THE

NEW AGE

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART.

No. 1191] New Series. Vol. XVII. No. 10. Thursday, July 8, 1915. [Registered at G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] SIXPENCE.

CONTENTS.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Only a week or two ago we were congratulating the Press on the partial recovery of its ancient freedom. More sense, we said, was being published in the Press nowadays than in twenty years past. Leader-writers were discussing public affairs as if it were important to arrive at the truth about them. They were beginning to believe they had as much right to an opinion as Mr. Brace or Mr. Walter Long. What such an exercise was likely to lead to we had no doubt. Everywhere, indeed, the necessity of abolishing profiteering was explicitly being advocated. It crept from the "Express" and the "Mail" to the "Times," and thence it flew to the "Daily Telegraph," where it settled visibly in a leader. In no long time the whole Press would have been unanimous in maintaining that twice two are four. Within the last week, however, this movement towards free intelligence has been checked, if not entirely stopped. Would that the German advance could be checked or stopped as easily! And by what means? By the time-honoured instrument of corrupt governments—bribery. In the journals of London, and even of the provinces, you will have seen during the past week page-advertisements of the Government Loan—that loan of which the "Times" said that it is a happy unison of the interests of pocket and of patriotism. Day after day they have appeared, sometimes in the company of recruiting advertisements, sometimes without. In every case you may be sure that they have been paid for. The most austere of the Liberal dailies has received considerably over a thousand pounds. The mammoths of circulation have procured their ton of flesh. Quite fifty thousand pounds, and probably double that sum, has been distributed by the Government among the Press for the sole purpose of enticing leader-writers back to allegiance and lies. The result is clearly to be seen in the absence from the Press during the last week of the sentiments that so pleased and astonished us when they appeared a fortnight ago. The abolition of profiteering is no longer the darling object of the "Daily Express." Even the limitation of profits during the war is not now the obvious act of justice and policy it appeared to the "Times" and the "Telegraph" only a few days ago. The Coalition Government has ceased to be an object of suspicion, and has become a Ministry of patriots, geniuses every one of them. The Munitions Bill has received the King's and the Press's consent. Everything in the garden is lovely.

* * *

From the panic that spread in Government and commercial circles at the "independence" being displayed in the Press a few weeks ago, and from the haste with which the Fleet Street troughs have been filled with rich swill to stop the squealing of the pigs, we may estimate the gravity of the situation from which the Munitions Bill was designed to provide a way of escape. Its history, as we reconstruct it from the evidence, is one long series of crimes and blunders culminating in an Act which embodies them all. Let us briefly summarise it. The war that broke out last August found the Government not only unprepared, but incredulous of the need of preparation. Accustomed for so long to the belief that nothing serious ever happens in this world, they could not be persuaded that the German menace, even when it had materialised, in the attack upon Belgium, was real or could possibly be lasting. Before Christmas, they thought, Germany would see the folly of her adventure and sue for peace with many apologies. The need, therefore, to organise the production of munitions on a great scale was never so much as once thought urgent. After all, were there not the armament-firms, who would be able to supply our wants and who, meanwhile, deprecated the diversion of orders elsewhere? Nay, not only might manufacturing firms outside the ring be dismissed from the War Office with contumely for daring to presume that the ring could not supply the war, but the Government's own factory at Woolwich could be put on holiday terms, its machinery kept idle, and its men left to drift into private industry,—so confident were the Government that the war would be soon over, so determined was the Armament ring to keep the profits on munitions in its own hands! The war, however, as we know, did not come to an end; but long before Christmas the munitions within the capacity of the ring to make proved to

be all too few for the needs of the campaign as estimated by the active Staff. Then began one of the most discreditable contests in English history: the contest between the Staff on the one hand demanding more munitions, and the Armament ring on the other hand demanding the continuance of its monopoly. Only threats of resignation at last, we believe, put an end to the dispute and persuaded the Government that of the two parties, the needs of General French were more important than the profits of the big armament firms. Even then, however, the latter were to be relieved of all blame. It was neither the Government that was really responsible for the shortage of shells, nor, and still less, the patriotic directors of the most profitable industry of civilisation, that of war-material. No, it was the workmen with their habits of drink and slackness, and their damned Trade Unions. We know how there broke out a campaign in the subsidised Press and in the no less subsidised Ministry against both workmen and their Trade Unions. Drink, said Mr. Lloyd George, was a greater national enemy than Germany. The rules of Trade Unionism, said the armament firms, must go. Always ready to believe the worst of nine-tenths of itself, and the best of the remaining tenth, the public, poor fool, allowed its resentment to be diverted from its proper objects, the responsible Ministry and the greedy armament firms, to the workmen and to the Trade Unions, under cover of which the Government has now reconstructed itself (that is, shared the spoils with the opposite party), rehabilitated the great profiteers, and, finally, confirmed the public impression that the men alone were to blame by passing the Munitions Bill. This, in brief, is, we believe, the true story of the last six months.

* * *

In his speech in the Lords last Thursday Lord Curzon defined the Bill as the result of a tripartite agreement between the Government, the employers and the Trade Unions. For the inclusion by name of the Trade Unions we ought, it is said, to be thankful, since it carries out our policy of a partnership between the State and the Unions. But the celebrated alliance of the tiger and the lady was a partnership of a kind; and the substance as well as the name, in the case of the Munitions alliance, needs to be looked at. The amendment undergone by the Bill in the Commons does not appear to us to have altered its character for anything but the worse, if that be possible. More and more clearly, as we examine it, the purpose of the Bill—its sole purpose—appears to be to conceal from the workmen and from the public the one fact which above all others both find morally indefensible—the fact, namely, that profits are not even to be limited in the armaments industry except at the expense of the credit of the Trade Unions. This part of the agreement is most ingeniously wrapt in mystery and has not yet burst into the view of the signatory Trade Unions. The secret, however, will be out when it is discovered, as we believe it will be, that no "controlled establishment," carrying with it the obligation to limit profits, will be brought into existence. Then it will be seen for what the Trade Unions have signed away their members' rights and privileges: not, a thousand times not, for the purpose of facilitating the production of war-munitions (though that has been the bait), but solely to ensure the unlimited profits of the armament firms. That, we repeat, is the single purpose of the Bill; which for any greater object would never have been passed.

* * *

And see, once again, what the Trade Unions have signed away for it. They have agreed to abandon their rules with the meaningless promise to have them restored when the war is over. They have agreed to leave the fixing of the price of their labour during the remainder of the war in the hands of the Government and their employers. And they have agreed to discipline themselves under penalties imposed by their own officials. You would think that for sacrifices such as these (for the least of which any Union of professional men—lawyers, doctors or what not—would have demanded half a kingdom), the Trade Unions would at least have insisted upon corresponding acknowledgments from the State or from their employers. In return for the abandonment of their rules they might have been expected to demand the abandonment of profits in the armament industry if nowhere else. In return for agreeing to fix the price of their labour, they might have been expected to insist upon the fixing of the price of the commodities for which their labour must be exchanged. And for undertaking their self-discipline with the aid of the authority of their Unions, they might have been expected to demand the promise, at any rate, of new privileges corresponding to their new responsibilities. Incredible as it must one day appear to their members they have not, however, asked for one of these things. It is impossible, indeed, to discover a single advantage, either for themselves or for the nation, that they have purchased with the sacrifice of their total powers. Had they abolished profits in the armament industry, the nation by the end of the war would be millions less poverty-stricken than we shall now assuredly be. Had they insisted on maximum prices for the main commodities of life, the whole nation, save a few scoundrelly profiteers, would have been better off and in better spirit to carry on the war with Prussia. Finally, had they claimed the right to share in the management as they have agreed to share in the discipline of industry, they would have laid the foundation of a new age to be slowly erected upon the ruins of the old. Why they have done none of these things heaven and Mr. Ben Tillett alone know! That the majority of the Trade Union leaders are bribable and have, in fact, been bribed, we do not like to believe. But the alternative is to write them down the most incompetent asses that ever a movement was cursed with.

* * *

For reasons we have already guessed at, the Press that a little while ago was urging the abolition of profiteering, has not only welcomed a Bill that does not even limit profits, except under conditions that are hypothetical and improbable, but compliments Mr. Lloyd George and the Government on their skill in carrying it through. Certainly if the Trade Unions were an enemy organisation, we should ourselves be disposed to applaud the ingenuity with which the Government has tied them up. It is a pity that our international diplomacy, both before and during the war, has not been at once so Machiavellian and so successful. The wit expended in procuring for nothing the active support of Trade Unions, had it been expended in diplomacy with foreign Powers, would have procured us the support of every country in the world and even, perhaps, have saved the world this bloody war. Or if, again, Trade Unions were associations undesirable in themselves, such as the association of Freemasons, whose growth it were State-wisdom to nip at any favourable opportunity, we could have applauded the cunning with which they have been hoist with their own sentiments of patriotism. But neither, wild as the notion may seem, are Trade Unions enemy organisations, nor is it desirable to suppress them. On the contrary, as the governing bodies of Labour, as the cadres of the coming industrial system, they are only second in national importance to the State bureaucracy itself. What if, now that the profiteers have failed to discipline Labour themselves, the State in turn should fail? Where could we look for a competent authority but to the Trade Union organisation? But if, in the meanwhile, the leaders have sold their right to command the confidence of their rank and file, what but an angry mob will await us? Turning to the Unions under those circumstances will be calling to the wild and

letting in the jungle. The Government and the nation will then discover the folly of tricking the men's leaders into hanging themselves by their own heart-strings.

* * *

That it may come to this we would not put beyond the bounds of possibility. Let us suppose that the war continues another year, another two years, it is not improbable that during that period the workmen may learn what has been done for them. Once let them discover that all prices may rise save the price of their labour, and everybody make profit out of the war save their own Unions, and their attitude in the workshops will undergo a striking transformation. There will be no need for violent action; it will not be necessary even to strike. The difference between working with and without the men's heart in their job has been found to be the difference between seven and twenty-four shells a day; and *that*, we say, will be the transformation of industry their discovery of the fraud of the Bill will induce. And will it then be said that the men are unpatriotic? It is patriotism, we suppose, in the capitalist class to insist upon a public loan in which pocket is in unison with patriotism; but it will be unpatriotic of workmen to demand that at least their patriotism shall not be at the expense of their pocket! But the appeal of patriotism will by then have lost its first magic. The reflection will occur that our national situation cannot be as desperate as we fear it is, since the class that has most to lose by England's defeat has not yet sacrificed profits to save themselves. Why should the workmen be more concerned than their employers, horses more anxious to win than their riders? "The Labour position"—we quote the "Times"—"is not to be trusted, whatever the 'leaders' may say." It is not. Men unjustly treated are justly to be feared. We should advise the profiteers, if they wish to fatten in security, to beware lest their Munitions Bill is understood by the workmen. *Our* voice will not carry to the benches. Of us not the greediest need be afraid. But the workmen have flashes of perception themselves, especially in the North where the chief munition works are.

* * *

We wish, nevertheless, that our voice could carry. What we would say to the workmen is that they are now the only hope of national legislation left in England; even, we would add, of popular legislation. There is not the least doubt that if we were to canvass the population between the ages of fifteen and sixty-five for their opinion on whether it is right to allow profits to be made by forced patriotic labour in the munition workshops, the result would be twenty-five millions less a score or so, to a score or so. Not one of our readers, we venture to say, has met a man, woman or child during the war who would uphold the very principle on which the Munitions Bill has been based. The Press, as we have seen, was practically unanimously against it. No public persons—not even Mr. Bonar Law—dared to deny that profits on war material are indecent during war. Anything in human shape, we should have thought, would be revolted by it. At the same time, however, the Bill has been passed and the Aberconways intend to make the best of it, picking up their profits on the industrial battle-field as ghouls pick theirs upon the fields of Flanders. And who is to stop them save the workmen? The Government has failed in an attempt they never made. The men's own leaders have been "gassed" into surrender. The Press has had its mouth gagged with advertisement. And the wretched public—we shall see in a moment what has been done to it! There are left, as we say, to save us all, only the workmen whom the "Times" fears. Without incurring the smallest disciplinary measure they can force the Government to transfer the munitions works from the Aberconways to the nation; they can compel the State to abolish profiteering and to institute in its place the same system of pay according to function which obtains in the military section of the common national army; they can make the benches the industrial trenches. No power exists save in the rank and file to do it. It is their *duty*.

* * *

When Napoleon was on his way to Paris from Elba he was asked what he should do if the Paris mob proved hostile. Gild Notre Dame, he replied. Napoleon's estimate of the power of concentration of the French seems to be the same as the Coalition Cabinet's estimate of the mind of the English people. To divert us from the scandal of the shells and from the triumph of the profiteers, the Government has hit upon the notion of a National Register. We, it is true, ourselves welcomed the idea of a national stocktaking of our resources of skill and men for the purpose of organising and calling upon them as need arises; but we naturally had in view a serious intention and not the tricks of pantaloons. From every indication of the contents and purpose of Mr. Long's Bill, however, it is to be concluded that no other end is to be served by it than that of fooling us until the stink of the shells has passed. We would even say that, stupid as Mr. Long is, and admirably chosen from a Cabinet with a wide choice, he is not so stupid as to believe in the Bill himself. The very "New Statesman" has discovered that it is hollow. In the first place, all the information now to be collected already exists or can be obtained by the easy means of collating the returns of the Insurance Act, the Census and the Income-tax. In the second place, the expense will be enormous. In the third place, God forbid that the war should last until the twenty-five million papers can be classified. In the fourth place, the questions asked are deliberately bewildering. In the fifth place, the answers must be useless since the questions are absurd. Finally, the whole baggage of the Register will be waste-paper, and is meant to be nothing else. That, we say, is what is being done with public opinion to divert its attention from the serious aspects of the war. It is an infant, and Mr. Long is to crinkle paper lest it cry for food. Not the most bigoted Prussian could express the contempt for England implied in the Government's National Register.

* * *

We scarcely know whether there is any use in discussing *the right form of a Register*. A Government of cunning nursemaids is not exactly the court before which serious students like to plead. The approach of the present Register to the whole problem of national organisation may, however, be said to be ingeniously wrong in every respect. It is the right method standing upon its head to make fools wonder. Let us ask ourselves what would have happened if before calling for recruits for the Army, there had been no frames of organisation into which to draft them; the mind most inured to spectacles of muddle could not conceive the muddle that would then have ensued. Yet this procedure is the procedure adopted in Mr. Walter Long's Bill. Twenty-five million people are to register for they know not what, in an organisation the very first scratches of which do not exist. Spinning a rope of sand is an occupation of sanity by the side of it; for every grain of sand in Mr. Long's Bill is to name its own piece of rope. The Government, when all this labour is over, are then to begin what ought to have been begun before ever this was started—and impossible, of course, they will find it. The classification of necessary industries and the discovery of how many men are wanting in them are the first and not the last steps properly to be taken. Thereafter it would be comparatively easy to call for volunteers to fill the vacancies and to see that they came from the industries of luxury. As it is, Notre Dame is to be gilded that Park Lane may keep its gilt on. The people are to be entertained with circuses because they are to be deprived of bread.

Foreign Affairs

By S. Verdad.

THE briefest remark we can make about the Dardanelles expedition is that it was badly wanted but clumsily entered upon. War began with Turkey early in November; but an immediate attack on the Dardanelles was not possible. In the first place, neither England nor France had a sufficient number of trained men to spare for the necessary land operations which, it was realised, would have to be undertaken in conjunction with the Fleet; and, in the second place, it was not practicable, in November, to set aside warships for the sole purpose of breaking through the Straits. It was admitted that the Straits would have to be forced eventually, if only for the purpose of keeping Russia supplied with munitions in the winter months and of keeping up the wheat supplies; but events caused a postponement of an expedition until an indefinite later date. It was clear that the Turks, admirably trained and organised under their German officers, meant first of all to make an attack on Egypt with what was understood to be an army of two hundred thousand men, and an even larger army was sent to the Caucasus. This latter force was severely defeated by the Russian troops in a series of pitched battles, and many transports and supply ships were sunk in the Black Sea by the Russian Fleet.

* * *

Almost simultaneously with these Caucasian battles the attack on Egypt began. It is possible that an attack on the Dardanelles might have drawn troops from Egypt, weakening the southern Turkish forces by splitting them in halves, and possibly, also, relieving the pressure on the Russians in the Caucasus. But there was no certainty of this; and, on the whole, the authorities in England and France acted wisely in securing the safety of Egypt before making any move in the direction of Gallipoli. Turkish forces penetrated as far as the Suez Canal, but they got no further; and when it was seen that Egypt was in no danger—for the Turks had been defeated by the desert—the attack on the Dardanelles was planned. It began, indeed, on February 19, the day after the Germans had once again violated The Hague Conventions by declaring their in*effective submarine blockade round our coasts.* The naval part of the proceedings had been well arranged, but a series of unfortunate incidents completely spoiled the military arrangements. It is on these latter points that I propose to dwell, for the attention of the public has not been properly directed towards them.

* * *

It was the original intention of the General Staffs concerned that the combined Fleets should be assisted by two divisions (at least) of Greek troops and by some sixty thousand Italian troops concentrated for strategical purposes on Rhodes. There were also French troops, English Territorials, a few regiments of regulars, Australasians, and Indians. The actual number of men engaged was never made known. It is sufficient for us to know that the hundred thousand Greeks and Italians originally arranged for were not ready, for political reasons, to take part in the fighting when the naval operations had been begun. Venizelos fell before the operations had started in earnest, and Signor Giolitti ruled Italy until near the end of May. It had been expected, both in France and in England, that Italy would join us in March; and the fall of Venizelos came as a surprise to all parties, including M. Venizelos himself. As I have said already in these columns, the Allied Powers were not without some responsibility in this matter. While Germany and Austria were spending thousands of pounds in putting their case before the Greek public, the Allies took no particular pains to explain their own side of it. Such support as we had in Greece was due chiefly to the influence of M. Venizelos himself; but even his influence, confirmed as it has been by the recent elections, could not prevail against the steady Austro-German propaganda and the personal influence of the Queen and her friends in the army. Furthermore, Italy had not come to a complete agreement with Serbia and Russia over the question of the Adriatic.

