NOTES OF THE WEEK.

If it be true that ever since the Marne Germany has been fighting for terms, not victory, it must be admitted that her present situation would command favorable terms if peace were made at once. Her advantages, however shortlived we believe them to be, suggest some bad miscalculations on our part, or at least on the part of the Allies. The smallest forethought coupled with expert advice would, we should have assumed, have enabled us within a month of the outbreak of the war to reckon almost to a cartridge the munitionability of the Dardanelles. And the passage.

As it is, however, everything seems to have taken us by surprise and to turn out as we least expect. We were surprised that the Germans were forced in a week or two at most.

The Germans were turned back from Paris at the Marne; we are surprised that the Russians may suffer the fate originally intended by Germany for the French; we were surprised to learn how long it is taking to force the Dardanelles. And it is not the case that laymen alone are bewildered. The experts whose business it was, and is to calculate these things in advance are as much surprised as the rest of us. It will be remembered, for example, how confident Mr. Churchill was at Dundee some months ago that the Dardanelles would be forced in a week or two at most.

The situation is serious enough in all conscience. At the same time, we need not believe that it is nearly so black as it is elsewhere painted. Journals conducted by sensational Irishmen (making an exception of Mr. Garvin) and by alien friends like Mr. Blumenfeld are disposed, it would appear, almost to throw up the sponge as if the British nation could not possibly retrieve the misfortunes that have befallen us. But that attitude is not British, whatever else it may be. Ninety-nine per cent. of the people of the Empire not only do not contemplate the final triumph of Germany, but call it an obsession if you like—are confident that the end Germany will be defeated. And the fact that her temporary victories encourage Germany to prolong the war is no more to the British people than an indication that we must be prepared for a longer war still. The new aspect of the war, indeed, ought to be a signal not for surrender or despair, but for a revision of the ideas with which the nation set out on the earlier campaign. Then, it is obvious, the vast majority of us—statesmen, politicians, journalists—fancied that the war would be over in a month or two. In consequence, only short views were taken of our national needs, and measures were recommended on the express ground that they were emergency measures designed only for immediate use. Recall the occasions on which we had to complain of this very fact exemplified, as it was, both in the Cabinet and in the section of the Press that is now most pessimistic. Their measures, we said, were condemned by the very virtue of emergency claimed for them. They failed to provide for what might well prove inevitable, namely, a long-drawn-out war; and staked everything upon a speedy conclusion. Now that events have proved us right, it is just these people who were then so confident that are in despair. All is lost apparently because their short views have turned out to be short views. But the remedy surely is to take long views at once and henceforth: and to calculate, if need be, that the war, instead of lasting another month or two, may conceivably last a generation. We do not, of course, say that it will. On the other hand, it is for Germany and not for us to say that it shall not. Our business and our national intention is simply to be prepared to go on longer than Germany. Pessimism about the end is weakness.
Of the four things necessary to the successful conduct of the war—men and munitions, money and mind—it is significant that the attention of the public is directed by the governing classes mainly upon the first two. They happen, as can be seen, to be the two factors for which it may be said that the people, and particularly the proletariat, are responsible. Of the other two, which constitute or ought to constitute, the special contributions of the privileged classes, we do not hear so much. But without denying that men and munitions are essential, it is surely true to say that they are no more essential than money and mind; and without partiality we may surely add that of the two pairs of essentials, the pair due from the people has been more liberally forthcoming than the pair due from the governing class. Take the question of munitions, for instance. Everybody knows that, as far as it has lain in their power, the working-classes of this country have, on the whole, in a purely voluntary spirit, done all that can be fairly expected of human beings. Absolutely no reproach can rest upon them unless it come from angels and not men. With provocation and temptation beyond the ordinary, there have been no strikes worth speaking of. While private profiteering is still practically unrestricted, the Trade Unions have suspended most of their defensive rules and customs. There has been, on the whole, little drink or slackness and practically no crime. It must also be remembered in favour of the working-classes that neither individually nor collectively have they the power to cause the production of a single shell. The workshops, the tools, the materials, the control are all in the hands of the employing classes. Though they might wish and were able to place this country beyond the competition of Germany in the matter of munitions, workmen must wait for the permission of private employers before utilising a single lathe. These things taken into account, the output of munitions, if it has fallen short of our national needs, has fallen short owing to the masters and the State, and not to the men. Whoever maintains the contrary is either ignorant or base.

It is the same of the provision of men. We need not rehearse what has been said in the "Nation" and the "New Statesman," since a mere summary is enough. At this moment close upon four million volunteers are under arms in one capacity or another; and about another million have volunteered only to be rejected on medical grounds. Every official demand for men coming from Lord Kitchener has been met and we firmly believe will be met to the very end. And not tardily or reluctantly either. We see no harm in reporting that his last demand for 300,000 men was answered within the incredibly brief space of three days. And that is the measure of the national will to victory. Under these circumstances it is at least superfluous, it appears to us, to discuss conscription. At best it only distracts attention from the job in hand; while at worst it provides useless fools with a dangerous occupation. What other object can it serve than that of discrediting the working-classes by insinuating that they are "slackers"? And what other reaction can be expected than the general suits, if nothing worse? For it ought to be clear by now that the result of establishing conscription is the last that its advocates can anticipate from their campaign. While it is the case and, as far as we can see, will continue to be the case, that the Government has only to announce its needs in men to have them voluntarily satisfied, the establishment of conscription is not only ridiculous, but it is impossible. Its titled advocates would be spending their time and money better in other ways.

All this, of course, is without prejudice to the admission of the right of Compulsion as an ultimate power of the State. Except in matters of conscience, the State must, theoretically at any rate, both be and be admitted to be, all powerful. This Mr. de Maetza has demonstrated beyond casuistry. Even the case cited by Mr. Bax last week of compulsory marriage as a means of maintaining the birth-rate does not appear to us an exception to the general theoretical rule of the supremacy of the State. For States, however, as for men, though all things may be lawful, not every thing is not expedient. Even, we would say, all lawful things are not possible. In the case once more of conscription we maintain against our Liberal friends that it is lawful and constitutional as an absolute right unqualified by necessity; while we deny to our Tory friends that it is either expedient or possible. After all, we must take facts as they are. A State with moral authority like that of Prussia (almost a theocracy) can exercise the lawful rights of all States and institute compulsion in any and every matter at its own discretion. We believe that the German people would accept the dictation of the Prussian State even in matters of conscience, on the assumption unquestioningly that the voice of the Kaiser is the voice of God. But here in England it is not so (and we have made our choice ages ago), the voice of the State must here produce its reasons as a condition of exercising even its lawful authority. Once they are produced and found to be good, there is no question that they will be obeyed. Even plausible bad reasons are often sufficient. But without reasons given, enough to pass muster with such intelligence as our people possess, there is also no question that the lawful commands of the State will be resisted. The matter stands therefore thus with us. Theoretical considerations apart, all of which it is too late at this moment to instil into public opinion, conscription in this country is either impossible or unnecessary. A Government without much more moral authority than ours possesses would find conscription impossible; our own Government, with only a little more authority, will find it unnecessary.

We do not appreciate the arguments of people who say we must adopt conscription in order to please our Allies. In the first place, we do not believe it would please them; and certainly it would not satisfy them if conscription had the effect of dividing our national strength. In the second place, we naturally do not admit the right, nor do our Allies claim it, of having our internal policy dictated by foreign, however friendly, nations. In the third place, we ought to look facts in the face even when they are flattering to ourselves. But for England where, we ask, would France be at this moment? But for England where may Russia be at the end of her war with Germany? Admitted that England entered the war for her own sake and that in consequence neither France nor Russia owes us any superfluous gratitude, the fact remains that, thanks to our political conduct in the past, we have been able to render our Allies better service than they could render themselves. We are thus entitled, we think, to pursue our own course since it has resulted in our rendering our Allies better service than they could render themselves. The right to claim for either France or Russia the right to prescribe the means by which we conserve our strength. That is entirely for this nation to decide. Finally, however true it may be that our Allies have borne the first brunt of the war, it being equally true that we have not been lightly to render ourselves superfluous. Each nation must bear its own burden. Our business is therefore to count upon the long pull, and to hold always something in reserve. Over against the annoyance of a
handful of Frenchmen and their eavesdroppers in this country we would set, for our part, the certain disappointment of Germany. In the same desire both a few Frenchmen and all Germany agree, namely, that England should adopt conscription; but in reasons how far apart we must assume they are! The former would have us adopt conscription to increase our strength; the latter to reduce it. We do not doubt which hope would be fulfilled. * * * *

Assuming now that we have shown that the contribution of our people to the war in men and munitions is as much as can reasonably be expected (and more than could be obtained by compulsion), let us now turn to the other pair of essentials, in the gift of the governing classes. Napoleon said of the English that we are a race of lions led by asses. We would amend his epigram by adding to the asses a considerable number of foxes. On the one hand, in things belonging to the mind, there appears no more doubt to us than to Lord Morley or Lord Haldane that our governing classes are assonant and foxed. There they are of asses first, and foxes second. Regarding the first we have already mentioned a few of the miscalculations our responsible rulers appear to have made. But the list is really endless. The war itself it is now their pleasure to prudently to have foreseen as practically inevitable months if not years before it broke out. Yet to be forewarned was not, it seems, to be forearmed. Let us pass that over.

Once, however, that the war was upon us, it might have been supposed that at least our foreign and diplomatic service would calculate, reasonably correctly, the probable strength of the enemy; and our home officials take steps to meet it. In fact, however, the resources of Germany have been an utter surprise to everybody official; and our own feeble and muddled attempts to recover our balance have been a matter of general disgust. Militarily, diplomatically, industrially and economically, almost everything done by our governing classes by themselves has been either muddled or carried through by the skin of their teeth after every extravagance has been exhausted. Of common talent, let alone genius, there appears to have been almost none among them. The Navy is an exception; and so perhaps is our Secret Service; but elsewhere it is a poor show the greatest nation in the world has shown in its ruling classes. * * * *

But of all this, it may be said, we can know nothing for certain. But the privileged classes may have performed prodigies of intellectual ability behind the scenes of which the results that we see are only the broken fragments. It may be so, we do not deny; but not only cannot we assume it, but other evidence than these results exists. It would be strange if men of the same class, education and ability were to succeed in matters past our judgment and to fail only in matters within our judgment. How unfortunate a fate! Yet it would seem that nothing else has befalenn our governing classes to assume that diplomacy, military strategy and high statesmanship generally they have been all that intelligence could expect, while in lesser and visible matters we know that they have been failures. As instances of the latter, take the simple question of food-stuffs. It stood to reason that a country that usually imports four-fifths of its wheat, and nearly a half of its whole food, would in the event of war find one of two things: a rise of prices or an actual limitation of supply. And one of two remedies was no less reasonably dictated: a State regulation of price, or a State-guaranteed increased home production. But Lord Selborne followed Lord Lucas (the one an ex-diplomat, the other an ex-War Office chief) at the Board of Agriculture; and neither one nor the other so much as so much. The consequences are that food-stuffs are still one-third above their normal in price; and that the increased production of this country would not feed an army corps. We will not weary our readers by adding, as we could, coal to food and munitions to coal, and Labour, like Napoleon, to all in favour of conditional taxation. The former would have us adopt conscription to increase our strength; the latter to reduce it. We do not doubt which hope would be fulfilled. * * * *

