NOTES OF THE WEEK.

In our issue of May 27 we promised to discuss the advisability of an early General Election. Since then several journals—the "Economist," the "British Weekly," and the "Daily Chronicle"—have raised the same interrogation but without provoking much more than the usual reply, namely, that they had better keep their mouths shut. If it were for no other purpose than to make a stir, certainly we should never have suggested the subject ourselves. In a period of ten or eleven months, during which sensational stuff has been plentiful, we have not once raised a scare or possibility of an early General Election should be regarded as bewildering? What public confidence can be placed in a Ministry that has emerged from secrecy into being as it only continues to exist as a fortnight, no sign of re-invigoration has been shown. Whether it will improve as its members shake down into their offices is entitled to our suspicion; for we not only have never been told the reason of it, but the most sinister rumours have been flying about concerning the real motives of the Coalition, all of which appear to have at least some foundation in fact. What public confidence can be placed in a Ministry that has emerged from secrecy into being and is constituted of a personnel which can only be regarded as bewildering? A comparison of the old and the new Ministries leaves the best minds of the public completely in the dark as to the principles that have governed the changes. For all the design manifested in the selection, the names of the parties might have been put into a hat and shaken out to the number of the offices. Fancy Mr. Henderson as the Minister of Education or Mr. Austen Chamberlain (at such a time as this) as the Secretary for India! And these are samples merely of the many obvious misfits of the Cabinet. Either it is to be concluded that most of the offices are sinecures, given away to keep the various parties quiet while the real work is done by the permanent officials, or they are likely to be wretchedly discharged by their present holders to our national disaster. In either case the situation is not stable.

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Though the new Ministry has been in existence for a fortnight, no sign of re-invigoration has been shown. Apart from Mr. Lloyd George, who once more appears to be the only politician with reserves of strength to draw upon, the members of the new Cabinet seem to have settled themselves to the comfortable enjoyment of their salaries as if, with the attainment of office, they had done all the nation could expect. Worse even, they have begun to hint, both in the House of Commons and out of it, that criticisms of the Ministry ought now to cease. Pro-German, Sir Arthur Markham called the few members of the Commons who dared to say what thousands of the public are thinking; and Pro-German, no doubt, the Press organs of the various
parties will style any independent criticism from outside. The risk, however, of being both called and treated as pro-German must be taken if we are not to fall under a silent dictatorship. After all, there is no treating a wishing that our Government were a little better than it is. Nor does criticism at this moment argue any fickleness on the part of the public. The Ministry, we cannot too often repeat, is self-selected on principles which we neither understand nor appreciate. We therefore owe it neither unquestioning allegiance nor full confidence. On the contrary, we owe it our suspicion and our best criticism, since its spurs are yet to win.

The fault is not entirely with the House of Commons either. If, therefore, the nation should finally come to the conclusion that another Government should be elected, no serious aspersions need necessarily be cast upon this. The present House of Commons was, as everybody knows, elected upon issues of a very different order from those of the war. In theory, no doubt, any House of Commons, upon whose accidental question its composition may have turned, is competent for any crisis, however great, that may arise; and usually, to our credit it be said, most Houses of Commons have risen with the occasion. But the Armistice which fell upon the world last August was an event not merely out of the ordinary, but out of the extraordinary. And a parliament that might have been blamed for not rising out of its party origins to a merely national crisis would incur no blame for failing as large as the world. We are preparing, it will be noted, a defence both for the existing House of Commons and for the electorate. The latter could not have foreseen that its choice of representatives was to entail on them responsibilities second to none, or put upon men; and the former are rather to be congratulated that they have not been overwhelmed, than blamed that they are ineffective. The problem, however, still remains. Because both the present Parliament and the last electorate can be absolutely from Government should be elected, it does not follow that we must accept the situation as if it were fated and unchangeable. Allowing that with the knowledge the public then possessed and with the material of which the House of Commons has found itself composed, Parliament can be acquitted of more than human weakness, the question is still open whether, with better knowledge, the electorate could not now make a better choice.

It is not as if the worst were over. Even if we admit that we have done as well as could be expected, the problems still before the nation are such as to tax, much more than they have already been taxed, the abilities of the present House of Commons. Some people no doubt will be disposed to say that having muddled through so far under a Government elected for other purposes five years ago, we can hope to muddle through the rest of the way without change. This would be reasonable if either one or both of two conditions were implied—that the situation were likely to become easier as time goes on, or that the existing Government were likely to grow more competent with duration. But neither of these conditions is within even this possibility. Let alone the probable. Both the national and the international situations appear likely to become more and more complicated and difficult as the weeks pass by, and there is every chance, before peace introduces still fresh troubles into our affairs, either government, or further extended to include Imperial troubles as well.

We beg our readers who doubt it to take a map of the world and mark on it the places where unrest of one kind or another exists, and to maintain that the bubbles of the universal ferment promise an early cooling. And that the Government cannot mount in strength with the increasing demands is obvious, we think, from one or two simple reflections. With few exceptions they are all old men, and men, what is more, exhausted by years of strenuous party strife. The outbreak of the war found them fitter to retire for a rest than to make efforts to which their former were pleasurable exercises; and a year of war has whitened the grey hairs of almost every one of them. What, we ask, will be their condition after another year of it, after another two years of it, after another three—and with each year growing more rather than less exigent in its demands upon their diminishing energies? Certainly it is not right, even if it be expedient, to impose such a task upon men. But we are also certain that neither is it expedient.

The chief objection that will occur to the proposal of a General Election is the distraction of interest it would entail on them serious aspersions need necessarily be cast upon this. The present House of Commons was, as everybody knows, elected upon issues of a very different order from those of the war. In theory, no doubt, any House of Commons, upon whose accidental question its composition may have turned, is competent for any crisis, however great, that may arise; and usually, to our credit it be said, most Houses of Commons have risen with the occasion. But the Armistice which fell upon the world last August was an event not merely out of the ordinary, but out of the extraordinary. And a parliament that might have been blamed for not rising out of its party origins to a merely national crisis would incur no blame for failing as large as the world. We are preparing, it will be noted, a defence both for the existing House of Commons and for the electorate. The latter could not have foreseen that its choice of representatives was to entail on them responsibilities second to none, or put upon men; and the former are rather to be congratulated that they have not been overwhelmed, than blamed that they are ineffective. The problem, however, still remains. Because both the present Parliament and the last electorate can be absolutely from Government should be elected, it does not follow that we must accept the situation as if it were fated and unchangeable. Allowing that with the knowledge the public then possessed and with the material of which the House of Commons has found itself composed, Parliament can be acquitted of more than human weakness, the question is still open whether, with better knowledge, the electorate could not now make a better choice.

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to risk a General Election while still believing a General Election to be unh thinkably calamitous? Must it not appear that it is the ignorant public and not the in-structed politicians that take the exaggerations of the evils of an Election at their face value? We conclude, in short, that if on good grounds an Election should be thought to be desirable, its attendant evils are not as black as they have been painted. The nation can risk it as easily as Mr. Asquith or Mr. Bonar Law.

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There are, we know, other objections, and they could be multiplied ad infinitum. The effect upon our Allies, upon neutral opinion, upon our enemies; the difficulties connected with the absence of many electors on service abroad; the possibility of the propaganda of pacifism; the awakening of the sleeping dogs of party issues—but they may, all told, be less in the end than the diffi-
culties arising out of the present situation. We do not pretend that the course is free from objections; it is full of them. All we say is that, as far as we can see, we are likely to be driven to it and may therefore as well take the hope of realising that the objections are at least surmountable. We may go further and say that these objections are foreseen, that they are not only surmountable, but they ought not to outweigh much more of the evils of the present Government. To hear certain journals at this moment you would conclude that, so awful must be the con-
sequences of a General Election, that the Government now in being cannot be allowed to retain its head in order to avoid them. We must, we suppose, permit it to lose the war, involve us in a disastrous peace and reduce the nation to chaos, rather than risk the trouble of turning it out and putting a better one in. But, thank heaven, the nation is not so resource-
less or cowardly as this submission to the will of the political cliques would imply. If need be, and in all the House of Commons no better Government can be found than that present what-not, the nation will cer-
tainly call for a fresh Election and insist upon it. The Empire is not going to be ruined as if Mr. Henderson and Sir F. E. Smith were our last hope.

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Without anticipating events that cannot clearly be foreseen we venture nevertheless to warn our readers not to be prepared for a General Election this autumn. It may not, we admit, be necessary. On the other hand, it need not, we submit, be disastrous. Now let us look at some of the reasons implied in it. In the first place, the fact must be faced that the next Ministry, whenever it should come into existence, cannot have Mr. Asquith as its chief. Mr. Asquith, as our readers know, has been in our opinion a great Prime Minister—one of the greatest England has ever had; but the period of his greatness, we fear, is over. To the heights of the party disputes preceding the war Mr. Asquith rose with ease; but nobody can maintain that he has been, since the war began, anywhere near the level of the events now surging upon us. From an indulgence of differences in his Cabinet, Mr. Asquith, to judge by effects alone, proceeded to neglect, until, at last, his Ministers were rather a Babel than a Government. And, with it all, his own grip upon events appeared to slacken with his grip upon his colleagues. The Coalition, it is obvious, was the first indication of the failure of Mr. Asquith. It cannot be superseded without super-
seding its cause. But who is to take his place? An Election without a prospective Prime Minister would be a movement without a head. There can be no other one now. As a problem Lloyd George is the first work of the new Parliament. That is under-
stood; and would not be misunderstood either in Flan-
ders or in Germany.
**Foreign Affairs**

By S. Verdr. 

It would be ridiculous to pretend that the situation in India is in all respects satisfactory—that internal strife is at an end, or is at any rate suspended; that all ranks and classes of Indians are exclusively looking forward to the downfall of Germany and her Allies; that the Indian people as a body, conscious of their imperial destiny, are eagerly and confidently awaiting the ultimate triumph of the British arms. I am aware that, in the preceding sentence, I have correctly paraphrased the average "Times" leader; but I know perfectly well that I have not by any means represented by it the thoughts of leaders of opinion in India. With the aid of information which has reached me from various sources I shall endeavour to indicate what the feelings of the Indian people actually are—speaking, of course, very broadly, and neglecting points of detail for essential truths.

The fact that there is considerable unrest in India cannot be denied. We have had, within a comparatively short time, serious rioting in Ceylon, a mutiny at Singapore, a treasonable conspiracy in the Meerut district (in connection with which four Indian soldiers were court-martialled and shot for failing to give information to the police), another conspiracy in the Punjab, and dacoities everywhere, especially, perhaps, in Bengal. Government prosecutions are proceeding at Multan and Lahore before special tribunals under the Defence of India Act. So serious is the situation in and around Lahore, indeed, that European women there (as I am privately informed) have been warned by the authorities to be prepared, at a moment's notice, to fly for shelter to specified points on hearing certain sounds. Remember, too, the riots which broke out when the ss. "Komagata Maru" with rejected Indian emigrants on board returned to India from Vancouver. Surely the spirit of unrest underlying all these things is something which we should try to understand.

Years ago it was common enough to hear even embittered Indian agitators saying that the Englishman, if a beast, was at any rate a just beast—the old tag was very frequently quoted. Of late we have been hearing that the Englishman in India is just a beast. If we extend our investigations far enough we shall find out that the new conditions in our Dependency are not favourable to the upbringing of loyal Indians; we are, indeed, that European women there (as I am privately informed) have been warned by the authorities to be prepared, at a moment's notice, to fly for shelter to specified points on hearing certain sounds. Remember, too, the riots which broke out when the ss. "Komagata Maru" with rejected Indian emigrants on board returned to India from Vancouver. Surely the spirit of unrest underlying all these things is something which we should try to understand.