* * *

The consequence was that at the very time when troops were wanted to assist in the Dardanelles operations they were not forthcoming. Further drafts had to be sent hurriedly from England, France, Egypt, and India; but by the time they arrived there was no longer any hope of our being able to break through the Dardanelles in a few weeks, as the Admiralty had expected. It is not true, by the way, to say that this delay gave the Turks an opportunity of fortifying the Straits and making adequate preparations for the coming attack. It was not likely that German organisers intended to leave the defences of the Dardanelles to be attended to at the last moment. Ever since August, three months before Turkey became formally involved in the campaign, men were at work—always, of course, under German supervision—digging trenches, laying telephone and telegraph wires, preparing minefields, manufacturing shells, and storing vast reserves of munitions in the fortresses, besides stretching barbed wire along the shore as far as low-water mark.

* * *

It is, nevertheless, true enough to say that the muddle in February and March encouraged our enemies. They had a few further weeks in which to make their final preparations for a stubborn defence; they realised that they were being opposed by an unorganised enemy; and they realised, too, that the initial check sustained by the Allies at the Dardanelles was likely to have a considerable reaction in the Balkans—as, indeed, it had. For, in addition to securing to Russia a supply of munitions, and to the Allies, ourselves in particular, a supply of wheat, the opening of the Dardanelles was expected to bring to our aid the enthusiastic support of the Bulgarians, thus leaving both Roumania and Greece entirely free to act on our side also. It was after this check in February that the Turks and the Bulgarians entered into negotiations with regard to a "ratification" of the frontier line, and up to the time of writing no effective counter-negotiations have been begun by the Allies. It is true that proposals have been exchanged; but we are not in a position to offer as much as the Turks—at the present stage, at any rate. It would be of interest, by the way, to know what the Moslem world thinks of the present relations between the Germans and the Turks. The Porte has seen its finances nibbled down to the very minimum as a result, very largely, of the Bagdad railway concession and the iniquitous kilometric guarantee, and they now behold, with pleasure or otherwise, the spectacle of the German advisers to the Ottoman Government calmly disposing of a further portion of the Turkish possessions in Europe, including Adrianople, for the sole purpose of keeping Bulgaria quiet. If the Turkish Empire is finally wrecked in consequence of this war, the greater part of the blame must rest with the masters whom the Turks themselves have chosen. For nearly twenty years, during which time they were slowly strengthening their economic grip on the country, the attitude of the Germans towards the Powers, where Turkey was concerned, was always one of "hands off." No Power but Germany was permitted to interfere, at any rate to any great extent, in Turkish affairs; and the result is what we see. We ourselves cannot draw back from the task we have begun. Sooner or later the Dardanelles will be forced. On that day those Balkan States which have proved friendly to us will reap their reward, and the Balkan States which may have remained neutral will retire into the outer darkness.

Aspects of the Guild Idea.

By Ivor Brown.

X.

It were fitting, perhaps, to make a cycle of these articles and to end them on a note similar to that on which I started them. I want to drive home the connection between Guild Socialism and genuine feeling and the necessity of working for a Socialism which shall contain not only sense but also sensibility. It is because the Guild idea involves the fusing of the old Socialist idealism with the new Trade Union practice that it is the most fruitful of modern philosophies.

The external phenomena of civilisation have changed far more in the last hundred years than in any century since the world began, and there is no reason for supposing that the discrepancy between 2015 and 1915 will be less than that between 1915 and 1815. "Progress" has been "speeded up": its velocity may even increase. At any rate, we should be alive to the possibility. That progress, however, has been almost entirely mechanical. Man has harnessed the seas, the rivers, the earth, and the air, but he is as far from finding happiness as ever. He has dug out treasure from the soil and carried it further and more rapidly than ever before: he has applied his brain to the mastering of "power" and machinery with unlimited success. No triumph of scientific invention astonishes us now. Our skill outpaces wonder.

What is the result? Everything has become business. All the most romantic activities of man are commercialised and made mechanical. What more thrilling than to cross the sea in ships? Yet now shipping is connected in our minds with Lloyds and rings and profits, with markets and record trips. Nature can still strike a Titanic blow to warn man from time to time, but for the most part shipping is made safe. The mariner of to-day must translate the Horatian "aes triplex" as three hundred per cent., and those who go down to the sea in ships do business as usual in great waters. Not for a moment do I deny the courage and the splendour of the sailor's life, just as it were lunacy to deny the courage, the amazing and unparalleled courage, of the modern soldier. But in neither is the courage a talisman of success. Shipping is business and war is business, for gallantry is useless without munitions. War may have been romantic when Macpherson swore his feud, when man met man and settled a quarrel with the claymore. Though even that I doubt. But it is certainly not romantic when No. 171623 of the 2505 infantry regiment of the 250th division is destroyed by an equally remote number firing a gun twenty miles off. War now is determined by mechanical skill and business capacity. There is scarcely a single activity of man that has not been utterly changed by the amazing nineteenth century.

Naturally this tremendous alteration and orientation of human activity has re-acted upon human nature. It has struck a blow at normal emotion: about the ordinary things of life we have almost ceased to feel. This contemporaneous growth of mechanical skill and large-scale production, this invasion of commerce into craftsmanship and profiteering into everything, has begun to give to humanity a unity of emotional tone that is as common as it is ugly. Under modern conditions production tends to be either machine-skill, something very different from personal creation, or mere slavish routine. Both phases, the concentration of the mind upon intricate mechanism or the emptiness of doing the same simple thing for ever, must have a deadening effect upon emotion. Add to this the whole blasting force of the profiteering system, the callous attitude to human values encouraged by the economists in one sphere and the war-mongers in another, and we are faced with something so impersonal, so forceful, and so inevitable that we accept it dumbly and without revolt. The sting of captivity lies not always in suffering, but rather in the following desolation and emptiness, the incapacity to suffer. So now we neither weep nor laugh. We tolerate.

That, surely, is the predominant feature of the twentieth century, the death of feeling. The low cunning of business, the hard, though useful, rationalism of the scientific mind have won so complete a victory that our Capitalist England is a State where all the important things are dull and excitement must be found in the trivial and artificial. Very aptly has Mr. Bottomley termed his ubiquitous weekly "John Bull," for he has touched the heart of the country. Business on the one hand, beer and betting on the other! That is the modern programme. Work has become ugly and dull. Who cares? On with the routine, for there is football on Saturday.

Another interesting phase of modern life is the premium artificially imposed upon the concealment of emotion. Indeed, it is now the first sign of a gentleman that you show no trace of feeling. Feel if you will, but don't show it, especially in public.

The modern schoolboy is reared in the Stoic virtue of impassivity. The young man treads the same path. He is ashamed of letting himself go, ashamed of love, ashamed of beauty, ashamed even of hate. What industrialism has done for the wage-earner, a calculated philosophy of life has done for the middle and upper classes. There the ghastly monotony of existence represses emotion, here the supreme belief in gentlemanly calm. That is why the middle class always regard artists as having something wrong with them. That they should feel is perhaps commendable: but that they should admit it and even glory in the fact is too deplorable. Everywhere the same tale is told. Look to the House of Commons, where once men quarrelled royally, raged and wept and said their say. Now a petty personal taunt may raise a breeze from day to day, but what other sign of feeling is ever made manifest in that moribund assembly? Continual repression of feeling will kill the feeling itself and the man who never dares to show his emotion will soon cease to have any emotion at all. Are we for ever to treat our souls like the feet of Chinese women?

Most of us would agree that this emotional death which is creeping over the world with the coming of the Servile State is a lamentable thing. But it is still more lamentable if this death is also to make a victim of Socialism. And if Socialism is to be nothing more than the triumph of Leviathan, the ever-extending power of the executive organ of the Capitalist nation-State, or even of Mr. Webb's latest love, the Supernational Council, then there is little hope of restoring gladness and laughter to the world. We have scotched the snake of anti-Socialism, but now we have another snake to kill, the snake of Socialism. For if Socialism is to continue coming as it is coming now, merely as Capitalism up to date, National Organisation, Compulsory Arbitration, State Control of this and that, then we have raised up a devil more terrible than any before. We have had nineteen hundred years of Christianity without any Christs: are we now to have Socialism without any Socialists? State Socialism has been commandeered for the war by the Government. They are even telling their hacks to mention National Guilds. Are they to murder the Guilds before they are born by connecting the name with their latest rendering of the Servile State? The peril is grave. We have to cry out again and again lest the ignorant should imagine that these Lloyd Georgian travesties have anything to do with our ideals, lest the capitalists should ruin the Guilds as they have ruined the State, by adopting them. Above all, we have to remember that the opposite of life is death, and that the emotional death on every side is spreading and conquering. Socialism, if it is to be merely sense, will be still-born. Its life depends upon its sensibility.

Messrs. Facing-Bothways.

A NEW edition of a book* published last year, which created some discussion in Labour circles, deserves notice not only on account of the importance of its subject matter and its treatment by the author—a life-long Socialist—but because it gives an insight into the way Economics are cooked by Political Professors and Experts for Party purposes. Before dealing with this phase, let us briefly discuss the main subject itself. The Wage System presents us with many social paradoxes, but surely none more startling than that confronting us when studying the economic effect of foreign investments upon home producers. Can anything appear more contrary to common sense than to be told that the surest way to ruin and impoverish a nation is to furnish it with commodities—food, clothing, and all the necessaries of life—freely, "without money and without price"? Imagine our Germanic haters undertaking to ruin us by philanthropy, by loading us up with millions of pounds' worth of goods, and refusing any and all compensation in the way of an exchange of commodities!! What fun Bastiat had with suggestions of this sort! And yet the statement is neither ridiculous nor absurd. It is literally true. For it is certain that if every product we need for life and happiness was furnished freely from abroad, our own home industries would cease, factories would close, farms would remain unproductive, fields untilled, for the incentive to labour would be destroyed. Now, although such a condition is at present impossible on so vast a scale as to pauperise the entire nation, the system has existed for many years on a small scale, and during the past fifty years it has been growing rapidly. We have been receiving tribute from abroad (as interest on loans) in the shape of all sorts of goods, coffee, tea, gold, spices, cotton, wool, etc., for which we make no payment, and give no return whatsoever. Economically speaking, it comes to this country as a donation, as freely as the food that is being sent to Belgium by the American people. One would, at first thought, regard this as wholly beneficial to this country, although "somewhat rough" on those who are generous enough to make us such free offerings. Where is the evil? Of course, if all these goods were divided up equally among our population, the evil would scarcely exist. It might—on the present scale—be regarded as a good thing. What might otherwise be good is, however, converted into evil by reason of the system of slave economy under which we live. The vast masses of men and women live only because of their being necessary parts of the mechanism of production. Consequently, if production ceases, they lose all title and claim to the means of life. Hence, anything that checks production injures the producers. Paradoxical as it may appear, it is literally true that under the wage system, the raining of manna from heaven would mean poverty and death to the masses; for the manna would be regarded as the private property of the landowners. There is nothing new in this idea. It has been frequently discussed and pointed out. During the Tariff Reform agitation a few years ago, the cry was raised that Free Trade was driving capital abroad. Mr. Asquith, Mr. Churchill, and other statesmen said, "a good job too." The Liberal Free Trade party thought this a jolly good thing for the country, and said all sorts of things in its favour. Mr. Joseph Burgess, the author of "Homeland or Empire?" took up the cudgels and went for the Government. Whilst refusing to accept the Tariff Reformers' view of the case, he could see nothing beneficial to the home producers in the export of capital to foreign lands. A discussion was started at one of the I.L.P. conferences, and needless to say, the economic experts of the Labour Party—who were pledged to Free Trade, and to supporting the Liberal Government—opposed Mr. Burgess' contention. The discussion, however, spread to various Labour journals. Mr. Burgess was accepted as the Labour candidate at various places, and made this question of the export of capital a feature of his electioneering campaign. He fought Winston Churchill at Dundee, and Robert Harcourt at Montrose Burghs. The Liberal and Labour leaders began to feel alarmed, and called in those two political-economic hacks, Professor J. A. Hobson and Mr. (now Sir) Leo Chiozza Money, both of whom followed the Prime Minister's lead, and endeavoured to show the blessings flowing from our foreign investments. Now it so happened that both of these writers had previously written on the same subject. Here is what Professor Hobson wrote in "A Study of Imperialism," and also an extract from his article in the "Labour Leader" in answer to Mr. Burgess. Perhaps it will be best to publish this expert's two opinions (which may be regarded as "before and after") in parallel columns:

Extract from Chapter VI of "Imperialism," by Prof. John A. Hobson.

"There is no necessity to open up new foreign markets; the home markets are capable of indefinite extension. Whatever is produced in England can be consumed in England, provided that the "income or power to demand commodities is properly distributed. . . ."—Page 29.

In describing the ultimate effect on British industry of tributes from foreign investments, he says: "All the main arterial industries" (of this country) "would have disappeared, the staple food and manufactures flowing in as tribute from Asia and Africa."

Extract from Article in "Labour Leader" by Prof. John A. Hobson.

"Does this investment abroad" (£100,000,000 per annum) "injure the British worker, and would it be good to deter investors from sending their capital abroad by taxing all ascertained profits from foreign investment?"

"I say No to these questions. If there were insufficient capital in this country for the fully effective supply of mills, machinery, and other plant, together with materials required for the full employment of labour, it would be plausible to argue that we should deter capital from going to co-operate with foreign labour, which was needed to co-operate with British labour. But there is no such insufficiency. On the contrary, facing our unemployed labour there is unemployed or underemployed capital in all the shapes required for the processes of providing wealth. If by the proposed tax we kept some capital at home which would have gone abroad, we should only be increasing further the congestion of unnecessary capital."

It should be noted that a space of about eight years separates these two opinions. The first was written when the Tories were still in power, and Professor Hobson had more leisure for calm, dispassionate thought than at the later period. The "Labour Leader" article was written, *by request*, at a time when Professor Hobson found it profitable to help the Liberal-Labour Party to win elections. . . . Let us now turn to the other economic expert, who has recently received the usual reward awaiting those whose opinions are governed first and last by party fidelity. Mr. (now Sir) Leo Chiozza Money wrote the following in the "Daily News," March 25, 1909:—

In no case is the foreign investment more productive of immediate gain to the nation than the home investment. . . . Merely to boast, therefore, of foreign investments as creating employment is to advance the work-making fallacy in crude form. We have to consider not merely what work is created, but what becomes of the result of the work created. In respect of any concrete example, we have to ask ourselves not merely whether a British workman is gaining employment by making, say, a machine, but whether that machine is to be used for the benefit of production abroad or production at home. . . ."

Some time later, it appears that Mr. Robert Har-

* "Homeland or Empire?" By Joseph Burgess.

court was contesting Montrose Burghs in the Liberal interest, and ran foul of Mr. Burgess' foreign investment propaganda. Mr. Burgess had evidently been quoting Mr. Money as an authority, and as somewhat favouring his views. But Mr. Burgess didn't know his Money. He had yet to learn that the principle which controls the Parliamentary candidate controls also the political economic party hack, and that is the principle of party allegiance. Hence we find Mr. Money writing to his friend Harcourt as follows :—

Dear Harcourt,—I am astonished to learn that Mr. Burgess is using my writings on overseas investment in his strange campaign.

I am, of course, strongly opposed to a special or penal tax upon such investments. It is, of course, true, as I have often pointed out, that oversea investment sometimes means the investment abroad of money—goods—which could be much better employed at home, but a tax on foreign investments could not discriminate between one investment and another, and its general operation would prevent the fruitful development of our Colonies and other places, check wealth production, and therefore hinder our own gain and development.

How little Mr. Burgess has thought about his subject-matter is shown by the fact that he goes the length of condemning British investments in Argentina, which have been entirely for the welfare of the United Kingdom, by securing supplies of food and raw materials, invaluable alike to the individual and to the trader.

Obviously, to prohibit investments, or to impose a special tax upon them, while it would in some cases interfere with investments which are not only for the general good of mankind, but for the particular good of the United Kingdom.

In my new book on the fiscal question, just issued by Methuen, I wrote on this question as follows :—"Oversea investments bring to our shores every year a large amount of imports, which goes to swell the wages fund and increase the wealth of the country. Whether or not every oversea investment is a good thing for the country whose citizen makes it is a different and difficult point, but certain it is that the point is quite irrelevant to the fiscal question. The citizens of Protectionist countries are no more prevented from making foreign investments than British citizens, and in proportion to their wealth both France and Germany have probably more foreign investments than we have. The latest Protectionist "argument" on our oversea investments, indeed, is as worthless as the one which was first introduced and then abandoned.—With all good wishes for your triumphant success, yours sincerely, L. G. CHIOZZA MONEY.

P.S.—I should be much obliged if you would take an opportunity of publishing this letter.

These experts remind me of a certain incident. Some years ago I found it necessary to consult an eminent American lawyer regarding the validity of a certain patent. "What sort of an opinion do you want?" asked the eminent man. "Because," he continued, "if you want to infringe the patent, I can give you an opinion favourable to its non-validity, and if you want to sustain it, I think I can prove to any patent judge that the patent is quite valid." I have often thought what a wonderful economic expert was lost to the world in this patent attorney. It will be noticed that Mr. Money's views were expressed with a sufficient amount of indefiniteness to enable him to take either side of the controversy without seeming to be as brazenly two-faced as Professor Hobson. It appears, however, that when the elections were well over Mr. Money had some further thoughts on this subject of foreign investments, which he published in an article in the "Fortnightly Review" last July. Instead of proclaiming the benefits flowing from our export of capital, he then said: "There is a very real danger that if foreign investing continues our home industries will be inadequately worked. We may go further and say, to take the position as it now is, it is most unfortunately true that there is a lack of proper application of capital in the United Kingdom in a number of conspicuous directions, and that it is the case that overseas investing has reached a point at which it is a menace to the State, seeing that the nation as a whole depends for its proper economic developments upon the wisdom with which private investors exercise their important functions."

And yet in his "Dear Harcourt" letter, he condemns Mr. Burgess for emphasising this very evil which he is here exposing! But, then, as I said before, there were no elections pending, and "Dear Harcourt" had been safely elected, which makes all the difference. There are other interesting exposures in Mr. Burgess' book, and I advise those who wish to gauge the intellects and economic sense of those who preside over the destinies of the I.L.P. and its organ, the "Labour Leader," to read the asinine replies given to Mr. Burgess' letters.

ARTHUR KITSON.