In money matters, however, the governing classes have not proved themselves asses—at any rate in the vulgar sense; though actually a ruling class that pursues its private profit during a national emergency is no less unfit to govern than one that could be foreseen at the beginning of the war that the nation had better meet the cost of the war as far as possible out of income; and this for no more recondite reason than that it is best, if it can be managed, to keep out of debt. But the policy of loans, as we know, was adopted and chiefly on the advice of Lord Reading and the leading moneylenders of the City. Why? we ask. The reasons are not obscure, nor ought our simplest readers to be daunted by the jargon in which the City expresses its abstruse ideas. As a first step the City moneylenders calculated that they could not find borrowers so secure as the Government anywhere else; in the second place they wished to avoid a heavy immediate taxation. Recently, however, the wind has changed, and actually only moneylenders still agree on loans and all in favour of conditional taxation. The reasons, once more, are simple. The Government, having fixed the minimum market price of capital at four and a half per cent, and being unlikely to pay very much more, it follows that loans are now more profitable. Having standardised a respectable price for their commodity of Capital by shortening the supply by means of Government loans, the City men can now safely ask more of their private clients. Not for four and a half per cent, can money now be had by private persons, but the price is steadily rising above it. The war, however, must still be paid for, if not by loans (that is, by future taxation), by taxation immediate. Would it not appear that the wealthy classes, by necessitating taxation instead of loans, would be robbing one pocket to fill the other? But again the answer is simple. Provided that, in the first place, war-profits may be accumulated as a fund out of which to pay part of their taxes and, further, that the rest of their taxes may be made to fall upon food and wages, the wealthy might conceivably escape taxation altogether. Thus at the end of the war they would find themselves with their loans secured at a high rate of interest, and only their emergency profits sacrificed in the general taxation. Look, if you do not believe us, at the proposals now being cautiously exercised in the paddocks of the training Press. The diplomacy of it is marvellous and given a public instead of a private end we could not but admire it. Under cover of the plea of equity, our poor lions are to be taught that the median asses to the cost of the war. It is true that if half the national income is appropriated by one-fortieth of the population, the minority ought in equity to bear between them thirty-nine fortieths of the total taxation. But a little matter like that can easily be got over—for alas, our lions are as stupid as they are brave! And by what means will it be got over? In addition to the rigmarole of equal sacrifices above alluded to, measures are proposed for the taxation of food and wages. Both these, it appears, are now well on their way to the Statute book with the approval of Mr. Harold Cox (who must by this time have surely sold the last of his old beliefs) and of half the members of the Labour Party. Nothing save a miracle can, in fact, prevent them from getting there. After this it will surely be agreed that our amendment of Napoleon’s remark is in order; and it should now be carried nemine contradicente. But we shall have more to say on the taxation of wages later.
Since the last issue of The New Age appeared the Germans have made a further successful advance in the east, and have captured several of the Kovno forts as well as the fortress of Novo Georgievsk. There is, in consequence, a recrudescence of pessimism in this country, especially in London, and, especially as I need hardly say, in those circles where opinions are taken from the Harmsworth Press. It appears to be assumed that the Russians have been very severely defeated, and that this defeat will react on the Balkan States and lead them to hesitate as to joining us in the struggle. It is further assumed, I gather, that something must be seriously wrong with the higher commands in the west; otherwise why should General Joffre and Sir John French seem to hang back at a time when their Russian colleagues obviously stand in need of assistance? Perhaps a closer survey of the situation in the eastern theatre may enable us to appreciate the new position of affairs there more justly.

The first point we have to note is that although the Germans have made further progress their victories have been for the most part spectacular and hardly strategical at all. A modern army leader seeks above everything else to break up or capture his opponent's army; and this is precisely what Hindenburg and his very skilful generals have not been able to do. It has taken the German army more than four months to advance less than two hundred miles; and their advance has been only at the cost of enormous losses—losses in men, stores, ammunition, and guns. The Russians, while they have suffered heavily, have not lost anything like the same proportion of men; and as for guns they had, unfortunately, too few to lose. Again, the farther the Germans advance into purely Russian territory the greater risk do they run in the absence of good roads and railways. The extraordinary efficient Russian railway system was what aided the Germans to an in-calculable extent throughout the whole campaign, especially in the eastern theatre, and it was precisely the absence of railways which prevented the Russians from doing more than they did. Novo Georgievsk was deliberately sacrificed; and everybody knew, when Warsaw was evacuated, what Novo Georgievsk, which lies some fifteen miles to the north-west of the city, would have to be evacuated or surrender. But the fortress commanded the railway and the River Niemen; and the effective use of its artillery for several days after the evacuation delayed the progress of the enemy to the extent reckoned upon by the leaders of the Russian Army.

The main strategic effect of the fall of Kovno—for the whole of the forts may have been captured by the time this article appears in print—has not yet, to my knowledge, been adequately emphasised. This German success has jeopardised the Russian position of Vilna, where the railway lines converge from Moscow, Warsaw, Petrograd, and Riga; and, further, the Germans are in practical possession by this time of the railway to the south connecting Bialostok and Brest-Litovsk. The continuous Russian front on the Niemen and the Bug has, in consequence of these advances, as good as disappeared for the time being. The result is that for the first time since the campaign began the Russian forces no longer form a continuous front under the same direction. There are now, for strategic purposes, three Russian field armies under three separate commands, based on Petrograd, Moscow, and Kief. The main strategical movements of these armies will be controlled, as hitherto, by the Grand Duke; but greater discretion in matters of detail will be allowed to the subordinate commanders.

It seems clear, if we read between the lines of the German, Austrian, and Russian dispatches, that the troops now in the Divna-Riga district will be joined very shortly by the forces retreating from the Niemen, and that this combined force, under the command of General Rusalov, will be entrusted with the defence of the roads, such as they are, leading to Petrograd. Secondly, there is the Central Army, now engaged in the defence of Brest-Litovsk, but ready at short notice to retreat behind the Priepel Marshes and so to Moscow. The Russian defence of Brest-Litovsk prevents the enemy from using the Vilna-Brest railway; and the gallant defence of Ossovetz prevents the Germans from using the Konigsberg-Warsaw line. There remains the third Russian Army, under the command of General Ivanoff, which retreated from Lemberg several weeks ago and is based on Kief. Ivanoff's forces still hold ground in Eastern Galicia and the Bukovina, and while they are unbroken, as they still are, they form a continual menace to Hungary.

The Germans are making for Petrograd—this, at any rate, appears to be the direction taken for the time being by Hindenburg's main forces. But the road thither is susceptible of being deflected rather than attacked, and the Pskoff marshlands are a barrier by no means easy to overcome. The Central Russian Army may be driven still further back, but it will be difficult—in fact, we may as well say practically impossible—to break it up. Ivanoff's army is untouched. Hindenburg's efforts are being directed towards the most difficult stretch of territory in the eastern theatre. The general Russian position, therefore, is safe enough, in so far as probabilities can be calculated at any time in warfare, ancient or modern. The next move lies not so much with the German and Russian armies as with the Balkan States; and the coming intervention of the Balkan States is bound to have a very marked effect on the entire campaign. It is easy to imagine that a Roumano-Bulgarian army of six hundred thousand men sweeping into Hungary, cutting off the Austrian army now attacking Italy from its base, and breaking the lines of communication of the southern Austro-German forces facing Ivanoff, would amount to a calamity for the enemy. It is no further from the Serbo-Roumanian frontier to Budapest than it is from Warsaw to Vilna; yet even at Warsaw the Germans are far from home.

The Russian defeats are not to be denied. They have lost men, guns, and stores, and they have had to retreat for many miles. But the losses they have inflicted on the enemy have been greater than what they have had to suffer themselves all along the line; and the most rabid anti-Russian must acknowledge that the Grand Duke has conducted his part of the campaign with the utmost skill. His armies have lacked fieldpieces, shells, ammunition, rifles, and, at the beginning, even uniforms; and they were taken by surprise. In the face of difficulties which we can scarcely realise a most stubborn fight has been maintained for more than a year. If all the circumstances are considered, it will be admitted that there is no cause for pessimism so far as the Russians are concerned. The Balkan States will join us when the armies in the west are ready to advance; and the German General Staff, knowing this as it does, is risking its last ounce of energy, its last atom of military prestige, in striving to inflict a crushing defeat on the Russians before they are able to turn southwards and advance against Serbia, Roumania, and Bulgaria so as to join forces with the Turks at the Dardanelles. Well, it cannot be done. The age of miracles may be for ever here, but Germany is not on the side of the angels.
Americanising the Hyphenated States

IV.

No mention has yet been made of the part played by American Socialism in the tragi-comedy of democracy in the United States. Socialists have everywhere proclaimed themselves the only true friends of genuinely democratic government. In spite of their many differences, they are at one in the belief that the hope of democracy lies in Socialism. Since it has been postulated that American nationality cannot be realised without democracy, we may now inquire whether the promise of this realisation is being increased by the Socialists of America. It will not be necessary, for this purpose, to make a detailed examination of the programmes subscribed to by the various Socialist Parties. As heretofore, only general tendencies will be considered, the object being to ascertain the drift of American life as a whole, not to make a survey of particular currents, except in so far as is necessary to the main purpose.

American Socialism has, needless to say, fallen into the usual divisions, the advocates of State Socialism on the one side, and the anti-parliamentarians on the other. The "Socialist Party" and the "Socialist Labour Party" represent the former, the "Industrial Workers of the World" the latter. This classification is not strictly correct, inasmuch as it is in the nature of things for tendencies to drift together as the political methods is by no means confined to the I.W.W. In the present case the point is of slight importance, as the practical effects of the Socialist propaganda are based on the effect of the divergence made here. The State Socialist tendency, moreover, is on the increase and, by reason of the retarded collectivist consciousness of Americans, will doubtless more completely absorb the energies of the Socialist and Socialist Labour Parties. Even if the personal differences, which alone explain the separate existence of the two, do not disappear, their identity of aim and method make them one party in the moulding of socialist opinion. The Industrial Workers of the World have not the standing of the French Syndicalists, whose principles they have adopted, because of the predominance of unskilled labour in their ranks. They appeal, however, to the newer immigrant population more readily than the orthodox parties, so that their influence is in the evolution of the idea of nationality is of some moment.

It would be superficial to point out the futility of expecting democracy to come from the efforts of American State Socialists. Like all the tribes, they are apparently unable to rid themselves of the illusion that every reform is a victory for Socialism. They cling in a despairing fervour of Marxism to the dogma of unenlightened capitalism. Never, they imagine, will the capitalists concede, for their own benefit, the reforms which are hailed as triumphs for Labour. In the more economically developed countries of Europe the absurdity of this dogma needs no emphasis. With the example of "monarchical Socialism" as Prussia before us, we have a permanent reminder that all is not Socialist gold that glitter with the charm of collectivism. For the reasons already stated—the Early Victorian stage of industrial and private life, the reactionary individualism and eighteenth-century Radicalism of public opinion—the reformist fallacy is not so evident to the American mind. It is significant that the Industrial Workers of the World have been most keen in insisting upon it, for they constitute the most European section of the Socialist movement. Apart from the majority of recent immigrants, they are composed of a class of labourers who cannot be regarded itself as to the illusory nature of Transatlantic liberty, equality, and fraternity.

The Industrial Workers, having had scepticism thrust upon them, are able to bring a less confusing temperament to the consideration of labour problems.

That the orthodox Socialists may, in time, discover the inevitability of Bismarckian "Socialism," in the interest of profits, is possible. They were painfully impressed by the advent of the Progressive Party, where Fabian proposals they recognised as their own. The spectacle of Mr. Roosevelt as a comrade-in-arms against capital raised a shudder of doubt as to the authenticity of a programme in whose Socialism they took some pride. However, rather than have recourse to intolerance, they fell back on indignation at the perjury of those whom they accused of political plagiarisms. The Progressive movement may be trusted to carry the glorious work of State Socialism, though its task will be far more arduous than it would have been in England or Germany. The conditions to be faced are, in some respects, those of the heroic age of the Fabian Society; in others, they are worse. The contemplation of political labourism in England does not awaken great hopes for its ability to grasp the moment when discretion demands retirement in favour of Liberalism. Competent critics seem pessimistic as to the future of the orthodox, who appear destined to emerge from the shock of Progressivism in the comatose state of the Labour Party in Britain.

As the relation of State Socialism to democracy is familiar, and has already been touched upon in previous references to the Progressive movement, there is little to say as to the general effect of American Socialism upon the growth of nationality. As a rule the I.W.W., being more Internationalist, they do not contribute anything towards the development of a sense of national identity among the workers. The latter remain, at bottom, hyphenated, as their recent arrival and the disillusions of the Homestead strike haveoperate against their proper fusion in the social organism. A considerable proportion of the Industrial Workers is condemned for racial and cognate reasons to permanent hyphenation. As soon as they cease to be hyphenated, the personal differences, which alone explain the separate existence of the two, do not disappear, their identity of aim and method make them one party in the moulding of socialist opinion. The Industrial Workers of the World have not the standing of the French Syndicalists, whose principles they have adopted, because of the predominance of unskilled labour in their ranks. They appeal, however, to the newer immigrant population more readily than the orthodox parties, so that their influence is in the evolution of the idea of nationality is of some moment.

