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. More sense, we said, was being published in the Press where, indeed, the necessity of abolishing profiteering was explicitly being advocated. It crept from the Press 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; it is 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—bravery. 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 the "mirage of Magna Carta." By William Durran. 223

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The war, however, 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 Freno Street troubles have been filled with wealth, is now the obvious act of justice and policy. It appeared to the "Times" and the "Times" 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.

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be all too few for the needs of the campaign as estimated by the active Staff. Then began one of the most incredible 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 the threat of resignation at last, was believed, 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 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 the armament firms, said the armament firms, must go. Always ready to believe the worst of nine-tenths of Trade Unionism, said the armament firms, must go. That, we repeat, for a little while ago it was urged the abolition of 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 so, 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 the public the 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 wrapped 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 but), but solely to ensure the unlimited profits of the armament firms. That, we repeat, is the simple purpose of the Bill, which for any greater object never be 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 disclaim themselves under penalties imposed by their own officials. You would think that for sacrifices such as these (for the leasf 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 on corresponding recognitions 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 of the great armament firms, 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 bribible and have, in fact, been bribed, we do not 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 lied 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 discontinue Labour themselves, the State in turn should fail? Where would we look for competent authority but to the Trade Unions? 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
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 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 capitalistic 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 irresponsible as we fear it is, since the class that has most to lose by England's defeat has not yet sacrificed its voice. The question asked is deliberately bewildering. In the third place, 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 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 mud could not conceive the muddle that would then have ensued. Yet this procedure is the course adopted by 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 will be to waste paper, and 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 might be comparatively easy for the Government to fill up the twenty-five million 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.
The New Age

July 8, 1915

Foreign Affairs

By S. Verdad.

The briefest remark we can make about the Dardanelles expedition is that it was badly wanted but badly entered upon, both in February and March. 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 undertaking; land operations which, it was realized, 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 forever 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 equipped, would not be foreseen 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 ineffective submarine blockade around 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.

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 and reducing them in numbers 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 not a series of pitched battles, and many transports and supply ships were sunk in the Black Sea by the Russian Fleet.

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 realized that they were being opposed by an unorganized enemy; and they realized, 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, as it was after this check in February that the Turks and the Bulgarians entered into negotiations in 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 what present stimulus 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 they were 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

Articles and to end them on a note similar to that on connexion 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 1805 and 1815 will be less than that between 1815 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 sea, 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. So trick of scientific invention astonishes us now.

Our skill outstrips our understanding.

That is the predominant feature of the twentieth century, the discordance 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 in Levitas's death. They are aptly 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's foot-ball on Saturday.

Another interesting phase of modern life is the premium artificially imposed upon the concealment of emotion. Indeed, it is my 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 reads the same path. He is ashamed of letters of a sort of ashamed of beauty, ashamed even of hate. That 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? Continuous 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 Levitas's death the peril is acute. Poems and 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 Christ: are we now to have Socialism without any Socialists? State Socialism has been commanded 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 that 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 of which Mr. 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 in which 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 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 necessities 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 our happiness and social enjoyment were 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 (in the shape of interest on loans) in the shape of all sorts of goods, coffee, tea, sugar, wool, 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 amongst our population, the evil would scarcely exist. It might—on the present scale—he 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 our 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. Paradoxically as it may appear, it is literally true that under the wage system, the raining down of maunna from heaven would mean poverty and death to the masses; for the maunna 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 shouted "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, and tried 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 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. . ."  

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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 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 defer investing in that from sending their capital abroad by taxing all ascertainment profits from foreign investment?"

"I say No to these questions. If there were wholly 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 our resources, 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 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 of appointment to a government position and last but not least 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 employment 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 not exactly out of 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-
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 Mr. Money 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 overseas investment sometimes means the investment abroad of money— 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 the children 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, would in some cases interfere with investments which are not only for the 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:— "Overseas investments bring to our shores every year a large amount of imports, which go to swell the wages fund and increase the wealth of the country. Whether or not every overseas investment is a good thing for the country whose citizens invest and difficult it may be, 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's argument on our overseas investments, indeed, is as worthless as the one which was first introduced and then abandoned.—With all good wishes for your triumphant success. Ever sincerely,

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

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. Of course, on occasions they made violent eruption into the Inns of Court and threatened the denizens with massacre. In the year 1240 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 increase was offered to the supreme excellence of English Justice, and the most fulsome compliments were showered between Bench and Bar on all festive occasions. Meanwhile, a barrier of 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 infamy of Bench and Bar during the Stuart period have been gibbetted 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 body of the law of obligations, including the complicated, arcane 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 voices 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 fifty and sixty 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 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 Government official that it would be well not to press the question "in the public interest." Such is the Bar habit in excelsis.