The Mirage of Magna Carta

"To no man shall we sell, or deny, or delay Right or Justice." This covenant, expressed in explicit, solemn, sacramental terms, is the central feature, the keystone of the arch of Magna Carta whose seventh centenary occurred a few weeks ago. That a grave responsibility devolves upon our lawyers in respect of this covenant is continuously recognised throughout the centuries at the appointment of successive keepers of the King's conscience. It is understood that the Lord Chancellor repeats the time-honoured formula "to no man shall I sell, or deny, or delay Right or Justice."

At such a time as the present it cannot be considered inopportune to inquire how the solemn league and covenant has been interpreted by its legal custodians. The ordeal of war tests all our assets and exposes all our defects. To which category does our legal system belong? Magna Carta's aims were high. Its promise was all that could be desired. How about its performance?

Our readers will do well to be prepared for early disillusionment, because we are concerned with the Anglo-Norman, not with the Anglo-Saxon legal system as our special pleaders maintain. An incident of evil augury occurred in the year 1235, only twenty years after Magna Carta was signed. "Henry III prohibited the study of law in any other place than the Inns of Court." Laymen were warned off. Knowledge of the law was henceforth to be the monopoly of a profession. Our wiser neighbours are untiring in encouraging everyone to know the law. In the year 1290 it was recorded that the Judges were always chosen from among the Sergeants. The capture of the Bench by the Bar determined the orientation of the system which we shall find henceforth directed, with the unconsciousness of the climbing ivy, to achieving the ascendancy of a caste instead of subserving the national welfare. Bench and Bar being one in training, sentiment and sympathy: and there being a nexus of interest between solicitor and barrister, the three branches form a close corporation. Moreover, a Bench recruited from the Bar sanctifies and stereotypes the letter worship and pedantry of its source; while tenderness for the interest of the advocate renders the Judge little disposed to encourage reforms which may work to the prejudice of his privileges and prerogatives.

The disastrous results of a vicious system were a crop of intolerable abuses. Nor did our rude forefathers entertain a doubt as to the centre of the evil. On two occasions they made violent eruption into the Inns of Court and threatened the denizens with massacre. In the year 1404 practising lawyers were forbidden election to Parliament. That prohibition was subsequently rescinded. New methods were adopted to mask old aims. The "service of the public" was the talisman which worked wonders. Much incense was offered to the supreme excellence of English Justice, and the most fulsome compliments were volleyed between Bench and Bar on all festive occasions. Meanwhile, a Bar without salutary control or stimulus produced a Bench without principle or ability. The complete demoralisation of both is recorded by Sir William Dugdale (1605-1681). The infamies of Bench and Bar during the Stuart period have been gibbeted to all time by Macaulay and other authorities. There was a marked improvement under

the Hanoverians. But when we come down to the first quarter of the last century we find the state of the law described as follows by a competent authority: "The whole field was covered by a network of obscure, intricate, archaic technicalities, useless except for the purpose of piling up costs, procrastinating decisions, placing the simplest legal processes wholly beyond the competence of any but trained experts, giving endless facilities for fraud and for the evasion and defeat of Justice: turning a law case into a game in which chance and skill had often vastly greater influence than substantial merits." And yet every Lord Chancellor through six centuries had repeated the formula cited above! Did the barrister Bench raise a voice in protest against a system admirably adapted to sell, deny and delay Right and Justice? Charles Dickens tells us, "that a Chancery Judge once had the kindness to inform me as one of a company of some hundred and fifty men and women not labouring under any suspicion of lunacy, that the Court of Chancery, though the subject of much popular prejudice, was almost immaculate." That was the old Court of Chancery. Many such excrescences have been lopped off our legal system. But its ineradicable vice remains. It refuses to rise from empiricism to broad generalisations. Consequently an adequate scheme of codification is impossible and our people are handicapped heavily as compared with our neighbours. It must never be forgotten that when Justice is rendered inaccessible to those who have most need of it, that is the poor, encouragement is given to injustice in hundreds of unrecorded, unredressed cases. Thus Right and Justice are sold, denied and delayed. The "Times," a friendly witness, the official organ of the legal profession, declared on September 22, 1911, "Magna Carta notwithstanding, we sell Justice, and not cheaply."

But as regards the profession itself, our readers will observe that its very defects have contributed enormously to the ascendency of its exponents. Nor is there any other trade, industry or enterprise which profits by its own shortcomings to an extent comparable with the legal profession. This peculiar condition is easily comprehended when we observe how the uncertainties of the jury system in civil causes, leading to appeals and reversals, bring grist to the Bar: how all moot points, conflicting rulings, prolonged searches for cases contribute to the same result. Consequently the amazing emoluments of our legal pundits indicate that a twofold tribute is levied upon a long-suffering community; first, the aggregate amount of these emoluments, that is a direct contribution; the second is the indirect tribute of submission, of acquiescence in (or rather toleration of) conditions which preclude equality of opportunity with our neighbours, but are accepted because exalted personages proclaim the cosmical excellence of English Justice, and pass over in absolute silence what our neighbours have done to render Justice prompt and accessible. This conspiracy of silence forms a species of Chinese wall round our legal system. Our brief survey explains one aspect of this policy—its effect on the public. This is the other aspect: speaking in the House of Lords on March 1 last, Lord Newton said: "They all knew that the legal profession in this country formed a gigantic trade union, starting from the Lord Chancellor and working down to the most impecunious, briefless barrister. This trade union governed the country. He thought the people did not realise how much that was so."

Now is the time to look beneath the surface and learn with how little wisdom the country is governed and how little occasion there is for surprise at the indifference of certain classes during this crisis of the Empire's fate. In "The Law and the Poor," Judge Parry tells us that since the year 1869, when the Debtors Act was passed, upwards of 300,000 English citizens who have been guilty of no crime whatsoever have been committed to prison. "They have been imprisoned," he says, "mainly for poverty." This is how it is done. "It is generally provable," says Judge Parry, "that the debtor has no present means to pay a debt, he *has had* since the judgment means to pay which he has spent on the maintenance of his family. . . . It is the words printed in italics that hit the poor man and the weekly wage earner. . . . The tally-men, the moneylenders, the vendors of Bibles in series, the flash jewellery touts, these are the knaves the State caters for." The letter worship and the "strict constructionism" which have smothered the spirit of the law are at their service. On the side of the oppressor there is the power of legalism which has rendered the covenant of Magna Carta a mockery, a mirage. Such is the might of legalism that men who detest it most see no means of escape from its toils. Judge Parry dedicates his book to the man in the street "in the hope that he will take up his job and do it." Although he himself is inside the legal entrenchments, he has no hope of reform from that quarter. "Lawyers," he tells us, "will offer strenuous opposition to any proposition for legal reform, and when it is carried will fight little rearguard actions to cripple and defeat it." If further proof is wanted of the extent to which the rôles of parasite and host have been interchanged, it is found in the answer to Sir Richard Cooper, when he inquired why his offer of 5,000,000 high explosive shells was declined in March last, he was reminded by a Government official that it would be well not to press the question "in the public interest." Such is the Bar habit in excelcis.

Not Happiness, But . . .

By Ramiro de Maeztu.

ONCE upon a time there was a caliph of Bagdad who was so much overcome by a black melancholy that neither the houris of his harem nor the victories of his troops nor the reading of the Koran could cheer him up. "You will be cured," said a soothsayer to him, "when you put on the shirt of a happy man." The caliph sent his viziers out all over the world in search of a happy man's shirt. But they found only one happy man. He was a fisherman, and he had no shirt. If they had remembered this story, the men who drew up the Constitution of the United States would not have included happiness among the objects whose pursuit they proposed to their people. It is not an aim which we can set up for ourselves. Its region is that of dreams, not that of will. It is an ideal of the imagination, not of the reason. For that I exclude it from the results which we have a right to expect from a good social régime. Reason permits us to believe that we shall succeed in creating an economic system in which every man will be contented with his work, since he will believe it to be just. But work will always be painful. "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." (Gen. iv, 9.) Even in idleness we shall not be happy—nor in the grave—nor in paradise.

There is no doubt that the most lamentable consequence of capitalistic industrialism is what may be called the despiritualisation of labour. The introduction of mechanical tools into factories led to the mechanisation of the soul of the workmen and snatched from them what some economists regard as the supreme "happiness"—the love of work for the sake of the work itself. A craftsman of the Middle Ages might well feel a certain amount of affection for the chair he made, for he produced it in its entirety from the felling of the tree in the wood to the nailing on of the leather seat in his own workshop. But in a modern factory a certain number of the workmen have nothing to do with the finished chairs—the fireman who throws the coal into the furnace, the engineer who looks after the machinery, the lad who oils the engines. Each chair has ceased to be an individual production differing in quality from its fellows; it is, instead, turned out to a standard pattern and flung on the market.

How is this problem to be solved? As the way in which it is presented to the eyes of a spectator is mainly æsthetic—the ugliness of mechanically produced things—the primary solution which occurs to him is likewise æsthetic. Such is the solution recommended by my

amiable critics Messrs. Kenway and Ivor Brown. And then we say to ourselves, as did Ruskin and William Morris, if I interpret their spirit correctly: "Let us make an end of this mechanical capitalistic production. Let us restore the beautiful little industries of the mediæval villages. Let us turn society into a corporation of artists who shall humbly submit to the law of love and discover their joy in the production of beautiful things until the whole world shall become a temple of beauty." And it would, of course, be absurd to try to argue with this dream; in favour or against it. It was a beautiful dream; far be it for me to try to destroy it. So long as we regard it as a dream and nothing more it will not be dangerous if it close our eyelids as we fall asleep. The evil comes when we try to base our individual or collective conduct on what can never be more than a dream. Have you forgotten? The spirit of Oscar Wilde was formed on this dream of happiness and beauty. There was a man who sought happiness and beauty in legitimate paths; and, as they were not to be found there, he wandered into forbidden ways and, naturally enough, ended in disaster.

When we leave the world of dreams and enter the world of reality, we find ourselves faced with the fact that the production of beautiful things does not make their producers happy. Lace is beautiful. It is quite possible that a wealthy lady may be happy in making lace to adorn the mantle of the Virgin who, she believes, has saved her son's life. But the occupation of the lace-makers of Alençon is one of the most monotonous and worst paid on the face of the earth. Gold is beautiful. But the powder of the quartz turns into stone the lungs of the men who extract it from the Rand mines. Pearls are beautiful. But the men who gather them in Ceylon have to dive with a forty-pound weight round their neck in waters frequented by sharks. A good Havana cigar is beautiful. But it owes its perfume to the fact that it is prepared in a workshop the windows of which are never opened, and in which the red dust of the tobacco makes the workman who rolls it cough incessantly. Gobelin tapestries are beautiful; but the men and women who weave them work on the wrong side of the design. Beautiful things, articles of luxury, are made in precisely the same way as useful things, for the sake of earning one's bread. If the Alençon lace-makers had the choice of making lace or mending their children's stockings, they would choose the stockings. And the production of luxuries is even more painful than the production of necessities. For, after all, necessities are necessary. Their production is a slavery imposed upon us by Nature. But the production of luxuries is unnecessary; it is a slavery imposed upon us, not by Nature, but by the wealth of a few men. To obey Nature is not degrading. But it is degrading to be compelled to undertake unnecessary work for the satisfaction of a whim.

These examples suffice to show that you cannot make workmen happy by utilising their energies in the production of beautiful things. And although their unhappiness has been aggravated by capitalism, it would not disappear with it; for repugnance to work, whatever it may be, lies above and beyond any economic system. Epictetus has already remarked: "Every art is wearisome, in the learning of it, to the untaught and unskilled. Yet things that are made by the arts immediately declare their use, and for what they are made, and in most of them is something attractive and pleasing. And thus when a shoemaker is learning his trade it is no pleasure to stand by and observe him, but the shoe is useful, and moreover not unpleasing to behold. And the learning of a carpenter's trade is very grievous to an untaught person who happens to be present, but the work done declares the need of the art. But far more is this seen in music, for if you are by where one is learning it will appear the most painful of all instructions; but that which is produced by the musical art is sweet and delightful to hear, even to those who are untaught in it."

Socrates believed that philosophers, after death, met together on a pure earth, and, freed from the blindness of the flesh, went on conversing among themselves and inquiring into the essence of things. That means that Socrates was content with his job. And there can be no more noble activity than that of observing men, classifying the ideas which govern their conduct, and deducing thence the supreme idea of the Good. But of one thing I am sure. The day on which a new truth occurred to Socrates, and on which, in ordering this thought in his mind—excited and absorbed in his work of verifying the fecundity of his discovery in every direction—the time passed without his realising it—that day of intense pleasure had to be paid for, as all other thinkers have to pay for it, by nights of insomnia and days of lethargy. For the flame of inspiration, like the flame of love, does not give us its radiance for nothing, but, as it passes away, leaves part of our spirit turned into ashes.

Mr. Ivor Brown defines happiness as the free exercise of our faculties. "We are happy," he says, "when we are free; when our desires and doings run unimpeded on their way." I accept this definition as a good one in so far as it presents to us the subjective aspect of happiness. I myself prefer, of course, the objective definition, according to which happiness signifies favourable destiny, invariable fortune, or permanent pleasure. But if Mr. Brown carefully analyses his own definition, he will see that in it he denies that happiness is possible. For it is true enough that we should be happy if all "our desires and doings ran unimpeded on their way." But this is impossible; for desires and doings do not run on the same road. When I was studying philosophy it occurred to me one day to run about the streets of a German town with a placard on my shoulders, saying: "I am the son of a hundred mothers." I did not do it, for not all our desires become doings. But what I meant to say by that phrase still seems to me to be true; and it is this: We do not possess a single soul: we are the point where millions of souls cross and fight with one another. At every moment of our life we are seized with contrary desires. If we eat a cake we wish at the same time to have it too; if we ring the bells we wish to be walking in the procession; if we go to a wedding we should like to be the bride, and we should even like to be the dead man at a funeral. Every act of will carries with it the selection of a desire and the sacrifice of contrary desires. And, if the realisation of a desire is agreeable, the sacrifice of those which give way to the victor is disagreeable. There never was and never will be a man whose "desires and doings run unimpeded on their way." And if this affirmation seems decadent to Mr. Brown, it seems to me, on the contrary, to be a logical proposition, like two and two making four, standing beyond the region of growth and decay.

Well, then, if we cannot find happiness in the producers of beautiful things, shall we find it in their consumers? Let us call beautiful, if you will, those articles of luxury which are to be purchased in the expensive shops. Are the women happy who spend two or three thousand a year on dress? They are, perhaps, for five minutes, when they put on each new costume. They are even happier when other women envy them. And that is all. Miss Alice Morning says that luxuries are stimulants, and she can say no more than that in their defence. No doubt they are stimulants; but when we say that we say nothing. Crimes are stimulants for the activities of the police. The stimulation of articles of luxury is very easy to understand. They are unnecessary work which will stimulate people to work unnecessarily in order that they may consume unnecessary articles which will make other people work without any real necessity to justify their efforts. Does not Miss Morning remember the legend of Ocnus and the Danaides? As fast as Ocnus wove his cord the she-ass by his side ate it; and the Danaides are

still in the infernal regions, vainly trying to fill with water the bottomless barrel. Ocnus and the Danaides were the men and women of the European hell until a year ago—and not under divine sentence, but from a spontaneous love for the she-ass and the bottomless barrel, whose insatiable voracity they framed in Blue Books announcing the annual increase in the figures of production and consumption.

Our pleasure in pure art is of a superior kind to that produced in us by the possession or the contemplation of articles of luxury, however decorative they may be. The essential difference between ornamental art and pure art lies in the fact that ornamental art is but a mere adaptation of a useful object to the senses; it is the gilding of the pill—the mask which seeks to conceal one effort with another. But pure art arises in a feeling of distance between the reality and the ideal; it is a metaphor which raises the world of our senses to the moral plane, or makes the moral world descend to the region of the senses. Pure art is thus an anticipation of the ideal. It reveals to us the meaning of meaningless things. It tells us that there is a God behind the insensible crust of Nature. Its mission is religious and necessary. But, unfortunately, it is transient. It reveals the sense of things to the ephemeral intuition, but in the twinkling of a lightning flash. It was only in a moment of enthusiasm that the poet could say:

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever.

The more profound note is in the sonnet:

Bright star, would I were steadfast as thou art.

The tragedy of beauty is that it has no yesterday nor to-morrow, and man lives only for a few minutes in the present. Life is woven between perspectives and retrospects. In it there are moments of pure beauty. But I would not condemn my worst enemy to spend ten hours of every day of his life in reading the poetry that pleased him best. In life there are also moments which appear to us to be happy. Happiness happens. Just so, and nothing more.

At bottom, I do not object to Mr. Ivor Brown's wishing to give an imaginative character to our common ideal of Guild Socialism. I, too, believe that when human labour is better organised there will remain an overflow of energy which the Guilds will spend in building cathedrals and palaces and laying out gardens. The more universal the work is, and the more perfect the machinery employed in the production of necessary articles, the more surplus energy there will be. But the foundation of the Guild idea must be ethical. We want Guilds because we cannot discover any other method of enabling labour to cease from being a commodity in the hands of the rich, or to secure for workmen what is necessary to them for the sake of their dignity as men: a share in the control and responsibility of their work. We owe them this in justice. And in a court of justice people do not speak of beauty or of happiness. I am not sure that the majority of men would prefer responsibility to passive obedience. This is perhaps the tragedy of THE NEW AGE. It is very possible that most of them would prefer obedience to responsibility. Suppose this is so: what should we do? Let men go on being content with their prosperous slavery, or try to awaken in every one of them the spirit of responsibility? In the face of this dilemma we cannot set up happiness as a criterion. It is the moral spirit that fires our propaganda.

But I have been dealing with a grave subject, and I must seek the help of weightier words than mine. Listen to Kant: "Happiness is everybody's solution. But it is not to be found anywhere in Nature, which is not susceptible of happiness or contentedness with circumstances. The only thing man can achieve is to deserve happiness." Are we downhearted? But when the moments of happiness and beauty are past there remain always the need of earning one's bread, the duty of being good and of inquiring what kind of thing is life, and the religious hope of not living in vain.

More Letters to My Nephew.

V.

