

# THE NEW AGE

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART.

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## CONTENTS.

	PAGE
NOTES OF THE WEEK . . . . .	265
FOREIGN AFFAIRS. By S. Verdad . . . . .	269
THE GERMAN AND THE EUROPEAN: A DIALOGUE.— II. By Dr. Oscar Levy . . . . .	270
ON LIBERTY OF THOUGHT. By Ramiro de Maeztu . . . . .	273
THE ECONOMIC VIEW OF HISTORY.—II. By W. Anderson . . . . .	274
IMPRESSIONS OF PARIS. By Alice Morning . . . . .	276
MORE LETTERS TO MY NEPHEW.—VI. By Anthony Farley . . . . .	277
LETTERS FROM RUSSIA. By C. E. Bechhöfer . . . . .	279
MR. SMITH IN PARADISE. By Arthur F. Thorn . . . . .	280
READERS AND WRITERS. By R. H. C. . . . .	282

	PAGE
A THREE DAYS' TRACK IN PATAGONIA. By Archi- bald Stewart . . . . .	283
VIEWS AND REVIEWS: THE PRICE OF LIBERTY. By A. E. R. . . . .	286
MANUFACTURE. By Ivor Brown . . . . .	287
REVIEWS . . . . .	288
CURRENT CANT . . . . .	290
PASTICHE. By P. Selver, C. S. D., L'Hibou, Harry Fowler . . . . .	290
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR from Cecil Chesterton, Managing Director. Ikbal Shah Jehan, Stella Browne, M. Laycott, Laurence Walsh, M. T., M. Bridges Adams, R. B. Kerr, Ramiro de Maeztu, Elsie Parsons, Harold B. Harrison . . . . .	291
PRESS CUTTINGS . . . . .	296

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE Press, we submit, has forfeited the right to condemn the South Wales miners for going on strike. It was only a few days ago that, with few exceptions, all the daily and weekly journals were calling out for the abolition of profits during the war. Like everybody with any sense of propriety, they felt that, however profits and the work of peace might go together, profits and the sacrifice of war were morally incompatible. If profits could not be entirely abolished they should at least be restricted within close limits; and a general limitation of profits was, in fact, the minimum demand of the Press in the first flush of their enthusiasm. We know, however, both what has now become of this demand and the reason for its sudden and total disappearance. Finding that their capitalist proprietors and advertisers were by no means of the same opinion, and fortified by subsidies from the Government, the Press almost unanimously decided to drop their propaganda and to swallow their words in silence. The justice of their demand, however, remains. Because for reasons shameful to journalists the leader-writers who yesterday were advocating the abolition of profits are now dumb upon the subject, it does not follow that their recent contention was unjust or even its application inexpedient. The Press has failed and has retired from the action; but the merits of the dispute are the same. All we ask is that the Press should not now denounce those of us—journalists and miners alike—who prefer consistency to treachery. Though they have themselves been captured by the capitalist enemy, they should not shout against the miners for continuing the war.

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Whatever happens to it, the principle of the abolition of profits in war-time is right. Not only is it right from the point of view of economy, but it commends itself as a truism to any mind that contemplates it. We defy, in fact, anybody to dispute it. Its application, on the other hand, is a matter of the utmost difficulty. Our own attempts to apply it by the poor means of reasoning have been, as we can easily show, logically sequential, though successively failures. A strike on the part of the men themselves was really the only step left

untried. To whom, with the rest of the Press, did we appeal in the first instance? To the responsible capitalists of the nation. We said that in a national crisis such as the present, when it behoved all classes to forgo their old privileges and to remember only their obligations, the continuance of private profits, particularly upon national service, was both evil in itself and inexpedient even as policy. Sooner or later, we said, the wage-earners from whom the profits must be extracted, would realise what was happening and cease to place the prosecution of the war above the consideration of their own class-safety. What was the reply, in deeds if not in words? In words, no doubt, the reply has been all that we could wish. There is not a capitalist we can recall who has publicly claimed the right the conscience of mankind would certainly dispute against him. From one end of the country to the other the obligation of the wealthy to sacrifice along with the rest of us has been universally preached and accepted. But in action, the last perfection of eloquence, the lie has been everywhere given to the general lip-homage. Not a capitalist, we know, has forgone profit to the last penny he could wring out of the national necessities. His money, his services, his plant, his organisation, his control of Labour, have every one been hired out to the nation at the highest rack-rent his ingenuity could command. What class of capitalists, if the war were to end at once, could prove themselves to have been made poorer by the national expenditure? The proprietors of all our national necessities—coal, food-stuffs, war-material, houses to live in, etc.—would prove, on the contrary, to have positively enriched themselves at the cost of the nation's load of indebtedness. After this, which is plain to everybody, what is the use of attempting any longer to appeal to the better feelings of the capitalist classes? Better feelings they undoubtedly have, as the private subscriptions lists show; but they are confined to their private and personal affairs. Their public sense is still elementary, since they can continue their private charity while outraging public decency by public robbery.

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We next turned to the Government. As the custodian of the national welfare, the Government had the

duty of carrying on the war with economy as well as with efficiency. The continuance of profiteering, however, militated against both the economy and efficiency of the conduct of the war by adding enormously to its cost and, still worse, by souring the minds of the mass of the nation which, be it remembered, consists of wage-earners. It was therefore the duty of the Government, in the interests of the war, to put an end to profiteering so soon as it was seen that profiteering would not put an end to itself. The Government, moreover, had undoubtedly the power necessary to this end. As a recent Appeal case has shown, not only can the State at its discretion commandeer for its service any form of private property, but any form of private property can be commandeered without the legal obligation of a penny of compensation. We know, in fact, that in the last resort the last private possession of the individual—namely, his life—can be commandeered by Society, whose power in practice no less than in theory must be regarded as absolute. Nor were examples lacking. In several of our overseas nations—Australia, Tasmania, New Zealand—the Governments had commandeered certain necessary supplies—wheat, meat, wool—and regulated their price in England's interest against their own native profiteers. The Indian Government followed suit in the case of wheat, and the South African Government in the case of coal. Surely, it would seem, our own Government would do for itself what the other Governments of the Commonwealth were willing to do for it! There was the example, too, of Germany, to which we shall refer again in a moment. Finally, it cannot be said that in abolishing profiteering during the period of the war the Government would have run the risk of unpopularity. We know that in fact no measure taken by the State would have been better calculated to raise and maintain the spirit of the nation at its highest degree of patriotism. The war would undoubtedly have become actually what theoretically it is maintained to be—a war for the preservation of a superior human and social culture against the inferior culture of our enemies. Nay, we would not say that such an act might not have ensured us the moral support of the still neutral nations and possibly of the better element in Germany itself.

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Everybody knows what has been the result of the appeal. It has been nothing or next to nothing. To the practically unchecked operation of the Law of Supply and Demand, everything in the nature of a necessary commodity of life has been left to rise in price as its profiteering monopolists determined. Still, a year from the outbreak of the war, the price of wheat is regulated by supply and demand. Coal is still king of us. Rents are rising rather than falling. The cost of living remains at somewhere about twenty-five per cent. in advance of the pre-war level. Not a monopolist, we say, but has been allowed carte blanche to take advantage of the normal market and to deal with the nation at war as if we were in a state of peace. When, on the other hand, it was claimed that as a commodity among commodities, Labour should be allowed to benefit by the Law of Supply and Demand, and to advance its price (or, in other words, its wages) as supply decreased and demand increased, the retort was moral indignation and Government action. Then, indeed, the Government was swift enough to act. The commodity of wheat might demand its price in the competitive market; the commodity of coal might go on strike until its price was paid; and the Government looked indulgently on the higgling. But Labour, having the misfortune to be susceptible to appeal, being animate and partially self-determinate, could not, though a commodity, share the privileges of other commodities, but their disabilities only. Every endeavour of the State in its dealings with the commodity of Labour has been to interfere with the operation of the very same Law of Supply and Demand which in the case of other commodities has been allowed to act without let or hindrance. Can anybody deny it? We are open to be convinced. But from common ob-

servation we concluded that to appeal further to a Government so blind to its injustice was useless. No less than the profiteers the State had also failed to abolish for the nation profiteering altogether; with this added injustice—that it sought to abolish profiteering in the commodity of Labour alone.

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Our next appeal was addressed to the Trade Unions. Having power, the right of discipline and a good deal of public responsibility, it appeared to us that, with the failure of the profiteers and of the State, the duty of relieving the nation as well as their own class of the burden of war-profits fell upon the men's organisations. One of two things they had not only every right but every obligation to insist upon: on the one hand to secure that profits on all commodities, including Labour, should be abolished; or, in the alternative, that the commodity of Labour should enjoy equal immunity from control with the rest of commodities. Thinking more of the nation than of wages, and more of the future status of Labour than of its immediate material advantage, we recommended that of the two courses the former should be taken in preference to the latter. It was infinitely more important in our opinion that profiteering should be totally abolished, if only for the period of the war, as, at any rate, an example for future civilisation, than that Labour should share equally in the scramble with Wheat and Coal for the looting of the nation. What might not follow from the co-operation in a common spirit, even from a temporary co-operation, of the State and of Labour? The first stone of the first national commonwealth ever seen upon this earth might then perhaps have been laid never to be moved again. In comparison with such a possibility the chance of even fabulous wages deserved to be rejected with contempt. The Trade Union leaders, however, fell between two stools. Blind to the issues of their choice, they succumbed to the appeal of patriotism, but without securing anything that either patriotism or their duty to their members demanded. To have pledged their members against strikes in return for relieving the nation of war-profits in general would have been patriotic both to themselves and us. But to pledge their members against strikes while leaving them and the nation under the burden of profiteering elsewhere was the sentiment of patriotism minus its sense. Yet that, it is obvious, is exactly what they did. As far as their official authority carries, they have given up the economic right of their members to sell their labour in the same market and on the same terms with Coal and Wheat, for no advantage to anybody but the profiteers who employ them. Commodity prices have not declined and will not decline because Labour agrees to sell itself cheaply. The nation, in other words, gets no benefit out of the sacrifice. And equally, it is clear, the Unions as Unions obtain no benefit either. There is, indeed, one advantage, if it can be so called, that Labour has obtained: a place in the Cabinet for Mr. Henderson and seats upon the stairs for Mr. Brace and Mr. Roberts. We scarcely think, however, that this result is commensurate with its cost.

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We expect we have left our readers in no doubt where to look for our next line of defence against profiteering. On the assumption which, as we know, the Press as well as the public at one time shared with us, that profiteering should be abolished; and on the evidence, which is open to the world, that successively the profiteers themselves, the State and the Trade Unions have failed to abolish it, we invite the Press to say where we must turn save to the rank and file. Mr. Thomas, with much public approval, may announce that unless the Government stops its fooling, "the workers themselves will rise in revolt." Why should not we with equal approval announce our satisfaction at the fact that the workers have already risen? What, in short, was left to be



done but to call upon the workers to take up the duty which more immediately responsible authorities had failed to discharge? Either the abolition of profiteering during the war was advisable—as the Press thought—or it was not. If it was not, then the “Times,” the “Daily Express” and other such journals were wrong in recommending it. But if it was, and nobody save the workmen could be got to attempt it, then the strikers of South Wales should be hailed as our best legislators. We, at any rate, have no intention of eating our words upon the subject. What we have said we have said. We said that if the workmen were assured that profits elsewhere would be abolished they would be wise to forgo any rise in wages themselves. On the other hand, we said they would be fools to accept the limitation of the price of their labour while the prices of other commodities were permitted to rise without limit. And we said further that they should be prepared to follow their leaders while these were negotiating in their and the nation’s behalf, but they should repudiate them as soon as it was clear that their leaders had been sold. Where the repudiation would first occur we did not profess to know; but that it would occur when the Munitions Act came into being we prophesied with the utmost confidence. If a flash of perception, we said, should light upon the workers in any part of the country, the repudiation of leaders, employers and of the State was certain. We hoped it would be so. We urged it should be so. To the best of our limited power, we have tried to make it so. What is more, we contend that both the Press and the Public are equally responsible with us; and ought equally to be gratified with us. The injustice of which the South Wales miners complain (setting aside the mere excuses for the strike—as irrelevant to the issue as the white papers to the war) is the self-same injustice of which the Press and the public complain. It is not primarily a class-grievance, though this is involved, but a national grievance. As our quarrel with Germany, based, it appeared, on points of diplomacy, is now seen to be an issue for mankind, no less, we contend, is the dispute in South Wales an affair for the whole nation. As completely as we are on the side of England against Germany, we are on the side of the miners against their profiteering employers.

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Faced, however, by a situation it had itself helped to provoke—be it remembered that the “Daily Express” called in leaded type for the abolition of profits in every industry—the Press turned and fled. What a blessing it is that our soldiers are not of the character of our journalists! Exalting the courage of our troops and living at this moment upon the tales of their heroism, the Press itself displays the cowardice we should rather witness in our enemies than in members (if they are!) of our own nation. At a word from the profiteers they have not only ceased to call for the abolition of profits, but they have turned their guns and poisonous gas upon the men whose offence is to have taken their recent propaganda seriously. The “Daily News,” for example, pompously remarks that to the attitude taken by the men “there is, of course, only one reply.” “Any notion that concessions would put the matter right may be dismissed . . . it would only be a signal for further demands . . . a sign of weakness, etc., etc.” Without dwelling upon the fact that this Government of “slander, scandal, intrigue and personal aggrandisement” has no dignity to stand upon, the attitude of the “Daily News” may be said to be characteristic of England as bully. Oh, how stiff the lips of these journalists become when the victim is supposed to be weak! But compare it with their posture when the case is otherwise. Then compromise is of the very genius of the nation. “Unless,” said the “Times” Washington correspondent last week, “unless we compromise, and compromise promptly, we must be prepared for a comprehensive agitation against our high-handedness, the result of which nobody can foresee.” He is speaking

of America, and the unforeseeable result is the holding up of supplies of munition. Sweet then are the uses of Compromise; promptly then must its services be sought. But to compromise with South Wales miners is not to be thought of, as beneath the dignity of Mr. Long and Sir F. E. Smith. However, compromise we must, we hope, sooner or later. Labour, to put it bluntly, is a Great Power of at least equal weight with America. If we can contemplate compromise with America, compromise with Labour is easy. Failing compromise, prompt compromise, Labour that might have been neutral and was benevolent, will assuredly become hostile.

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It is affectation on the part of the Press to pretend to be ignorant of the causes of the strike. The Press know the causes as well as we do, and perhaps even better than the miners themselves. Nevertheless, it must fetch a compass about the earth and bring home mares’-nests as if the causes were the most recondite in the world. The obvious charge is, of course, that the men are either unaware of the seriousness of the national situation or are unpatriotic. But this is met by the admission of the “Daily News” that the striking district is of all others the recruiting district. There is scarcely a house in the South Wales mine area that has not sent a man to the war. This, we timidly suggest, is not an evidence of unpatriotism or of any failure to realise the gravity of the situation. It ought to be imagined, in fact, how grave their own situation must appear to them to be, to obscure, if only for a day or two, the national situation in their minds. A more learned explanation, but equally far-fetched and as little worth the carriage, is that of the “Times” and the “Daily News.” Both these journals attribute the strike to the agitation of “a small but industrious clique of Syndicalists that has captured the Union and is using it to stampede industry.” They are “clever fellows,” says the “Times,” young men with Syndicalist dreams, and they make a cat’s-paw of the innocent miners. Will the educated Press never recover from the delight with which its leaders first learned the meaning of Syndicalism? The word has become Mesopotamia both to the “Times” and the “Daily News.” Even Mr. Gardiner, of the latter journal, on Saturday last, displayed his pride in having never forgotten a pamphlet that South Wales has long ago outgrown: “The Miners’ Next Step.” May we assure our learned friends that Syndicalism is obsolete . . . that it no longer exists as an active force? We buried it ourselves.

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But if the strike is not due to lack of patriotism or the presence of Syndicalism, still less is it due to German influence in Wales. Yet our Press has not hesitated to suggest it, as if it were the most likely thing that in a Welsh district of workmen any German emissary could find a better reception than a horse-pond. The “Times” on Friday announced that those “clever fellows” already mentioned were undoubtedly backed by German influence; but on Saturday the same journal informed the world that “if the men were acting under German influence it was impossible to discover any evidence of it.” The “Daily News” referred mysteriously to “sinister” influences; and the “Daily Express,” ridiculous as ever, offered a reward of £5,000 for information leading to the arrest and conviction of the effective ghost. If our circulation in South Wales were greater than it is, we should gladly turn “Express”-evidence and charge ourselves with the crime to present the reward to the men on strike. For we are, we affirm, as much the cause as it is within our power to be. What is the use of looking for imaginary Germans when real Englishmen are prepared to take the blame upon themselves? We are, we may hope, the “clever fellows” in the case, the men with Syndicalist dreams, the little clique that is using the workmen as cats’-paws. And we have been at our job not for four years, as the “Times” calculates, but for eight. Our

object is the simple straightforward object of putting an end to profiteering—the same end, in fact, which the "Daily Express" itself preached. If that is to be pro-German and Mr. Blumenfeld is to be the judge of it, then we stand self-condemned. Unless and until, however, we can be proved to be under German influence, let the charge not fall upon our "cats'-paws" in Wales or elsewhere.

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With the detailed causes of the strike we are not concerned for the moment. We have examined them and we think them sufficient. Of the underlying cause, however, there need not be the smallest doubt: it is the continued existence of profiteering in the coal-trade. We have already remarked that it was more than flesh and blood could be expected to stand, to see its commodity of Labour borne down in the market only to raise the price of the rest of commodities. In the case of coal the contrasted treatment of the two commodities became intolerable to behold. While in South Wales wages were rising only slowly and within a maximum fixed by an old agreement, prices to the advantage of the masters were rising beyond the dreams of Syndicalism. Nor will the recent belated Act to Regulate Coal-prices have the smallest effect upon profits this side of next June or, indeed, afterwards. Are thy servants fools, we would ask the employing class, to mistake the intention of an Act from which current contracts are excluded? But to express their indignation with the cowardice and trickery of the master-class, what was left the miners but to strike? It was and is their only way of protesting. Mr. Clem Edwards, the good fellow, announces now that if only the miners will return to work "many of us are prepared to urge the Government to take over the mines if necessary." If necessary! Is necessity the only standard of what is right as well as of what is expedient? And where would be the palpable necessity if the men went quietly back to work? Mr. Edwards must surely see that his qualification either robs his offer of all value or is an invitation to the men to remain on strike. But the "Times" says that what Mr. Edwards promises to urge upon the Government is actually the object of the men. These Syndicalists (!), the "extremists" among them, are "out to force the Government to nationalise the mines"—a campaign, the "Times" adds, which "Ministers are not likely to tolerate." Apart from the absurdity of attributing to Syndicalists the desire to nationalise the mines, what is there in the proposal to incite the intolerance of our scrambled Ministers? Again, what is there in the proposal to employ the mines and miners in national service to provoke the "Times" to ridicule?

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We know that the "Times" blows hot and cold and is not to be depended upon to say the same thing two days running. We could cite a dozen recent examples of it, if the fact were necessary to establish. What, however, the "Times" would wish the world to believe is that in its preaching of National Service it has never wavered, however much on smaller matters it may have turned with the wind. But let us see. On Monday the "Times" reported our rising Liberal platitudinarian, Sir John Simon, as having recommended national organisation; and retorted upon him on Tuesday that the advice had better be addressed to his colleagues, rather than to the country at large. "The country," said the "Times," "has all the while been in advance of the Government. . . . The Government ought to institute National Service for everybody." But what form does National Service take in the mind of the "Times"? No other, we reply, than the very form demanded by the South Wales extremists; for on the same day on which it denounced the strike, it reported the nationalisation of the coal-mines of Germany with this comment: "It is an interesting and significant example of German forethought in dealing with problems which we are always

inclined to leave till far too late." Who is inclined to leave them? Not the people, and certainly not the workers. Heaven knows that these problems have been pressed upon our Government during the last fifty years. The answer is that the Government is to blame; and our comment is to invite the "Times" to share our admiration of the South Wales miners for attempting to force the English Government to the course taken and approved in Germany. Why not, we ask? Is it that Germany, being a militarist country, can dictate to Capital, whereas England, a capitalist country, cares to dictate only to Labour? Think well over this before you reply. For if in England the State dare not dictate to Capital, whatever the needs of national organisation may be, must not the alternative be to invite Labour to do it, even to save the nation? We certainly hope that what the miners are "out for," if it be the enrolment of themselves and the mines in national service, they will obtain. And we call the "Times" and the rest of the Press as witnesses in their defence. Nationalise the mines, hand over their control to a Guild composed of the existing skilled managers and men, and not only is the strike settled, but the war is as good as won. The spirit created in England would spread abroad and consume our enemies. Not a doubt would remain that our culture is superior to kultur. As it is—well, militarism can control profiteering. We do not seem to be able, without the aid of strikes.

#### THE SPECULATIVE MEDITATIONS OF CLARENCE FRIPP, Minor Poet, Author of "Silver Tears and Golden Laughter," "The Rhythmic Art of Eli Peck," etc.

. . . . . Hm, if a bomb, some windless summer night  
Came hurtling down to blot me out, what then?  
Should text-books land me for my fancy's flight  
And I live (Ennius-like) on lips of men?

Should, when the tale is told, an inky spurt  
Of paragraphs, obituaries, critiques,  
Biographies, "appreciations," squirt  
From fifty pens of fifty babbling freaks?

I wonder. . . . But, to cite a worthy tag,  
*Non omnis moriar*. . . . Oh, dear me, no!  
I think, without the least desire to brag,  
My fate would rig a tidy little show.

Thus, jostled by an actress and a judge,  
And faced by England's Oldest Sporting Peer,  
I'd grace the "Daily Mirror" as a smudge  
Labelled:—"The Huns have ended his career!"

While Mr. Gossip's drivel would narrate  
How at the Café Royal once he saw  
Me in the vortex of a loud debate  
Sipping a greenish liquid through a straw.

And Aldington would strike his bardic prose  
To fill an "Egoist" column with a sigh.  
And Holbrook with a puff of threadbare prose  
Would lift me to a pedestal on high.

How's this for Holbrook? "All his Life was Art . . .  
The Loss to English Letters is Supreme!  
His Brave Young Spirit chose the Better Part . . ."  
("p. 12. Our Latest Competition Scheme.")

Then Pound. . . . He'd write, of course, though God  
knows what . . .

—Some bilge about the Texture of my Work.  
And—yes, THE NEW AGE crowd (a scurvy lot)  
Would bandy japes and epigrams, and smirk.

It might perhaps (if space was going cheap)  
Run to a shortish notice in the "Times."  
Who knows? Some Bishop, bidding England weep,  
Might even trim a sermon with my rhymes.

I see that bounder Slagg,—the sordid crook  
Rubbing his hands. . . . One more edition sold  
Of "Clarence Fripp's Profoundly Human Book."  
(Vide Advert.) Trust the swine to rake in gold!

All this may come to pass. . . . But, as of yore,  
I fear that Destiny will do me down;  
I shall hang on for fifty years and more  
Dishing my only chance to bag renown.

P. SELVER.



## Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

EVER since February there have been persistent reports in financial circles in the United States—particularly, of course, in Wall Street—that Germany would be compelled to sue for peace in October or November; for by that time, so the argument ran, her economic force would be so far spent that she could not continue the campaign. A reference to the New York daily papers, and to such well-known financial organs as the "Wall Street Journal" and the "New York Journal of Commerce," will show how steadily these reports have been spread for five or six months. The latest is one I see quoted in the English Press from the "Wall Street Journal," the editor of which refers to the Kaiser's alleged statement that the war would be at an end in October, and adds that the Kaiser would have nothing to do with the ending of the war even if hostilities were suspended in October. And he goes on to say:

Germany is not merely beaten but bankrupt now. What the German bankers are fighting for is a successful receivership. They know well enough that even this will be impossible with another winter of war. What can they do? Already they have concentrated all the gold of the country in the Reichsbank, where it has the merest parade value. The foreign exchange market has gone, and only for this reason the value of the paper mark is what they choose to call it. In another six months it will rank little above shin-plaster for the purposes of world trade.

