of interest. But this war is the end of all things (the Englishman is nothing if not eschatological); and Mr. Shaw has persisted as though nothing had altered. He found that he could get £1,500 for a pamphlet, announced the fact, and published the pamphlet; and not thinking it wise to denounce the war, he tried to prove that we had only blundered to the right side of

The first relief starts upon his weary but not monotonous
hills. He slopes with feet towards the fire, taking for pillow the flap of his saddle, not in the ignoble manner of the sun-downer snuggling his cheek against a boot, but as though he were conscious of conferring a distinction upon it, qualifying it to become, like Jacob's stone, a crownstone in the long-sea

Undoubtedly the world will have lost something when

Views and Reviews.

On Controversial Failure.

The war has given occasion for the revival of the practice of pamphleteering, but, until the publication of this volume,* I believe we have not had a rejoinder to a pamphlet. We may fulminate against Germany, but we do not read the German replies; Germany may curse us, but our briefer blackguardism does not join issue with their sesquipedalian profanity. It is not that the curses come home to roost; in that case, they would thrive not entirely at the expense of the curseurs; but they do not travel beyond the immediate circle of their utterance. The whole earth is filled with curses that do not conflict with and cancel each other. For this reason, most of the war pamphlets seem to be gratuitously profane, to be more of a relief to the writer than a reply to an opponent. Mr. Harold Owen has had at least the advantage of replying to an opponent whose case was known and whose controversial methods were also familiar; and the occasion was worthy of a philippic. But the average Englishman labours under natural disadvantages in literary exercises; that habit of self-suppression that is one of the bases of English character, and is the characteristic that lays the English people open to the charge of hypocrisy, is not a habit that is easily overcome. When the stress of feeling is so great that even an Englishman must express himself, he is apt to be explosive or evasive, surreptitiously to express his love of

Mr. Shaw's pamphlet, "Commonsense About The War," has made him really angry. It seems that for years that English hatred of "foreigners" has been smouldering in Mr. Owen's heart—and Mr. Shaw has not been grateful. He has, with some wit and more pretension, assiduously pointed out our defects, many of them characteristic qualities of which we could not divest ourselves without ceasing to be Englishmen. Incidentally, he has made
money and reputation; and, to the young ladies who live in the suburbs, he is a substitute for Life, he is the
epoch in literature. So long as we had not other things to think of, Mr. Shaw, like the Suffragettes (of whom Mr. Owen has also written, with more power than he has displayed on this occasion), could find only a thing to beたちاء that is at present an object of interest. But this war is the end of all things (the Englishman is nothing if not eschatological); and Mr. Shaw has persisted as though nothing had altered. He found that he could get £1,500 for a pamphlet, announced the fact, and published the pamphlet; and not thinking it wise to denounce the war, he tried to prove that we had only blundered to the right side of

* "Commonsense About The War." By Harold Owen.

(Edward [sic] Allen and Unwin. 2s. 6d. net.)
REVIEWS

Years of Plenty. By Ivor Brown. (Martin Secker. 6s.)

First novels are usually lyrical, but Mr. Brown writes like a juvenile wisecracker. He does not attempt to express, he describes; he drops at once into narrative, as though he calls "the mystery of ham and eggs" were already revealed to him. He has dealt with what he knows, life at a public school and at Oxford, but the record is so competently written that it is impossible to disguise the fact that Mr. Brown has played for safety. He has not attempted to make literature; he treats of nothing but externals, and although the whole period with which he deals is a period of preparation, there is no apprehension of what life may mean or bring. He modulates to a tentative and temporary tenderness when writing of the embraces of Martin and Freda; but, otherwise, he is as arid and aloof in description as any Fabian. He has written from his head, not from his heart; nor does his technical skill compensate for his lack of feeling. He is still Oxford-Fabian, and conscious of being so; his style never says more than his intellect. We should compare this novel with Mr. St. John Ervine's first novel but for the fact that Mr. Ervine's economy of means and rigid accuracy of phrase gave a dramatic quality to his writing that is missing from Mr. Brown's. The real Mr. Brown is still unborn.

Jaunty in Charge. By Mrs. George Wemyss. (Constable. 6s.)

