

THE NEW AGE

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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 favourable 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 Russia and the consequent urgency or the reverse of the passage of the Dardanelles. And the same procedure would surely have enabled us to calculate within a week or two the time it would take to force 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 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 discover that the Dardanelles would need to be forced as a line of communication with our Russian ally; we are surprised to learn how long it is taking to do it. 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.

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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 in 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.

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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 sulks, 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.

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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 Maezta 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, all things are 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 made that the voice of the Kaiser is the voice of God. But here in England it is not so. For better or worse (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 compulsion impossible; our own Government, with only a *little* more authority, will find it unnecessary.

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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 present strength; nor have our publicists 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 becomes increasingly plain that England must bear the last. 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.

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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 asses. But in the matter of money we are afraid they are foxes. 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 profess 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 chiefs.

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But of all this, it may be said, we can know nothing for certain. For all we know, 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 befallen our governing classes, if we are to assume that in 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 suggested either remedy. 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 Pelion upon Ossa, to all of them. We simply conclude that the intelligence displayed in these things is of a piece with the intelligence concealed in greater matters. And we say that Napoleon was right.

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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 asses of a simpler order. We pointed out 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 abecedarian ideas. In the first place, our moneylenders calculated that they could not find borrowers so secure as the Government anywhere else; and in the second place they wished to avoid heavy immediate taxation. Recently, however, the wind has changed, and actually our moneylenders are all against 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 lending elsewhere is 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 the 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 they must expect to contribute equally with the laden 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.

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

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.

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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 Prussian railway system was what aided the Germans to an incalculable extent throughout the winter campaign, especially on the eastern frontier, 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, that 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.

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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 Kieff. 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.

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It seems clear, if we read between the lines of the German, Austrian, and Russian despatches, that the troops now in the Dvina-Riga district will be joined very shortly by the forces retreating from the Niemen, and that this combined force, under the command of General Russky, 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 Priepet 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 Kieff. 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.

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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 defended 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-Bulgar 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.

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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 field-pieces, 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 being 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 opposition to 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 may be estimated on the basis of the division here made. 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 upon the evolution of the idea of nationality is of some moment.

It would be superfluous to point out the futility of expecting democracy to come from the efforts of American State Socialists. Like all of the tribe, 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" in Prussia before us, we have a permanent reminder that all is not Socialist gold that glitters with the gilt 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 their majority of recent immigrants, they are composed of a class of labour which cannot deceive 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 confiding 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, whose 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 intelligence, they fell back on indignation at the perfidy of those whom they accused of political plagiarism! The Progressive movement may be trusted to carry on the glorious work of State Socialism, though its task will be impeded more seriously than it would now be 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 a Labour Party on British lines.

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. The attitude of the I.W.W. being wildly 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 disillusionment of American life effectively operate 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 uneducated and unskilled they leave the I.W.W., but, of course, the great ports admit thousands yearly to replace them. So we find that the one relatively democratic section of the American Socialist movement is of necessity debarred, by theory and by circumstances, from creating the national spirit which must precede Americanisation. Internationalism is an excellent servant but a bad master of nationalism. Americans may profess but they cannot understand internationalism until they themselves have evolved as a nation. Socialists and non-Socialists alike are prone to make the European War the occasion of rhapsodical declarations of human brotherhood and solidarity. Both, however, have not failed to record their hostility towards certain races, by no means confining their objections to Asiatics. The pronouncements of the Socialists on the latter question are indistinguishable from those of their opponents, and confirm the suspicion that the internationalism of the United States is too premature to be taken seriously. Like all their high-sounding generalities, the current phrases as to the brotherhood of man are survivals from another age, whose continued existence is due to intellectual and geographical isolation.

The effect of the war upon the Socialists has been the same as upon every group of Americans; it has revealed fundamental hyphenation. There is none of the homogeneity in Socialist opinion which one might expect from those who profess to have a sound and common criterion for national and international affairs. Vainly attempting to consider the European crisis in the light of the formulæ of internationalism, American Socialists are, in practice, either pro-German or pro-Allies. To be fair, it must be stated that they have improved somewhat upon the non-Socialist position in so far as this alignment does not follow racial cleavage. Some of the most important Socialist journals in German, notably the "New Yorker Volkszeitung," have taken a distinctly anti-Prussian view. On the other hand, the "International Socialist Review," an organ of direct action, theoretically anti-militaristic and

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 former are the product of ideas. Naturally, given the stampede to militarism of the majority of the German Socialists (which began in 1913), it would be rash to pretend that their German-American comrades have, in the main, proved more faithful to their alleged principles. As American Socialism was born of Germans, the influence of German Socialism has always been considerable, and explains the pro-German tendencies of the present time.

These tendencies are noticeable in the eagerness of the orthodox Socialists to justify in every detail the actions of the Social Democrats in Germany. Mr. Morris Hillquit has been very busy explaining that International Socialism is spiritually intact, all in order to prove that the German Socialists have consistently upheld the standard of working-class solidarity. He even makes a point of minimising the importance of Liebknecht's opposition so as to propound the theory that the Socialists of Europe spontaneously and unanimously came forward in support of a "defensive" war. A similar desire to uphold the Social Democrats against all other Socialist Parties is evident in the peace proposals of the Americans. From the very beginning they have advocated immediate peace, apparently at any price. The programme of the National Executive Committee of the American Socialist Party is typical of the attitude adopted by the majority of those who have written on the subject of peace. This programme was first drawn up tentatively in January, but in May it was adopted, after some modification, in the name of the party. In its original form the pro-German note was very marked, no indemnities were demanded, and the application of plebiscites was advocated so as to effect the exclusion of Alsace-Lorraine from their operation. This restriction does not appear in the programme finally adopted, but in exchange the pro-German campaign against the exportation of war supplies is endorsed.

Such are the "immediate proposals" of the Socialist Party. As for the general programme, it is equally illuminating, as showing the extent to which an avowedly Internationalist Party has been influenced by German action. In summing up the forces which bring about international conflicts not a word is said of protective tariffs; no mention is made of the general strike as a means of preventing war, nor of the duty of Socialists to refuse to vote military supplies in Parliament. In view of the constant refusal of the Social Democrats to meet the French Socialists in the campaign against militarism, and their preposterous explanation of their vote for increased armaments in 1913, these omissions are significant. When to these are added: opposition to indemnities, limitation of plebiscites, and a universal demand for peace at a time when the advantage is with Germany, the absence of an American standpoint becomes conspicuous. The opponents of the proposals outlined are, of course, in a minority, and it cannot truthfully be said that in rejecting pro-Germanism they have become Americanised. Whatever virtues they possess are to be measured by the extent to which the Allies stand for democratic as opposed to absolutist government.

The weakness of both sections of Socialist opinion is the same as that which is at the root of the general indefiniteness of the American position—hyphenation. Until the United States attain a national standpoint and a national psychology there can be only a conflicting expression of imported ideas. The Socialists, engaged upon a path which does not lead to a democracy, are without that unity of purpose which theoretically distinguishes them from the rest of the community. Their position is further aggravated by the premature internationalism to which allusion has already been made. They have seized upon this expedient as a means of escape from the specific problem of American

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 absurdity of plutocratic democracy as practised in the United States cannot refrain from taking the same formulæ 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 lies. When they have sought the latter, nationality will be added unto them.

At present, however, they are so far from recognising the duties imposed upon them that they actually bewail the growth of "Nationalist Socialism." In a country where nationality is unborn, and only nationalities exist, the spectacle of nations fighting for their national existence is naturally incomprehensible. Hence the naive astonishment at the "development" of nationalist Socialism. Americans are astounded, in other words, at the discovery that Socialism does not mean denationalisation—in Europe. The United States of Europe, of which Americans like to dream, will certainly not be the Hyphenated States of Europe, as would inevitably be the case were the American conception to prevail. It is to be feared that one effect of the war has been to increase the morbid horror of nationalism which is as serious an obstacle to the participation of Americans in European affairs as to their participation in the duties and privileges of nationhood.

As a hyphenated population precludes the existence of a national spirit, so hyphenated Socialism means the absence of a national policy. In all the shades of American Socialist thought one looks in vain for proposals designed to meet the specific problems of the United States. There is much speculation as to the future of International Socialism, but of American Socialism we hear little. Except in so far as the Progressive programme meets local exigencies, they are not mentioned, yet they are such as to make State Socialism even more elusive and illusory than it is in Europe. The trustification of 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 absence 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, who has not even established a Civil Service to the limited extent familiar in Europe. So long as the United States are attractive solely on account of their facilities for making profits, the idea of Civil Service, not to mention national service, will lack support. The servant of the State is probably the least considered citizen 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.

Trade Unionism is a problem which Americans have not solved, most of them being occupied in denouncing its claim to exist. The reactionary and antiquated hostility 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 distrust 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 Bethlehem. Unfortunately, there are other indications of the possible creation of such a party, the tendency towards State Socialism, and the intellectual inertia of

the leaders. Even were the Trade Unions and the Socialists to join forces the result would, in all probability, be Syndicalism, rather than Guild Socialism. In order to achieve the latter, a fundamental reevaluation of ideas 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 an almost inextricable confusion had 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 from revolutionary to State Socialism. If they are not killed in the germ by the latter experience, after 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 nationality flowers in the Territory of Alaska, now being 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. E. A. B.