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A statement in our own financial organ, the "Financial News," of July 16, tends to confirm these American reports. The "Financial News" quotes City declarations, on good authority, to the effect that Germany is even now making tentative peace proposals through the United States; that not merely is the Hamburg-Amerika line bankrupt, but the Reichsbank as well, and that there are grave differences of opinion between Bavaria and Prussia. Readers of these articles will have been prepared for assertions of this character, which are not at all devoid of foundation. As I have stated in these columns already, Germany and Austria made tentative peace overtures to Russia and France so far back as last winter; and from the skillful hints which have since appeared in the semi-official German papers from time to time it is pretty evident that on more than one occasion the German Government—and, even more so, the Austrian and Bavarian Governments—would have been only too glad to listen to peace suggestions from any responsible quarter. But, although the Prussians and the Bavarians are not on friendly terms, there is no immediate expectation that Bavaria will break away from Prussia and thus threaten the complete disruption of the German Empire. The German States are united at the present time, not because they love one another in a Christian spirit, but because they realise that the old tag about hanging together or hanging separately still holds good. It is conceivable that either Austria or Turkey might break away from Germany; it is highly improbable that the German Empire will itself fall to pieces at this stage. It must be recollected that the German States, for very many reasons, of which their geographical position is not the least important, must have some form of customs union; and repeated experiments have proved that the present form of Zollverein, which has now stood the test of generations, is the most convenient.

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Although the financial condition of Germany has already been touched upon in THE NEW AGE a further reference to it in the light of recent developments will not be out of place. It will be remembered that when the German war loans were issued it was found necessary to finance them very largely through the so-called Darlehnskassen, or war loan banks formed ad hoc. In the beginning the Darlehnskassen advanced sixty per

cent., then seventy per cent., and finally seventy-five per cent., on German State bonds and on other good securities. Cash was issued against these securities in the form of Darlehnskassenscheine, or war loan notes; and these notes were recognised as legal currency. Even the Reichsbank accepts these notes as (nominal) gold; but there is no gold cover for them. The Darlehnskassenscheine, that is to say, cannot at present be redeemed; and, it is most important to note, they cannot be redeemed at all unless Germany wins a clear victory over the Allies and secures a heavy indemnity from each and all of them. Now this, as the whole world knows at this stage, is quite out of the question. It is financially unsound to promote new companies for the purpose of saving the wreckage of older ones; for such new companies always end in bankruptcy. Indeed, as the "Wall Street Journal" concisely expresses it, Germany is now bankrupt, and her Darlehnskassenscheine are worth about as much "shin-plaster." This is why, as the "Financial News" has pointed out, German tourists to Switzerland have had to return home. No neutral country will willingly accept German paper, and Germans themselves are not allowed to take gold out of the country. Such international operations as the Germans have been able to engage in since the war began have had to be managed by the Reichsbank. In some cases credits have been arranged for, as in Amsterdam; or gold has been exported, as to Denmark; or a small loan has been floated by private bankers on behalf of the Reichsbank, e.g., in New York.

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The result of this aspect of German finance is a decline in the value of the mark. All German paper money is valueless outside Germany, whereas English paper money, being properly covered in gold, may be exchanged at ordinary exchange rates anywhere. If bills are paid in a neutral country with German paper money, the paper must at once be remitted to a German banker, who arranges to discount it. The present depreciation is from fifteen to seventeen per cent., and it is no greater only because the German Government has arranged for the sale of so many foreign securities held in the German Empire. As the securities are gradually bought in, the depreciation necessarily becomes greater. Austria has had very few foreign securities to sell, with the consequence that Austrian paper in neutral countries has now depreciated to the extent of thirty-three per cent. In addition to the Darlehnskassen, however, which lent money on securities, we have, in Germany, the so-called Kriegskreditbanken through which advances (in paper) on tangible property can be secured. In fact, the Kriegskreditbanken are little more than elaborate pawnshops, authorised to issue paper currency. It is hopeless to try to find out what proportion the paper currency of Germany bears to the gold reserve at the present time; but the disparity is enormous.

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It is not to be wondered at if, in these circumstances, the Berlin bankers should be anxious about their future. They may well be. But, if Germany sued for peace now, and got it, even by agreeing to every one of the Allies' demands, the German people would not have received adequate instruction in the lesson which the Allies are desirous of teaching them. If we are not to have another war within thirty or forty years the belief of the Germans in the efficiency of their military power must be broken. Silesia, and the western industrial districts must be overrun with hostile troops, and German armies must be defeated on German soil. This is the only thing which will even have a tendency to bring the German people to their senses. Force is the chosen weapon of the German, no matter what State or province he may come from; and by force he must be defeated. Depreciated paper will have its effect on German currency; but this war has been waged with the object of uprooting the German illusion. Let us not lose sight of our goal.

## The German and the European.

By Dr. Oscar Levy.

### II.\*

THE GERMAN: Your remarks the other day about the Christian origin of this war have set me thinking, for, unfamiliar as these views were to me, we have no right to disregard any opinion, however strange, amidst our present calamities. I have, however, come to the conclusion that "the mystical and religious obsession," which you discovered at the root of Pan-Germanism, is less to be found with us than with you.

THE EUROPEAN: Surely you would not call me a mystic?

G.: Not exactly; but if you are not a mystic, you are likewise obsessed by an idea.

E.: Which idea?

G.: An idea about our religion.

E.: And what is this idea?

G.: Well, you know, you smell Christianity everywhere. I am sure that if a child gets the measles, if an earthquake takes place, or if a letter gets lost in the post, you will always hold Christianity responsible for it. This religion seems to be to you what the red rag is for the bull. You may not be conscious of that obsession, but other people cannot help noticing it.

E.: I see, you think me somewhat of a crank. . . Or perhaps worse. . . The word "obsession," you are aware, is not unknown to the alienist.

G.: Well, don't let us call it obsession then. Let me say that no one can help noticing the religious bent of your character. You seem to trouble a great deal about religion—more than anybody I know.

E.: Here you may be right, for other people do as a rule not trouble about religion at all. Amongst a hundred people who can talk sensibly on politics there is one who can talk on religion, and that one, as a rule, cannot talk sensibly.

G.: Well, you know religion is not interesting enough to be talked about a great deal. It is much better and much more profitable to speak about something else that we can see, feel, or hear—than about the "Great Unknown" or the "Great Unknowable." I remember the title of an English book that always set me laughing: "In touch with the Infinite." . . . Well, you know, I like to be in touch with something more touchable and finite than that, be it men, women, child, or country. Religion may be all right for old women, or even young women, who always look very well with a prayer-book in their hands on a church parade. But as for us men, I beg to be excused.

E.: I do not agree; there is no more manly occupation for thought than religion. It is a pity that so few men have any interest in it, but I quite understand the lack of interest.

G.: Why?

E.: Because everybody is not gifted for it. Chemistry, zoology, mechanics, politics even are to a certain extent within the reach of every one; but, as to religion, well, "poeta nascitur, sed non fit."

G.: You mean, you even want a poetical insight into men and things for that? Well, I know many religious people who are the opposite of poetical, who have always seemed to me the most humdrum of mankind. Far from being poetical, they just appear to yearn for religion, because they are so little poetical. You know what someone once said: Religion is the poetry for prosaic people.

E.: That may be so, but it just proves the importance of the subject. You see that even the most prosaic people cannot live without some guiding ideas—and for this they appeal to religion.

G.: I quite see that; but we have our literary men to give us ideas.

\*The first of these dialogues appeared in our issue of June 24.

E.: And where do the literary men get them from?

G.: No doubt from other literary men bigger than themselves; from the poets, for instance.

E.: And where do the poets get them from?

G.: The Gods inspire them—at least, so they tell us.

E.: That's what they tell us or used to tell us in former ages. But I think that the Gods do not inspire the poets, but that the poets inspire the Gods. They create the Gods, in other words.

G.: That was in former ages too, but now they only create men, and very poor specimens of them, as a rule.

E.: I agree poor poets create poor men, but the big poets big men.

G.: What do you call "big men"?

E.: Those who lay down the law of "good and evil."

G.: Surely it is not so difficult to tell you what is good or what is evil. Common sense tells you that.

E.: Did common sense tell you to violate the neutrality of Belgium?

G. (hesitating): Yes, it did, because necessity knows no law.

E.: So your common sense sometimes knows no law? But that is very sad, for how can we live in a lawless world?

G.: Well, upon which other principles do you wish us to act? Everybody must look after his own advantage. We are all egotists, and we have to be.

E.: Decidedly, but the question is what is your advantage; the question is which egotism is profitable. Egotism is sometimes to be condemned severely, because. . .

G.: So you condemn egotism severely? Should we then have loved the enemies who threatened us? Should we have turned the other cheek? Should we have forgiven seventy times seven all those who made us angry? Do you think us absolute fools? Don't you think we know that the world could not be run on Christian principles for a week?

E.: On what principles is it to be run, then?

G.: I don't know, and I don't care. I told you we were no Christians, but you would have us so all the same. It was you who called us so; it is for you to prove your case.

E.: But you said in a former conversation to me: "Immortality never prospers." You know that is a Christian principle. "The good are rewarded, the bad are punished"—according to our holy books. You seem to agree to it, for the prosperity of Germany was due (according to you) to her moral perfection, to her spiritual rectitude, to her system of social justice.

G.: Well, and what is your opinion on the subject? Is it perhaps your opinion that "Immortality is the source of prosperity"?

E.: It is. . .

G.: Well, you are a very plucky chap, or (excuse me) a very impudent one. And upon which facts do you base your opinion?

E.: Upon my observation of life, upon my study of history, upon my own experience.

G.: Well, we should then be the first of all people, because—according to the public opinion of the hour—we are the most immoral nation under the sun. I am exceedingly grateful to you, for if "immortality is really the source of prosperity," we shall come splendidly out of this fight. Thank you very much.

E.: You know there are two kinds of immortality—one from weakness, the other from strength. They should not be mixed up, though they always are. . . Your immortality is not one with a good conscience, far from it. . . It comes from confusion of thought, from want of balance, from lack of insight. . .

G.: How do you know that?

E.: Because yours is a stupid immortality. You would never have gone to war if you had been clever immoralists, for you would have known that the whole of Europe would face you. And if you had gone to war, you would never have violated the neutrality of



Belgium, for clever immoralists not only know themselves but others and their sensibilities as well. And if you had violated the neutrality of Belgium, you should have found better excuses for this act than Bethmann-Hollweg did. Clever immoralists are men of imagination, of foresight. . .

G. : They are good liars, you mean; be candid. . . . But we are not experts in the art of trickery and perfidy as you and your like seem to be. As I told you before, we are an honest people—and we do not trust dishonest leaders.

E. : If you are such honest people you should not have gone in for great politics, which can only be done by great men. . .

G. : Dishonest men, you mean. I wish you would call a spade a spade.

E. : Dishonest men, if you like. The greater the statesman, the more dishonest he is and has to be. . . .

G. : All we should have to do then, my dear European, is to open our prisons, select the greatest scoundrel from their inmates, and make him Prime Minister.

E. : I have no doubt that there is quite decent material in prison for many an honourable profession. I have no doubt either that many an honourable Prime Minister ought to be locked up for general incapacity. But the selection of the greatest scoundrel for the post of leading statesman would not do. All great statesmen are no doubt dishonest, but all dishonest people are not great statesmen.

G. : Please do not bombard me with clever epigrams and paradoxes. I do not like them. All I can say is this: we do not want dishonest men, clever or otherwise, in responsible positions. . . .

E. : Then you will have to renounce your dreams of political greatness.

G. : But we would like to expand just as other peoples do or did.

E. : I have no doubt you would. . . . But I repeat, you can never do that with honest leaders, with men who believe in Kant, or similar doctrines. . . . You remember you told me that some of your leading men were admirers of Kant's morality. Many of your scholars and professors likewise think highly of him. With those Kantian rules you cannot run an Empire; not even a shop. . . .

G. : The Kantian doctrine is no doubt somewhat ideal. But men must have ideals, you know, though sometimes they are unable to live up to them entirely. Sometimes, even, it must be confessed, the most ideal rules are not applicable. . . . The need of the hour comes first and one has to make allowances, you know.

E. : I see, it is a short way from Kant to cant, and, therefore, from Kant to Krupp. . . . No, my German friend. One is either a Kantian or a politician, either a Christian or a Hellene, either a good man or an intelligent one, either an honest man or a free man, either a slave or a master. . . . You wish to be everything at the same time, but that is impossible. . . . Forgive me, but I think you are the most muddle-headed nation of Europe. There seems to be an entire lack of character in you, a total absence of any fixed or firm principle of right and wrong. . . .

G. : And what about the other nations? Excuse an impudent question: Do you know anything of those nations? Do you know anything of the literature of Europe?

E. : I do know something about it, but, please, do not excuse yourself—we must be frank with each other, in order to come to some result.

G. : Very well, then. I myself know something about it too—you know we Germans are a bookish people. . . . I will call to your mind a few literary examples of modern Europe, a few of her representative men, who have moulded, and are moulding, the mind of the present generation. . . . It will be a lesson to you, for it will prove to you that our enemies are the muddle-headed,

not we. Do you remember that Russian epileptic Dostoevski?

E. : I do.

G. : Very well, this gentleman gives himself out to be a sincere Christian; his novels abound with characters of absolute moral perfection; he gets furious with everybody who speaks badly of the founder of his religion. The same man is a blatant Russian patriot, a Pan Slavist of the worst kind, a mystical believer in the "mission" of Russia, a prophet, who during the Russo-Turkish war of 1878 coolly announces that only the conquest of Constantinople will satisfy the "just" claims of "Holy" Russia. A Christian and a conqueror—is that muddle-headed enough for you? . . . Take another, and this time a living example: one from Paris, not from St. Petersburg. There is Anatole France, an Anti-Christian, it is true, but a humanitarian, a pacifist, a Socialist. The war breaks out and he, a man of 70, asks to be enlisted as a private soldier. A pacifist—in the trenches. Is there no lack of principle in this man? . . . Take a third example, this time from England. There is George Bernard Shaw, Irishman, Christian, Puritan, and Socialist. You might think him a man of the firmest and purest convictions if you hear that. He is nothing of the kind. Though an Irishman, he criticises the Irish; though a Christian, he calls into question Christianity; though a Puritan and a Socialist, he denounces both Puritanism and Socialism; though a feminist, he writes against women. A critic of everything, a creator of nothing. A man who raises questions but cannot answer them. A man without values, without principles, without any sure ground under his feet. A nihilist, in short. . . . Is that muddle-headed enough for you?

E. : You have made out a very good case for yourself. But, please, do not under-rate these writers too much. I quite agree that they cannot give definite answers to the many questions that confront us; but there is even some merit in raising them. All these men are men of some intellectual honesty—men who have suffered themselves, no doubt, from the bewilderment of our age. You have not even yet suffered, you were not even deep enough for that. You have not produced one single writer who can be compared even to a Bernard Shaw, the least important of these three.

G. : A very good thing too. . . . We do not need unbalanced intellectuals. They are a dangerous crew. They throw doubts into innocent hearts and they paralyse action. Look at that Shaw who at the most critical moment of English history coolly tells his countrymen "the truth" . . . . As if the truth mattered, if you are drowning. . . . Thank God, we have no Shaws! And may our enemies have plenty of them.

E. : But this Shaw was famous in Germany, before he was even known in England. It is you who made him.

G. : Who made him? Our intellectuals. But our intellectuals do not count at all, I repeat it to you. We consider intellectuals as people who could not get on in a decent profession. We despise them as the Romans did their Graeculi. . . .

E. : I share your contempt to a certain extent, but to a certain extent only. No doubt, the intellectuals are sometimes too lazy to learn anything properly, and there are likewise many who choose this calling because it provides them with a decent cloak for general incapacity. But your conclusions about them are too sweeping, too German, my friend. And your contempt of them has done you a great deal of harm.

G. : How is that—what does it matter what these decadents think? The time is for powder and shot and plenty of it, if possible. The age of the æsthetic has passed—thank heaven it has. No more long hair and dirty linen now! No more lectures on "What is beauty?" and "What is noble?" To fight for one's country is now the only beauty; to die for it the only nobility.

E. : But many of you did die and will die, because

you have despised these "clever intellectuals." These contemptible people are against you in the whole of Europe, and they guide public opinion to a large extent. Look at the Italian poet Gabriele d'Annunzio.

G.: A full-mouthed and empty-headed creature. I feel sorry for a nation that allows itself to be guided into misery and breach of faith by such men. I do not see, by the way, what harm we have done to these second-rate poets. Why should they be against us, who have received them with open arms before the war? It was silly, no doubt, we did, but, as I told you, our intellectuals did it; the sane part of our nation cannot be held responsible for it.

E.: I will tell you why the intellectuals of Europe are against you. They may not know it themselves, or they only half know it. They suspect in you, the most advanced people in material civilisation, the most backward in spiritual uprightness. Now, the value of a nation—for the intellectual—consists just in the degree of intellectual honesty reached by men or people. The Russian and French have it, the English have it—to a much lesser degree, no doubt—but they have it. You have not got it at all, and the fear of the intellectuals is that, with you, a backward people will come to power, a people that will throw Europe back into that intellectual chaos out of which it is just trying to emerge.

G.: How do you know that—by which symptoms do you diagnose our disease of "intellectual dishonesty?"

E.: By a glance of your literature. You know what strikes an impartial observer of this literature most? It is the same phenomenon that springs to the eyes of a visitor to London in winter time: the presence of fog. What astonishes him still more is the discovery of the fact that both the German and the Londoner do not seem to mind fog, that they are rather fond of it. And to his amusement he will find out that they both like it for the same reason. Both the German and the Londoner have to hide ugliness; that's why they like fogs. And the ugliness arises in both cases from the same source: the lack of style and the mixture of all styles. Look at a public building in London: it is a pot-pourri of all possible architectural styles. Look at German literature: you have no style, no values either, and you mix up all values that ever were. Your writers remind me of the mediæval chemist who prepared his medicine out of all possible ingredients, in the pious hope that the right stuff might be amongst them. The mediæval patients no doubt mostly died of it, but you Germans seem to swallow it with impunity and even to thrive on it. . . . Whether we climb the highest peaks of your philosophy or wade through the lowest swamps of your journalism—everywhere we find that astonishing mixture of contradictory ideas—happily and peacefully lying together, like the lion and the lamb of the prophets. . . . Hellenism and Semitism, Christianity and Teutonism, Renaissance and Reformation, Spinoza and Kant, Goethe and Bismarck, Nietzsche and Zeppelin—there is nothing a German will not gulp down, and, what is worse, digest. You are the greatest intellectual compromisers of the age, an age which is almost an expert in that gentle art of compromise. I quite see that others are in a muddle too, but with others there is hope—with you there is none.

G.: So the most powerful nation of Europe is the most hopeless one! You are plucky indeed to argue against the most patent facts of the day. And how, my European friend, do you account for our mental muddle? What is wrong with us?

E.: That is not so very easy to say. If you will take my opinion, it is that you have never been properly to school, or, better, that you have run away from all proper schools without having finished your education. I see you smiling at this remark of mine, for, as a German, you naturally think that education is just your strong point. . . . It depends, however, on what kind of education you mean. . . . Your education, provided

as it is by the Staté, does not consider the interest of the individual at all. It sacrifices the individual.

G.: But why not? Why not sacrifice mere personal interests to something higher? What nonsense would it be, to let every individuality expand as it pleases, to grant to everybody unlimited freedom of growth and action, to let every Hans and Fritz develop his beautiful soul! . . . No, my dear European, we do not believe in beautiful souls and their native goodness, as did that mad dreamer Jean Jacques Rousseau; we believe that everybody should learn something decent and make himself generally useful. By serving others, he will likewise serve himself. So, after all, we do consider the interest of the individual, even his highest. For what interest of the individual can be higher than the welfare of the community? And if you call it sacrifice, is not such sacrifice a very noble one?

E.: That sounds all right, but it is not—at least, it is not right for all men. Some men, you know, must not be made to serve the advantage of others, but their own. Some few men must be allowed to develop their own selves, for there must be those who command, as well as those who serve. . . . These few men are suffocated by your schools—you cannot favour the average man without murdering the higher. . . . For these higher individuals there are only two schools, from both of which the German, as I told you, has run away. It is sixteenth century Italy and seventeenth, and to a lesser degree eighteenth-century France. You protested against Italy with your Reformation, against France with your philosophy.

G.: I think your opinion unfounded. We have always had higher individuals, in spite, or, as I will have it, on account of our good education.

E.: You have had them, no doubt, and I will say more: your best Germans belong to the highest types of humanity that ever were—they are even more remarkable than the best of other nations. But these men have educated themselves—which, I am afraid, is the only sort of decent education left to us. . . . And thus they are Alpine peaks shooting up right out of a desert. . . . And like peaks they contemptuously look down upon the German desert. . . . And they are right. . . . O that German desert of mediocrity! It is worse than that of any other country! No wonder that you are such a thirsty people and have to drink so much beer! . . . And that beer-drinking makes you so self-satisfied and so stupid! And stupidity is so easily satisfied with Christianity. . . . Bible and beer go together, not only in England, you know, but elsewhere too.

G.: You are coming back to your old bugbear. . . . But I told you that we were not Christians; that we think Christianity impracticable, and altogether impossible. We are a common-sense people, as everybody else in the world is. We would even rather be called pagans than Christians. In spite of our beer-drinking we cannot and we will not swallow Christianity. You see: our foolishness stops short of something. . . . Let our enemies, who pride themselves upon their superior morality, begin at the Christian game. We shall be exceedingly obliged to them, and we will not, I promise you, disturb them in their pious performances. . . . I repeat: we refuse to be called Christians, because we are not. After this candid confession, would you not better drop that charge against us—I mean the charge of intellectual dishonesty?

E.: The fact that a man recoils from Christianity as impracticable does not make him any the less a Christian. People who recoil from anything usually fall into the opposite extreme—just as those who in the street try to avoid a motor-car easily get beneath the wheels of another. Thus a sentimental Christian, once he recognises the dead-certain harmfulness of his creed, easily develops into a brute. . . .

G.: But, then, the whole of Europe is Christian—not only we!

E.: So it is. . . .



## On Liberty of Thought.

By Ramiro de Maeztu.

THE question is this: Which is better for the progress, development, and advancement of thought in a country—liberty of thought or the organisation of thinking? The problem has recently become actual in the discussions concerning the urgency of organising thought in England for the purpose of the war. In the speech by Lord Haldane we may find these phrases:

Since 1898 I had been engaged in a campaign of education, and that campaign was only typical of the extraordinary difficulties which everybody had to encounter who tried to waken this nation before it chose to be awakened to the business of organising itself. . . . We must beware of our easy-going habit as a nation. We were too prone to assume that everything was all right. What we wanted was a spirit of observation and question. . . . The nation must organise. Men and women must fit themselves to learn and think and act as they had never thought of acting before. Then it might be that the war and the convulsion which had awakened us out of our slumbers might prove to have been a blessing. We needed, in the lethargy into which we had got, an intellectual and spiritual awakening.

It is obvious that in order to solve the technical problems raised by the war the organisation of thought is indispensable. Individual initiative may enable a small body of soldiers to escape the effects of asphyxiating gas by the simple device of climbing a tree if one be near; but it is for the expert to provide the Army with the best possible respirators. And what applies to gas may be extended to Zeppelins, barbed wire, the big howitzers, the enormous numbers of machine-guns, to submarines, and every problem of the war. The possession of a great number of inventive minds would not be of much use to a country if they were not organised in such a way as to be able to apply their talents on a big scale to the military needs. But military needs do not differ in kind, they only differ in urgency, from the needs of peace. Industrial supremacy can only be maintained by the constant invention of new industrial processes and by the constant adaptation of industry to them. The inventions may emanate from isolated minds, although they are more frequent in countries where the work of research in laboratories is better organised. But the adaptation of industries to inventions demands an intimate connection between industrial production and the work of research. The investigator must concentrate himself not upon his own whims, but on the problems set by the industries that pay him for his investigations. The industrial owners, in their turn, must follow closely the progress of science, since on it depends the growth or decay of their business. Note the close relationship between the rise of the chemical industry in Germany and the employment of some 30,000 chemists in the work of industrial research at an average cost of £200 a year each.

All this is obvious, as I say, and I should be ashamed to repeat it if several of the most eminent thinkers had not spent considerable energy in trying to prove that the best way to promote thinking is to maintain liberty of thought, without drawing the necessary distinction between political thinking, whose atmosphere must be liberty, and scientific and technical thought, which can only flourish under organisation. Stuart Mill, for instance, in his "Principles of Political Economy," defends private property against communist systems on the ground that "it is compatible with a far greater

degree of personal liberty." But in his Essay on Liberty he bases the principle of personal liberty on the fact that it ensures the progress of human thought. "The central idea of the 'Liberty' is the immense importance to mankind of encouraging and promoting a large variety of types of character and modes of thinking, thus giving full freedom to human nature to expand and improve in all kinds of directions," says Mrs. Fawcett in her Introduction to the Essay. Stuart Mill has his eye upon the sage like Socrates or Christ maintaining his own opinion on matters of religion and ethics against a hostile world, and writes the well-known lines: "If all mankind minus one were of one opinion, and only one person were of the contrary opinion, mankind would be no more justified in silencing that one person than he, if he had the power, would be justified in silencing mankind."