Their mother had died when they were very young; their father was a dear old thing, but what did he know about girls? Nothing; so Jaunty, who was not exactly a butler, ordered "Vanilla" for the dinner; and "Viella," and let them wander bare-legged about the village, picking up innocence and shedding joy. Pamela was beautiful, and she married well; and she had a baby before Jaunty died. But she was rather flirty; while Sally, who was more beautiful than Pamela, was more like her saintly mother. None the less, she became engaged to the right man; Jaunty saw to that before he died. But there was much that she had to suffer before this end was reached. Her legs had to be covered when she was about sixteen years old; but she was one of those girls who, so fast as you cover one thing, show another. She began to wear her heart upon her sleeve, and would have fallen in love with Douglas Bentleigh if Jaunty had not been his uncle and sent him away because he thought that money that Jaunty was forgiven for taking. Then there was Jimmy Beech; she had never been engaged to him, but she married professionally for his death to please his sister, and a pretty kettle of fish everybody but Jaunty made of it. But he caught Neil Wentford for her safely enough, and she will make a lovely bride; and will do her duty as a soldier's wife. Already, she has prevision of her grandson.

Two Sinners. By Mrs. David G. Ritchie. (Smith, Elder and Co. 6s.)

Only two sinners, and neither of them is splendid. You see, Major Kames was not "spiritual," but Maud accepted his proposal because she wanted a home. Then her soul began to trouble her, and she made herself very unpleasant to Major Kames; so she asked the advice of Father Fitzherbert. He said that if she wasn't strong enough or tender enough to pretend that she loved Major Kames she ought not to marry him. Then Major Kames began to get mystical, and when he sang a song that only she understood she broke her engagement. After that, she began to feel things more deeply, although she still continued to disregard her saintly sister, Ursula, who had a high-bridged nose and perhaps the flea is worth his stores of flea-powder to their friends in the trenches. "A yellow feeling makes us wonderous kind."

"Blackwood's Magazine" to the "antics of a blue-behinded ape," without recognising that this was his cue if he wanted only to denounce Mr. Shaw. He falls back upon that impotent English rage against ingratitude, with none of Lear's skill in expressing it. Like that Mr. Fuller who has become famous by one phrase uttered in the House of Commons a century ago, "He refuses to substantiate that the man means well, and yet the praise of his good intentions is the criticism of his performance. To have meant worse and done better, would have more accorded with the practical spirit of the English people; but English politeness is a wonderful thing, and soothes all incompetence with its murmurs of moral appreciation.

But to no other conclusion than this does Mr. Owen come. "The brutal truth as it lies between ourselves and Shaw is simply this: we don't want him." Pitiful is such a conclusion, for it only confirms Mr. Shaw in his profitable misanthropy, and certainly will not inspire the English people to get rid of him. Mr. Shaw himself has proved that the English people would break his windows for writing this pamphlet; but all that has happened in this country is that Mr. Owen has broken a few pen-nibs in sputtering his rage on paper. That description of the mountains and the brigandage by Mr. Shaw in "Man and Superman" describes no less aptly his relation to the English people; we tolerate him as "lions tolerate Jaunty made of it. But he caught Neil Wentford for her safely enough, and she will make a lovely bride; and will do her duty as a soldier's wife. Already, she has prevision of her grandson.

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last illness; but Maud did not arrive until the saint had passed away. Maud had to feel that very deeply, and she sat up all night reading Ursula's diary to do it. Then Father Fitzherbert arrived, and told her that Major Kames was lying at death's door; she was not to go to him, he had everything that "wealth" could provide. When Maud had felt this long enough and deeply enough, she offered love to Major Kames, and sewed the buttons on Father Fitzherbert's cloak. Major Kames became "spiritual," and she became his wife.

On Desert Altars. By Norma Lorimer. (Stanley Paul, 6s.)