MY DEAR GEORGE,—Should you persist in your intention to go into industry, there are certain canons of conduct necessary to success. You must severely bridle your imagination. Bridle it, but do not kill it. Imagination is essential in every occupation; but it must be directed into the right channels. You need imagination, for example, to surmise accurately what your colleagues and employees are thinking. Even more important, what your customers feel and think. For it will not be long before you discover that you are engaged in a struggle for mastery with the buyers and consumers of your products. Outwardly, you must be very humble with your customers, who little think that you are at their mercy. And so you are, unless you make something that the public demands. Ultimately, it is your responsibility to create that demand. The first maxim in business is that the supply creates the demand. There are a million bankrupt manufacturers and merchants walking the streets of Europe and America, failures and wrecks, because they disregarded or did not understand the truth of this maxim. It is a little disconcerting to one trained in the old-fashioned economy which is based upon the law ("the law"! Pish!) of supply and demand. As a matter of fact, the two principles do not exclude each other; they merely belong to different categories. What demand was there twenty years ago for carpet-sweepers? In the economic sense, absolutely none. But the inventor of the carpet-sweeper sensed some utility in it and created a demand by the usual advertising methods. I suppose there are now some millions sold every year; there is now, economically considered, an "effective demand." Civilisation, in its material aspect, is a constantly increasing use of variegated products. So, presuming you have got an article to make that "supplies a long-felt want," you must convince every possible consumer that, consciously or unconsciously, he (or more generally she) has all along felt that want. You will find that psychology plays a big part in your campaign. If you succeed, you have in fact ceased to be the servant of your wholesale and retail customers and become their master. Nevertheless, you must sedulously maintain the pretence that you are still their most obedient servant. I will add that, whatever may be the relations subsisting between yourself and your customers, you still remain the servant of the community. Your profit is merely the clumsy and inequitable form of remuneration adopted under our existing economic system. In the old days, we legalised privateering; nowadays, we legalise profiteering. Our modern profiteers, forgetting this simple fact, are likely to destroy themselves by swelled-headedness. They may go the way of that great privateer, Sir Walter Raleigh.

Having secured some article for which a demand may be created, your troubles are only beginning. First, you must make adequate financial arrangements. And you must stress the word "adequate." Do not provide for nine-tenths of your requirements when you must have ten-tenths to succeed. I remember, as I write, several failures, some rather tragic, due entirely to a shortage of initial finance. Of course, things being as they are, you must not stake all your personal resources. You will "let the public in on a good thing." You will, therefore, form a joint-stock company. Do not, in your prospectus, estimate your revenue at more than twice what you expect. A wise investor always cuts a prospectus estimate in half. If you go higher than double your estimated revenue, you may subsequently find yourself the victim of extremely unpleasant legal proceedings. In the Articles of Association, take care to reserve to the directors alone the power to borrow money and to pledge the company's assets. Then see to it that you control the Board, and you can then proceed with your business, which has thus been consider-

ately financed by other people. At the company's annual meeting, you can assure your shareholders, your hand upon your heart, that the Board has been single-minded in watching the shareholders' interests. Give them a dividend and they will believe anything you tell them.

Having adjusted your finance to your requirements, your next problem will be the site and general surroundings of your factory. These are necessary desiderata: good transit accommodation, power, water, light. There are plenty of old factory sites. Avoid them like the plague. And never pay rent. Buy your land outright. This means in practice that you must start in some suitable rural district. Buy your land at agricultural prices and then transform it into urban values. Take your time about this. Fix on some happy rural village near a junction of two railways. Make quite sure that there is an ample supply of water, preferably by an artesian well. Then buy up the whole village, particularly the manorial rights. You will, of course, seize the common rights. If any Felix Holt or village Hampden object, conciliate him. If he remain obdurate, then freeze him out. The villagers will be on your side; are you not bringing good money to the district? Then begin your pioneering. You will promptly build carpenters' sheds, a smithy, a machine shed. You will sink your well. You will arrange with the railway company to run a side-line on to your site. You must build some cottages for your workmen. You will, in fact, be a very busy man. Then will come the auspicious hour when your machinery is delivered and the yet more auspicious day when it is erected and ready for use. *Circumspice!* The sleepy village of Ingleby is transformed into a busy little factory town. Are you not a benefactor? Slap your hand upon your breast! You are an important person; you have a stake in the country.

"Is it as easy as all that?" you ask. No, my boy. Apart from the anxieties incident to the technical production of your particular commodity and the even greater anxieties in selling it, you will very quickly find yourself enmeshed in a network of local problems difficult to solve. First, your workmen. They find life dull after the lights and lures of town. Unless you are alive to the situation, you will find that the young workmen will leave you. They won't stay where there are no girls, music-halls or cinemas. Inconsiderate but natural. So you must organise entertainments, cricket and football clubs. This involves a public hall. As you must build it to keep your best workmen, it pays to make a virtue of necessity. Open it with pomp and formality. Bring down the local M.P., who will sing your praises, which, in your turn, you will modestly deprecate. If your middle-aged workmen have families of girls, you must provide them with pretty and enticing cottages. See to it that there are as many girls in the district as there are unmarried workmen. This is what the Fabian Society calls "social science." There will, of course, be "accidents," but if you call to your aid the local vicar or rector (I never could distinguish one from t'other) and one or two nonconformist ministers, you may rest assured that the morals of the young people will be closely scrutinised. When a wedding seems imminent, call in the young man, give him a wedding present and build a cottage for him. Do not charge too high a rent; it is not prudent to exact more than twenty per cent. on your outlay. Never part with your freehold. Your freehold is really a grip-hold on your workmen. Remember that your ultimate purpose is economic power. You must hide it under a guise of "social service."

Do not play any favourites between the various religious communities. You can make as much profit out of the labour of a Baptist as an Anglican. (The Salvation Army is particularly useful in providing cheap labour.) Entertain the nonconformist ministers to lunch, on the plea that they have evening meetings; invite the parson to dinner. Be careful not to offer the nonconformists any intoxicants and remember to comment upon the evils of strong drink. The vicar will drink you level in claret or Burgundy. As a liqueur, give him Benedictine. This opens up the conversation on the relations of Church and State *in France*, which gives the parson his opportunity and does not commit you. But in essentials, maintain equality between all the preachers. Their business is to maintain the social system of which you are by now a strong prop. They are your servants; you are the master; don't abdicate. Oddly enough, I first learnt this from Dudley Singleton. Just after he had been sent down from Oxford he became possessed of two villages in Bedfordshire, with the lands intervening and adjacent thereto. Dudley was not such a fool as he seemed. His sense of humour never deserted him. He swore with all the facility of the Duke of Wellington and you couldn't fool him with a horse. One evening at the Club, when I was feeling bored, he descended upon me, noisy, burly and chuckling. "Tony, Old Toff, damme, dine with me," he burbled. He bore me off, more than half a willing captive. I regret to tell you that we drank a great deal too much. And all the time Dudley never stopped chuckling. "Tell me the joke," I finally demanded.

"Tony," said he, "behold in me—moi qui vous parle, as the literary guys would say—the stern and unbending defender of religious liberty and equality."

"Don't be an ass," I said, "what do you know about it?"

"'Twas thus. The sky-pilot who has the cure of souls down our way is soused with vinegar, believing, damn his eyes, that there is no salvation outside the thirty-nine articles. Why the deuce they stopped at thirty-nine always beats me. Old Jowett, when asked to sign them, said 'Certainly; forty if you like!' Game old cock! When he carpeted me, he said in his squeaky voice: 'Mr. Singleton, I regret to tell you that your premature addiction to racing and other games of chance is deemed by the University authorities to be incompatible with your work as a student. You will, therefore, at your earliest convenience, remove yourself beyond our jurisdiction. You will, I trust, settle with the bursar, as we cannot absolutely rely upon being favoured with a remittance hereafter.' 'Sorry, sir,' said I, 'very jolly here.' 'No doubt, no doubt,' squeaked the little 'un, 'I am far from affirming that a gentleman of means and leisure may not show a certain discriminating devotion to the Turf. I advise you, sir, to be very careful. Do not bet beyond your means and do not mortgage your estate. Good afternoon, sir.' "

"Served you right."

"Didn't care a tuppenny damn, Tony. Anyhow, I settled in at the old place and started training a couple of gee-gees. After a while one of the farms became vacant. £700 a year. Along comes a young fellow, well set up, looking me straight in the eye. Wanted the farm. Told him to see the agent. Said he would like to deal with me and would pay his rent in advance. New sensation, Tony. Rent in advance. What? 'Done with you,' said I. 'Here's my cheque,' said he. 'Have a drink,' said I. 'No, thanks,' said he, 'don't take it.' A week later in pops Old Vinegar. 'Mr. Singleton, I have made the most careful inquiries into the antecedents of John Humphreys, your new tenant. I deeply regret to inform you that he is a Methodist.' 'He paid his rent in advance,' said I, 'wish there were a few more like him.' 'I deemed it my duty to warn you,' said he. 'Don't mention it,' said I, 'have a drink.' 'Perhaps a little whiskey in soda,' said Old Vinegar. Sure enough, the fellow was a Methodist. Queer thing, Methodism. Spreads like measles. Humphreys collected a few of them and held meetings in the barn. Could hear them roaring their hymns a mile off. Humphreys then applied for the use of the

school-room. No go; Old Vinegar headed him off. Next he tried to get an empty warehouse belonging to Driver, the grocer. Old Vinegar threatened to withdraw his custom if Driver consented. Driver funked it. Damned if Humphreys didn't come straight to me. 'Squire,' said he, 'some of us don't hold with the Church of England and would like to worship God in our own way and in a chapel of our own.' 'Why the devil shouldn't you?' said I. 'The parson has done us down every time,' said he. 'Damn his eyes,' said I, 'I'll give you a plot of land to build on.' 'Thank you kindly, Squire. It will make us very happy.' 'Righto!' said I, 'and hanged if I don't give you twenty-five quid to start the building.' In a week or less, Old Vinegar rushes through my sacred portals. 'I have just heard, Mr. Singleton, that you have presented a plot of land to the Methodists for a chapel, where they will preach their pernicious doctrines.' 'Don't let it worry you,' said I, 'have a drink.' 'Sir,' said he, 'I should be false to my vows and unworthy of my cloth if I did not most strongly protest against this impious encouragement to schism.' 'Don't know anything about that and care less,' said I. 'Well, sir,' said he, 'on a matter such as this, touching the spiritual welfare of souls committed to my charge, I think you ought to have consulted me.' 'Not at all,' said I, 'not at all. If I choose to give a plot of land to the Mormons, damme, I'll do it. And let me remind you that when your blasted predecessors called on my sainted ancestors they were given dinner in the kitchen.' Had him there, Tony. Gentle hint that it was time to put him in his place. Well, to cut the cackle, in a few weeks back comes Master Humphreys. 'Squire,' says he, 'on the third of next month we lay the foundation stone. We want you to do it.' 'What'll it cost?' I asked. Humphreys laughed. 'Whatever you choose to give, Squire.' 'I won a thousand last week on Whistling Jock, so damned if I don't give you a hundred.' And, by God! Tony, we had the ceremony this afternoon. Gave up a race meeting for it. Prayers and hymns and yum-yumming. They gave me a silver trowel. Damned if I'm not the most popular man in the county. Thinking of standing as a Liberal. If I do, I'll win in a canter. Take my tip, Tony; keep the parsons in their place. Play you a hundred up."

A serious difficulty that will confront you will be the village stores. Depend upon it, the local tradesman will plunder your employees unless you step in and stop it. You can open a company shop or put some young tradesman into a shop which you control. Both of these methods are dangerous. If it be a company shop, any dissatisfaction reacts in the works. If it be a young man, the time required in checking and advising him can be much better spent in other directions. On the whole, I advise you to start a co-operative society. The Co-operative Movement is quite safe from your point of view. It is firmly based on the wage-system and is not therefore subversive. Build a lecture hall for them. Go to some trouble in selecting the lecturers. Choose subjects like astronomy, botany, chemistry and geology. A wise plan would be to get your private stenographer appointed as lecture secretary. If an "unsound" lecturer comes, be careful to entertain him yourself. And give him a good time.

Above all, don't play the fool by opposing the Trade Unions. On the contrary, encourage them. Remember two things: that it is better to discuss wages with one representative man than with one hundred individuals; and that with a strong Union in your particular trade, you can always calculate to a nicety what your competitors are doing. I need not tell you, in this year of grace, that high wages pay best. I do not doubt that the Trade Unions are destined to grow; that they are the harbingers of a new order of society. So be it! Fight the evitable; yield gracefully to the inevitable.

How now, my budding millionaire! Your affectionate Uncle,

ANTHONY FARLEY.

Readers and Writers.

To maintain the proper dignity of thought I must conclude that it is not without reason that the subject of love has been raised in these columns for discussion. So significant a journal as THE NEW AGE is, so significant a writer as my correspondents luxuriously assure me I am, cannot have been led to jeopardise our lives without some good cause, intelligible or past our own consciousness. What is it? I ask myself. How comes it about that in the midst of war not only I, but quite a number of my readers, find ourselves lightly turned to thoughts of love? The answer, as I should speculate, is to be found in the natural reaction of the balanced mind from the one to the other. Sociologically —that is, humanly speaking—War obviously glorifies the Man and tips the scales in his favour; and this must be met by the counterbalancing glorification of Woman by means of the re-exaltation of Love. Personally, I agree with much that Miss Alice Morning says upon the subject. Love is not a commodity for everyday life. On the other hand, I am anxious to disclaim any authority or to set up any. It is much less important, in my opinion, that we should come to right and definite conclusions on the subject than that we should keep the discussion fresh by constantly agitating it. Sociologists in particular have an interest in keeping the balance of society fairly true. Their interest is only second to that of women in the matter.

"The love of economics," said Mr. Shaw recently in a rare moment of illumination, "is the mainspring of all the virtues." Very well, then, we can look for the mainspring of Love in it, can we not? From this point of view I should like to read an essay on the Sociological Value of Love. In a pamphlet just published, called "The Fruit of the Tree" (Women Writers' Suffrage League, 4d.), Mrs. Flora Annie Steele defines Love as "that curious fig-leaf of the mind with which Humanity has sought to hide its sin," and she makes it evident that her ideal is heaven where is neither male nor female, neither marrying nor giving in marriage. A noble ideal too; but I am not so sure that the shortest way to it is not the very Love that she appears to despise! For, as Miss Morning observes, Love has nothing to do with marriage in the ordinary sense, and perhaps as little to do with sex at all. Nevertheless, its utility here upon the earth may still be great, though itself have no earthly value. How is that? you ask. As a direction, I reply. There is an analogy between Truth and Love which ought to be pointed out. Nobody yet spoke words of absolute truth, which indeed is unattainable; but the passion for truth does result in positive approximations. Similarly, nobody ever yet has known Love, which is equally with truth unattainable; but the passion of love does result in positive approximations which themselves are not to be despised. And as in a period of intellectual decadence it is well that the unattainable ideal of Truth should be preached—even at the risk of the martyrdom of its apostles—so in a period of sexual decadence it is well that the unattainable ideal of Love should be preached—at the risk of no matter how many killed and wounded among its disciples. I should say myself, as a humanist, that the characteristic phenomenon of the last quarter of a century has been the depreciation in the price of women's sex. Sex has not had set upon it during these years, either by men or by women, anything like the social price it commanded in the early days of Queen Victoria. Then the price of women's sex was marriage at the very least; and, in the case of women of good taste, love in addition. Before the war, on the other hand, it neither demanded nor commanded either except amongst the few. But this was not a state of things that ought to have continued, however it might seem to Mrs. Steele and other immature mystics the herald of a new step in evolution or what not. And as War came to remind Men that they were men, Love must come to remind Women that they are women.

War as a sociological phenomenon is a device for restoring to men their pride and self-respect. Love is a device for restoring to women theirs. And as a man finds delight in giving his life for "Honour" (another abstraction, by the way), women ought now to refuse their sex for anything less than "Love."

In reply to "H. D." and others, there is no accessible edition of "The Spiritual Quixote," which was last printed nearly a hundred years ago. But I am not without hope that some publisher will include it shortly in one of the modern series of cheap reprints. Among the "luxuries" to be cut off in the period now before us will certainly be that of a great deal of current "literature"—the sort of stuff we have anathematised in vain in these pages for years. The public will therefore be driven back to the classics willy-nilly, and thus do from necessity what no exhortations could persuade it to do. Books to be published in the immediate future will, I imagine, fall into two main categories: cheap reprints and many of them; and books dealing with sociology in a large way. England has ceased to be an island in more senses than one. We cannot afford again to allow a country like Germany to cultivate a philosophy the outcome of which is to blow up civilisation. We shall have to take a fearful interest in ideas everywhere and meet them with criticism as a better alternative to meeting them with guns. The race has now become so intelligent that actually ideas count; they even influence conduct in the long run!

"Rufus" of the "Leeds Weekly Citizen," whose references to me appear, I believe, in a new feature in this issue, cannot escape my criticism by flattery. I have had my eye upon his Literary Causerie for some weeks and a fallacy recurs in it like a repeating decimal: it is that "style" is a mere ornament with which "matter" can very well dispense. Mr. Shaw has been more responsible than anybody else for this particular falsism; it will be remembered what scorn he expressed for the "literary professionalism called style." But style, my dear "Rufus," is not something added extraneously to matter, like paint to wood; it is rather the polish that brings out the grain. To write in good style is to present matter in good form; so far from an ornament, it is merely the perfection of utility. What, no doubt, "Rufus" and others have in mind is style in the manner, let us say, of Pater or of the writers of the "Gypsy"—style, that is, without any matter at all. For words *can* be prettily arranged without content, just as wickerwork—to take an instance—can be made without forming a basket. But as a basket is to my mind one of the most æsthetic objects, and mere wickerwork one of the least, so an arrangement of words with no utility only serves as a contrast to the beauty of words when arranged to carry matter. Style, once more, is the arrangement of words best designed to convey the matter. Let us hear no more of the quarrel between them.

Having mentioned Mr. Shaw twice, I may as well complete the fatal number three. His "Cashel Byron's Profession" has just been published in a cheap edition (Constable, 1s.), and I have been re-reading the preface. Mr. Shaw shudders therein at the narrow escape he had as a young man of becoming a successful novelist. But what a pity, I reflect, that he was not so ruined. We owe his early publishers and public a deep grudge. Mr. Shaw's habit of commenting upon his characters—which he has carried into his Plays—was the very trick of the eighteenth-century novelists who created the English novel. His prefaces and introductions, his stage directions and his controversies are all waste-matter left over from the form he has finally chosen for himself. But they indicate that this form was never intended for his use. The novel, on the contrary, with its invitation to garrulousness, was exactly elastic enough for his mind. You can say anything in a novel; but in a play it is necessary to say something—but to leave much unsaid. Now Mr. Shaw cannot leave anything unsaid. . . . R. H. C.