An Englishman may think it strange enough when an Indian accuses him of not playing fair; and yet that is an accusation which is often made, and made with complete consistency and justice. All our public men for the last three or four centuries have emphasised over and over again the importance of parliamentary government, of interpreting the feelings and desires of the people, and of governing accordingly. Powerful sovereigns have been put to death in England, or deposed, for neglecting this principle or trying to override it; and even in time of war the people of England find an autocracy intolerable. No matter how many definitions of democracy there may be, the whole political development of England since the Tudors has had some form of democracy in it; and the English have nothing to do with a statesman who advocates anything else. This form of rule, upon which our own political life has been built for untold generations, has been promised to India in specific words. Even the old Proclamation of Queen Victoria (1858) was sympathetic, and the Proclamation of 1908 was quite definite. In 1909 the Morley-Minto reforms were thought to have inaugurated a new political era in India, and their speedy extension (which had been promised) was looked for. It was looked for in vain, since the English bureaucracy in India—a bureaucracy which forms one of the strongest autocracies ever seen on this earth—set itself to minimise the effect of the 1909 reforms. It was not that the minor administrative posts which Indians reasonably expected to obtain were not increased, that the system of elections, no matter for what body, was so greatly hedged round with restrictions as to place the ruling bureaucratic minority ultimately in the strongest position. These were all important matters; but not so important as the neglect by the English administrators of the spirit of the Morley-Minto Acts. Those Acts, if they meant anything at all, were meant to show that, in the opinion of the Imperial authorities, the Indians had grown up and were capable of assuming a preliminary share of political responsibility. If not the letter, was certainly the spirit of the reforms of 1909; and, if the bureaucracy had accepted them in that spirit we should have heard less about Indian unrest in the course of the last two or three months.

The bureaucracy showed no such good sense. It felt that it had governed India wisely for more than a century, that interference with its power was the beginning of the end of British rule, that the admitted unrest was largely the work of crack-brained agitators, that the "natives" had to be managed and administered, efficiently if not perhaps humanely, from above. Almost precisely similar ideals actuated the Prussian aristocracy, and were carried out in the German Empire with equal efficiency. In both cases the people had been left out—a highly important omission. In both cases the governing classes, unfortunately, confined themselves to themselves and neglected the new discoveries, the new thoughts and beliefs, the new problems of the outside world. Our large employers at home have done the same thing; and the position of our own working classes is not unlike that of the Indian population. Our English bureaucrats confine their activities to administration, exactly as the English employers confine themselves to the accumulation of profits. An English administrator, during his residence in his particular district for a period of years, entirely loses touch, if he ever had it, with events at home. What is his fate when he returns to this country? He would cease to be dangerous if he retired to dignified obscurity; but in most cases, unfortunately, he does not. You will find him haunting the places where Englishmen and Indians meet in London, thoughtfully introducing into contemporary discussions the ideas of 1870, 1850, or 1850. I say seriously that there are some retired Indian civil servants who know nothing that happened after the first Boer war; there are others who will have a great shock one of these days when they discover Ibsen and Shaw.

If our bureaucrats are unfamiliar with what has been happening in Western Europe, however, assuredly the Indians themselves are not. For many years young Indians have been encouraged to come to this country to complete their education, though since Mr.
Mallet and his Students' Department were created even the best students have received the coldest of cold shoulders. Student after student has come over here to study medicine, engineering, chemistry, law, commerce, only to find, on his return, that he will not be allowed to apply his knowledge, even in districts where Englishmen are hardly ever seen, without embarrassing restrictions. In such circumstances misunderstandings inevitably arise. Young Indians, instance—he will find himself, on his return, an object

Englishmen are hardly ever seen, without embarrassing shoulders. Student after student has come over here recording his doings to the minutest detail; and if the Mallet and his Students' the best

ideals of Englishmen are quite compatible with packed

precisely those which are required by an Indian administrator. What man of average ability could not govern India by displaying the qualities

subject has suggested to me that there would be no

Indians tied down to the lowest posts in the administration,

to begin to play; and in advanced societies these other motives overlay the economic as a building stands on its foundations. Through the securing of food and, of course, all the motives made possible by secure food are shaken and become relatively insignificant. The economic motive, in fact, can be found at the bottom of all other motives; but this is not to say that all other motives are economic, or even that economics enters into them. Because at the bottom of every structure you will find a foundation which is naturally the first condition of the structure itself, it does not follow that the structure is all foundation?

** We have to congratulate Mr. Wardle on his recent speech at Oswestry as reported in the "Railway Review" of May 21. The National Union of Railwaymen is not, as he said, merely the largest union of labour in this country (having over 200,000 members), it is the largest homogeneous union in the world. Its duty to pioneer is therefore plain; and we are glad to find Mr. Wardle at last beginning to realise it. "It was their object," he said, "to get every railway man inside the Railway. "He wanted the workers to get power. Underneath all the problems of working-class life come the question of the problem of pounds they wanted to live; they wanted to live as men, and not as serfs; they wanted an improved status. It was power they wanted, and it was power they meant to have. And why? Not for selfish or individual purposes only; but because there were rights that were withheld, and because there had got to come a time when great and inevitable changes must take place, when they were not going to be content to work for wages at the price fixed by other people. They wanted to have more to say as to the conditions under which

Towards National Guilds.

In reply to several correspondents we may say that we accept an economic interpretation of history, but not the economic interpretation, as if there were none other. Reality being infinite in its aspects, and history being the record of reality, it follows that there are as many interpretations or readings of history as of reality; and the attempt to reduce them all to the economic is equivalent to the old fallacy of the economists who conceived an "economic man." Is it a fact, we ask, that the underlying and master-motive of all men everywhere is economic? It is obviously not, for self-interest may express itself in other ways than economic—in love of approbation, for example, or of health, or of leisure. But if the economic motive is not predominant equally in all individuals, it cannot be exclusive in history, which is the story of masses of individuals. And indeed it is not, as even the entry of Italy into the war may show: for assuming that the diplomats of Italy are "economic men" with their eyes fixed upon economic gain, the fact must be explained that it was precisely they who were the last to enter the war at the tall of the Italian people whose motive was certainly not economic. Are we to think that the Italian crowds clamoured for war more ardently ultimately in the tradition of the Roman Railway? Sentiment so-called (that is, other than economic motive) plays at least as great a part in history as economics. * * *

The popularity of the Marxian dogma is due to the facts that, in the first place, it is an interpretation of history, just as the theory of Evolution was an interpretation of progressive variation in nature; and, in the second place, it appears under certain circumstances to be primary. Without some economic foundation obviously no history whatever is possible. Food is the first condition of life. But because food is the first condition of life, and, under certain circumstances, becomes the only condition that matters, it does not follow that food is the only motive of life. On the contrary, food as motive is predominant only where food is precarious; as soon as food is comparatively secure, other motives begin to play; and in advanced societies these other motives overlay the economic as a building stands on its foundations. Through the securing of food and, of course, all the motives made possible by secure food are shaken and become relatively insignificant. The economic motive, in fact, can be found at the bottom of all other motives; but this is not to say that all other motives are economic, or even that economics enters into them. Because at the bottom of every structure you will find a foundation which is naturally the first condition of the structure itself, it does not follow that the structure is all foundation? * * *

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Aspects of the Guild Idea.

By Ivor Brown

VII.

The nineteenth century marked the accumulation of Capitalism, the ever-more terrifying onrush of the Industrial Avalanche. Against it were raised protests indeed, but nothing more than trivial barriers against so potent a force. Moreover, defence against invasion lies not in a fort, but in a line of forts and the protests raised against the advance of the entrepreneur were ill-correlated and showed no signs of directing genius or inspiring prescience. First Socialism and then Syndicalism raised their particular banners and held their particular posse in the line, poorly equipped, jealous, often frankly incompetent. It cannot be insisted on too strongly or too often that the weakness of all those who were opposed to any of the main forces of the nineteenth century lay in their lack of unity of cohesion. What was wanted was neither a philosophy of consumption nor a philosophy of production but a philosophy of both, a philosophy which would account for and consider all the aspects and manifestations of human instinct and human desire.

It might be as well now to consider how another reaction against a form of nineteenth century tyranny suffered from its incapacity for a broad outlook and a synthetic philosophy. I refer to the Woman's Movement.

In dealing with a subject on which National Guildsmen may hold divergent views, I must of necessity become personal, and I make no apology for the frequent use of the word I. With all the first articulation and expressions of this movement I, for my part, was in agreement. In so far as it was a genuine revolt against the Doll's House it was a sound objection to a revolting and unscientific method of life. In so far as the Woman's Movement warranted the right of every one, male or female, to live his or her own life it was asking for something extremely right and extremely vague. After all, no supporter of National Guilds is in a position to carp at those who wish to live their own lives, and I, for my part, am one of these supporters because I believe that only through such a system can the concept of freedom attain reality. It is the desire to rescue the ordinary man from the clutches both of the private exploiter and of the Government official, so that he may as far as possible be master and controller of his own work and thus of the most vital part of his life, that is the driving force behind the Guild propaganda. Consequently I feel a natural sympathy with the general claims made by the originators of the Woman's Movement.

In a sphere of vague activities, Ibsenite propaganda, and drawing-room dialectic, so long, that is to say, as definite measures could be neglected, there seemed to be every reason for associating the ideas of this movement with the general struggle for freedom.

But it was when the woman's idea of living her own life and of elaborating in detail the measures likely to promote freedom began to be formulated that her philosophy was laid bare in all its scrappiness and shortsightedness. First of all it ceased to be a philosophy of woman and became a fight for the suffrage. At the very moment when political action was failing more obviously and more hopelessly than ever, at the very moment when the angels of this world were deciding that Westminster was no place for them, in stepped the proverbial fools. Votes were to heal everything from sweating to syphilis. Votes would raise the wages and rescue the white slave. At the very moment when, after seventy years of political freedom, had laboriously discovered it to be barren, woman found fruit and virtue in the vote. It was a triumph of obstinacy, a super-Spartan blindness of the eye to the natural law of history. But nothing could stop the hysterical raving of Christabel, the Great White Bore, whom not even a vote would have ended.
Trade Unions: For and Against.

In the preliminary report of the United States Commission on Industrial Relations, criticisms by employers of the trade unions, together with replies by organised workers, are summarised by the commission as follows:

(1) Lack of responsibility on the part of unions; not only is there no penalty for the breaking of agreements, but the employer has no redress even for material damage done by the union, except through legal action against individual members.

The reply of the union representatives is: That experience has shown the best guarantees of the observance of contracts to be moral responsibility and regard for the reputation of the union. That the instances of contracts broken by unions are so rare as to be negligible in comparison with the number of contracts broken in the business world, where money damages are commonly imposed. That putting up a forfeitable bond would lower the entire plane upon which the observance of contracts now stands, and it would mean a financial calculation on the part of the union to see whether a breach of contract would leave a balance in favour of its members after the bond was forfeited. That the assumption of financial responsibility by the unions would simply be taken advantage of by the employers to harass the unions.

(2) The "closed shop" policy of the unions not only means a monopoly of labour as far as the employer is concerned, but also prevents competent mechanics, who are able or unwilling to accept the terms imposed by the union, from obtaining employment at their trade.