This is no laughing matter, nor have we space to tell all the love affairs of Alice Rathbone. She was very happily married, and she had a beautiful boy named Peter; but still, "her sex was in her soul." However, her husband, who was an engineer, accepted a post in Southern Nigeria; and took fever for the first time in his life. It is strange to notice how marriage destroys a man's immunity from the ills of life. Being without other resources than his salary, he was obliged at last to accept another post in Northern Nigeria; and down he went again, and nearly died with fever. All this time Alice had been pestered by a Jew millionaire to make him a sleeping partner in this business of providing her with a family; and as she did not want her husband to die abroad, and the Jew could find him work in time, have slept quietly in her bed; but the Jew began to talk to the nursemaid about the child, and at last entered the house to play with little Ikey. As the bargain had been, the Jew should never see Alice after her husband had returned, she was justly indignant when she found him teaching her boy to play contango in time, and mouth half open, lost to the world. His face is pink draggled women push and damp with the sweat of sleep. Draggled women push and suppers. Like a great many-coloured snake moves slowly homewards through the iron gates linked arms, sway to the measure of a great many-coloured roundabouts with shrieking burdens, innumerable booths heavy with goods unsellable and unrequired. A woman deformed by too much flesh—a good mother—whose chin rests on her bosom, drags her family to the tent "For Lost Children" to pity those who hideously wall within.

A girl with sunken face, chalky with too much love, alive, with the arm thrown around him who wears the livery of moderation, the Khaki servitor whose lot it is to be Nothing more than Courteous.

On the ground a man lies prone with arm thrown out and mouth half open, lost to the world. His face is pink and damp with the sweat of sleep. Draggled women push and suppers. Like a great many-coloured snake moves slowly homewards through the iron gates linked arms, sway to the measure of a great many-coloured roundabouts with shrieking burdens, innumerable booths heavy with goods unsellable and unrequired. A woman deformed by too much flesh—a good mother—whose chin rests on her bosom, drags her family to the tent "For Lost Children" to pity those who hideously wall within.

SOME IRONIC ANIMADVERSIONS ON THE LATE UNREST.

"Disgraceful!" all the papers smirched smugly.
"We much deplore this hooligan display; the temper of the mob was very ugly, and we are troubled more than we can say."
"Of course, we know . . . tremendous provocation . . . but still, does not excuse . . . it is not right . . . Make grave appeal . . . the Fairies of the Nation . . . Abstain in future . . . venting foolish spite . . ."
"These harmless navvies—why should they behave so? Why were they busy when the brawl began? These City patriots—why should they rave so? They're inoffensive lambkins, to a man!"
"We hardly like to say what made them do it" (And all the papers wiped away a tear). "It was the Gutter Press that sent them to it. The Truth Will Out . . . alas . . . tut, tut . . . dear, dear!"

P. SKIVER.

AN ILLUSTRATED INTERVIEW WITH P. AECHYLUS.

P. AECHYLUS, sir? Good Heavens! May I beg one minute's favour? You are the man who think, that spoiled some fellow's taste for twitterings. You know Euripides? He's got a boom in England. Well, he did have, till the war. I may say England thinks a lot of Greece; we are, you know, your spiritual heirs to some extent. Euripides has quite captured the popular favour. Now, sir, if

THE STARS.

How deep the holy fountains of the stars
Refresh the earth-born wanderer! How sweet
The ministry and comfortable light
Within the sanctuary of the stars;
In whose unformidable stillness,
The listening spirit hears nor ear hath heard,
And sees nor eye hath seen, or imaged fair:
Swifter than thought-thought, o'er the aereal sea,
Hies to his native land; returning, bears
Prophetic memories; and o'er the foam,
Those fragrant flames flame unquenchable,
Hymned with the radiant, choral songs of men.
Lift up your hearts unto the lofty stars,
Which signal from the mastheads of the world
To its spiritual heirs.