The problem of Mill was primarily that of the powerful thinker fighting against an obscurantist authority seeking to crush his ideas by force. The solution that Mill sought for this problem was to secure for such a thinker by political liberty the liberty of thought. But in the course of his Essay he discards the solitary thinker and fixes his mind on the intellectual development of the masses, and says:—

Not that it is solely, or chiefly, to form great thinkers, that freedom of thinking is required. On the contrary, it is as much, and even more, indispensable to enable average human beings to attain the mental stature which they are capable of. There have been, and may again be, great individual thinkers, in a general atmosphere of mental slavery. But there never has been, nor ever will be, in that atmosphere an intellectually active people. Where any people has made a temporary approach to such a character it has been because the dread of heterodox speculation was for a time suspended.

Here one can see plainly the central error of Stuart Mill's liberalism. Great thinkers are not made by liberty of thinking, but merely by thinking even "in a general atmosphere of mental slavery," and the interest of the masses of the people in the discussions of thinkers is not to be attained by the non-intervention of the temporal powers in matters of thought, but, on the contrary, through the mutual intervention of the actual powers of society in the labours of thinkers, and of thinkers in those questions of the distribution of power which always awaken the interest of the masses.

Liberty of thinking is a very equivocal concept. It may mean, as it meant in Stuart Mill, the acknowledgment of the utility of discussion for the progress of thought, and in such a case I am also a liberal, as I certainly believe in the efficacy of the dialectical method and in the utility of the "devil's advocate," whose arguments are patiently listened to by the Roman Catholic Church at the canonisation of a saint. In the French army there is a wonderful institution called "la critique." In the periods of instruction, inspection, and manœuvre the commander of every movement, even of small units like a platoon, is called upon to justify it before his inferiors by replying to the questions of his superiors. Here we can see in practice the principle of discussion without the principle of liberty. Discussion has ceased to be a right, and has become a function and a duty.

But you have only to look at a newspaper stall or even at a bookseller's window to realise that liberty of thinking, or, rather, liberty of printing, may only mean indifference to thought and the rising of that "vague, shapeless, ubiquitous, invulnerable Thing" called the Great Boyg, which Ibsen introduces in "Peer Gynt" to symbolise the dull resistance of inertia to the advance of thought. And when "the Great Boyg conquers, but does not fight," shall the thinkers refuse the help of the temporal powers to remove mental laziness, even by compulsion, if necessary? Government interference may be very bad, if against thought, but very good if in its favour.

Against this proposition was written Buckle's "History of Civilisation in England." With the first part of his thesis, "that the progress of society depends on intellect," we can safely agree; but Buckle asserted, too, that the "protection" exercised by Governments, the nobility, the Church, etc., over thought has dwarfed and held back the cause of freedom and civilisation. He even said that "to protect literature is to injure it." English literature was strong because it "had been left to develop itself. William of Orange was foreign to it; Anne cared not for it; the first George knew no English, the second not much."

It is true that during the eighteenth and the nineteenth centuries the kings of England did not care much for the progress of thought, but it was not so in the preceding two hundred years. Henry VII, "a wonder for wise men" (Bacon), was a patron of scholarship. Henry VIII possessed a culture vastly superior to that of his two great rivals, Francis I and Charles V, and his accession to the throne was hailed by Erasmus and More as the crowning triumph of the Renaissance. Queen Elizabeth could read Greek, Latin, French, and German; James I was a scholar, Charles I a divine; Charles II, the founder of the Royal Society, an adept of physical philosophy. No other country in the world has had the fortune of being governed during six generations, the one after the other, by scholarly monarchs. And as the nobility replaced the power of the Crown, they took also in charge the patronage of learning. And to-day it is the State that is the great promoter of education and research. For thought is not a spontaneous product of liberty; the thinking of the world is, as a rule, done by professors who think by duty and not only by right, and the culture of the masses depends on compulsory education, not on freedom.

Possibly the first man who connected in a relation of cause and effect the two concepts of political freedom and thought was David Hume, in his essay, "Of the Rise and Progress of the Arts and Sciences." In it he says "*that it is impossible for the arts and sciences to arise, at first, among any people, unless that people enjoy the blessings of a free government.*" Free government means in this essay the antithesis to absolute monarchical government. Hume was probably thinking of Athens and Florence, the two Republics where government could not be absolute on account of the very strength of their opposing political parties: aristocracy and democracy, popolo grasso and popolo minuto. This rivalry, of course, is favourable to the inception of political thought, as it provides it with polemical grounds. But the execution of Socrates and Savonarola is enough to prove that nothing similar to our present liberty of opinion was known in the two cradles of European thought.

The prophet of modern science did not leave to the chance of political happenings the promotion of thought. Bacon wanted protection for research, and better the protection of kings than that of mere noblemen. In his "Advancement of Learning," dedicated to King James, are to be found the principles of the organisation of mental activities, whose working in modern Germany is so justly admired by Lord Haldane:

Let this ground, therefore, be laid, that all works are overcommen by amplitude of reward, by soundness of direction, and by the conjunction of labours. The first multiplieth endeavour, the second preventeth error, and the third supplieth the frailty of man. But the principal of these is direction. . . .

We may safely agree with Lord Bacon and let it be said against Buckle that thinking grows with the protection of the governing classes—Churchmen or Kings, landowners, capitalists, or trade unions—and that thinking decays when the governing classes are afraid of talented people or are not intelligent enough to know them when they meet them. Rather a melancholy conclusion, for it has not been found a recipe to secure intelligence in the people with power!

## The Economic View of History.

### II.

So far from being minimised, modern war is for Marxism the climax of the historic process. The type of war is the economic crisis. The lines of Marx's abstract demonstration that war as we have it is the fulfilment of those processes in which the class-war is rooted is fairly familiar. Briefly it is that continuous exploitation of labour, whose source and whose result is that wealth assumes the capital form, issues in over-production, and hence in crises and the need for fresh markets. This is the ground of imperial expansion. For Marx it is not qua new sources of energy, as it is for the "raw materialists," that "new" countries are opened up, but qua new markets. The great point is that surplus commodities be disposed of, and, secondarily, more labour is put in the way of "exploitation." But, in this opening up, political power, or at least force, is requisite. The best means, in fact, is political imperialism. And for many reasons we find that in this matter capitalist interests work in national groups. The phenomena and conditions of credit would indicate this (whether or not they are really a cause). Here, then, we have the elements of the explanation. The process is inevitable in the sense that the only alternative is economic collapse.

But there are to be found in Marx indications of a further, more specific, account of modern European wars. These suggestions occur in the volume "The Eastern Question," in which are collected Marx's contemporary letters to the "New York Tribune" bearing on the progress and causes of the Crimean War. The general principles suggested therein are quite as relevant to the present situation, though the particular problems may now have considerably changed and the antagonists be reshuffled. Fundamentally, European politics turn on the Eastern Question. This is what we should expect from Marx. For one of the most important questions for the economic view of history should be that of the relations between historic nations and non-historic or pre-historic peoples, who have at least economic possibilities, and whose interests are traversed by European political expansion. This Marx recognises. "Whenever," he says (writing in March, 1853), "the revolutionary hurricane has subsided for a moment, one ever-recurring question is sure to turn up: the eternal Eastern Question." Now this does not mean, as might be supposed, that this question was the current capitalist "red-herring" to distract attention from social matters. Alternating with social revolutionary movements, it is for Marx of quite as great importance. He was not, after all, a modern I.L.P. pacifist, who believed that nothing of any importance to the working class could be achieved except under the conditions of an artificial, carefully constructed, and rigidly guarded state of external peace. As the question stood at the time of the Crimean War, it concerned the struggle between "Western Europe" and Russia for Constantinople. If it is now between all these and Germany for the Bagdad railway, the issue is the same in the end—who is to control the Asiatic market? (There may be others now of a similar nature.) In the situation as Marx saw it, that lay between the historic nations of the West, well-advanced in capitalist evolution, and Russia, a non-historical Power, a people, that is to say, which had not been, at least as anything like a whole, raised by economic differentiation out of the domain of anthropology to an historical position. Through victory, one may suppose, Russia might be put in the way of becoming an historical factor, but at the cost of enormous delay to the culmination of European capitalism. Russia's "essential barbarism" is significantly enough illustrated by Marx in the fact that the basis of its diplomacy is the traditional "Will of Peter the Great." "If the success of her hereditary policy proves the weakness of the Western Powers, the stereotyped mannerism of that policy proves the intrinsic bar-



barism of Russia herself. Who would not laugh at the idea of French politics being conducted on the testament of Richelieu, or the Capitularies of Charlemagne?" The other "non-historical" factor in the situation was, of course, Turkey, in which the personnel of the significant economic interests were not merely alien in race, but were excluded from citizenship, and had at that time, according to Marx, for whatever reasons, no power over the Government. Such a position could not last, and, said Marx, Turkey had eventually to go.

With reference to the place of Russia, which Marx, like Hegel, leaves outside history, an interesting point for the interpretation of Marx's whole theory arises in his discussion of pan-Slavism. It is of interest because it has been so often objected that Marxism ignores the existence of the "racial factor." But it is also interesting in view of the charge of fatalism which is brought against Marx, a charge which is rendered plausible by those Marxists who talk about the "Inevitability of Social Democracy." Original anti-Asiatic pan-Slavism Marx respects. But pan-Slavism used by the Tsar to threaten Western Europe he will fight. It is one of his counts against Russia that whereas the working-class movement in Western countries derives its theory from German philosophy, the ideology of the pan-Slav movement is restricted to literature and racial philology. Now, apart from the logical validity of the derivation of Marxism from Hegelianism (in most of its extant presentations it contains many atrocities), it is at least evident that the necessity for reflective knowledge and clear consciousness with a view to fundamental social change was never more strongly put than in this contrast of philosophy and art as progressive forces. The proletarian movement must know; merely to feel is not sufficient.

The European situation of to-day is, of course, different, but the nature of the forces may be explained in the same way. We have now two groups of civilised interests contending for the same outlet as before. If Russia is now a real member of one of these, and neither a mere tool nor merely a prospective tax-gatherer, it is because she has now entered on the historic race, though her technical industries do not appear to be sufficiently developed to keep her army in munitions. The question for us is how far her activities can ever be organised on the industrial level. Turkey, again, appears as the political representative of much greater economic interests than were present to Marx when he wrote. We must conclude, then, that the value of Marxism for positive prediction is small in proportion as the entrance of a people into history is easy. The principal factors in determining this for any people are, for this theory, internal; they concern the possibilities of economic class-differentiation, and only in a secondary and derivative way military power. Primitive military power is almost valueless; that is the lesson of Turkey.

The necessary commercial expansion of historic States is accordingly the first of the historical factors in international war. But the second is equally important, it is the contact of historic States with social groups falling outside of the historic cycle, whether by immaturity or by lapse.

The recognition of this second condition which Marx makes in the book under discussion, must tend to modify some of the conclusions of ordinary socialist theory. For Marxism the end of history evidently comes with the emancipation of the last subject class—the proletariat. The significance of this is simply that with it economic conditions cease to be predominant in society. This culmination would now seem to be somewhat postponed. For the tendency of history is towards making the unhistorical peoples of the earth more predominantly labour markets than markets of any other kind. In that day it will be well for "ethical socialists" to remember that there is some doubt as to

whether "exploitation" is a term which bears ethical significance. And it will be well if by that time the European proletariat has achieved emancipation on strictly national lines.

It may be of importance to note, in connection with this world-Hellenism, how far Marx's view of history was dominated by the results of a thinker whose historical speculations were mainly excited and coloured by his interest in Greek life as it was known to him. There would seem to be little ground for doubt that Marx's account of the *de facto* course of history was simply that of Hegel. The movement of history is from East to West, and its principal and final culmination is freedom. No doubt Marx took a different view of freedom and of the conditions of its development. But the result of Marx's economic analysis and of Hegel's ethical analysis of history is to place the nations in practically the same positions on the scale of that development. Hegel also had found the differentia of historic nations in their articulation into classes. For him, too, the criterion of historical significance is internal, even in its ultimate form. All this agreement is perhaps suspicious.

But the difference is all-important. Hegel emphasised the actualisation of freedom in the European political institutions of his time. With him, in fact, these are such that by getting himself into the proper frame of mind towards them the individual, especially as a member of his special social class or organisation, can, in his lifetime, attain to all the freedom possible here below, or anywhere. But by classes, Hegel understands not something primarily economic, but social functions which must simultaneously co-operate for the general good. The economic sphere itself, the domain of struggle and of class oppositions, has a subordinate though permanent place within the State as a whole. But Marx does not see in the class structure of society an organisation of functions. Classes are, for him, rather a succession of dominant interests, which mould in turn the historic State and its institutions, and their war only ceases when the last has been emancipated, and economic classes cease to exist. Then only is freedom realised in time. So far from the freedom of emancipation being exhausted, as Hegel thought, its greatest achievement was yet to be made.

Now it is from his almost exclusive attention to the ethical position of Hegel, and his conviction that his own view supplied the precise antidote to that, that the weaknesses of Marx's account of the effects of the final historical act arise. It appears as if because certain institutions have peculiar functions for a certain historical epoch, the economic foundations of which Marx investigated, they must disappear with the downfall of the dominant class. But surely to say that with the emancipation of the proletariat property is to disappear in communism, that the family will be no longer necessary, that social and functional classes will be no more (a poor lookout for National Guilds), that even competition will vanish, or that such a change in human character will be produced that the state itself may be dispensed with, that, in short, because these institutions have a historical basis they have no other, is merely fantastic. These predictions, of course, are not wholly pointless. To consider the problem of the State only, it is quite clear that since the problem of working-class emancipation is that of organisation (and not mere ownership), the new industrial formations must raise new questions for the central government. But even here I cannot see that the question of ultimate sovereignty is raised at all. Even for the economic view of history the Trade Unions, or their offspring, can never be the State. While it is true that under capitalistic conditions proletarians can, as *THE NEW AGE* has shown, only be passive and not active citizens, yet we must insist that the final justification of working-class emancipation is that thus the national State is secured. Those who see in this movement only encroachment and

disloyalty fail to observe that we do not really have a complex of classes standing on the same level of social rights and service, but that we have to choose between a State committed to one interest to the detriment of another, however impartial it tries or professes to be, and one on which the pressure of these interests is largely removed and the economic sphere at last really incorporated and subordinated. But this can only be done by the growth of what is itself an historical class-interest, that of the proletariat. Now the outcome of the wider view we saw Marx being compelled to take of the historical process confirms this. An easy anarchism cannot be justified. The post-historic State can be no "stationary State" after the manner of Mill. It would have to be stronger nationally than any yet known. For, as we further saw, it must be prepared to undertake imperial responsibilities, if the "new proletariat" is not to be the death of it. In the meantime, to those who find in Marxism grounds for the assertion that the workers have no country, we can commend Marx's judgment that at the time he was speaking of the interests of England and of the Revolution were identical.

The final antagonist of Marxism, indeed, will be found to be in truth that which we have termed the raw-materialist view. The theory of value with which Marxism is usually contrasted is not really so very different. What Marx meant by "socially necessary labour" is as far removed from primitive labour-value theories as is "final utility," when fully worked out, from explanations of value based on the minutiae of psychophysics. The difference, so far as history is concerned, between a view according to which the course of human activities is most fundamentally determined by the distribution and availability of an ultimately limited amount of physical energy, including human labour-power, and a theory, such as Marx's seems to be, whose first assumption is that the extent of the productive process makes no difference to its further possibilities, is obviously much more serious. But this is only important when we seek to apply Marx's theory outside the limits he laid down for himself, the limits, indeed, of what he recognised as history. Whereas Marxism is based on an analysis of a certain historical epoch; it is not assumed that the phenomena it deals with are eternal. And if the capitalist era is by no means yet ended, the fact of its unrestricted use of specific energies, which is all that is required, is so well established that it forms the constant burden of the complaints of those very people who object to Marxism that relative limitation in supply is essential to the determination of value.

When we come to historical prediction, however, the case is somewhat altered. There is no guarantee that any modern State will work out the historic process to its end, even from the internal point of view. Threatened by new beginners in the race from without, and by the incursion of women into industry from within, apart even from any consideration of the more remote possibility of the upsetting of the foundations of history by the giving out of supplies of the important forms of energy, the inevitability of Socialism for such a community would seem to be no more than a joke. The most hopeful feature is that the main elements in the historic process can be recognised, and the various theories and schemes based on them intelligently criticised, by a number of persons. Clear consciousness means an abbreviation of the process. If we cannot forecast, we may at all events understand. If we are to perish, we shall perish in the light of day.

I hope that my remarks may have been sufficient to show that there is more to be sought for in the speculations to which *THE NEW AGE* has devoted itself than "the latest novelties in political thought," and that superficial enlightenment, political or ethical, is as foreign to its spirit as to its task.

W. ANDERSON.

## Impressions of Paris.

A LADY'S stray remarks about war, although primarily of no account, seem to arouse at least curiosity, if somewhat menacing curiosity. "Why do you not write what you mean? Do you believe in war, or not? I defy anyone to say from your writings."

I defy them myself. I am sure that it matters nothing whether or no I believe in war. My correspondent cannot be asking me whether I believe in war for war's sake! She must mean the present war. Anyway, if we limit the question to this, I may be able to leave off shilly-shallying. Even thus it is not so easy. The fact is that while I am glad enough to be protected from the Germans, I really do not think I would have sacrificed the life of a single man for that. But really, I have accepted my situation. War is a man's affair, and I don't come in at all in the matter of believing in it or not. My part is to nurse or sew or cheer or shut up. If I break out into an opinion it must be blamed on to a false education, or the double-edged licence of the modern woman, or, at its best, the contact with men on service. I mostly cheer because the soldiers are all so cheerful. If I weep, this is because I have just seen a friend weeping. If I rave, this is because (usually) someone who has very little or no more than I have to do with the war has written something treacherous to the side which I am born on. When a someone like Lord Kitchener makes a Prussian speech, I want to rave, but, instead, I become dejected and think about going to the dogs with the country, but in the rapidest and most cheerful possible way. It is hateful to think of the civil trouble there may yet be in forming an English army under threat, and miserable to contemplate the resentful and inglorious deaths of those who may be driven in under a kind of stigma, as would be the case of conscripted regiments in England. A cousin of mine, wounded, has disappeared; very few of ours die in their beds: but I should feel like dying dismally in mine if the two or three dreamier youngsters who are at home were ingloriously killed under English compulsion. It beats me how any woman can cry up the idea of conscription; such cannot know what they are doing. My opinion is that the women of men under conscription are sharply divided (saving wonderful exceptions) into those that grow hard or even wicked, and those that grow for ever old with grief, sometimes unconquerable, sometimes heroically hidden. It is a great deal simpler to bear up for a man who goes way for an ideal than for one who is torn away. And all possible activity granted, bearing-up is the average woman's business in war-time. Conscription is a side of war which women's influence may conceivably touch. It is no sane work for women in any way to urge men towards war!

Apart, of course, from what seems to us the unnecessary of war, the horrors of it are exaggerated in women's minds. By sea and land the world over, death is everywhere at every moment and in every terrible form. The horrors of war do not stop men from making it; and therein is contained the only judgment possible. The combatants, wounded, go again with confounding cheerfulness! I begin to think that I don't understand much about men. It is probably my infamous old age creeping on. Ten years ago or so, my young brother went through a war and brought home a beautifully written log-book, with photographs taken in action and developed and pasted in between whites. I took it all for granted then, like the sixpence he remembered which I owed him. Now, I think him a terrible kind of animal to shoot an enemy and snapshot him.

Lord Kitchener drove me to reading a fashionable novel by way of starting off to the desperate dogs. It was "Tante," by Miss Anna Sidgwick. I recollect that the public loved this book when it came out. I think it is exceptionally nasty. Women novelists



notoriously cannot keep their hands from destroying—this one destroys with much gall. The heroine, a great woman pianist, is set up only to be debased below any other character in the book. I say "character," but the word is lenient, for what traits and speeches are natural are such general ones as may be observed, en voyage, of a thousand people. The Genius is thoroughly mal-treated in words, but one feels only a half-amused indignation as though someone had vexedly scratched at her photograph on some programme. She is selected for introduction at an age when her glory may reasonably be thought to be passing. As for her person, she could not be called "fat," but a certain "redundancy could not be denied." A conventional young very successful lawyer, who is to marry her ward, is shown in feeling that something is lacking in the musical performance which charms the rest of the world; he wonderfully catches her out in several small unamiabilities: this is the false romantic method—to forewarn us that the Genius and he will come to blows, and that he will win out. It is a fixed idea with the timid of this earth that we instinctively dislike people who are to injure us; the fact is not so. A party of the lawyer's bourgeois friends is arranged to show that the Wonder does not overwhelm everybody—a neat flattery this of the library public. An old domestic person, a true-hearted, strong-tongued American, has only to tell an unsupported story to set everyone believing the worst of the Great Woman. Finally the grand creature is literally exposed throwing herself at a sleek, blasé little married Brixton man who does not want her. Could the most malicious desire more? The Goddess is absolutely down. Miss Sidgwick lets us even see the servants carrying in Mercedes (quite a lot of people call her just Mercedes) by her head and feet.

Nobody else in the book who matters at all is let off unspoiled. Even the ward, Karen, is given only a loving dog's intelligence and is only allowed to take her husband, the lawyer, as an undeniable make-shift after the wicked woman genius has been found out human, all-too-human. The clever London lady, Mrs. Forrester, is shown grossly tactless just where her experience should have served her. The spinster adorer, Eleanor, is as catty as fable would like to have her. Mrs. Tallie, the American, only bears with Mercedes—who, be it noted, bears with her in spite of her tale-telling (this looks like an oversight)—because otherwise she would be absolutely desolate. In fact, ladies, there is not a soul we need envy, unless it were the lawyer's sister, who is so happily made that she never notices that her husband is a "dull fellow!"

To my mind it is a thoroughly lowering book. It would be a sign of some beginnings of feminine culture if similarly spiteful novels were generally ostracised instead of being generally carried in intimate baggage to the lovely spots where we go to refresh our delicate bodies and minds.

The dear old "Athenæum" gives my Impressions a kind of a compliment, if I liked to take it that way. It begins a review of Mr. Rowland Strong's book, "The Diary of an English Resident in France," by saying—"The writer of this extremely vivid and unabashed diary deals out his experiences and impressions 'en gros et en détail,' without fear or favour; indeed with the exception of 'Alice Morning' in THE NEW AGE he is unequalled for outspokenness: 'Alice Morning,' moreover, wastes much of her superfluous—not to say essential—energy in various NEW AGE by-paths." I reply, as prettily as possible, that I cannot admit anything as wasted which is really NEW AGE and offered to NEW AGE readers; and that I hope the "Athenæum" may never give up wandering down its own by-paths because I insist on having it principally for these. I'm afraid I am all by-paths. I don't like crowds, that is why. I like anonymities, and countries where there are no pass-ports, and people I have never seen who leave me little bits of money, and babies who go to every-

body like sunrays, and nuns who always take to me as, I suppose, never possibly any kind of a competitor, and the sixpenny gallery where you can move if your neighbour gossips, and lighthearted bohemians who say such inhuman things about one that even the truth isn't believed. I like my old mother who never believes anything against me unless she can put it down to my "funny way of life," and grandpapa. I like the "Athenæum," which will not mind a bit about my by-paths fifty years hence, will even, perhaps, raise an eyebrow at the indiscretion of some publisher's editor who may suppress them. Not that I would bother to go down all of them twice myself! But then, one doesn't write Impressions with an eye on Immortality. Lord! I do ramble, and I haven't said a word about Paris.

ALICE MORNING.

## More Letters to My Nephew.

### VI.

MY DEAR GEORGE,—I read with sympathy your last letter in which you told me that your attendances at chapel are perfunctory and that both the ritual and the sermons leave you cold and unimpressed. You wish it were not so. I am glad that it is so. At your age I felt as you do. And without regret. There are doubtless young men and women who, in their early years, look in upon their souls with fear and consternation. I suspect them to be abnormal. Like Roland in "Aurora Leigh," they root up the violets to discover the scent. I am content that your soul should grow without introspection. Rest assured (and with this assurance set about the business of life) that you need not seek religion, because, in God's good time, it will find you. It is my experience—take it for what it is worth—that practically all young men of early piety are insufferable prigs.