The reply from labour is that there is no "closed shop," but that the maintenance of the "union shop" imposes no burden on the employer, who is free to employ any workman he pleases provided that the workman will become a member of the union and bear his share of the responsibility in return for the benefits which the union offers to all who work where union conditions have been established. That the conditions imposed upon applicants for membership are merely those which every competent mechanic can meet and that they are reasonable from every standpoint and necessary for the protection of the trade.

(3) The unions stand for restricting the output to the level of mediocrity, and insist, nevertheless, on the payment of the standard wage for an output which is below the standard.

The reply is that the unions have never attempted to establish a restriction on output save as a protection for the health of their workers, and to prevent the over-supplying of all by the use of pacemakers. That the union is applying merely the rule of ordinary business where the amount of commodity sold is regulated entirely by the price that is paid.

(4) The unions establish a uniform rate for all members, which results in rewarding the incompetent with higher wages than they earn and destroys the ambition of the skilled worker.

The labour representatives reply that the standardisation of the rate to a dead level is the work of the employers and not of the unions. That the union merely establishes a minimum rate and leaves the employers free to pay the individual workmen as much more as they please. Some of the employers have admitted that this is true in theory, but insist that as soon as a skilled individual is paid higher than the minimum rate the other members immediately demand the same rate of pay.

(5) The unions establish unreasonable and arbitrary restrictions on apprentices, which not only prevent a sufficient supply of skilled workmen, but also prohibit the American boy from learning the trade in which he is interested.

The union's reply is that where restrictions of apprentices exist they are not arbitrary, but are, on the contrary, fixed after careful consideration of preventing an over-supply of labour in the trades and consequent "cut-throat" competition for employ-
ment. That the employers usually do not make use of the full number of apprentices to which they are entitled under the union rules, and, furthermore, that the employers do not sincerely wish to train apprentices, but, on the contrary, wish merely to make use of a cheap labour supply.

(6) The power of the unions is based, not on reason or on advantages offered employers, but on a policy of coercion.

This statement is denied by the union representatives, who assert that the charge falls flat as soon as the history and organic structure of trade unions are intelligently studied.

(7) The unions use violent methods, and do not hesitate to violate the law or to destroy property or life, if necessary, to gain their ends.

The unions reply that violence is never sanctioned by any legitimate labour organisation and is never resorted to by individuals except under severe provocation and in self-defence. They recognise their duties to defend their lives, their homes, and families, but even under attack exercise much greater self-control than the civilised nations of the world. On the other hand, they insist that union violence which occurs in connection with industrial disputes is deliberately provoked by the agents of the employers in order to discredit the unions or to secure employment or reward for themselves.

(8) The business agents and other officials of the unions have too much power and abuse it by becoming black-mailers and grafters.

The reply of the union representatives is that the officials in trade unions possess only the power necessary to transact the business of the union, and in fact have very much less power than the officials of corporations. That this power is seldom abused, and that when it is clear that the charge against an official is true and not simply a trumped-up charge to weaken the union there is always rapid and decisive action by the union to punish such an official. That any abuse of power by officials for blackmail or graft is necessarily detrimental to the interests of the union and consequently can never be regarded with favour by trade unionists themselves.

(9) The actions and policies of trade unions are frequently not the result either of reason or of a purely economic interest, but, on the contrary, are determined largely by union politics.

This charge is generally met by an admission on the part of the union officials that the unions are subject to the same defects as other democratic institutions, but it is pointed out that the unions have always adopted at the moment all the measures which have proved of value in the political field to ensure actual democracy. They point out that the initiative, referendum, and recall were adopted by the unions before they found general support in the field of political government in this country.

(10) The unions create antagonism between the employer and his individual employees, and undermine the discipline of the shop.

This is denied by the union. It is insisted that the employer regards any instructions of the individual employee with regard to his rights as an attempt to create antagonism and to destroy discipline. That the employer who makes this point is not interested in the orderly and harmonious conduct of his shop, but in having the individual employees subjugated so that they will be entirely subject to his wishes.

(11) The unions as soon as they acquire strength of numbers and a compact organisation, make unreasonable demands upon employers and imperil the very life of the industry.

The union representatives insist that, while their organisation is subject to the frailties of human nature, a careful examination of the facts will show that unreasonable demands seldom arise from strong organisations, but, on the contrary, are made by weak unions which have little to lose by resorting to erratic action.

(12) Some unions are alleged to be disloyal to the State, in that they prohibit their members from joining the militia, and discriminate against men who have served in the regular army.

The unions in reply demand the production of specific cases where such action has been taken, but admit that a strong suspicion and aversion to the militia has grown up in the minds of many individual unionists, not toward the militia as a State institution, but as that which is used by the employers for their own advantage and for the destruction of the union.

(13) The unions are not sincere in their demands for collective bargaining, but, as soon as they have obtained power in any trade or locality, proceed to make their demands in the form of ultimatums to the employers.

The union representatives state, while in many cases terms are defined by the union because of the lack of adequate organisations of employers with whom to take up such terms of employment, nevertheless the unions are at all times ready to discuss their demands, either with individual employers or any association directly interested. That whereas the employers assert such conditions is due to their own apathy in failing to form a proper organisation with which the unions can deal.

(14) The union rules are designed for selfish purposes, and make for waste and social inefficiency. Witnesses have cited the rules in the printing industry which limit the amount and character of work which feeders for presses are allowed to perform, and which specify that all plate must be reset by members of the union, even when it is furnished in usable form.

The unions reply that each of these rules, if carefully studied, will be found to be reasonable and to be necessary for the protection of the rights of the employers. That the rules which are most frequently cited as being of an unreasonable character are those which were originally suggested by the employers for their own interest.

(15) The acceptance of union conditions yields the control of many elements of a business to union officials who are not connected with the industry and who have no direct interest in its progress and welfare.

The union representatives state that, on the contrary, the control of these elements of a business in which the union interests itself is in the hands of the employer and of the organisation as a whole which has the most direct interest in the welfare and prosperity of the industry.

(16) The unions, while asserting their rights to control certain elements of the employers' business, are unable to prevent jurisdictional disputes among themselves and as a result cause enormous loss to the industry and to the public.

The reply of the labour representatives is that jurisdictional disputes arise inevitably from the rapidly changing character of American industry; that they are more genuinely deplored by the unions than by anyone else, and that every effort is being made either to prevent their occurrence or to settle them as soon as possible.

(17) The unions use the "sympathetic strike" ruthlessly, illegally, and to the certain injury of innocent parties who have no interest in the dispute.

The unions reply that the sympathetic strike is used only after mature consideration for the protection of their fellow-employees. That the sympathetic strike is entirely legal, and the so-called "innocent" parties are subject to injury not by the will of the union, but because of the peculiar economic position which they happen to occupy.

(18) The unions by using the so-called "secondary boycott" are guilty of an illegal act of conspiracy to injure innocent parties who are not responsible for nor have any interest in the dispute at issue.

The unions reply that it is certainly legal for an individual or indeed for a corporation to withhold its patronage for any reason whatever and that it must therefore be equally legal for an association of workers acting as an entity to do the same thing.
Impressions of Paris.

In Lord Northcliffe were cold-shouldered out of England he could find certain spots here where he is regarded as a noble patriot only anxious for every man to be doing his duty. Since his attack on Lord Kitchener, at least one of the lesser papers here has begun to be audacious. The editor of the "Indiscutablement corroboree la miraculeuse vocation de写作 which confuses people. The tone of flattery to without which victory is impossible. Conscription, her industrial organisation and also of her recruitments. "Jeanne d'Arc and Germany." M. Bloy hints that the IF Lord Northcliffe were cold-shouldered out of reference of mine was made in connection with the "unjust and cruel" Germans are exterminated with the help of "Protestant England which would have been no talk of conscription; and the Germans would possibly do to a mortal worse than . . .

But, there, nothing is served by comparisons of atrocities. The mob in any country in any age is capable of everything—and I was talking about keeping mobs in hand. It is still hot, and I'm afraid I may sometimes have another touch of influenza, and the ants are as bad as ever, and I want to think about quite other things than the French Revolution or King Charles' Head.

Our own, for instance. I felt the national breath respire in my lungs when someone remarked that conscription was settled for England for the 31st of June. "Never!" said the blood of my fathers; on one side a long, long line of the Yorks, and on the other a host of all sorts of brigands, pioneers, soldiers, sailors, sky-pilots and artists who married for gaiety and fought because it was their nature to. They all said "Never!" And a round twenty descendants of these are now voluntarily on the field. There must be a lot of English saying, "Never!" or a woman would not be able to prove such a living reflection of a grand idea.

The Germans will be pleased. The persons I suspect here are very pleased.

"Your England wakes up—eh?" They see already England at civil war, and the Germans marching on Calais.

If conscription were any good for England Northcliffe would not be asking for it. It must be going to serve the private interest and the private hate of him and his likes. Except for the "Daily Mail" they would have been no talk of conscription; and the "Daily Mail" is the most deadly enemy of England, a secret poison to men, as the "Mirror" is a secret poison to women and children. It destroys their phlegm, and rushes them past their luck. The first evil days of the war were "Daily Mail" days.

What did conscription do for France, or for Russia? Who doubts that without the voluntary English Army the Germans would now be at Paris as they are at
Belgians"-sometime the day is approaching, and excused for so frequently mentioning this Times-server, "And then---this is hard to believe, but it is true--and Oracle, landowners are taking less interest in their part of the cultivated land of Russia was again falling estates. But it was one of them who said that, when there were serfs, he drank champagne and kept no lords and masters are most severe I will not speak of false fact in his "Russia and the World." He having written about. He has rembered is that Bill and Jack have long since tried each other's weight and have a mutual respect.
The magnificent courage of Lieutenant Warneford in destroying the Zeppelin would thrill me into saying something nice about aeroplanes if there were anything nice to be said. But, indeed, they are a horror and a calamity and a curse, and even the destruction of the great sneak cost some of the innocent lives of men and children. It is enough to make one superstitious. The courage one can display an airplane ship is only a sort of desperate bravado, and rotten for one's real nerve.  
Ah! A French writer in the "New York Herald" declares that the architects have done more to destoy Prussians. Like Northcliffe, they comprehend through English, yawning at the dullness of Berlin, looking at Paris than the Germans to any city they have occupied.  
To try compulsion on Bill o' Jack's because he is slower to fight than Jack o' Bill's is to show respect for neither the one nor the other. And a thing to be remebered is that Bill and Jack have long since tried each other's weight and have a mutual respect.

Letters from Russia.

By E. Behröder

Is Mr. Stephen Graham a Manx? I must really be excused for so frequently mentioning this Times-server, but he is one of the few people the Censors allow me to write about. Is he a Manx? He has so many legs to be pulled. Beside the people who have convinced him that he understands Russian and knows Russia (how many weeks has he spent in actual Russia?) somebody has been giving him information. This somebody must have been cruel enough to tell him that a considerable part of the cultivated land of Russia was again falling estates. But it was one of them who said that, when there were serfs, he drank champagne and kept no lords and masters are most severe I will not speak of false fact in his "Russia and the World." He having written about. He has rembered is that Bill and Jack have long since tried each other's weight and have a mutual respect.