E. H. V. VIAK.
I don’t presume too far, I’d be obliged,
If you’d outline your views upon the war.
No matter what. If it’s not just the thing,
I’ll touch it up. I’m here collecting views
For a Symposium (that’s a word of yours)
The Mighty Living and the Mighty Dead;
Wonderful Unanimity of Thought
Upon the Issues. You may be assured
We shall not put you in bad company.
There’s Wells, Marie Corelli, Barry Pain,
E. Phillips Oppenheim and Beerbohm Tree,
Bergson and Batchelder, both the Chestertons,
And everyone who’s anyone at all.
There’ll be your picture (I’ve my Reflex here)
Between The First Twins Born in Time of War
And Portion of a Shell that struck a Man
Who Lived in Peckham. Underneath we’ll put:
Hellas’ Great Poet (they like the cultured touch);
Inset: The Very Pen with Which he Wrote.
We’ll print you on the page that bears good news
Of No More Bustless Women.
And if perhaps
Such thoughts of fame do not appeal
Of ills age-old.
How should men tell their triumphs, nor
Fix their feelings then. We fight, like you,
For honour, truth, humanity, and right,
Against oppression, lust, and tyranny.
In fact a dozen words to this effect.
Is all that is required. Coming from you
The effect...! Well, may I put you down for that?
I beg your pardon. Let me get that down.
"Here is the tale whose sorrow weighs with joy.
How should men tell their triumphs, nor
The gods with boasting? How should Victory ride
A city not o’er-filled with pride?
On Persian lips I placed the tale, that so
It sounds like Murray; still, I see your point.
You mean there’s no real need to slate these Huns,
They’re sunk so deep in crime, that, when they speak,
They give themselves away. Silent contempt’s
The cue to talk upon. Best thing, you think,
Just wait and hear them squealing in defeat.
I’ll fix it. Yes—How Berlin Takes Defeat
Will some day make a headline. Many thanks.
God send our certain win. Good afternoon.
A. E. WATTS.

PARKER.

They are grown silent, The shrill, familiar voices.
Rushed the hatchets now; No sudden flames
Leap from lone mansions more.
And Christabel
In her omniscience
Demands no longer
Instant cessation
Of ills age-old.

Gone the great days
When Sylvia led forth
Her best-exalting squires—All are gone!
Quiescent now
Their Eastern habitations.
Aye, and where
Art thou, Drummond,
The martial, thou that camst
Rotund
Upon a charger?

To-night o’er Westminster
A silver peace
Is fallen
From the untroubled moon... and yet, and yet
The echo cometh
Unto mine inward ear
Of smittings resonant
That once, in happier days, deprived
The florid face of Law
Of equanimity.

Half the world bathed
In bloodshed... but I miss
The old, inimitable fighting.
STEVENSON PARKER.

Current Cant.

"Labour will be represented by Mr. Arthur Henderson."
—Daily Mirror.

"Truth will out."—Daily Mail.

"A Royal Worker. The Queen’s share of War burdens."—Times.

"The Government is at last a committee for National Safety."—George R. Sims.

"A man with one arm or one leg can do excellent work as an agricultural labourer."—Morning Post.

"Compulsory Service two thousand years ago. Evening News Remember Series."—Lord Northcliffe.

"Universal Service is coming."—Daily Mail.

"The Field of Pain and the Field of Death. Exclusive 'Sunday Herald' Photographs."—Sunday Herald.

"Gott Strafe all Squabblers."—Austin Harrison.

"The exit of Lord Haldane from Public life means the beginning of the end of the War."—Arnold White.

"The safety of the country demands that industrial agitators shall be treated as traitor-criminals of the worst kind."—Referee.

When Mr. H. G. Wells is dealing with trade he is criticising it from a standpoint of intelligent Socialism."—F. J. Harvey Darton.

"The religion which inspired the life of men like Nelson, Lincoln and Robertus must have something in it of supreme value."—Sir Francis Younghusband.

"Trust Lord Kitchener."—Daily Mirror.

"Advertisements, like wine and books, sometimes acquire a virtue and a value with the years."—Nation.

"Do your bit."—VANOC.

"We cannot afford to play the fool any longer."—Austin Harrison.

"No more bustless women."—Sunday Pictorial.

"To-day, Jerome K. Jerome gives us a brilliant satire on the position of things in England and our progress from one thing to another, drink, and slacking by workers..."—Illustrated Sunday Herald.

"Mr. Churchill was dangerous as much through the great qualities as the weaknesses of his nature."—Morning Post.

"I took the Blessed Communion round the ward early in the morning."—Bishop Perse.

"We are suffering from a touch—we hope it is but a touch—of the evil which has afflicted every democracy in history. That evil is the abuse of liberty of speech—Pall Mall Gazette.

"Because our life is better than that of the flowers on the rock, it can become unspeakably worse."—Times.

"So acute a thinker as Mr. Edward Pease."—F. N. Kern, in the "New Statesman."
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE EMPLOYMENT OF PRISONERS OF WAR.