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 pious Catholics 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 Pacifists say that militarism 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

* The first and second of these dialogues appeared in our issues of June 27 and July 22.

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 heaven!

E.: Which ideas, if I may ask, do you notice?

G.: The democratic idea, for instance. That is, no doubt, one of the moving ideal forces of our age. . . I myself, as I told you, am only a moderate admirer of it, but it would be foolish for me to deny the strength of the movement. . . I will not even deny that, properly directed, it might prove useful to-day. Perhaps our future lies in that direction, but no one knows.

E.: Have you ever discovered where the idea of democracy comes from?

G.: Of course, I have: it comes from the French Revolution.

E.: And where do the ideas of the French Revolution come from?

G.: They were in the air, no doubt. Things could not go on any longer as they did.

E.: That's what people generally say. Things are always in the air, but there are always some men who represent or express best what is in the air. The greatest minds are even those who express best what is *not* in the air, nay, what is contrary to everything in the air.

G.: Well, if you ask me which personality had most to do with it, I shall have to name that man for whom, as you know, I have only a mixed sort of admiration—Jean Jacques Rousseau.

E.: And where did Rousseau get his ideas from?

G.: You are going deeply into the source of things. I don't know, by the way, what you are driving at. Rousseau, I hear, was a Frenchman from Geneva. . .

E.: Just wait a moment. A Frenchman from Geneva, you said. You know what that means? That means: not a true Frenchman. Geneva is not a genuine French town, and between this town and real France there was an even greater difference before the Revolution than there is now. The truth is that Rousseau was a French Protestant and even Calvinist, for his mother came from a family of Calvinist clergymen. The Genevois were very good Christians; they are conscious of this fact and even proud of it to this very day.

G.: There you are at Christianity again. But we are talking not of Christianity, but of Democracy. Don't always mix up things.

E.: Please wait a second. Geneva was a town which through the whole of the eighteenth century was the model of a democratic republic, a town for whose constitution Rousseau always had a deep admiration. Do you begin to suspect anything?

G.: No, I don't, for I do not see why a democratic town should likewise be a Christian town. In my opinion these two movements have nothing in common, Christianity only busying itself with heaven and the world to come, and Democracy with earth and the world before us. I myself have more earthly than heavenly interests; that's, as I told you, why I never bothered particularly about Christianity.

E.: Well, you know, Christianity may talk about heaven and the world to come, but it has to live in this one, as we all have to do. All ideals, even the most spiritual ones, tend to practical realisation, to earthly expression; and the earthly expression of Christianity is Democracy. That's why the very Christian town of Geneva was a very democratic town. That's why the very democratic French Revolution was a very Christian movement.

G.: Well done, noble European. I did not expect anything else from you. So the French Revolution was a Christian movement. The execution of thousands of innocent nobles and priests you consider as the consequence of a religion founded by a man who was himself the victim of an innocent execution. Well, go on, uphold it. You are a prestidigitateur of the intellect, my friend, and to such a man nothing is impossible.

E.: What people think impossible is sometimes very easy, and only what they think easy, is utterly impos-

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 was carried to Paris by way of 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! The people to whom we owe the revival of the Gospel in modern Europe knows less of the Gospel than any modern European nation.

G. : I told you I took no interest in theology.

E. : But the Gospel is very interesting reading. You know it is the book of the poor, the humble, the dull, the weak, the simple, the oppressed.

G. : I know that, but I don't belong to these classes, and so I take no interest. Besides, I don't see what influence it can have upon our discussion.

E. : A very great one. The voice of these poor and dull people made itself heard not only in Palestine two thousand years ago, but likewise in the German Reformation and the French Revolution. In both these latter movements, as well as, in the first, it protested against the rich, the noble, the wise, the powerful—it protested in the most efficient manner by cutting off the heads of those they deemed too intelligent. You remember the answer which the president of the "tribunal révolutionnaire" gave to the famous Lavoisier, who, when condemned to death, asked for a few days' delay in order to finish some chemical experiments: "La république n'a pas besoin de savants"?

G. : I have heard that story before, though I likewise heard that it was not true. But it does not matter. I will agree, of course, that the German Reformation was a Christian movement, but the German Reformation did not cut off any intelligent heads. The French Revolution, I know, did do that, but I see nothing particularly Christian in it. . .

E. : Well—in one case the revolutionary movement was successful, in the other it was not. The lively French, you know, are better revolutionaries than you docile Germans—and once they got hold of the Gospel, they did not do things by halves, but went right through to the bitter end. . .

G. : But the French never got hold of the Gospel—they are Catholics, and are not even allowed to read it. They know less about the Bible than we Germans do, for you must not think that my ignorance of the Bible is universal with us.

E. : I quite see what you mean. But, if the French had not got hold of the Gospel, they at least had grasped wonderfully its leading ideas. . .

G. : Which ideas?

E. : Well, that the rich are always wrong and the poor right, that the powerful are always wrong and the weak right, that the wise are always wrong and the simple-minded right. Fired by these wonderful ideas the weak and the poor among the French would not allow themselves to be governed any longer by the wise and the powerful. They, too, claimed what the Protestants before them had called "evangelical freedom," though they dropped the "evangelical," changed freedom into liberty, and added to liberty—fraternity and equality. Fraternity in Protestant language means "love and charity," equality in Protestant language means "equality before God," while liberty in that pious tongue is called "freedom of conscience." Some very free and audacious Protestants—amongst them Luther himself—even called it "justification by faith."

G. : O, Lord, don't bore me with this holy stuff!

E. : Please, don't be so impatient. I shall not bore you much longer, for I shall now translate the "holy

stuff" into the most unholy and common language. Freedom of conscience means nothing more nor less than the Vote. You understand that, I hope. . .

G. : I do understand what the vote is, but I do not see how the vote came out of the plea for freedom of conscience.

E. : It is very easy. A man whose conscience is declared "free" cannot allow himself to be governed without his consent. He must be asked for his consent, that's why he is asked to vote, that's why he insists upon voting. The whole idea of "the sovereign people" comes from Protestant Christianity, which (against the Roman Church) insisted upon liberty of conscience. Without Christianity there would have been no Protestantism, without Protestantism no liberty of conscience, without liberty of conscience no Republic of Geneva, without Geneva no Rousseau, without Rousseau no French Revolution, and without the Revolution no universal vote and no universal Democracy. Thus Democracy is Christianity secularised, but it is still Christianity, that is to say—a religion.

G. : 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 congregation a parliamentary assembly must be. And 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. . . The "holy" nonsense 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 not that 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? Is it not drowned by charlatans, wire-pullers, actors, agitators, journalists, demagogues and professional humbugs? . . . Such will be their answer, an answer which I myself think somewhat justified.

E.: If after a hundred years of universal suffrage or democratic government—and that nearly all over Europe—the people have only succeeded in bringing to 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 I 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 of able men. 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 dearth 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 cliché, a lameness, a platitude, a hesitation?

G.: Well, we 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 even the age that has just passed. That 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 why the catastrophe has come upon us.

G.: But 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 discreet 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 blackguards. . . 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 herd 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 brains and hearts, 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 may be less stirring phraseology 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 this national enthusiasm is—for me at least—a 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 unpardonable 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 anyone 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. . . 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, that "blood is thicker than water." A man naturally likes and ought to like his own family best, 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 love 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 the nations, of mutual esteem and 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 even be a deeper dreamer than were the Socialists? And should the roaring out of thousands of cannons be 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 adopted this view—not only the Socialists, 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 Russian, feeling that the blow was fatal, sank to the ground, folded his hands and murmured something in an unknown tongue. The Prussian Guardsman—the same who had dispatched him—grew pale, for he had understood what the man had said. . . . It was Hebrew—the prayer of the dying Jew. . . . The Prussian Guardsman was a Jew himself. . . .

E. : What a terrible end!

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. . . .

E. : 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 ploughshares 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 Cæsar, and without this troupe behind him he could not have followed his fortune. It was the escort that he needed while crossing the world to fall at 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 seen leaning on the ramparts 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 purer sunshine than 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 speckless 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 were 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 one 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 Cæsar'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 such lassitude that he can scarcely drag himself to his bed: thus France, widow of Cæsar, 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

from the schools, and seeing no more the sabre or the cuirass, or the foot-soldier or the horseman, they asked in their turn for their fathers. They were answered that the war was over, that Cæsar was dead.

Behold then, seated on a world in ruins, the troubled youth of the nation. All these children were drops of the burning blood which had flowed over the earth, they had been born in the bosom of war, for war. For fifteen years they had dreamed of the snows of Moscow, of the sun of the Pyramids. They had never left their towns; but they had been taught that the road from each of the barriers led to some or other capital of Europe. They had in their heads a whole world; they regarded the earth, the sky, the streets and the high-roads; all this was empty, and the clocks in their parishes resounded only in the far distance.

Now, however, there mounted upon the tribune a man holding in his hand a contract between king and people; he began to say that glory was a beautiful thing and likewise the ambition of war; but that even more beautiful was Liberty. The youths lifted up their heads and remembered their grandsires who had spoken thus of Liberty. They thrilled: but on returning to their homes upon the way they saw three prison baskets being carried to Clamart; therein were the remains of three youths who had spoken too loudly this name of Liberty.