I do not mean that you should treat lightly any searching questions that go to the roots of your faith and conduct, but rather that you should realise that illumination comes with growth and experience; that only the urgent and imperative questions need be answered in the days of your pupilage. I venture the assertion that very few of these questions call imperatively for an immediate answer. There is a whole universe of thought and emotion between flippancy and priggishness. Flippancy at serious things is a crime; priggish assumption of piety is a disease. There is a passage in Marcus Aurelius which has always lingered in my memory. "To Rusticus," he says, "I am beholden that I first entered into the conceit that my life wanted some redress and cure." I think that he also thanked Rusticus for warning him against walking about the house in a long robe. (That long robe! A living, but happily retired, pro-consul, who mistook ostentation for stateliness and affectation for conduct, insisted upon his wife, even in bed, addressing him as "Your Excellency.") Just as Antoninus remembered gratefully his Rusticus, so I would like you to remember me for telling you the same thing. It is when we realise that life needs redress and cure that we are in the true way of salvation.

Now if you and I do not know the meaning of religion pure and undefiled, who does? How easily and vividly can I recall those early days when your father and I lived in a religious atmosphere, so exquisitely simple and confiding, that God, so immanent was he, veritably seemed our father's father. We looked up to this God of ours with a spiritual vision undimmed by ritual or dogma. Nor were we disturbed by those rational questions that come to us with diabolical promptitude when we fly from the nest. The morning worship in the breakfast-room, attended by the family, the servants, and the visitors (who almost invariably were of our own faith), so coloured our day that, more than thirty years after, more than a quarter of a century since I severed the religious tie (reprobate that I am), I rise from breakfast with a vague sense

of some course untasted, some inadequacy, some subtle and fleeting appetite unsatisfied. I remember stray phrases, and even long passages, from your grandfather's prayers, the rising and falling cadences tinged with a rich Irish brogue. Ah, I hear it! "Pluck from us our secret sins; cleanse our souls from every stain. Open up our providential path; lead us in the way everlasting. And now, O Lord, as we go our several ways, each to the daily task, lighten our burdens, if it so please Thee. Grant us opportunities in Thy service; make us worthy of such service, that we may grow in grace and so humbly minister to Thy glory." Not without an acute sense of isolation I remember an incident of personal interest to you. It was the morning after your mother had accepted your father. The Quaker silence, so concentrated yet so reposeful, that always followed the Bible reading, was broken by your father, who, throwing himself upon his knees, passionately prayed that he might to the very end be a loving and faithful husband, and, if God willed it, a father, who would know how to pass on the celestial fire.

I always listen with impatience and some contempt to clever young men who sneer at Puritanism such as this; I never see a play at a theatre with some mephitic sex-problem (so called) without reflecting that it is but foam thrown up against the rock out of which you and I and a million others were hewn. Make no mistake about it, in essence we who were bred like this are the true aristocrats. For we were conceived in purity, born in love, nurtured in the simplicities of an abiding faith, and finally cultured in a literature sweet and clean as running water.

Yes; aristocrats, no less. I have met those whom the world calls aristocrats, the bluest of blue bloods, and never batted an eyelid. Not for nothing was I bred a Brahmin! My first encounter with a blue blood—a gentleman of ancient lineage, as the "Times" Literary Supplement would say—happened in a little market town in Leinster. I had gone there after trout. At lunch-time ("luncheon," as the "Daily Telegraph" would say) I rushed into the coffee-room, very hungry. At the table a revolting sight halted me. Seated there was something in the semblance of a man. His eyes looked vacantly at me, scarcely comprehending my presence. His right arm was paralysed. With his left hand he ladled soup into his mouth with disastrous results to shirt, waistcoat, and tablecloth. I went out into the hall and called Micky, the general factotum and major-domo.

"Micky," said I, "what's that thing ye've got in there?"

"Why, sorr, it's the Earl of Ballydrum."

"A belted earl!" said I.

"A great ould family hereabouts," said Micky.

"It's an idiot," said I.

"Mebbe, sorr, it's oncharitable to call him an idjut. It's like this: he's paralysed down wan side; he's ippilptic down the other; he has a thrifle of wather on the brain and lashin's of liquor on his stummick."

Is it an idle divagation to discuss breeding with religion? I am not sure if they are not the obverse and reverse of the same coin. Might we not definitely assert that religion is a vain thing, unless it leads to clean breeding? For how can we be clean bred unless our people lead clean lives? And how can they lead clean lives unless they think clean thoughts? As we think, so, in the ultimate, do we live. It is the beginning and end of eugenics. Or, to put it in another way, the test of religious truth is found not in logic, not in casuistry, but in conduct. I know, of course, that the scientific theologian rejects with scorn such an assertion. "What," he cries, "are the petty comings and goings of the individual compared with the eternal verities?" And he is as good as his word. "There are sins and sins," he affirms, "some of great gravity because they touch doctrine, and others, touching only conduct, are venial." Thus, if you hold fast to some

central truth, a thousand venial sins may be all forgiven. Apart from the obvious criticism that a central truth that winks at a multitude of venial sins is probably neither central nor true, I would advise you to look closely to your venial sins and let the central truths establish themselves in your mind and heart as and when they will. Look after the pence and the pounds will take care of themselves. To come back to my point, think cleanly and you will live cleanly.

Although I have never fashed myself about theology, on looking back, I now see that I could never subordinate reason to faith. St. Anselm describes philosophy as "ancilla fidei." "When we have arrived at Faith," he says, "it is a piece of negligence to stop short of convincing ourselves, by the aid of Thought, of that to which we have given credence." I prefer thought first with credence as the sequel. Why not? But that throws me back on the elementary question: What is thought? It is odd, when you come to think of it, that it is easier to define faith than thought. I shall not attempt to define them. Why should I? This is only a letter from your old uncle on the shelf. But you might do worse than make it your thesis for M.A. Mon Dieu! What a theme! To trace the gradual opening of mankind's eye from the earliest gleams of intelligence; to throw the modern mind, with modern revelations, upon the ancient gropings; to open out history's cerebral system; to weigh, judge, test and appreciate the concepts of the wise men of the past—Thales of Miletus, Anaximander, Anaximenes, Pythagoras, Heraclitus, Xenophanes, Parmenides, Zeno of Elea, Empedocles and so down the corridors of time, each with its own peculiar echo; to tell us how and why the thinker and the priest gradually went their different ways.

The point I would urge upon you is that human thought is not yet "pure"; still awaits its supreme moment of emancipation; has yet to develop new methods and discover new canons. If I tell the theologian that I will not subordinate my freedom of thought to his dogmatic assertions, he can retort upon me that my methods of thought are crude, sectional, limited; that my intellectual horizon is confined to material things. Can I deny, for example, this assertion by Caird: "In all religious experience there are involved feelings and acts which are possible only to spiritual and intellectual beings, which are grounded in certain necessary relations of the human spirit to the Divine, and which, therefore, do not arise accidentally but in unconscious obedience to the hidden logic of a spiritual process"? What have I to say? Beyond a reservation as to a different concept of the Divine, I can only reply that the "hidden logic" remains as obscure to the priest as to me; that he is as effectually the prisoner of existing methods of thought as I am. This may be good or bad polemics (bad, I think); it is certainly not particularly helpful. For neither you nor I cares one jot for the victory of dogmatist or rationalist; we want to know that our souls may be satisfied.

If you will forgive me, on the ground that I am an amateur, I suggest that we have not as yet the right vocabulary. Is a vocabulary the effect or the cause of thought? The effect, I presume. If, then, we have not a vocabulary subtle and responsive enough to deal with the eternal mysteries, it implies that our thought remains inadequate, "does not rise above those external and accidental relations which belong to the sphere of the finite." Swedenborg, before his conversion, knew this; he affirmed the existence of a knowledge beyond our conscious intelligence, a shy visitant to the "secret and sacred sanctuary" of the sub-conscious. Croce seems to me to be the only modern thinker who bridges the chasm. He has taught us that speculation in the realm of the spirit is not less "practical" than an examination of the material; that the one merges into the other.

Now see where I have led you? How do these abstract considerations help you in your struggle to



live a sane and fruitful life? If you follow them up, they at least keep you out of mischief. Parbleu! But it is clear to me that the practice of religion must be based on some simple yet strong foundation. "This one thing I know" was the triumphant cry of an early disciple. What did he care for logical niceties, for historical proofs, for angels dancing on the point of a pin? Not a damn! He knew (or thought he knew) something that was hidden from the wise and prudent. It gave him inspiration and driving force. His "one thing" need not be yours; but two questions will come to you: What are you going to do with your life? and under the force majeure of what spirit will you live? A good deed done in a bad spirit were ill done. In these later days we have wrested that beautiful word "spiritual" from its obscurantist context. In the true sense of the word your life must be tested by its spiritual implications. An ardent devotion to theological or philosophical hair-splitting won't save you.

Do you know, when I started this letter I had no intention of touching theology, even remotely. But I had barely begun before a young Roman padre, tired and footsore, came to break bread with me and engage my interest, or at least my goodwill, in a mission on the estate. Ingenuous boy! Behind him I saw his bishop, a Jesuit, by special dispensation bishop in partibus. Behind him I saw the Archbishop of Guatemala, a cunning cleric, grasping at the remnants of temporal power. Behind him I saw the Pope, delicately poising his interests in Austria, in Belgium, his moral weight in the civilised world and his political preoccupations in Italy. Then suddenly, I realised that this vast organisation must be built up on something, and so my memory wandered back into that thrilling story of endless inquiry into the nature and attributes of God, with the concurrent struggle of Thought to cut loose from triumphant obscurantism. Nor did I forget that your great-grandfather, and his father before him, went to jail for bearing their share in the struggle. I recognised in this young priest an agent of a great organisation, whose *raison d'être* formally, if not actually, is the assumption of a special knowledge of that "hidden logic"—a knowledge so certain that when proclaimed *ex cathedra* is final and infallible. Then a spasm of jealousy shot through me. What if you, my nephew, were to 'vert? The notion seemed as horrible as a nice girl mating with a vicious man. And that is how I dropped into theology.

I am naturally immensely interested in your thoughts; but I am most deeply concerned about your conduct. So far as thought influences conduct, I pray that your thought shall never be paralysed by vague abstractions; that you shall, at least, know "one thing," and, knowing it, jump into the battle, in the fullness of time scaling the flaming ramparts. Conduct is achievement. Take your time, measure the ground, then draw your sword and smite the enemies of the Lord.

But don't wear "the long robe" in your home circle! Your affectionate Uncle, ANTHONY FARLEY.

## Letters from Russia.

By C. E. Bechhöfer.

FROM Rostov to Batum was a journey of three days. I stopped neither at Baku, the town of petroleum and millionaires, nor at Tiflis, but travelled through to my journey's end. The scenery as far as Tiflis was sufficiently Kashmirean to be beautiful; from Tiflis to the Black Sea Coast we ran through the lush greenery of the sub-tropics. Palms, pines, oaks, eucalyptus, rhododendrons, tea, vines, lemons, mandarins, ever-blooming roses—there is not a flower nor tree from Iceland to Tasmania that does not flourish on the Batum Coast. We passed between the fruitful sunny mountains and the sea. But had it been a desert, I should not have been bored, for a chance acquaintance had brought with him all the newest books and papers from the north.

There was Andreef, for example, and his "At This Dread Hour." "I am not a politician," he writes, "not a diplomat, not a member of a party, I am a writer, for whom count above all the interests of justice and good." Whence it follows that he is also a pacifist.

Side by side with an immediate sensation of horror we must rejoice that the Germans break treaties, do not observe the "rules" of war, kill children and women [Where?] and plunder—by all this they aid the work for peace. They reveal and loose to the world the greatest secret of the very god of war: that he is senseless, honourless and evil.

Here is the old heresy that men deliberately go mad to grow wise. War to the pacifists is simple wickedness, but they never doubt that mankind is growing wiser every day. Such obstinate optimism is only possible to men who boast of knowing neither foreign nor civil politics. Why war is evil, they cannot tell us. Between warriors it is only a game with high stakes. Was Hector a mere butcher, or Bhima, or Leonidas, or Sir Galahad, at the tourney, or the student Bismarck on the duelling-ground? The old days are gone when the Chinese pilgrim might stand amazed as the Kshattriyas fought their battles while peasants laboured peacefully in the neighbouring fields. The hideous wrong of modern war is the suffering of the conscript. Germany, so it please Andreef, slaughters women and children, but his own Russia sends forced men to slaughter and be slaughtered. If only he and his myriad like were mere politicians, diplomats and partymen! But he is a writer. For instance:

"Russia and Sons" is the firm in which each of us has his minute portion.

That is—writing!

Gorki has come to life again in the "European Messenger" for May. The war seems to have had just as little effect upon this fin-de-siècle writer. He calls his contribution a "sketch," a pretty way of naming a tale he was too lazy to formulate. There is a mean street and a noble cobbler mends the holes in it for love of his fellows. Would you believe it? He used to say, "We don't live alone in the world!"

People asked him, "Who else, then, but we?"

"Well—we don't all die at one time," he replied.

To describe this gentle genius is alone a sufficient justification of Gorki's return to Russia. The people in the street, however, said, "What an old fool!" There is also a rough shopkeeper who is contemptuous of everybody, especially the Duma, and the usual Gorkian touch contrasts him with a simple but sensitive neighbour, who, when the street is on fire, helps the cobbler to save it. "Yes, we cursed this street—but when it got on fire—curious!" A Russian publicist not long ago announced the "End of Gorki." Before the end Maxim "the Bitter" has found time to tell the world that he never read a single criticism of his work that taught him any good. The best, however, he considers, was that of the American, Giddings, who said, "Gorki is the preacher of an active relation to life in a country of passive people; the preacher of a beginning of collectivism in the midst of a predisposition to anarchy, as one of the expressions of which appears the celebrated Russian Nihilism, and also partly Russian decadence." "Russia does not sulk," said Gortchakof long ago, "she meditates"; and meditation is as active a relation to life as any description of mean streets and soulful cobblers.

There is a tale, "The Return," by A. Okylof in the same issue. A young political emigrant, Vladimir Orlof, returns to Russia with another man's passport, because nowhere else in Europe could he see the faces of Russian peasant girls, "their kind cheeks with childish ovals and their heavenly clear eyes." It was only their beautiful eyes he loved, because he had a maiden waiting for him, that had sworn to be true for ever. She, of course, was already married to another, and Orlof offers his friends a philosophy of suffering that is newer to them than it is to us.

You say freedom is in this, not to fix attention on life, to raise so high the cup of one's soul that the waves of life cannot reach it. But I think that is an illusion of freedom, the conditioned freedom of the hermit and the anchorite. People are slaves only because they fear suffering.

The lady offers him a rendezvous, but he writes that he loves her so much that he dare not go. It would mean, he fears, happiness and not suffering. Therefore it is Vladimir Orlof. He gives himself up at the nearest police-station. The tale concludes:

An end to his eternal wanderings now—an end to his fret. He was home, home [sic!]

The door closed behind him.

The same periodical, the most important in Russia, published an equally silly tale in its April issue. A Russian girl is caught by the war in a German holiday resort. At once she bethinks her of an adorable young professor from Heidelberg University, with whom she has spent so many pleasant and happy hours. What a pity he is not there at the moment with her! He would help her in her trouble. She is arrested and brought before—whom do you think?—the young professor, who has girded on his sword and occupies an important military position. He, the nasty thing, demands relations, nearer, nearer:

"I do not understand you," she murmured and then with tears in her voice began to say that it was a shame to make fun of her. She had always accounted him a noble fellow, and he was showing himself rude and atrocious.

She weeps, he relents, but, seeing her white arms and shoulders, grows coarse again and demands her "nearness." She jumps for the door, but he catches her and begins to "seek her lips." With every moment she feels she is weakening. Her hand falls upon his revolver and she shoots him in the stomach. He says "Ah!" falls heavily upon the floor and his eyes take on a glassy look. Thank God! sighs the patriotic reader, another German dead.

Any mouth-slaughter of the Germans goes down well with the "Novoye Vremya" public. For instance, a new publication is entitled wittily enough, "Of Germans, excuse the expression." Gretchen travels to Russia to work.

Gretchen travels in the train  
Through the valleys, through the plain.  
O mein lieber Augustin,  
Augustin, Augustin—  
The wheels, they rattle tra-la-la,  
Tra-la-la, tra-la-la—  
Gretchen's filled with misery,  
Misery, misery.  
Soon she'll be at Petersburg,  
Petersburg, Petersburg.

Enough? The book, I assure, has been very well received. I looked through a heap of papers for the reports of an important meeting at Petrograd of the big industrialists. Great chunks of the speeches were censored, in spite of the obviously highly patriotic sentiments of the speakers. They were all very anxious to get together and provide the Army with what it needed. I hardly think the censored portions could have been revolutionary, inasmuch as the only reference to the workers in all the long-winded resolutions is this:

This meeting of the representatives of traders and manufacturers calls upon the whole country, including in this number also the workers, to a calm measured activity.

The whole country, including the workers—it is like a breath of the dear homeland, like the voice of Sir George Pragnell heard afar.

I turn for consolation to Merezhkovski. As with Mr. G. K. Chesterton, I forgive him his church for his militancy. But with difficulty.

The German-romance West is manly, the Slav-Russian East womanly. We know of the world what other nations do not know, that *the world is peace*, not war and hate, but eternal love, eternal womanliness.

This, from his latest book is (dare I say it?) manlier: Life comes before art. First the plant, then the flower: the plant dies and there is no flower. To talk at all about

art, when there is not life, is useless and atrocious. Rye-pin's canvas ("Ivan the Terrible") was slashed by a madman, and all Russia—in the Suvorin sense, of course—"all Russia" shuddered, cried out in pain, as if its own body had been slashed. Is it not precisely because art for us is more alive than life, painted blood more alive than living? A canvas is torn, it hurts us, we cry out; but living men—never mind, we have got used to it, we are silent. . . .

It is as if we had all agreed to think as little as possible. The thing was to live, without thinking; to write, without thinking; not to write, but to describe. To write is difficult, to describe easy. To write one has to live, to realise, to suffer; to describe one need only see clearly. It is a terrible thing to say, but it must be said: Russian literature of late has grown sillier. Talents have not dried up; on the contrary, there is abundance of them, "We are all talented to-day." As hell is paved with good intentions, so is Russian literature with talents. Perhaps it is unlucky for us that talent is so cheap to-day. There is abundance of talents, but there are not or almost not sensible talents.

Contrast this writing with Andreef's, or with Gorki's cheery-cobblers. Not theirs, but Merezhkovski's will be the credit of having maintained the literature of Russia during the war. But I wish one could not hear his brain working so plainly.

## Mr Smith in Paradise.

MR. SMITH was returning home from the office. He was not in a very good temper; he seldom was after a hard day's work in the City. Coming up from the station in a motor-bus Mr. Smith had stood up all the way, sandwiched tightly between (1) a navvy with a hod which shed white brickdust down Mr. Smith's respectable black coat, and (2) a tall, gaunt-featured man with boney arms who continually prodded him in the side with a sharp elbow. The heat was enervating, and the bus stopped at about every two hundred yards. Mr. Smith perspired. . . . "What a life!" exclaimed the conductor with humour as he struggled in and out between the standing passengers in order to collect fares. Mr. Smith overheard the remark and resented it. Mr. Smith had not forgotten the recent bus strike by which he had been inconvenienced, and connected the conductor's iconoclastic remark with some sort of Trade Union independence of mind which he could not properly understand. Mr. Smith frowned and muttered something under his breath. Ting-tong, went the conductor's punch, and as he twisted with skill between the gaunt-faced man and Mr. Smith he he said something in a low voice to the navvy, who nodded and drew in his breath swiftly through his nostrils, creating a unique noise which startled all the other passengers.

The gaunt individual poked Mr. Smith violently in the side. "Did you hear that noise?" he whispered, bending down and placing his thin lips close to Mr. Smith's ear. "That's one of the signals, is that noise." Mr. Smith looked up at the stranger. "Don't talk nonsense," he remarked shortly; "what signal?" The gaunt, melancholy person bent down again and whispered into Mr. Smith's ear. "You'll see, soon enough," he answered; "I've seen things, I have—they can't deceive me, not them." He rattled his boney knees and stared with a fixed expression of animosity at the conductor, whose eyes twinkled humorously. "Aye," went on the boney person confidentially, "an' they joke about it, too; that's what makes me afraid sometimes, when I see 'em laughing and cursing in the same breath." He shook his head. Mr. Smith, believing the man to be mentally deranged, turned his brick-dusted back upon him and presented his shirt-



front to the navy's hod, but the boney elbow dug once again into his side and its possessor glared into Mr. Smith's countenance fiercely. "I would rather die," he exclaimed, "than live to see the day." He then stopped the 'bus and alighted, scowling. Mr. Smith pondered a good deal upon what his strange companion had been saying, but could make nothing of it at all. He changed hands on the strap and ruefully regarded the brickdust which had settled upon his black tie. He looked at the navy with a sort of feeble hatred, but the navy's bronzed countenance was serene and dignified. Had Mr. Smith been a sensitive person he would have felt impressed; on the contrary, however, he became conscious of his social superiority. "Junction Road," shouted the conductor, and Mr. Smith struggled past three people who were endeavouring to enter the 'bus before the other passengers had alighted. "Where's their manners?" growled Mr. Smith, as he brushed the brickdust off his sleeve. "Damn that navy!"

Mr. Smith was not the kind of person who is easily disturbed by extraordinary things, be they ever so obvious; and it was some five minutes before he commenced to realise that Junction Road was crowded with strangers and that "something was up." It was getting dark, and in the twilight the street seemed to have changed colour. It was usually a dirty grey mixed with slate, but now it shone with hundreds of different colours, like a kaleidoscope. "There's a fire," exclaimed Mr. Smith, commencing to run, thinking perhaps that it was his own house that was ablaze. At that moment he was accosted. "Show you round the town?" asked a young man who wore a scarlet streamer and an amber lounge-suit. Mr. Smith gasped, then, more annoyed at the stranger's fantastic appearance than at his query, pushed him aside. "Be off," he panted. "I know the town quite well enough myself. Be off." The young man laughed, and danced off in the opposite direction. It never occurred to Mr. Smith that he was the only individual in Junction Road wearing the conventional sombre clothes of civilisation. Mr. Smith's slow-moving brain, a brain which had never really *thought* since he was a child inventing games at the street corner, became more intensely bewildered as the dancing crowd grew denser. "Dammit," he muttered several times. The abnormal atmosphere in Junction Road at length began to alarm Mr. Smith. What on earth were all these fanatical busybodies up to? He noticed a workman dressed in a peculiar striped overall, painting strange luminous designs upon a fat pillar-box which he had never noticed before. Mr. Smith snorted with rage. "Who's going to pay that man's wages?—unnecessary work; dammit! has the world gone mad?" Everywhere he looked he saw innumerable workmen all dressed in different coloured overalls. Some were transforming the dirty roofs, others were painting the chimney-pots a bright red. Then, suddenly, he heard a band and people singing. Mr. Smith choked. "Hi! what's the meaning of all this?" he gasped breathlessly, clutching hold of the nearest person; then he drew back, startled, for the face which turned upon him was the gaunt, expressionless face of the boney man who had irritated and mystified him in the 'bus. Mr. Smith stammered a few incoherent words. "I saw it coming," remarked the stranger slowly, as he gazed sadly at Mr. Smith; "I saw it coming." "What on earth are you speaking of?" implored Mr. Smith, vainly attempting to get some mental grasp of the situation; "what's all this tomfoolery going on in a respectable suburb?" The stranger sighed wearily. "It's a sort of carnival," he replied; "colours, and mad workmen, and the Joy of Life. They're doing away with everything that made your life and my life worth living." Mr. Smith rolled his eyes, horror-struck. "Wh-wh-at?" he gasped; "you don't mean—." The stranger waved his thin hand. "I mean what I say," he continued. "I saw it coming—years ago. Everything's changed now. You and me

don't fit into things no more. They've done away with everything—wages an' all." Mr. Smith staggered against the railings. "Done away with wages!" . . . "Wet paint," cried a voice; "mind the paint, gentlemen—mind the beautiful emerald-green paint. All fresh this morning." Mr. Smith saved his black coat just in time, and clutched the arm of the stranger in terror. "When I got home this evening," whined the boney man, "I found a party of insane workmen busy altering the exterior of my house. It's wet paint everywhere. Such outrageous colours, too. Just look over there—blue, white, and gold." Mr. Smith reeled against the stranger. "My house!" he moaned feebly. "What's it look like *now*? Like a transformation scene out of a pantomime! No decent, respectable citizen would live in it now." He wiped the perspiration off his face. The stranger nodded with genuine sympathy. "I'm a Conservative," he said; "always have been."

There was a sudden movement in the crowd. "Look out!" cried the stranger, "they've spotted us—run." But before Mr. Smith got two yards he was surrounded by about fifty workmen, all dressed in bright green costumes. Mr. Smith put up his hands to defend himself. "Don't get scared," exclaimed a tall, fat man with a grin. "We ain't goin' to 'urt yer. We're only the Gala Guild. We've got this 'ere Junction Road well in 'and. Talk abart colour! You wait till sunrise. You'll blink wiv bloom'n' joy. Give the gentleman a costoom, Bill." Mr. Smith wriggled feebly and glanced half defiantly at the circle of wonderful workmen who surrounded him as the costume was adjusted over his ordinary clothes.