Sir,—In your issue of March 18 Mr. Verdad in commenting on the scandalous treatment meted out to British prisoners in Germany and their being employed as workmen points out that the employment of prisoners in an enemy country is contrary to the Hague Convention.

I was greatly interested in this statement, as only very shortly before the Russian daily, "Den," published an account of a "project" submitted to the "Senate" the object of which was to establish the employment of prisoners as workmen in an enemy country—so that they may be used for the benefit of the employing state. If the prisoners must work while in the enemy's power, the employment of prisoners as workmen in an enemy country was found to be must unfair to his employers. The proposal was that the prisoners would be allowed to work as best they could like the rest of the workers. The Russian Daily, "Den," endorses the view that the employment of prisoners as workmen in an enemy country is contrary to the Hague Convention.

Therefore (note this touching regard for the Russian worker!) it was proposed to allow the farmers to pay the farmers the wages they could afford. The proposal was that the prisoners would be allowed to work as best they could like the rest of the workers. The Russian Daily, "Den," endorses the view that the employment of prisoners as workmen in an enemy country is contrary to the Hague Convention.

If this has happened something must be done, and quickly. France can be expected to do more, and it therefore lies with Great Britain. But within the limits of compatibility with our glorious principles of freedom our rulers have also done their best under their late system of informal association, whereby the Liberal Government and its Press have done their best to bear the burden of the Opposition. It is, therefore, a fair inference from the present abrogation of responsibility by the Liberals, and the non-assent of the Conservative Press to the measures adopted, that which neither party is willing to have its name separately associated. In other words, there's a storm coming; and when the fate of State is in jeopardy all steamboat passengers are called Jonah.

* * *

THE COALITION.

Sir,—In this tenth month of the War, upon which we entered in the rôle of the European schoolmaster, our ruling classes have now been compelled to face the con
tact of what the Government has been made public: "Peace." That is the meaning of the sudden formal fusion of party cancles announced by the Prime Minister last week. It is "formal" in the sense that Lord Fisher, the Minister for War, has now a longer life, and a larger ministerial salary, than he has ever had, and he is accepted as the leader of the group of the Labour Party. If the leaders of the Government and Opposition have not closely co-operated in the prosecution of the war since its outbreak, or that such differences between officials as have been alleged in the newspapers were brought about this ostentation proclaimation of a coalition. I suggest that the chief factor in the situation is the attitude of Russia. She has put up a good fight against the great difficulties, and has incurred heavy sacrifices; and now, after her recent serious reverse, it is very difficult to imagine that she can have refrained from bringing pressure to bear upon her Western allies to do something effective—that pressure being well sustained by the hint of a separate peace with Germany.

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GAELIC-AMERICAN.

Sir,—The letter of your correspondent "Neutral" in THE NEW AGE of May 6 is a perfect example of "Gaelic Americanism," in the generic sense of the term. Were it not for the confirmation it supplies of my own views, I should not trouble to return to the subject, for I am too far away from the scene of controversy to make participation attractive. By the time a reply from me can be published, Mr. McGuire's book will have been read and judged. I think the "People's Friend" has been very well answered by a perusal of the American publishers' recent announcements. Such a statement could, I imagine, be answered in that manner. Unfortunately my statement is entirely a trifle above some condescending ones upon publishers' announcements, but upon an examination of a large number of actual books dealing with all
sides of the war. Moreover, knowing the circumstances of the publication of the work in question, I can assure you that it is not the product of ordinary commercial considerations. In short, Mr. McGuire's volume is one which normally would cost from two to three dollars.

In his second paragraph "Neutral" proceeds to strain at the English gnat and swallow the Prussian camel in the customary fashion. Neither he nor his pro-German friends "welcome the advent of a fresh conqueror to Ireland," but they welcome Prussia! The well-known altruism of the Prussian Government where small nations are concerned is to remove from our minds all suspicion as to England being "a conqueror" when Ireland is in question! It is, I know, horrible blasphemy, with a certain class of Irishman, to question the purity of Prussian politics. The story of "a conqueror" when Ireland is in question! is, I know, hateful to the intellectuals, of whom Germany has had some strange saviours in our time, but nothing more incomprehensible than this has ever been foisted upon us. Germany lied to the Poles, the Danes and the French on the occasion of the "salvation," for Unser Gott, of these unfortunate peoples, yet we are asked to believe her when she promises the right of deciding whether North Schleswig should belong to Denmark or to Prussia, or whether the French in Alsace-Lorraine were assured of freedom in their relations with France. These pledges were violated, and for them was substituted a tyranny so revolting that only our Junkerised Gaeltachtics have the audacity to deny it.