"The Pleasing Art of Poetry"

> The pleasing Art of Poetry's design'd
> To raise the heart and moralise the mind;
> The chaste delights of Virtue to inspire,
> And warm the bosom with seraphic fire:
> Sublime the passions, lend devotion wings,
> And celebrate the *First Great Cause* of things.
>
> (Motto verses of the title-page, E. Tompkin's Anthology, published 1791, for E. Wenman, No. 144, Fleet Street, London.)

CURIOSITY, gentle reader, may sometimes have shaken you; you may have wondered, as I have wondered, at the stupidities of the race. I do not know whether the stupidities of contemporary mankind are more annoying when they seem to crop up as perfect miracles of nature without cause and without antecedent excuse, or when we try philosophically to determine how such and such asses came to exist as they are.

We none of us read very much, unless we are studious or stalled away in the country; we have each of us smiled in a very superior manner when we hear that Shelley was once denounced as an atheist. "*Could* people have been so silly?"

No, that is not the question. Wordsworth even, that placid sheep, was likewise denounced as an atheist. But since we must live in the world, if we would live at all, our problem is whether or no there still exists a numerous and powerful body of people who would still condemn Shelley as profane if they read him, and who not only continue to exist, but who maintain a strangle hold on a good portion of English and American letters.

I pass over the ancient English periodicals, for they have long since been forgotten save in aged gentlemen's clubs, "Blackwoods," "The Cornhill." The very names remind one of one's courses in high school and of the century before last, and yet they continue existing.

They are no longer sought for entertainment. In America the atavisms still flourish, and it is a peculiar thing that in America no writer is "taken seriously" unless he complies with the defunct standards of "the Better Magazines," which same "better magazines" have done their utmost to keep America out of touch with the contemporary world, and have striven with all their inertia to "keep things" anchored to 1876. It is only by an organised rebellion, partially managed from London, that modern French writers have been forced into the United States, and now begin to appear in some of the newer papers.

We will say, for the sake of politeness, that the "Century," "Harper's," "Scribner," "The Atlantic," were founded by ambitious men, anxious to build up the national consciousness, to promote American letters, etc.

We will even admit their ability. We deny, however, that their successors have had any measure of this, or that they have done anything toward vitalising or representing the growing thought of the nation: inferior men, trying to preserve the mould left them by their predecessors; almost anonymous men, men of no creative ability, trying as long as possible to bear the cloak which has been left them without letting the public know that there is a new body inside it.

This is, of course, less immediately irritating to the public than to writers themselves. The ignorant young writers comply, or attempt to comply, and are thus ruined, thinking they approach a classical standard. The readers, if they are honestly in search of enlivenment, leave the old magazines unread, or "petrify in their tracks" and go on believing the world is the same as when they began being guided by the "Century" in the year 1869.

We, while our good manners last, go on excusing our elders. The forbearance and tolerance of youth for the stupidities of the elderly is, past all expression, amazing. Also we have our own feuds, we do not com-

bine against the senile. We are making a new earth, and we have different ideas as to the pattern. The senile are all at one—they wish to stay as they are.

After our first enthusiasm we become analytical and try to account for the senile.

Bear with me a moment, I may bring forth a few documents which will gently amuse you.

Have you ever attempted to wonder just why the elderly are stupid in "that particular way." Why a certain magazine refused, for instance, to publish a story where the hero on going to bed with his wife left "his trousers hung over a chair-back"? Why the language of the classics is debarred? Why a modern author is expected to indulge in circumlocutions which would have shocked even Miss Austen?

No, reader, you never have. You have never been marooned in a country cottage with a dozen stray books printed about the end of the eighteenth century in England.

If you will by diligent search come at a dozen books, ordinary books, of that date, not books still remembered as classics, but books which were acceptable in their day, which roused no comment that was not approbation, books that went into ordinary homes as Christmas gifts, then, gentle reader, you will find the true key to what is now called "sound opinion." The people who read these books had minds which petrified early, and they brought up their children and grandchildren on the ideas which they had imbibed in their youth. And the minds of their children and grandchildren, by hereditary predilection, petrified early, and thus you may come at the core of opinion if you read their grand-parents' books.

When the "Century" or "Harper's" make what they consider a "dashing sally," or put forward a bold opinion or innovation, you may be sure that they are "considering a modification" of what was *sound* opinion in the year 1791.

And after you have mellowed your mind with such works you will perhaps find the universe less perplexing. Note especially that opinion at that date was not deep-rooted, it was not immemorial wisdom.

Mr. Tomkins in his anthology includes no single Elizabethan, and never a line from Herrick. He entitles his book as follows:

POEMS
ON
VARIOUS SUBJECTS
Selected to enforce the
PRACTICE OF VIRTUE
AND
With a View to comprise in One Volume the
BEAUTIES
OF
ENGLISH POETRY.
By E. Tomkins.

A new edition.

Then follows the charming set of verses which I have set at the head of this article. And then follows the author's preface, a most invulnerable writing, as follows:

ADVERTISEMENT.

The Editor of this Collection has not much to say on the present occasion. Truth is seldom verbose: the truest things are most easily expressed in the shortest periods.

POETRY is an Art of which no liberal or cultivated mind can or ought to be wholly ignorant. The pleasure which it gives, and, indeed, the necessity of knowing enough of it to mix in modern conversation, will evince the utility of the following Compilation, which offers in a small compas the very flower of English Poetry, and in which care has been taken to select not only such pieces as Innocence may read without a blush, but such as will even tend to strengthen that Innocence.

VOLTAIRE, speaking of the English Poets, gives them the preference in Moral pieces to those of any other nation; and, indeed, no Poets have better settled the bounds of Duty, or more precisely determined the rules for Conduct in Life than ours.

In this little Collection the Reader therefore may find the most exquisite pleasure, while he is at the same time learning the duties of life; and while he courts only Entertainment, be deceived into Wisdom.

In a word, it is the peculiar property of POETRY to do good *by stealth;* to hide the thorny path of Instruction by covering it with flowers; and the veriest Infidel in Polite Learning must be something more than abandoned if he will not visit the Temple of Instruction when Pleasure leads the way to it. E. T.

Gentle reader, could I in an encyclopædic treatise have shown you more clearly why Keats, and Shelley and Wordsworth once came as an "excitement." And even that is not my object.

We might, as we read Mr. Tomkins, be reading an editorial in the "Century." The underlying priggery has so little changed. They were a little more frank in 1791, that is the only difference.

And their narrowness was about equal. The "Century" and its contemporaries imagine that God's final and explicit revelation came about 1876. They have heard of Lamb and Wordsworth, but they care nothing about the real tradition of letters, which begins at least as early as 600 B.C.

1791 was tarred with the same brush. They did not admit the Elizabethans, let alone Chaucer. Mr. Tomkins' index seems to contradict me. It announces "Spring: An Ode . . . Johnson, p. 224." But it is not Ben Jonson; it is the Johnson spelled with an "h," Dr. Johnson. The beauties of English poetry include Pope, Milton, Miss Carter, Cotton, Thomson, and Melmouth.

And the poetry is just like that which appears in our best magazines, save that Pope's is more finished and Milton's more filled with Latinisms.

> 'Tis not her jewels but her mind;
> A meeker, purer, ne'er was seen;
> It is her virtue charms mankind!

chaunts Dr. Fordyce, that precursor of Emerson, in a poem entitled "Virtue and Ornament," and dedicated "To the Ladies." He has not the Whitmanian élan, not the wicked Swinburnian gusto, nor the placid and well-fed enjoyment of the late William Morris.

Of course, the language, the very phrases, are those of our best magazines. Mrs. Greville talks of "Cynthia's silver light," and says that the wanton sprite "Tripp't o'er the green." Lady Craven writes, "While zephyr fanned the trees; No sound assailed my mind's repose."

Dr. Cotton opens a poem with the trenchant line: "Man is deceived by outward show." (We might be reading Henry VanDyke.)

Cunningham must have got into the collection by mistake, for he has the terribly erotic lines:

> I kiss'd the ripe roses that glow'd on her cheek,
> And lock'd the loved maid in my arms.

We suspect an almost pre-Swinburnian fury of alliteration, but find presently that the poem is a strictly proper pastoral, full of unreality. He goes to sleep "reclin'd" on her bosom, and her Image still softens his dreams.

> Together we range o'er the slow-rising hills,
> Delighted with pastoral views,
> Or rest on a rock whence the streamlet distils,
> And mark out new themes for my Muse.

And then, in the next verse, we learn that the affair is quite—oh quite—proper; the lady is an allegory.

> And shepherds have nam'd her, Content.

Mr. Cunningham is absolved. He has not brought the blush to the cheek of innocence; he has perhaps even strengthened it as the collector had hoped, though he

may have left it somewhat disappointed. But what matter? It was a Spartan age, and so like our "best magazines."

It is, on the whole, a charming collection. George Lord Lyttleton spares the blushes of innocence by warning "Belinda" of the wickedness of the male. But perhaps you have had enough poetry; let us turn to safe prose.

Mr. Jones, author of "History of England" and other works, flourished some three decades after Mr. Tomkins. Here is a notable preface:

INTRODUCTION.

Man must be enlightened to know good from evil, and to attain this desirable end, no means can be more simple or more proper than the study of the wonderful works of his Creator,* and the effects which the due observance of his laws, or the violation of them, have wrought among his own species.

The world remains unchanged, the seasons still maintain their limited course; but nations, and kingdoms, and empires have risen to greatness, or fallen into utter degradation, by the influence of those passions which are implanted in every bosom, and which it is the proper business of our temporary sojourn here to direct and guide into proper channels. The experience of past ages attests the truth of this observation, and its records will be found in the following pages.

Trenchant, concise, unassuming, how like the editorials in the "Century," "Harper's," the "Atlantic"; how like the elderly generation of American literati now moving, slowly—alas! too slowly—to their collective tomb!

Mr. Jones was, however, alive to the benefits of science. He goes on to say:

Ancient geographers considered the world to be a flat surface surrounded with water, but later discoveries and experiments† have proved that its figure is round. The habitable parts of the earth are calculated at thirty-nine millions of square miles. . . .

The inhabitants of this vast space are computed to be about eight hundred millions, of whom nearly one-half are Pagans, and only one-sixth Christians. (Etc.)

Mr. Jones wrote in 1829. Burns was long dead, Keats was dead, and Shelley and Byron. I spare to name the French writers.

Mr. Jones makes only one statement with which the "best magazines" of America will disagree. He says:

The world is divided into four quarters, Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, of which the former, though much the smallest, is the most important.

With that slight exception, the book can be safely recommended to all young American authors who aspire to success in serious literature and who desire the approbation of their impeccable elders.

EZRA POUND.

CHACUN À SON GOÛT.

The "Spectator" is always definite, direct, downright . . . it seems to issue from the street which is called Straight. . . . Before my soldier son enlisted I had taken the ordinary parental interest in fixing up for him an engineering apprenticeship. His wages were four shillings a week. He called at a railway bookstall on the way home and spent his first sixpence on a "Spectator" for his father.

J. EDWARD HARLOW, in a letter to the "Spectator."

Slobber no more, O Edward! Come, is this
A time to blather when your son's a-warring?
Alas! That hard-won sixpence that was his
Is now St. Loe's, who sets us all a-snoring.

STEVENSON PARKER.

* Compare with the American "Outlook," any number, for the last ten years, or with the works of Mr. Hamilton Maybe.

† Compare any "serious writer" in the "Century" for the past decade.

Letters from Russia.

By C. E. Bechhöfer.

THE present season is so unsuitable for publishing (in the eyes of publishers) and communication is so hampered by military exigencies that practically no new books are being issued. In Kiev I made arrangements for the "Nevski Almanack" to be forwarded to me but, bless my soul! it had not been sent out to the press a week before the police raided the printers and confiscated it. And this, mind you, was a book old enough to have Pushkin as a contributor and now containing the work of such seasoned writers as Merezhkovsky, Andreev, Balmont, Sologub, Kuprin, and the old critics Arseniev and Koni. Nobody knows why the book was confiscated. Pornography is not to be associated with the "Nevski Almanack"; it must have been the chapter Merezhkovsky sent from his new unfinished work upon the Decembrists. No reasons were given by the police, and this was an affair of three reigns ago—but then, in Russia, one never knows why, one is never told why, and that is where the shoe pinches.

The monthlies and quarterlies are unobtainable here in the Caucasus, but with a daily batch of Petrograd, Moscow and Tiflis papers I manage to keep abreast of most literary events. Four writers keep very persistently in the public eye, Merezhkovsky, Gorodetsky, Sologub and the futurist Igor Ceveranin.

The best recent work of the serious and talented Merezhkovski was his NEW AGE article, "War and Religion." One of our neighbours took a dislike to his dog, starved it and drove it away. It wandered from one villa to another, stealing a loaf or a bone or a basin of sour milk, and growing thinner and thinner. It staggered into our garden and lay down to die by the neighbour's gate. His soldier-servant shot at it. The poor beast crawled upon my verandah to die. The blood dripped from its shattered breast, it groaned and sobbed in its agony—and the cannons roared out from the Turkish front, twenty miles away. There men are dying just as the dog died. Is not Merezhkovsky right? Shall we not really look back upon war as we do upon cannibalism? That, however, in Merezhkovsky's work which appeals to me less is his philosophy. He cannot write about the war, about Anti-Semitism, about the presentation of Pushkin's plays, but he calls it a matter of religion. In his "Julian the Apostate," to express the idea of needless repetition, he uses the comparison of a young man boasting of his first mistress. But give me Merezhkovsky boasting of his faith!

Yet in all his work there is such evidence of culture and thought, and such skilful phrasing, as rank him with the best publicists of Europe. The Moscow Art Theatre, it appears, has just given the first complete production of Pushkin's plays. One knows by report and parody the defects of the Art Theatre, its extravagant realism, for instance. A few years ago, I am told, a little dog was trained to come upon the stage and make a public beast of itself, for realism's sake! It is the fashion now for all newspaper critics to decry the Art Theatre. Merezhkovsky with a recent article, "Unknown Pushkin," in the "Bourse Gazette," demands it justice. The Art Theatre did not bring Pushkin into line, say the critics. But who ever did? asks Merezhkovsky. Pushkin's works are all simplicity, but beneath the outward simplicity is infinite complexity. Not in vain has all Russian literature sprung up from him, as a great tree from a grain of mustard-seed. (Characteristic simile!) The actors, indeed, did not recognise that inward complexity, as was only natural; they are people of great, medium, and small stature, but Puskhin was all, pananthropos (Dostoievsky)—not human in stature. "Apropos," Merezhkovsky remarks, "of Pushkin's lightness. Let those that speak lightly of it but try to bear it on their shoulders: they would know what weight is in that

lightness." What was faulty in the Art Theatre's production was the order of the plays; but what was praiseworthy was that it produced them at all.

Pushkin was immortal and he has come to life; he was a god and he has become human; he left us and he has come back to us, to live and suffer with us. We did not understand, or did not thoroughly understand, how this Olympian was joined with our Titans—healthy Pushkin with sickly Gogol, wise Pushkin with foolish Dostoievsky, continent Pushkin with incontinent Tolstoi. Now we understand! . . . The Art Theatre is a glory of Russia. As is her literature, such is this theatre. The great Russian literature has builded this great Russian theatre. And where could Pushkin be played, where would he himself wish to be played, if not at this theatre? The fathers of our modern critics hunted down Pushkin; their children hunt down those for whom Pushkin is yet and always alive. They do not wish him to live, because they know that he would brand them just as he branded their fathers. But woe unto us if we trust them and Pushkin walks among us unknown.

In the course of the article he says, as usual, "The end of life, the end of art, these are the beginning of religion, the soul of all Russian literature, the soul of Russia herself." Well, be it so, but may Merezhkovski's art never grow less!

Two poets of whom a great deal is written are Gorodetsky and Sologub. The former is young, though not quite so young as he was ten years ago, and as full of promise as ever. He has written some good lyrics and is the acknowledged leader of the younger orthodox poets. His latest work, however, seems to show how far down the path he has fallen. The Merezhkovskian doctrine of adoration is very well when, as in himself, it is directed towards the gods; but not when, as in Gorodetsky, it becomes a mere panegyricising of every manifestation of official Russia. His latest effort has been reprinted with approbation in nationalist journals. Here is a verse which, I may say, has not lost in the translation:

MEETING THE TSAR . . .

Yes, there had not been in the city
A morning such for many years
As when to meet Him flew in order
The carriages and motor-cars.
There Servians hastened, brothers to us.
And splendid was the Court's array.
Meanwhile is heard the march of soldiers
Resounding with a loud "Hurray."

Theodore Sologub, on the other hand, is one of the older school. The son of a workman and a peasant-girl, he has spent most of his life as a schoolteacher and inspector. A certain cruelty in his nature is roused by the blood and thunder of the war, and he is stimulated to a prodigious output. I have already translated a specimen of his verse. It may be left with the parody it drew from a long-suffering Russian:

Whenas I hear the woes of strife,
Of victim new on battle plain,
I do not wail the friend, the wife,
I wail alone the hero slain.
For ere his sad unshriven soul
Can disappear in Stygian vapours,
Our fiery Theodore Sologub
Writes lines about him for the papers.

Sologub has published also an essay upon Europe and Russia. "We Russians," he says, "are not the West, and never shall be the West. We are the East, the religious, the mystic East, the East of Christ, whose forerunners were Plato and Buddha and Confucius. . . . Let Martha that visits the European school busy herself with all external things—the mistress of our great Russian house remains always the visionary and supplicating Mary, sitting at the feet of Christ." But Mary Sologub will be ready with an ode to celebrate the fall of Constantinople! After all, Russia is a Western, a European, nation, and always has been and will be. The seats of her culture are Petrograd and Moscow, not Tomsk or Samarkand. It is true that misrule threw her development back a couple of hundred years, and that a certain derangement and absorption were due to the Asiatic invasions, which, by the way, caused also a temporary suspension of herring fishery in England. As Brandes said long ago, it is not "Scratch a Russian and you will find a Tartar," but, if anything, the opposite. With certain checks, Russia has followed the course of all good European nations, and Sologub's notion that she is Eastern, non-European, is as fantastic as to suppose she is the Little Bethel of the world.