A strange smile passed over their lips at this dolorous sight; but other haranguers, mounting the tribune, began to reckon publicly that ambition and glory were too costly; they painted the horrors of war and called the hecatombs butcheries. They spoke so much and so long that all human illusions fell like leaves in autumn; and those who listened lifted their hands to their heads with the gesture of the fever-stricken who awaken.

Some said: "The emperor fell because the people wanted no more of him"; others: "The people wanted a king; no, liberty; no, reason; no, religion; no, the English constitution; no, absolutism"; and one added: "No, nothing of all that, but repose."

Three elements, then, divided the life offered to the young men: behind them a past for ever destroyed but palpitating still in its ruins and among the fossils of centuries of absolutism: before them the dawn upon an immense horizon, the first light of the future: and between these two worlds . . . something resembling the ocean which separates the old continent of young America, something vague, floating, a swelling sea full of tempests, traversed from time to time by a distant, white sail or by a steamship heavily smoking: in a word, the present century which divides the past from the future, which is neither the one nor the other and which resembles both at once, and where one knows not whether one marches upon a sown field or upon rubbish. . .

A feeling of inexpressible uneasiness began to ferment in all the young hearts. Condemned to repose by the sovereigns of the world, given over to idleness and boredom, the youths beheld the events retire against which they had prepared their arms. All these gladiators, oiled and ready, suffered in their souls insupportable misery. The richest made themselves libertines; those of a moderate fortune sought for power; the poorest threw themselves into cold enthusiasms, into grand words, into the frightful sea of action without an aim. Since human weakness seeks company, and men are gregarious by nature, politics entangled them. One went so far as to fight with the guards on the steps of the legislative Chamber; one ran to the theatre where Talma wore a wig like that of Cæsar; one rushed to the funeral of a liberal member. Yet, of the members of both parties, not one but entering his own house felt bitterly the emptiness of his existence and the feebleness of his hands.

At this time, two poets, the two finest men of genius of the century after Napoleon, were consecrating their

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 passion which leads 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 now but 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 despaired; your friends had betrayed you, your compatriots misunderstood you, and you had the void in the heart, death 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 you poetry was the sister of science—could neither find in immortal nature a healing herb for the heart of their 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? And thou, Byron, 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 has 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 as ornaments upon the property of someone, or as the bright mockeries 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 dreadfully aware of their ego, whom every spring-time marks down nearer the grave. To be consoled by Nature we must feel her, not merely see her. And God: we revolt against the ideal of a God who might be moved by our blind and passionate entreaties. We know that whatever extra-human powers there be are not moved by our entreaties, and 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 enlightenment as to what is favourable to liberty. We shall find out (for we do scarcely know!) what is virtue. We shall work free and near again to that Nature where all the charm of existence lies stolen from us. And, who knows?—the gods may speak at last.

ALICE MORNING.

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 difference 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 lopsided. The air was then full of prophecies 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 1913. I turned back to it recently to refresh my memory, and also to see if I could recapture 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 literature of its inspiration 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 would be abolished; leaving nothing but 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, brilliantly depicted by the wittiest and most able of our dramatic critics, and dedicated most generously to Mr. Granville Barker. It was a triumph of Art, which Nature has most rudely forestalled; for the same Mr. Palmer has been obliged to announce in his epitaph on Mr. Shaw that all "modern" literature died on August 4th, 1914, and the impulse that led to its creation has been turned in another direction.

Yet Mr. Palmer has less to retract than most prophets would have in similar case. In 1913, he prophesied the 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 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 that collection 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 Petavel, 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 seen for years. It proves that even idiocy hath charms, when played by Mr. H. B. Irving; and also that the public will always go to see a character. "Quinney's," again, is a one-character play; but the interest here is not entirely confined to the wonderful acting of Mr. Ainley, but extends to the demonstration of a really vital character at a crisis of his life. One of the eternal themes of drama, legend, and song, is the triumph of young love against the veto imposed by authority, parental or any other kind; and although Mr. Vachell does not stage the conflict well, is more in love with old Quinney than with the young lovers, he yet appeals however indirectly to one of the oldest instincts in the world; and scores a success by the side of which his "Searchlights" (which posed the same conflict even more feebly, because complicated with the quite extraneous question of legitimacy) will but glimmer.

"The Man who Stayed at Home" shows more conflict; and, in addition to offering a romantic apology for "Slackers," consoles those who fear that Englishmen 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, will see no moral perversity in "Ready Money." But to the average playgoer, I think, the interest is really due to the fact that the police are outwitted cleverly by a man who has all the normal virtues, and does a good turn even though it be illegal, and repents, at last, of the use to which he had put his nefarious 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 observation does not seem to be invalid. But if Jackson Ives had not been an artist in crime, who could hand over thousands of dollars in forged paper, "Ready Money" would not have attracted an English audience in August.

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 ungenerous 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 hazy 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 direful spring, of the war and our unnumbered woes. Well, without prejudice to Dr. Levy's suggestion of 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 many doctors who prescribe correctly on a wrong diagnosis!

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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 first deposing, 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. On the contrary, it seems probable that, if they were 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 acquiesced 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 spirit prefers, on the contrary, a horse 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. Far from blaming them 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 results in democracy the further step of ascribing the present war to democracy and hence to Christianity requires at least a little evidence. Dr. Levy has offered none. But, once again, there were rivers in Macedon. The present is not the first war the world has seen: nor is its character unique in history, ancient as well as modern. And is it a fact 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 or the few to repudiate 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 of Athens; but 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 a holiday for them: for no responsible person desires power; it must be thrust on him. Christianity therefore, in insisting upon the individuation of responsibility really *relieves* the few of the obligation to rule. They neither feel it to be a duty nor do the people press power upon them.

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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*, Dr. Levy can only disapprove of it because it is about power and not about Christianity. From the commonsense point of view the war is one of the simplest ever waged; its issues are crystal clear. Germany challenged the predominance of England: the young bull challenged old John Bull. What could be more obvious? Yet that crude piece of Nietzscheanism does not satisfy Dr. Levy. A good war (*some* war, as Americans say) does not hallow for him, as it did for Nietzsche, any cause; nor is power a sufficient motive in itself. Rather than face the fact that he ought to approve of the war first because it is about power, and secondly because it is a "good" war; and the further fact that, be its cause ever so Nietzschean, he does not like war even under the most favouring circumstances, Dr. Levy pretends that, while theoretically bloodthirsty, he cannot approve of this particular war, on account of its Christian origin. But he deceives himself. A Nietzschean who refuses to countenance the war for the Christianity it contains is really, whether he knows it or not, a pacifist at heart—in other words, a Christian. War must be "justified" for him by something other than the question of power involved or the thoroughness with which it is waged. In short it must be "justified" by something that no war is ever likely to possess! Dr. Levy is therefore in the position of the man who professed himself anxious to be convinced, but doubtful of ever seeing the man who

could convince him. He approves of war in the ideal; but any actual war is always wrong. I say this because if the present war does not satisfy Dr. Levy, none will. And none will, I am convinced, because Dr. Levy, like every man of intelligence, is a "Christian," that is, a man who prefers intelligence to force.

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He can easily escape my criticisms by telling us what kind of war would really suit him. If not about power or as a moral discipline (such as some Germans pretend is their motive), about what would Dr. Levy think a war worth fighting? In what cause would he himself draw the sword instead of the pen? In what war would he risk his life? I do not, of course, mean these questions to be personal, in the narrow sense. Dr. Levy, like others of us, may have good reasons for taking no part in actual fighting. But assuming that these reasons did not exist, for what would Dr. Levy be prepared to risk being killed in order to kill?

R. H. C.

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 Héloïse for Abélard, of the Captain 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, Mar-montel, Chamfort, Madame d'Épinay, 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 ceremonies 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 Chaulnes; 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 spiritless 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 fain 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 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 Alfieri. 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 among men as there are ways 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 decking out with a thousand perfections the woman of whose love we are sure; we tell the beads of our happiness 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 deserted 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 seen the discovery that the loved one has some new perfection.

A traveller tells of the freshness of the orange-groves at Genoa, on the verge of the sea, in the flaming days of summer: how delightful 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 perfections of the beloved and from the thought: "She is mine!" The savage has not the time to go beyond the first step. He has pleasure, but his mental activities are employed in pursuing the buck as it flies into the forest; for with its flesh he must recruit his strength as quickly as possible, or else he will be cut down by the hatchet of his enemy.

I have no doubt that at the other extreme of civilisation a sensitive woman arrives at the point of being unable to find physical pleasure except with the man she loves.* The case is the very opposite to that of the savage. But among civilised nations the woman has leisure, whereas the savage is so much taken up with his affairs that he is obliged to treat his female as a beast of burden. If the females of many animals are more fortunate, it is because the subsistence of the males is more assured.

But let us leave the forests and return to Paris. A passionate man sees all the perfections in his beloved; nevertheless, his attention may still be distracted, for the soul grows cloyed with all that is uniform, even with perfect happiness.