"I object—" he began, but a roar of laughter and loud cheers from the other end of the street drowned the remaining portion of his protest. At that moment the whole suburb became illuminated with hand-painted lanterns which swung to and fro joyously in the breeze. Somewhere a barrel-organ played a mad tune which compelled everybody to dance; but Mr. Smith, taking advantage of the wild moment, crept away into a dark corner. Suddenly he stumbled over a prostrate form. He stooped down and discovered once more his gaunt-faced companion. "Are you hurt?" he exclaimed. "What have they done?" "Let me die," groaned the stranger, pitcously, as Mr. Smith attempted to raise him from the ground. "Let me die. They have clothed me in a crimson coat, they have squashed my top-hat into a concertina and placed upon my head a mediaeval hood. Give me back my top-hat—give it me back." The stranger seemed to be in some sort of delirium. "I cannot endure the comfort. . . ." With a supreme effort he tore the hood from his head and flung it away. "They have painted my boots vermilion, torn the advertisements off the wall of my house, drawn pictures upon the pavement, illuminated my back-yard with bronze lamps." The stranger groaned. "Even now a mad workman is bedaubing my bathroom with clean white paint! They have given my children most outrageously beautiful toys—thus destroying all the valuable commercial education which I have lavished upon them; they have decorated my dog's neck with an absurdly expensive silver collar; but worse than all these—worse than anything they have planned against me—they have made me happy. . . ." The stranger gripped Mr. Smith's hand tightly. "I could have survived everything else but this," continued the gaunt-faced stranger, gasping for breath, "everything but happiness. . . ." Mr. Smith felt his companion's hand grow limp. He bent down and discovered that the stranger had expired. Mr. Smith stood upright and glanced in the direction of the carnival. A soft breeze wafted the sound of music into his ears . . . a flaming rocket shot up into the sky and curved over the earth, trailing a rainbow of radiant colour. Mr. Smith followed it with his eyes . . . he commenced to dance. . . .

ARTHUR F. THORN.

## Readers and Writers.

WHATEVER may be the case with my colleagues, I cannot complain that the week has been fruitless to me. Four excellent books—of which more anon—two good magazines and an amusing adventure in dilettantism would make a remarkable week at the best of times. Coming now, my Sister Anne is disposed almost to see the dawn breaking. Both magazines, I may say, are American. One, a quarterly entitled "Drama," published by the "Drama League of America," I have never heard of before, though it is in its eighteenth issue. The other is the July "Yale Review," of which my readers have heard as much as I have. "Drama" contains an account, written by Mr. Ezra Pound, of the Japanese "Noh-dramas,"—the subject, if I remember, of one of the first notes of this present series as ever is. It is an interesting account, and, next to Ernest Fenollosa's own, the most complete we are likely to have. Mr. Pound has, in fact, had the privilege of making extracts from conversations with Fenollosa, and hence, in some respects, of improving upon the re-discoverer of the No-dramas. Fenollosa, from all accounts, must have been an extraordinary man. An American (mixed, I suppose, like Lafcadio Hearn), Fenollosa went to Japan as a Professor of Economics and became in course of time the Imperial Commissioner of Arts. While on a visit to London he died suddenly; but the Japanese Government thought so much of him that they sent a warship to convey his body to be buried in public state in Japan. What had he done, you may ask? His chief work, it appears, was the re-discovery and the restoration of the No-dramas. That these dramas must have touched the Japanese deeply goes without saying after this; and the secret is to my mind clear.

Mr. Pound does not himself note the fact, but the traditional order of the six plays making a cycle is mystical. By this I mean that the peculiar features of the No-drama are directly related with the Mysteries. It is generally known, of course, that certain rituals and formulas of our Western Churches can be traced back to Mysteries and Initiation ceremonies in Egypt and beyond. Their origins are lost in the mythology of history. But similarly, it appears, these Japanese dramas hark back to a period much anterior to the date of their actual writing down; they are, in all probability, fragmentary recollections of oral mystery-dramas of no date that can be fixed. The carefully preserved sequence of the parts of the cycle is one evidence of it; of which another is the parallel the sequence presents with the Mysteries elsewhere. The intimacy of the allusions is still another—as if the plays were written for a brotherhood with a common vocabulary. Also their close association with the symbolism of gesture and dancing brings them distinctly under the class of Mystery plays, concerning which Mr. G. R. S. Mead, in his "Hermes" and elsewhere, has written at length. Altogether, it is no wonder the Japanese cultured classes welcomed their revival, since their re-appearance was a kind of proof of the antiquity of traditional Japanese civilisation. We English, alas, have not so deep a root in history.

Having said so much, I must add that Japan is quite welcome to them. Mr. Pound does his best to make them intelligible and even to link them with his own little cult of imagism; but I understand them quite as little as their modern twig. The plays have atmosphere, and many of the speeches are charming; but head or tail of the whole I cannot make. Mix Maeterlinck with Mr. Pound under the influence of Mr. Yeats, and stir with modern spiritualism, and the result to my mind is that of the "Noh-dramas." It is not really encouraging. Mr. Pound has a way, too, of occasionally eating his peas with a knife; a way, I mean, of using slang and Americanisms in serious writing. The order to

a dramatic personage to "come off it" is a shock that brings the theatre down for me; and Mr. Pound himself speaks of "donation" when he means "contribution," and "preachments" where we should say "doctrines."

Two articles, at least, in the July "Yale Review" are a credit to American thought. They are "The Question of Justice," by Mr. J. C. Ransom, and "The Rights of the United States as a Neutral," by Mr. C. C. Hyde. Both writers have, I think, a bias towards the German side of the present planetary quarrel; but they are none the less honest and fair-minded. Mr. Ransom sees in the war the conflict of two kinds of justice: static or Aristotelian justice, which seeks to preserve the status quo—Conservative justice, shall we say?—and creative or Platonic (or Liberal) justice, which seeks to give to each man and nation the means proportionate to his strength and merit. The dispute, he assumes, is at bottom territorial, and arises from the need of Germany of room for expansion, and the will of England in particular to keep what she has. Both sides have therefore a kind of right, and only time can decide which is the superior. What a pity the issue was not made as clear before the war! Possibly, indeed, some such notion as a re-distribution of opportunity corresponding to the recent distribution of power was in the mind of Sir Edward Grey when in one of his last dispatches to Germany he suggested the discussion of new plans for the future. The bottom, however, is knocked out of Mr. Ransom's case by this one little territorial fact that has been brought to my notice: on the outbreak of war there were no fewer than two million foreign workmen in Germany. Was expansion really so necessary or was it only a movement for cheap labour? Mr. Hyde's discussion of the Rights of America as a Neutral is well-informed and apparently impartial. Assuming that, as a neutral, America is entitled to be let alone by both belligerents, he finds no difficulty in making a case against England as well as against Germany. We shall do well, in fact, to bear this in mind. Nor is it any excuse to claim that Germany has been in every instance the first offender, and that our offences have been retaliatory. That, I think, would count in America almost as an aggravation of our breaches of the law as to neutrals. Being by profession the innocent party it is our business in particular to remain innocent. But the reply can certainly be made that while America has every right to protest against the infractions of international law, she has no moral right to protest against those only that affect her directly. That is the crux of the matter; and the ground, I take it, of England's comparative indifference to the American outcry. You were silent, we can say to America, while a score of clauses to which your signature was attached were being violated, because their abrogation produced no immediate effect upon your commercial interests. And you cannot now claim the sanctity of the rest of the clauses merely because their breach happens to hurt you. Law is law, and all of it is sacred or none of it is. We shall sit up and attend when, as well as against the wrongs done to her as a Neutral, America protests against the wrongs done to her as a signatory of the whole of International Law.

I meant at this point to make a note upon Dr. Coleman Phillipson's "International Law and the Great War" (Unwin, 15s. net). It is one of the four really notable works to which I have referred. But with the rest it must stand over. In the meanwhile, to our diversion! "Loose Leaves," by Edward Storer (12, Harpur Street, W.C.) are a—well, let the author speak. "I propose, he says, to issue in this form from time to time portions of my work denied the right of existence by the commercialism which controls the publication of every kind of literature." And then in Portion III he re-prints a little play that has already appeared once in "Poetry and Drama." See the joke? It is little Georgie breaking step to show that all the regiment is out of step but he.

R. H. C.



## A Three Days' Track in Patagonia.

By Archibald Stewart.

IN the places I have known were many toga-wrapped, dream-cased souls diligently spinning fine yarns of theoretic happiness; of which the memory so filled me with an old wonder that I rode off without returning the inn-keeper's "Adios." It was a blue-skied early September morn. The ranges of Tierra del Fuego jutted white across the Straits of Magellan. My tall, shaggy four-year-old, with the spring fretting in his blood, hauled impatiently upon the shortened rein. I rode out on a new track. And surely these three—a spring sky above, an eager horse beneath, and a long new track ahead—might make the saddest merry.

Punta Arenas, the dumping-ground of all the nations, the sewage-bed of the world, was scarce awake. Of the plentiful stores only one was unshuttered. But it was old Abraham's Casa Inglesa—English Warehouse—where noses are Israelitish, tongues Germanic, and goods, per advertisement, "de las ultimas Modas de Paris." I pass a bullock-cart. The squat Chilote, native of the potato and fig-growing western isle of Chiloe, gives me "Buen dia"; and as he walks before his team of slow, patient brutes, now raps them over the muzzle with his goad, now viciously jabs the point into the open red nostril. "Venga!" he shouts. The heavy load lurches out of a rut. The driver swears his satisfaction. From the oxen come great sighs. The magnificent heads are bent low under the yoke. From out the big humid eyes stares a quiet hell of unspeakable suffering.

A troop of dogs, Indian, Chilian and European, like the rats of Hamelin for the multitude of hues and sizes, pursue us and each other for a thousand metres. Three dirty, naked brats rush agape to the apron of a mountainous, greasy Austrian matron, and explode into throaty calls of "Gringo; mirad al gringo! The foreigner! Just look at the foreigner!" But soon the town, its blue-red shanties of tin rising from the edge of the Magellan upwards to the meretricious dwellings (congregated like the leprous of the East) upon the Hill, and its many-tongued twenty-thousand lie behind us. I shake out the reins. Clavel, rid alike of city manners, stretches out towards the Camp.

Our track for some miles winds along the beach. Low in the waters of the Strait moves a Chilian gun-boat. Where the Magellan opens out to the Atlantic crawls another craft, the black puffs from her smoke stacks telling of a diligent stoking. She is an English boat, who knows, making good her escape from the "Bremen," the German cruiser which, according to "las ultimas noticias de la Guerra Europea" in every exploiting broadsheet, rivals the Scarlet Pimpernel in her baffling omnipresence. For here at the world's fringe we know more wonderful things than you can hear concerning the new Punic War. The warships of Europe have been sunk twice over. The British declaration was not a week old when the "Chile Austral" bulletined "un combate colossal" in the North Sea, and the annihilation of forty ships of the first class; but with quite un-Chilian continence, added to the mythical telegram, "no se confirme, the news is not confirmed!" "But if it is true," said the keeper of a boliché, "I'll take all them champagnes from the shelf and knock their heads off at the bar. And even you Dutchers can guzzle to your Bill's damnation!" . . . However, all that happened was just the riddling of a German flag with revolver bullets and the obversing of it under a fringed Union Jack. And a few heads were broken.

The track rises north-westerly. Clavel's canter

shortens to a trot as he splashes through mud and long stretches of water. Here and there Chilenos are hacking down the remnants of burned forest, and preparing for tillage. An ox-team, following the goad resting upon the yoke, ploughs a ragged furrow.

For a time the signs of human habitation disappear, except for a telephone wire which hums incessantly overhead. Little grey "porotos" wheel up from before us and shout queerly for "beans, beans, porota, porota." Flocks of geese, with outstretched necks, whirr over us, noisily honk-honking, to settle again in a near lagoon and dispute its possession with a colony of ducks of many kinds. Sheep lift their heads at the sound of the birds and string out for some quieter feeding ground. A troop of shaggy mares and spindle-shanked foals answer the neighing of Clavel, and cantering with long mane and tail flowing in the wind, regard us from a safe distance curiously.

At noon I reach a boliché, or hotel; a rough tin shanty, kept as are most track inns by a Slav, who at this time, if he is certain that the Señor is English, will give careful and emphatic assurance that he is not one of those Austrian brutes, "los bichos Austriacos!" Before the door a dozen pigs are grubbing. A crowd of sleepy dogs snap lazily at hysterical fowls. A slattern rushes out of doors to grab an armful of infants who scream the news of an approaching pasajero.

Having tied my horse beside some others at the polinqué, consisting of posts and a cross-rail for the purpose, I enter the bar. Such an inn is also a general store. Overhead hang pots and pans, revolvers, guns and knives, skins of fox, skunk and ostrich, and bits of fancy horse-gear. Above the shelf of many kinds of rot-gut, the groceries are crammed. A litter of blind pups squeak and whimper beneath a bench. The corners of the room have each a pile of saddles, rugs and girths. Upon the door is nailed a paper bearing an ill-scrawled, pathetic announcement to this effect:—"The landlord, his beloved wife, and his dear little children depend for their lives, kind and honourable Señors, upon 'venta al contado, sale for payment on the spot!'"

A squabble is in process. A short man with a fat face, evidently Scottish, is abusing in execrable incomprehensible Spanish the two men leaning nonchalantly at the bar. One is the Slav landlord. The other, by his keen face and the sibilance and pronounced vowels of his Castilian, is possibly an Italian, albeit he wears a navy-blue jersey with the letters R.N. across his chest. The rest are swarthy Chilenos, who sip vermuth and give each other "Salud!" They are not interested. A Gringo's quarrel has no concern for the knives hung in sheaths at their hips.

"Qué hay?" I ask, and am told that "el Señor Gordo," the fat man, demands the return of some money that is not forthcoming. But more than that they cannot comprehend. "Import a nada! It matters nothing!" The landlord shrugs his shoulders, and thrusts out his hands in the Jewish gesture common to his countrymen. The Scotsman turns to me. His little deep-set, piggy eyes are ablaze. He delivers himself of gusts of Spanish, making sore travail. I dare not laugh; we are both Citizens of Rome, and not loved. "Tell me in English," I suggest. He gapes; then grins. . . . "Eh maan! Thank Goad! Is't no a hell o' a country?" . . . But he received his lawful eighty cents, and would have us all share a stirrup-cup that cost five dollars.

As I mount, a rider comes over the ridge. His horse's belly is caked with mud. But to my question, "Is the track soft?" he replies:—

"Un poco, Señor, un poquito no mas! A little, just a very little!"

From which I surmise the worst; for the most remarkable peculiarity of the average Chileno lies in minimising or exaggerating the truth. He rids himself of the burden of a lie by prefixing a "Quien sabe? Who knows?" and promises to do "mañana, to-morrow,"

whatever he has no intention of ever on earth performing!

An hour onwards I overtake a cavalcade of peóns and shepherds, mantled in flowing ponchos, and mounted on horses colour-marked like a circus troop. They flounder through long stretches of pond and swamp, on one track to some sheep station to begin the season's work. Each leads a "cargero" laden with blankets and saddle bags. One rides a Falkland Island saddle, which consists of a wooden frame, flanked with stuffed pads, and high-bowed fore and aft with arcs of wood. The rest use "bastos," which are leather pads laced with thong to fit easily on either side of the back ridge. On every saddle lies a sheep-skin to ease the seat, since rising in the stirrup is not practised. A crowd of mongrel dogs—the curse of good shepherding, since they are never at command—race hungrily in front or trail growling behind. Among them are ostrich hounds and the spotted dogs once peculiar to the Yahgan tribes of Tierra del Fuego; the same which, allowed to run while their masters were in great numbers being killed off at so much a head, bred with the large foxes and the strayed animals of the colonist, and now constitute the plague of some parts of Fireland.

All are courteous, greeting me with a pleasant "Buena tarde!" and praising the fatness of my horse, almost enviously, for theirs show evidence of a lean winter. We talk of a possible "huelga," or strike, and of the Federation which two years ago raised the wages of Patagonian shepherds and peóns, and gained for the contract-shearers eighteen shillings per hundred fleeces; but only for dearer provisions in the camp and in Punta Arenas—since all stations sell stores, and the big land companies own the largest warehouses in town—to consume the increase and readjust the old level. Nowhere has a simple and obvious fact been more simply and obviously demonstrated. . . . Thence to the European War, which they reckon "Santa Maria! Una mala cosa para los trabajadores! An evil thing for the workers!" since out of the uncertainty of the wool market there will be less employment on the Estancias.

Rising suddenly to a plateau of califat and vachene scrub, we come in view of a "macho" ostrich and his bunch of females, feeding about three hundred yards away. In a moment they are off, the male bringing up the rear, with the hounds in full pursuit. Their heads, which do not reach much higher than a horse's withers, are only seen at intervals above the bushes, and presently are indistinguishable in the grey scrub.

The Patagonian has neither the size nor the plumage of the African ostrich. It lacks distinctive tail feathers, and only the wing pinions are of any value, although the whole skin, which is brownish-grey, fetches about ninepence a pound. The "macho" lives with five to ten females in the breeding season, himself hatching the eggs, which may number anything from twenty to fifty. In autumn and winter they run in points of seventy or more.

I could not wait for the return of the hounds. "How much farther to Hotel Manzano?" I inquired of my neighbour. "Algo mas, a fairish bit more." "But shall I reach it before nightfall?" "Si; como no, Señor." "Yes, why not?" And with that and a mutual "Buen viaje!" I went ahead. But not until two hours after the stars were out did I hear the yelping of the dogs at Hotel Manzano!

A track-hotel in Patagonia is not a comfortable place. It is slung up wherever necessity will compel the traveller to rest his horses or himself, and is so managed by the illiterate but crafty Austrian or Slav, who knows that his dogs give him warning of no pleasure seeker, that he draws the maximum of profit from the minimum of expense. He caters for two classes; or rather his house contains two bleak "dining rooms"—the one for those before whom he grins and says "Señor," the other for those he may curse and call "hombre" and serve with vitriolic liquors. Otherwise the difference is fictitious except in price, for dinner and a night's

lodging of the first class cost about ten dollars Chilean, or eight and ninepence; of the second class only a fourth of the sum. Certainly the dirty floor, the benches, and the whisky advertisement upon the wall in the "comedor grande," big dining room, give place in the smaller or "comedor chico" to a little less dirt, an ill-used chair or two, and a highly-coloured print of some nude lady apparently of easy virtue. But both suffer from a smoky wood stove, the pipe of which, led through a gaping hole in the wall, fills the chamber with a cyclone of draughts.

In such a place solitude has no charm. The iron upon the roof creaks and rattles until I am driven for refuge to the "comedor chico," where two Chilenos are entertaining the landlord with the latest impossible war news. The Slav is silent until he gets a clue to my nationality; after which he declares to have thought the gentleman a German "por su tipo," by his looks. Like most of his countrymen he was unwilling to let his patriotism injure his custom. From the Chilenos I learn my track for to-morrow. It lies through "monte" or forest and northward, where on the mountains and in the valleys there will still be "a little" of the winter's snow. I must not side-track towards Gringos Duros nor yet towards Carne Fria—estancias which illustrate the Chileno's genius in apt nomenclature. The names derive, so they tell me, from the following facts:—

A native, who knew no English, bore a message to some Hebridean Scotsmen, who knew no Castilian, and possibly as little English. Returning to the settlement, his mission unaccomplished, "Qué gringos duros!" he exclaimed in disgust, "What stupid foreigners!" Carne Fria perpetuates the laziness or inhospitality of an early settler who set before hungry travellers the cold scraps—carne fria—of his own repast. But Patagonia is rich in place-names of equal graphic piquancy—Ultima Esperanza or The Last Hope, Rio Penitente or The River of Penitence—all pregnant with an old tale.

The morrow is wintry. I saddle up in a whirling white squall, and am into the forest betimes, mindful of the "little snow" in the cañadons. I am early enough to surprise a few skunks travelling painfully on long claws towards their burrows. The pretty black and white, long-nosed animals get a wide respectful berth. With all their innocence they are skilful, ejecting their nauseous yellow stream in all directions, even over their heads, in most disconcerting fashion. And to be skunked is not to smell of roses!

Out of the forest I enter the camp of Laguna Blanca, the White Lagoon which stretches miles square along the plain, where the vega grass shows its bleached tips above the snow. Upon the ridge rise the red-roofed buildings of an Estancia. In the corral a troop of horses stand tail-on to the wind. The peóns cease their lazing for a moment to speculate on the pasajeros.

The way grows more difficult with snow and ice. At the meeting of those tracks stretches a deep, frozen lagoon, where my horse, unshod and dreading the breaking ice, would like to stick up. Crossing at last I read a notice, curiously enough, nailed upon a fence-post. It warns me that there is no inn at the estancia upon the ridge, but a little farther up "un poco mas arriba." The import is blunt enough; guests are unwelcome at the station I have just passed.

My track dips again into a point of the forest deep in mid-winter snows. The trot becomes a walk. At times the snow is as high as the horse's brisket and never below the knees. The spring of yesterday was a delusion. Upon the low branches of the trees sit a few chamungos, hawk-like birds, and squawk in mockery. The wind sweeps along the track. Squalls eddy and whirl. The black trees seem to dance in the white chaos.

"Buen dia, Señor!" shouts a sudden voice. Startled, I push the hat-brims from my eyes and peer into a clump of bushes. In the shelter is a solitary rider in the act of rolling a cigarette.



"Adonde va Usted?"

"To Rio Penitente," I reply.

He smiled most villainously; rolled another cigarette of powdery tobacco taken in driblets from a nether pocket and handed it to me.

"To Rio Penitente? To-day? Carramba! Es impossible, Señor. Mirad entonces!"

And he waved the fringe of his poncho up and down and round about. There was already much snow. But in the cañadon grande, in the long valley, how much? It was then late afternoon. Rio Penitente lay in the unbroken snow at least ten hours away. I would return to the inn of the notice-board. . . . But again the villainous smile from ear to ear.

"No hay, Señor. There isn't any. It was burned in the winter. But there is a 'ruqua,' a hut, which I left to-day. Two hours will bring you to it if you follow my horse's track. There you can make a fire and cook the meat that hangs from the wall. Tomorrow, start early. But to-day, Rio Penitente, es impossible, Señor!"

We parted. For a time his tracks, flecked with crimson from snow-raw fetlocks, were plain. Farther on they grew indistinguishable in the drift, although I picked them up here and there where the forest was densest. But at length I lost the trail irretrievably. The "ruqua," albeit only a log hut roofed with scrub, had been preferable to a toilsome return. Now nothing remained but the doubtful welcome of Laguna Blanca.

Wet, cold, hungry, with face raw from wind and snow, and feet sensibly non-existent, I drew up in the evening before the house of the "patrón," the boss. By his countenance he was not of the kind from whom the stranger expects a favour. I did not ask for the hospitality of his own house—and he did not offer it—but only permission to lodge overnight in "la casa de los peones," in Gringo parlance, the Cookhouse.

"Como no? Why not?"

"And my horse?"

"He must go into the paddock with the troop."

"But there's no feed there above snow. Have you no hay? He has been two days on the track."

"I've got to buy my hay, and I'm told I can buy no more."

"But I shall pay you for the little I need."

"No. I require every straw for my stud-rams."

"Sta bueno. Gracias!"

The Patagonian horse is not a "blood"; but, particularly if he be of Indian descent, he will carry you for a week, living on nothing but his own fat. And then no stable awaits him, nor bran, nor corn, but summer and winter, the open camp, and whatever he may pick thereon.

The "casa de los peones" is not an abode for the delicately nurtured. As a rule it is described in diminutives and negatives as less foul or less uncomfortable than another. It consists of a kitchen or galley and dining room—the dominions of the cook, who is a personage to be respected; and the sleeping apartments, each ranged with wooden and sheep-skin bunks.

The peons made room for me on a bench beside the stove. Some were sitting on the bunks. A party of four were ranged around a greasy bench playing "truco" with a pack of grimy, tattered cards, maintaining the excitement of the game with copious foul and physical blasphemies. A small man, dark, low-browed, and of so criminal a countenance that his apish white smile was felt like the cut of a knife, sat cobbling upon an upturned box.

The cook called us to dine. He was a Turk with protuberant stomach and an expansive, sooty face. Upon his forehead was wound a dirty cloth, hiding a knife-wound received at the hands of the cobbler in a recent drunken brawl.