As it seems to be I and my doings with which our lords and masters are most severe I will not speak of self but confine this letter to such greater matters. I have just read a pamphlet of Andreev's, "To the Belgians"—sometime the day is approaching, and Berlin is entered by the soldiers of the Allied Powers. First (of course) the Russian Army, enormous, grey and laborious, calm and wise with haste, and gloomy, gloomy Berlin watches it. Unpleasing for Berlin! Then comes the French Army, glad, gay, lightly stepping, contrasting the ugly streets of Berlin with beautiful Paris. Bitter and unpleasing for Berlin! Then the English, yawning at the dullness of Berlin, looking at the little Square and asking quietly, Is this a river? Offensive and bitter for gloomy Berlin. But who are those who follow, few, pale and weary, before whom a hero, modest, simple, valorous, benign, young, sorrowful, with open brow and sad eyes, rides? Ah, yes—they are too short and shallow. Berlin becomes ashamed. And Berlin weeps little tears.

"And then—this is hard to believe, but it is true—and then someone cried out in German to King Albert, 'Hoch!' He was startled—yes, this German shouted: looked at King Albert, swept openly and shouted, 'Hoch!' This is treason," said some. 'No, it is conscience,' said others. And then all shouted and wept; and soon other voices joined in, and shouted, 'Hoch!' And the louder the welcoming cries grew, the less vanquished seemed Berlin, lost its gloom, grew golden in the sun, like any other God's city." And that is how Germany regained its good name. This, says the author, is only my fantasy, but who knows, who knows? As a Brahmin said when I told him that life was not a reality but only a fixed idea--it is an easy way out of a difficult problem.
The nearest thing to humour in Russia is the "Satirikon." For the benefit of convivesors, I would class it with the "Meggendorf Blatter." It is no more witty than, say, "London Opinion," rather wider, rather bitterer, and much vulgaring. It is edited by one Averchenko, the most prolific of all journalists. He edits this paper, he says; never a week passes but he has tales in others and hardly a month but a new book of his appears, reprinting his sketches. His latest I have just read. The first tale is not unamusing. In the editor's office of an evening paper Our Special Correspondent at Copenhagen Correspondent are writing their telegrams. The editor is rebuking Our Military Correspondent. What on earth, he says, do "blindages" mean. Every paragraph has something about "blindages" in it. They are not fortifications, they are not soldiers, but provisions—what on earth are they? The military correspondents replies that if the editor is not satisfied with them, he need not read about them, and resigns his post. His successor commences his duties with an article upon Italy, which he "boots in shape, with so-and-so as the toe, so-and-so as the heel, and so on. The second day he writes of the position and condition of the Austrian forces, with particular emphasis on the state of their boots. The third day he writes about the Russian Defence of Warsaw, remarking in particular how well the soldiers are booted. When, on the fourth day, he hands in an article upon "Boots in the Balkan Campaigns" the editor makes inquiries and discovers that his trade in peace times is bootmaking. It is only now that he is a military expert. The rest of the book is much sillier. It is all about the Kaiser and Franz-Josef and Turkey. For instance, the Kaiser insists upon delivering a congratulatory speech to one of his armies. The generals deliberate how to avoid this awful ordeal, decide it is incapable of solving the Chekhs and Poles in the front rows. All the listeners are killed by the Kaiser's eloquence. Isn't it childish? But it is typical of modern Russian humour. "Why didn't you give me a warm bath, Jane?" "Well, Ma'am, the bath's only got 'Hot' and 'Cold,' so where was I to get warm water from?" That is from this week's "Satirikon." I wish Russian humour would stop at the bathroom. But it is much more domestic, often. As for the Kaiser and the Germans I know of a nation that for a century has been imitating Germany in everything and has become willingly, as near as it could, a passable imitation of Germany. The imitation was unnatural, I know, but if I were an I-know-who I would make fun of the Russianism at once before I worried about the Kaiser. Last year a clever play called "The Revisor" was written by a man named Gogol—let me see, was it last year or long time ago? My memory is getting so bad and my eyes so keen that really I cannot think what it was. But I thank Heaven that I write for a country that rewards the truth with no worse than contemptuous silence. How inconvenient if one had to pay £500 a naughty article and to keep a prison editor. In Graham-land the latter gentleman, even for the most reactionary journals, likes to keep his four year in fortresses. One energetic governor the other day suppressed a paper with the simple intimation that then
out a precarious living by refusing to become one of us. They are agitators, but, mark you, my dear Horatio, not paid agitators. And on the whole, Fleet Street has worthily superseded Grub Street. Literature has at last become solvent. With efficient directors, and regulated by an organised system, it has already become a paying concern, of the investment, capable of bearing compound interest. It has taken its place, in fact, with the other professions, as a rivet in the vertebrae of national prosperity.

Now the first principle of the candidate for critical honours, the primum mobile of his career, is to cultivate a disinterestedly fresh and open mind. The criticism that is to say, must not enter the lists, cumbersome with the impediments of a pedantic training, an unprofitable knowledge of an obsolete apparatus of critical prepossession and preconceptions. He must not, for instance, say of the illustrious romancier "The Succubus" that it is at once commonplace, vulgar, ludicrous and shoddy. That were simply an irrelevant reference to antiquated principles. Such methods smell more of the lawyer than the God's own office. Away with such suck-joys. Let them adjust their horizons, and study the geometrical diagrams of cobwebs in the appropriate obscurity of their cellars. Nay, my boy, come to literature naked and unabashed, as Pan to a Druid Ashton in a boothy dell. Let not Belinsky ejaculate its message; glamour the good tiding from the house-tops—"A notable book, a book to call stockbrokers from play and old men from the chimney corner." Nor is the possession of an open mind any the less of an important credential.

In reviewing a book, you must remember that the point is, not what you think, but what the book thinks. You are, as it were, the receptacle of the spirit of the book—as an eminent Patagonian professor has put it—"ductile wax to the impress of its eloquent efficacy.

"You must, above all things, have faith, faith that helps you, not only to interpret every particle of the book, as its author would have it interpreted, but by a process of spiritual alchemy, to transfigure the good you have absorbed to something altogether singual, sublimely good. Be sure that the wisdom of publication has ensured the quality of that good. Ecstasy, expressed in sharp, stabbing, staccato synopses, an it were the book had wrought you into a Lyceuran frenzy; languorous content, expressed in soft, expressive phrases, as milk trickling from the table on to the carpet, an it were the book had overcome you like a heady perfume; a desperate whisper, expressed by confidential appeals, expostulations and innuendoes, an it were the book had delivered into your hands sealed dispatches for its potential readers—these and similar methods are the stock-in-trade of, if I may employ a not inapplicable simile, the critical traveller in books.

Now, at first blush, this may appear a portentous task, involving a demonic inspiration beyond the scope of but the gifted few who have gilded the annals of our rough island story. Be at ease; a wise providence, of which I am the humble instrument, has, in its prescience, provided ample wings by which our fledgling critical critics may take their flight. A store of phrases, tabulated in a schedule covering every species of publication that has marketable value, has been accumulated to serve every occasion which will confront the candidate. I will take measures to have these forwarded to you in my next letter. They will, I am sure, contain a practical illustration of the argument on which I next propose to dwell. What, my dear Horatio, is the purpose of a book? What is the end and justification of its existence? Obviously, a book should represent a sum of money, whose circulation or investment is the strongest demonstration of our national solidarity. Well
and good; that is admitted. How then can this desirable consummation of our literary efforts be attained? Need I say, by inducing the public to buy our commodities. And what is that state of being, which is the indispensable principle of every living organism? Need I add—physical consciousness. There you have it, dear Horatio. That is the be-all and end-all of literature, the foundation of all life. Here then is a book to preserve, to suggest and to intensify the physical sense. The population of these islands can, from the reading point of view and allowing for some few exceptions, whose productivity in the matter of revenue is no mean alleviation of the business of life, be divided into two portions—the average and the intelligentia. For the former, a book is designed to produce the simpler and keener physical sensations; for the latter the more subtle and complex ones—suggestions of phantasmal, the rat sense, and the trans-pontine and the bassoon. The last three are for popular consumption. Of the first of them therefore, which is designed to create the sensation of sucking barley-sugar in a bath of perspiration杠Throughbush, the pages of St. Leau Secruey’s slim volume does not indeed remind us of a rough-hewn limber-log swirling down from the sources of the Bandusian fount. His poetry is rather the odorous flag-flower floating in some sequestered pool of aromatic spices. Pluck it, O gentle reader, and inhale its fragrance. Surely ‘twill make your heart beat just a little faster.” Or take the bassoon type: “Tum ti ti tum. We cannot read Mr. Bray’s stirring lyrics without feeling our blood like imagery. The poet shows us the way; we eat spring-onions and our muscles are clenched, your larynx is dry, your veins stand out and your diaphragm contracts. But in the sweet reunion, you subside into the armchair of relief. There is a stretching forth of tumultuous hands. . . . Truly Miss Stunt’s work is meet for commendation.”

I can only touch upon the even simpler problem of memoirs and biography. Lady Tarragon’s reminiscences (a backdoor to intimacy with the great) will stimulate her readers to modulate the tones of their voices more circumspectly, to hold their heads a little higher, to keep their rapt eyes from the roofs of the houses, and to turn out their toes more firmly. Write accordingly, my dear Horatio. I need hardly dilate on good terms with himself and the world. It is the business of the critic to realise the particular sensation which a book aims to evoke and to communicate the quintessence in appropriate language, to its predisposed reader.

I can point, by way of example, enclose all the pastur-lands of contemporary literary fertility within the compass of a letter. I can only briefly indicate the more profitable and so representative fields of achievement, such as poetry, novels and memoirs and biography, mysticism and the aesthetic, the domestic—natural, the cephalic, the plenilunatical, the succulent, the trans-pontine and the bassoon. The last three are for popular consumption. Of the first of them therefore, which is designed to create the sensation of sucking barley-sugar in a bath of perspiration杠Throughbush, the pages of St. Leau Secruey’s slim volume does not indeed remind us of a rough-hewn limber-log swirling down from the sources of the Bandusian fount. His poetry is rather the odorous flag-flower floating in some sequestered pool of aromatic spices. Pluck it, O gentle reader, and inhale its fragrance. Surely ‘twill make your heart beat just a little faster.” Or take the bassoon type: “Tum ti ti tum. We cannot read Mr. Bray’s stirring lyrics without feeling our blood like imagery. The poet shows us the way; we eat spring-onions and our muscles are clenched, your larynx is dry, your veins stand out and your diaphragm contracts. But in the sweet reunion, you subside into the armchair of relief. There is a stretching forth of tumultuous hands. . . . Truly Miss Stunt’s work is meet for commendation.”