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 basking 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 a fisherman. 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 of that will. It is an ideal of the imagination, not of the reason. For that I exclude it from the result which we wish to engineer 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, for 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 which he has produced 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 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 aesthetic—the ugliness of mechanically produced things—the primary solution which occurs to him is likewise aesthetic. Such is the solution recommended by my
antiable 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 capitalist production. Let us restore the beautiful little industries of the rural 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 many a 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 the production of luxuries is unnecessary articles which will make other people work without any real necessity to justify their efforts.

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 a useful definition 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 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 even 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. And, if the realisation of these desires is to be purchased in the expensive shops. Are the women happy who spend two or three thousand articles of luxury? 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 ever happier when other women envy them. And that is all.

Miss Alice Morning says that luxuries are stimulants, and she is right. The motive for taking them is the satisfaction 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 without desires and a desire 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 ever happier when other women envy them. And that is all. 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, 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 that 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.

"Let us restore the beautiful little industries of the rural 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."
still in the infernal regions, vainly trying to fill with water the bottomless barrel. Ocuus and the Danci-ward were then in the European belt almost 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 veil between ornamentation 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 twinning 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 or 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 to be unhappy. 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 better 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, 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 of unhappiness. 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 is the good of things in 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 due to the very imagination which you must 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!") 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 method. 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, presenting you have got an article which you think the market demands, 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, while the relations subsisting between yourself and your customers, you still remain the servant of the community. Your profit is merely the clumsy and inequit-able form of remuneration adopted under our existing economic systems. In the old days, the ideas of usurers; nowadays, we legalise profiteering, forgetting this simple fact, are likely to destroy themselves by swallowed-headedness. They may go the way of that great preserver, 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 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-
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 lieu de, 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 abdicat. 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 Bedforshire, 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 barked. 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, "thrift 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 do these they stopped at thirty-nine always beats me. Old Jowett, when he 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. Very sorry I 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 discrimination in the devotion of his means. I must think that you will 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 geese. 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 pop old Vinegar. Mr. Singleton, I have made 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 I. ‘Don’t, it’s only 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, but Driver threatened to withdraw his custom if Driver consented. Driver dunked 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 hang on you won't give you twenty-five quid to start with.' 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, '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 higher plane of things, it is a question 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 preachers areprovided for, the local tradesman and is not therefore subversive. Build a lecture hall for the whole, I advise you to start a co-operative society. He can be much better spent in other directions. On the contrary, encourage them. Remember that when your blastedspeculative is not the very Love that should be despised. And as in a period of intellectual decay it is well that the unattainable ideal of Love should be preached—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, love, on the other hand, it neither demanded nor commanded any dissatisfaction reacts in the works. If it be a company shop, it is well that the unattainable ideal of Love should come to remind Men that they are men, and that the Trade Unions are destined to grow; that they are the harbingers of a new order of society. So be it! Fight the inevitable; 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 confess 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 have been assured that I am, cannot have been led to jeopardize our lives without some good cause. So well have I made up my mind to withdraw my custom if Driver consented. Driver dunked 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 hang on you won't give you twenty-five quid to start with.' 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, '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 higher plane of things, it is a question 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 preachers are provided for, the local tradesman and is not therefore subversive. Build a lecture hall for the whole, I advise you to start a co-operative society. He can be much better spent in other directions. On the contrary, encourage them. Remember that when your blasted speculative is not the very Love that should be despised. And as in a period of intellectual decay 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, love, on the other hand, it neither demanded nor commanded any dissatisfaction reacts in the works. If it be a company shop, it is well that the unattainable ideal of Love should come to remind Men that they are men, and that the Trade Unions are destined to grow; that they are the harbingers of a new order of society. So be it! Fight the inevitable; yield gracefully to the inevitable.