When, in a moment of temporary sanity, they admit about one-tenth of the sufferings inflicted upon the subject races of Germany, they try to escape the only intelligent conclusion by comparing those outrages with their own treatment by England. But even the fraction of evil they admit is more than they have ever experienced except vicariously, at Gaelic-American orations, or in the history books. Because some half-dozen intellectually sterile editors have seen their newspapers suspended in war time, we are to forget that men in Germany with similarly anti-governmental views would never at any time be allowed to speak in public. I know of no Irish thinker of the slightest importance who is unable to speak in Ireland at present, whereas the number of Germans who have never been allowed to utter one half of their thoughts is Rogers, Casement, and a great many more.

The papers have been suppressed in Ireland are--to be unduly polite--of no greater importance than "Vorwaerts," or any of the Liberal journals in Germany which have suffered at the hands of Kultur. "Neutral" should find out what was the occasion of the "salvation," for Unser Gott, to Prussia. I have no objection to attacking "Neutral," for I charge him with the assumption that Germany is the liberator of Ireland! We have had some strange savages in our time, but nothing more incomprehensible than this has ever been foisted upon us.

Your correspondent, Sir, has already pointed out the glaring fallacy of Mr. McGuire's argument. It is a fallacy that has been said of the Irish for generations. They "prefer" to speak in Ireland at present, whereas the number of Germans who have never been allowed to utter one half of their thoughts is Rogers, Casement, and a great many more.

In my experience of Gaelic-Americanism very few of the victims seem to know much about the land of their dreams. Their conception of Germany is based upon the dithyrambs of Sir Roger Casement, and other experts in propaganda. The typical failure of the atrophied political idea at present in Germany is the failure to realize that men in Germany with similarly anti-governmental views would never at any time be allowed to speak in public. I know of no Irish thinker of the slightest importance who is unable to speak in Ireland at present, whereas the number of Germans who have never been allowed to utter one half of their thoughts is Rogers, Casement, and a great many more.

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Government because of alleged German sympathies; and in these circumstances it seems rather important that the Bonar Law should tell us whether he has ever heard of this pending trial, and the circumstances connected therewith, which one trusts will be publicly investigated at the hearing in the High Court of Justice in Greek Street June 14.

STANHOPE OF CHESTER.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN SITUATION.

Sir,—The exceedingly able articles on South African affairs which Dr. Pontsua has contributed to your columns have one object, namely, to prove Botha to be a double-deayer. Surely, however, it may be possible to come nearer the truth than this. General Botha is not only not a fool but he is so subservient to imperial influences as to risk his future in South Africa to please the powers who have allowed that there is consistency between his anti-English attitude towards the Rand strike of a year or two ago, and his apparent British attitude to-day. Why? The common ground underlying the apparent contradiction? Is it not that in both instances General Botha is moved influences which are neither British nor anti-British, but one or other? The influences that made for the anti-Britishism of the suppression of the Rand strike were obviously those of the Rand magnates, and of the back-country Boers on the other. On that occasion both saw in the suppression of British workers increased security for themselves. No, it looks, in the present occasion, for the same parties at work; and surely they are to be found easily enough. What these interests demand in South Africa is plain, the domination of that purely British element. The British are an engrat to the South African financial magnates as to the Boers proper. Rather than allow the British any power; the magnates and Boers combine are willing to go to any lengths, even to the length of conquering the German colonies and annexing them to the Union. Why? The inclusion of the German colonies in the Union, under promise (which has been secretly made) of full citizenship, will contribute towards the further swelling of the British vote; and if it should succeeds, then the future German — or more German — emigrate to South-West Africa, each of them will be a new anti-British influence. Let us make no mistake; and let Dr. Pontsua, as a South African, make no mistake either. General Botha is not conquering German Africa (with Rand and Boer money) for England’s beautiful eyes, but in furtherance of his ideal of South Africa for South Africans— that is, for mine and land exploiters in common. We here in London shall, no doubt, honour him as a great imperialist; but it is by expediency and for this occasion only that he appears to be one. He is no more pro-English to-day than when he was shooting down English strikers and deporting British subjects in defiance of imperial principles. In each case he was pro-Boer, pro-magnate, pro-South African.