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revolutionary, associates itself with essentially anti-
democratic denunciations of the Allies. The hyphenated
Socialists are, therefore, in a rather different category
from the ordinary hyphenated American, who is a product
of race, whereas the hyphenated Socialist is the product
of geographical and industrial conditions, and the ab-
sence of a sense of nationality, are factors which must
be taken into account. If the State is an inhuman
monster to the European, it is an inhuman abstraction to
the American. It is not even generally realized that
the State, as such, is an a priori fiction. It is the
considered opinion of his class in the Republic. Being
neither an actual nor a potential millionaire, he is
regarded as a species of negligible ascetic denying the
will to get rich quickly.
Tradition is a problem which Americans have
ever solved, most of them being occupied in denouncing
its claim to exist. The reactionary and antiquated hos-
tility to Unionism which prevails in the United States
becomes all the more alarming to the European in
search of democracy, as the Unions are frankly anti-
socialistic in the main. At best—or worst—their Socialism is of no more serious a character than
that of the Labour Party, a fact which makes American
Socialists suspicious of the Federation of Labour. The
awful example of the English Labour Party has made
them fearful of creating a similar Frankenstein by too
intimate commerce with the Federation. National
Guildsmen will not be surprised or grieved by this
disturb of political Labourism. Should Mr. Ramsay
Macdonald be the involuntary means of preserving
American Socialism from the indignity of a Labour Party, we may
thank God that some good has come out of Little Beth-
lehem. Unfortunately, there are other indications of
the possible creation of such a party, the tendency to-ward State Socialism, and the intellectual inertia of
life which they alone can solve. Hyphenation cannot
be avoided by the use of democratic rhetoric, whether
the form of the latter be that of American patriotism
or International Socialism. Yet Socialists who are well
aware of the limitations of the principles of democracy
practised in the United States cannot refrain from
taking the same form seriously in matters of world-
politics. It is their business to make a nation of the
Hyphenated States by indicating the direction in which
true democracy is to be sought. When Americans have
sought the latter, nationalization will be added unto them.
At present, however, they are so far from recognis-
ing the duties imposed upon them that they actually
bawl the growth of "Nationalist Socialism." In a
country where want of unity is the paramount and only na-
tionalities exist, the spectacle of nations fighting for their
national existence is naturally incomprehensible. Hence
the naive astonishment at the "development" of nation-
alist Socialism. Americans are astounded, in other
words, at the spectacle that Socialism does not dena-
tionalisation—in Europe. The United States of
Europe, of which Americans like to dream, will cer-
tainly not be the Hyphenated States of Europe, as
would inevitably be the case were the American con-
ception to prevail. Americans reject the German action.
In summing up the forces which bring
upheld the standard of working-class solidarity. He
was the involuntary means of preserving American
industry does, it is true, seem to simplify the
question of nationalisation, in the Fabian sense. On
the other hand, the immensity of the country, the variety
of geographical and industrial conditions, and the ab-
sence of a sense of nationality, are factors which must
be taken into account. If the State is an inhuman
monster to the European, it is an inhuman abstraction to
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the possible creation of such a party, the tendency to-ward State Socialism, and the intellectual inertia of

The German and the European.

By Dr. Oscar Levy.

III.*

THE EUROPEAN: Have I now convinced you of my thesis that Christianity is responsible for the present war?

THE GERMAN: There seems to be a certain amount of truth in what you say—but only a certain amount. I could not say you have convinced me.

E.: A man convinced against his will is of the same opinion still?

G.: O, no, don’t think me as pig-headed as that... But you know what I have noticed in all discussions about the causes of this war... It is that everybody puts the blame for it upon his pet aversion. The priests say that Luther and Protestantism are responsible; the good Protestants say that atheism and freethought have caused the present uproar; the fervent Democrats say that secret diplomacy is at the root of the trouble. The French Hindus say that Christianity is to blame for it all; the women say that the brutality of men is the source of the calamity; the anti-Semites say the Jews have done it; our enemies say that we are the mischief-makers, and we think that you are the fiendish criminals... Every one of these theorists thinks less of the truth than of his own system and how to justify it by the events... You, my dear European, are no exception to this rule. You dislike Christianity—I don’t know why, because it seems to me a pretty harmless religion by now—but you dislike it. You consequently... E.: Excuse me interrupting you, but did you really say Christianity is a pretty harmless religion by now? G.: Of course, I did. For who is a Christian nowadays? Nobody, practically... You, of course, have just been upholding the view that everybody is a Christian who has no other ideals and that consequently the whole of Europe is Christian, but that, I think, is only a dialectical quibbling. You would like to have Europe Christian, in order to make Christianity responsible for this war—that is the secret reason for your clever argumentation... But, I repeat, I see no Christianity whatever amongst my contemporaries, in spite of all your affirmation to the contrary. I see a great many other ideas which move people, and, no doubt, move them deeply, but I see no religious ideas any longer, I am glad to say... We have passed that stage, thank heavens, and are in the process of a fundamental revaluation of ideas which would be necessary, involving the rejection of a large part of the present theoretical equipment of American Socialism. The immigration problem would have to be fairly faced, instead of being obscured by generous platitudes, or blackleg-proof unions would be impossible. The ideal of craftsmanship, stated to be extinct in American workshops, would have to be revived. A perverted destiny has made the country at once so economically advanced and so industrially retrograde that, even after a certain amount of confusions and confusions has been cleared up, it would only then enter upon the first stage of progress. Depending entirely upon Europe for creative thought, Americans will probably pass slowly along the road which leads to a fundamental revaluation. If they are not killed in the germ by the latter then, at that point has been reached, the beginnings of a democratic spirit may be felt. In that event the Americanisation of the Hyphenated States will be indefinitely postponed, unless the precious seed of nationalism flowers in the Territory of Alaska, now being protected and preserved from the profiteers as the last hope of democracy in America! Meanwhile, we may expect its prior advent in Mexico, overlooked with characteristic American insularity. There a revolution is being fought to lay the foundations of a democratic State. A. E. B.
sible... Yes, I really do think that the French Revolution was a Christian movement, because it was the direct outcome of the Protestant Reformation. Protestant Christianity spread to Paris from Geneva, and its importer was the Protestant Jean Jacques Rousseau. I hope you will not deny that Rousseau and Calvin were Protestants, or that the German Reformation was a Christian movement.

G.: No, I don't, but I do deny that the French Revolution had anything to do with the German Reformation.

E.: Have you ever read the New Testament?

G.: Only partially, and in school, because I had to.

I remember, however, that I was intensely bored by it.

E.: How very German you know, are better revolutionaries than yourself—even called it "justification by faith."

E.: And every Brown, Smith, and Robinson of a voter is therefore its priest, and I suppose the members of Parliaments are the high priests? What a holy congress you yourselves set up here. Every speech of these chosen dignitaries would then be a sermon. . . Well, some of them are dull enough for it.

E.: I am glad you can crack jokes on the subject... I confess that I cannot. This common-sense of parliamentary institutions makes me far too sick.

G.: Well, excuse me. . . But remember that I am a German and that we Germans are not yet entirely under the heel of Parliament, talking-shops, debating societies, and mass-tyranny. We are not like the English and the French and the Italians; we still distrust parliaments, as we distrust democratic institutions. I myself, as I told you, have only a moderate admiration for them; though, on the other hand, I am far from being a reactionary. If one only could get hold of the right sort of Democrats, I would be the first to be a Democrat. . . Anyhow, excuse my jokes about parliaments; you know, one does not mind joking about things that do not concern one.

E.: Well, at least your jokes prove that you are beginning to understand. After all, then, there is something in theology?

G.: Why, there was not much to understand, but then, you know, it is not theology.

E.: Yes, it is.

G.: Well, if that is theology, you are the funniest theologian I ever came across. You know you have a most disrespectful way of talking about these holy matters... You seem to be a sort of King Midas "à rebours": whenever you touch a "divine" subject it becomes quite commonplace... Well, I must not complain about it—that's, I suppose, why I understood it. I told you that I was only a common-sense creature.

E.: If only the common-sense people would think and learn a little, they could put to flight all the priests and lay-priests—that is to say, the professors. So you understand? But don't let us pass over this matter too lightly... Will you be good enough to tell me again what you understood? One has to be careful on this subject, which is of greater importance than is generally assumed.

G.: Well, you simply mean that Christianity has come down from the clouds and is now called "Democracy" or "free institutions" or "constitutional guarantees" or "parliamentary government." Is that not what you were driving at?

E.: It is.

G.: And you further think that democratic, like Christian institutions, are impracticable.

E.: I do—they have failed everywhere, and the sign of this failure is upon us. Look at this war.

G.: But the Democrats will say that their creed has
never been established. They will argue that the ruling classes have always found ways and means to thwart the will of the people. They will ask you: Are we free and equal? Have we ever been? Has everybody had a decent opportunity? Is the voice of the people really heard? Are the top charlatans, wire-pullers, journalists, lawyers, etc., etc., there must be something wrong with the system or with the people, or perhaps with both. How many more years will you grant to them for futile experiments?

G.: But the people will complain that they cannot make themselves heard. And they are right in this objection. I know something about them, and can assure you that they are honest and hard-working. If they only could make themselves heard, we would soon have better men at the head of affairs than our parliamentarians.

E.: But honest and hard-working people are no judges at all. That's just where the fault of the system is. Honest and hard-working people who have no time to think, and whose parents never had any time to think either, are sure to fall victims to the wire-pullers and the journalists. Fancy these honest people, led by their elected honest fools or dishonest humbugs, judging higher men!

G.: Well, whom do you want to be judge, then?

E.: "I wish to be judged by my peers," as that unhappy King Charles I. once said.

G.: You have very proud views.

E.: Because I see where the views of the "humble" and the "simple" and the "modest" and the "honest"—the view of all that democratic Gospel-crew—have led us. Has history ever known a more terrible deartth of great men than this war has disclosed? Look at all these emperors, kings, presidents and prime ministers! Have you ever heard a manly word from any of these leaders of modern Europe, a word that came from the heart and went right to the hearts of others? Look at the most famous literary men of Europe! Has any sentence escaped any of their pens, which was not a click, a trifle, a platitudinous, a boastful nonsense? I hope you don't want clever speeches or articles now, we want actions.

E.: But what about the actions? Has there ever been a battle fought during the first year of this war which was decisive? Our soldiers are apparently the same sort of mediocrities as our other leaders. They all know the technique of their art, but have no soul to put into this technique.

G.: The technique of their art is so much more complicated nowadays—all things have changed in modern warfare.

E.: So machines have become the masters of men? But if they were real men, they would know how to master their machines. If they don't know it any longer it is a further proof that manhood and genius are absent from our age.

G.: Genius is a rare plant in all ages, not only in ours.

E.: But no age stands so much in need of genius as ours—and we are worse off in this direction than ever before. This age, at least, had two statesmen who approached to genius: Bismarck and Disraeli. If these two men had lived, I am sure the European war would never have happened. Europe had no men when the war broke out, that's what the catastrophe has come upon us.

G.: I have heard that both Bismarck and Disraeli were religious men, even good Christians.

E.: I know; that's why I said they only approached to genius. The combination of genius and Christian is impossible.

G.: I agree to that, as you know.

E.: Still, you must remember that most people are neither geniuses nor Christians. The genius of these two men was, no doubt, considerably hampered by their religion, of which, by the way, they made a very discreditable use, as you will confess. They did not allow it to interfere with business. They were no lambs, and the lambs are doing all the mischief. They either don't know that they are lambs and then they are dangerous fools, or they know it and pose as lions and then they are dangerous blackguardists.

E.: In both cases they are unfit for leadership. That's how the thing stands, if we try to face the facts. The Gospel of the lambs has won—Christianity has won—Democracy has won—the beast has won. And, fancy you just saying that Christianity was not alive any longer, while on the contrary it is the only spiritual force that really is alive—deadly alive even, for how else can you explain the dullness of the age, the absence of all stirring action, the universal paralysis of our times, the outrageous decay of character and will-power?