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ANTHONY FARLEY.
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 "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 overestimated 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 putting the cart before the horse. The race has now become so intelligent that actually ideas count; they even conduct 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 Cauterie 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 falsity; it is a remembered what some one 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; far from being 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 never be pretty arranged without content, just as wickerwork—can be made without forming a basket. But as a basket is to my mind one of the most aesthetic 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 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 curious, 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 stilled away in the country; we have each of us smelt 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. That is the point. But that 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 stronghold 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 gentleman'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 ativisms 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 driven with all their inertia to "keep up" with "nothing" 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 poeticalness, that the "Century," "Harper's," "Scribner's," "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, of no creative ability, trying as long as possible to bear the cloaks 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 enlivement, 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-
hine 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 documents which Christmas gifts, then, gentle reader, approbation, books that went into ordinary homes as author is expected to indulge in circumlocutions whichbine against the senile. We are making marooned in "considering a modification" ol' what was senile are all at one—they wish to stay as they are.

and we have different ideas as to the pattern. The Elizabethan, and never a line from Herrick. He children, by hereditary predilection, petrified early, and people who read these books had minds which petrified ordinary books, of that date, not books still remem-bered as classics, but books which were acceptable in England.

"consider a modification" ol' what was senile are all at one—they wish to stay as they are.

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 admire 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 Melmoth.

The poet 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 dash, not the wicked Swinburnian gusto, nor the placid and well-led 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 exotic 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 strengthens 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 Lyttonpois 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 "Spectator," "Harper's," the "Atlantic," how like the elder generation of American literature now moving, slowly—that 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. He spares 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 GOUT.

The "Spectator" is always definite, direct, downright... It seems to issue from the street which is called Metropole, an offspring of the old one I 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 there no light whether when your son's a-waiting? Also! That hard-earned sixpence was his Juwol St. Loes, who sets us all soaring.

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. Bechhofer.

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 "Novski Almanach" to be forwarded to me but, bless me soul I had not been sent out to 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, Solougub, Kuprin, and the old critics Arseniev and Koni. Nobody knows why the book was confiscated. Pornography is not to be associated with the "Novski Almanach," 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 months and quarters 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, Solougub and the futurist I. C. Cerverian.

The best recent work of the serious and talented Merezhkovsky 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 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" and by 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 skillful 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? 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" and by 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!

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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 again, and suffered with us. We did not understand, or did not thoroughly understand, how this Olympian was joined with our Titan—healthy Pushkin, 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 added this great Russian Theatre. And where could Pushkin be played, were he himself to play, 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 we wish, 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 the religious, 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 prove that he would brand them just as he branded their fathers. His latest effort has been reprinted with approbation and inspector. A certain cruelty in his nature is roused when, as in Gorodetsky, it becomes a mere partisan, and Russia. "We Russians," he says, "are not the West, and never shall be the West. We are the East and the religious, the mystic East, the East of Christ." But Mary Sologub will be ready with an answer. She has published his thirty-seventh book of poetry and a "Conception." 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. 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 roses and green the cheeks of his admirers. Of course, he no longer reads a lecture path and chants his poems to fashionable and frivolous Petrograd audiences. This is from his latest book:

Meet the Tsar...

Yes, there had been in the city
A morning such for many years
As when the Tsar returned in order
The carriages and motor-cars
On this ebb day, brothers to us.
Meanwhile is heard the march of soldiers
Resounding with a loud "Hurrah!"

Theodore Sologub, on the other hand, is one of the older school. 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 victims new on battle plain,
I do not wail the friend, the wife,
I wait alone the hero slain.
For ere his soul unsullied soul
Can disappear in Stygian vapours
Our dear Theodore Sologub
Wrote lines about him for the papers.

Sologub has published also an essay upon Europe and Russians, "Europeans, 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—tomato, pears, peaches, green the cheeks of his comrades, the ego-futurists. It may be left with the paradox it drew from a long-suffering Russian:

Meat
To-day I wept
Not accepted
And there was nothing to sell.
I felt, the meadow is emerald again,
And buttercups in the meadow grow—
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 Chula in a reveller.

Is it worth possessing an immortal genius, chanting one's poems and being one's own "talented warming-home"? Or should, "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 guilders (£500) 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 dragonlike and cynical. At night boys came to say that "a dead Kikuyu was stinking like a dead porcupine." These natives will not think of anything unless their own reserve they get over the difficulty by dragging the dying to the hyenas. We went out and set light to the whole hut. It burned furiously, the cedar trees stood clearly outlined against the black sky—a white native bullock came to the edge of its home and surveyed the scene with mild curiosity.
October 25.—Heard a hyena howl for the first time in my life—a long, low howl rising into a kind of whoop. I looked out of the window, and saw that the whole line of the long leafy trees were piping. Before I went to sleep Orion had risen away to the left.