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Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

It has been commonly observed that poets seldom succeed in dramatizing emotion, brutality, or bloody crimes. Shakespeare's "plays so doting," but not one of his dramas manifests even an inkling of what drama means. The lyric Shelley, precisely because he was a lyricist, failed equally on the stage; and, to come to more recent times and to a poet who, in his diaries, more resembled Shakespeare than another, Robert Browning, who was a dramatist in his monologues, really wrote monologues for the stage. The fundamental difference between Browning and Shakespeare seems to me to be this, that Shakespeare could be everyone at once, but Browning could be everybody only in turns. I grant that the antithesis is over-wrought, but I have to make clear in little space a distinction that is fundamental. Notice, for example, how Browning's monologues fall into groups of painters, musicians, clerics, saints, and what not. The fact indicates that Browning's development was stratified, if I may borrow an analogy from geology; and the strata were not fused by the spiritual heat that gives birth to drama. It is possible to find in almost any play of Shakespeare the concrete, not intellectually, but intellectually. Even in his monologues he did not present a character; he analysed it with amazing skill, but his dramatic gift, though it was imperfectly developed, enabled him to avoid inviting the judgment of the greatest of all dramatists, that there is no mystery nor passion, no mystery in Browning's Caliban as a savage than one would think of denouncing Falstaff as a thief, whoremonger, drunkard, and guttaw. What Carlyle said of Cromwell might be adopted as a motto for dramatists: "It was not to men's judgment that he appealed, nor have men judged him very well." But the appeal must be of the nature of drama if the judgment is to be avoided; present us with a problem, and we are forced to find a solution; let us listen to a discussion, and insensibly we take sides. There you have the condemnation as drama of problem plays and of discussion plays. Shakespeare never presented us with a problem (the problem of "Hamlet" is a critical, not a dramatic, one), why? the character or not the plot of it, with the consequence that Shakespeare eternally escapes definition except by the categorical term "dramatist," and his plays are not more susceptible of summary.

But Verhaeren, like most lyric poets, is concerned with his own emotions towards the outside world, not, as the dramatic artist is, with the interplay of other people's emotions. So, when he forsakes lyric and narrative, and attempts drama, he has a quite definite scheme to put before us, from which everything apparent, or characteristic, must be excluded. Therefore he does not create characters, but types; he sets them in circumstances that afford no opportunity of unsuspected re-action, he makes them represent aspects of his problem, he makes them symbols of his meaning, not the plot of the thing, but more intelligible than dramatic. The statement of his thesis compasses the whole range of the play, his characters do no more than declaim their fragments of discourse, they exist not in their own right as characters of his creation, but as creatures of his will. They are only divided expressions of the egoistic conception of a lyric poet.

"The Cloister." By Emile Verhaeren. (Constable. 28. net.)

The main passion of the play is remorse, the main problem of the play is, in Aristotelian language, how to purge this passion. Ten years before, Dom Balthazar had murdered his father in circumstances of revolting brutality, and told the crime someone else had suffered the penalty; he had become a monk, and had adopted the most brutal discipline and the most austere creed, counting himself, like St. Paul, among the chief of sinners. This negative egotism, as the psychologists call it, this self-enhancement by degradation, forces Balthazar to seek yet more striking ways of publishing his distinction of infamy; he had been absolved by the Prior, absolved by Rome, but he needs the absolution of the community, and he takes advantage of an old custom of the monastery to call in his brothers. The Prior imposes a penance, but still the rage for publicity is unappeased; and in the chapel, in the presence of the crowd of worshippers, Balthazar shrieks the message of his crime and bids them publish it abroad.

The counter-plot concerns the succession to the Priory. It is believed that Balthazar will be appointed, and there is a movement among the monks to frustrate this. Balthazar, in this aspect, represents the faith that spurs knowledge: God is man comprehended least, is his statement, and he objects to the chief of those who speculate on the nature of God that he is "too fond of argument." Science = Faith is thus posed at the beginning of the play; and also the Community v. the Individual: even the Church must move with the times, and the reputation of the community can only be enhanced, in the opinion of the chief antagonist, by learning, by Science. There is a plot to ruin Balthazar with the Prior, and his confession to the community is the signal for what would have been a rebellion had not the Prior strongly exerted his authority. But when Balthazar, prompted by Dom Mark to seek the judgment of the Law, howls his infamy to the worshippers, and begs them to make it known, the Prior himself thrives Balthazar forth, as one who has brought scandal on the community; and the crozier falls to Father Thomas, the believer in Science, the plotter against Balthazar, the one whose self-interest is the interest of the community. The remorse can only be purged by expiation on the scaffold, the community can only be held together by the extrusion of the egotist, the faith must be maintained by knowledge, not by ignorance, all these conclusions are expressed or implied by the termination of the play.

There is nothing else in this play than these problems and these solutions. The play is divided into types: Balthazar the fanatic, Thomas the scientist or theologian, Mark the spirit of love, the Prior the spirit of authority, and so on, who say nothing, do nothing, of their own volition. They are, if I may put it in this way, professional experts contributing their quota to the solution of a problem proposed by the author; they live a life subordinate to that of Verhaeren, on the plane of intellect, and their passion is only the heat of argument. The language never expresses character, it conveys information; it is relevant, not characteristic, implying no more than it says. Think of Macbeth's remark, looking on his hands: "This is a sorry sight!": and compare it with Balthazar's fulmination:

Oh! these are murderous hands of bloody hate, More ravenous than any mauve. Behold them! See, what hands are these! The sovereigns of the law In their tribunal did not dare To scent the blood indelely, Which, obstinately washed, steeped my hand. This is not Balthazar repenting of his crime, or even expressing any feeling concerning it; it is Verhaeren describing rhetorically the treatment of the crime. The world will chide naturally on Macbeth's words; but all that can be done with Balthazar's is to recite them in a frenzy, and convey no more than a hideous picture which is unnecessary to our comprehension of the plot.
Readers and Writers.

Thanks to more than one of my readers, I have now been enabled to read "The Spiritual Quixote," so highly commended by Miss Alice Morning in the "Nineteenth Century." It is a delightful work, and well worth republication in a cheap modern edition—the "Everyman" series, for instance. Named after Cervantes, the "Spiritual Quixote" is, of course, on a smaller scale. The "Don" was a figure for the world; he represents the victory in defeat. But the Wildgoose of the Rev. C. Graves' romance is not only national, but he typifies a passing sect of the nation. This, no doubt, is why, with all its merit, the book has failed to maintain its early popularity. The splendid excesses of utopian chivalry are, thank God, always with us to be gently satirised; but the excesses of early Methodist fervour, which the author of the "Spiritual Quixote" set out to satirise, are now beyond the need of satire. Satire has exhausted itself upon them, and they are no longer worth even an epigram. But for this ephemeral subject, the "Spiritual Quixote" indeed, the book, and its author. Mr. Ellis, take their place with the contemporary works of Fielding and Smollett; for in respect of literary power, knowledge of the world, learning and good humour, it is equal to their best. The form of the novel of the eighteenth century please me. I make modern form. The eighteenth century author never forgot that he was a machine. His ancestors had been enabled to read "The Spiritual Quixote" of early Methodism, which the author of the "Mahabharata" has just been reading, possible beyond the reach of mortals. Stendhal's work would, I feel convinced, be of great use to English manners in this respect; and I am trying to get it translated, possibly to run as a serial in The New Age—with the editor's permission!

In the excellent penny edition of French classics, the "Bibliotheque Populaire," recommended recently by the British Museum Library is decisive, only some extracts have been translated under the title of "Maxims of Love" (Humphreys). Yet of all countries in the world, England surely needs most to have her lovers made more intelligent. The raw material here, as I am proud to discover Stendhal confirms, is the best in the world. "The gentle Imogen, the tender Ophelia" (Humphreys). In other words, love is an English woman. Stendhal's work would be of great use to English manners in this respect; and I am trying to get it translated, possibly to run as a serial in The New Age—with the editor's permission!

The common assumption that love is a sort of wildflower, like, say, lady's smock, that best grows without culture and withers the hour it is plucked, is responsible for a good deal of the mawkishness of English love on the one hand, and of its hypocrisy on the other. Stendhal noted that the English fear to cultivate love lest they should display vulgarity, and in the attempt to avoid vulgarity they often fall into "abominable affectation." Its alternately wild and withered characters amongst us are also, I feel convinced, responsible for much more than the professed contempt of love in general. It makes for unintelligence in other areas of life as well. After all, we can only think as deeply as we feel; and if we deliberately shallow our feelings for fear of making fools of ourselves, we shall equally shallow our thoughts. The raw material here is lives—men, that is, who have thought and felt most deeply—have always, it may be observed, been as much concerned about Love as about Truth. Plato rises to the mind. There is the marvellous Journal to Stella. Vyasa, the author of the "Mahabharata," has some wonderful characters on it. Stendhal himself, though not of the highest order, kept himself well-balanced by an equal attention to criticism and romance. I hasten to say that the "love" in question differs as much from the love of the street as the Platos differ from the men in the street. My need to way this is the measure of our need to read Stendhal!

An apologia may seem due from the author of "Tales for Nymphs and Nuns" for the apparent contradiction between their moral and the purport of the foregoing notes. Unlike Socrates, I have nothing to recant, though I would willingly do so in his lovely words: "And now, dear Eros, forgive the past and accept the present, and no gracious union would I bid you, unless you still think it anger deprive me of sight, or take from me the art of love which thou hast given me, but grant that I may be yet more esteemed in the eyes of the fair." (Phaedrus.) In my "Tales" (which you have never read—but no matter) I purposed how I come to think of it, was to satirise the little people who feel lightly as now I criticise the little writers who think lightly. But am I therefore hostile to love any more than to thought? Acquitted by the judgment of the Court without a stain interesting; the worst writers in the world can write books having no object but simple interest. But it takes great intelligence to amuse (that is, to hold the attention of) and to interest the wandering mind. Mr. Ellis, at one and the same time. The instructive moralist must be as wily as a serpent. The difference of results in the two cases is no less apparent than the difference in method. After all, the eighteenth century writers succeeded in extending the domain of "polite" society: they made ladies and gentlemen of their readers. Our modern novelists, with few exceptions, make prigs or prigglotes of theirs.

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Letters from Italy.

Between me and the nespoli trees is a vertical street of grey water. Silvano's suggestion that "God has had a bath and forgotten to turn off the tap" seems feasible. For two days it has raised as if the sky were one immense drainpipe, and the noise is so great it is difficult to write with the window open. The contadini stand at their doors disconsolately. "Have, after all, only a talent for love." On my honour as an Austrian fort, towering scornfully above the village.

"The men begin to cook their evening meal, supplemented by the hospitality of the village. It is growing dark, and the full moon, an added danger to the expedition, is watching over the battlefields of Europe. I have come to hate the moon. She is the Great Cyclo. Night after night she shines, curiously, the pain and terror that have come upon the earth, and like a cold, calm woman no flush of shame, no glow of pity, is ever mirrored in that white, emotionless disc."

As she has curious eyes, Maria; they remind me in colour of grey-green corn under a Tuscan sky. I think Francesco, from the next farm, would agree with me that they are eyes difficult to forget. He, I suppose, is responsible for the metamorphosis of the bare-footed tomboy of last year into this discreetly stockingsed young woman; for Francesco has gone to the war.

As I watch Maria chastising greedy fowls or catching fire-flies in the dusk for her little brothers and sisters, singing as she darts after them the Tuscan incantation,

Lucelle, lucelle viene da me
E tu sarà il mia regina,
I can see in imagination a picture.

It is a picture of a little northern village on the Italian-Austrian frontier. A crowd of peasants are cheering the arrival of a regiment of dusty soldiers. I can hear the order to bivouac, and then the request for a guide up the mountain path to the impregnable Austrian fort, overlooked by the village. The peasants look at each other; there is scarce one of them who has not climbed the mountain from his childhood, but this will be a very different errand to that of minding the goats or gathering wood.

The men begin to cook their evening meal, supplemented by the hospitality of the village.

It is morning. One of the highest points along the frontier is in the hands of the Italians, thanks to Bettina's guidance. And Bettina? Is she killed?

I do not know.