I realised the blessing of my ravenous hunger, which made eating imperative. Half a dozen messes were

flung on the table—cold chops thick with white grease, soup in which floated clumps of macaroni, hash with macaroni, burned roast garnished again with macaroni and larded with olive oil. There was no delicacy; not even bread, but instead a sort of "dough-nut," brown without and blue within, and tough as leather. Each man filled his tin mug with black coffee from a huge copper in the galley. But strangest of all was the common courtesy. In the scramble round the dishes, none jogged his neighbour without saying "Con permiso, by your leave." If any left the table, he wished the others "buen provecho, good profit"; and all respectfully thanked the cook.

After dinner two candle stumps were stuck on boxes and guttered in the draughts that entered from the unlined walls and seamy floor. The cobbler sat by his last, and while he hammered, talked to me of the war. The oldest of the crew, proud before the others, exhibited his English, which amounted to no more than two phrases—"You Engleesman? Mucho fightee, no?" So proud was he of his knowledge and my praise that he showed me the trick of a "button" he was making for a piece of horse-gear. So the evening passed, not unpleasantly, save for the memory of dinner; until, as they slipped off to bunk, I arranged myself a bed of sheep-skins and turned in.

At dawn the horses were coralled; and ere the grey flecks had slipped down the horizon I took the track. It was still early morn when I passed the Rubicon of yesterday and entered the big valley. Dazzling blue sky sank evenly upon the ridges into glittering snow or broke raggedly upon a black belt of forest. Specks upon the horizon took the shape of horsemen, to rise a condor or buzzard planing and circling upwards until the tortured vision lost its power. A monte fox issued from the forest and swung leisurely over the whiteness. From the broken margin of a lagoon a flock of flamingoes tucked up their long shanks and drifted a pink cloud overhead. All day toiled Clavel, ploughing a way where he sunk only to the knees, or plunging through reefs deep as the saddle-flaps. The cold was solid. My legs and feet, encased in long boots, were as sentient as the box-stirrups. A ruffle of the poncho stung my wrist like a whip. . . . Somehow I remembered a Salvation Army meeting I once witnessed at a corner of Argyle Street in Glasgow. There was an ugly girl upon a foot-stool. She spoke of red sin, and screamed there was "no choy in it." . . . The whiteness was a myriad adamant points all darting through my eyes.

Imperceptibly the white sun gathered to a red yolk. The sky broke and fretted into wondrous mirages. Green isles rose alluring out of blue lagoons. And even while I gazed, green magic fields ripened into gold. The track straggled over the white ridge to fall into paradise. Clavel toiled on, his back arched, his nostrils drilling grooves in the snow. Would the track never end?

The sun fell. Red rivers flowed through the green isles and engulfed them; and themselves faded into grey that stole, like quiet sleep upon delirium, over all the sky. The ridges grew indistinct and covered themselves with muffled shapes. The forest blackened into a menacing abyss. A star here and there sparkled like a driven spear-point.

The night came. The semi-darkness nestled against us. No sound but of poncho rubbing against long boots, the deep sighing of Clavel, and the sudden sob as he strained in the drifts. The track's beginning and the track's end were alike things of a tattered dream. There was only the filmy ridge retreating ahead. Benumbed and half asleep, I feel uneasily that it knows our pursuit. Feebly I use the spur, for the first time since morning. . . . We reach the crest of the Sierra. . . . Clavel neighs. A dog barks. A red light flickers from a clump of monte; then is eclipsed; then shines steadily through the trees.

## Views and Reviews.

### The Price of Liberty.

IT is certain that, in the present mood of Englishmen, no good thing can come out of Germany; so let us admit at once that the recent announcement of the State control of the coal industry of Germany is one more example of those detestable Prussian methods that we will not adopt. We have some trouble with our coal industry, it is true; it is to be feared that the price of coal during the coming winter will be considerably higher than it was last winter; but, thank God, we have our own way of dealing with these questions, and Mr. Runciman has introduced a Bill for the limitation of prices of coal which specifically exempts from its operation practically all the coal that will be raised during the winter. We are fighting in this war to enforce the sanctity of contracts; and we are told by Mr. Dale (of the well-known firm of Charrington, Sells, Dale and Co.) that it is "practically certain that the whole of the London winter supply of coal has already been contracted for." As the Act "shall not apply to the sale of coal supplied in pursuance of a contract made before the commencement of this Act," we preserve the sanctity of contracts by not regulating the price of coal. Why, then, introduce the Bill? The limitation of prices implies the limitation of profits to the ordinary mind, and a check is thus offered to the rapacious demands of the miners for increased wages. The Bill will thus serve two purposes: it will put the miners morally in the wrong, so far as public opinion is concerned, and it will preserve the sanctity of contracts. Could anything be more English, or less Prussian? The truth is that the Government has given a new interpretation to the word "consumer." The general public has been led to suppose by the economists that it is a body of consumers; the fact is that it is a body to be consumed, the real "consumers" being the coal owners. The Government can say quite truly that it is protecting the consumers; at the same time, in the name of Freedom it applies compulsion to the miners. Certain Liberal papers suggest that compulsion should be applied to the coal owners, but it is quite clear that they have departed from the English tradition.

Anti-Christ, on the other hand, applies compulsion to the coal owners. This high-handed and monstrous proceeding has, we are told, taken the coal owners by surprise; but whatever their state of mind may be, the fact remains that they are compelled to enter into associations which will control the production and sale of the coal produced by their members. Apparently we have taught the Prussian tyrant the value of voluntary effort, for it is provided that compulsion shall not be exercised in any district where, before a certain date, a voluntary agreement is reached by coal-owners whose production amounts to more than 97 per cent. of the whole production of their district. But whether the association be voluntary or compulsory, the State is to appoint commissioners who will take part, with voting power, at all meetings of the coal-owners, and will have the power of veto on their decisions in accordance with the law, the new regulations, and the public interest. Here is what Mr. Brown calls Leviathan tyrannising over the poor coal-owners, depriving them of joy and freedom in their work, and generally behaving like the Beast mentioned in Revelation.

These regulations take effect immediately in the case of the Rhenish Westphalian Coal Syndicate; and as

this Kartel is not without history, we may be able to gather some idea of the manner in which the State control will operate. Its contracts with coal merchants included a provision that they "must not buy from non-syndicated mines in the Ruhr district (otherwise the price of each ton bought from the syndicate was raised by 50 pfennige)." As the syndicate has a practical monopoly in the Ruhr district, the provision might be thought unnecessary; but the Prussian Government owns mines in the Saar and the Ruhr districts, and the clause was really aimed at the Government. The state of affairs that subsisted between this noble syndicate and this corrupt and tyrannous Government reveals once again the degree of low craving that exists in the Prussian mind. After the renewal of the Kartel agreement in 1904, the Prussian Government secretly acquired control of the Hibernia mine, and tried to enter the syndicate by stealth. The attempt was foiled; but the syndicate, with that generosity characteristic of all Germans but the Prussians, offered to admit the Government to membership. The offer was declined, the Government preferring the tortuous ways prescribed by a Machiavellian diplomacy to the more simple and honest rogues of the Kartel.

In 1908, the Kartel maintained, and even advanced, prices; at the same time supplying foreign countries at considerably lower prices. If Prussia had possessed free political institutions, such as are the glory of England and America, a Bill might have been introduced to regulate the price of coal; but the tyranny that is inherent in the Prussian constitution manifested itself in the determination of the Government to sell its coal to home consumers cheaper than did the Kartel. But the enmity between autocracy and legitimate trade did not cease with this incident. In 1911, the Budget Commission recommended that the Government should enter the syndicate to obtain more control of prices. Only a people terrorised by Prussian militarism would have submitted to such an outrage; but in January, 1912, the Prussian Office of Mines became a member of the syndicate, and sold the surplus coal from its Westphalian mines through that organisation. But its enmity of spirit still survived as suspicion, and the Government reserved to itself the right to withdraw if the price policy of the syndicate did not meet with its approval. Ten months later, the syndicate raised its price, and threatened further advances in 1913 and 1914. The Prussian Minister of Trade, considering this policy prejudicial to the public welfare, dissolved the agreement.

When the Federal Council of Germany asserts that this scheme, "by means of the influence reserved to the State, affords the possibility of providing for a certain stability in coal prices," we know exactly what is intended. The Laws of Supply and Demand will not be allowed to operate unchecked; whenever the coal-owners think that they could make the public pay a little more, that Commissioner of the State will veto the proposal in the public interest. Obviously, there is nothing in the scheme to commend it to English people. This Commissioner, for example, will not even be elected by those whose interest he will represent; neither the lawyers, nor the bureaucrats, nor the public will have a word to say in the matter. The public might even agree with the various organisations that a rise in prices would be to its benefit; but this corrupt oligarchy will not allow the public even to make a mistake, or learn from experience. There is no freedom in Germany; the official statement expressly says that these associations are to be formed without the consent of the coal-owners, who "are no longer free"; and as we are fighting to free even the Germans from the Prussian tyranny, we shall proceed with the war, and the Price of Coal (Limitation) Act, 1915, with equal vigour, assured that nothing but the desire for Freedom inspires our action. The price of Liberty is ineffective legislation!

A. E. R.



## Man-ufacture

By Ivor Brown.

WE do not trouble our heads with theory in this England of action. We have our men who do, usually Scots, Irishmen, or Jews, we have our politicians who bicker and intrigue, and we have our Pressmen who squall or snivel or merely vomit. But we leave theory to the damned foreigners: especially the theory of education. For we do not want our schools to make cranks, but to make plain men. And you know the result. Things, however, are changing, and here and there a voice is heard in the wilderness. Messrs. Constable, for instance, have been publishing a sound series of works on educational theories, including Mr. Holmes' volume on "What is and what might be." And now Miss Hughes has reviewed our elementary school system in the light of a common-sense idealism.\*

Miss Hughes makes great play with the fact that she is a Humanist. Whether by that she declares herself a pragmatist follower of Dr. Schiller or merely an ordinary idealist it is hard to tell. On one occasion she says "If Humanism could be defined in a phrase, it might be defined as the identification of utility and culture, of the necessary and the desirable." If that is Humanism, then are all Guildsmen Humanists and perhaps a host of other people also. Accordingly, while Humanism remains so vaguely distinguished from a hundred other isms and until a clearer explanation is vouchsafed, it is rather tedious to have all educational measures reviewed "in the light of Humanism."

As a writer on education Miss Hughes has experience, sympathy, understanding. She knows what she wants and she is right in what she wants. Occasionally, perhaps, she is a little prone to be influenced by the Yankee-minded prigs who are the bane and pest of all educational theory: as, for instance, when she quotes with apparent approval gentlemen who call dancing "one of the best expressions of pure play and of the motor needs of youth" and who "claim much positive value, physical and moral, even for the dancing of our days, degenerate relict though it be, with at least but an insignificant culture value and too often stained with bad associations." Rag-time, fox-trot, eccentricity of every kind, is but the by-product of the vulgar industrialism upon which these bean-fed souls batten and smile. The excessive hatred, too, of cinemas smacks rather of the school-ma'am. But if Miss Hughes can become superior, she does it with the best of motives and the best excuse. She takes Plato's Republic in earnest: which is something in these days.

Judged as a whole the book breaks down for one tremendous and incontestable reason. Miss Hughes has a philosophy of education without having a philosophy of society; or rather she has a deficient philosophy of society. Once more we are faced, as in so many cases, with an outlook which is sound in itself but quite uncorrelated with the industrialism of our universe. The author wants a Humanist education which will make men and women real individuals with spontaneity and adaptability. She is then faced with the problem that the manufacturers who go to the elementary school for labour do not want critical, thoughtful individuals: they want either people with a turn for mechanical device or mere man-stuff, human power to be applied as they choose. Miss Hughes admits the fact and quotes the statement of an English Factory Owner (1913), "The more the girls are like machines, the better they please me. I don't want them to think. If they do, they'll pinch their fingers." What then is the use of theorising about education? The employers control Parliament and form a governing class. That, surely, is undeniable. The employers do not want reasoning

men and women. Admittedly they want machines. That is why their interest in education is limited to two objects. (1) Getting the public to pay for technical training which will make efficiency cheap for the profiteers. (2) Cramming the children with a certain outlook on life, religious, patriotic, servile. England is the best country, England is run by noble people: God save the King and Empire, God save the noble people. And so the machinery for machine-making runs pleasantly on.

Faced with the fact that the world of industrialism fits very ill with the world of Humanist education, Miss Hughes tries to find comfort by cheating herself with puerile economics. The chapter called "Afterwards" marks presumably her effort at reconciliation. It is not a success. Consider the following: "Our thesis is that the root causes and the root cures of social evils are educational rather than economic. And our argument is as follows—The problem of poverty centres, by common consent, on unemployment. The unemployment problem centres on the casual worker. He is a casual either by choice or of necessity—through want of skill, or want of will, or want of health. In either case he is an educational failure." Therefore, educate, educate, educate, and then "when we have won our fight in the schools, when we have proclaimed our educational ideal of life in terms so plain and strong that the world must hear, then the industrial system must either hasten to bring its own life-ideal into a better conformity with ours or find itself increasingly coerced through shortage in the hitherto unfailling supply of human material for all those processes of industry which are in the literal sense 'inhuman'—below the level of human faculty."

Must it! This is really a little too naïve. "Poverty centres on unemployment." Are those in work never poor? Unemployment depends on education. In some cases, perhaps, but there is a thing called the wage-system which demands for its smooth working a reserve of labour, i.e., unemployment, destitution, poverty. But it would need a book to work out this line of argument. There is a book. Try National Guilds, Miss Hughes!

In recent articles I have endeavoured to point out the folly of trying to solve "the social problem" without a philosophy of industrialism. Synthesis is absolutely essential. The feminists were to destroy distress with a vote; now humanist education is the weapon. But Capitalism is hydra-headed and we must tackle all the heads with one assault, one united scheme of action. Thus, while Miss Hughes makes a good case for her educational reforms, she should also admit that such reforms will be of little use unless accompanied by a revolutionary philosophy of society. Her book is no dull tome that

Echoes sound afar  
Curricula, curricula,

and she is soundly opposed to the information-pump. Rightly she knows. R's longæ, vita brevis. Perhaps a little more insistence on the necessity of making the pupil critical would be in place: one of the most appalling features of modern life is the credence placed by the average man and woman in the written word. Until the populace is convinced that "if it's in the papers, it isn't so," the outlook is gloomy. It is the function of education to destroy lies as well as to build truth and intellectual dynamite is sorely needed.

There is a pompous and unnecessary introduction by Professor Muirhead. I do not know why people must prefix the verbose inanities of the professional mind to sensible, business-like books. Even the classics are now prefaced by the impertinent cackle of some Gosse-ling. The classics can look after themselves: so too might the moderns. Miss Hughes' book is self-contained and has no need of the Professor's ponderous snivellings about Germany. They would make a nice little separate article for the "Westminster Gazette."

\* "Citizens To Be: A Social Study of Health, Wisdom, and Goodness, with Special Reference to Elementary Schools." By M. L. V. Hughes. (Constable and Co. 4s. 6d.)

## REVIEWS

**Bernard Shaw: An Epitaph.** By John Palmer.  
(Grant Richards. 1s. net.)

Mr. Palmer has buried Mr. Shaw with neatness and dispatch. He has shown that Mr. Shaw's "worst offence is that, without being clearly aware of it, he has outlived the time when everything under the sun was also under discussion"; and he has inscribed upon this monument all the Puritan virtues of Mr. Shaw. The literary death of Mr. Shaw is of more significance than has been the demise of most other of our writers. Mr. Shaw was typical of "modern" literature; and Carlyle's excuse for taking Voltaire seriously because "he was of all Frenchmen the most French" would justify Mr. Palmer in this case. Mr. Shaw was more English than the English; he was Irish—and a Protestant who lived up to his name. When he said in one of his prefaces that he hated to see people comfortable who ought to be uncomfortable, and wrote his plays to bring them to conviction of sin, Mr. Shaw spoke the literal truth and damned himself as an artist. Starting with this conception of Mr. Shaw, Mr. Palmer exposes seven popular fallacies connected with his memory, shows how Mr. Shaw's moral ferocity warped his critical judgment in the case of M. Brioux, and brought him to a timely death when he wrote about the war. Mr. Palmer proves that we must lament the death of a popular preacher.

**What Is Wrong With Germany.** By William Harbutt Dawson. (Longmans. 2s. net.)

This second edition of Mr. Dawson's work only serves to make more clear to us the limitations of the usefulness of the pamphleteer. At the beginning of the war, when we had to find scapegoats, we naturally picked upon Treitschke—Nietzsche—Bernhardi as the real and true authors of the European conflict. But even in these times of ill-considered opinions and hasty judgments some modification of opinion is not impossible, and we find this second edition of Mr. Dawson's book very belated in many instances. Prussian militarism no longer shocks us as it did when we could vow to God that we were untainted with this vice; nor, when we find that the Allies are themselves organising the powers of the State, do we find it easy to deny Treitschke's doctrine that the State is, and has no other purpose than, power. Nor do we now believe in the division between North and South Germany; we have learned by experience that the South Germans are not all Goethes, Heines, and Nietzsches, alien and antagonistic to the spirit of Prussia. The reforms from within and from without, to which Mr. Dawson devotes a chapter, do not seem so likely as they did when we were more concerned with what we should do to Germany than we were with the doing it. It is being forced upon our notice that Germany is likely to emerge from this war stronger as a State and as a nation than she entered it, that the lesson of liberalism which Mr. Dawson wishes to teach will not be learned by it. The fusion of Germany and Austria (perhaps with two kings, like Sparta) is as likely a result as any other of this war; for the advantages of the centralised control of Germany are obvious now to us, and we do not doubt that the Austrians realise their indebtedness to the Prussian leadership. The real truth of the matter, we believe, is that what is wrong with Germany is that she is at war with us; and that we should denounce her, and prophesy woe to her, is a convenient relief to our feelings. But the political value of such denunciations and prophecies is not apparent; after all, we are not fighting to discredit the political theories of Treitschke, but to do quite definite things, such as freeing Belgium and France from invasion, and twaddle about the "militarism," "Byzantinism," etc., of modern Germany will not help us to do so. The simple truth is that the Germans do not agree with us on these matters; they love what we hate, are actually of a different mind and nature; and

we cannot abolish that difference either by conquest or the preaching of constitutionalism.

**Bernard Shaw: The Twentieth Century Moliere.**  
By Augustin Hamon. Translated by Eden and Cedar Paul. (George Allen and Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.)

It is characteristic of Mr. Shaw that he should have chosen a writer on "hygiene, sociology, and collective psychology," particularly one whose "knowledge of English was somewhat slender," to translate his "Man and Superman" into French. That was ten years ago, and four years later this writer on scientific subjects was allowed to lecture to the Sorbonne on Bernard Shaw, although he was a doctor neither of letters nor of science. The present volume contains the first six of those lectures, with a promise that the others, treating of the philosophy, ethics, and metaphysics, of Mr. Shaw's work will be published later. Of these six lectures, the first two deal with matter made perfectly familiar to the British public by Mr. Shaw's prefaces to his works, and are mainly biographical; the other four include an analysis in two chapters of Mr. Shaw's dramatic method (M. Hamon must also be proficient in the use of the microscope), a lecture dealing with Mr. Shaw's relations with the dramatic critics (mostly unfriendly), and a demonstration of the "parallelism between the drama of Shaw, the Græco-Roman drama, the mediæval drama, the drama of Molière, and the drama of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries." Mr. Shaw evidently knew what he was about when he made a writer on scientific subjects his translator. We can only suggest as additions a chapter on the relations of Mr. Shaw's drama to the Japanese noh-dramas, to folk-lore, to magical dances, and to the differential calculus; then we think that the scheme will be complete. M. Hamon elaborates his argument in great detail, much of it totally unnecessary to those who have seen or read the plays, and his conclusions are apt to be trite; for example, "our analysis of Bernard Shaw's plays has shown that the characters act, gesticulate, exhibit states of mind, and talk—talk a great deal. These actions, gestures, states of mind, and utterances, the manifestations of the internal conflicts of the characters or of their mutual struggles, are the expressions of conflicting wills. From these conflicts and these struggles, thus manifested and thus expressed, there results for the audience a sensation of pleasure—it is proved by laughter, by applause, by the success of these plays. The audience also draws a moral, deduces a philosophy of life." We have often noticed something strange about the audiences at these productions, but M. Hamon has now explained the phenomenon. But, really, this sort of criticism would as easily prove that Mr. Andrew Emm, author of and actor in "On His Majesty's Service," was a "master of dramatic art," or that Mr. Frederick Melville o'ertopped the dramatic world. M. Hamon has fallen between two stools: he has tried to prove that Mr. Shaw is a "realist," and that his work is universally human. He is wrong in both cases.

**The Old House, and Other Tales.** By Feodor Sologub. Translated by John Cournos. (Martin Secker. 6s.)

We are never quite sure whether Russian novelists write of Russia as it is or as they want it to be; in either case, Russia seems to be a very depressing place. Everybody seems to be either mad, or about to become mad; the least indulgence in fancy becomes a mania with them. Sologub writes a story to show us how a schoolboy and his mother went mad through making shadow pictures on the wall with their hands; through playing at hide and seek with her mother, a baby girl dies (or hides herself under the ground), and the mother apparently becomes insane; in "The Old House," everyone seems always to be insane by awaiting the arrival of the son whom they all know was executed twelve months before. A girl is called a dog; she strips herself, lies on the grass, and bays at the moon, and is



shot. In another case, hunger precedes a maniacal outburst followed by suicide; in another case, the suicide occurs without the maniacal outburst. Even fantasy like "The Uniter of Souls" is introduced with the same realistic touch that degrades it to the pathological level; Garmonov "realised at last that he was boring Son-polyev almost to madness." If a man is not haunted by a failure of purpose of a previous life (the case in "The Invoker of the Beast"), he is obsessed by the memory of an unconsummated love that gradually attains an objective reality to him. It is suggested that Sologub is a Russian Poe, and the phrase may pass with those who overlook the fact that the word "Russian" distinguishes Sologub from Poe. For here is not really mystery, but madness; not the terrible or the horrible, but the merely morbid, which arouses nothing but a desire to dose the people with lecithin. One of the characters did see a doctor, and followed all his directions faithfully except the necessary one; but all these people needed medical attention. The stories are good pathological studies, written by a man who evidently knows how to go mad and when to commit suicide; but their value to art is not obvious. Sologub has the Russian pity, of course; but he never purges himself of it, and it forever "hangs a weight upon his heart in its assumptions up to Heaven." It is to be hoped that the Germans will knock some sense of reality into the Russian people, or, at least, into their novelists. We are getting tired of the neurasthenics, melancholiacs, and maniacs, that they depict for our enlightenment.

**Hyssop.** By M. T. H. Sadler. (Constable. 6s.)

This is another novel about Oxford, conveying more surely than did Mr. Brown's recent book the sense of moral impotence that attaches to that University. The emotional conflict of the book is between the new spirit of cleanliness in sexual matters and the old spirit of courtesy and profligacy; it is a conflict between the ideals of "wild oats" and "rolled oats." Oxford was ever the "home of lost causes," and it is not surprising that the hero of this book, Philip Murray, should fail lamentably in his quest of the ideal. Finding that a girl in a flower-shop is in danger of seduction, he warns her against the fellows, and is snubbed for his pains. Later, having fallen in love with an even more charming girl of his own class, he is obliged to wait a month for an answer to his proposal, and is then informed that she has become engaged to another man. That this man is also the seducer of the flower-shop girl is not known to him until he meets her in America living in prostitution and infected by syphilis; and when he discovers that her seducer has celebrated his approaching marriage by one last embrace of the ruined girl he extracts a promise from the successful lover that, for the sake of the girl he loves, the engagement will be broken. But the book ends with the announcement of the postponement of the marriage for three weeks, and Philip is left to face life not only without the girl he loves, but with the conviction that she will be infected by the husband. The "wild oats" have won.

**Queen Anne Is Dead.** By Patricia Wentworth. (Melrose. 6s.)

Miss Wentworth dresses up once again her story of the husband who loves his wife in the last page of the book. As in "A Little More Than Kin," the Englishman marries an English girl in France, although his feelings are previously engaged by an English girl in England. In both cases does the English girl in England forfeit the love of the man by treachery; but in this case, the English girl in France is not an unwomanly woman who fences and rides, but one who takes a childish delight in dress, and jewellery, and the life of the town. Of course, there are complications, in this case provided by my lord's mother, who hates my

lord, and arranges his doom more than once; the journey into France was her plot to deprive him of life, or to discredit him with the Court, but it only led him to his love. The air of melodramatic mystery is well sustained; the treasonable writings in invisible ink, the mysterious waiting at the inn for an unknown person, the second disappearance from London of my lord in quest of the next incident of the story, rouse faint remembrances of Dumas' Chicot, although Lord Claverling does not seem to be so interested in politics as Chicot was. But Miss Wentworth does not bring her characters to grips, as Dumas did. However, it is desirable that a husband should learn to love his wife, and if walking through a novel in Stuart or Hanoverian costume will teach him how to do it, the book will serve a purpose.