G.: I am sorry to hear you speak like that about our age. With all my distrust of public opinion and newspaper-gossip, I must say that this age has proved itself much superior to what anybody expected or could expect from it. There never was a time when people were more about than there was formerly, but there is much more quiet devotion, calm self-sacrifice and brave action than there ever was. And that not only in my country, where it has always been the rule, but even I must confess it—in those of our enemies. I have been surprised, I assure you, to see what the French, the English and even the Russians were able to do. I did not expect it, nor did anyone else among my countrymen. All the national enthusiasm is—for me at least—the sign of health and vigour. The only sign of sickness I can see about me, is you, my dear European—I hope you don't mind me saying so.

E.: Why that?

G.: Well, because you are a cosmopolitan, that is to say: too weak to take sides in this tremendous strife. In times like the present such "objectivity" is unpopular in my opinion. I myself don't mind being "neither fish nor flesh" in things that don't matter; but in things that do, in matters of national being or non-being, I think it bordering upon the criminal. No one in modern Europe, nor anywhere else upon this planet, has the right to take up the pose of Olympian aloofness.

E.: How do you know that it is a pose?

G.: Well, if it is not a pose, but a conviction, it is worse.

E.: You know that I told you I was no Socialist and that I even had an only moderate admiration for Democracy. Do you know the principal reason for this aversion? Because Socialism has all the time been playing about with Internationalism. Now, I am one of those who think that (in our honest German tongue) "the shirt is nearer to me than the coat," or, as the English have it, "thou shalt do unto others as thou wilt." A man naturally likes and ought to like his own family, and then his own town and then his own country. To love humanity, as these Cosmopolitans pretend, is sentimental nonsense, and cheap nonsense into the bargain, because nothing is easier than to hate humanity; nobody can find out whether you do or whether you don't. Now the extreme Democrats— the Socialists of all countries I mean—never seemed to see this, they were constantly talking of the common interest of all nations. Of universal charity, of universal recognition of love and benevolence, of international peace and goodwill. I never liked that mystic talk of theirs which all the time smelt to me of Utopia or swindle—that's why I carefully kept away from them. And now I am glad to have done so, for I would not care to belong to a party which has really been more exposed by events than any other in Europe.
E.: But neither did I ever belong to that party.

G.: Why, then, have you got the same cosmopolitan ideals? Why do you call yourself a European still, and that in spite of all that is going on around you? Even the Socialists of all the nations have now come down to reality, and openly or secretly acknowledge that they have been wrong all the time. Only you, my dear European, insist on remaining in the clouds. Should you ever be a deeper dreamer than were the Socialists? And should the roaring never have been heard on the rampart so unable to awake you from your sleep? Don't you hear Europe's answer to your dreamy, comfortable, cosmopolitan ideals? "Right or wrong, my country," is this answer. All the Internationalists of former times have answered this, but likewise the Freemasons, the Catholics, the Suffragettes—everyone sticks to his national gun. Even the Jews have been converted to patriotism, and you know how difficult they are to convert to anything. They are as eager as we are, if not more so. I could tell you a nice story about their devotion to our country, if you would like to hear it.

E.: Do, please; I am rather interested in Jews.

G.: Well, then. In one of our battles in the east, an attack was delivered by the Prussian Guards upon the Russian trenches. The Guards rushed up, but the Russians tenaciously defended the position in a hand-to-hand fight. The bayonet was used freely, and the fight was undecided for a long time, when another company of the Guards coming in, the Russians were put in a hopeless minority and began to fly or surrender. One Russian, however, stubbornly defended himself against two tall Prussians, of whom one finally managed to give him a good thrust between the ribs. The Prussian Guardsman—"

E.: What a terrible end! The Prussian Guardsman was a Jew himself.

G.: Why terrible? If the Christians kill each other, why should not the Jews do the same? They have always clamoured for equality: now they have got it. Besides, if you ask the Russians, they will tell you that they can spare a few Jews.

G.: I did not mean it that way. I was thinking—What a terrible end to a beautiful dream! You know the vision of love and good will, of brotherhood and universal peace was first seen and announced to the world by the Jewish prophets. It is from them that it has descended to the Christians, and from the Christians to our Democrats and our Socialists. Just listen to old Isaiah: "Out of Zion shall go forth the law and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem. And he shall judge among the nations and shall rebuke many people; and they shall beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning-hooks: nations shall not lift sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more. The wolf and the lamb shall feed together, and the lion shall eat straw like the bullock, and dust shall be the serpent's meat. They shall not hurt, nor destroy in all my holy mountain—thus saith the Lord."

G.: That sounds like a joke to-day. But if you think that it was a dream and, if you are not a cosmopolitan like the Jews, or the Christians or the Socialists—why aren't you a patriot? Why don't you stick to your own country? Which, by the way, is your country? I have never found out yet.

E.: My country is where there are people who understand me.

G.: You will have to emigrate to the moon, dear European. But before you do that, you will perhaps try and explain to me. I am rather fond of hearing you talk. You are such a brainy fellow.

Impressions of Paris.

[Extract from "The Confession of a Child of the Century," by Alfred de Musset.]

During the wars of the Empire, while husbands and brothers were in Germany, anxious mothers brought into the world a generation ardent, pale and nervous. Begotten between two battles, reared in the schools to the roll of drums, some thousands of children eyed one another with dark looks, while trying their puny muscles. From time to time their blood-stained fathers appeared, lifted them upon breasts bedizened with gold, then set them down again, and remounted their horses.

There was only one man alive then in Europe; the rest of creatures tried to fill their lungs with the air he had breathed. Each year France presented to this man three hundred thousand youths; it was the tax paid to Caesar, and without this troups behind him he could not have followed his fortune. It was the escort that he needed while crossing the world to fall in last in a little valley of a deserted isle under a weeping willow.

Never were so many sleepless nights as in the time of this man; never were days longer than they; as such of towns such a population of desolate mothers; never was there such a silence around people who spoke of the dead. And, yet, never was there so much joy, so much movement of life, so many warlike flourishes in all hearts. Never were days of power such days of gold as those which dried the spilled blood. It used to be said that God made these days for this man, and they were called the sunny days of Austerlitz. But, indeed, he made them himself with his ever-thundering cannon, which prevented the clouds from gathering until the morrow of his battles.

It was the air of this speechless sky, where shone so much glory, where glittered so much steel, which the children breathed. They knew well that they were destined to the hecatombs, but they believed Murat invulnerable; and the Emperor had been seen on a bridge where whistled so many bullets that men doubted whether he could possibly die. And, besides, what is death?—death itself was so beautiful, so grand, so magnificent in reeking purple—it resembled hope, it reaped such green corn that itself was become young, and one believed no more in old age. All the cradles of France were as shields, and all the winding-sheets; there were no more old people, there were only corpses or demi-gods.

Nevertheless, the immortal Emperor stood one day on a hill watching seven nations slay another; and while he was yet uncertain whether the whole or only the half of the world would own his sway, Azrael passed by and with the tip of his wing thrust him into the ocean. At the rumour of his fall, the moribund powers aroused themselves from their beds of sorrow, and advancing on their crooked legs, all the royal spiders cut up Europe, and of Cesar's purple made themselves the coats of harlequins.

Like to a traveller who, while he is on the road, hastens by day and by night, under rain and sun, without noticing weariness or danger; but who, once among his family and seated by his hearth, feels suddenly the lassitude that he can scarcely drag himself to his bed: thus France, widow of Caesar, felt all at once her wounds. She fell into feebleness, and slumbered so profoundly that her old kings, believing her dead, wrapped her in a shroud. The old army, grey-headed, came back exhausted, and the hearths of the deserted castles were re-lighted in sorrow.

Then these men of the Empire, who had gone so far and shed so much blood, regarded themselves in the fountains of their birth-places, and there they saw themselves so old, so mutilated, that their thoughts turned towards their sons that their own eyes might be shut. They asked for their children; the children came forth
lives to the assemblage of all the elements of anguish scattered throughout the universe. Goethe, the patriarch of a new literature, after having depicted in his Werther the passions which lead to suicide, had traced in Faust the darkest human figure which has ever represented evil and unhappiness. His writings began to pass from Germany to France. From his study, surrounded with pictures and statues, rich, happy and tranquil, he saw, with a paternal smile, his shadowy work come to us. Byron responded to him with a cry of sorrow which made Greece thrill, and he suspended Manfred over the abyss, as though annihilation were the word of the hideous enigma which enveloped him.

Forgive me, O great poets, you who are not a little dust under the earth! Forgive! you who are demi-gods, while I am only as a child who suffers. But in writing this, I may not stay myself from cursing you. Why did you not sing the odour of flowers, the voices of nature, hope and love, the vine and the sun, the azure sky and all Beauty? Doubtless you knew what life is, you had suffered, the world crumbled about you, you wept among its ruins, and you despared; your friends had betrayed you, your companions misunderstood you, and you had, at last, perished before your eyes—you were colossi of sorrow. But say, O noble Goethe, was there no voice of consolation in the religious murmur of your ancient German forests? To your poetry was the sister of science—could neither find in immortal nature the healing balm you once offered as your favourite? You, who were pantheist, poet of old Greece, lover of sacred forms, could you not have poured a little honey in the beautiful vases you knew so well how to make—you, who had only to smile and let the bees settle upon your lips? But you, whom I hadst thou not at Ravenna, under the Italian orange groves, under the fine sky of Venice and beside the Adriatic—hadst thou not thy beloved? I who speak, who am no more than a feeble child, I have known woes which, perhaps, thou hadst not suffered, and still I believe in hope, and I bless God.

And what are we going to do, we English who may find ourselves fronting a similar abyss where nothing is to be seen but the shadow of despair? We are a century older than De Musset. Nature is a century further from us. To smell the perfume of flowers, to hear the voices of nature, to see the blue sky—all that may become a luxury of the rich who have built us in precisely that we should not hear any voice but that of the machines which stupefy us. If once there were for the general of the nation consolation in flowers and blue sky, there is next to none to-day; for they see such things only by glimpses, and are enthralled by the property of someone, or as the bright melodities of their endless slavery in wood and field. Nature is so far from us that we see her as a phenomenon; we are apart from her, creatures dreadsly aware of their ego, whom every spring-time marks down nearer the grave. To be consoled by Nature we must feel her, not merely through her entreaties. We, know that whatever extra-human powers there be are not moved by our entreaties; we must take no sides in our hateful strife. They have given mankind a beautiful world to do what we like in; and apparently, but only apparently, what we like is to make an inferno of it. They let us do as we choose. They do not unseal their lips or move a finger for or against us.

One of the august laws of this world is that Liberty has its seat in the spirit of man. Liberty is said to be the condition of virtue. We shall work on towards the condition of virtue, and if we work on towards the condition of virtue, we are nearer to that place where the charm of existence lies hidden from us. And, who knows?—the gods may speak at last.
Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

When one compares the state of the stage to-day with what it was before the war, I suppose that the most striking departure is the absence of any prospect of the future development of the theatre in this country. Before the war, we looked forward to a renaissance; we could see that Mr. Shaw and the natural historians of his school would soon be superseded, but it seemed impossible to deny that their success had achieved an advance in theatrical art, even if the advance were halted. The great full cycle of the "future of the theatre," of which the best was that written by Mr. John Palmer and published by Messrs. Bell in the year 1915. I turned back to it recently to refresh my memory, similar cases. In 1915, he prophesied the mood of prophecy. Like all good prophets, Mr. Palmer predicted a catastrophe which would inaugurate the new era; but that catastrophe was not the European war which has given a zest to life and robbed the theatre of its spectatorism and energy. The catastrophe that he prophesied was the opening of the National Theatre in 1916, after which date the dramatic critics, the Lord Chamberlain, the "producer," the actor-manager, the long runs and a number of other things tended to be abolished; left us a heavily endowed and highly profitable theatre, an accomplished and versatile company of actors, some really remarkable dramatists, and a highly-cultured, enthusiastic, and numerous audience. It was a fine prospect, beautifully depicted by the wittiest and most re-action.