The papers, in their joy at the occupation, forgot to say. And they were right. In that omission is set forth the new temper of civilised Europe. In the great wave of idealism, of individual unselfishness which has overtaken even, to some extent, the commercial classes, Bettina's action is considered admirable, but not extraordinary. Maria expressed the spirit of these cool-headed northern people when she said, thoughtfully, "Yes, Signora, it was very brave... but she was a fortunate girl!"

This week has passed calmly. The apparent successful advance of the troops is taken without undue jubilation—even with a little uneasiness. The country was ready for a severe struggle, perhaps a defeat, at the outset, and after a week of war the hospitals have still no inmates. There are a million Austrians somewhere on the frontier—but where? What is Germany doing? Why is there no big battle? Is it a trap? These are the questions we are asking ourselves. The Italian army has been allowed to straighten out the line of the frontier practically un molested, and upon the generals has devolved the difficult task of keeping the troops occupied without making too great an advance.

It seems likely that the nature of the war will remain for some time that of the nature of a duel between mountain forts. Monte Baldo itself faces three strong Austrian forts, and between these and the principal passes through which the boasted German invasion must come. Under the direct fire of the forts which the Italians now possess, a body of men could only enter Italy at the cost of stupendous losses.

The King, perhaps as an act of diplomacy towards the neutralist section of the Socialist Party, has pardoned the men who were arrested in the railway strike last year. He and many of the Deputies are at the front.

The Government, owing to the immense number of
recruits who have already enlisted, has refused to enrol any more volunteers for the present. Peppino Garibaldi has offered to raise and command personally 50,000 men. In the meantime, preparation is being made in and out of the Camera for the wives and children of the "reserve" men. The office of the "Italian Herald," the Philosophical Library, and many other private and public buildings in Florence have already been turned into schools and creches for the children.

Here, as in other countries, war-dullness has descended upon the journalistic world. In Rome there is much lamentation of the telegraph suspension. The reporters are reduced to telegrams and the methods of fifty years ago—a more serious drawback than one would imagine, for the employees in an Italian post office never pay by "time," but by piece-work. Except, however, for this and a few postal inconveniences—there is no parcel post, and we have letters)—it is extremely difficult for the people to realise that the new Giolitti is a fraction more expensive, dearer, but this does not affect the poor people much more.

Lord Northcliffe of being an ally of Germany, an intense cultivation and the rarity of large landowners, has scarcely begun to increase in price. Meat is a little more expensive, but that would not affect the poor people. Food, owing to the constant attack of the townsman rushes hither and thither, full of a pile of books. On the top of the pile, and not, she protested, getting very red; "I'm English to howl about yet. There has been strong feeling in Italy and many quarters of the Continent against the constant attack on Lord Kitchener and the English Government made by the Northcliffe Press. The Italians openly accuse Lord Kitchener of being an ally of Germany. Another theory is that the attack on Kitchener was a long-meditated revenge for his frankly expressed disapproval of the "Times" attitude with regard to the censorship at the beginning of the war. However that may be, Northcliffe and Giolitti have both tripped over the same doormat.

The new game of spy-hunting still goes on. An Italian priest was found in Udine, on the top of the church tower, telegraphing the movements of the Italian artillery to the enemy's lines. He was shot at once.

One day last week a crowd gathered round a man in the Piazza Vittorio Emanuele and the cry went round, "Una spia, una spia!" The man protested loudly and firmly; his protestations only added to the conviction of the crowd, which marched him off triumphantly to the Questura. "We've got a German spy!" the officer in charge was told. The man was conducted to the inner room. A quarter of an hour later the officer reappeared. He complimented the crowd upon their patriotic intentions, but, he added, in this case they had unfortunately been a little misplaced. The German spy was only a harmless citizen of Rome! Another instance of misplaced enthusiasm occurred in a tram. A woman got in with a pile of books. On the top of the pile, and exposed to the view of an Italian sitting next to her, was a copy of a magazine with the words "German culture" printed over a caricature of the Kaiser. The Italian, after looking very hard at her and the book, said suddenly, "Throw that book away!" "She's a German!" he added for the benefit of the tram. Luckily the woman spoke enough Italian to make herself understood. "I'm not," she said. "I'm English." Then, as the book was in English, too! "It's true," said an elderly man sitting in the far corner, after examining the type, "I know English well." The woman, still looking extremely uncomfortable, tore off the offending cover and threw it out of the window, whereupon everyone in the tram apologised most profusely and insisted on shaking her hand by the hand. The book was an American monthly, called "The Forum," and the woman was ... me!


Teresa da Maiano.

More Letters to My Nephew. III.

My Dear George,—In my last letter I broke away into one of those digressions which will surely be far eter death. I had just got to a point I wished to emphasise: that, apart from the economic, there is a psychological quality in the agricultural life essential to our national health. If you ask me to define it I frankly admit I'm stumped. Two points impressed me more than others. The first is that, despite the fact that agriculture has a certain calm, stolid outlook that gives a steadily weight to the hectic activities of town life, it is reasonably conservative. I can fancy an educated farmer living on the distich:

Things that are old need not be true;

No, foolish man, nor yet the new.

The townsman rushes hither and thither, full of fads and foibles, ready to rush into any mad adventure so long as the idea "takes." Tariff Reform, single tax, back to the soil, and the old cures for the new ills are all in the forefront.

More quickly than I can tell it, I discover Henry to be a vivacious and voluble Cockney. His eyes are wide open, he seems to walk on springs, his tongue moves fealty. He has noticed things as he travelled. "You know, sir, in England, they have the clocks on half an hour at midday. You see, we are travelling towards the sun. Funny, isn't it, sir? If ever you cross, why, sir, you'll put your watch back half an hour. That's because your back will be towards the sun. But perhaps you have already crossed?" I humbly tell him that I am not quite sure whether it is thirty-five or thirty-seven times. "You don't say, sir! After a day or two Henry has summed up our little capital town. 'Can't make it out, sir. They close the shops between nine and ten o'clock. Funny. Just
cheese and we’ll live a century. Look out for Mendel, sir.

If Henry digs deep into science and philosophy, he does not neglect the practical affairs of life. When he knew he was coming out here he promptly invested in a book on tropical agriculture. Henry didn’t intend to be caught napping again. He bought a book about cotton that cost seven-and-sixpence. “It’s worth the money, take it from me. If you haven’t read it I’ll be glad to lend it to you. Now, for example, there’s beans. Have you begun on beans? I answer mildly that we are planting a few. “I’m glad to hear it, sir. Dry weather is good for the soil. Leguminous, you know. Then there’s ground nuts. They contain oil. I wonder if you know, sir, that there’s a great demand for vegetable oils—very great. Butter and margarine, and that sort of thing.” I tell Henry that we have some of them already planted. “That’s most encouraging, sir. It seems to me that, even if you give science and literature a bit of a miss, you’re all there when it comes to agriculture. But I’ve got a few tips out of this book, sir, and I dare say you won’t mind experimenting. Then, again, there’s flowers. They would add to the beauty of the estate. I’m strong on begonias and fuchsias. Fine splash of colour. We’ll make the estate very nice.” Henry is too enraptured to notice my shudder of apprehension at such a prospect. “Yes, sir, we can decorate the cottages with beautiful flowers.” I try to cool his enthusiasm by telling him that where there is rich colouring in flowers there is usually sugar; that when there is sugar there will be at least a million ants; that ants in a house are a pest. “Ah, yes, ants,” chirps Henry; “now, speaking of ants, have you read Sir John Lubbock?”

Next morning duty calls me to the estate. I arrange that Henry, who is still in quarantine (small-pox stalks abroad), shall come down on the Sunday; three days later. He dutifully sees me off. “So-long, sir; see you on Saturday night. I’ll look round the estate on Sunday and get to business on Monday morning.” The engine thug-thugs, the boat moves quickly from the wharf. I am quit of Henry for a space. Now for a quiet time!

The schooner drops anchor alongside the pier on Sunday morning. Negroes, half-breeds, women and children of every shade of colour crowd the decks. I discern Henry and bid him welcome. Henry is full of discoveries. The negroes are a jolly lot. You can make ’em laugh as easily as tickling a child. I grimly remind him that our problem is to make ’em work. He tells me that the “pickaninnies” are delightful. I tell him that we do not call them pickaninnies out here. He’s sorry; he’d read somewhere that they were so known. Henry is loquacious and vigorous. He’ll just take a wash and brush up and look around a bit. I show him to his quarters and hope he’ll be comfortable. He reminds me that he knows how to rough it. I introduce him to his fellow-clerks and make a bee-line for the Estate House. It’s too hot to-day for Henry’s discourses. After dinner I light a cigar and stroll down past the commissariat and the labourers’ cottages. It is dark, for there is no moon. There is lively conversation in the boat captain’s cottage. “He’s a quaint bird,” rumbles a voice, “thinks we’re very interesting and amusing”—the last words in good Cockney imitation. They all laugh good-naturedly. “Yes,” says somebody else, “he wants us to go in for what he calls intensive cultivation. Read about it in some damned book.” “What’s intensive cultivation?” is asked. “Don’t know; some tripe he’s picked up. Says they do it in Belgium.” “Asked him to play poker.” “Said it wasn’t an English game and had no scientific basis.” Then they laughed again.

Next morning I ask the timekeeper to show Henry around and not to let him get out of sight. So Henry is put upon a trolley and a mule pulls them down the tramline. It is cut through virgin forest where are
tigers and wild deer and all manner of living things that crawl or run or fly. As they pass over a swamp they take Henry to a pool and show him an old alligator with its back barbacled like a ship's bottom. A young alligator drops from an overhanging branch, splash into the water. The old fellow just turns slowly round and leaps at Henry through wicked eyes. Henry springs back in terror. They take him through fields, where he sees beans and ground nuts and hundreds upon hundreds of acres of pale green banana-trees that rise up twelve or fourteen feet, then gracefully bow down and rustle in the breeze. It sees orange-trumpet and majesty mahogany. The rich and seemingly unconquerable luxuriance and fertility of tropical land leave Henry speechless. Gone are his dreams of begonia and tuchias (look at those orchids!). His theories of intensive cultivation are blown upon with deadly effect. He fidgets. "Beg pardon, sir," he says, "but I've been pulling my leg a bit. But I never dreamt that it was cocoa-nut trees that bend defiantly towards the sea, drawing hither from the trees, flutter in through open doors and windows. They strike against the punkah driven by men. As Henry puts it, "we are doing our bit." —Your affectionate uncle.

ANTHONY FARLEY.
spedience between fact and word, have made a marked impress on the mind of England; so much so, that pure literature has not yet recovered from the blow. The dearth of essayists, for example, may well be attributed to the fact that few feel it right to write of their personal though or feelings. They can deal with nothing that science has not dealt with, impersonally collecting and collating the facts and no less impersonally demonstrating the relations between them. The agnosticism of the nineteenth century was directly due to the theory of evolution, which not merely overthrew the previous conceptions of the order, perhaps of the origin, of things, but left men overwhelmed for the time by the mass of accumulated and newly discovered facts which had to be related to the great generalisation. Philosophy seemed not only vain, but impossible; Huxley was inspired by the spirit of his age when he declared: “Materialism and Idealism; Theism and Atheism; the doctrine of the soul and its mortality or immortality—appear in the history of philosophy like the shades of Scandinavian heroes, eternally slaying one another and eternally coming to life again in a metaphysical 'Nifelheim.' It is getting on for twenty-five centuries, at least, since mankind began seriously to give their minds to these topics. Generation after generation, philosophy has been doomed to roll the stone uphill; and, just as all the world swore it was at the bottom, down it has rolled to the bottom again. All this is written in innumerable books; and he who will toll through them the stone is just as sure of success when it was the work begun. Hume saw this; Kant saw this; since their time, more and more eyes have been cleansed of the films which prevented them from seeing it; until now the weight and numbers of those who refuse to be the prey of verbal mystifications has begun to tell in practical life.”