**Seed of Fire.** By Henry Mayne. (Melrose. 6s.)

We have never been able to understand why, when a man uses a true story as the basis of a novel, he should trouble to disguise a character with an invented name. The Modern School of Barcelona was founded and maintained by Francesco Ferrer, and we see no reason why he should be called Santiago Aurelada in this novel, when all the other details are scrupulously reported. We do not know whether Ferrer lived with a woman who passed as his sister; if he did not, it is an injustice to his memory to credit him with having lived a lie; and even if we regard the book as a novel, the deceit that is implied is a defect in character drawing. The main interest of the novel is the conflict between the ideas of Father Pascual and Santiago Aurelada, made personal by the struggle for the soul of Santiago's lover, Gloria. She is merely a lay figure, but Father Pascual is a real, fanatical priest; and it is not surprising that, at the end of the book, he should force Gloria to her knees to pray for Aurelada's soul as the sound of firing comes to their ears. Ferrer does not make a good hero; nothing but his martyrdom redeemed him from mediocrity, and that was forced upon him; and the economic ideas expressed in this book have no more validity than has the protest of the apostles against the waste of the alabaster box of ointment. There is an unconquerably English air about the local colour and characters; but Father Pascual remains alive in spite of incongruities.

**School for Lovers.** By E. B. de Rendon. (Paul. 6s.)

This is a novel that does not fulfil its promise. Count C. enters the story with a character and reputation as mysterious as that of Comte St. Germain, but ("to what base uses we may return, Horatio") he leaves it as a quite credible husband and prospective father. The whole story is concerned with his seduction of a virtuous Italian actress, a process which seems to require riches, leisure, patience, beauty, and a devilish lot of psychology. The difficulty in her case was that she knew that she was a natural lover, one who could not regard lightly the union of the sexes, and therefore one to whom love without security was a tragedy. However, she yielded at last not to the importunities of the lover but to her own yearning for him; then, believing that he had deserted her, she attempted to commit suicide. But he had become tangled in his own toils, and had learned to love her not for a day but for all time; and he returned to save her life, her honour, her happiness, and everything that was Hers, by offering her marriage. At the end, she faints and blushes with reference to her coming motherhood just like an ordinary woman who had not been seduced with such elaborate skill by a secret agent of the Sultan, a Count of Wallachia, a nomad, a mysterious person who prescribed opium without the poison as the means of preserving beauty. The story is not without a superficial cleverness, but we think that the guide to seduction is misleading.

## Current Cant.

"Miners must work."—LORD NORTHCLIFFE.

"Our Father, we thank Thee. . . ."—"British Weekly."

"The strike in South Wales is taking place because the miners do not know the truth."—"Evening News."

"Two hundred thousand miners on strike. Patriotic appeals derided. Is German gold at the root?"—"Daily Chronicle."

"It seems that the Welsh miners are bent on filling up the cup of their iniquity to the brim."—"Evening News."

"The unpatriotic strike."—"Daily Chronicle."

"Has the war proved Christianity a failure?"—BISHOP OF BIRMINGHAM.

"The nation's wealth."—SELFREDGE AND CO.

"Can Germany be civilised? by Holbrook Jackson."—"T.P.'s Weekly."

"Miss Gaby Deslys bewitched a coin from everyone who passed the Carlton."—"Liverpool Courier."

"The Welsh miners started badly at the very beginning of this war, and their attitude now does them little credit."—"Standard."

"The development in South Wales is deplorable. The South Wales miners have for some time seemed to be getting beyond their leaders' control."—"Daily Chronicle."

"My dear Fisher Unwin. I have read 'Boon' with great delight and satisfaction. How lucky you are to get such books. It is certain to do well. I shall recommend it to all my friends."—H. G. WELLS.

"There is apparently lots of money everywhere. Are we indeed making war a profitable business?"—"Evening News."

"David Davies is a miner working in the Rhondda Valley looking for his light and leading to his union principally. David thinks that his exertions merit better recognition: Frankly, an increase in wages is his present proud ambition. So he strikes—and at his comrades . . . let us tell him he must stop it, that his actions are unlawful. But to tell the truth to David, surely that would be too awful!"—C. E. BURTON.

"£5,000 reward is offered by the 'Daily Express' for information leading to the arrest and conviction of any person or persons responsible for instigating the coal strike, either through German or any other alien enemy agency."—"Daily Express."

"The right of criticism."—"Daily Mail."

"A stoppage of work at the pits would be more than an illegality, it would be a sin and a shame."—"Daily Chronicle."

"The most patriotic thing the Government could do would be to consummate and express national unity by enfranchising women."—"Votes for Women."

"The colliery owners cannot be called unpatriotic."—CHARLES E. HANDS.

## Pastiche.

PLACARDS (MAY, 1915).

The doggish harbinger of the "Express"  
Yelped in the cadence of a green crescendo.  
Haldane has shoved the country in a mess,—  
This was the tenour of its innuendo.

The pustules of the leprous "Daily Mail"  
Festered, and from them oozed vermilion slanders,  
Faithfully putting dullards on the trail  
Of all that is not happening in Flanders.

In streaks of black that sprawled on sickly buff  
"John Bull" had vomited his slimy babble.  
I saw the gobbets of his monstrous bluff  
Gulped down and savoured by a mangy rabble.

The harvest thickened as the day advanced,—  
The advent of the afternoon was rendered  
Bleak with "Pall Mall" and "Globe," whose emblems  
pranced  
Shrieking the drivell tricksters had engendered.

I saw their hirelings making much ado,  
I saw edition gobble up edition.  
And lies that cackled lustily at two,  
At six had met their death by malnutrition.

And as the sun went sloping to the west,  
The "Evening News" began its twilight twitter.  
With yellow blazonry its ha'penny crest  
Almost eclipsed the "Star's" virescent glitter.

Then as I tottered homeward, these again  
Were ousted by yet newer, madder ravings.  
For from the morning dew till evening's wane  
Bawd Humbug pandered to his puppets' cravings.  
P. SELVER.

## WHAT A GAME!

Scene: The manager's private office in any big commercial concern.

Man (ringing telephone): Hello! . . . Hello! Hello, miss . . . are you there? (Rings violently.) Hello, hello! . . . Why the devil don't you pay more attention to the 'phone, miss? What, what? I can't be kept waiting like this, you know! . . . Er—ring up the Swindle Exporters, will you? . . . And—er—I want them as soon as possible . . . don't keep me waiting. . . . (Turning to typist): Now, miss, just take this down: Messrs. George Gobblestein and Sons, London. . . . Dear sirs, dear sirs, we thank you for your—er—offer of the 15th inst—er—and—er—but—er—let me see . . . where were we up to, Miss Jones? We thank you for your— Hello (answering 'phone), hello! . . . Oh, ah, is that the—er—Swindle Exporters? Yes, this is the General Commercial Company, Mr. Frorder speaking. . . . Yes . . . yes. . . . Is Mr. Slopman there? Thank you, thank you. Yes, I'll hold on. . . . (To typist): Now, miss, where were we up to? . . . Damn the 'phone! . . . I've lost the whole thread of it . . . have to start all over again now. . . . Dear sirs, dear sirs . . . we—er—thank . . . you—er—for your kind offer of the 19th inst—er—and—er—thank you— (To clerk): Yes, Smithson, what is it? What? . . . Why the hell do you interrupt when you know I'm up to my eyes in it here? . . . I told you to come . . . told you . . . oh, for God's sake, man, get out of it! . . . come again! . . . Oh, my head! . . . Now, miss. . . . We shall—er—shall give the matter our due consideration— Hello, hello! . . . Yes . . . Is that you, Mr. Slopman? Oh—er—Frorder speaking . . . yes . . . beautiful day to-day. . . . Er—oh, quite well! . . . Mrs. Slopman all right? . . . Yes—er—yes. . . . Oh, about those candles, Mr. Slopman! . . . I suppose you'll be wanting a good quantity, hey? . . . What, no good to you? . . . Can't get 'em over to Germany? . . . Oh, nonsense, Mr. Slopman—nonsense! . . . Yes, I know there's a Government embargo to be dealt with . . . but—er—of course, that can all be—er—evaded. . . . What? Oh, but, my dear sir, Chandlers, Slipshods, Guzzlemans . . . all shipping tons every week. . . . Why, last week alone ten thousand tons were exported! . . . Yes, tremendous trade . . . large sale in Hamburg— Hello, hello! . . . yes, Commercial . . . hello, miss! . . . hello! . . . are you there? . . . Oh, is that you, Mr. Slopman? . . . Yes, I was cut off from the exchange. . . . Well—er—I suppose I can book you



a thousand tons? Eh? . . . Yes, all to be shipped via Shin-Sang—Chinese station, you know, for all German ports. . . . Oh, no chance of being found out! . . . No. . . . No, sir, not a single discovery been made yet. . . . Ah, safe as houses! . . . Right . . . right! . . . Reserve you thousand five hundred tons, then. . . . Yes, yes. . . . certain delivery next week . . . 19s. 3d. . . . yes. You'll confirm it by letter . . . right . . . right . . . very good, Mr. Slopman. . . . Good-bye, sir—good-bye. . . . Give my best regards to Mrs. Slopman . . . family. . . . Yes, I will, sir—I will. . . . C. S. D.

#### THE CELESTIAL LETTER-BOX.

Here stands St. Peter at the Gates of Gold,  
A smile of smug complacency on his face,  
Receiving letters from the human race,  
Marked "Urgent!" every one in letters bold;  
Dog-eared by fingers dirty through their hold  
On filthy lucre. At a furious pace  
They jostle through the letter-box, and chase  
Each other down the chute that Wise Man Old  
Has built to save his ancient legs. Ah, well,  
Why should he cart them to the deeps of hell  
When natural gravitation does the trick?  
A fat one from the Kaiser vanished quick;  
An extra dirty one marked "God of Battles"  
Sticks in the box. Oh, how the damned thing  
rattles!

Till Peter pokes it downward with a stick.

L'HIBOU.

#### THE STRANGER VISITS FLEET STREET.

##### A PHANTASY.

I caught sight of him in a tea-shop in Fleet Street. Though seated directly opposite, I could not help staring at him, and, as I watched, I became aware that there was something strange and unusual about this tall, middle-aged man, who wore a wide-awake hat, sandals, and hair that ran down in brown waves past his collar. His eyes had a hard sort of glitter in them, his mouth had turned down at the corners, owing, I believe, to a passing fit of depression. Yet, as I looked at his eyes, I knew that this man, in spite of the hopeless expression on his face, could laugh.

Knowing Fleet Street fairly well, I was confident that this man was not a reporter, for he had not that hang-dog expression which is the brand of their race, he looked too intelligent to be mistaken for a leader-writer, and he had not that expression of unalloyed self-satisfaction which is to be found on the face of the average editor. Clearly, he was a stranger to Fleet Street.

Thinking to broach a conversation, I leaned over the marble-topped table and offered him my evening paper, with a casual remark.

A frown trembled on his forehead for a moment; he seemed to swallow something in his throat; then, throwing back his hair with a pale thin hand, he spoke:—

"Sir," said he, "were I not a complete stranger in this neighbourhood, I should consider that you had insulted me!"

I gasped in surprise. Almost unconsciously my grasp tightened on the green-hued newspaper that I had offered him.

"Friend," said I, "this thing that I offered you out of the kindness of my heart, is a sane, sober, and respectable journal, a newspaper that has what is termed a literary flavour, a paper that out of the generosity of its editorial heart, offers every week small money prizes to encourage its readers to take up their pens and add to the glory of modern literature."

He interrupted me with a wave of his arm, then, banging his fist down on the table, he said:—

"Young man, the newspaper whose praises you sing has this much in common with the others, it will not recognise me. I have spent the day in visiting the editorial offices of the newspapers that have their homes hereabouts. I had expected to be received with courtesy at least; but I had expected too much. A gentleman whom I interviewed in a place called Carmelite House, who wore glasses and an absurd expression on his face, laughed me to scorn. He expressed the opinion that I was as unnecessary as I was undesirable; he went so far as to say that if I lingered any longer in those editorial chambers I would make the acquaintance of death."

"I fled from there to a place called Printing House Square, where, by skilfully eluding a commissioner, I was able, after a short search, to get into touch with a dignified young man, who wore a pipe in his mouth. He treated me with something like respect, thinking I was a

person called George Bernard Shaw; but the young man was shocked when I suggested that I was necessary to a great newspaper. He murmured some feeble words to the effect that my presence at Printing House Square would destroy the stability of the nation. I began to argue that the nation was not stable; therefore, it was a matter of impossibility for me to destroy that which did not exist. My words fell upon deaf ears. I was bowed out."

At this point I handed the talkative stranger my tobacco pouch, and as he filled his pipe and lighted it with one of my matches, I made a polite inquiry as to his name and business in Fleet Street. After a few vigorous pulls at his pipe he leant back in his chair, fixed his eyes upon the ceiling, then ignored my question by continuing his narrative from where he had left off, saying:—

"I left Printing House Square with the fixed determination in my mind to visit a few more editorial offices before leaving the dust of Fleet Street behind me. Passing down Fleet Street, I turned into Salisbury Square, and entered into a large building, where, after much waiting and writing on printed slips, stating my business, I was allowed to climb to the third floor, situated on which was a room panelled in oak, in which sat a benevolent-looking gentleman of middle age. He greeted me warmly; but while expressing his unbounded admiration for myself, he explained that in an up-to-date newspaper office there was no possible opening for me. So, having become a pessimist, I made my way to Bouverie Street."

"Now, friend, I have no wish to weary you—my tale is almost ended. At Bouverie Street I made a fight for it; I made myself heard. Soft words gave way to anger of the spirit, and at last two of those editorial people almost succeeded in throwing me down the lift shaft. I was forced to leave the building hurriedly."

"And now I must go away and forget Fleet Street."

I then expressed the sympathy I felt towards my long-haired companion. Thinking I might help him to forget, I suggested a ramble across Hampstead Heath. He smiled acceptance. In less than an hour we were striding across the Heath. I pointed out the beauty of the city in the distance with the glory of an afternoon sun upon it. He made no reply, and I noticed a strange look upon his face. Then, turning to me, he said, in a voice that rolled like an organ:—

"Should any of the ants in yonder city inquire of you my name, tell them that throughout the ages I have been called 'Truth.'"

Even as he spoke, a blinding flash of sunlight lit up the hill upon which we stood. When I looked round, the stranger had disappeared. HARRY FOWLER.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

### MR. "MOREL" AND A PERSONAL EXPLANATION.

Sir,—I am very pleased that my friend, Mr. Norman, has availed himself of my authorisation to make any use he liked of the correspondence which has passed between us in regard to Mr. Morel by publishing the same in THE NEW AGE, because I am most anxious that my charges against Mr. Morel should be known as widely as possible, and that my willingness to justify them, and his unwillingness to have them tested should be thoroughly appreciated.

But, first, a word or two of personal explanation to Mr. Norman. When I wrote the letter which he reproduced, I was under the impression that he was one of those responsible for the organisation calling itself "The Union of Democratic Control." If I was in error in this, I apologise, but I had derived that impression from a letter which I remember receiving from Mr. Norman when I first began to attack and expose the tactics of that body. Mr. "Morel" (my reason for putting the name in inverted commas will appear later) is "Honorary Secretary" of that organisation, and supposing Mr. Norman to be connected with it and knowing him, whatever his intellectual vagaries, to be personally honourable and incorruptible, I invited him to inquire into the record and character of one of its officers. In that way only did I conceive his honour to be involved, and when I received his reply disclaiming any responsibility for Mr. "Morel's" activities, and when about the same time I saw his name in the Press connected with another organisation called, I think, "The Stop-the-War Committee," I concluded that he was no longer connected with the "Union," and, therefore, that his disclaimer of responsibility was fair and reasonable. I had meant to write to him to that effect, but I have been very busy, and if he thinks that I have treated him with

any discourtesy I beg to express my regret for a negligence which was quite unintentional. I did, however, give instructions that the numbers of "The New Witness" which contained references to Mr. "Morel" should be sent to his office, and I have no doubt that this was done. I presumed that if there was any point upon which he required further evidence or information I should hear from him.

Now, however, since you have printed my letter and Mr. Norman's comments, I suppose you will not be unwilling to print a very brief summary of the evidence I have to offer. Mr. "Morel's" first appearance in a public position of any prominence was, so far as I know at present, in connection with the notorious "Congo Reform" agitation, with which Sir Roger Casement was also closely associated. On this subject, readers of THE NEW AGE are in a position to be better informed than the general public. On December 7, 1907, THE NEW AGE published an article by Mr. Belloc. In this article, he made in the most specific language the charge that the Congo Reform Association was being financed by persons who were obliged to conceal, and did conceal, their real names, and whose motives were probably corrupt. In support of his charge he challenged the association to publish the names of its subscribers, and the sums they had subscribed. A fortnight later Mr. "Morel" replied. In that "reply" he made a number of statements so extravagantly improbable that no one could be expected to believe them without the fullest investigation and proof, and he refused all opportunity for such investigation. But he did not give the names demanded or any of them, nor did he take any steps to bring either Mr. Belloc or THE NEW AGE into court, though Mr. Belloc's language was obviously actionable if it were not justified. I cannot see that what Mr. Norman says concerning his subsequent visit to Mr. Belloc, whether his memory be accurate or not, has any relevance to the question at issue. Mr. Belloc had said what he had to say, the next step was obviously with Mr. "Morel." It was for him to prove Mr. Belloc's suggestions to be false either by producing the names of his subscribers, or by calling upon Mr. Belloc to justify his words to a jury. As he did neither, I think we may assume that Mr. Belloc was right in saying that the Congo Reform Association was getting money from sources which it dared not avow.

That is the first piece of evidence against Mr. "Morel." We find him associated with a man who has subsequently proved a traitor in connection with a movement secretly financed from some unmentionable source.

The next piece of evidence refers to his activities in connection with the Morocco question, when we find him writing articles and books pleading first for German supremacy in Morocco as against French, and afterwards for the transfer of as large a part as possible of the French Congo to German rule. This naturally suggests a connection with his earlier Congo activities and those of Sir Roger Casement, and, lest we should miss the point, Mr. "Morel" is kind enough to draw our attention to it in his book on Morocco. "Germany," he says, "has secured that, if the Congo State ever comes into the market through the unwillingness or inability of the Belgian's control (the italics are mine), the signatory powers of the Berlin Act must adjudicate as to its future." Later we find the following significant passage:—

"Such a state of things would be so clearly alien to Germany's policy and to German interests that it may be hoped some way may be found out of the difficulty, and that Germany may be able to set an example in relation to this matter of faithful adherence to international treaties, which besides, in this particular instance, redounding to the benefit of black humanity and legitimate trade, will free her hands when presently (as I devoutly hope she may, and if the Foreign Office by that time is cured of its Tentophobia, in concert with Britain) she sets herself to insist upon the Belgians fulfilling their treaty obligations in the Congo State."

Read this in connection with Germany's well-known aspiration (expressed among others by General Von Bernhardi) for the annexation of the Belgian Congo, and its meaning is obvious enough.

Then came the present war, and instantly we find the two old associates, Casement and "Morel," appearing, each in his own department, as enemies of England and friends of Germany.

This is the German outline of my case; but as I have detailed it week by week in my own paper, "The New Witness," I have been careful to send a copy of every accusation to Mr. "Morel" himself. I have also chal-

lenged him at a public meeting, and given him publicly the names of my solicitors. Perhaps I may conclude by quoting the words of the West Ham Branch of the Railwaymen's Union: "If he has not pluck enough to stand cross-examination in the witness-box against a man who is evidently spoiling for a fight with him, then, indeed, he is not worthy of the confidence of organised workers."

I have throughout put the name of Mr. "Morel" in inverted commas. I do this because I have every reason to believe that the name is an assumed one. At any rate, I am certain that he has passed under another—that of "Deville." I hope someone will press him further as to which (if either) is his real name, and what was his motive in changing it.

CECIL CHESTERTON.

#### MUNITIONS.

Sir,—I beg to enclose a copy of a letter I have just addressed to Mr. Lloyd George.—K. J.

The Rt. Hon. D. Lloyd George.

Dear Sir,—I venture, after much hesitation, to bring to your notice a few matters which, in my opinion, are very seriously affecting the output of munitions, especially the H.E. Shells. Prompt attention will increase output 25 per cent., which is my excuse for writing you on the subject.

Direct contracts for H.E. Shells are only placed with a comparatively few firms who undertake to supply a minimum number of shells per week. Therefore, sub-contracting is the rule rather than the exception. The sub-contractor is cut down in price to the lowest possible figure, and, in the majority of cases, is losing money or barely paying expenses, though the Government price is adequate, the reason being that the direct contractor, who often does only a small fraction of the work, takes all the profit.

Result:—Discouragement, apathy, dissatisfaction and slackness, instead of encouragement, extensions, full speed ahead, etc.

Remedy:—The Government already fix the finished price, and will supply forgings, etc., at fixed cost prices. All that remains is to fix the minimum price to be paid to the sub-contractor for each operation, which price may allow, say, 5 per cent. to the direct contractor for supervision, etc., carriage being borne by the sub-contractor.

One illustration, 3.3 inch H. E. Shell. The Government price allows at least 10s. for the major portion of the machining for this size, whereas this work is being done almost at a loss by sub-contractors for 5s. each. In certain instances the direct contractor or chief sub-contractor has offered 7s. 6d., which is proof positive of at least a clear 2s. 6d. profit on each shell for the middleman, half of which would suffice to make the difference between profit and loss to the small sub-contractor.

Inspection.—This is of vital importance, and when inspectors are arbitrary, dictatorial, and unwilling to advise or explain the why and wherefore of rejections, output suffers very seriously.

Inspectors who reject shells for other than adequate and well-defined reasons, the same being specified and the requirements clearly stated, are reducing output.

For instance, there is a looking-glass finish and an ordinary fine cut, the latter necessary and not difficult, the former difficult and quite unnecessary. But one inspector making a fad of unnecessary finish, another of waving, etc., etc., all contradictory in their decisions, tend to drive contractors to despair.

I suggest as a remedy that the contractors of each large district may submit to a head inspector shells in quantity which, in their opinion, are unreasonably rejected. If the necessity for certain particular and difficult requirements was explained to contractors the results would amply repay the trouble taken.

There are other minor points, but these two are of vital importance, and I trust will have due consideration.

Yours respectfully,

—, Managing Director.

#### INDIA AND LORD HARDINGE.

Sir,—With reference to the recent statements in your pages on this subject, may I submit the following extracts from the Indian Press for your readers' consideration?

IKBAL SHAH JEHAN.

"The news of the extension of Lord Hardinge's term of office till March, 1916, will be received with genuine pleasure throughout the length and breadth of the country. It may not be quite welcome to certain classes absorbed in the pursuit of their own special interests, but there can be no doubt as to the universal feeling



among the princes and peoples of India."—The Bankipore "Express."

Every community has come to regard him as a guide and friend, and it can be said without exaggeration that he has won the esteem, love, and confidence of the public."—"The Jam-e-Jamshed."

"It is deeply to be regretted that the extension is for the short period of five months only. If the presence of Lord Hardinge is necessary in India during the war, it will be more so even after the war, for the people have complete confidence in him, and they believe that no one is better fitted than Lord Hardinge to urge India's claims on the attention of the people of England."—"The Sanj Vartaman."

"It will be with feelings of deep pain that India will be reconciled at parting with such a noble Viceroy. Considering, however, the great obligations which he has conferred on India, the country will not be so selfish as to grudge him the rest. With one voice India will pray for long life and happiness for Lord Hardinge, and that he may be able to devote his energies to promote the good of India even in his retirement."—"The Bombay Samachar."

"The decision of the Home Government is a tribute to the growing power of Indian public opinion, which must be gall and wormwood to the opponents of Indian progress. We sympathise with them in their distress, for there is but little comfort to them in the reflection that, as the years roll on, Indian Public Opinion, in the words of Lord Ripon, will become the irresistible and the unresisted master of the Government."—"The Bengalee."

#### WOMEN IN INDUSTRY.

Sir,—I think many women must be grateful to your correspondent "F." for her excellent letter in your last issue. I disagree with some of her opinions, but I have seldom read an abler and more real, more veracious statement of certain very pertinent, though unwelcome, facts. Her letter is specially welcome just now, when—as though the National Register tomfoolery were not enough—a Pankhurst procession is to be inflicted on us as well. What "F." says about the plight of many women journalists is true and well said; and she also deals faithfully with the self-advertising arrivisme and snobbery in the Labour and Suffrage movements. I have considerable personal knowledge of more than one such arrant humbug, whose treatment of other women (and of men in a less advantageous social position than herself) was an illuminating commentary on her incessant professions of feminism and democracy.