October 26.—W. 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 creepers with striped and gilled pelts, a country where even the earthaks carry water, and where the very nettles sting like wasps.

October 31.—In the afternoon I sold my daisy-coloured chintz and an opera-box 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 hills, where the long stems 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 and hurt my leg, and was no use on my heels.

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

November 5.—Rode the mule to the swamp; 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 mineral water, and the boys crushed. The boys would not kill it. "Kwenda," said the cook, and it crawled with its front legs, meowing. I tried to write out could not understand myself to kill it, and I dragged 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 into the village and came back with an elephant’s foot, the nappes of which I might 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 Mvuki cut it up. I peered into its reeking carcass—daffodils here, no meadowsweet and no wood anemones.

"You don’t believe, then, in religion?" said the and I really was a capricious negroid deity up there, around, everywhere.

November 26.—Received a letter from I.

"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.’"

November 28.—B. arrived. He shot a Collabus monkey; he threw it down on the verandah, where it lay, a little stumpy 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?" said the and I really was a capricious negroid deity up there, around, everywhere.

Of course, I will take Robin to school on that September 29th.

I sat on a charred log. 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 Tintinbull 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 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 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 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, they bumped-broke the dry grass, and the sun slowly went down over Africa.

In the evening a letter from I. "Everyone is very quiet on this ship, as if the wind were blowing over it loaded of cloud crying and a howl running away. The race at Portland. The spring and elan 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 and went as far as possible before the trap on the other side of the river; everywhere fragments of buck were strewn on the ground; the four legs, the ribs, the vertebrae.

December 29.—W. went shooting. I rode the mule over the escarpment up a narrow path. W. shot a kon-}

LLEWELYN FOWYS.
Views and Reviews.

As Usual.

I hazarded the guess that philosophers do not know the consolations of common things because they act according to the ancient maxim, Philosophia stetit non inspexit, and do not inquire into genealogies. The vulgar origin of the phrase that gives this article its title serves to obscure its significance and scope. That it became 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, exclaimed 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 position after the war. Every institution is immortal to an Englishman. In the midst of change, he remains the same. 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 origin may be; the truth being that he succumbs to the accomplished fact. 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.

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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 making of a National Register as a prelude to a 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, 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.

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The Record of Nicholas Freydon: An Autobiography. (Chatto and Windus. 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. Nevertheless, the author and journalist, is a creature of unhappy fate, of that neurotic 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 held away by the devilish craft that fails to the lot of all mindless 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 recounts 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 battle 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 Wurtemburg troops in the genial German work of sucking the blood 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 interesting and an instructive and interesting record of the observations made by a man whose nervous system was better behind than forward.

Hope. By R. L. Cunninghame Graham. The Spy. By Maxim Gorky. The Reader’s 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 infatuated with libel stories of funerals or of morbid and morbid 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 on a dead world on the one hand, and the masterpieces of Monet on the other. However, away from England Mr. Graham went his Victoria 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 has the money to buy her. However, away from England, Mr. Graham went his Victoria ideas with him. There is the usual sympathetic portrait of a French woman who has a refined soul and artistic tastes, and despises the rich Englishman who has the money to buy her.

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 facts 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 interesting and an instructive and interesting record of the observations made by a man whose nervous system was better behind than forward.

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Pastiche.

IF I WERE GOD.

(As the manner of Boratio Downley in the "Sunday 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 it should be—why, then, 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

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. Downley in our next issue; but we regret to learn that our brilliant contributor is now suffering from a severe brainstorm.—Ed. "The Sunday Hysteric."]

HARRY FOWLER.

A BALLADE OF THE BRITISH WEEKLY.

Many a sad mishap in youth befell me,

Though I obeyed my parents very weekly.

Some things they thought too horrible to tell me.

They failed to warn me from the British Weekly.

Its writers have great purity and grand.

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 an' interesting.

And wine's a nootk, ruiner it will spell me—

But still, the cup that cheers theirs most depressing.

There's no froth thereon, that we should blow it.

'Tis with concealed 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 shell,

Old men and young boys (or so, at least, they tell me)

Find Claudius in 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!

ENVOY.

Lord, faith is a frail candle. When you sow it

And this flame spluttered, so I had to blow it.

I think the British Weekly is the Limit!