The following is the chain of processes that keeps the mind absorbed:

(6) *Uncertainty Arises*.—After ten or twelve glances—or any other series of actions, which may last a moment or several days—have first aroused and then confirmed his hopes, the lover gets over his first astonishment and grows used to his happiness, or he is guided by the theory which, always based on the most frequent cases, ought only to refer to frail women. He then asks for more definite assurances and tries to precipitate his happiness.

He is met with indifference, † with coldness or even with anger, if he shows too much confidence; in France, with a tinge of irony which seems to say: "You haven't got so far as you think." A woman behaves in this

* If this peculiarity is absent among men, it is because they have no occasion to sacrifice modesty for a moment of rapture.

† That which the seventeenth century novelists called the *thunderstroke*, the deciding factor in the destiny of the hero and of his mistress, has been spoiled by an endless number of scribblers, but none the less exists in Nature; it arises from the impossibility of this defensive manoeuvre. A woman who loves finds too much happiness in the sentiment she feels to succeed in dissembling; she throws all precautions to the winds, and gives herself up blindly to the joy of loving. Distrust makes the thunderstroke impossible.

fashion either because she awakens from a moment of intoxication and obeys the dictates of modesty, or simply from motives of prudence or of coquetry.

The lover comes to feel uncertain about the happiness which he anticipated; those grounds for hope, 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 dread 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?" Torn 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 unceasingly 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 heartrending 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 impetuous 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, no 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 love, how can we endure even the thought of ceasing to 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 vivacity seen in her eyes, are a diamond in the crystallisation of Del Rosso.* These fancies, conceived in an evening, set him dreaming all the night.

An unexpected repartee, which gives me a clearer insight into a tender, generous, passionate (or, as the vulgar say, romantic) soul, setting high above the happiness of kings the simple joy of walking alone with her lover at midnight in a lonely wood, also sets me dreaming all the night.

He will say that my mistress is a prude; I shall say that his is a *tart*.

CHAPTER IV.

In a soul that is entirely fancy-free—a young girl living in a lonely castle in the depths of a forest—the least touch of wonder may bring with it a tiny spark of admiration, and, if the faintest hope is kindled, it gives birth to love and crystallisation.

In this case, love at first appeals to us as an amusement.

Wonder and hope find a strong support in the need of love and the melancholy that one feels at sixteen. It is fairly well known that the unrest of that age is a thirst for love, and if chance offers the thirsty a drink, they are not over fastidious as to its quality.

Let us recapitulate the seven stages of love; they are:

- (1) Admiration.
- (2) What a pleasure, etc.
- (3) Hope.
- (4) Love is born.
- (5) First crystallisation.
- (6) Doubt appears.
- (7) Second crystallisation.

A year may pass between (1) and (2), a month between (2) and (3); if hope does not come quickly we unconsciously abandon (2) as leading to unhappiness.

Between (3) and (4) there is but the twinkling of an eye.

There is no interval between (4) and (5). They can only be separated by intimacy. Some days may pass between (5) and (6); this depends on the amount of daring and impulsiveness in our character.

Between (6) and (7) there is no interval.

* I have called this book an essay in ideology. My object is to indicate that, although it is called "Of Love," it is in no sense a novel, and that it is not meant to amuse like a novel. I apologise to the philosophers for using the word *ideology*; I certainly have no intention of usurping a title that belongs by right to another. If ideology is a detailed account of ideas and of all the elements that may go to their formation, the present book is a minute and detailed account of all the sentiments that go to form the passion called love. I know no Greek word that expresses "treatise on the sentiments," in the same way that "ideology" expresses "treatise on ideas." I might have had a word invented for me by one of my learned friends, but I am already quite enough annoyed at having to adopt the new word *crystallisation*, and, if this essay finds any readers, they very likely will not approve of this neologism. I confess that one would have needed great literary talent to avoid it; I tried to do so, but without success. To my mind, this word expresses the main symptom of that madness called "love," a madness which indeed gives men the greatest pleasure they are capable of feeling; and had I substituted for it a long periphrasis, my description of what takes place in the head and heart of a lover would become heavy, obscure, and tiresome even for myself, the author: what would it be for the reader?

Views and Reviews.

That Blessed Word!

THE suggestion that has been popularised during this war of the creation of some form of International Government has received the best expression known to me in this book* by Mr. J. A. Hobson. It is a subject that should inspire a classic of political theory similar to Hamilton's "Federalist," for its aim is not dissimilar, and the intricacies of the case are not less than those that perplexed the thirteen American States before the ratification of the Constitution. So far as the Continent of Europe is concerned, the territory is contiguous, as it was in America, but with that one fact all resemblance between the two proposals ends. The thirteen States of America were certainly Sovereign States, but they were not Sovereign States of different nationality, religion, and history, as are the Sovereign States of Europe. They had this much in common: they were all recently released from the tyranny of one oppressor, they had before them a practically unlimited prospect of development, and they had also an experience of federation that was not satisfactory, which enabled them to judge of the merits of the proposed Constitution. Hamilton's task of advocacy was simplified by the fact that the Constitution he commended (and practically created) was known, and could be compared with, and to the disadvantage of, the prevailing state of affairs. Every article of the alliance was already drawn up in explicit language, and the advocate had only to appeal to history, to hope, and to reason to make intelligible one of the most perfect examples of Constitution-building. But I incline to the opinion that one of the chief reasons why the "Federalist" essays became a classic is that they appealed to and relied upon positive motives; the ratification of the Constitution was advocated because it would do this, that, and the other for America. It would make America rich, it would make her powerful, it would make her famous and respected by all the nations of the earth. It was quite definitely an appeal to the Americans to become American, and to accept the destiny of a great nation.

The proposal for the federation of the Sovereign States of Europe has no such merit. Its chief purpose is negative, the mere avoidance of war. It assumes what Prof. Cramb said (but, indeed, the fact is well known) a survey of world-history denied—viz., the existence not only of the power but of the will to end war. Whatever we may think about war (and there really are fundamental differences of opinion concerning it), we cannot pretend that there is a will to end war when at least twenty millions of men are waging it, and each is 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 operative. 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 and the German Empire, the two most potent examples, are both national in their basis; that the English to whom he appeals, and who are certainly international in their possessions, have not yet federated their own Empire. With what skill or experience we can tackle the problem of the federation of Europe Mr. Hobson does not tell us.

But let us see what the proposal implies. To the suggestion of arbitration as a means of settling differences between nations, Mr. Hobson replies that no arbitration treaties, general or particular, can make war impossible which reserve questions of honour and vital interests from the judgment of the Court. Further, an Arbitration Court as such would have no power to compel the submission of cases to it; even the Supreme Court of America cannot do that; also, there are questions that are not arbitrable. The last addition to the

* "Towards International Government." By J. A. Hobson. (George Allen and Unwin. 2s. 6d. net.)

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 Inquiry must be established, with power to call for the submission to it of the statement of grievances, from which it will sift and publish the facts, and fix, if necessary, the responsibility for the facts. "What is needed," says Mr. Hobson, "is, first, to enlarge the scope of the Commission of Inquiry, so as to bring within its purview all international disputes or difficulties not considered suitable for arbitration; secondly, to make the submission of such issues compulsory; thirdly, to substitute a general for all particular treaties of reference; fourthly, to convert the reports of fact when necessary into an award; 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 Court of 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, by armed force 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 by the Kaiser's Majesty, January 29: 'Arming to be a triplum (triple contingent required of you this time); with Romish-months of cash contributions from all and sundry (vigorously gathered, I should hope, where Austria has power), so many as will cover the expense. Army to be got on actual foot hastily, instantly if possible; an 'Eilende—Reichs—Executions—Armée'; so it ran, but the word 'eilende' (speedy) had a mischance in printing, and was struck off into elende (contemptibly wretched); so that on all market-squares and public places of poor Teutschland you read flaming placards summoning out not a speedy or immediate, but 'a miserable Reich's Execution Army!'"

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 concourse of Sovereign Powers entirely to waive the right of judgment on particular issues and accept without question the decision of a merely composite body. The difficulty is so patent that Mr. Hobson is obliged to proceed to the creation of an International Executive, which will finally gather to itself all the prerogatives of Sovereignty, and, of course, exercise them for the benefit of Europe, and eventually of the whole human race. If any body of persons, considerable or inconsiderable, doubts that all is for the best that is decreed by this elected body representative of the Powers, that body of persons will be blown off the face of the earth by the International Army or Fleet, or starved into an unhonoured grave by the economic boycott decreed by the International Executive. Thus will it be proved to an astonished world that "Peace hath her victories no less renowned than War," and, to continue the quotation, that "new foes arise threatening to bind our souls with secular chains."

A. E. R.

Pastiche.

RONDEAUX OF CHARLES D'ORLEANS.

Translated from the French by PALLISTER BARKAS

1. Now Summer's harbingers are here
To furnish him his dwelling place,
His carpets spread, with tender grace
Of flowerets and of grassy gear.
Velvet carpets streatching clear
With herbage green the fields to trace,
Now Summer's harbingers are here
To furnish him his dwelling place.
Hearts, through weariness grown drear,
Are, thanks to God, of lovely face;
Away, across the meadows race,
You dwell no more in Winter's fear,
Now Summer's harbingers are here.
2. Time hath cast his cloak away
Of piercing wind, of cold and rain,
And his broidered vesture ta'en
Of lovely sunshine clear and gay.
There is no beast or bird to-day
But to cry or sing is fain;
Time hath cast his cloak away.
River, streamlet, fountain may
Don their liverie again
Of jewelled drops withouten stain;
Each anew doth him array;
Time hath cast his cloak away.