Yet Mr. Palmer has less to retract than most prophets would have in a similar case. In 1915, he prophesied a speedy passing of Mr. Shaw and his school, and that is now an accomplished fact; he prophesied a return to simplicity and catholicity of spirit, "the dramatic art of the future," he said, "will be universal in appeal, and based upon authority; it will be beautifully express what is common to all men—the common bond of a code new fitted to the time." He trusted, of course, to the comparatively slow evolution of a cultivated taste encouraged, and to some extent directed, by the experimental activities of the National Theatre; but more particularly (although more vaguely expressed) to some social transformation in accordance with the higher social conscience that had been developed largely by the critical work of the last twenty years. The return to simplicity and catholicity of spirit will, of course, be made under the compulsion of external events; and thus will register a vital defect of taste in our artists. But I wonder whether the stage will respond to any such social transformation, whether that English habit of keeping things shut up in watertight compartments will not have its usual effect of dividing art from life, or, at least, of providing a mere re-action.

Look, for example, at the list of plays that are still being performed. Performance in August is the supreme test of popularity; and the sudden and complete collapse of the whole advanced movement compels us to look to the general public for any indication of the direction of public taste. Of the few theatres open at the present time, two are producing revues, two of them musical comedies, and at another two melodramas are being played. A series of Grand Guignol plays has just been concluded at the Garrick, with a final curse from the dramatic critics for asking us to be interested in imaginary horrors when we are so beset with real ones. But look at the other plays, those that more directly concern us. "Potash and Perlmutter" survives the shock of the war at the Queen's; and another American play, "On Trial," with all its crudities of technique, still attracts audiences at the Lyric. "Ready Money," another American play, has been revived in time to be played during August; while "Gamblers All," an English play at last, not only continues at Wyndham's, but is being sent on tour. All that remain are "The Man Who Stayed at Home," the Angel in the House," and "Quinney's." But for "The Man Who Stayed at Home," it would be impossible for anyone to guess from a visit to our theatres that England was passing through a critical period of her history.

A taste that will swallow all opposition is not catholic; it is simply omnivorous; yet one does not like to feel that the public, which is dumb, is also deaf, blind, and silly. There must be something in these plays to explain their success; if not a common principle, at least an appeal to a common habit of mind or feeling. I suppose that the most obvious characteristic is that most of them do show us at least one character. Take, for example, "An Angel in the House," a pure exotic so far as the heart of the English public is concerned. It is not a play, but a demonstration; it has one character, the Hon. Hyacinth Peta-vel, a fantastic development of the "natural" of earlier periods of drama, an over-refined clown whose impersonation provides opportunity for some of the most graceful acting that the stage has known. It proves that even idiocy hath charms, when played by Mr. H. B. Irving; and also that the public will always see a character, "Quinney's," again, is one character play; but the interest here is not entirely confined to the wonderful acting of Mr. Shaw that art, modern" literature died on August 4th, 1914, and the impulse that led to its creation has been turned in another direction.

"The Man Who Stayed at Home" shows more conflict; and, in addition to offering a romantic apology for "Slackers," conscious and unconscious, good men lack subtlety. The love interest here, again, is quite subordinate to the demonstration of the character of Christopher Brent. "Potash and Perlmutter" presents two characters with none too pleasing manners, but who, in the essential things, manifest the sound instinct and the right spirit. "Either death or a friend," says the Persian proverb; and Potash and Perlmutter are fortunate in being friends who will be the death of each other if external affairs do not compel them to show a united front. The other two plays, "On Trial," and "Ready Money," also appeal to primitive instincts, which the law is framed to check; indeed, currency reformers who teach that "money is as money does," and wish to free currency from the fiction of intrinsic value, are like those who in "Ready Money," or, as he put it, "pecuniary skill." It was said years ago that the English will let you break the whole Ten Commandments, provided that you do it natively and with spirit; and, certainly, when murder and forgery are not merely condoned but applauded on the stage, the case of the English will have reached a state in which the law of the Ten Commandments is destined to have no effect whatever.
Readers and Writers.

My first impression of the series of dialogues now appearing in these pages was that they formed a long fence, stretching from Germany to England, in both of which countries Dr. Levy has, and hopes, I suppose, always to have, good friends. They formed a fence upon which Dr. Levy proposed to sit for three years or the duration of the war waiting to see which way the cat would jump. It was ungovernable of me, no doubt, but I record the impression with candour. With the current dialogue, however, my first thought evaporates. After all, there is something more than a tight-rope dance in these dialogues. Ideas recur; particular repulsions are continuous and consistent; the dialogues are aiming at something; they start from definite conceptions. At what they are aiming I confess that I have as yet only the most lazy notion, one that I would not attempt to convey in words; but, on the other hand, Dr. Levy's diagnosis of the disease from which he says Europe is suffering is now becoming clearer to me. In a word, he says we are suffering from Democracy or secularised Christianity, and that this is the spring, the dirful spring, of the war and our unnumbered woes. Well, without prejudice to Dr. Levy's success in a remedy for Europe, which perhaps further dialogues will formulate, I must declare myself unconvinced of the correctness of his diagnosis. It need, perhaps, be no great matter if his diagnosis is incorrect provided his prescription, when he produces it, be efficacious. There are any doctors who prescribe correctly on a wrong diagnosis? * * *

In the first place, it appears to me a contradiction in terms to call democracy weak and stupid, and, at the same time, to charge it with having deposed the powerful and intelligent aristocracy. Ex hypothesi, the “people” is a rabble, a collection of halt, blind, poor-in-spirit and lame. Yet, equally ex hypothesi, they have succeeded under the influence of Christian democracy in deposing them, then in permanently exiling from power, the select minority of powerful and whole individuals. These latter, if you please, we are to pity, for the wrongs inflicted upon them by their contemptible little enemies. And we are, presumably, to pity them in the same sense that the child pitied the poor pictured lion that had no Christian! It appears to me, I must say, not only illogical, but most derogatory to the dignity of the powerful minority. They cannot, I think, thank Dr. Levy for pleading in their behalf. It is true, if they are alive to-day (and I suppose a few exist), they would be the first to lift off the reproach from the democracy for deposing them and to claim the responsibility for themselves. Were they not, they would say, responsible in their day and generation; and not only responsible, but intelligent, powerful and endowed with authority? Who—to take the example cited by Dr. Levy—who could have been more securely seated in power than Louis the Fourteenth and his nobles? With the least “management,” the “people” would have accomplished in Bourbon rule to this day. Why then blame the passive people, the acquiescent people, the feeble stupid people? The worse they are made out to be, the more it reflects upon their former rulers that they allowed themselves to be dethroned. As Socrates would say, is a horseman a horseman who cannot keep his seat; or who, receiving a quiet mount, goads it to bolt and throw him; or who blames his horse for developing vices which make it unridable any longer? A horseman of the first rank, with all the dignity of spirit, one for particular choice, that no other man can ride! In the large, really able rulers of tame peoples might even provoke their subjects to attempt revolt, in order thereby to display greater ability in managing them. But Dr. Levy says, if they got out of hand, they would, I hope, praise them, congratulate them upon for once throwing their masters.

In the second place, I do not see that Christianity has any sole and necessary connection with democracy. There were democracies in ancient Greece and Rome long before Christianity appeared on the scene. Popular government has disestablished the aristocratic feudal system in Buddhist Japan. Both Plato and Aristotle analysed the causes of democracy and naturally omitted to enumerate Christianity among them. Yet on the chance association of Rousseau with Geneva and of the French Revolution with Rousseau; and on the assumption that Christianity has alone taught the equality of man, Dr. Levy attributes modern democracy to the single cause of Christianity. Even if it were the case that Christianity rendered the nobility irresponsible and that by its doctrine of the equality of men in the sight of God Christianity has disposed the generality to challenge the responsibility of the few, it is not so certain that they would have repudiated their own responsibility. Regarding the former I have already: said enough. Regarding the latter it is surely sufficient to affirm that responsibility is responsibility and cannot be either given or taken away. Power can be, because it is within the gift of others. But a sense of responsibility is a quality of character like other senses and does not depend upon anything external. No denial of power robbed Socrates of his sense of responsibility. He might not be held responsible by the people, he held himself responsible nevertheless. Agreed that it is a pity for the people themselves that they do not endow with power the persons who are born responsible, it is still no particular wrong to the responsible persons. Rather, as Socrates said, it is their duty to hold on to their responsibility. Ex hypothesi, the people are responsible, they are a collection of halt, blind, poor-in-spirit and lame. Yet, equally ex hypothesi, they have succeeded under the influence of Christian democracy in deposing them, then in permanently exiling from power, the select minority of powerful and whole individuals. These latter, if you please, we are to pity, for the wrongs inflicted upon them by their contemptible little enemies. And we are, presumably, to pity them in the same sense that the child pitied the poor pictured lion that had no Christian! It appears to me, I must say, not only illogical, but most derogatory to the dignity of the powerful minority. They cannot, I think, thank Dr. Levy for pleading in their behalf. It is true, if they are alive to-day (and I suppose a few exist), they would be the first to lift off the reproach from the democracy for deposing them and to claim the responsibility for themselves. Were they not, they would say, responsible in their day and generation; and not only responsible, but intelligent, powerful and endowed with authority? Who—to take the example cited by Dr. Levy—who could have been more securely seated in power than Louis the Fourteenth and his nobles? With the least "management," the "people" would have accomplished in Bourbon rule to this day. Why then blame the passive people, the acquiescent people, the feeble stupid people? The worse they are made out to be, the more it reflects upon their former rulers that they allowed themselves to be dethroned. As Socrates would say, is a horseman a horseman who cannot keep his seat; or who, receiving a quiet mount, goads it to bolt and throw him; or who blames his horse for developing vices which make it unridable any longer? A horseman of the first rank, with all the dignity of spirit, one for particular choice, that no other man can ride! In the large, really able rulers of tame peoples might even provoke their subjects to attempt revolt, in order thereby to display greater ability in managing them. But Dr. Levy says, if they got out of hand, they would, I hope, praise them, congratulate them upon for once throwing their masters. * * *

It would not be difficult to prove that Dr. Levy, on his own assumptions, is the worst Christian of us all. It is obvious he does not approve the present war; for he regrets that a Bismarck and a Disraeli were not alive to prevent it. But, setting aside the myth that Christianity is the cause of the war, and affirming what everybody knows, namely, that the war turns on the question of power, it is not a difficult task for Dr. Levy to prove his assumptions, if he knows it or not, a pacifist at heart—in other words, that by its doctrine of the equality of men in the sight of God Christianity has disposed the generality to challenge the responsibility of the few, it is not so certain that they would have repudiated their own responsibility. Regarding the former I have already: said enough. Regarding the latter it is surely sufficient to affirm that responsibility is responsibility and cannot be either given or taken away. Power can be, because it is within the gift of others. But a sense of responsibility is a quality of character like other senses and does not depend upon anything external. No denial of power robbed Socrates of his sense of responsibility. He might not be held responsible by the people, he held himself responsible nevertheless. Agreed that it is a pity for the people themselves that they do not endow with power the persons who are born responsible, it is still no particular wrong to the responsible persons. Rather, as Socrates said, it is their duty to hold on to their responsibility. Ex hypothesi, the people are responsible, they are a collection of halt, blind, poor-in-spirit and lame. Yet, equally ex hypothesi, they have succeeded under the influence of Christian democracy in deposing them, then in permanently exiling from power, the select minority of powerful and whole individuals. These latter, if you please, we are to pity, for the wrongs inflicted upon them by their contemptible little enemies. And we are, presumably, to pity them in the same sense that the child pitied the poor pictured lion that had no Christian! It appears to me, I must say, not only illogical, but most derogatory to the dignity of the powerful minority. They cannot, I think, thank Dr. Levy for pleading in their behalf. It is true, if they are alive to-day (and I suppose a few exist), they would be the first to lift off the reproach from the democracy for deposing them and to claim the responsibility for themselves. Were they not, they would say, responsible in their day and generation; and not only responsible, but intelligent, powerful and endowed with authority? Who—to take the example cited by Dr. Levy—who could have been more securely seated in power than Louis the Fourteenth and his nobles? With the least "management," the "people" would have accomplished in Bourbon rule to this day. Why then blame the passive people, the acquiescent people, the feeble stupid people? The worse they are made out to be, the more it reflects upon their former rulers that they allowed themselves to be dethroned. As Socrates would say, is a horseman a horseman who cannot keep his seat; or who, receiving a quiet mount, goads it to bolt and throw him; or who blames his horse for developing vices which make it unridable any longer? A horseman of the first rank, with all the dignity of spirit, one for particular choice, that no other man can ride! In the large, really able rulers of tame peoples might even provoke their subjects to attempt revolt, in order thereby to display greater ability in managing them. But Dr. Levy says, if they got out of hand, they would, I hope, praise them, congratulate them upon for once throwing their masters. * * *
Of Love.
By Stendhal.