SEYFRISS 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

Then the minds that come in

And Brian tries to catch them

Two of whose is which tree

Rut to me it doesn't matter

For they're just

And Brian bags the bigger pot

And it's all a silly mix

Then Brian bags the bigger pot

And it's all a silly mix

If I were— 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
Current Cant.

"God bless the workers... Waste not, want not."
ARNOld Whit.

"If I were Lord Kitchener."
Horatio Bottomly.

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

"Our wasted army of women."
Austin Harrison.

"Daily Mail" Thrift Frizes.""Daily Mail."

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

"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's Advant."

"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 Ciriotta.

"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 overwhelm this monster of Materialism."—"A Supper" 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 Statesman of rank Socialism. Only the most fat-headed person could possibly accuse our Imperial Statesman of rank Socialism."

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

"Michael Armistock, sitting on his fine old border castle of Armistock, folds up a letter he has just read, and says 'Thank.' The letter which has disturbed him is from Mrs. Hatfield, who writes that her husband is dying."—ELRINA 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 Mahomedans by the mission of the Agha Khan, or rather by the reckless policy which it revealed. In the article I quoted he alludes to Lord Hardinge with the Imperial Government as opposed to Delhi' 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 graver 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 with my "obsession." It is true that I distrust professional diplomats, especially as rulers appear. I am not writing here the "new" diplomatist, by training, is subservient to every fad of the Home Government. He is an absolute opportunist, incapable of defending his office from its own guile. Personally I have heard from the Caliphate—they may be all reactionsaries, but is 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, but it is for it, and it takes a very superficial view of Indian feeling and requirements. The distrust of Russia by Indians, the result in some degree of our instruction, is real, let S. Verdad believe me. Though other causes may have been brought Hindu and Musulman together previously, this has brought them close together since the Balkan war, when Russia's influence on British policy became more apparent. I am not writing here the "new" 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 enthusiasm 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 disrepute in a contingency of such importance to the British Empire. He goes on to write: "It is known to all military experts, it act to my critic, that, without the aid of Russia, England and France would be too strong to have been defeated by Germany. Does Mr. Pickthall or anybody else imagine that for a moment that a war with Russia on behalf of Turkey would appeal to the average Englishman, especially after a war is fighting with the Germans for his very existence? It would not."

I think it would, and every second man I meet expects it. Not that it is neither 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 interest 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 could not 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 economic grip of Germany was the economic grip of Germany for six years. I repeat what I have said more than once, namely, that England would have helped Turkey in many ways—in so many ways, in fact, that the Resolution of 1906, 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 as a motive. It is an easy generalisation of the kind which politicians on the two sides make in order to blind themselves to the facts. The Young Turks wished to get rid of German influence and fairly flung themselves into the arms of England. They asked for British help, and the British Government, which happened to be in power when the young Turks were in power, was glad to be of service. They asked for British advice, and the British Government was glad to give it. They asked for British loans, and the British Government was glad to lend. And when they asked for British military assistance, the British Government was glad to give it.

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, are, in my opinion, enemies of this country. 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, alleging that I am able to shatter the confidence of the people in the rages that are running this country, I say I have enough material to raise an issue which would shadow the war.

THE SITUATION IN FLANDERS.

Sir,—While I am in thorough sympathy with "Romney" in his attitude 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 British forces from day to day. The numbers are taken from the official lists published in the "Scotsman" during the week June 21-25, and are as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Officers and Men.</th>
<th>Killed</th>
<th>Wounded</th>
<th>Died</th>
<th>Prisoners</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Monday, 21</td>
<td>498</td>
<td>2,091</td>
<td>722</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tuesday, 22</td>
<td>436</td>
<td>2,501</td>
<td>599</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wednesday, 23</td>
<td>471</td>
<td>2,707</td>
<td>1,085</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thursday, 24</td>
<td>387</td>
<td>2,082</td>
<td>651</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Friday, 25</td>
<td>437</td>
<td>408</td>
<td>1,000</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Saturday, 26</td>
<td>407</td>
<td>2,128</td>
<td>571</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The total is thus 9,347. The figures refer to the Expeditionary Force only, and do not include the casualties of the Canadian troops, 507, presumably, though the official figures are not given.

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; in fact, 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.