But the soul of man could not rest for ever in this equilibrium. The doctrine of evolution was seen to be only an explanation of the relation between things; philosophically, it belonged to epistemology and not to ontology. Once again, the lonely hunter left the plain of knowledge and climbed the mount of vision; and Nietzsche postulated the soul of man in its activity, the Will, as the efficient cause of his progress. What Nietzsche did for the soul of man in its activity, Bergson did for the soul of man in its passivity; he demonstrated that truth is revealed to man by intuition, just as Nietzsche demonstrated that truth is discovered by man in his activity. We no longer confront Revelation with dogmatism, but faith with the logic of faith. “Let the spirits whether they are of God.” We recognise the value of the inscription written over the door of Plato’s academy: “Let no one ignorant of geometry enter here”; but we no longer banish the poets from our Utopia.

For philosophy, in spite of its failures, has had its successes; and Mr. Redgrove, in his essay on what he calls “Idealistic or Rational Empiricism,” takes the measure of this scientific method, and reveals its insufficiency for the solution of the ultimate problems with which philosophy is concerned. “All natural laws,” he says, “which express the quantitative relations between phenomena are approximate only,” and he draws the logical deduction that every fact involves something of the infinite, and is not completely explicable. Yet although he denies the possibility of knowledge of absolute truth, he proves the possibility of knowledge of truths relating to the absolute; and this demonstration of the inaccessibility of absolute truth may we trust progress ever nearer to truth, as the hyperbola eternally moves towards the asymptote, but never quite meets it; and the quest is neither so lonely nor so apparently fruitless as it seemed to the young man who wrote the above phrase at Edgeworth, Co. Dublin. On the one side, we have the revelations of the mystics; on the other, the trial of those revelations by reason; and truth is established on the union of discovery and revelation.

A. E. R.

**REVIEWS**

**Milestone.** By Harold Begbie. (Constable. 6s.)

Mr. Harold Begbie ought to be ashamed of himself. Admitting in the text of this novel that the stories of the white slave traffic were exaggerated, he yet asserts, and constructs his story to no other purpose than the illustration of the assertion, that they are true of children from two years upwards. We are asked to believe, on the authority of evidence known to Mr. Begbie, but not disclosed to us, that adopted children and kidnapped children fall into the hands of the usual international organisation of brothel-keepers, are kept for purposes of vice, and die in lock hospitals. It is of this traffic that we are asked to believe that the allegations made about prostitution are true. We deny the assertion in the name of human nature; it is an infamous lie about man, and the very conclusion of this story, that the facts are known to the authorities and are ignored, that other people know these facts and are only waiting until women share in government to suppress the traffic, is a proof of the libellous nature of the assertion. That it should be mixed up with a lot of hypocritical preaching about the forgiveness of sins only measures the iniquity thought necessary by Christian evangelists for the redeeming power of Christ. But Christ came to forgive sinners, not monsters; and Mr. Begbie's imagination's story has wrought no purpose in the service of Christ.

**Rosemary's Letter-Book.** By W. L. Courtney. (Wayfarers' Library. Dent. 1s. net.)

Mr. Courtney has spoiled a set of placid literary essays by the introduction of verse of no poetic value, and the development of a thread of sentimental affection into a love affair. One feels annoyed to be dropped from Swinburne on Shakespeare to “I dreamt that you were married, Rosemary, and that though you did not bid me to come, I was there far off, remote in a corner of the organ loft, watching the final severance of life-long ties.” It is not as though there were hints in the essays of anything appropriate to the sentimental situation; one reads of the Parisian “vogue” of Rudyard Kipling, and is suddenly flung into a personal explanation intended to apperceive the anguish of the imaginary correspondent. For the rest, the essays, although neither brilliant in style nor profound in thought, have the attraction of all sympathetic understanding of men, expressing what we may call the common sense of the enlightened clubman, and bearing not at all hardly on everything literary from Edgar Allan Poe to “Pinkie and the Fairies.” Mr. Courtney has the desire to explain which is necessary to a correspondent, and is not averse from quotation and, although he does not phrase it too much of Thucydides in his letters from Sicily, it is possible always to spend a quiet half-hour with him, and feel as though one had dined with a bibliomaniac.

**The Valley of Fear.** By A. Conan Doyle. (Smith, Elder. 6s.)

Sir A. Conan Doyle has returned again to the struggle between Sherlock Holmes and Professor Moriarty in a story that is more cruelly handled than most of this series. It begins in the usual way; breakfast in Baker Street, Holmes puzzling out a cipher message, which is immediately confirmed by a visit from a C.I.D. man. The mystery is apparently inscrutable, and should have required a whole volume for its elucidation; but either Sir Arthur's invention flags, or Holmes' deductions are more quickly made and his results more speedily obtained than used to be the case. Half way through the book the case is ended; and the other half is filled with the story of events that happened twenty years before, and are relevant to the crime. Actually, this is the better part of the book, but it leaves Holmes at a loose end, and Professor Moriarty not even implicated. Having solved the mystery, Holmes ought to have got on the track of the Napoleon of crime; but he sits tamely down after having proved that the murdered man was really the
Pastiches, by Mr. Asquith on Cabinet-making.

The world was going round and round, warming itself beneath the sun: the French had gained a yard of ground, and Winnie learned to fire a gun. When that disturbing "Answers" man—Winnie was a penny whistle—began his advertising plan and set his headlines all a-bristle, with extra shrieks about the shells, and stuffed his "leaders" full of shivers, while "Bathurst" shouted "Dardanelles!" and jolted various torpid livers. Then Winnie told a little whacker, and said his Board had quite agreed, and things looked ominously blacker when a Mr. Fisher said that he was damned if he would stand the rumpus. So unto those that I should lead I said, "Let me see, if you engage us," but then we had a second thought: that we might still divide the spoil instead of giving Law the lot, and losing all the precious culls of Palm, and chucking all the jobs. So we arranged that at this hour our counters would not spare such nobs or leave unsalaried and sour; the men grown old in pay and power. Lord Lansdowne had to get a seat, though there was no portfolio. And George is known in every street—Then Harcourt knows so many people, while Curzon is tall enough to be a steeple—And Crewe can mumble to the Peers, while Selborne knows a pig has such an arrival, but already his voice was echoing from below, whither he had descended in search of prey. So Winnie was in existence some Codes, some sort of Gregorian rubber, to set all the colour of a considerable slackening of speed. The least agile of passengers mounted the lift, and the arrival of the chariot. True, there is an ominous blackness, the clarion signal-call of automobiles, the myriad-fold buzzing in this hive of industry. I happened to be one of those fortunate people who travel frequently by Tube; fortunate, I say with deliberation, for surely that man may account himself favoured to whom it is vouchsafed to perform the same impressive ritual day by day. The assembly in the lift, the sepulchral accents of the wretched Diogenes, the coloured charts, the breezy corridors of glazed brick filled with elusive murmurings; to say nothing of the journey itself in illuminated chariots protected from unauthorised entry by that grim fan of lattice ironwork. All this I follow, not indeed, with complete and thorough comprehension, but dimly grooving after the great plan which covers the interaction of each cog in this delicately adjusted contrivance. One thing only baffles me utterly. I have failed to discover the ratio between the descent of the lift, and the arrival of the chariot: an ordinance which declares these two events to be simultaneous. But, in practice, the latter is always in advance of the former; yet the interval of time which elapses between the two is sufficient to enable the chariot, just as the lift is discharging its cargo, to depart with closed gates and flashing tail-lights towards its next stopping-place, where, no doubt, the process is repeated to the gratification of all concerned. I do not grumble at this arrangement, be it understood. It would be sheer arrogance on my part to suggest any changes: in what is obviously some mystic rite, symbolic perhaps, of analogous phenomena in the ampler world of constellations and incoherences. No, I merely record the matter of interest to those who, like myself, are attracted by the bizarre, the paradoxical and the seemingly inexplicable. In the meanwhile let us turn to those who called me to the words of Milton's sonnet, "only stand and wait." Let us talk now of motor-buses. Another theme worthy of finer rhetoric than I have at my command. For instance, the type of strength in control, the embodiment of swiftness; but not always—and that is the point which I propose to illuminate. Recently, during a journey on one of these excellent devices for defying the drawbacks of space, I became aware of a considerable slackening of speed. The least agile of passengers mounted and alighted with ease while the vehicle was in motion. At first, I surmised some temporary defect in the machinery. A crank perhaps, which needed oiling, a screw anxious to be tightened, a piston out of sort. But no, the thing continued; the burned vehicle coughed and spluttered, bumped and lurched, but its pace remained leisurely. Then my curiosity, I am afraid, got the better of me, and I inquired of the uniformed toll-gatherer, who darted up and down the staircase with a strange, monosyllabic watchword on his lips, why it was thus. "Triviality" he replied, but the machinery was flawless, but that the pace was increased he and the driver would arrive at their destination too early. They had compromised time! I should have liked to ask how he had satisfied himself that calamity would ensue as a result of such an arrival, but already his voice was echoing from below, whither he had descended in search of prey. So I merely record the matter of interest to those who, like myself, are attracted by the bizarre, the paradoxical and the seemingly inexplicable. Evidently, there is in existence some Codex, some sort of Gregorian Calendar, in accordance with whose statutes the movement of every motor-buses is guided. What the penalties may be for infringing the limits of these sacrosanct postulates I know not; clearly, they must be heavy, or the convenience of the individual would never be sacrificed to their inexorable demands. Again, I merely record the matter.

Finally, I seek for words of wonder and admiration at the public telephone-box. Marvelous, indeed, is the ingenuity which enables it to triumph over acoustics and hygiene by letting the most secret sound in and keep all the air out. And as I stifle in one of these crystal nests, which an incredible foresight has located near to the source of stirring and overwhelming cadences, my voice rises on billows of noise, out-dimming the stamping of hoofs, the clarion signal-call of automobiles, the myriad-fold buzzing in this hive of industry. At least, I hope my voice does do so; and I wish the voice at the other end of the wire could do so. Hail to the artisan whose nimble brain contrived this magic edifice. Of him I would say with the poet—"Fair science frowned not on his humble birth." P. Selvrr.

NOTES ON CERTAIN PHENOMENA ASSOCIATED WITH TUBE-LIFTS, MOTOR-BUSES AND TELEPHONE BOXES.

No man shall accuse me of being a grumbler. But I will confess that I am somewhat inquisitive, and perhaps it is this quality which urges me to step in where others pass by unmoved; to step in, I repeat, and seek the causes of strange and wonderful phenomena. Or, if that be beyond me, to more mortal powers, to the phenomena themselves. I venture to communicate some of my more recent researches.

ARNOLD BENNETT.
The truth about this author is, that he, like Seifridge, drives a business lastily; he love not too much profit, he love only fame. Nor yet too little, lest he fall from grace.

J. A. M. A.
"Liberals nor Conservatives."—LEWIS MELVILLE.

"Christian democracy is very popular."—DORA MARSDEN.

"The crisis in Prayer Book revision."—"Church Times."

"Among the little things that count in the war let us not forget the lady bank clerks."—"Globe."