BOOK THE FIRST.
CHAPTER I.

My object in this work is to analyse that passion of which every sincere form bears a stamp of beauty.

There are four distinct kinds of love:

(1) Passionate Love, such as that of the Portuguese Nun, of Heloise for Abiward, of the Captivan of Wesel, and of the Gendarme of Cento, etc.

(2) Gallantry, such as was fashionable in Paris about 1760, and which is to be found in the memoirs and novels of that period, in Crébillon, Lauzun, Duclos, Marmontel, Chamfort, Madame d'Epinay, etc.

It is a picture in which everything, even the very shadows, must be rose-coloured, into which nothing unpleasant must intrude under any pretext, on pain of ranking as a sin against tradition, against good manners, against delicacy, etc. A well-bred man knows beforehand all the interchange of ceremonials required in the different phases of this sort of love. It has no element of passion or of the unexpected, and is often more fastidious than true love, for the intellect always plays a large part in it. Compared with passionate love, it is like a pretty, lifeless miniature by the side of a picture by the Caracci; and, whereas passionate love makes us fly in the face of all our interests, gallantry always knows how to accommodate itself to them. It is true that if vanity be subtracted from this poor type of love, very little remains; once it is shorn of vanity, it is a weakly invalid, scarce able to drag itself along.

(3) Physical Love. The pursuit of a fresh and lovely country lass as she runs to hide in the woods. Everyone knows the love based on this kind of pleasure; barren and paltry though its nature may be, we begin in this way at sixteen.

(4) Love Arising from Vanity. The vast majority of men, particularly in France, desire and possess a woman according to the fashion—just as they keep a fine horse—as something indispensable for a young man who wants to cut a dash. Their vanity, more or less flattered, more or less stimulated, fairly carries them away. Sometimes there is physical love, though not lasting all the time; often there is even no physical pleasure. "A duchess is never more than thirty to a plebeian," said the Duchesse de Chaumont; and frequenters of the court of that worthy man, King Louis of Holland, still have pleasant recollections of a pretty woman at the Hague, who could never bring herself to find a duke or a prince other than attractive. But, faithful to the monarchic principle, whenever a prince came to court they dismissed the duke; she was, as it were, the provider of orders for the diplomatic corps.

This spirited form of attachment is seen at its best when physical pleasure is intensified by habit. Reminiscence then gives it some degree of resemblance to love; there is the pain of wounded self-esteem when we are abandoned; in the grip of romantic notions we fancy ourselves lovesick and melancholy, for vanity would fail to believe that it is a grand passion. This much is certain, that no matter what kind of love is the source of our joys, so long as there is exaltation of the soul, the pleasures are keen, and the recollection of them is seductive. And in this passion, unlike most others, the remembrance of what one has lost always seems to eclipse anything that one may expect from the future.

Sometimes, in the case of love arising from vanity, habit or the despair of finding anything better produces a kind of friendship, the least attractive of all varieties of love; it prides itself on its security, etc.

Physical pleasure, being inherent in Nature, is common to everyone, but it is a matter of secondary importance to all tender and passionate souls. If such souls meet with ridicule in the salon, if they are often made unhappy by the intrigues of worldly people, they have the compensation of knowing joys that can never reach such hearts as are insensible to all but vanity or lucre.

Some virtuous and tender women there are who have scarcely any conception of physical pleasure; they rarely, if we may say so, expose themselves to it, and, even when they do, the ecstasies of passionate love have almost effaced the memory of bodily pleasures.

There are men who are victims and tools of a devilish pride, the pride of Alberi. These men are cruel, perhaps, because, like Nero, they are always trembling, and judge the feelings of all others by their own. They can only procure physical pleasure by exercising the greatest possible amount of pride, that is to say, by inflicting cruelty on the associate of their pleasures. Hence the horrors of Justine. Anything less would not give them the feeling of security.

For the rest, instead of distinguishing between four different kinds of love, we may quite well admit the existence of eight or ten gradations. There are perhaps as many ways of feeling and of loving as there are of seeing; but these differences of appellation make no difference to the arguments which follow. All the kinds of love we can see here on earth are born, live, and die, or rise to immortality, in accordance with the same laws.

CHAPTER II.

Of the Birth of Love.

This is what occurs within the soul:

(1) Admiration.
(2) We say, "What a pleasure to give her kisses, to receive them, etc."
(3) Hope. We study the highest pitch of achievement of which woman is capable; it is at this moment that a woman should surrender herself to ensure the greatest possible amount of physical pleasure. Even with the most reserved women, the eyes sparkle at the moment of hope; passion is so strong, pleasure so keen, that it betrays itself by most prominent signs.
(4) Love is Born. To love is to delight in seeing, touching, feeling with all the senses, and as closely as possible, the being that loves and is loved.
(5) The First Crystallisation Begins. We enjoy dawning with a thousand perfections the woman of whose love we are sure, and the heads of our happiness is with endless satisfaction. Thus, we end by exalting a superb possession, which has just fallen to us from the skies; we do not fully understand it, but we feel secure of our ownership.
Leave the brain of a lover to work for twenty-four hours, and this is what you will find.

In the salt-mines of Salzburg, a branch of a tree, stripped of leaves by the winter, is cast into the desert depths: two or three months after, it is drawn out again, covered with dazzling crystals; the tiniest branches, those no larger than the claw of a tit-mouse, are decorated with a vast mass of brilliant, quivering diamonds; the original branch can no longer be recognised.

What I call crystallisation is that mental process which draws from every fresh thing the discovery that the loved one has some new perfection. A lover tells of the freshness of the orange-groves at Genoa, on the verge of the sea, in the flaming days of summer: how delisious to taste that freshness with her!

One of your friends, while hunting, breaks his arm; how sweet a thing to enjoy the tender care of the woman you love! To be always with her, and always to see her loving you, makes you almost think that pain is a blessing; and as you leave your friend, with his broken arm, you feel no further doubt as to the angelic goodness of your mistress. In a word, we need only think of a perfection in order to see it in the one whom we love.

This phenomenon, which I take the liberty of calling crystallisation, comes from Nature, which commands us to be happy, and sends the blood to our heads, from the feeling that our pleasures increase with the perfection of the beloved and from the thought: "She is mine!" The savage has not the time to trust makes the thunderstroke impossible.

Destiny of the hero and of his mistress, has been spoiled by a fateful mischance, which once seemed certain to him, are now sternly criticised.

He would fain fall back upon the other pleasures of life, but finds that they have withered. A drea of fathomless misery to come lays hold of him, and thus his mind grows more and more absorbed.

(7) Second Crystallisation.—Now begins the second crystallisation, producing, as its diamonds, confirmations of this idea: "She loves me!"

When once his doubts have arisen, the lover says to himself every quarter-of-an-hour of the night, after a moment of fathomless misery: "Yes, she loves me!" The crystallisation then turns to the discovery of new charms; after this, hollow-eyed doubt lays hold of him and stops him with a jerk. His breast forgets to breathe: he says: "But does she really love me?"

Tora by these alternatives—harrowing yet delicious—the poor lover has an intense feeling which may be put into words thus: "She would give me joys that she alone in all the world could give me."

It is the evidence of this truth, it is this road, flanked on the one side by an awful precipice and on the other by perfect happiness, that makes the second crystallisation so far superior to the first.

The lover wanders uneasingly between these three ideas:

(1) "She has all the perfections."
(2) "She loves me."
(3) "How can I obtain from her the highest possible proof of her love?"

The most heartbreaking moment of love in its early stages is that in which he perceives that he has made a miscalculation and that he must destroy a whole mass of crystals.

One begins to lose faith in the crystallisation itself.

CHAPTER III.

Of Hope.

It needs no more than a very slight degree of hope to bring about the birth of love.

Hope may then fail at the end of two or three days, but for all that love has been born—love, with a resolute, daring and impecious character, and an imagination developed by suffering.

Hope may be even slighter, and may fail even sooner, without killing love.

If the lover has known misfortune, if he is by nature sensitive and thoughtful, if he has given up all hope of other women, if he has a strong admiration for the woman concerned, none ordinary pleasure will be able to seduce him from the second crystallisation. He would rather dream of the most doubtful chance of one day pleasing her, than accept all that any woman of the common herd has to offer.

To prevent this crystallisation, it would be essential that at this period—and, be it observed, not later—the woman whom he loves should blight his hopes in most cruel fashion and overwhelm him with that open scorn which excludes all further intercourse.

The birth of love admits of far longer intervals between all these stages. It requires far more hope, and a far more sustained hope, in the case of cold, phlegmatic and calculating people. It is the same with those advanced in years.

That which ensures the continuity of love is the second crystallisation, during which we see at every moment that it is a question of being loved or of dying. Once we are imbued with this conviction, which is renewed every minute, and is turned into habit by several months of delay, he cannot endure even the slightest cessation of love? The stronger a character is, the less it is liable to fickleness.

The second crystallisation is almost entirely absent...
in love inspired by women who give themselves too readily.

When the crystallisations—especially the second, which is much the more potent—have performed their task, the eyes of the indifferent no longer recognise the branch of the tree:

Because, first, it is adorned with perfections or diamonds which they do not see.

Secondly, it is adorned with perfections which to them are not perfections.

The perfection of certain charms spoken of by a former friend of his fair one, and a certain shade of insight into a tender, generous, passionate (or, as the happiness of kings the simple joy of walking alone, even the liveliest eye."

And then?—the crystallisation, which is much the more potent—have performed in love inspired by women who give themselves too readily. A treatise..." and, after the middle of the thirteenth American States before the ratification of the Constitution. So far as the Continent of Europe is concerned, the territory which is entirely fancy-free—a young girl may effortlessly avoid it is quite definitely known that the American Republic, and the German Empire, the too most potent examples of Confederation-building, which exist not only of the power but of the will to end war.

Whatever we may think about war (and there are fundamentally different opinions concerning it), we cannot pretend that there is a will to end war which at least twenty millions of men are striving for the mastery. In this important particular, then, does Mr. Hobson’s differ from Hamilton’s work; it assumes a motive that, even if it be existent, is obviously not operable. In another respect, too, does Mr. Hobson’s work differ from the classic standard: he makes no inquiry into the history of confederations. He ignores the fact that the American Republic is a national entity, which...
deficiencies of this proposal is that the Court cannot enforce its judgments. The difficulties thus raised by Mr. Hobson are met by him with further proposals. A Court of Arbitration or of Arbitral Justice, would furnish a mode of peaceful settlement for all disputes not capable of diplomatic arrangement. What is needed is that the Powers should bind themselves to the settlement of all issues by some method other than arms. How is that to be secured? At first, “our League of Nations would certainly require its members to pledge themselves to bring concerted pressure, armed if necessary, upon any signatory Power which declined to fulfil its treaty obligations.” That sounds very simple, although it does not summon out not a speedy or immediate, but “a wretched,...; so that on all market-squares and public places of poor Teutschland you read flaming placards announcing that the war has been mobilised. Note the scarlet badge on every kind of man wearing khaki with the emblems of the Power which refuses to submit its case to the Court, and finally, to procure for that award the sanction requisite to secure its acceptance by the parties concerned.”