MR. NORMAN REPLIES.

Sir,—Mr. Gorle accuses me of “imputing bad motives to my own countrymen and good ones to the men of any enemy country.” My attitude, in fact, is that I impute bad motives to the statesmen and militarists of all the belligerent countries; while Mr. Gorle, apparently, is of opinion that only the exiles in the world are Kaisers and his admirers. He can believe such rubbish if he pleases, in face of the Moroccan policy conducted by France and supported by Britain, the Russian policy in Galicia, and the Servian policy in Bosnia; but Mr. Gorle’s mind is so constituted that he only heeds those matters which he is prepared to pay attention to: not those which are of evidential value.

Mr. Gorle does not seem to recognise the important distinction between the matters I allude to, and the allegations against Germany. The various facts I have collected are the assertions of highly placed and influential Britons during times of peace upon the foreign, naval, and military policy of Germany. Moreover, as Mr. Gorle has been living in Italy to turn upon her Allies in the moment of their danger; Italy will be praised by them for departing from her neutrality, by attacking those Powers with whom she has chosen to combine. Mr. Gorle has been living in Italy to turn upon her Allies. The political deadheads and the association for the perpetuation of sensile decay in high office (otherwise known as the National Cabinet) are running this country, and there is nobody to live. The outside combination of the Socialist Defence Committee, Mr. Horatio Bottomley, and the Northcliffe Press does not inspire me with any more confidence than the National Cabinet, but it is an additional proof of the debasement of the moral currency of Britain.

As for Mr. Gorle’s veiled incitements to violence, they are on a par with the kind of patriotism which vented its rage upon the British wives of German bakers, or which goes on to the recruiting platform for the purpose of telling the young men of this country that it is their duty to defend the country from the inevitable results of their policy. The snapping of curs at my heels certainly will not influence me in my endeavours to place before my countrymen material and relevant facts, which, in my opinion, should affect their minds and their judgments in this deplorable war.

So far as Mr. Gorle’s comment upon the German attacks on British merchant vessels is concerned, I need not occupy your space further than merely to ask your readers to compare the paragraph you write beginning, "Upon the use of submarines," ending with "the act done..." with the disingenuous twisting that Mr. Gorle has given to the ordered argument of that paragraph.

As for Viscount Bryce’s Report on Atrocities, I have read it through, and shall deal with it in due time.

C. H. NORMAN.

FRENCH AND GERMAN HUMANITY.

Sir,—Permit me to protest against certain conclusions drawn by Miss Alice Morning in her " Impressions of Paris," THE NEW AGE, May 27, without reiterating the points that arise from a comparison of the cruelties of that war. A reserved and utterly untaught people, accustomed to almost daily exhibitions of humanity of the French Revolution, and I must note now reiterate the points that arise from a comparison of the cruelties of that war. A reserved and utterly untaught people, accustomed to almost daily exhibitions of the law’s ferocity and brutality, cannot be placed side by side with the British. The British were the agents of the law; the Britons have at all times been the perpetrators of atrocities. The Britons have at all times been the agents of the law; the Britons have at all times been the perpetrators of atrocities. The Britons have at all times been the agents of the law; the Britons have at all times been the perpetrators of atrocities. The Britons have at all times been the agents of the law; the Britons have at all times been the perpetrators of atrocities. The Britons have at all times been the agents of the law; the Britons have at all times been the perpetrators of atrocities. The Britons have at all times been the agents of the law; the Britons have at all times been the perpetrators of atrocities. The Britons have at all times been the agents of the law; the Britons have at all times been the perpetrators of atrocities.

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C. H. NORMAN.

P.S.—I might add that I had replied in detail to Mr. Gorle’s comments in THE NEW AGE, May 27, and that journal has not seen fit to print the letter in its issue of May 27.

Arthur Hood.
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