Someone has found the first Russian futurist poem, and I take the opportunity to introduce it with the latest. It was written thirty-five years ago. The words have no significance, except as sounds:

Chinky drinky my fetón.
Chinky drinky farafou.
Potry keerdy keer keerdy!
Vovtori vo keerdy. . . .

This was the seed, and now we have the flower. The present literary futurist-in-chief is Igor Ceveranin, a capable and eccentric young egoist. One critic has called him "A man to be sorry for," another "A beauty taking snuff"; but he is less modest, and "a genius, immortal," says he, "I laugh at the idiots." He has published his thirty-seventh book of poetry and a "Confession." The latter informs me that he published his first book in 1904, entitled "On the Departure of the Port Arthur Squadron." In 1912 he organised the "Academy of Ego-Poetry," and at the end of the same year ceased to be an ego-futurist. "Of course," he explains, "I sympathise with all ego-futurists, but unfortunately among them are many eternals who are incapable of ceasing to be ego-futurists." He used to give recitals of his poetry, and yellow were the noses and green the cheeks of his comrades, the ego-futurists. But now he treads a lonelier path and *chants* his poems to fashionable and frivolous Petrograd audiences. This is from his latest book:

CARTE-POSTALE.

To-day I wept: I wanted lilac,—
  In nature now is abundance!
But I had to go by train;—And I had no money;—
  And there was nothing to sell.
I felt, the meadow is emerald again,
  And buttercups in the meadow grow—
To borrow is a shame, to borrow is a pain,
  But sixty miles my legs cannot go.
To walk in the city—to see a motor-'bus,
  The face of a prostitute, a tramway,
How nasty! Then I took a globe
  And went to China in a reverie.

Is it worth possessing an immortal genius, chanting one's poems and being one's own "talented warming-pan," to write stuff like this? I, personally, prefer "Chinky drinky."

The President of the Petrograd Meat Exchange presented the Home Office Hospital with the sum of 3,600 roubles (£360) collected among his members. The Administration of the hospital decided to return the contribution on the ground that the hospital could not accept money gained from poor customers paying double prices for their meat.

Africa.

October 18.—Was too excited to sleep much. I woke often and listened in terror to the sounds of the jungle. What is going on out there in the green darkness?

October 20.—Rested all day on the verandah. W. brought me a lizard to look at which he had caught in the garden. It had a green back and the eye of a demon. Its ancestors must have been revolving some queer thoughts for it to have acquired an expression so dragon-like and cynical. At night boys came to say that "a dead Kikuyu was stinking like a dead porcupine." These natives will never approach a dead body; in their own reserve they get over the difficulty by dragging the dying to the hyænas. We went out and set light to the whole hut. It burnt furiously—the cedar trees stood clearly outlined against the black sky—a white native bullock came to the edge of its *boma* and surveyed the scene with mild curiosity.

October 25.—Heard a hyæna howl for the first time in my life—a long, low howl rising into a kind of whoop. I looked across at the outline of the black forest where the little tree Isyxes were piping. Before I went to sleep Orion had risen away to the left.

October 26.—Walked down to the rocks. What a country it is! It is always Africa! a strange, terrifying country—a country inhabited by clawed creatures, by creatures with striped and gilded pelts, a country where even the moles are as large as water rats, and where the very nettles sting like wasps.

October 31.—In the afternoon I sold my dove-coloured flannel suit to a negro who wanted to make love, not as I did in Venice when I bought it, but in Naivasha.

November 2.—In the afternoon walked with W. to the top of the escarpment. The long grass and clumps of trees almost suggest English parklands. Came upon some elephants' dung. We returned by a game path through cool moss-grown places of the forest. I tripped over a huge bone gleaming ghastly white in the spangled sunlight.

W. shot a wild duck. I picked it up. It wagged its tail, stiffened its webbed legs, and opened and shut its round brown eyes, but I did not care.

November 5.—Rode the mule to the swamps; a white flamingo rose out of the rushes and floated away with graceful tilted head.

When I came back I found the tabby cat lying on the verandah panting miserably and with its hind quarters crushed. The boys would not kill it. I got a saucer of milk, but it would not drink. "Kwenda," said the cook, and it crawled with its front legs, mewing. I tried to write but could not. At last I compelled myself to kill it, flogging it with a heavy cedar stick. A few blows and it was dead, with its mouth a little open and its limbs extended. I was reminded of another scene. A human being's death or a tabby cat's death, it is the same.

November 8.—Had tea at the B.'s. It was dark before we got back. Masharia came to meet us with a lantern. W. went to Abdulla's hut to see if he could buy any eggs. I sat on the mule outside, observing Cygnus flying across the Milky Way.

November 10.—Walked to the further shamba and then home.

W. killed a bullock for the boys. He shot it with his rifle, and it fell and rolled over with its legs in the air. The Swahilis cut it up. I peered into its reeking carcase, and saw its pink lungs, its yellow belly, and red gasping windpipe. The natives crowded round like black vultures, like hyænas.

November 20.—B. arrived. He shot a Collabus monkey; he threw it down on the verandah, where it lay, a little heavy man, with black pads for hands and a long white tail.

We all three slept on the verandah.

"You don't believe, then, in religion?"
"Sirrah, thou art said to have a stubborn soul,
That apprehends no further than this world
And squarest thy life according."

November 26.—Received a letter from J.

"I can't get over your remoteness. We have on our mantelpiece that Machiavellian picture of you with stick and hat. It looks at me as who would say, 'Strike out and use your horn, old fool.'" O strange and hidden powers of our Destiny. How all is different now! all, all, all. These Germans are perpetually digging themselves in. Like great stinking badgers, they run to earth at every chance. I've just been looking at some pictures of the Indian troops. What noble faces! I think I have never seen such noble human countenances anywhere. The Sikhs, I suppose. If the war does really mean that the East is moving at last, and saying to the West, "Civilisation thee ownself," I think it is a good thing. If men have noble, generous, brave, and beautiful faces, it must be right that they should conquer, eh? So much for the German sausages, for, by God, they aren't a lot of Goethes, if these pictures represent them.

December 5.—In the evening there was a dispute between two natives over a woman. All three came into the room. I heard the girl's voice, and recognised the purring cat's voice of woman. What matters though her breasts are velvet black instead of velvet white?

December 7.—At night W. went out after porcupines with lanterns and boys and dogs. I was asleep when he returned. He had dragged one back for me to look at—a great heavy badger-like brute, stuck all over with quills. It had a rattle at the end of its tail, and its head was large and heavy and rhino-like.

December 12.—R. and A. came to tea. I watched the three of them ride away, then strolled out towards the forest. I sat on a charred log. Natives shouted to each other, humped-backed cattle browsed on the dry grass, and the sun slowly went down over Africa.

In the evening a letter from J. "Everyone is very quiet on this ship, as if the wind were blowing over it hosts of dead crying and going (all of them) towards the race at Portland. The spring and élan seems out of everyone. The spring! shall we ever see the lilacs again as we walked down to the village to post our letters and back by the Park?"

December 20.—W. came back and set off at once for the forest where leopards had killed a buck the night before. I followed slowly behind. I found them setting the trap on the other side of the river; everywhere fragments of buck were strewn on the ground; the four legs, the ribs, the vertebræ.

December 29.—W. went shooting. I rode the mule over the escarpment up a narrow path. W. shot a kongong. A herd of zebra rose quite close to us.

January 6.—Went shooting monkeys in the afternoon, but saw none. Sat on the ground in the forest; a few birds sang, but not like English birds—in every direction strange white-trunked trees rose from the green brushwood. Set leopard trap. It was a dark, windy night.

January 7.—Went down to the leopard trap before breakfast. Coming over the hill we saw a spotted skin. It was a young she-leopard, dead, shot through the eye. I smelt its warm yellow fell and looked at its claws and teeth. W. carried it home on his back. I walked behind stuffing stones into the hole in its skull to keep its brains from falling out.

January 9.—T. sent me a letter he had from J. "Yes. Of course, I will take Robin to school on that September day. But it's when a child gets 'alone' with the other boys that the Universe pinches him with its clumsy great finger and thumb. What a world! Christ! God! What a world! How many playful little scenes of pinching and prodding are occurring on this side and that. Lulu—damn his sly soul!—loves to have it so, and has now gone off to put up silky leopards and rule over Somali tribes."

After dark I noticed a fire far away in the forest opposite. I asked the boys what it was. They answered, "Mungu" (God). I believed them. I could see him there, well out of the way, warming his hands under the gaunt cedars.

"Who is Mungu?" I asked.

"Mungu lives up there," they answered, "and if he wants you to die you die, and if he wants you to live you live."

January 11.—Caught an eagle in a gin. It was brought to me and laid on the verandah, its legs and wings were bound tightly. It was not afraid, it simply surveyed me with its unflinching eye. I let it go, and it flew off in the direction of the afternoon sun. It is not the first time, I thought, that an eagle has been caught in a gin.

January 31.—Rode the mule down to Naivasha—very hot. White horses careering about near the water filled me with alarm. I was directed to the office, and there I sat for half an hour, while an unpleasant, pale-faced accountant catechised R. I looked at his hard, conceited face and yellow gaiters and hated him.

February 12.—Worked all day. In the evening a boy came for *posho*. I went across with Masharia to give him some. The Pleiades were far up above a cedar tree which had something of the shape of a Tintinhull elm.

"I have often seen those seven stars in England. What are the stars?" I asked him. "Moto Mungu" (Fires of God), he rapped out, without a moment's hesitation. Once more I got an old sensation as though perhaps there really was a capricious negroid deity up there, around, everywhere.

March 2.—Weighed barley and white-washed pig-sty. Read a report of the funeral of the Countess Poulett at Hinton St. George. How pitiful are all our efforts to conceal, to cast a veil over the ghastly reality within the coffin. God! I have seen dead faces. I know what they look like, I know what they say.

March 13.—Unloaded barley straw. Often throughout the day my mind reverted to scenes and sensations at home. What about the first early days of spring? the feel and the smell of the first sunny days? What about the clear, early evening light and dry March dust in Bere High Street as I saw it that afternoon two years ago? Here in Africa the sun and the black men and the vast tracks of land make all different, and also there are no daffodils here, no meadowsweet and no wood anemones.

LLEWELYN POWYS.

Views and Reviews.

As Usual.

I HAZARD the guess that philosophers do not know the consolation of common things because they act according to the ancient maxim, Philosophia stemma non inspicit, and do not inquire into genealogies. The vulgar origin of the phrase that gives this article its title served to obscure its significance and scope. That it came into popular use in the phrase, Business as usual, offended the delicate susceptibilities of those who still retained the ancient contempt for trade, and manifested disdain as usual. But the idea that it expressed evidently had some value, for it was not long before it was extended to military matters, and was formulated in the phrase, Victory as usual. The limitations of the idea will not be easily reached, for in a recent murder trial (on which I cannot comment, as most probably an appeal will be made), the learned judge, no less than the learned advocate, acclaimed with some pride that we were administering Justice as usual. The editor of this journal has shown that Mr. Lloyd George, in his new capacity, has carried on with the Trade Unions Negotiations as usual; and when we come to think of it, most things, from the scare of the moralists about the legitimacy of War Babies to the equally unjustifiable charges made by the teetotallers against the working classes, have been carried on much as usual. Even the Press has told the truth—as usual.

It is the more remarkable that such a phrase should have become popular at a time when we were being told that everything was being changed. For years before the war the philosophy of change had become popular; the simile of the melting pot, which Mr. Zangwill applied to America, was regarded as being symbolic of the whole world and of mankind; this was to be the century of change, and everything was in a state of deliquescence. Miss Jane Harrison even said that to be a heretic was almost a human obligation. The war itself seemed to be only a more potent instrument of change than was reason; and the figures of speech by which it was at first described, "Europe in the melting pot," "the universal conflagration," and so forth, expressed the general hope and the general fear of change. The dash of the German army on Paris was symbolic of the march of Progress; the swerving aside when it had reached its objective was no less symbolic, and its assisted retreat to its prepared defences altered the whole character of the campaign. Progress, like a good American, will only get to Paris when it is dead. Progress, as we know it, was buried in the trenches; the millennium was postponed until we had secured the maintenance of the status quo, and the English spirit revived so soon as it touched earth. The necessity of hanging on gave the campaign the English turn; it was no longer a trial of strength or ability, it was a trial of endurance, and the genius of the people expressed itself in the phrase, Time is on the side of the Allies. It is the instinct of a lasting people, of a people well-grounded in Nature, that finds expression in such phrases; it is the instinct of a people that knows that "everywhere the *formed* world is the only habitable one," and, in spite of Miss Jane Harrison, knows that there is nothing the matter with it when it says: "As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end."

The characteristic shows itself in the most unlikely places. The cry of the moment is organisation; and Mr. Lloyd George, with his Germanic genius, is applying the idea to the production of munitions of war. The very Government of which he is a member is apparently converted to the same idea, and proposes the taking of a National Register as a prelude to more complete organisation of the labour resources of the country.

Politics as usual; we still believe so strongly in the self-knowledge of Englishmen that the Government (as the proposal stands at the moment of writing) will ask each one of us to say what he is fit for. The experience of Mr. Lloyd George with the engineers in the Army indicates the value of the replies that will be received; the question will appeal at least as powerfully to the ambition as to the ability of the person questioned, and we know how some women misjudged their ability as shirt-makers at the beginning of the war. It is to be feared that too many men who may be willing to do carpentry will imagine that the only way to make a Venetian blind is to poke their fingers in his eye; but our touching faith in the value of a census whereof the most important detail is left to the discretion and judgment of the individual will triumph over such practical obstacles. Emerson asserted that the Englishman would carry his tea-kettle to the top of Mount Etna itself; and in the midst of a more volcanic disturbance, we hold our faith in the value of the individual's witness to himself, our spiritual tea-kettle, no less staunchly.

It is well that we should do so; it implies that the English still believe in the English, and that racial faith is one of the surest guarantees of the persistence of the race. We are asked to become soldiers for the period of the war; the Trade Unions are assured that their relaxation of rules and regulations will not prejudice their position after the war; we are even promised a revival of party politics after the war. Every measure opposed to our usual practice is proposed and accepted as a temporary measure only; the Englishman believes that he can pass through Armageddon and return to find Tooting and himself unchanged. Life, after the war, will be as usual; and if he should happen to die on the field of battle, he is assured that he will go to Heaven, as usual.

But although the phrase seems to express the Englishman's belief in the unchangeableness of things, it expresses more surely the unchangeableness of the Englishman. In the midst of change, he remains the same, swearing by the God in Heaven that things were always so. Every institution is immortal to an Englishman, no matter how recent its creation may be; the truth being that he succumbs to the accomplished fact. He believes in the ancient lineage of the most newly created peer; in five years, the scheme of National Insurance will be hoary with antiquity; by the end of the war, he will believe that the Ministry of Munitions dates back to Alfred the Great, and if a Ministry of Labour should be created, he will know that it was pre-ordained from the beginning of the world. He will find everything "as usual," no matter what changes occur. That England already is a place like Athens, of which Phocion said that one could not even die there without paying for it, will only convince him of the inevitability of the rise of the cost of living due to the increased interest charges of the nation on the War Loan. It was always so, he will assert with some truth; it is a custom whereof the memory of man runneth not back to the contrary. But the fact that the more things are changed the more they remain the same to an Englishman reminds me of one cry that we have not heard during the war. "Reform as usual" has found few advocates, and some opponents; the fact being that the whole nation is so occupied in adapting itself to new circumstances that it does not believe in reform. It is a time for solving practical problems; and with a large measure of State Socialism upon us, and the beginnings of National Guilds already apparent, we retain our belief in the efficacy of the cry of everything "as usual."

A. E. R.

REVIEWS

The Record of Nicholas Freydon: An Autobiography. (Constable. 6s.)

This anonymous work of fiction has the defects of the autobiographical style; it is too long, it details trivialities, it does not attempt literature, and its narrative is mostly of the supposed subjective states of a failure. Nicholas Freydon, author and journalist, is a creature of unhappy fate, of that neurasthenic temperament that cannot take Fortune by force. He is for ever stretching out his hands towards some loved object, only to find it snatched away as he is about to grasp it, and his hands filled with the dust and chaff that falls to the lot of all mateless men dowered with the natural instinct but compelled to recognise their fate only by experience. That Nicholas Freydon should at last turn hermit, and die in peace in the wilds of Australia, with the world well lost, is the only possible end of such a narrative. Why the author chose such a character, and such a method, is best known to himself; we need only remark that his recounting neither inspires us nor illumines the problems, spiritual and physical, that lie behind the failure.

Behind the Scenes at the Front. By George Adam. (Chatto and Windus. 6s. net.)

The Paris correspondent of the "Times" has written a more sober and satisfactory narrative of his experiences in France than did his colleague, Mr. Washburn, of his experiences in Russia. Mr. Adam was not confined to the area held by the British, but was allowed to visit the eastern gate of France, Verdun, to see Soissons just after a successful French offensive had been converted into a reverse and a retreat, and to travel generally behind the French lines. He has not confined himself to stories of battles nor has he written sensational stories about the wounded. He devotes one chapter to atrocities, in which he says: "My own observation leads me to believe that the Prussians have been completely outdone by the Bavarians and the Würtemburg troops in the genial German work of sacking and incendiarism"; a fact which should be remembered when we are asked to differentiate between North and South Germany because the South Germans sing Schubert and recite Schiller. For the rest, he is impressed mainly by the spirit of the French and English troops, and also by the wonderful organisation of everything that can make victory possible to us. There is a chapter on the political condition of France on the eve of the outbreak of war, and the whole volume is an instructive and interesting record of the observations made by a man whose nervous system was better controlled than is usual with correspondents of the "Times."

Hope. By R. L. Cunninghame Graham. **The Spy.** By Maxim Gorky. The Readers' Library. (Duckworth. 2s. 6d. net each.)