So, from inquiry, the proposal proceeds to the establishment of a Conciliation, “which, taken in conjunction with the Court of Arbitration or of Arbitral Justice, would furnish a mode of peaceful settlement for all disputes not capable of diplomatic arrangement. What is needed is that the Powers should bind themselves to the settlement of all issues by some method other than arms.” How is that to be secured? At first, “our League of Nations would certainly require its members to pledge themselves to bring concerted pressure, armed if necessary, upon any signatory Power which declined to fulfil its treaty obligations.” That sounds very simple, although it does not promise a speedy ending of war. The procedure is very similar to that of the Holy Roman Empire, and in this connection I may revive that amusing anecdote of Carlyle’s in his “Frederick the Great.” “Reich’s Diet perfected its vote, had it quite through, and sanctioned...” So, indeed, it is likely to be under any such scheme as that proposed; for the Powers may differ, as Powers always have differed, concerning the urgency of the particular case. There is, and can be, no guarantee that the Power which refuses to submit its case to the Court, for example, will necessarily appear to all the Powers to be in the wrong; or that the Power which refuses to accept an award thereby acts in a criminal manner. It is impossible to destroy the sanctity of national honour and vital interests, and yet retain the sanctity of treaty obligations; nor is it reasonable to ask a whole army to be got on actual foot hastily, instantly if possible; an ‘Eilende-Reichs-Executions-Armee’; so it ran, but the word ‘eilende’ (speedy) had a mischance by the Kaiser’s Majesty, January 29: “Arming to be a mischance of heart that exiles are usually supposed to feel when they glide into a London terminus. His heart swelled by emotion at the thought of meeting his old friend Dalivant again, who would explain all about the great war, and give him the facts generally. For in Peru, the war news consisted mainly of bulletins from Berlin and Paris; flatly contradicting each other. Dalivant, knowing something of human nature, believed neither. Clutching his hearts, through weariness grown drear, he soon caught sight of Dalivant, but was staggered to find that he, too, was khaki-clad. A khaki newsboy sold him a paper: “Allies Still Advancing.” “That’s good,” exclaimed Dalivant, as he shook hands, “they’ve been advancing ever since the Battle of the Marne; we shall push the Huns out of France eventually. Come and have a drink. We shall just be in time. Oh! of course, I’d forgotten that you’d been away for three years. You see, the pubs are only open now for five minutes in the day, from 12.55 until 1 o’clock.” “Things do seem to have changed,” said Galton, in a puzzled voice, “What was confirmed Anti-Militarists like you enlisting, and...” “I’ve not joined,” explained Dalivant. “You see, all Labour has been mobilised. Note the scarlet badge on my left arm. I’m in the West of England Commercial.”

Galton observed that the badge was two boots crossed on a bale of wool rampant. “Is every one like this?” he asked, faintly. “Every one,” replied Dalivant. “Journalists, clergy, charwomen and actors. You see that since the Liverpool Dock Strike, the Government gradually mobilised all Labour...”

“National Guilds?” asked Galton.

“Lord, no,” muttered Dalivant. “That’s just what the Government was afraid of. National Guilds, indeed! Why, the whole New Age Staff have been drafted into the Big L.C.C. Dustbin, etc., etc., and so on. The Dustman’s face was lost to view in the depths of a gallon tankard of ‘Non-chol’; a khaki-coloured Temperance beverage. He was making the best of the five minutes. All that could be seen of him was...
the regular undulating movement of his khaki-bound throat. Suddenly, the tankard fell again, and Galton pondered long on this. Edwin Greenwood.

"CHANSON DES CLOCHES DE BAPTEMNE." 
(Translated from the French of Jean Richerin by Paulist Barks.)

Philistines, grocers, when
Caressing, Of happy men,
Your wives,
Your voices,
You thought of the tiny mites
That your course appetites
Fertilized,
Fertilized.
You said: "We shall usher in
Potbelly, shaven-chin
Notaries.
Notaries."

But, for your punishment,
Into the world are sent,
One fine day, One fine day,
Children you never sought:
Lank-haired, half-diastrease
Poets,
Poets.
For Life's always breeding them,
As from a thorny stem,
Roses,
Roses.

THE DERELICT. A MONOLOGUE.

[To be spoken by an old lady of the street who sells boiled sweetarticles. Her mind is slightly affected (crazy). She hugs a tin can and a newspaper parcel roughly tied with pieces of string. She sniffs, snivels, and shuffles. Her voice is pitched high. The scene is almost dark.]

This time yesterday it was raining—cats an' dogs... cats an' bloomin' dogs. Yus, so it wuz. (Her mind wanders.) Where's me parcel. Yore it is. (Shuffles.) Where's ole Kate? Where did I leave 'er? Let's see, nah. Where did I leave ole Kate (sniffs) dahm the archway—? Course it wuz: Larst night—Tuesday night. What wuz I doin'? (puzzled) I dunno! (She turns.) Laces, sir—buy a pair laces—(lapses into meditation) ole Kate under the archway. Tuesday night—larst night—Raining it wuz—cats and bloomin' dogs. . . . ugh! (Shivers.) Allus raining. Nah, 'ow much money 'ave I got? Where's me money? (She fumbles in her mysterious clothes.) Fummy; I'd tuppence somewhere. Don't say I lorst it! (She continues to shuffle.) Gottit! Nah, where's me parcel? 'Ere it is, and me can fer a drop of tea—yea it is. Poor ole Kate. I 'ope she got a drop of tea. fer ole Annie. . . . Laint raining ter night. (Looks up.) Laces, sir; buy a pair laces of a poor ole woman. . . . ole Katey will be dahm under the archway. Course she will. . . . (She turns and shuffles a few steps.) So Katey run away, did 'ee? 'Ow long ago, dearie, I sez. . . . Years an' years, dearie, sir. . . . (pause.) Yeas and years and weeks. Buy a pair laces, sir. . . . (pause.) It ain't raining ter night. 'Tain't so bad under the archway (with cunning.) The cops don't touch yer dahm there. —Old Katey linded it. . . . clever gal. . . . pair of laces, sir: buy a pair laces of the poor ole woman. . . . Where's me tuppence. . . . 'Ere it is. . . . 'ere it is. . . . An' me can. . . . an' me parcel. (She shuffles a few steps.)

Sutting fer ole Katey in 'ere (taps parcel). . . . It's a few little things fer yer—act the kind lady, a few little bits of leavings. . . . I'll be getting along dah nah dah fer ter ole Katey—dahm under the archway. (She grunts with satisfaction at the thought of the archway and shuffles off.)

ARTHUR F. THORN.
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

"THE HISTORICAL FUNCTION OF ENGLAND.

Sir,—Mr. Belfort Bax opposes compulsion on the ground "of that principle of personal liberty which it has been the historical function of the Anglo-Saxon race to exemplify for humanity." Mr. Bax accepts it, as he says, "as a foreigner"; and this is an interpretation. But in another interpretation Parliament is the representative of classes and boroughs andinterests and not of individuals, and trial by jury is a protection of the people by the people and their Crown and its servants. In the common law of England the jury does not represent the people, but it was the innovation that each person would, as a man in love with England, do not see a sufficient reason to single out personal liberty as the historical function of the Anglo-Saxon race.

In his "Lectures on the Philosophy of History" Hegel said: "What their actions are, that are the nations. Every Englishman can say: 'We are the navigators of the Ocean and the traders of the world, the possessors of the Eastern Indies and their riches, men who have a Parliament and trial by jury, etc.'" Mr. Belfort Bax may say that Parliament and trial by jury are the guarantees of personal liberty. This is an interpretation.

Ramiro de Maetzu.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

Sir,—Mr. Howard Ince, in his letter to you on the position of Holland under the Treaty of 1839, is entirely wrong in his contention that the Dutch, when they fortified Flushing in 1911, "torue up the 'scrap of paper' as effectually as did the Germans by their march in August last." Article 9 of the Treaty of April 10, 1839, between the Netherlands and Belgium states that the regulations as to navigable rivers of the Congress of Vienna shall be applied to the Scheldt, those regulations being that each State owns the part of the river which runs through its territory, and that when it is neutral it cannot permit the warships of belligerents to pass through such rivers.

The mouth of the Scheldt has been fortified for seventy odd years without any notice being taken of the fact. The recent reconstruction of the Flushing forts made quite an unnecessary stir, being only part of the scheme to place the defences of the Netherlands on a proper footing.

The quiet determination of my country to see the conditions of the Treaty respected prevents German from using Antwerp as "un pistolet chargé sur la gorge de l'Angleterre," to use Napoleon's much quoted words.

J. R. VAN STORKE.
London editor of "Het Nieuws" (Amsterdam).

RUSSIA.

Sir,—That Nietzsche should have hinted in parenthesis at what Mr. Bechhöfer sets forth as the sum and substance of his study and interest: that the Germanic race is not to be looked upon as to Mr. Bechhöfer's detriment. It is probable that both Merezhkovsky and Mr. Bechhöfer arc acquainted with Nietzsche's reflections on "Peoples and Cultures." For the former to repeat after Nietzsche that the Germanic-Romantic West was masculine, and to add that the Slav-Russian East was feminine required little knowledge or thought. Nietzsche himself may be quoted from the claptap with which he continues: "We know of the world what other peoples do not know—that the world is . . . eternal womanhood"—as though Germanic masculinity were not of this world.

A thinker who has the future of Europe at heart," wrote Nietzsche, "will, in all his perspectives concerning the future, calculate upon the Jews, as he will upon the Russians, as above all the surest and likeliest factors in the great play and battle of forces. When he had said thus much, and classified the Jews among the masculine nations, "which have to fructify and become the cause of new modes of life," it was the easiest matter for Merezhkovsky to assume that the other of the surest and likeliest factors was to be regarded as feminine. That he should regard Turgeniev, the most willing recipient of Western ideas, as the most typical Russian, is quite in keeping with his ideas. I am not aware that Nietzsche himself made the suggestion.

To quote Nietzsche again: "The Russian Empire makes its conquest as the result of time and is not of yesterday," and Mr. Bechhöfer's book is of the unspoiled Russian country in whose eternal stillness "the national spirit meditates its future."

I wonder if, while he defines Russia as the Dionysian nation of Europe, Mr. Bechhöfer is remembering that Dionysos was originally the god of vegetation, and forgetting that he was also the god of tragedy and patron of theatres; and if, when he speaks of sex, he is remembering that he was born prematurely of his mother, and again from the thigh of Zeus, his father; and if, when he says that the soul of Russia is not form the grass-eaters most social Socialists would prefer the supremacy of the common will. For it is in social life and in social functions that is to be found for men and womenthe way of perfection. The socialism of Mr. Bel-
but pure energy, he is forgetting that the god was beautiful and possessed a woman's softness of flesh and form. A WORKING MAN.

P.S.—'R. H. C.'s "charge against Mr. Bechhofer that he fails to set Russia in relation to the rest of Europe is, I think your readers will agree, not altogether just. While he is wanting for Mr. Bechhofer to define Russia in more precise terms, or for Russia to do it for herself, Nietzsche's pronouncement on the matter may be worthy of his attention. It says, too, he has some assistance for Mr. Bechhofer himself. According to Nietzsche, then, our present-day Europe is sick, nigh unto death, with acentuated unequally over Europe, and is found in its worst

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precise terms, or for Russia to do it for herself,
about the wicked Trade Union Right Committee, this leader said:

"I, and my Executive are too busy to worry about Trade Union rights."

I can only believe that any Trade Union official of any Trade Union, and more especially taking into consideration the abnormal situation in which members of the A.S.E. work, and the dangers that threaten, and will threaten in the future their trade rights in many directions, that any responsible official of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers could have given utterance to such a remark.

I think your statement requires verification so that the members of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers may be able to fix responsibility on the individual who makes such a statement without the authority of the responsible officials of the Society. At all events, I think it only fair on your part to make it publicly known that I, as General Secretary of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, have never made such a statement, but, on the contrary, believe it is absolutely necessary for every official to safeguard in every possible direction the trade interests of the members of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers.

The strictures of the "Herald" are, in my opinion, absolutely justified if such a statement was made, but I think your newspaper in giving publicity to the statement reproduced in the "Herald" should have taken pains to make it clear which official of the Society was responsible.

I trust, therefore, that you will, in justice to myself, kindly make known to the members that I thoroughly disagree with the sentiment expressed, and ask you to do this, so that the members will undoubtedly think I am the official referred to.

Robert Young, General Secretary.

[If our correspondent will look again at the article in the "Herald," he will see that the passage he refers to is not quoted from The New Age, but "presented" to us as a contribution to our column of "Current Cont."--Ed. N.A.]