C. H. MOORE.

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

I am much obliged for the information you give me concerning the opinions of Mr. Morel. 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 action in the right to insist on that during the Congo agitation, which 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 Home Office of 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 are in reply to an article appearing in 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, also pretending that the whole of certain phrases in my pamphlets showed that I must be of German origin. Criticisms of my opinions upon public affairs, naturally have no objection to, but insinuations 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 Berlin, that is to say, 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,

C. H. Norman

Cecil Chesterton, Esq.

MALTHUSIANISM.

Sir,—I trust "G. D. has not been thinking for the past few weeks that he has ever heard you will reply to my letter on Malthusianism. Unfortunately, your issue of June 10 only reached me last evening. I will point with the questions raised by your able correspondent. The former first dwells on the emigration which has taken place from Scotland and Ireland, but no doubt aware that people do not always act from compassion 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 emigration 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 itself felt, but the others have done so, increasing deaths and reducing births, thus checking the natural increase in population. I quite agree with the poet's 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 absolutely dependent on the soap of coal, a commodity which is being used up much faster than Nature is replacing it. If we use that coal when it is in some form it is that 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 deposition of pollution; for instance, the use of crucible is generally incurred by the casting and recasting of scrap metal. The exhaustion of resources which are indispensable and irreplaceable is only accelerated by the activities of man, and are, consequently, doomed.

The mass of the French people may have been driven to the small family idea, or they may not. Again, the population is not evident, because statistics prove that working-class people in this country have fewer families than wealthy or middle-class persons. It is not my desire to estimate how many people could be maintained in the British Isles than they should 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 renewed; secondly because it is very questionable whether sufficient food could be produced to maintain the inhabitants. This country is not economically self-contained; consequently, 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 territories 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 stock, it is very questionable whether sufficient over capital is economically useful. I am no student of Marx, Kropotkin, or Malthus; my acquaintance with both is confined to a little economics and the Encyclopaedia, so I have no wish to claim that I am infallible. I have no wish to enter into the animal or plant state. Karl Marx was wrong. Labour does not accumulate capital, but converts capital into labour. It has, however, may be more immediately useful than the first. No amount of labour can increase natural resources, which constitute capital wealth and which are already accumulated in crude form by Nature. Man disperses them.

A. Stratton.

ART AND UTILITY.

Sir,—I may call the attention of Senor de Matanzas to the following:

"In the next place he declared an outlay 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 money to purchase foreign wares and small wares; merchants sent no shiploads into Laconian ports; no rhetoric-master, no itinerant fortune-teller, no harlot, washerwoman, or gold or silversmith, emigrated a foot in a country which had no money; so that luxury, deprived little by little of that which fed and supported it, was forced to turn to work. I am afraid that 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, their plate, bed, bedstead, all were made of it; and the rest of their family was so perfectly made that they might have been said to live in a little city made of wood, of which the wood was so much of which wood was so much the most precious."

"Plutarch's Life of Lycurgus. W. A."

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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 women in industries where the labour is easy, would be suspended. . . . as a set-off to the restraint imposed upon workers, the Unions will gain power not enjoyed in this country since the heyday of the Medival 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 certainly 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 more than war profits. The service of a soldier should be expected and nobody should be entitled to any more than a reasonable standard of life."

—H. M. Tomlinson.

"We may make the workers 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 repercussion to that we have heard of strikers. 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's strongly organised enough to make it impossible that it should be an exploited class, 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 the common sense 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. Is this doctrine to be accepted or rejected? Let it be granted that the employers possess a legal right to set in their way. But what does it imply? Solely that the workers are 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 Trade 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 crowded together in one room? Will it tend to remove or to accentuate the inevitable disgrace of extreme luxury and extreme wretchedness living in the same soul? Will the men keep 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 working class any freedom of choice as to which Union he shall join. It means robbing the dice in favour of the Capitalist still more. . . . It is certain that, if the employers can destroy the 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 hold, from the first, that we could not prosecute the war with success so far as its capital object is concerned, or without grave loss as 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, it remains more than ever necessary for the wealthy classes to prove the world that the country can manage politics or direct the country. The world gets organised, the more apparent it becomes that 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 an exploited class, I think that we may go forward, with that fresh sense of emancipation which we hoped might come to us after the war."

—R. H. C. and "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 Augustin 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, añaulted him as 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 he has 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 editor of the world who yet has a stronger and more wholesome love of literature and its traditions than any editor. 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, añaulted him as 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 he has 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 "R. H. C. has destroyed the oil of life. Long may he flourish, wherever he lives, or whoever he may be."—"Reus in "The Leeds Weekly Citizen."