GALTON COMES HOME.

At the outbreak of the great war my friend Galton left England. His motive was not unpatriotic, he had no fear of being "invaded" or of becoming picture "copy" for an illustrated "daily," neatly blindfolded against a wall, but had gone to Peru travelling in gramophone needles. . . . After three years he was back. He felt all the gladness of heart that exiles are usually supposed to feel when they glide into a London terminus. His heart swelled with 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. Galton, knowing something of human nature, believed neither. Clutching his bag he jumped out on to the platform. The Station was crowded with people in khaki. Even the Women were all clad in the nasty colour. 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 with 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 Commercials."

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 luggage label industry—two sticks of sealing-wax crossed—that's *their* badge."

Galton was stupefied. He gazed round the bar, and saw every kind of man wearing khaki with the emblems of his trade neatly woven upon his left arm.

A stockbroker, presumably, judging by the plain sign, "£." . . . an actor, with two sticks of grease paint column-wise, with the mystic word, "glarko" . . . a dustman, with two erect brooms crossed on a Sanitary L.C.C. Dustbin, 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 ventured a word. "What do you think of things generally?" he inquired of the Dustman. "Wot do *hi* fink," exploded the Dustman, "Wot do *hi* blinking well *fink*? Well, it's made me a bloominkly Hanerkist, that's wot *hi* fink, mister. As ter them blarsted Members of Parlyment, *mi* hidear of their blarsted costoom is one wi' broad bloomink' arrers on it. Hi'm a bloominkly Hanerkist—that's wot *hi* am! Mornin', Sir." (Time, gentlemen, please).

Galton pondered long on this.

EDWIN GREENWOOD.

"CHANSON DES CLOCHES DE BAPTEME."

(Translated from the French of Jean Richepin by Pallister Barkas.)

Philistines, grocers, when
Caressing, O happy men,
Your wives,
Your wives,

You thought of the tiny mites
That your coarse appetites
Fertilised,
Fertilised,

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-distraught
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 woman of the streets who sells bootlaces. 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 yusterday it wuz raining—cats an' dorgs . . . cats an' bloomink' dorgs. Yus, so it wuz. (Her mind wanders.) Where's me parcel. Y'ere it is. (Shuffles.) Where's ole Kate ter day? Where did I leave 'er? Let's see, nah. Where did I leave ole Katey (sniffs) dahn the archway —? Course it wuz: Larst night—Toosday night. . . What wuz I doin'? (puzzled) I dunno! (She turns.) Laces, sir—buy a pair laces—(lapses into meditation) ole Katey under the archway. . . . Toosday night—larst night. . . . Raining it wuz—cats and bloomink' dorgs . . . ugh!! (Shivers.) Allus raining. . . . Nah, 'ow much money 'ave I got? Where's me money? (She fumbles in her mysterious clothes.) Funny; I 'ad tuppence somewhere. Don't say I lorst it! (She continues to fumble.) Gottit! Nah, where's me parcel? 'Ere it is, and me can fer a drop of tea?—'ere it is. Poor ole Katey. I 'opes she got a drop of tea left fer ole Annie. . . . 'Taint raining ter night. (Looks up.) Laces, sir; buy a pair of laces from an ole woman. . . . ole Katey will be dahn under the archway. Course she will. . . . (She turns and shuffles a few steps.) So Kate's man run away, did 'ee? 'Ow long ago, dearie, I sez. . . . Years an' years, dearie, she sez. . . . (pause.) Years and years. . . . Buy a pair laces, sir. . . . (pause.) It ain't raining ter night. . . . 'Taint so bad under the archway (with cunning.) The cops don't touch ycr dahn there. . . . old Katie fahnd it. . . . clever gal. . . . pair of laces, sir: buy a pair laces of a poor ole woman. . . . Where's me tuppence —? 'Ere it is. . . . 'ere it is. . . . An' me can. . . . an' me parcel.

(She drags a few steps).

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

ARTHUR F. THORN.

Current Cant.

"The responsibility of the Press."—AUSTIN HARRISON.

"Buy diamonds now and increase your savings."—SAMUELS & CO., jewellers.

"I don't intend to live under the Kaiser."—WILL CROOKS.

"The working classes are revelling in wages higher than they have ever known."—"Globe."

"Religion as a political Force."—"Christian Commonwealth."

"A great air-raid story by Rudyard Kipling."—"Nash's Magazine."

"Where are the War babies? Have they all miscarried?"—"John Bull."

"The heart of a woman in War time. A serial story written especially for You by Ladbrook Black."—"Daily Sketch."

"Nine out of ten people capable of intelligent thought are now convinced that Compulsory National Service is necessary to win this war."—ARNOLD WHITE.

"The Capitalist is not only an indispensable factor in the production of wealth, but as it happens, no man is at present giving more unstinted service to his country than he."—"Globe."

"If some brainy scientist would discover a formula for synthetic food, women really would be free."—SELFRIDGE & CO.

"Modern Socialism aims at putting a stop to all competition, and, as a consequence, to the struggle for existence in the form in which it still continues, and, therefore, it can never be a working system anywhere but in Utopia."—"Everyman."

"Church Notes. War and Christianity."—"Standard."

"Two new volumes have been added to Messrs. Harpurs' 'Heroes of all Time' series, one on Queen Victoria, and the other on R. L. Stevenson."—"Pall Mall Gazette."

"Mr. Winston Churchill writes a beautiful hand. He has the literary mind and the literary habit. . . . After he has dressed he takes a short ride in the Park. . . . he is a delightful companion."—"Strand Magazine."

"Men. Money. Munitions. Boots, the Chemists, have supplied all three."—"Daily Mail."

"The English are among the least thrifty people in the whole world, probably because they have had less occasion to stint themselves."—"Guardian."

"Doctor Johnson writing of himself says 'a hardened and shameless tea-drinker.' The Sage, it is reported, commonly drank 14 cups of tea at a sitting. It is interesting to conjecture what would have been his limit had he been able to obtain Lyons' Tea."—"Times."

"'Are you always going to throw yourself away on this sort of stuff?' asked the editor. It was at the end of a long summer day in Chancery Lane, when the production of a fastidious literary weekly paper seemed to be one of the jobs that really didn't need doing. 'No,' answered Arnold Bennett, 'I'm not. I'll show you what I'm going to do.' Taking a post-card, he mapped out his career in the neat handwriting that has supplied compositors with, on an average, half a million words a year."—"Sketch."

"We have been officially informed that Miss Laurette Taylor has had to confess herself a human being."—"Referee."

"It is better that publishing should go forward on as large a scale as possible, because, among other considerations, it means work."—"Daily Chronicle."

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." On the expediency of compulsion I shall say nothing. As a foreigner, I do not know if the "soul of England" is in favour of it or against it. As a layman in military matters, I cannot tell if it is wise "to swap horses while crossing the stream." But, as a man in love with England, I 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. But in another interpretation Parliament is the representative of classes and boroughs and chartered towns, and not of individuals, and trial by jury is a protection of the people by the people against the Crown and its servants. In the common law of England the jury does not represent perhaps so much the individuals as the common will, the will of the people against the Norman conqueror.

The Norman conqueror is probably the sufficient reason of the liberties of England, personal or otherwise. The Englishman of the Middle Ages looked to his person, his purse and his house as to the three fortresses which defended him against the invader, because he was not an agent in the State but only a patient. As he was no longer a full citizen he tried to protect his person; and as he ceased to flow in the river of the State he built a dam against its waters. But it was the accident of a foreign invasion that created through reaction the other accident of personal liberty. There was no foreign conqueror in Australia nor in America. And Americans and Australians—peoples of Anglo-Saxon race—made easily the sacrifice of their personal liberty when they wanted National Service. It may be a very good thing to raise fortresses against a foreign sovereign, but it is a very bad one to fortify oneself against the common will.

The historical function of England? Perhaps to invent a language that bridges the abyss between the German and the Latin spirit. Perhaps to produce a monitorial type of society both in education and in general life. Perhaps to raise the workmen of the world in the example of her Trade Unions. Perhaps to produce a sort of mind that can look alternately upwards and downwards, raising with Shakespeare our human flesh up to the plane of dreams, or bringing down with Milton heaven to man; cleansing itself from "idols" to look with Bacon straight into Nature, or discovering with Newton in its very texture the mathematical principles which Nature has to obey.

To me, at least, the historical function of England is, above any other, the maintenance of the balance of power in Europe. I am not sure that personal liberties are good in principle, although they may be good in certain historical circumstances, for the progress of mankind. But it seems to be proved that no nation has made a lasting contribution to culture except in the periods in which it has enjoyed political sovereignty. A positive participation in the responsibilities of Government seems to be a necessary condition for the full development of our potentialities. But Europe could no longer be a democracy of sovereign nations if the balance of power disappeared, as it would certainly disappear if the strongest military nation should be allowed to become, too, the strongest naval Power.