**TRADE UNION RIGHTS COMMITTEE**

Sir,—The work of the Trade Union Rights Committee has met with the usual amount of misrepresentation in the columns of the Press. Everywhere it has been assumed that the main function of the Committee was to stir up revolt against the Munitions Act and to foment strikes. It is true that the signatories to the Manifesto, in common with the Miners' Federation and the Coton Trade Unions, do not agree with the Government's action, and claim that no case has been made out for the Act, either as regards Part I or Part II. They believe that with a fuller knowledge of the conditions prevalent at present, the public elementary schools is essentially "war work," for dealing with the conditions under which we are to work. Further, we should help by our criticism to secure that there will be a minimum waste of effort in the least important task of setting the—at least approximately—right people to various kinds of work. Certain it is that with a sufficient body of opinion common alike to many leaders and to the members of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers.

The Committee is concentrating its efforts on the public elementary schools. And, in passing, let it be noted that the cleverest political manipulation of official figures cannot place the number at less than 60,000, while those who actually know are fully aware that this is a flagrant understatement of the case.

I am wondering whether I shall be allowed to do this work. I have the knowledge of our educational system which is necessary, and I know the needs of the children especially concerned. I have devoted much effort extending over many years to propaganda work in the working-class movement on the method of dealing with consumption among school children. Further, I claim that the organised workers would not only wish me "God speed" in the task, but that large numbers would be prepared to lend a hand in the hard work to be done, thus rendering unnecessary the services of the C.O.S. As to salary—well, in these days when strict economy is so necessary, I would be quite content with expenses, plus an amount equal to the allowance given to the widow of a soldier slain in battle.

May I suggest to Trade Union leaders that the Unionists in this matter render good service to the Trade Union world, and, therefore, to the community as a whole, by taking from the first a united and determined interest in the methods adopted by those in authority? There is, in the first place, the all-important question of the conditions under which we are to work. Further, we should help by our criticism to secure that there will be a minimum waste of effort in the least important task of setting the—at least approximately—right people to various kinds of work. Certain it is that with a sufficient body of opinion common alike to many leaders and to the members of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers.

The Committee is, in no sense, a wrecking organisation—its object is to stimulate interest and initiative in the Trade Union Movement, and its purpose would be more than half achieved if the support of all who take its point of view, whether officials or rank and file, could be obtained.

Yours, on behalf of the Committee,

T. QUILLER.

W. MELLOR.
cating for and teaching children in Open-air Recovery Schools. At the same time, other women with a taste for gardening could be set to work on the land producing the foodstuff required for the children. Still other women with a taste for motor-driving could drive the motors needed for the work of these bodies, and they could be treated as a kind of hired help, and their wages as wages for hire. The idea is not to make the women's work a part of the wages system, but to maintain it as a separate and distinct system, and to treat it as a part of the wages system. The other cranny of the labour market and blacklegs him.

Perfection.

That quarrel, at worst, was a misunderstanding, and, if the clear-sighted, cool sense to see that she cannot be women's fetters.

**WOMEN IN INDUSTRY.**

Sir,—May I reply to your correspondent, Ida G. Hyett, by asking her why, if "women are beginning to value themselves, flocking into shops like blind sheep? As a feminist who longs for women's freedom, I beseech her to tell me: How does one find freedom by enhancing the power of Capitalism? "The only possible road to women's emancipation" is through man's emancipation. Therefore, I cry again: "Out of the gangway! Help us all out of the inferno!"

What Mrs. Horrabin calls Mr. Kenney's "ludicrous reply" can only be repeated here. As he wrote in The New Age of August 5, women in industry should be treated as blacklegs; the unions should refuse to work with them, and we should not be introduced to make wage-slavery more tolerable to them. Their entrance into industry is threatening damnation to the Guilds. To me, as a woman, the abolition of wage-slavery matters most. On that slavery hang most of women's feters.

I agree that, sexually, woman is exploited, because wage-compels her to legalised prostitution. But our sex has no quarrel to settle with "the male" now. That quarrel, at worst, was a misunderstanding, and, if we had a little of the intelligence we are trying to acquire, we should let that misunderstanding lapse now that we have a great common enemy.

Nineteen-twenty is the year of the sexual evil that women suffer now will quite naturally dissolve when the sun rises on the Guild system, for they are the inevitable results of Capitalism. The other 20 per cent. are in women's hands alone, to be destroyed when she develops the courage and the understanding to do so.

One cannot help feeling that she is a long, long way from that understanding when one reads letters from intelligent women who ask for "freedom" and demand an "equal status" to man's, the while these same women seem to be utterly incapable of thinking in terms of systematic thought in women's hands alone, to be destroyed when she develops the courage and the understanding to do so.

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So far I have tried to take your correspondent on
your ground. Let me say that I do not accept her
estimate of economic power from the standpoint of
consciousness, once you have got it. The extraordinary difficulties of modern
society may be considerably balanced by the growth of
reflection. Nor do I grant the imbecility of institutions.

Finally, though it may seem a trifling point, I see no
inconsistency in the same time that the cause of
women and men in industry is one and the same for
both, and that women sentenced in industry at all is to be
opposed.

* * *

W. ANDERSON.

THE N.G.L.

Sir,—We have a group of the N.G.L., here (in Liverpool).

We have about a dozen members, who consist of Fabian,
I.L.P.'ers, State Socialists, Church Socialists, and Clifton
ites (it is the right title for members of the Clifton
Club). This group was formed with the object of
discussing Guild problems, and undertaking Guild pro-
paganda work. The immediate programme was the dis-

At the first meeting the first three chapters were taken;
and all went merry as a marriage bell until the speaker
(i myself) injudiciously remarked—with some emphasis—
that economic power preceded political power. What's
economic power preceded political power? Never. One member distinctly
remembered that in a recent strike at Cienfuegos (or somewhere
else) the Militia was about to be called out to end the
strike; but owing to the Guild intervention the Labour
Party nothing of the sort was done, and the strikers gained their ends into the bargain. . .
Besides, look at the Labour Party. Look at the reforms they had introduced, the
wonders they had worked—in Parliament. And so on.

We would certainly have to discuss this at greater length
next meeting. At the last meeting—a lady read a paper
(rather well) proving that every example History afforded
plainly showed that E.P.P.P. But—Ha!—This
would never do. Look at the Jews in England. Of what
avail was all their wealth (economic power)? And how
was it that the chapters dealing with Unemployment and the
employment classes, and undertaking Guild pro-

The employing classes.

Third Spasm—At this meeting, another three chapters of
the Guild Book were taken. Here our orator thought
that the chapters dealing with Unemployment and the
Wage-system and the N.G.L. system were so self-obvious that they called for no com-
ment. But as there was so much debatable and disputable material
the chapter on Socialism and the Wage-system, had passed
with it at once. But it was
in this chapter that the writers had made a mistake . . . both
in the methods in which they had attacked State
Socialism. . .

Socialism . . . The Capitalists could be pensioned off,
and a bureaucracy of Labour members elected to control
the interests of the working classes. . . Besides, it could
do no possible good adversely criticising other Socialists
. . . quarrelling in your own camp. . . Of course, it was
quite to be expected . . . it was just like the New Age people . . . we knew they were very violent, etc.

If the people who attend these meetings (a few excepted)
are to be "educators," they ought, because they are
members of the N.G.L. to then I am sorry for that League;
and sorry that we ever had anything to do with it.

C. S. D.

* * *

WOMEN IN INDUSTRY.

Sir,—The "simple solution" of Miss Horabin's wants
a little extending. Let me try:

Are women being induced to enter industry?

Yes.

By whom?
The employing classes.

Why?
Because they are cheaper than men.

And so displace men?
Exactly.

What is a simple solution for the men?
To combine with women in one Trade Union.

With what object?
To equalize wages to the men's standard.

Can that be achieved?
It is assumed so.

What, then, would be a simple solution for the
employers?
To get rid of the women.

How would the women meet this?
By blacklegging.

And so displace men?
Precisely.

Then what would be a simple solution for the men?
To combine with women in one Trade Un . . .

With what ?

To lev . .

Can . .

It . .

W . . . ?

* * *

ARTHUR ERBENTON.

GEORGE GISSING.

Sir,—I am pleased to see that the criticism of George
Gissing is not to pass without a protest. A writer not
of the first order of men or minds must get the slings and
arrows of outrageous critics, and it is but willingly that he
should have his defenders. I have had so much pleasure
from Gissing's books that I have always been as reluctant
to criticise him as to ask the price of a free gift! I find
the gloom of them not at all "depressing," but soothing.
friendly, and strengthening; while "Will Warburton,
"maddened by your critic above the others, is about
the thinnest and weakest he ever wrote, even the "Town
Traveller" being better. It is almost laughable to apply
the word "Philistine" to George Gissing, who all his life
made sacrifices to slay that beast of his abhorrence.

But your critic is sincere, and can be right, for the term is now expanded and contracted to include or exclude any-
thing. I used to feel very sorry for Gissing's "suffer-
ings"; that a man who pleased so much should himself
be in pain. I know better now. Few men so thoroughly
enjoyed his troubles as Gissing did; he passed them,
triumphed them, caressed them, and devoted his life to them;
at least after he attained manhood; and from that time,
and his other resources, he had more than average enjoyment out of life. For which I am very glad.

* * *

J. S.

INDIA OFFICE METHODS.

Sir,—A potential scandal has come to my notice at the
last moment, and I can do no more this week than write
a short letter to you about it. Mr. T. W. Arnold, de-
scribed in works of reference as Educational Adviser
To Indian Students at 21, Cromwell Road, S.W., has sent
round a curious circular to a few selected names, asking
for contributions towards the vacation expenses of
Miss E. J. Beck. Now, Miss Beck is described as the
Honorary Secretary of the National Indian Association,
which, by a strange enough coincidence, also has offices
and rooms at 21, Cromwell Road; and this same Miss Beck
acts—how shall we put it—officiously and not unar-
rhogetly towards the Indian Students' Trust. You know,
of course, that Mr. C. E. Mallet, a faithful party
back, was rewarded for his devotion to the Caucus by a
job "Secretary for Indian Students"—one thousand
pounds per annum.

The point is, why is an attempt being made to
smuggle Miss Beck into Indian politics? Perhaps Sir Theodore
Morison, of the India Office, who is said to be interested
in financial matters pertaining to 21, Cromwell Road,
could explain. Has this visit anything to do with silver?
Has it anything to do with the now notorious Students' Depart-
ment? Miss Beck's departure is planned for Sep-
tember 4. It seems to be highly desirable that it should be
postponed pending inquiries. The India Office is not
above suspicion, and the German connections of some of
its members are well known. There are few Beck families
in England; but in Persia, they are very numerous.

We must know more of this. S. VERDAD.

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Press Cuttings.

"What has happened is this: When war broke out the wage classes postoned their demands and prepared to accept its sacrifices, in the belief that the nation would show the spirit that had caused it to pay a higher price in times of peace. The disappointing answers of the Government to demands for regulation of the working classes the Spies was gone. This common effort was a great common sacrifice after all: it was to be another chapter in the history of the industrial struggle. Then came the several conflicts in the different industries. The South Wales Coal Strike was due to their profits for greedy profiteers. Foremost among the men. The miners said that they had taken against the mine-owners merely to pile that elementary justice is secured the people who have made no war profits and the people who have suffered war losses will not feel that they are being exploited. The workers will go on working cheerfully in the knowledge that they are helping the nation to win the war and not merely to pile up profits for greedy profiteers."—JAMES DOUGLAS in "London Opinion."

"The plain conclusion of the Socialist theory is that political action, whether in Parliament or not, can accomplish nothing except in complete substitution to a movement for the union of all these interests. The trade union movement, therefore, must be modified. The trade union movement is a force which shall in the beginning and end of the relationship between employers and employed has bitterly, and to our national humiliation, the disappointing answers of the Government to demands for regulation of the working classes the Spies was gone. This common effort was a great common sacrifice after all: it was to be another chapter in the history of the industrial struggle. Then came the several conflicts in the different industries. The South Wales Coal Strike was due to their profits for greedy profiteers. Foremost among the men. The miners said that they had taken against the mine-owners merely to pile that elementary justice is secured the people who have made no war profits and the people who have suffered war losses will not feel that they are being exploited. The workers will go on working cheerfully in the knowledge that they are helping the nation to win the war and not merely to pile up profits for greedy profiteers."—JAMES DOUGLAS in "London Opinion."

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