Messrs. Duckworth continue to add to their Readers' Library volumes that have been read and should be forgotten. Mr. Cunninghame Graham's "Hope," for example, is not one to be read at the present time. It is infantile wit to label stories of funerals or of moribund people "Hope"; and the artistic reference of the idea is obvious. It is merely a caricature of G. F. Watts' "Hope," a blind woman harping to a dead world on the one string that remains unbroken. However far away from England Mr. Graham went he carried his Victorian ideas with him. There is the usual sympathetic portrait of a French prostitute who has a refined soul and artistic tastes, and despises the rich Englishman who uses her for hygienic purposes; and, for the rest, there are the usual Spanish or South American stories, with a few more homely attempts at biographical portraiture. The whole makes a volume of seeming inconsequence and futility, written in Mr. Graham's pedestrian style imitated, we believe, from that of writers of catalogues.

Maxim Gorky, too, seems to cultivate the same futility. His "Spy" is a peasant youth whose feelings and sympathies never find expression, and whose brain is so constructed that he is unable to think or generalise about his own experiences. He makes several attempts to get things explained to him, but fails; and when at last some glimmer of the meaning of the counter-revolution comes to him, he can at first only determine to murder the chief spy, and he does actually succeed in committing suicide. Why we should be asked to look at Russia through the mind of this imbecile we do not know; but the conception affords an opportunity to Mr. Gorky to exhibit all the spiritual, physical, and material filth in which he delights. Sasha, for example, reeks in his rottenness. But the story will at least serve to correct the now prevalent delusion of the civilised and Christian nature of the Russian people. To none but the revolutionists does Mr. Gorky ascribe even the elementary human feelings, and his suggestion that it is fear of the autocracy or its administration that causes the brutality of the Russian people is belied by this fact, for the revolutionists had more to fear than had the people, to whom politics was a mystery. Altogether, it is an unpleasant story that annoys an English reader if he sees that the only possibility of continuing it is the perpetuation of the imbecility of the chief character, Klimkov. This is the thread on which the whole story hangs, and it is incredible to us; for not even sexual experience stimulates Klimkov to thought. He was born with one foot in the grave, and one is relieved when he puts the other foot there.

The Harbour. By Ernest Poole. (Macmillan. 6s.)

Interesting as this story is (and it is one of the best that we have read among modern novels), we wish that Mr. Poole had stuck to his last as a novelist, and told his story for its own sake. By attempting to express a social philosophy by means of a biography which is governed at every phase by the development of new York Harbour, Mr. Poole invites criticism as a philosopher and also can be placed. This conception of life as an unending stream of Becoming, of development, is the sort of Bergsonism popularised by Mr. Wells; and it is an excuse for refusing to comply with the necessities of art. In Mr. Poole's case, this is shamelessly avowed in the very construction of his story. His hero, powerfully influenced by his mother's admiration of "fine" things, made Art his first god, and went to Paris like a good American to study Maupassant in the vernacular. But Life would not leave him alone; and instead of writing about people, he was compelled to write miserable impressionist sketches of the Harbour to earn his daily bread. Art, his first god, was superseded by Efficiency as he gradually became the biographer of the men who were creating anew the port of New York; and his desire to be a "fine" writer was again postponed. Of course, marriage happened to him, and fatherhood; but Life would not leave him alone. Joe Kramer, who had butted in on his Maupassant maunderings in Paris, butts in on his worship of Efficiency; and the Harbour shows yet another aspect to the hero, and one still further removed from "fine" art. A Labour question arises, and Joe Kramer, who has by this time become a Syndicalist, organises a strike which is broken; and the hero's sympathy with the strikers and participation in their meetings, ruins him with the prosperous press for which he had been writing. But still, Life would not leave him alone; his wife was going to have another baby, his banking account had run very low, he could not quite state how the strike had affected him, and, once again, he had to postpone his work of "fine" art. An English novelist (we know that man; he comes from Sandgate) suggested that he should simply write the story of the Harbour as he had known it; so that the Labour question is left at Syndicalism, with the failure of the idea of the General Strike, the philosophy of flux is stopped by the necessity of putting bread into the mouths of wife and children, the desire to become a "fine" writer is again postponed.

Pastiche.

IF I WERE GOD.

(After the manner of Boratio Hottomley in the "Sunday Hysterical.")

Once upon a time, when a very young man, I thought I could play shove ha'penny, and after witnessing a match in the saloon bar of the "Bull Faced Stag," I remember asking one of the professional players to whom I spoke during an interval in the game if he would give me a short lesson. He laughed, and said: "Garn! who'er yer gettin' at?" However, after a little further persuasion, which was served in glasses, he placed several half-pennies in various positions and made several remarkable shots. He invited me to do the same, and as I played, he questioned me as to how and why I made certain shots. I gave my answers glibly, and continued my game, and, at the end of a quarter of an hour, I was richer by threepence—without my tutor being aware of the fact. Even then, I must have had stored away in the remote recesses of my brain a glimmer of my brilliant idea, a Business Government. I was flattered when he patted me on the head, and said, "Boratio,—You know the game almost as well as I do, an' that's saying somefink. *You know the game, Boratio—the only difference is you can't play it.*" Therefore, let it be clearly understood that if I now talk about what I would do if I were God—I mean what I think I ought to do if I were God—being perfectly confident that I couldn't do it. Lest any hasty reader should get the impression that I am endeavouring to obtain admission to a lunatic asylum, I want to say that the above is only the preamble with which I approach the subject of my discourse.

* * * * * *

To begin with, I should reflect that at the outbreak of the Germhun war, when I was about to embark for a short holiday in Hell, I was pulled back by a mysterious force and saddled with the terrible responsibility of creating a New Heavenly Army—that is to say, of obtaining, without resorting to Hell, the necessary number of recruits—training them and making them worthy of myself, "The God of Battles."

Then would I sit down with the whirling globe beneath my feet and in quietness view the army that I had created. Then I should straightway think of a method whereby I could transport my celestial army in order that they might assist in punishing Kaiser Bill and Germany.

After due consideration, I think it would be advisable to form a working partnership with my friend the Devil, who has a large and efficient organisation at his back.

I would then take my army to the other place for severe training; I would do everything to make angelic army contented, loyal and willing, and to prevent any of them from declaring—as many of them have done in the past—that they are "fed up" before they leave Heaven. I would not forbid correspondence between members of my forces and their comrades in the "Devil's Own Household Brigade."

* * * * * *

I would then summon my partner from his abode of brimstone and other noxious chemicals, and with his malignant genius to me, would make a landing in France with our combined forces en route for Berlin. We would then make one terrific onslaught upon the German trenches. We would use every fiendish chemical device known to the experts in the laboratories of my satanic colleague. We would give the Germhuns a taste of their own medicine, and would stop at nothing save outrage upon children. Verily, I should be a "God of Battles."

* * * * * *

During this period I should not spend more than one day a week in Heaven. I would devote the rest of my time to personally supervising the troops as they marched onward to Berlin.

* * * * * *

Eventually, we would reach Kaiser Bill's headquarters. Previously, I should have ordered a liberal supply of brimstone from my partner's inexhaustible store, to be sent in advance, so as to be ready for us upon our arrival. Then, gentle and long-suffering reader, we would, like a true Business Government, make it hot for Bill Willie in real earnest.

If I were God—the "God of Battles."

* * * * * *

Why do I indulge in these asinine reveries? Because I believe they express the inspired voice of the Man in the Gutter, or the Man in the Four Ale Bar, who has somehow got the impression that God is not managing this blood-stained globe in the way he should—and this, in spite of the fact that I have on many occasions given advice to God in all his glory through the columns of my weekly organ—which must be nameless.

In fact, I believe that the controller of this universe and his very able lieutenant in the other place are both suffering from overstrain due to the amount of overtime they have had to put in of late. It has even been whispered in my ear by a person who ought to know, that Satan has threatened to "down tools" if matters don't cool down a bit.

Therefore, I hope, in a spirit of reverence, that the "God of Battles" may incline his ear towards me in order that he may hear the suggestions which I shall throw out from time to time.

[We had hoped to publish another brilliant article by Mr. Hottomley in our next issue; but we regret to learn that our brilliant contributor is now suffering from a severe brainstorm.—ED. "The Sunday Hysterical."]

HARRY FOWLER.

A BALLADE OF THE *BRITISH WEEKLY*.

Many a sad mishap in youth befell me,
Though I obeyed my parents very meekly.
Some things they thought too horrible to tell me,
They failed to warn me from the *British Weekly*.
Its writers have great piety and show it,
They make sea of texts, and one must swim it.
I foundered. I'm an infidel! I know it.
I think the *British Weekly* is the Limit!

With blows of righteous wrath they fain would fell me,
If I should prate of Gaby's *chic* undressing.
And wine's a mocker, ruin it will spell me—
But still, the cup that cheers them's most depressing.
There is no froth thereon, that we should blow it.
'Tis with congealèd cocoa that they brim it,
And all pronounce it nectar (how they *go* it!)
I think the *British Weekly* is the Limit!

Their journal now they nevermore shall sell me.
Though maidens youthful, maidens on the shelf,
Old men and boys (or so, at least, they tell me)
Find *Claudius* is clarity itself.
But Methodists and such-like (don't they know it?)
Are primitive—how crudely do they hymn it!—
They make the grocer glad, but not the poet,
I think the *British Weekly* is the Limit!

ENVOI.

Lord, faith is a frail candle. When you stow it
In such cheap candlesticks, for me you dim it.
And this flame spluttered, so I *had* to blow it.
I think the *British Weekly* is the Limit!

STEVENSON PARKER.

TWO SHAPELY THRIVING SHRUBS.

We have in our verandah
Two shapely thriving shrubs
Growing all so gaily
In two terracotta tubs
The one belongs to Brian
Tother one belongs to me
And in Spring we always quarrel
As to whose is which tree
But in the sunny Summer
When the red flowers grow
You only have to count them
When Brian wants to know
For the one bush has seven blooms
The tother it has nine
And the seven blooms are Brian's
And the nine are mine
Then the winds that come in Autumn
Blow the petals from the stalk
And Brian tries to catch them
As they race the gravel walk
But to me it doesn't matter
Once the flowers fall
For its no use counting
When you can't tell at all
But it's worst in the winter
When the leaves also go
And we peer through the window
At our bushes in the snow
Then Brian bags the bigger pot
And it's all a silly mix
But I don't care a button
For they're just a pair of sticks.

H. CALDWELL COOK.

Current Cant.

"God bless the workers. . . . Waste not, want not."—ARNOLD WHITE.

"If I were Lord Kitchener."—HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

"Mr. Bottomley needs no introduction to the public."—"Daily Mirror."

"Our wasted army of women."—AUSTIN HARRISON.

" 'Daily Mail' Thrift Prizes."—"Daily Mail."

"Nation to be organised for efficiency. Free information how to improve your mental powers."—PELMAN ADVERTISEMENT.

"Who lives if the 'Clarion' dies?"—JULIA DAWSON.

"Mr. Austin Harrison, one of the foremost literary characters of the day."—"Sunday Pictorial."

"Never, no never be without Beecham's Pills."—"The Christian World."

"Billy Sunday. His life, evangelism, and message. 400,000 converts. The 20th Century Elijah. This book should be read by every Christian and intelligent person."—"The Christian."

"Sir Owen Seaman's parodies and also those deeper poems that reveal him not only as an able-minded seaman, but also as a staunch pilot of national destinies."—"T.P.'s Weekly."

"It's a man's sweet. Tommy loves it. Keep on sending him Mackintosh's Toffee."—MACKINTOSH ADVERT.

"I have unfortunately to inform readers of the 'New Statesman' that two Liberal organs have now refused to publish letters of mine against Voluntaryism. Yet they were good 'copy,' as 'copy' goes."—SIR LEO CHIOZZA MONEY.

"The Germans have never fathomed the meaning of the Scripture, which says 'What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?' They have lost their souls, but the free, art-loving, spiritual and religious nations like the Allies will overthrow this monster of Materialism."—"A Sapper" in the "Star."

"The abortive Dock Strike . . . the abortive Dublin Strike. . . ."—"London Mail."

"Business Patriotism. We desire to draw our readers' attention to the advertisements which appear on this page."—"Daily Mail."

"One noticeable effect of the war has been the silencing of the carping spirit which for so long has been exercised upon the Holy Scriptures."—"The Christian Life."

"Mr. Billy Sunday leaned over the pulpit, his soul in his eyes."—"Christian Endeavour Times."

"To think that we should have lived to hear Rudyard Kipling charged with rank Socialism. Only the most feather-brained speaker could possibly accuse our Imperial Poet of such an offence."—"London Mail."

"Michael Arranstoun, sitting on his fine old border castle of Arranstoun, folds up a letter he has just read, and says 'Damn!' The letter which has disturbed him is from Mrs. Hatfield, who writes that her husband is dying."—ELINOR GLYN.

CURRENT SENSE.

"Quite the worst of the new English newspapers is the hysterical 'Sunday Pictorial.' In a recent number there appears an article by Austin Harrison about the German peoples. This article by Harrison is a sad example of how blind national hatred makes a man lose all sense of responsibility and veracity."—"Frankfurter Zeitung."

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

Sir,—I am sorry that S. Verdad should have found my reasoning difficult to follow, and have failed to see what possible connection I could find between his account of the visit of the Agha Khan to Hyderabad and his subsequent eulogy of Lord Hardinge and the Imperial Government. I think he does not realise the magnitude of the impression made upon Mahommedans by the mission of the Agha Khan, or rather by the reckless policy which it revealed. In the article I quoted, he allied Lord Hardinge with the Imperial Government as opposed to Indian officialdom. But, by his own showing, the Imperial Government and not Indian officialdom was guilty in this matter of the Agha Khan, one of the gravest blunders ever made, yet not so bad as the ideas behind it. Therefore his praise of the Imperial Government and its Viceroy—who must at least have known of the design to move the Caliphate—seemed to me inconsistent and absurd.

S. Verdad is welcome to his sneer at my "obsession." It is true that I distrust professional diplomatists, especially as rulers in the East. My reason is that the diplomatist, by training, is subservient to every fad of the Home Government. He is an absolute opportunist, incapable of defending his charge from an unwise demand if this should emanate from what he calls authority. He may be personally guileless; the guile is pretty sure to be provided by the Imperial Government, which often needs a stout opponent in the Viceroy, as we have seen in this unhappy business of the Caliphate. Orientals do not readily distinguish guile from opportunism; nor, I must confess, do I. Fixed principles, strong character and scrupulous honesty are the qualities which they expect from Englishmen; and in these the Anglo-Indian officials are not lacking. Personally, I have found their manner disagreeable; they may be all reactionaries, as alleged by S. Verdad; but they do, as a class, know India; many of them have a true affection for the country, and, generally speaking, they enjoy the respect and confidence of the masses of the population. The Imperial Government, upon the other hand, does not know India, has no love for it, and takes a very superficial view of Indian feeling and requirements. The distrust of Russia felt by Indians, the result in some degree of our instruction in the past, is real, let S. Verdad believe me. Though other causes may have brought Hindu and Musulman together previously, this has brought them close together since the Balkan war, when Russia's influence on British policy became apparent. I am not writing hearsay. Now the Anglo-Indian official, as a rule, is anti-Russian, and therefore more in touch with Indian feeling at this moment than it is possible for the Imperial Government to be. If the officials oppose reforms, it is not lightly; they know the scope of the proposed reforms and see the risk involved. The Imperial Government can hardly be so well informed or it would not encourage Indian nationalist aspirations at a time when its main policy is an offence to India.

S. Verdad has written: "But what am I to say to Mr. Pickthall's declaration: 'If the Government wants enthusiam in India, it has only to declare that it will go to war with Russia rather than see Turkey further mutilated,' except that it is not true?" Well, he might have said that it was true, and then explained the reasons why our rulers could not threaten Russia with extreme displeasure in a contingency of such importance to the British Empire. He goes on to write: "It is known to all military experts, if not to my critic, that, without the aid of Russia, England and France would by this time have been defeated by Germany. Does Mr. Pickthall or anybody else imagine for a moment that a war with Russia on behalf of Turkey would appeal to the average Englishman, especially after a year's fighting with the Germans for his very existence? It would not."

I think it would, and every second man I meet expects it; but that is neither here nor there. We were not talking of English, but of Indian sentiment; nor of a war, but only of a threat of war in a particular event—a very different matter. What I wrote is true, as S. Verdad can ascertain if he will take the trouble. The present unrest in India, which he ascribed to the question of Indian immigration into British Colonies, has for immediate cause the Turkish question.

"And Mr. Pickthall is wholly wrong when he says: 'S. Verdad will admit that, had our Government considered India's wishes to a reasonable extent, Turkey would have been on our side now, to the saving of millions of money and hundreds of thousands of English lives.' This is not

in accordance with the facts. Turkey has been in the economic grip of Germany since 1898 at least; and the Turkish army has been under German control for six years. I repeat what I have said more than once already, namely, that England would have helped Turkey in many ways—administration, finance, etc.—since the Revolution of 1908, if it had not been for Germany's veto."

And I repeat what I have said more than once, that S. Verdad is certainly not "wholly wrong," but far from altogether right in these assertions. The argument about the "economic grip" may serve as an excuse but not a motive. It is an easy generalisation of the kind which politicians use to cloak a dirty business. At the Revolution the Young Turks wished to get rid of German influence and fairly flung themselves into the arms of England. They were pushed away. In the spring of 1913 they wished England to assume an effective control of the whole State. They asked for a British dictator and British officials for all departments, the army included, for a term of years. That demand was refused with ridicule by the British Government. It never was subjected to the German veto. The Turks then asked for some British inspectors for Armenia, which England, they considered, was bound by the Cyprus Convention to provide. This was agreed to, as we all believed. It was refused months later because *Russia*—I have corrected S. Verdad upon this point three times before—because Russia and Germany objected. England's failure to help Turkey, and her evident embarrassment when asked to do so, which amazed the Turks, were owing not to any action on the part of Germany, but to the understanding we had reached with Russia, whose designs upon the Turkish Empire are well known. Indian feeling was in favour of our furnishing the help which Turkey asked, we need not have done all that we were asked to do. The inspectors for Armenia would have been enough to keep the Turks attached to us. Therefore, I think, with all due deference to S. Verdad, that I am justified in stating that, "had our Government considered India's wishes to a reasonable extent, Turkey would have been on our side now, to the saving of millions of money and hundreds of thousands of English lives." The statement is in strict accordance with the facts as known to me. MARMADUKE PICKTHALL.

* * *

THE SITUATION IN FLANDERS.