If Germany could establish her supremacy, a situation would soon arise in the whole of Europe very similar to that of England under the Norman yoke. Probably, the dominant nation would grant also liberties to the rest, but these purely negative personal liberties are a very poor substitute for the responsibilities of Government. The Germans, like Mr. Belfort Bax's Socialism, would not insist "that a man should be laid hold of by the scruff of the neck and dragged into a factory if he is able and prefers to maintain himself in primitive fashion by eating grass and drinking rain-water." Oh, no, they would be glad to have in Europe colonies of grass-eaters.

But to the splendid isolation and personal liberties of

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 women the way of perfection. The socialism of Mr. Belfort Bax accepts "the indirect coercion of things, it may be of the property of the individual, but never the direct coercion of the individual himself." We know what that indirect coercion means. It is already exercised by capitalism. It is the inhuman government of men by things. I prefer the direct coercion of men by men, when it is just, that is to say, when it is exercised in the public interest and not for private aims, when the people who exercise it are amenable to a trial by jury, and when they act not in the name of a divine inspiration but in execution of the clear and explicit will of the community.

RAMIRO DE MAEZTU.

* * *

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, "tore up the 'scrap of paper' as effectively as did the Germans by their march in August last."

Article 9 of the Treaty of April 19, 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 part.

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 now prevents Germany from using Antwerp as "un pistolet chargé sur la gorge de l'Angleterre," to use Napoleon's much quoted words.

J. R. VAN STURWE,

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 knowledge of the Russian people is not to be looked upon as to Mr. Bechhöfer's detriment.

It is probable that both Merezhkovsky and Mr. Bechhöfer are acquainted with Nietzsche's reflections on "Peoples and Countries." For the former to repeat after Nietzsche that the German-Romantic West was masculine, and to add that the Slav-Russian East was feminine required little knowledge or thought. How little thought may be judged from the claptrap 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 idea. I am not aware that Nietzsche himself made the suggestion.

To quote Nietzsche again: "The Russian Empire makes its conquest as a nation that has plenty of time, and is not of yesterday"; and Mr. Bechhöfer speaks of the unspoiled Russian country in whose eternal stillness "the national spirit meditates its future."

I wonder if, when 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 Dionysos as above 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

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. Bechhöfer 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 waiting for Mr. Bechhöfer 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 may, too, be of some assistance to Mr. Bechhöfer himself. According to Nietzsche, then, our present-day Europe is sick, nigh unto death, with scepticism and paralysis of the will. The disease is diffused unequally over Europe, and is found in its worst and most varied forms where civilisation has longest prevailed. Thus it is in France of to-day that the will is most infirm; and France retains its intellectual supremacy over Europe "by being the school and exhibition of all the charms of scepticism."

"The power to will and to persist, moreover, in a resolution, is already somewhat stronger in Germany, and again in the North of Germany it is stronger than in Central Germany; it is considerably stronger in England, Spain, and Corsica, associated with phlegm in the former and with hard skulls in the latter—not to mention Italy, which is too young yet (1886) to know what it wants, and must first show whether it can exercise will; but it is strongest and most surprising of all in that immense middle empire where Europe, as it were, flows back to Asia—namely, in Russia. There the power to will has been long stored up and accumulated; there the will—uncertain whether to be negative or affirmative—waits threateningly to be discharged (to borrow their pet phrase from our physicists).

* * *

MR. NORMAN'S "QUESTION."

Sir,—Mr. Norman's latest letter has moved me to repent of only one of the statements I have made—namely, that wherein I believe I described him as an honest man. Let me put before your readers quite coldly what he has said and done.

In your issue of July 29 he made against me a suggestion of an extremely damaging character—namely, that I had in some mysterious way succeeded in evading the payment to Mr. Godfrey Isaacs of the costs of his action against me. I quote his words, and am prepared to leave it to any candid reader to judge of their obvious meaning:—

"Mr. Chesterton will pardon me pointing out that he is not a very satisfactory person to make a defendant in a libel action. Mr. Godfrey Isaacs obtained a verdict against Mr. Chesterton. Will Mr. Chesterton tell us whether he has ever paid the costs of the prosecution in that case?"

The meaning is perfectly explicit, and the innuendo obvious. Mr. Norman is arguing that it would be unwise of Mr. "Morel" to sue me for libel, since he might find himself left to pay the costs, as, it is suggested, Mr. Isaacs had been. It obviously could not matter to either who paid the money, so long as they received it.

Now this suggestion is wholly false, and I thought and said that Mr. Norman ought to have known it to be false, that at least could have ascertained easily enough that it was false. Nevertheless, I gave Mr. Norman the benefit of the doubt and assumed that he did not know it to be false. He now admits that he did. "That the costs were paid I do not doubt."

Very well, Mr. Norman makes against me a damaging suggestion which he knows to be false. I meet it with an explicit denial, and instead of expressing even the most perfunctory regret, he takes refuge behind a new set of innuendoes of which no trace can be found in his original charge.

These innuendoes also are false; and I have no hesitation whatever in saying that Mr. Norman knows them to be false. They are to the effect that there was something secret and presumably discreditable about the sources from which the money for my defence and for the payment of the costs in my action was raised.

As to the money needed for the conduct of the defence, there has never been a rag of secrecy about the transaction from beginning to end. I spoke of it freely at the time, and at the very first available opportunity (I think within three weeks of the end of the trial) Mr. O. Locker-Lampson publicly stated the facts in the House of Commons, acknowledging that he had been responsible for the balance beyond what my own father

had paid. He also acknowledged that he had collected some of it from certain of his political and private friends.

And now as to the costs. These were paid in part by my father, in part by my brother, Mr. G. K. Chesterton, and in part by a single other gentleman, who had sympathised strongly with my action.

Now in regard to this last name. Mr. Norman has not the faintest right to demand that I should publish it. There is no kind of analogy between the case and that of the Secret Party Funds (of which Mr. Norman is now apparently a defender) and the equally secret funds of the pro-German societies. The money was not used for any purposes of public propaganda. It presumably went to pay Sir Edward Carson and Sir F. E. Smith for conducting my prosecution. I think it a gross and most monstrous injustice that a man should be asked to have his name printed in the papers because he does an act of private kindness to a poorer man than himself who finds himself in a position of financial embarrassment, and is threatened with a possibility of bankruptcy. I think it an equally gross and monstrous injustice that I should be asked, after accepting such a favour, to appeal to one to whom I am under an obligation for permission to state the fact publicly.

Nevertheless, if Mr. Norman demands the name he shall have it. I will write to the gentleman and I have no doubt that I can obtain his consent. I will do this on the understanding that Mr. Norman gives us a full list of those who are financing the Stop-the-War Committee. He will probably understand me if I confess that after what has passed I do not feel the same confidence in his integrity that I once did.

CECIL CHESTERTON.

Mr. Norman replies:—

In my original letter I suggested that Mr. Cecil Chesterton did not *himself* pay the costs of the prosecution in Isaacs v. Chesterton. That appears to be true; but I did not know it as a *fact* until Mr. Chesterton stated so in this correspondence. I wrote: "That the costs were paid I do not doubt," because Mr. Chesterton in his reply to my query stated they were; but Mr. Chesterton now twists that into an admission by me that I knew all along, which is not so. All I know is what Mr. Chesterton himself has told me in the order of publication. I do not in the least care who financed Mr. Chesterton, Mr. Morel, or anybody else; but I assume the motives of all the parties concerned to be proper until the contrary is established. I only cited Mr. Chesterton's case as an example of the complaint he was making against others. Mr. Morel being an honest man, I presume would take reasonable care to see that his funds were derived from proper sources.

In the case of the "Stop-the-War" Committee, I have no authority to publish the names of the persons subscribing; but Mr. Chesterton is quite at liberty to look at the names and amounts of the various subscribers in the books, so far as I am concerned. He will not find any German, Austrian, or Turkish names among them; but the subscribers consist of ordinary English men and women who dislike the slaughter of their own countrymen which is involved in the continuation of this terrible war.

Mr. Chesterton is at liberty to have what opinion he likes about my honesty; but if I adopted Mr. Chesterton's methods of controversy, I might ask who are Mr. Locker-Lampson's "political and private friends"? How comes it that Mr. Chesterton attacks for money English men and women, as he knows them to be, in a paper (the "Daily Express") edited by a person with the name of Blumenfeld, who acknowledges that he was born in the United States, not disclosing further his origin, and whose sole contribution to literature is a work entitled "Exiled in England"? I might inquire, too, whether Mr. Chesterton himself is so English that he should pose as a censor of the patriotism of others; but such matters are mere prejudice and irrelevant except as illustrating the character of this kind of criticism.

* * *

A DOUBLE DISCLAIMER.

Sir,—My attention has been drawn to the following which appears in to-day's date of the "Herald" (Aug. 21).

Under the heading "Trade Union and Labour Notes," your paper is reported to have said:—

"We present them with the following gem reported as from the lips of a prominent official of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers. Speaking to a Press reporter

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 hardly 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 I ask you to do this because many of 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 Cant."—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 Cotton 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 Act, the Trade Unionists of the country will take the steps necessary for dealing with the situation.

In order, therefore, that no further misrepresentation may occur, we desire to draw your attention, and the attention of your readers, to the following points:—

1. The Committee was elected at a meeting of Trade Unionists held in London on July 5, 1915.
2. The sole purpose of the Committee is propaganda.
3. The Committee neither desires to, nor could, usurp the functions of any other organisation.
4. The Committee does desire, and believes it will be able, to rouse Trade Unionists to a real sense of the critical position now confronting the Trade Union Movement.
5. The Committee maintains that the rights and privileges surrendered during the war will only be regained by organised effort.
6. It, therefore, works for closer unity in the Movement.
7. The Committee is concentrating its efforts on the Trade Union Congress, to be held at Bristol on September 5, and is anxious that between now and then the facts with regard to the Act should be thoroughly understood.
8. At this Congress it hopes that, as a result partly of its efforts, the Parliamentary Committee will be instructed to take steps to deal with the problem of Labour during and after the War, so that there may be a united and democratic policy.
9. The appeal of the Committee is to individual Trade Unionists to move in their branches and Unions so that the present and future position of Labour shall be thoroughly discussed by the Congress.
10. The Committee will cease whenever the Trade Union Movement establishes a real inquiry into the changes that have taken place since August, 1914, and thus gives to the individual Trade Unionists some guarantee that his interests are being watched.

11. The signatories lay claim to no authoritative or strictly representative position in the world of Labour. They do, however, claim to be voicing a considerable body of opinion common alike to many leaders and to the rank and file.

12. The Committee is, in no sense, a wrecking organisation. Indeed, its object is to stimulate interest and activity 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. QUELCH.
W. MELLOR.

* * *

WOMEN, WAR WORK AND THE WHITE SCOURGE IN THE SCHOOLS.

Sir,—Women are to be enrolled for war work. That there is work in abundance waiting to be done there can be no manner of doubt. Neither can there be any doubt that there are large numbers of women of capacity and enthusiasm eager to serve the country at this time of crisis.

Owing to the lack of organisation, however, it is likely that there will be much delay in getting the women to work, and in consequence there will possibly be much wasted effort, irritation, and a damping of the enthusiasm, which is a great factor in overcoming difficulties.

May I suggest to Trade Unionist leaders that the Unions could 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 watchful and an active interest in the methods adopted by those in authority? There is, in the first place, the all-important question of the conditions under which women are to work. Further, we should help by our criticism to secure that there shall be a minimum waste of effort in the no less important task of setting the—at least approximately—right people to various kinds of work. Certain it is that with adequate organisation and the requisite capacity and initiative in those sitting in the seats of authority, there could at this time be a great forward movement in all questions bearing on the preservation of child life. The care of the physical well-being of our school children alone covers a wide field, and specialisation is necessary to an effective result. Therefore when my registration form comes with its question as to what services I am prepared to render to the country, which has never been mine, but which I hope will one day belong to the workers, I intend very respectfully to ask that I might be allowed to organise as a beginning the Open-air Recovery Schools necessary for the 60,000 consumptive children who, according to the lowest official estimate, are to be found in our 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 understating 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.

I submit that checking the spread of consumption in our public elementary schools is essentially "war work," for by lessening the number of derelicts in the next generation, we should be reducing the percentage of the "great rejected" when the next war comes along.

Will they let me do this thing, or set someone else to work better fitted for the task? One thing is certain, that we cannot, as a nation, any longer afford to ignore the needs of the consumptive children in our schools.

Among the women who will enrol for national service will be large numbers of grown-up girls, who have had a good general education in our secondary and high schools. A few months' special training would suffice to equip those of such girls who may be suitable for the work of

caring 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 which it would be necessary in many cases to "commandeer" for the purpose of conveying the children to and from the Open-air Schools.

M. BRIDGES ADAMS.

Rebel House Working Women's College.

* * *

WOMEN IN INDUSTRY.

Sir,—May I reply to your correspondent, Ida G. Hyett, by asking her why, if "women are beginning to value themselves," they are, therefore, flocking into slavery 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 "lordly 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; palliatives 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, as a *feminist*, the abolition of wage-slavery matters most. On that slavery hang most of women's fetters.

I agree that, sexually, woman is exploited, because wavery 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.

Ninety per cent. of the purely sexual evils 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 10 per cent. are in woman'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 statesmanship. They remind one of the out-of-works who said, "Give us something *now*." Their vision is as limited. They demand a recognition of their value to the community as mothers while they shut their eyes to the future welfare of the race. The betterment of the race is woman's care, it is her work, it is her way to freedom.

But the "advanced" among women conceive "freedom" to lie in a handful of wages for a week's sweating work because that is an "equal status" to man's slavish plight.

Woman will merit an equal status with man when she surveys European civilisation and understands the Juggernaut which threatens the annihilation of the rights of her sex and of the care of her sex, the race; when she realises that if she hinders man in his fight for freedom the race is imperilled, and when she has the clear-sighted, cool sense to see that she cannot be free while man is shackled—and man will remain shackled while she follows him into every nook and cranny of the labour market and blacklegs him.

Let us hope, meanwhile, that those women who have a quarrel with "the male" do not entirely eliminate women's true status: that of race preservation and perfection.

One can do no more in a letter than to recommend a diligent re-reading of "Notes of the Week" of July 15, except to yell emphatically: For man's sake and for woman's, help each other to kill the wage system and take your "healthy competition" and your blackleg labour out of the market.

GLADYS F. BISS.

* * *

Sir,—Ida G. Hyett's position is now much more clear; it is just ordinary feminism in economic, instead of the usual biological terms, and I cannot see that it is improved by the translation. All that I can do in the circumstances is (1) to insist again that the analogy is

highly improbable and ask for proof. When we talk about the emancipation of the proletariat we do not mean the entry of the proletariat into industry—the proletariat has been produced by the development of industry. Yet it is evidently the entry of women into industry that Ida G. Hyett means by their emancipation as a "class." She seems to identify function with status. Again, the exploitation of labour does not mean the maltreatment of a "part of personality," though it may involve it as a matter of fact. (Your correspondent has now turned to *ethical* standards with a vengeance.) It means profiteering and wavery, and in the last resort the usurpation of economic power. At the same time, I will remark that Ida G. Hyett's view has received much support from a somewhat lax use by writers in *THE NEW AGE* of the idea of "labour as a commodity"—there has been some confusion of what is with what ought to be. To say, then, that both labour and sex, as functions of human souls, may be treated as commodities, does not explain the process of exploitation, but only some of its consequences. (2) As to the general question of feminism, I can only here refer your correspondent to the ideas developed on the "literary side" of *THE NEW AGE* for a number of years, and to the work of such writers as Mr. G. K. Chesterton.

Let me say now that I regard the discussion of these questions as important, in that the analogy I have mentioned has undoubtedly contributed to the plausibility of feminist ideas and their dissemination, and that, while I do not accept the "crank feminism," I shall gladly be "damned" (now we shan't be long!) with Ida G. Hyett on the charge of "Utopian disputation" urged by the Fabian-minded Winifred Horrabin, who may begin here.

Unless the distinction she draws between theory and results is one which precludes all discussion whatever, and the appearances are that way, I may still presume to question her general attitude. I think I am free of the conspiracy theory of capital, or the robbery theory, which, after all, are rather stages in the education of individuals than anything else. On the other hand, I think that the conditions of capitalism are definable. Winifred Horrabin seems to be one of those people who try to see in every single thing that *happens* a world-movement of the first magnitude, and insist on its getting due deference from everybody else. What I welcomed in her letter was what I, as it appears mistakenly, took for a recognition of a difference between the presence of women in certain industries or professions and the tendency of women to take the place of men in industry, with some chance of a "localisation of the dispute." For I thought that such a distinction might make the position of those who simply oppose the *wider* tendency perhaps more intelligible, and show that there was yet time to reconsider the whole position and "stop the rot." It seems now that I was wrong, and that for practical purposes Winifred Horrabin, who insists on the all-importance and unavoidable reality of that tendency for Guildsmen may be lumped with the "crank feminists" who proclaim its all-importance for "woman." Guildsmen may certainly admit that it is extremely serious. Yet, surprising though it be, Winifred Horrabin, with all her positivism, would appear to be one of those optimists who cleave to the superstition that for every situation which may arise there must be, if only we are constructive enough, some way out which is generally satisfactory. My contention, on the contrary, was that there are such things as partings of the ways, and that it is a question of vital importance for our civilisation which it deals with first—the wage-system or the status of women, expressed industrially or otherwise. Winifred Horrabin maintains that mere opposition to women's cheap labour will make even more impossible the task of "getting them out again." It may be so. But her suggestions are equally discouraging. The conditions and tendencies of capitalism are *definite* at any rate, and if you do get "the same wages for the same work" as the result of your endeavours, it will be at the single woman's standard of life, whether through decreased payments or increased prices. The question between us, then, is as to which predicament is the more irrevocable. And your correspondent has at least admitted that workers can be got to refuse to work, if not with women's labour as such, at least with cheap labour. As to the organisation of women, you have an indefinite market to draw on—as one batch is organised, another steps into industry *de novo*. The case is parallel to that so well illustrated for America a week ago by "E. A. B." It was in these circumstances, again, that I emphasised the family. It may be at the least an effective "cry."

So far I have tried to take your correspondent on her own ground. Let me say that I do not accept her estimate of the power of conscious deliberation, *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 holding at the same time that the cause of men and women in industry is one and the same for both, and that women's being 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 Fabians, I.L.P.'ers, State Socialists, Church Socialists, and Clarionettes (if that is the right title for members of the Clarion Club). This group was formed with the object of discussing Guild problems, and undertaking Guild propaganda work. The immediate programme was the discussion of the book, "National Guilds." So far so good. At the first meeting the first three chapters were taken; and all went merry as a marriage bell until the speaker (myself) injudiciously remarked—with some emphasis—that *economic power preceded political power*. What! economic power preceded—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 God-sent intervention of the Labour Party nothing of the sort was done, and the strikers gained their ends into the bargain. . . . Besides, look at the Labour Party. [Heaven preserve my eyesight!] 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. Second meeting—a lady read a paper (rather well) proving that every example History afforded plainly showed that E.P.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 could economic be distinguished from political power? Where did the one end and the other begin? . . . Then came a subject of vital importance to all Guildsmen (national or otherwise): an old gentleman's personal reminiscences of Kropotkin. . . . But, I said to Kropotkin, how are you going to bring about your revolution? Well, said Kropotkin. . . . Kropotkin said . . . let every man do for the State what is done for his employer. Yes, that's all very well, I said to Kropotkin. . . . But my dear Kropotkin . . . the question is where you are going to have your machine-guns?

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 International Economy and the Wage-system were so self-obvious that they called for no comment. But as there was so much debatable and disputable matter in the chapter on State Socialism and the Wage-system, he would proceed with it at once. . . . It was in this chapter that the writers had made a mistake . . . both in the methods in which they had attacked State Socialism, and in failing to disprove the case for State 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 called "Guildsmen" simply because they are members of the N.G.L., then I am sorry for that League; and sorry that I ever had anything to do with it.

C. S. D.

* * *

WOMEN IN INDUSTRY.

Sir,—The "simple solution" of Miss Horrabin's wants a little amending and extension. 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 level up women's 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 BRENTON.

* * *

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 seemly 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," extolled 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. Yet your critic is sincere, and can be right, for the term is now expanded and contracted to include or exclude anybody. I used to feel very sorry for Gissing's "sufferings"; 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 nursed them, hugged them, caressed them, and devoted his life to them; at least after he attained manhood; and from that time, with them, 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, described 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 in India 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 its offices and rooms at 21, Cromwell Road; and this same Miss Beck acts—how shall we put it?—officially and not unarrogantly towards the Indian students in London. You know, of course, that Mr. C. E. Mallet, a faithful party hack, was rewarded for his devotion to the Caucus by a job as "Secretary for Indian Students"—one thousand pounds per annum.

The point is, why is an attempt being made to smuggle Miss Beck to India just now? Perhaps Sir Theodore Morison, of the India Office, who is said to be interested in financial matters appertaining to 21, Cromwell Road, could explain. Has this visit anything to do with silver? Has it anything to do with the now notorious Students' Department? Miss Beck's departure is planned for September 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 Prussia they are common enough. We must know more of this.

S. VERDAD.

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Press Cuttings.

"What has happened is this: When war broke out the working classes postponed their demands and prepared to accept its sacrifices, in the belief that the nation would show the same spirit. Then came the rise in prices and the disappointing answers of the Government to demands of regulation. For the working classes the Spell was gone. The war was not to be a great common effort and 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 miners made demands which the owners refused to consider. Ill-feeling naturally developed, and it led to suspicions not only of the owners, but of the Government, until the men took a lamentable step as a protest against what they considered to be an unjust and invidious treatment. But if we go back to our original point of contrast, we have to ask ourselves what in all these months the Government has done to inspire these miners, whose willing labour was essential to our safety, with the spirit of their comrades under arms—and the answer is less than nothing. Clearly, the first step should have been to remove this element of strife, with all its traditions and its afterthoughts, from the coal-fields: to tell the men that they were national servants not only in name but in fact."—"Nation."

"The strikes and threats of strikes in our little island since the war began are the most glorious manifestations of British virility and passion for freedom that the world has ever seen. What would be the use of conquering the Prussian King if we allowed the same kind of spider here at home to ensnare and strangle us? For twelve months we have been fighting enemies here as well as in France, Flanders, and on the sea—our private profit-mongering manufacturers are the British allies of the Prussian Junker class: worse than German spies in our midst, hypocrites and vipers, glutting themselves on gold, yet expecting the miners, like cowed slaves, to stand by without claiming any sort of bonus equal to the increased cost of living and the masters' enormous profits. The attitude that the Welsh miners have taken against the mine-owners is the finest bit of patriotism that the British people have yet displayed. It is a sign that when the war is over no power on earth can make slaves of us. Let the employing classes take warning."—"Ethical World."

"Well, in the South Wales coal strike we had a smart lesson in the folly of letting things drift. We have scrambled out of a national catastrophe. It is our business to profit by the experience. How? By looking facts in the face. The root fact is that there must be an equality of sacrifice right through the war. For a year a minority has made profits out of the war. Foremost among the profiteering minority are the coalowners and their middlemen. The South Wales Coal Strike was due to their grasping greed. The miners saw their greed and struck against it. There may be more strikes if the profiteering minority are not forced to bear their share of the burden of the war. There will be heavy war taxes in the autumn. Nobody will grudge his share of the war taxes if it be a fair share: but the nation, as a whole, has a right to insist upon a tax on war profits. The people who have unblushingly profiteered by reason of the war have no right to keep all they have extracted out of the nation's need. The whole wealth of the nation ought to be put into the national war chest, and all war profits above a fair percentage ought to be used to pay for the war. If 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 subordination to a movement for the conquest of economic power—nor is there anything mysterious about the latter. The Trade Union is its only possible and only necessary instrument, because in it the worker is an economic person, a member

of his economic class. To this day this political weakness of the flesh continues to blind the German Socialists: even Syndicalist activity has scarce begun to enlighten their darkened understandings. In spite of evident defects and exaggerations, Syndicalists must be admitted to be in this respect more Marxist than the orthodox Marxist, and there are other exceptions of the same kind—the Industrial Workers of the World in America, whose leader, Daniel de Leon, has produced works which for acuteness and directness of statement are hardly surpassed in all Socialist Literature: the Socialist Labour Party in Britain: and, most important of all, various writers in THE NEW AGE, whose recent book, 'National Guilds' no serious student of the subject can afford to neglect."—M. W. ROBINSON in the "Hibbert Journal."

"Naturally, the employers, as a whole, have never taken kindly to the rule and regulation which, by the aid of their Trade Unions, the workers have in any trade been able to enforce. In time of Peace no opportunities were missed to encroach upon, and, if possible, to break them down. Equally, the employers have always regarded the right to strike as a pernicious licence, and compulsory arbitration and the consequent effective destruction of this weapon has always been their ideal. . . . If the workers surrender their personal economic rights for the safety of the realm, then the employers must sacrifice their property rights in the same cause. The workers would then work for the nation, and their sacrifices would ensure to its benefit. But we are not all willing to agree to any sacrifice on the part of the workers if the employers are left in complete enjoyment of their pre-war power. This is the position at the present time, and the Munitions of War Act gives it legislative sanction. The workers' rights are gone: the employers retain theirs. The workers are still working for the employer's profit primarily, and for their country's welfare secondly."—CHARLES LATHAM in "The Clerk."

"We have learned in the first year of the war some memorable lessons. We have learned particularly how much the State can do for the common weal that it has never done before. If the spirit of caste and the worship of wealth have sensibly weakened among us, so also has the fetish of property. Private ownership of the services and utilities that are indispensable to the life of the community has disclosed some staggering flaws. An industrial system that still in the main regards money as the beginning and end of the relationship between employers and employed has bitterly, and to our national humiliation, revenged itself upon its creators. Is there anybody who, after the experience of the last twelve months, does not look upon the duties of the State in regard to land, mines, and railways—to take but three examples—from an angle that would have seemed incredible a year ago: who does not realise that in the wholesomely economical and disciplined future that awaits us we shall have to pool all our resources and 'Socialise,' as it is called, many of our productive agencies to keep going at all: and who does not see already that the old days of happy-go-lucky individualism have vanished?"—"Daily Mail."

"A trust that corners meat or flour or coal belongs to the German School of Might: so does a vast limited company that devours all independent little trades in its neighbourhood. No one supposes that shareholders and their boards are ungreedy in their financial zeal, yet custom regards their Might as Right. Profit covers a multitude of sins. Until the State interfered with stern inquisitive laws half naked Englishwomen pulled little trucks of coal along the narrow roads underground, and tiny children in factories toiled their health into profits."—"Saturday Review."

"The new democracy is organised in powerful Trade Unions, and these must eventually pass from the position of tolerated Bodies into that of part of the permanent fabric of the industrial and Social System, with practical power to decide the conditions of work and wages in our industries, subject to the broader interests of the commonwealth. Not only has the change in the working classes modified the functions of the statesman, it has also modified the functions of the Labour Leader."—VERNON HARTSHORN.