Take, again, the timid conventionalism shown by many of our "advanced" people in respect of sex questions. For instance, the boycott by the "Common Cause" and most of the Socialist papers of Mrs. Margaret Sanger's revolutionary action and of the American movement for birth control, which involves the right of Free Speech and a Free Press and touches the core of economic difficulties.

I trust we shall have some more letters from "F.," and that they will thoroughly "show up" the movement to break the trade unions and exploit docile, unorganised and ignorant women in the name of patriotism.

F. W. STELLA BROWNE.

Sir,—As a mere novice in your particular branch of political science, may I inquire as to the correct answer a woman should give when she is offered a chance of releasing a man for war service?

With whatever ideas the mind may be occupied, it must be noticeable that the stream of young and able men flowing all day through the streets of the City shows no sign of appreciable diminution. Let us hope for the honour of our race that the majority of these men would do something for their country if they could. Perhaps the employers of most of these clerks are busy with war contracts. Perhaps not. These things are only for the elect. But, in any case, it is obvious that they are employed in labour that is productive of nothing more than correspondence and account books. But their presence is demanded by their employers. When men are so valuable, don't you think some other class, unsuitable for more pressing work, might be set this task of recording the profits made by private individuals during the war?

Nearly all these young men in the City have assured and easy, if poor, positions. As, even in large firms, they come in direct contact with their "bosses," they are promised a return to their drudgery after the war.

Those who fill their places know it is only for a time. The work does not entail any mental or physical strain, so that the most confirmed woman-despiser must admit that they are equal to it.

And, any way, it's a poor job for a man, in peace or in war, this "clerking." You warn against many dangers; I wish you would warn fond parents not to be so quick in sending their perky little fourteen-year-olds to the City to the "gentlemanly" life of clerks. There, among other pernicious habits of thought, they learn to despise the man who works with his hands, the man who makes things. There they are trained as the future opponents of National Guilds, because they have no craft and hate the craftsman. They league themselves with the employers, who are also "gentlemen."

And if clerical life has such a degrading effect as you will observe directly you picture the typical clerk, why do I say women should enter it? Because they come out of it again, and men don't. Even those who don't marry have enough sense to come out while they have still a shred of dignity. But what is more pathetic than an old broken-down clerk? And what more repulsive than a prosperous one?

Will the National Guildsmen please give me a concise and convincing reason why women should not temporarily undertake work which suits them and does them no harm, in order to release men for better and more manly work?

M. LAYCOTT.

Sir,—Your suggestion that women should remain out of industry at least until the Guilds are in existence appears to me idealistically sound, but practically of little value. Women are in industry, and will take a lot of getting out. Moreover, the process of guildisation of industry will doubtless be a gradual one, both within each industry and as regards the number of industries coming under guild régime. It would therefore be an extremely difficult question to decide at what point women should enter any given industry. Further, their temporary exclusion from industrial life would tend to lower their already inferior efficiency, and so to reduce the standard of Guild production.

The presence of women in wage-industry at present appears to be an evil we must try to mitigate, but cannot remove. Surely, therefore, the right course for Guildsmen to take is to help on the work of organising women in trade unions, and so to help in preparing all classes in the State for the realisation of the Guild ideal.

LAURENCE WALSH.

#### "DOING HER BIT."

Sir,—In the Haymarket recently a very rude young man was addressed by an elegant little lady.

"Here!" cried the young woman. "This is for you." And she gave him a white feather.

"Thanks," said the young man. "What is this for?"

"It is to show that you are a shirker, that you are neglecting to do your duty to your country. Wear it." The young man looked at the little female very severely.

"What about you?" he asked.

"Me?" she cried. "Me? You don't expect me to get into khaki?"

"No," said the young man, slowly and sternly. "No. But I expect you to get pregnant, and until you have done your duty please don't talk to me about mine."

And then they passed on.

M. T.

#### CONSUMPTION IN THE SCHOOL.

Sir,—Will you kindly allow me to appeal to the numerous Trade Unionist and Socialist propagandists who read THE NEW AGE, to help in bringing before the public the question of the terrible prevalence of consumption in our schools?

A few years ago, Mr. Runciman, the then Minister of Education, in moving the Education Estimates, stated that from one to four per cent. of the children in our elementary schools suffer from tuberculosis "easily recognisable." Official figures on this point have varied since that time, but I know of no case in which the understating of the actual facts has fallen below 1 per cent. And as we have in our public elementary schools 6,000,000 children, these figures mean that there are at the lowest estimate 60,000 children in our schools suffering from a curable, infectious disease, due to poverty and overcrowding. These children are in class-rooms, in many cases not only becoming worse themselves, but also being

a cause of infection to other children. This, be it noted, in spite of the fact that medical science has taught us that consumption can be wiped out. It has taught us also that the really effective cure of the disease is to place the patient where he can have pure air and generous diet, and carefully regulated rest and exercise—in short, in surroundings where the concomitants of poverty and ignorance are absent.

The Germans many years ago resorted to this treatment for consumptive school children by establishing a system of scientifically organised open-air recovery schools, in which the children are taught and also medically treated. Of these schools, that best known to us in England is the one in the pine forest at Charlottenburg, near Berlin.

In 1907, after a prolonged propaganda on the question among the rank and file of the Trade Union and Socialist movements, I persuaded the Woolwich Co-operators to lend the beautiful recreation ground on the Co-operative Estate to the L.C.C. for purposes of an experiment as an open-air recovery school. Some of us hoped much from this step, which might reasonably have been expected to lead to a great movement throughout the country, for providing for the needs of the consumptive children. The experiment with some 125 children was held to have been a success, although conducted on lines by no means free from the parsimony and meanness so characteristic of the L.C.C. in its dealings with the children. However, eight years later we have in London accommodation for barely 200 children in open-air schools, although on the basis of the one per cent. mentioned above, there should be accommodation in London for 6,000-7,000 tuberculous children.

I submit that no parent has a right to allow his child to become a pupil in a class-room until he has first ascertained whether that room has a clean bill of health. Every class-room should have its physical health register, which should at a glance show how many children were on enrolment found to be suffering from consumption.

At a time like the present, when life is being so freely spent on the battlefield, when the birth-rate is decreasing, and when the death-rate among infants is so alarmingly high, we cannot afford any longer to ignore the question of consumption in the schools. The open-air recovery schools must be established as part of the necessary "war-work"—and on generous lines—for while science has taught us that consumption can be wiped out, it has not taught us that the crimes of commercialism against the child can be expiated "on the cheap." The sites of such schools must be healthy and away from even the most salubrious slum.

If the authorities were wise, they would at once take the necessary steps. Sufficient educational work, on this point, by the "Great Unreported" has already been done amongst the rank and file of the Trade Unionist organisations, and, personally, I should not be surprised to find a little "direct action" brought to bear by an organised withdrawal of the children of Trade Unionists as a protest against the danger of infection to healthy children, and also against the neglect of the authorities to provide for the needs of the consumptive school children.

I have given Mr. Runciman's figures on this question. Mr. Pease succeeded him at the usual handsome salary, has left office with a life pension of £1,200 a year, but has left no guarantee that anything is to be done in this matter. However, we have now a Trade Unionist at the Board of Education, and the Trade Union Congress has for many years past demanded the open-air recovery schools indicated above. Will Mr. Arthur Henderson regard that demand merely as a pious resolution, or as a mandate, to be carried into effect?

But why, oh! why, in the name of common sense, was Dr. Addison, our expert in the public treatment of consumption, taken away from the Board of Education and placed in the Department of Munition? Truly we are a wonderful people!

M. BRIDGES ADAMS.

Bebel House Working Women's College.

#### \* \* \* MALTHUSIANISM.

Sir,—Perhaps you will allow me to state in a few words what Malthus really did say.

Malthus said that the natural fecundity of mankind was so great that, except for a short time in a few new countries, population must inevitably be held down either by human volition or by destructive forces. In his time the population of the Northern United States had been doubling itself every twenty-five years for a century and a half, almost without immigration. Moreover, the agri-

cultural districts had been doubling their population every fifteen years by their own fecundity. Malthus therefore inferred that a healthy people, having plenty of food, living a simple life, marrying early, and abstaining from the use of preventives, would naturally double itself every twenty-five years, or even oftener. At that rate of increase a country would multiply its population by sixteen in one century, by 256 in two centuries, and so on.

The question then arises: Can the food supply also be doubled every twenty-five years? The answer of scientific agriculture is that in all human probability the food supply of the world could not be doubled even once in twenty-five years, while the idea of repeating the process is too ludicrous for discussion.

It has lately been proved that each bushel of wheat per acre absorbs about one-third of an inch of rainfall between seedtime and harvest. The annual rainfall of London is 25 inches, of Paris 22, of Rome 31, of Berlin 24, of Vienna 19, of Petrograd 17. I have not the statistics of wheat production at each of those places; but if "G. D." will look them up, he will be amazed to find how nearly the wheat production of Europe has already reached the mathematical limit fixed by the rainfall. For instance, good wheat cultivation frequently produces a crop of 42 bushels to the acre, which absorbs 14 inches of rain. If the whole rainfall of the year were saved at any of the places I have named, except Rome, it would be impossible to double such a crop. In point of fact, a large proportion of the rain is inevitably lost, because it falls and flows away at a time of year when there is no crop in the ground.

Many things besides rain are essential, but deficiency of rainfall alone would prevent any populated part of Europe or Asia from doubling its food supply. So far as the old world is concerned, a single generation of unrestrained fecundity would mean wholesale starvation, in spite of all that science could do.

Simple people, however, have great faith in the New World. Godwin said that three-fourths of the world were uncultivated, and he evidently believed that this oversight could be promptly rectified. Physical geographers are of a different opinion.

An immense proportion of Africa is a desert, and most of the remainder is a tropical jungle, which it would be a stupendous business to clear and a still more stupendous business to keep clear of weeds and vermin. Most of South America is a similar jungle. The interior of Australia is a desert, and the north half is not habitable by white men. Nearly all of Siberia is either too dry or too cold to produce much food; had it been of use, it would have been populated thousands of years ago by its prolific neighbours. Much of the American prairie is desert, and much more is too dry to increase its product greatly. An immense part of Canada is too cold for grain to ripen; much more consists of swamps or forests which it would cost vast labour to drain or clear; and British Columbia is simply a sea of mountains with very little arable land.

There are, I believe, two places in the world where the food supply could be rapidly increased. One is the Canadian prairie from Winnipeg to Calgary, 750 miles in length and averaging 250 in breadth. This area is smaller than France, and has far less rainfall. The other is the Argentine prairie. I do not know how much vacant land it still has, but it certainly has far less than the Canadian prairie, for Argentina is a smaller country than Canada, with a larger population. There are many scraps of land here and there which could be quickly utilised, but I will say with perfect assurance that all the land in the New World on which the food supply could be rapidly increased in twenty-five years is much less than the half of Europe or the eighth part of Asia. It is therefore almost unthinkable that all the resources of science and industry could double the food supply of the world, even in one period of twenty-five years.

There is no escape from the dictum of Malthus that population must now and for ever be restrained either by preventive foresight or by destructive forces. Neo-Malthusians believe that preventive foresight will contribute more to the greatest happiness of the greatest number.

R. B. KERR.

#### \* \* \* HAPPINESS AND BEAUTY.

Sir,—“Assuming,” writes Mr. Brown, “that happiness is not a mere figment of imagination. . . .” Assuming that, of course, I should be an eudemonist, but not of the utilitarian sort, who want “the greatest happiness of the greatest number,” but of the kind of Sir Willoughby



Patterne, "The Egoist." Not Guild Socialism would be my motto, but my own selfish happiness. Perhaps Mr. Brown thinks that he cannot be happy so long as other people are unhappy. This is at least a common thought among social reformers. But not less common is the indignation of unhappy social reformers against other people because they feel happy under conditions of slavery in which they ought to feel unhappy. People feel happy and unhappy under the most disconcerting circumstances; unhappy in plenty and happy in hunger. "Life is not so good nor so bad as it is thought," wrote Maupassant at the end of a novel. Ergo, happiness cannot be an objective criterion of political or ethical conduct. Why should responsibility—the responsibility in his labour that we want for every workman—be an element of happiness? Many will find happier the "I don't care" attitude of the gypsy and the slave. "Assuming happiness" . . . Yes, but the critical philosophy was invented by Kant precisely that we should not assume the validity of dubious and superfluous hypotheses.

Mr. Kenway's ideal of having every article of use perfected into beauty, reminds me of an old gentleman in a dusty Spanish town who was as fond of walking as of keeping untarnished the lustre of his boots. Too poor to pay for a shoe-black as often as he wished, every ten minutes he stopped his walking, took out of his pockets blacking, brushes and rags, hid himself in a porch, and painfully restored in his shoes the gloss of shining jet. We used to look at him compassionately, but if a man had served him as shoe-black for ten hours a day the mood of our souls would have been anger and not compassion. I cannot forget the impression made upon me by my first sight of spotless Berlin. "In this city are there any other people than sweeps and window-cleaners?" It looks as if Mr. Kenway wanted the Guilds to multiply the labours of humanity by adding to the work now wasted in the production of superfluities for the rich the exertions involved in the production of luxuries for everybody. But I hope that as soon as the workmen get the control of their economy they will say: "Enough of this foolery and let us live plainly that our hands may rest, and our minds may work, and if our hands prefer labour to leisure let them accomplish works of art, in the free spirit of Ariel: 'To answer thy best pleasure.'"

And so Messrs. Brown and Kenway shall both be satisfied. I have banished happiness from the logical kingdom of things as they are and from the ethical republic of things as they ought to be, only to give it better light in the ethereal sphere of aesthetics. There only is happiness the eternal problem, the solution of which is the perfection of form which makes us feel happy with our own unhappiness in lyrics and in music, in novels, in dramas, and in temples of religion, and which gives a human meaning in painting and sculpture to meaningless things. For in pure art happiness ascends from sensation to sentiment and dies in the subject-matter to rise again immortal in the form. RAMIRO DE MAEZTU.

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#### THE CRIMINAL.

Sir,—Jep, John's pet, is in trouble, and so is John, poor lad. Yesterday the child of a "Polak" neighbour brought over to us the chicken we had bought from him for supper, our own chickens too busy for that service. As the little girl was leaving, shyly and quietly, the Airedale sneaked upon her, and with a low growl sank his teeth in her leg. Fortunately Mrs. Ritter, our German farmer's wife, was standing not far away, and took charge of the terrified child. "To think of his attacking anyone like that!" exclaimed Mrs. Ritter subsequently. "A child, too—only a mean dog would do it!"

Nor was it Jep's first offence. A month or two back he had bitten an older girl in the arm—a stranger, too, calling at the farm on Anna, Mrs. Ritter's school-teacher daughter. A sober-minded dog, never snapping or cross to his own people, he has a dislike, it would seem—perhaps a dread—of strangers. And as strangers are not infrequent among us, what are we to do? "Shoot him," urges Mrs. Ritter; "he is not safe. It is not fair to folks to have him round."

To-day we called John in to the Ritter kitchen to attend Jep's trial. John pleaded for a muzzle, to give him away to anyone who wanted a watch-dog, anything not to kill him—imprisonment or exile, not death. But Mrs. Ritter and Anna were firm, and, as they care for the dog when John and I are away, their feelings have to be considered. Besides, John is fond of them, and their opinions always count with him, particularly Anna's.

Anna Ritter is a pleasing, sweet-tempered young woman, a patient and intelligent New England country school-mistress. "One child is worth a thousand dogs!" she exclaimed to John, "and not only the child's body but its peace of mind. A scare like that is very harmful to a little child." "Yes, I know," said John, torn by reason and affection, "but I can't bear to have him killed." "We'll chloroform him, John," said Anna. "He won't have any pain." "And not to-day—tomorrow," pleaded John. And so Jep's "last day on earth," as I overheard John's sentimental sister describing it, has been decreed.

Of more than one moral attitude is this little episode compact and to my mind suggestive. It was Anna Ritter, I recall—Anna who would save the stranger from Jep's teeth—Anna who is unyielding about the dog's criminality, and who yet would put him to a merciful death—it was this sympathetic, gentle maiden whose comment on the "Lusitania" horror was: "I have no pity for those Americans! They had no business to go on that English boat! In their place I'd want no pity!"

Truly, is not belligerency a state of mind—a state of mind quite as entertainable, often we fail to realise, in a country at peace as in a country at war? And a state of mind is an outcome, let me suggest, not of nature alone, but of nature plus nurture, plus cultural tradition. To the situation created by Irish Airedale and Russian immigrant child, Anna Ritter, German-American, was applying one cultural tradition; to that created by sea and Anglo-Saxon passengers and a German torpedo-boat she was applying another.

ELSIE CLEWS PARSONS.

Lenox, Massachusetts.

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#### SURSUM CORDA.

Sir,—In Saturn's golden reign, in that pudding time when the three-hooped pot had seven hoops, and THE NEW AGE could be obtained for threepence, I could afford to leave Mr. Norman unread; but in these straitened times, when THE NEW AGE costs sixpence and the potato-peeling is distinctly precious and waste is counted as a crime against a man's country, I am compelled to read THE NEW AGE from front to back, and incidentally to absorb Mr. Norman into my system. But God, who made Mr. Norman, has also given us gracious and beautiful things for our comfort, and after reading one of his lucubrations I call to mind those lines written by Collins in 1746. Pray, sir, give me space to quote them:

"How sleep the Brave who sink to rest  
By all their Country's wishes blest!  
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,  
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,  
She there shall dress a sweeter sod  
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.  
By Fairy hands their knell is rung,  
By forms unseen their dirge is sung:  
There Honour comes, a pilgrim grey,  
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,  
And Freedom shall awhile repair,  
To dwell a weeping Hermit there."

"Honour? Who hath it? He who died o' Wednesday?" I hear Miserrimus mutter. "All fighting men are fools, all who tar them on are traitors, all who presume to criticise me are curs." "Yea, verily," I answer, "God's fools," or, as the poet Milton hath it, "God's Englishmen." "Come and suffer," said Mazzini, "is the call that echoes most clearly in the heart of men." You yourself, sir, have told us more than once that this is a battle for ideals, for everything that England stands for. And "the spirit and the bride say come," but "qui in sordibus est, sordescat adhuc."

HAROLD B. HARRISON.

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## Press Cuttings.

"Whatever may be thought of the men's demands, it must be remembered that they have been under negotiation for over three months, and that in spite of the flat declaration by the owners that they could not accept any one of those demands, the men continued to work for a fortnight after the expiry of their agreement, in the hope that an arrangement might be reached. It was only at the end of that fortnight, when an agreement seemed to be no nearer, that they lost patience and decided to fight. In view of this, and of the vital need for an ending of the strike as speedily as possible, the surrender, if it be so called, might well be made."—"Times," July 19.

"We are not at all inclined to judge the miners harshly. They are evidently the cat's-paws of a small number of agitators. The hand of the men who have kept the South Wales coalfield—once the most peaceful in the Kingdom—seething for the last four years is plainly visible now. They are clever fellows, and in the present case, by avoiding a genuine expression of opinion through the ballot, they have deliberately manoeuvred the men into a false position. That they have been backed, however unconsciously, by German agents is practically certain. Germans of high position have, in fact, boasted of it and predicted the strike. It is easy enough, unfortunately, to persuade the miners that they are being 'exploited'—that the mineowners are making immense profits and scheming to outwit them. It is also easy to persuade them either that the threat of a strike will suffice to secure their demands or that if they do strike it will do no harm."—"Times."

"Now is the time to throw our whole weight on the side of ideals, to make our youth realise the myriad-hued beauty of life in which lies all truth, all appreciation of nobility, all religion, and depth of character. . . . Theorists, far sighted and lofty in their outlook, emphasise the importance of this. Slums must go, poverty must go, chicanery and jobbery in politics must disappear. . . . It will need the best brains, the staunchest hearts, the most inextinguishable optimism, coupled with calm serenity, irresistible, unchangeable force, and an almost superhuman love to bring this about."—S. P. B. MAIS.

"What can we teach Germany? I am afraid we shall be but poor instructors in matters of morals. We have no right to lecture Germany on social ethics whilst there are so many black spots in our social conditions, which we have not yet found the way, nor, maybe, the will to purge. We are still in the chains of nineteenth-century materialism, and twentieth century. Can we teach Germany anything in intellectual matters? We have a great literature: do we as a nation treasure it, or carry on its tradition? . . . We are a nation of intellectual apathy and stupidity. . . . We have no consistent policy, and no settled goal. . . . We have aimed at producing the 'gentleman.'"—Rev. A. W. F. BLUNT, M.A.

"We assert that no case has been made out for compulsory arbitration. The Trade Unions have weakly given way in the face of threats—threats that could not have been enforced. . . . As for the voluntary workers, heaven help them! They are to be delivered over to a tribunal on which the Trade Union is not represented, and are to be forced to carry out any and every order. As THE NEW AGE points out, this army of labour can, and probably will, be used to blackleg in uncontrolled establishments, and profiteers will reap the benefit. These men will no longer be Trade Unionists, but industrial soldiers, subject to law and to commands. . . . The Union leaders have failed in their duty."—"Herald."

"For good or for bad, the whole life of the British Empire rests upon Trade Unionists. Upon them rests the responsibility of carrying on the necessary work of the community, and without them the British Government and the British people are helpless. . . . Entire re-organisation is absolutely essential to abolish once and for all the wage-system. There are fourteen millions of workers in this country and only four millions of them are organised into over one thousand Trade Unions. . . . Another problem is the organisation of the Trade Union

movement as a whole. I sometimes think that there is no Trade Union movement, and Trade Unionists must think so too. Take, for instance, the things happening since the war began. Who represented the workers, and who chose those representatives and gave them a mandate? At the very outbreak of the war the Trade Union movement declared that in face of the national emergency it would no longer exist. I feel that was done against the will and the wish of the Trade Unionists of this country. It was the most fatal thing that has been done by organised labour since the war began, and we are paying very heavily for it."—W. MELLOR, at the Leeds Trades Council.

"National control pays the people. Privately-owned ventures are proved to be anti-social—more so now than ever. . . . The Government have failed to meet the crisis. They have left the buying of grain to speculators, and the people cannot be satisfied by optimistic language. We know only too well that official brilliance is too dear to employ for the people's good."—"Leeds District Weekly Citizen."

"Already considerable opposition to the Munitions Bill is finding expression among the rank and file of the Trade Union movement. On all hands the leaders are accused of having sold the workers: on all hands a 'sort of furious pessimism' as to the future reigns; on all hands men are asking what can be done to stop the rot. Faced with these manifest signs of unrest, everyone who believes in common action and the preservation of the ordinary Trade Union rights has laid upon him a serious and arduous duty. Between now and the end of the war labour must work out a policy: she must look to her own needs and dangers, and be prepared unitedly to meet the inevitable depression and the even more inevitable stiffening of capitalist opposition. But at present there are absolutely no signs that the leaders are in the least alarmed, or, indeed, even interested."—"Herald."

"We are hearing a deal of talk about the drink question, and its effect upon the worker and his power of production. I suppose the worker ought really to be a sort of human machine, with no taste for art, music, science, and, latterly, drink; simply content to perform the drudgery work of the world, spending many hours each day putting heads on pins, labouring on a portion of an article, and afterwards nothing to show for his trouble, thus making a dreary life more monotonous, that the wonder is so many remain sober. . . . Of course, one could point out the evil affecting any business whose watchword is 'profit.' Until we seek to produce our necessities and pleasures for our own use, to enable us to enjoy life to the full, instead of producing for a master-class who, owning the land and factories, only allow such to be used when they reap a profit, thus extorting a toll upon labour, so long will we be faced with problems of war, drink, poverty, with all the miseries these things entail. . . . The only thing keeping us back is that we are ignorant of our power, and unaware that we are really masters of the situation."—"E. S. O." in "The Voice of Labour."

"The action of the South Wales miners shows what has been shown hundreds of times in the last four years—that no guarantee given by the Parliamentary representatives or heads of the Unions is worth anything. They are not in a position to guarantee the behaviour of their members, over whom they exercise no control. They exercise none because they have abandoned it, and because they depend for their own offices on the favour of the men. This is democracy. It is being tested by the war as it has never been before. And, so far as Trade Unionism is concerned, it has failed. Hence the necessity of the Munitions Act, which has passed because the safety of the realm and the issue of the war cannot be left at the mercy of these uncontrolled bodies of workmen who acknowledge no authority. We do not say that all Trade Unions are in that state, but some very important ones have proved that they are, and the consequences are too serious to be left to chance or luck. In war there must be control, and if those who are supposed to wield it under the theory of democracy fail, the authority of the State, which is supreme, must step in."—"Times."