"Since the outbreak of the war there have been neither Liberals nor Conservatives."—LEWIS MELVILLE.

"We are a free people. We are a free people. . . ."—"Evening News."

"It is a remarkable fact that insanity has decreased since the war began."—DR. MURRAY LESLIE.

"Every man in the trenches, every Jack Tar at sea, every Tommy at the front shall have in his possession a copy of the Bible."—"The Outlook."

"The oneness of war and religion."—"Evening News."

"The 'Evening News' is a lickable paper. It vibrates the spirit of goodwill, of knowledge and appreciation of one's inner thoughts."—CHARLES F. HIGRAM.

"Look at the thick neck and lower hack head of the German. It is all in the Bible."—AUSTIN HARRISON.

"Far too many people go about with long faces."—E. R.

"Sir,—One is not often disappointed with "A. E. R." But I think his reply to Mr. Burns's criticism of National Guilds is distinctly slipshod. I admit the cynical brevity of Mr. Burns's attack did deify the point. But, once again, the most vital objection to Guild Socialism that I have ever met with is stripped over as if of no importance. I mean the statement that the Guilds are impracticable because they would exclude competition. This objection seems to many a serious flaw in the constructive utility of the Guild ideal. One cannot with any show of reason estimate the part played by competition in Industry. As motive will be to the internal economy of the Guild, so competition is to the external economy of the industrial state. But competition, as we understand it, is the creation of the profiteers, and with them it will disappear. How then? I think the difficulty arises from the vague connotation of the word "competition." Really, there are two distinct kinds of competition—a fact altogether ignored by economists. There is, in the first place, qualitative or the competition of one article against another article of the same kind; resulting, when the margin of luxury is nil, and when all purchasable commodities are necessities, in the greater part of the population, in the triumph of the cheapest. But there is also another kind of competition, secondary if you like, which might be called inter-commodity competition—the competition of one article of one kind against another article of another kind. Both these types of competition are, I submit, equally effective as industrial stimuli. And it is only the former kind, the former kind of competition competition, which will disappear with the profiteers. On the other hand, by reason of the increased margin of luxury consequent on the new economic basis of society, inter-commodity competition will be accentuated. All acute necessities being provided for as a matter of course, other purchasable articles will be relative luxuries. The competition among these relative luxuries tends to be not between different qualities of the same luxury, but between two distinct luxuries. The decisive factor of production will be, no longer monetary, but rather aesthetic. And it is the factor of purchase which determines the motive of production. The need of satisfying the consumer's taste will be as strong a stimulus of production as the need of keeping within the range of a modern consumer's purse. The ethical superiority of the motive is obvious. And, incidentally, the craft ideal which was the golden dream of William Morris will have become realisable. Work, at any rate, to all who have within them a spark of the divine, will approach to something like an artificiant joy.

Another charge made by Mr. Burns against National Guilds is the presence within the programme of "artificial simplification." The charge is vague and singularly unjustified when applied to the Guilds. For whereas the most striking feature of this social ideal is its consistent continuation of social evolution, alone, of all the schemes for social reconstruction familiar to us in England, it takes account of the significant development of Trade Unionism and desires to lead that development to a splendid fruition. But then Mr. Burns does not seem to have much faith in the evolutionary process as applied to Society. The hoary prophet of his political creed seems to be Sidgwick, with Graham Wallas in the rôle of High Priest. So God help Mr. Burns. Nevertheless, for what it is worth, there is presumably the essay of an academician, his book is extremely lucid and even fascinating. But at times one's conception of Mr. Burns as a hypothetical pedagogue is severely shaken—nowhere more so than in his estimate of the humanitarian influence of Christianity. It is distinctly refreshing to come across the following passage in a publication of the Oxford University Press:

"It is a custom among apologists to say that the Christian Church introduced or, at least, made popular the idea of the equality of man. Nothing could be more glaringly untrue. Official Christianity made no attempt to correct the narrowness of class prejudice. It accepted first the ranks of the Roman Empire, and afterwards the classes of the feudal system; and it employed itself rather in finding justification for a political situation which already existed than in correcting the deficiencies of the system."

But faith in one's hypothesis returns when one reads the clear gibes at Nietzsche and the Nietzscheans (pp. 230 and 231). Here Mr. Burns shows a shallow ignorance worthy the Goose of Carmel.

HERBERT READ.
Sir,—"People," insist on regarding the United States of America as if they were "The States." These were, an ethnic unity dominated by an homogeneous consciousness, and they are therefore puzzled by the resignation of Mr. W. J. Bryan, who, like "the Wise Men," left by the White House steps at the takings of leave. My Scotch butcher says to me, "Now, would it be religious scruples that would make a man...?" and the chancelleries of Europe are as likely to understand as is the gracious and amiable butcher. Recollect that Mr. Bryan's administration was a more important rôle than the President. In the first place, he got the President nominated by the Democratic Party and Roosevelt as his heir apparent. New York Democrats were to vote for Champ Clark, he swung over all the votes he controlled and cast them solid for Wilson, through any number of stubborn ballotings. That was a very fine set and a very astute one. Clark backed by the New York Democrats meant the Democratic Party sold out to capital (in about its worst form). It also meant two candidates of capital, Taft and Clark, against one candidate for honest government, Roosevelt. Which might have meant Roosevelt elected (at least, one hopes so).

In preventing this, Mr. Bryan compassed the election of Wilson, and he shoved himself both a keen politician and a man very honest and faithful to the group of electors that depends on his power.

Mr. Bryan, as everyone knows, has been the unsuccessful candidate for the presidency for about as long as one can remember. He think, unique in the annals of American politics. And he resigns in a fit of sentimentality, with letters showing that he is in a hopeless mudness inseparable from that of any national crime and a personal indiscretion on the part of individual citizens. That a man should be Secretary of State to a large nation in the twentieth century, and have no perception of the difference between sin (which is subjective wrong between a man and his conscience) and "crime" (which is objective or active wrong against others, and against— to the civilised mind, it is), let us say, amazing. And without some knowledge of America it must be well nigh inexplicable.

Mr. Bryan is our fact; let us try to account for Mr. W. J. Bryan.

Let us consider that there is in America, back of beyond, a vast semi-desert, an area inhabited by people who have neither given nor received gifts, to or from civilisation—people, as Bryce says, in writing of the mediaval denizens of the broken-up Roman Empire, "made barricades by isolation." Take it that "the east" of America, for good or evil, is more or less tainted with European civilisation, that the west remains less so; that one has a certain pride in activity, and that in one or two States there still lingers (barely lingers) some trace of the pioner-like phenomena of the stock that could not stand the increased pressure of civilised life in the east and who had not guts enough to "go on pioneering," and the slack agriculuturists who squatted down in the wake of the pioneer and the adventurer. These people do not know that there is an east side of the Atlantic Ocean. They are almost the worst element in the country. Viewed with the dispassionate eye of a man in love with civilisation, they are hopeless, and one welcomes the Russian Jew and the Hungarian ironworker who may take the hand from them. One might in half-earnest desire to see them struggling with an invasion from Japan or from any civilised country. Of course this is an idealisation; they are "all-fired American," and one has to put up with them. They are not the West that made Roosevelt's rough-rider-the-flat, bare, and impoverished parochialists that are a virus in every extended nation.

On the other hand, you have Col. Roosevelt's West and the area around Col. Roosevelt. Mr. Bryan's West is the "Middle West," a very poor layout. Mr. Taft may at present be regarded as about as important as a very large overstuffed sofa. Consider that Mr. Bryan, Wilson, and Roosevelt. Col. Roosevelt, despite his adventures in Brazil, in Africa, and on the Italian cinquecento, is the only one of the three who has shown himself with any sense of the national destiny.

The modern world is so entangled, national interests are so little a matter of national boundaries, that no nation has any right to make war.

In the sixteenth century (vide Burckhardt) some few people in Italy had got so civilised that Milan refused to make war on Venice, on the grounds that between buyer and seller could be profitable to neither. This temporary civilisation passed away in the barbarities of "reform" and of counter-reformation, etc. Mr. Bryan has seen, or felt (a distinction to which I return in a moment), that the nation which "starts something" commits the sin of the conquest of the world by the king's peace, but the world's peace, and that the spirit of enlightened law is against this.

Roosevelt is an emotional, unrounded man, he has the man-of-action's talent for "weighing up" or getting a "balance." That is to say, despite his constant faux pas, he has in him rectitud, a direction of the will toward the right. He is right out of an immense instinct of necessities he saw perfectly clearly at the beginning of the war that America's place was with the Allies. They are doing America's job and the work that was less makes no difference. No difference to the main common sense of the matter, that is. It, of course, makes a difference.

However, Mr. Bryan is a technical prohibitionist Christian. The worst wrong Christianity has done is the substituting of the "conscience" for "honour." This substitution is very well suited for great men, for heroes; it may lead to infinite aspirations and infinite refinements of character when it is given a good enough start, but try it in people naturally "yellow"!

Honour gone, the conscience perceives the easy way and the inventive faculty finds reasons for any dastardly action that offers immediate profit. And then confusion, thinking, and then, for a present improvement, a rhetorical babble about the "Prince of Peace" from Mr. Bryan.

Is very hard not to express one's momentary disgust in excited and inexact phrases. Let us make the counterclaim that every American who cares for civilisation is either for Roosevelt's intervention, by such communities that Mr. Bryan has been supported. They have no rounded experience to guard them against his large phrases.

And for their intellectual isolation they are only in part to blame, for until America removes her "protective tariffs" on printed books, the National Government must be regarded as particulare criminis, as an active conspirator against the enlightenment of the nation.

This restriction of the free circulation of thought is one of the unamiable phenomena of the time, and its effect is by such communities that Mr. Bryan has been supported. They have no rounded experience to guard them against his large phrases.

That a nation founded by "practical idealists," a nation professing freedom, should put up with such a restriction! That they will not awaken themselves to the damage they may lead to infinite aspirations and infinite refinements of character when it is given a good enough start, but try it in people naturally "yellow"!

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in America, like ten million other Americans, he "simply doesn't know." You have a deceptive appearance of vigour and NO perspective. In every matter of art or of intellect, or writing, or of teaching in America, I have seen vigour and NO perspective. In every matter of art or of sense to see his defect, his handicap, and strive against it.

JAMES P. FENIMORE.

THE ORIGINS OF THE WAR.

Sir,—M. Georges Bourdon and his reviewer in your issue of the 10th inst. ask why, seeing that the Moroccan question was already settled, Germany increased her armaments in 1912, afterwards expanded into the Balkan League, was directed against Austria as well as Turkey. The treaty, as more than one Balkan diplomatist has told me, required Bulgaria to put all her forces at Servia's disposal in event of a war against Austria. . . Pahlavism was busy in Galicia as well as in the Serbian lands." It is further explained that the Serbian irredentists had begun to smuggle arms as well as in the Serbian lands. It is further explained that the Serbian irredentists had begun to smuggle arms into account the facts I have related, it is hardly surprising that those who would opinion in Germany should, in face of so prolonged and so terrible a menace, postpone the armaments of Russia in 1912, to be complete in 1916, could be formidable only to the central empires, and to them formidable indeed.

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| Six Months    | 14s. 0d.       | 15s. 0d.
| Three Months  | 7s. 0d.        | 7s. 6d. |

All communications relative to THE NEW AGE should be addressed to THE NEW AGE, 38, Cursitor Street, E.C.