Sir,—While I am in thorough sympathy with "Romney's" diatribe against Fleet Street journalism, I regret that I am unable to accept his optimism regarding the military situation on the Flanders front. The promptness with which the Press Bureau reports even the smallest successes inclines a thoughtful person to suspect that no news means rather bad news, when he observes from the casualty lists that our troops must be frequently engaged. The following figures do not show that the strength of the Germans is being reduced in a ratio of two to one, as "Romney" suggests. I admit that they refer only to one week, but the week is not a specially selected one, and is taken merely because it happens to be the last week for which returns are complete. Nor do I know when the casualties reported took place, but such lists are appearing every week, and give a fair idea of the wastage of the British forces from day to day. The numbers are taken from the official lists published in the "Scotsman" during *the week June 21-26, and* are as follows :—

OFFICERS AND MEN.

	Killed and Died.	Wounded and Gassed.	Missing and Prisoners.
Monday, 21	676	2,177	408
Tuesday, 22	306	858	402
Wednesday, 23	243	1,019	420
Thursday, 24	189	527	384
Friday, 25	213	669	124
Saturday, 26	289	351	92
	1,916	5,601	1,830

The total is thus 9,347. The figures refer to the Expeditionary Force only, and do not include the casualties of the Canadian troops, nor, presumably, those of the Indians either. On the other hand, it was officially announced on June 21 that we had captured during the previous week 213 prisoners, three machine guns, and a gas cylinder! Of course, our men may not be taking so many prisoners as they might!

I do not wish to despond, but maintain that it is wise to look facts in the face, instead of comforting ourselves with catchwords and vague generalities. I shall only be too glad to be more fully informed and enlightened; indeed, I am of opinion that a greater frankness on the part of the authorities would be a wise policy: we should then know the facts and face them. CHAS. H. MOORE.

A PERSONAL STATEMENT.

Sir,—I enclose some correspondence between Mr. Cecil Chesterton, the editor of the "New Witness," and myself, on the subject of Mr. Morel. In expansion of it, I need only state that I have received *no* evidence from Mr. Chesterton in any way supporting the insinuations against Mr. Morel.

I also should like to add that I am getting a little tired of the circulation of innuendoes in privileged communications concerning myself by people like Mrs. Sidney Webb, H. G. Wells, Robert Blatchford and Co., whose underhand methods are typical of their character.

My attitude on the war is plain. I was opposed to British intervention. I am of opinion that those who support the sacrifice of the lives of Britons in the interests of Russia and France are traitors to their countrymen. I believe that the present Government should be put upon trial for the reason that it has conducted its foreign relations against the interests of Britain and in the interests of Russia and France.

I do not think Belgium was worth the life of a single Englishman, and those who have had experience of Belgian refugees would not deny that. On the subject of the French, I should be willing to abide by a vote of the British Army on their conduct and methods.

I think it was as disgraceful for those alleged Britons who have taken Russian and French money as a reward for pushing the Entente in the last few years to do that as it was for the bribed pro-German Party. The expenditure of Russia and France in this country on "influencing" public opinion was far greater than that of the German Government.

I am unable to understand why my countrymen should be slaughtered in an attempt to destroy Turkish independence—Turkey being a country that has never done any damage to Britain, or shown any ill-feeling towards this country.

The paid agents of Russia and France, however highly placed they may be, deserve exposure. If the British War Party wants me to write a pamphlet on the private character and financial dealings and public motives of some of its prominent members, reluctant though I am to shatter the confidence of the people in the rogues that are ruining this country, I may say I have enough material to raise an issue which would shadow the war.

C. H. NORMAN.

MY DEAR NORMAN,—I have just read your letter in "The Labour Leader." I enclose herewith copy of a letter which I have just sent to that journal, and also copy of the previous correspondence to which that letter refers. You will, I think, perceive that the methods of which you complain are not confined to "The Morning Post."

And now there is something else that I want to say. You and I have known each other for several years. I think you utterly wrong about this war, and you think me utterly wrong. I think that you are fanatical, and I daresay that you think I am fanatical. But I think we both know each other to be honest men. I am absolutely convinced that Morel is not an honest man. I am convinced that he has been acting not only since the war broke out, but for years previously, in the interests not of peace or of internationalism, but quite simply of Germany. I have repeatedly given my reasons publicly, and, *in every case, I have brought my statements* to his personal attention. The last occasion was at the meeting referred to in the enclosed correspondence, when I drew his attention to what I had said, and, on his making the familiar Samuel-Isaacs reply about "treating the matter with contempt," I gave him publicly the name of my solicitors. I do urge you for the sake of your own honour to go into the matter for yourself and form your own judgment. I will gladly let you have all my articles if you haven't got them, and all other information that may be in my possession. You may be right or wrong about the war, but for people like you and me, it is surely a case of *non tali auxilio nec defensoribus istis*.

You will observe that I make no stipulation whatever of privacy in regard to this letter. You are perfectly at liberty to show it to anyone you like, including Morel.

Yours very sincerely,

C. H. Norman, Esq. CECIL CHESTERTON.

MY DEAR CHESTERTON,—Many thanks for your letter of June 3 and enclosures.

I am much obliged for the information you give me concerning your opinion of Mr. Morel. But I confess I do not see how I am concerned in the matter. You know me well enough to appreciate that I have formed my anti-war opinions wholly irrespective of Mr. Morel or his writings.

My opposition to the war and the policy leading to the

war has been based upon my knowledge of the policy pursued by Sir Edward Grey during the last ten years. For this reason I do not see how my honour is involved in any acts of Mr. Morel. Mr. Morel will, presumably, take such action as he thinks right in protection of his own honour; but you must be perfectly well aware that in the present state of public feeling in this country anyone in the position of Mr. Morel would not be likely to receive fair treatment at the hands of a British special jury.

I certainly should be glad to have any articles or evidence which you may possess which would establish that Mr. Morel was secretly influenced by pro-German agencies. But it is right to inform you that during the Congo agitation, when Mr. Hilaire Belloc put forward similar insinuations against Mr. Morel, at the request of Mr. Orage, the editor of THE NEW AGE, I went down to the House of Commons for the purpose of telling Mr. Belloc that the columns of THE NEW AGE were open to him freely for the publication of his charges, provided they were supported by evidence, against Mr. Morel.

Mr. Belloc, however, did not see his way to specify the accusation against Mr. Morel, with the result that subsequent criticism of the Congo agitation appearing in THE NEW AGE rested upon my own doubts as to the bona fides of that agitation.

As an editor and journalist, you will not be astonished at the fact that letters in reply to criticism are suppressed. THE NEW AGE is the only paper that has a comparatively clean record on that subject.

However, the "Morning Post" article was of a very gross character, alleging that I was in the habit of reading the casualty lists, and then sending my pamphlets to the relatives of the bereaved, and also pretending that the use of certain phrases in my pamphlets showed that I must be of German origin. Criticisms of my opinions upon public affairs, naturally I have no objection to, but innuendoes of that description cannot be passed by unnoticed. I think myself that Mr. Morel may have a slight bias in favour of Germany, in the same sense that you have in favour of Russia and France. My own position has always been that it was the duty of this country to refrain from interference in European politics, as such interference would only end in a disastrous European war.

I may add that I have shown your letter and this letter to Mr. Orage, and his recollection of the incident connected with Mr. Morel and Mr. Belloc is in accordance with mine. It is possible that I may refer briefly to this in a future number of THE NEW AGE.

Yours sincerely,

Cecil Chesterton, Esq. C. H. NORMAN.

* * *

MALTHUSIANISM.

Sir,—I trust "G. D." has not been thinking for the past few weeks that he has overwhelmed me with his reply to my letter on Malthusianism. Unfortunately, your issue of June 10 only reached me last evening. I will try to deal point by point with the questions raised by your able correspondent.

The latter first dwells on the emigration which has taken place from Scotland and Ireland, but he is no doubt aware that people do not always act from compulsion or leave places because they are ousted from them by other people. The plain fact, however, does remain that in the year of the Irish potato famine the Irish population was too great for the food supply. This compulsion by Nature initiated a stream of emigration which, though it has diminished, has not yet dried up. There are many circumstances which would vary the doubling tendency, viz., war, epidemics, famines, or a fear that population is approaching its limit. The last-mentioned may not have yet made itself felt, but the others have done so, increasing deaths and reducing births, thus checking the natural increase in population.

I quite fail to see why the power of man over Nature to produce his sustenance should increase faster than population. Steam power has now been in use for more than a century, and is practically dependent on the supply of coal, a commodity which is being used up much faster than Nature is replacing it. If we use that coal with a rapidity which increases in geometric ratio the limit of exhaustion will be reached only the sooner, and we shall be left without the instruments with which we are to dominate Nature. This domination of Nature is a myth. Many of the resources of Nature, such as water and pure air, replace themselves; others, such as minerals, are gradually lost by dispersion, combustion, and depreciation of quality; for instance, a loss in quality is generally incurred by the casting and re-casting of scrap metal. The exhaustion of resources which are indispensable and irreplaceable is only accelerated by the supposed and much vaunted domination of Nature by man.

The mass of the French people may have been driven to the small family idea, or they may not. Again the compulsion is not evident, because statistics prove that working-class people in this country have far larger families than wealthy or middle-class persons. It is not my desire to estimate how many people could be maintained in the British Isles, but Malthus would have had good grounds for asserting that the limit was already in sight, first because we are exhausting our economic resources far more rapidly than they are being replaced, secondly because it is very questionable whether sufficient food could be produced to maintain the inhabitants. This country is not economically self-contained; in consequence, we produce goods for exchange, in order to secure a sufficiency of the necessaries of life. Nature is not impartial in her gifts, for she has been prodigal towards this country, which contains mineral resources and fertile land in overwhelming disproportion to the area of the country. Consequently, on a comparatively small area we are able to maintain temporarily a large population to exploit these resources, the products of which meet with an increasing demand in rough proportion to the increasing population of the rest of the world.

Your correspondent refers to labour energy, but as soon as the supply of labour energy becomes too great for material resources or capital, the surplus of labour energy over capital is economically useless. I am no student of Marx, Kropotkin, or Malthus; my acquaintance with Malthus is confined to an article in an encyclopedia, so I have no wish to claim that he is infallible.

I have no wish to enter into the animal or plant state. Karl Marx was wrong. Labour does not accumulate capital, but converts it from one form into another, which, however, may be more immediately useful than the first. No amount of labour can increase natural resources, which constitute capital and which are already accumulated in crude form by Nature. Man disperses them.

A. STRATTON.

* * *

ART AND UTILITY.

Sir,—May I call the attention of Senor de Maetzu to the following:—

"In the next place he declared an outlawry of all needless and superfluous arts; but here he might almost have spared his proclamation; for they of themselves would have gone after the gold and silver, the money which remained being not so proper payment for curious work; for, being of iron, it was scarcely portable, neither, if they should take the means to export it, would it pass amongst the other Greeks, who ridiculed it. So there was now no more means of purchasing foreign goods and small wares; merchants sent no shiploads into Laconian ports; no rhetoric-master, no itinerant fortune-teller, no harlot-monger, or gold or silversmith, engraver, or jeweller, set foot in a country which had no money; so that luxury, deprived little by little of that which fed and fomented it, wasted to nothing and died away of itself. For the rich had no advantage here over the poor, as their wealth and abundance had no road to come abroad by but were shut up at home doing nothing. And in this way they became excellent artists in common, necessary things; bedsteads, chairs, and tables, and such like staple utensils in a family, were admirably well made there; their cup, particularly, was very much in fashion, and eagerly bought up by soldiers, as Critias reports; for its colour was such as to prevent water, drunk upon necessity and disagreeable to look at, from being noticed; and the shape of it was such that the mud stuck to the sides, so that only the purer part come to the drinker's mouth. For this, also, they had to thank their law-giver, who, by relieving the artisans of the trouble of making useless things, set them to show their skill in giving beauty to those of daily and indispensable use."—Plutarch's Life of Lycurgus.

W. A. S.

Press Cuttings.

["Press-cutter" will be glad to receive, c/o THE NEW AGE, extracts suitable for this page.]

"The Munitions Bill to be introduced next Wednesday is based upon the voluntary principle. . . . Trade Union rules which restrict output or limit the employment of semi-skilled, unskilled, and female labour, are to be suspended . . . as a set-off to the restraint imposed upon workmen, the Unions 'will gain power not enjoyed in this country since the heyday of the Mediæval Guilds.' That would be a triumph for THE NEW AGE, and its National Guild propaganda."—"Star and Echo."

"Should this war continue for Lord Kitchener's period, nothing but ruin and exhaustion is before us if production is to remain in private hands. The unavoidable wastage will surely mean failure—wastage of time by workers who will not trust their employers even when working on munitions, and who will make more and more trouble as the controllers of prime necessities send up the cost of living; and a vast wastage of wealth produced as war profits, obviously the property of the nation, which will have drained away down private channels. All this must be stopped. . . . There should be no war wages and bonuses any more than war profits. The service of all should be expected and nobody should be entitled to any more than a reasonable standard of life."—H. M. TOMLINSON.

"We may make the workmen public servants, but only on condition that their present employers become public servants also. They would not, we may be certain, submit to any form of control other than that of their own unions as long as the works remain in private hands."—"Manchester Guardian."

"We have heard a great deal of enormous profits made out of the equipping and provisioning of the Army, and as the most obvious repartee to that we have heard of strikes. I am not disposed to quarrel with people who fight for their class. That is better than fighting for one's own hand, and it is good to see workers organised in the interests of their class, and pursuing those interests courageously. I am convinced that the more the real problems of statesmanship become apparent, the more the world gets organised, the more apparent it becomes that it is not one class or the faculties of any one class which can manage politics or direct the country. We need something larger and broader, a fusion of all classes, sections and points of view. With Labour strongly organised enough to make it impossible that it should be again exploited, I think that we may go forward, with that fresh sense of emancipation which we hoped might come to us after the war."—The BISHOP OF OXFORD.

"Labour has given up a great deal for the time being to meet the demands of the country. What has Capitalism given up? What is it prepared to give up? Nothing. It is not even prepared, war or no war, to give up the habit of being grossly greedy and unfair. . . . We want to know whether Capitalists and their abettors really think the mass of people are fools. Have they not the common gumption to realise that Labour has the power to let them down with a crash?"—"Daily Citizen."

"More Labour is wanted. . . . It will save infinite trouble and difficulty later on if the Government insist from the first that these men belong to the labourers' Trade Unions. They should have a status as the Servants of the Government."—"Nation."

"The Dublin Employers' Federation have claimed the right to dismiss the workers if they continue to belong to a certain Trades Union, or even if they afford support to that Union. Is this doctrine to be accepted or rejected? Let it be granted that the employers possess a legal right to act in this way. But what does it imply? Solely that under the existing laws the performance of the act will not lead to fine or imprisonment. Further and more important questions remain. How will the acceptance of this doctrine affect the power of Trades Unions to bring pressure to bear on such employers as fail to pay their employees a fair or even a living wage? What bearing will it have on those cancerous growths, the slum areas? Will it bring light or darkness into those foul cattle pens, where whole families are herded together in one room? Will it tend to remove or to accentuate the ineffable disgrace of extreme luxury and extreme wretchedness living in close proximity on the same soil, beneath the same heaven and under the shadow of the same Cross? Further, what influence will it have on the sacred right of liberty possessed by the workers in common with all mankind? What, then, is involved in the acceptance of this doctrine? It carries with it the placing in the hands of the employers the power to destroy any union they please. It means taking from the worker his freedom of choice as to which Union he shall join. It means loading the dice in favour of the Capitalist still more. . . . It is certain that, if the employers can destroy any Union of which they do not approve, the fat will grow fatter and the lean more lean."—JAMES BERTRAM in "The Irish Review."

"In dealing with the great and difficult problem of the organisation of Labour, the Government call the Trade Unions into partnership, asking for their help in raising a new industrial army, in maintaining discipline and in speeding up production. The Trade Unions have thus a formal and recognised status and those who hold, as we have from the first, that we could not prosecute this war with success so far as its capital object is concerned, or without grave loss so far as its moral consequences go, unless we made the Trade Unions the partners of the State, will rejoice in the acceptance of this principle."—"Nation."

"The Wage System. Most readers will probably agree that political equality, in Britain as elsewhere, is not only unachieved, but is also impossible to compass, and being a nation in which nine-tenths of the people are in economic servitude to the remaining tenth, we are also—in the gradually growing recognition of that fact—losing some of our illusions as to the reality and extent of our liberties. Some, there may be, who in losing illusions, lose their faith. They see no hope nor possibility of a nation of genuine freemen. For such folk we can offer no finer antidote to their despair than to recommend the early perusal of 'National Guilds. An Inquiry into the Wage System and the Way Out.' There they will find, not only a thorough realisation of the illusiveness of the voters' citizenship, and of political rights and privileges for all so long as economic power remains with the few, but they will find therein an effective cure."—"The Venture."

"As soon as he took the estate in hand he unerringly, and as though through some gift of prevision, chose his foremen and headmen from among the very men who would naturally have been chosen by the Moujiks themselves if they had had the chance, so that his officials never needed replacing.—TOLSTOY'S "War and Peace."

Amongst contemporary writers and critics, "R. H. C." of THE NEW AGE is my first favourite. Week by week, in that admirable journal, he discourses on literature with a grace and power such as I meet with nowhere else. He reminds me of Augustine Birrell, when in his lighter moods, but Birrell is never so profound. I cannot tell whether I am most instructed or most pleased by "R. H. C.," and I am not concerned to discover. I do know that I am disposed to linger over his causerie, which I read again and again, and to fasten on him like a profiteer to a good customer! His judgments have all the greater weight with me because I never see any advertisements of any kind in THE NEW AGE, and should he have occasion to criticise an author who also happens to be connected with that paper, he is just as merciless—or, I should say, honest—as with any stranger. He writes like a man of the world who yet has a stronger and more wholesome love of literature and its traditions than any ordinary long-haired littérateur. In him it does not appear that "mental luminousness" has destroyed "the oil of life." Long may he flourish, wherever he lives, or whoever he may be!—"Rufus" in the "Leeds Weekly Citizen."

Published by the Proprietors, THE NEW AGE PRESS, LTD., 38, Cursitor Street, Chancery Lane, and Printed for them by BONNER & CO., The Chancery Lane Press, 1, 2, and 3, Rolls Passage, E.C. Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd.