NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The sad fate of the protective taxes in the Budget is another example of the practical difficulty of legislating fairly for a nation divided against itself. Most of them have by this time been withdrawn, and it is doubtful whether any of the rest could survive another debate.

On greater luxuries, however, than motor-cars and hats, the Government did not dare even to propose new taxes. Spirits and beer go scot-free from the fresh burden of the war. But if, as Mr. Asquith professed, the protective taxes were meant to be sumptuary, that is to limit luxurious consumption, how much better a claim might be made for superfluous drinks.

While the poor mainly, and have the effect of lowering wages by reducing their purchasing power. These, we may be sure, will stand though every other tax should be withdrawn. They stand now and we venture to say may be sure, will stand though every other tax should be withdrawn. They stand now and we venture to say.

We acquit the Government of intending by the proposed taxes any theoretical moonraking in the pools of Tariff Reform. In the first place, we doubt whether any two members of the Cabinet could be found to agree upon the reasons for the taxes at all. Mr. Asquith gave as his excuse the necessity we are supposed to be under of limiting importation in view of the state of our foreign exchange. Mr. McKenna, on the other hand, pleaded the needs of the revenue. In the second place, Mr. Bonar Law explicitly denied that his party in the Coalition was responsible for initiating, still less for enforcing, the proposals; and he added gratuitously that the taxes were not such as a Tariff reformer would recommend. Thirdly, it is obvious to any patriotic person that, theories apart and practical difficulties apart, the intentions of the Government were honourable enough even if they have been clumsily carried out.

Nothing is more certain than that it is not only the right but the duty of any Government to protect the nation, when necessary, from undesirable importations as well as against undesirable exportations. And it is equally certain that at this moment both forms of protection are necessary. It is too late, in fact, to argue as if protection were still an issue of debate. In one form or another a host of things are now actually under Government protection. We protect, in other words, we regulate the importation of, a list of commodities stretching from meat to spelter; and we equally protect ourselves against the unregulated exportation of articles varying from woollens to financial capital.

Having admitted these camels into our fiscal system, we must regulate the importation of, a list of commodities stretching from meat to spelter; and we equally protect ourselves against the unregulated exportation of articles varying from woollens to financial capital. Free Trade, on the other hand, which was never a positive theory, is now no longer a fact either. As a theory it was entirely negative, being equivalent to industrial anarchism maintained by police. What it expressed was the desire of the profiteer to be free from
any social regulation; and what it came to be was an excuse for neglecting the common interests of society. Mr. McKenna talked of suspending the principle of Free Trade for the duration of the war and of re-establishing it afterwards. But how can a principle be safely suspended, above all during an emergency? On the supposition that Free or (as it should be called) unregulated trade is good in principle, its suspension during the war is about as sensible as the suspension of the rules of arithmetic during the working out of a particularly complicated sum. Principles that are really principles cannot be suspended without disaster; and that the practice of Free Trade can be and has had to be abandoned during the war is a proof that it was never a principle at all. We doubt also whether the restoration of the practice of Free Trade after the war will be so easy as Mr. McKenna imagines. The emergency of the war will be, we believe, prolonged far into the coming years of peace. If the conditions of the war have provided an excuse for abandoning unregulated foreign and domestic trade, the conditions of peace will add another to it. Depenii upon it, unregulation in any form is doomed. Far from restoring Free Trade after the war, it is probable that even the last remnants of it will disappear.

How comes it, then, that the protective taxes contained in the draft Budget have been withdrawn? Nobody disputes that saving is good or that, if people will not save voluntarily, they may rightly be compelled to save. Nobody, again, denies that of the items selected by the Government for discouragement, most are, properly speaking, luxuries the nation can well do without. Yet not only have the taxes been withdrawn, but the good principle of Protection appears to have suffered a defeat. Why? The answer is simple. The nation is not a unity, and hence what is good for the whole is not necessarily good for the part. That it is good for the nation that the importation of luxuries should cease during the war, every public-spirited and competent man must agree. But that it is good for the particular capitalists who make their profit by such luxuries is another matter altogether. The struggle is thus between legislation good for the nation as a whole, but bad for some section of it; and legislation good for a section, but bad for everybody else. And the issue of the struggle, while things are as they are, is usually the victory of the interest over the nation. Let us not unduly blame the profiteers for this result. It is true that never in the history of the world have a more rapiucus set than ours existed. Their successful efforts during the last few days to make a profit out of their very taxes by passing these on to the consumer with additional duties bring home the fact to every household. But, after all, it is the nation that consents to their living upon profits; and since profits are their only source of income it is not to be wondered at that they pursue profits to the neglect of everything else. The reflection is thus quite as much upon the stupidity of the public as upon the greed of the profiteers. One-fifth of the nation having been commissioned to live by preying upon the needs of the remaining four-fifths, it is ridiculous to condemn them for exercising their privileges. Stop them we would, without a moment's paix; but to reproach them is a mere waste of time. If, therefore, the necessary national policy of Protection has come to grief at their hands, it is not the cue for fresh denunciation, but the cue for their abolition. The nation as a whole must be protected; of that there is and must be no doubt. If in the process private interests suffer, suffer they must, and suffer we will let them. We cannot afford to confuse our national legislation to measures that inflict no harm upon the class of Profits. On that principle we might die as a nation and still leave our profiteers the richest plutocracy on earth.

It is not the case, either, that the application of Protection alone is made impossible by the self-destruction of the nation into profiteers and workpeople. Practically every piece of sound legislation is made impossible, or at least aborted, by the same cause. We know that every effort to bring about better health conditions in industry or a better form of industrial output has been opposed by private interests whose profit was endangered by the improvement. Let the Government attempt to-day to ensure victory in the war by means that threaten the creation of profits, and instantly they are met by an organised resistance which speedily puts an end to their attempt. It is true, we admit, that the same holds good, though in a lesser degree, of any proposal involving the reduction of wages. Between those who live by making profits and those who live by wages there is not only an everlasting internecine war (the so-called class-war), but each class in turn resists, according to its power, the measures proposed by the State for the common good. Hitherto, no doubt, and even to the present moment, it is the former class that has usually won. But the days are coming when the class of Wages will be as powerful to determine legislation as the class of Profits. See-saw will for a while be then our course. On one day legislation favourable to profits will be passed; and on the next the scales will incline to wages. But this is not national legislation by any means; nor is there the smallest hope that alternate pull devil, pull baker will bring about the welfare of society as a whole.

We have just seen that necessary as Protection is in the interests of the nation it cannot be applied owing to the resistance of certain employers; and this instance can be multiplied. For example, it is obvious that the labour of everybody is desirable at this moment, even the labour of women and children. In such a war as this, momentous, terrible and prolonged, no effort can be spared if we are to survive. Yet not only do the men wage-earners themselves look askance at the introduction of women into industry, but we look askance with them. Why? It is not that we hope that women, contemptuous of national defeat with more complacency than the most rabid Jingos. We confess ourselves Jingos with the best of them. But it is that the introduction of women into industry spoils, on the one hand, increased profits for employers and, on the other, reduced wages for wage-earners. Both these results are absolutely inevitable while society is still divided into capitalists and proletariat; for every fresh worker in industry is at once a fresh source of profit to an employer and a fresh competitor in the existing labour market. Or take the appeal of the nation to the Trade Unions to suspend their restrictive regulations upon women during the war—is it supposed that either the Trade Unions or we in their behalf would not cheerfully consent to the abrogation of a thousand regulations if by such an act only the victory of our country were assured? But while the victory of our country might still be uncertain, what would be immediately and permanently assured would be the victory of the profiteers and the defeat, and perhaps the extinction, of the Trade Unions and of the class that depends upon them. Or, again, let us take the case of Compulsory Service. We are of the opinion that less in this country than anywhere in the world is Compulsion necessary to induce every man Jack of us to defend himself and the
commonwealth; but supposing Compulsion to be necessary, it would still be rendered impossible by the fact that our profiteers would insist upon confining it to the compulsion of labour only. This chronic bisection of the nation into opposing halves is indeed the mother of all our miseries. Nothing whole can be done while we are divided people. Given just one more power to Labour, and the two sides will be about equal. Thereafter, as we say, every proposed measure of really national legislation will be either defeated or cancelled in operation.

It is Mr. Lloyd George's constant complaint, the one public statement in his life in which he has been consistent for several weeks, that the undertaking of national legislation will be frustrated by the escape of profits into private hands. The whole set of regulations, in fact, is as useful for its avowed purpose as a sieve for carrying water. Before offering up any of his profits, the proprietor of a controlled establishment is allowed to claim (a) his average of profit during the two prosperous years before the war; (b) twenty per cent. of them in addition; (c) special allowances for "exceptional wear and tear," fresh capital expenditure; depreciation of the same, special personal services; and an eight per cent. interest upon fresh capital. We venture to say that with these rat-holes to run through not a penny of surplus profit will be left for the State to set over against the sacrifices of the Trade Union Executives to suspend their regulations of the rank and file. It is baseless, but let it pass.

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To the employers we say: "We want munitions, but you must procure your pay by means of profit and you must take all the risks of losing your capital." To the men we say: "Work for the nation, but see that you satisfy the claims of your employers first." The system is so idiotic that we scarcely have the patience to go on describing it. Moreover, it can easily be changed.

Sooner or later, if not during the war then afterwards, it is perfectly certain that the changed system must be. The doctrine of laissez-faire, beloved of the Liberals, might pass in a world where every nation was an unorganised mob. Mob against mob, the more virile and numerous mob would be bound to come to the top. But the entrance of Germany, drilled, disciplined, determined, has changed the conditions of the world. First among the nations she has learned (albeit in an elementary form which we can improve upon) the great lesson that an organised nation is to an unorganised what a regiment is to a crowd. Let nobody think, either, that when we have won this war Germany will be defeated. Only a superior Germany can defeat Germany. The methods of industry, regulated by the German State, with none of your laissez-faire allowed to impede them, will surely re-enter the world-stage and win again as they were winning before the war, unless they are met by methods equally organised but on a still more productive principle. What is that more productive principle? Man for man, we are told, the year-old soldiers of our own country are superior to the trained German troops; and the reason is that the German State principle of organisation, though superior to no organisation at all, is an organisation that allows for initiative and is essentially a collective act of will. Industrially after the war we can still surpass the German nation as, please God, we shall in the end surpass them militarily in the war itself. But the means must be adopted if the end is to be attained. And what the means are we know: the mobilisation of industry and the enrolment, in various industrial armies, of skilled employers and workmen with pay instead of wages and profits for their remuneration. Is the effort too much for our national intelligence? But we owe the attempt to ourselves and even to the world; for what has the world to gain from the war unless we better the example of organisation set by Germany? All Germany is one State-guild; and we can estimate how strong it is. Against such a State-guild only the system of National Guilds will in the end prevail.

VENGEANCE IS MINE, SAITH THE LORD.

Chaucer has passed; his pilgrim tales depart; Spenser is dead and none his peers remain That hymned to Gloriana such refrain

One of Mr. Dyson's best cartoons in his new volume of anti-Conscription drawings has the following legend:  

CAPTAIN OF INDUSTRY: "My men— the slackers—will not behave like soldiers.

CAPTAIN OF INFANTRY: "Well, damnit, can you expect it? You don't behave like officers. We don't employ our men in the trenches merely to make dividends out of their hardships. And, moreover, we share their hardships!"

The moral, we take it, is familiar by this time to our readers. It is that industry, like every other form of national necessity, must be nationally organised. After all, the same human nature exists in our men and officers at the front as it does in workers at home. What can be made of the former under the inspiration and with the organisation of National Service can as easily be made of the latter. We decline to believe that the nation consists of heroes and cads. But inspiration alone, it is clear, is inadequate. Definite organisation must be added. What would be thought of a nation that called for recruits to its army and then left them to be led by officers whose pay was to be made out of the nation's profits? Yet that precisely is the state in which we manage our industry. To the employers we say: "We want munitions, but you must procure your pay by means of profit and you must take all the risks of losing your capital." To the men we say: "Work for the nation, but see that you satisfy the claims of your employers first." The system is so idiotic that we scarcely have the patience to go on describing it. Moreover, it can easily be changed.

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Foreign Affairs.
By S. Verdad.

The result of the Russian ultimatum to Bulgaria cannot be known before this article is written; but, whatever its result, it is certain to be recognised as a dramatic intervention in Balkan affairs. It has become the habit of people, here and there, to refer to recent military and diplomatic moves by the Allies as "political"—i.e., actions meant to impress neutral countries—and in America especially it is common enough for people to lay undue emphasis on the fact that the recent forward movement by the British and French Armies in France and Flanders. The behavior of the Allies to Russia as to the chronic being presupposed, there was nothing outrageous in the instance, with its disastrous effect, in the long run, on the Dardanelles campaign, had hardly been bargained for; and we might have expected the attitude of Bulgaria to be more clearly defined at an earlier stage in the campaign. Roumania, as far as she is concerned, her non-intervention up to the present has been due as much to lack of adequate equipment at the time when her intervention would have been valuable as to the chronic hesitancy of M. Bratiano. It was hardly to be expected that the Roumanian army would advance at a time when the Russians were retreating across Galicia to the borders of Bessarabia; and, even if the Bucharest Government had been willing to risk its army just then, I fancy the General Staffs of the Allied Armies would have strongly urged that such action should be deferred.

There is nothing "political" about the Russian ultimatum. It is a vigorous and straightforward document; and it would have been sent six months ago had the Bulgarians, with the Central Empires, been as far forward then as they were last week. It is no secret that such negotiations were in progress; it was rather the boast of the Bulgarians that they were. In interview after interview the Prime Minister, Dr. Radoslawoff, expressed in so many words that his Government had entered into and was carrying on negotiations with both sides; that he was concerned with the national interests of Bulgaria and not with the interests of the belligerents; and that any proposals made to or by him would have to be regarded from that point of view. The Bulgarian representatives here and in Paris have said the same thing. And what Bulgaria's desires are—we cannot but admit it—were pointed out almost as clearly last October and November as they were in July and August of this year. Bulgaria laid claim to certain districts of Macedonia at present in the possession of Serbia, and to part of the Struma Valley and the port of Kavalla now in the possession of Greece. Furthermore, she was not content to wait until the end of the war for the territory to which she laid claim. She expressed her utter disbelief in guarantees of any kind—in view of the fate of treaties in modern times who shall say she was wrong?—and demanded that the disputed territories should be handed over to her immediate, in the hope of the Bulgarian Government being presupposed, there was nothing outside the demand, however unusual it might have seemed.

There are, however, other factors to consider, and the most important one is the relations which have existed between Bulgaria and the Central Powers since the second Balkan War of 1913. It was well known that Krupp provided Bulgaria with money (i.e., credit) in order that the campaign against Turkey might be proceeded with, and the Austro-Hungarian Government, for motives easy enough to understand, was pleased to be the warm friend of the Bulgars ever since the signing of the Treaty of Bucharest. These notorious facts have not been disregarded by the diplomatic representatives of the Allies in Sofia; but the diplomatic struggle really turned on a very practical question, the question which group of belligerent Powers was in the better position to guarantee to Bulgaria the possession of the lands she demanded—or, better still, to see that she secured possession of them immediately? Thanks to the misfortunes of war and to diplomatic miscalculations it has seemed to the Bulgarians much better, in any case, that the Central Empires could do more than the Entente Powers in furthering Bulgaria's national aspirations, which means in plainer language getting King Ferdinand a bigger kingdom to rule over and more subjects to tax. Roumania and Greece, despite the Entente, have been as far forward then as they were last week. It is expected that the Roumanian army would advance at a time when the Russians were retreating across Galicia to the borders of Bessarabia; and, even if the Bucharest Government had been willing to risk its army just then, I fancy the General Staffs of the Allied Armies would have strongly urged that such action should be deferred.

Supposing that is not enough, however, can the Bulgarians imagine that their mobilisation will be without effect on their neighbours to the north and south of them? Roumania and Greece, despite the Entente, have been forced to acknowledge several checks in the north as well as in Galicia—ought to convey another. It is to be hoped, for the sake of Bulgaria as much as for any other reason, that this fact is now becoming clearer. Certainly the Russian recovery of territories promised various slices of the Balkan Peninsula to Bulgaria is not without some mirth-provoking effect.

The mobilisation of Bulgaria, therefore, with all that implied in view of Bulgaria's attitude towards both groups of belligerents, could not but result in the mobilisation of the Greeks and the Austrians; for the Germans have been forced to acknowledge several checks in the north as well as in Galicia—ought to convey a lesson, and the advance in the west ought to convey another.

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The German and the European.

By Dr. Oscar Levy.

IV.*

The European: So you complain about my lack of patriotism? You even pity me on that account? . . . Let me tell you a little story. In one of the valleys of the Pyrenees there is a village, situated quite out of the way of the ordinary travellers. As in many of the mountainous parts of Europe, its inhabitants, men, women, and even its children, suffer from that well-known tumour in front of the neck which among medical men is called "goitre." They take, however, no notice of this malformation—nay, having never seen a normal person, they are even quite proud of what they think an ornament. Now, one summer Sunday the extraordinary thing happened that a real traveller found his way up into the recondite mountain-place. It was church-time, and the stranger, not knowing what to do with himself, and finding even the small inn of the village without attendance, entered the church in order to be present at divine service. As soon, however, as the natives had caught sight of his strange countenance, they could not keep quiet, and, forgetting even that they were in church, they all began to laugh in a mighty chorus. Whereupon the eldest of the congregation entered the pulpit and began to rebuke his countrymen in a short and impressive sermon, which concluded with the words: "It is uncharitable and un-Christian to laugh at anybody to whom Nature has cruelly denied what it has gracefully bestowed upon others."

The German: I understand; we are in villages with the patriotic goitre and you are the only person with a normal neck or head. Allow me, however, as a common-sense person, to do what the villagers did. Allow me to laugh. Or better, not being a villager, please allow me to smile. You are the first to sacrifice yourself in the world of history, my dear European, who ever doubted the nobility of patriotic feelings; who, worse than that, even calls patriotism a disease. From time immemorial no one has done that, but you, extraordinary creature that you are, are of course capable of anything. Did you not tell me, by the way, that you were an admirer of classical antiquity? Well, think of the Romans: their history is full of patriotic deeds which have won the highest admiration of contemporaries and posterity. But the biographer, who, after all, cannot be called a "villager" or a "peasant." From antiquity down to our own day no one has ever doubted that patriotism was a virtue—except an original gentleman like yourself. But allow me to tell you: eccentricity is not originality.

E.: I am not conscious of being eccentric; I am not even conscious of being original. My lack of patriotism seems to me the most natural thing in the world. I need only look round me, and without any straining after originality I immediately understand why I can never be a patriot . . .

G.: Well, why not?

E.: I am not a thief.

G.: Out comes the eccentric again.

E.: Not at all . . . You could even read it in the newspapers.

G.: Since when have you believed in newspapers?

E.: I believe in them when they talk badly about the people. As they are written by the people and for the people, they rarely do so, but, if ever they are obliged to report something disgraceful about the populace, I believe it at once . . . Now, when the war broke out, the mobs reported that in the streets of London, Moscow, Milan, and Johannesburg, out of righteous patriotic indignation, looted the shops of your countrymen. I was not present on any of these occasions, but . . .

* The first, second and third of these dialogues appeared in our issues of June 27, July 22, and August 26.

I immediately believed it, because that is just what I expected from patriotic people . . .

E.: There you can see what our enemies are like . . .

G.: No, no, you can't get out that way. You would have done the same, only you in Germany have not got foreigners living amongst you and competing with you.

E.: Well, but all patriotic people even in Italy, Russia, or England did not go in for theft of property. There are plenty of high-minded men in our enemies' country, people who honestly fight for their homes and never dream of stealing other people's property.

G.: I agree. But it is always good to know the worst cases as well as the best. The most advanced people in any movement always show where the movement advances to.

G.: Patriotism is not a movement; it is an inborn feeling.

E.: Quite so, but feelings come out differently in different people. I am sure a Greek citizen did not dream of thieving in patriotic ecstasy, but a modern creature is not quite so safe a customer. The Greeks were the children of nobility, you know; we moderns are the offspring of the French Revolution. Now in that Revolution there were plenty of honest people, no doubt, but the type of the modern patriot was already developing, and thus there were likewise plenty of patriots who did not mind thieving. You remember the answer which Robespierre gave to Fouche, who complained about the excesses of the populace: "Patriots don't steal, for everything belongs to them."

G.: That ought to have been quoted by the counsel for the defence of the looters. It would have lit up the absurdity of a patriotic mob, and the offenders would not have got off as lightly as they did.

E.: Well—there you are—you say it yourself: patriotic mob. Of course, a patriotic mob is an absurdity. The finest is that they have come down to the mob, are turned into absurdities.

G.: But patriotism has not yet come down to the mob. I agree that there are unworthy patriots, but then there are unworthy people in all parties and in all countries. But it is the exception, not the rule, I must repeat.

E.: Well, let us leave the patriotic thieves, then. They, no doubt, mostly belong to the lower classes, and as these in our wonderful social system lack nearly everything, one cannot wonder that they take patriotism as a pretext for theft. But there are unworthy patriots even in the other classes, people I would not care to get into contact with.

G.: Who are they?

E.: There is the patriotic liar and the patriotic fool.

G.: If you call all self-sacrifice foolish, then, of course, every patriot is a fool.

E.: I do not call all self-sacrifice foolish . . . Your patriotic fools and knaves are, by the way, not the first to sacrifice themselves. You know the English voluntary system knows some sort of troops that enlist for home defence only . . . Well, the sort of patriot I mean enlists for home attack only. He hunts up imaginary spies, insults the foreigner in our midst, makes his life a burden and even endangers it, and finally gets him confined to concentration camps . . .

G.: The blackguards.

E.: You call them blackguards, because you ubiquitous Germans have suffered from them most. But you have your own doubtful people and amongst them many who belong to the learned classes. The other day I happened to see the manifesto of your great Intellectuals, and I confess that I never came across a more astonishing performance. "It is not true that—it is not true that"—and then follow flat denials of facts which these good people could not have had any means any reliable information. This scrap of paper is signed by the most influential professors of Germany, men whose very name is pronounced with reverence and awe in your country . . . The blackguards,
the learned blackguards! They simply signed what the Government asked them to.

G.: They did it out of patriotism.

E.: There you see where your patriotism leads to. It even makes men of science forget their highest duty.

G.: Which is that?

E.: ... Honesty.

G.: But those men could not see their country abused as we were abused at the beginning of the war...

E.: Science has no country.

G.: Science has no country, but the scientist cannot help having one.

E.: If he has, he should give up his profession, for it is the only profession that requires absolute truthfulness and honesty, absolute freedom from mœral, religious, or patriotic prejudices. ... If a scientist loses his honesty he loses everything. If he goes in for fancy and imaginations, he becomes as useless as a nigger who wants to play the gentleman. And "I like to see a nigger in his place," as the Americans say.

G.: Altogether, you do not seem to entertain a high opinion of science?

E.: I confess I do not, and I could never understand your German admiration for it. ... I was always distrustful of it, and still more so of its votaries, highly contributed anything to the progress of mankind? ... In Belgium.

G.: Are they esteemed as they were not only in Germany, but all over Europe. ... How justified my distrust was is proved by the events: you always find out a slave if by any chance he has to play the master. These people are slaves...

E.: Such is their country. That is not so bad. ... But about the learned slaves of other nations? Have other nations no patriotic opportunists amongst them? What about the numerous French and English authors, artists, and scientists, men of repute and even fame, who have written to the papers that we have never produced anything worthy of attention, that all our great men are sham and swindlers, and that only their own country (and that of their allies) had contributed anything to the progress of mankind? ... And not only in papers you could read this nonsense, but likewise in books. I have seen Englishmen of authority telling the world that our great Frederick (whom you admire so much) was a common scoundrel.

G.: Yes, I know. And I have seen a clever French writer tell the world that your Goethe is the intellectual blasphemy ever committed in literary history... Like the diplomatists, who are generally described as men sent to lie abroad for the good of their country.

E.: Like the diplomats, who are generally described as men sent to lie abroad for the good of their country.

G.: Absolutely. Now remember what I told you in a former conversation, that I dislike this sort of lying, that I have a strong conviction about the necessity of honesty in politics and administration. But I must say that I at least understand these men, who, wishing to stir up the holy fire in the breast of their countrymen, make use of any sort of means they can get hold of. ... I confess, could not do it well; we Germans, as you yourself say, are not good at that sort of thing, and, what is even better, we stand in no need of it with our patriotic people. But it astonishes me to hear a condemnation of liars from you. You are an idealist and you hold that dishonesty is a necessity in politics. You consequently ought to have the greatest respect for patriotic liars. A good falsehood is the stock-in-trade of your political credo. If I am not mistaken one of your ideals is Napoleon, who was an expert in this somewhat doubtful line, and who once boasted of his generals that he "governed the world with newspapers." If there ever was a patriotic liar it was he—and now you tell me that you do not care for them.

E.: I do not care for little liars or bad liars or unconscious liars such as your patriots are. A little liar is a man without character; a bad liar is a man without imagination; an unconscious liar is a man without intellect. Napoleon did not belong to those three classes. ... Have you, by the way, ever heard the Latin proverb: "Quod licet Jovi, non licet bovi?"

G.: "What is allowed to Jupiter is not allowed to an ox?" Yes, I have heard it.

E.: If you have heard it and if you have understood it—as no doubt you have—how can you claim equal rights for Jupiter and the ox? ... Don't you see the difference between Napoleon and his later imitators? One difference between him and the ordinary liar was found out by your Goethe, who said of Napoleon: he lied tremendously, but not out of weakness. ... As he lied from ignorance: he always knew that he was lying. ... Nor did he lie out of "holy" patriotism, he was not stupid enough to believe in patriotism. ... He only exploited patriotism, as he exploited every other thing that he could exploit all popular superstitions. ... And he exploited them to a great and noble end, for the creation of an eternal work, a work that was constantly present to his artistic imagination, a work which would have benefited the whole world, a work which he intended Europe from the mob and which would have avoided the present cruel war?

G.: Which work was that?

E.: The union of Europe. ... Let people swindle and lie as much as they like if they are patriotic; a thing like that! Let us look out for another liar like Napoleon, let us kiss, if he should come again, the hem of his garment, nay, the very dust under his feet. ... But above all let us take care that the little nobodies, the honest fools, the dishonest knaves, the patriotic thieves and the silly liars shall not combine again and suppress by sheer weight of numbers the one man who could have saved us and the whole world from their deadly dominion, from their infamous influence, from their poisonous preponderance.

E.: There you are again at your religious eloquence. You know, your way of talking in this way makes one very distrustful of your other views, even if they sometimes seem to be quite reasonable, nay, worthy of applause. ... I am, for instance, tired of your free-thought; I like the way you bring theology down from the clouds to this earth, and I have not the least objection to the airy manner in which you dispose of God or the other world or Christianity. But anything emphatic or ecstatic or—forgive me—bombastic, makes me fight shy again of all your opinions, for I begin to suspect the enthusiast in you too, in spite of all your anti-religious talk. ... Now, what is the good of fighting religion if only in order to introduce enthusiasm or mysticism? If we are to be plunged into a new superstition, we had better stick to the old, against which we at least have learned to guard ourselves.
E.: But there is nothing mystic in my admiration of Napoleon. It is not even original, for plenty of people have admired him before me.

G.: No, it is not so much your admiration of Napoleon, but your condemnation of the world around you. I am sure you could not speak like that if you yourself had not some religious idea at the back of your mind. Such outspoken vituperation, you know, smells to me of the chapel and the conventicle, or, even worse, of the popular assembly—and I have always objected to that sort of place.

E.: All right.

G.: But your eloquence has something of them all the same. You take things as seriously as these religious and political fellows, so that one cannot help suspecting in you a vein of their spirit. One cannot help thinking that you, too, have "found salvation" somewhere, that you, too, know "the one way to freedom"; that you, too, are, in short, in possession of the "true faith." Now, I always fight shy of people who have "found salvation" in some sort of belief and now go on pitying and condemning all those who have not seen "the Light." You will forgive me, won't you? But I simply cannot endure to hear the world condemned for its sins, because I simply do not believe in sins. Now, I am sure that you somehow do think this world a sinful world—for you could not work yourself up into such a rage if you did not. Be candid, my European friend, don't you think we are all sinners? Go on—tell the truth. You don't go to the full length of your thoughts. A sinful world calls for the wrath of God, does it not? Why don't you say so? Why don't you announce that the present misfortune is the consequence of our vices and devilities, that it is the expiation for our sins, that it is the just punishment of the offended Deity?

E.: I am sure it is.

G.: There you are. I was right, then. And you were posing as a freethinker all the time. Scratch the freethinker and out comes the parson. Well, let us hear your sermon.

E.: I do confess that I have to preach a sermon; but I beg to add that, unlike the parson, I absolutely believe in it.

G.: You are a most dangerous parson then. "That man will go far," as Mirabeau said of Robespierre, "for he believes everything he says."

E.: I am glad I do, for it must be terrible to say things that one does not believe or that one only half believes.

G.: Well, let us have your faith, then. When, why and where have we offended the invisible Power?

E.: The Power you have offended is not invisible.

G.: Not invisible? You speak in riddles. Is your divine Power, then, different from all others known or preached hitherto? Can it really be felt distinctly, or even seen or heard?

E.: It is different from all the others preached hitherto, and it can be seen, heard or felt distinctly.

G.: But, my dear European, then you are better off than all the other religious people! They have to talk such a lot, because there is nothing to be heard or felt or seen, and you, highest of mortals, now have got hold of God who is clearly visible to all the senses of all the people.

E.: I did not say: to all the senses of all the people. I am sorry to say that the majority of people have very dull senses and consequently don't feel God even when they see Him. Irreligion is their prevailing attitude.

G.: They are damned atheists, as the Church has it.

E.: They are. And because they are atheists they do not see, feel or hear the Deity, be it ever so plainly before their eyes and ears. And on account of their blindness and deafness and stubbornness they have been condemned to the hell of the present war.

G.: O Lord—now he even introduces hell again. Pray don't let us slip back entirely to the Middle Ages.

E.: But we are living in a greater hell than ever did the Middle Ages. You, who know something of history, ought to be able to see that.

G.: And this is hell in consequence of our sins?

E.: It is.

G.: And of our offences against the Divine Power?

E.: Also.

G.: And where is this Divine Power? Where can it be seen, heard or felt?

E.: In great men. But neither we, nor our fathers, nor our grandparents, nor our great-grandfathers were able to see it, to feel it or to hear it. There was not an age so atheistic as the nineteenth century. It was absolutely deaf and dumb to divine truth, to the only divine truth there is and ever can be: the truth uttered by great men. For generations Europe has taken no notice of divine things. It has been running after false prophets, time-servers, flatterers, humbugs, honest fools, moral enthusiasts.

G.: I begin to see what you mean. But I cannot agree. How can you say that Europe has taken no notice of its great men? How could they have come down to posterity if no one had taken any notice?

E.: Well, they may have taken notice of them, but I am quite sure they did not notice of them for the messages they gave. We Germans take notice of all messages. There is no country in the world that pays so much attention to the spirit as we do.

E.: I know you are a most conscientious people, but taking notice does not mean understanding. And the fact that you take notice of all messages will be fatal to the only message that matters... The most beautiful voice will be drowned by a crowd of screamers.

G.: But others are as bad in this direction as we are.

E.: In this you are perfectly right. The deafness to the divine spirit is a European vice, not a national one. It is not only you who drove Goethe into despair, Heine into exile, and Nietzsche into madness. Look at France: how she ignored her Stendhal, and how, up to this very day, she will have nothing to do with her Gobineau. And think of England, that England who made her greatest bard curse her and which threw her greatest painter and thinker into a common grave.

G.: Who were they?

E.: Byron and Blake.

G.: I have never heard of Blake.

E.: You need not be ashamed of it, for not many Englishmen have heard of him either. He has only come into his own after death, and even that amongst the wrong class of people. That's how this age takes notice of divine truth, if it does take notice. Blake has fallen into the hands of the theologians....

G.: Your divine man has found his divine audience—what's wrong with it?

E.: Religious cranks are not a divine but a very human audience—human, all too human. Better to be ignored entirely than to suffer Blake's fate... And how many do you think have been ignored entirely by our brave ancestors? How many, do you imagine, have been overlooked altogether by these good people, whose very faith taught them that poverty of spirit, simplicity of mind and ignorance of the world were virtues? It makes me shudder to think what human treasures may there still be hidden amongst the ashes and the debris of the age that has just passed. Perhaps the best are still missing. Perhaps the learned men of the future will be digging amongst the literary and artistic ruins just as our archaeologists do amongst the remnants of Herculaneum and Pompeii... Perhaps they will find even more. To have come to fame, even to posthumous fame, in such an age as ours, may be the sign of inferiority. Now, I ask you this one question: Is it no offence against the Deity if you treat its clear and only manifestations amongst us, as if you treat the only divinities we know of and can ever know of here on
this earth, that is to say, great men, as so much dirt, nay, if you even prefer the dirt to the golden truths of these divined poets, these inspired thinkers and prophets? Is it a wonder if, after a hundred and more years of sinful neglect of higher men, all poetry, all beauty, all nobility seems to have left the earth, that we are bereft of every guidance and direction, and that we are now face to face with the most brutal and universal war that ever was?

E: Our moral muddle. But with this we are coming to the root of our subject. I am afraid of tiring you; let us speak of it another time.

G: No, no, you don't tire me, but I am afraid you have fatigue yourself. The enthusiast always does. Well, let us dig out the root of the subject another time. Auf Wiedersan!

Gilders of the Chains.

By Ivor Brown.

IV.—MR. ALBERT DE COURVILLE.

Brave men lived before Agamemnon and revue existed before de Courville. But, though the Empire had made a success with "Everybody's Doing It," it was the Hippodrome management that first made a boom in revue and tapped such popular craze as it came along. First "Hullo, Ragtime," and then "Hullo, Tango," and so on to "Business as Usual" and "Push and Go."

It was the Hippodrome that sucked the brains of America, brought us Ned Wayburn and released him, brought us Ethel Levey and kept her for England. It was the Hippodrome that discovered that Violet Loraine was far too good to be masquerading as a principal boy when she had such a genius for character parts. Above all it was the Hippodrome that made revue a "show" in England and sent the British people revue-mad. And now every provincial or suburban hall has its "Splash Me" or its "Kiss Me, Sergeant," or its "Get Away, You Boys." The noise, the glitter, the exclamatory title are all-pervasive. You have made good, O servant of the most high Moss. And for your victory man's forgiveness give—and take.

Mr. de Courville and his followers and all the minor croons of revue-mongers have struck a hard blow at the old English musical hall and the English idea of humour and entertainment. Just as His Majesty's Tree buried tragedy under a pile of scenery and forgot about Shakespeare in his passion for Macmoid, so de Courville has buried comedy beneath stairs, stairs, stairs, and stage, and scenic displays once limited to Drury Lane. George Robey has only a plain curtain or platform and a general atmosphere of "behind." There is now a neutral territory where the footlights a boundary line between "behind" and "in front." The noise is the most bubbling and the most glittering vintage. Noisy with the shoulder-shaking tornado of a popular rag, afoot with the gait and paint and cheap devices of a splendid scene, alluring with the latest dance and the latest madness of dress, provocative with its Yankee gags and its "beautiful bathing belles," and hugely flattering with its portrayal of night-clubs and high life, the revue is the most terrifying thing from the night-clubs, the thing which the bishops deplore and the duchesses perform? The revue is always up-to-date and brings to us all, now the Bunny Hug, now the Tango, now the Fox Trot. And over the whole is the dazzling charm of the exotic, the brilliantly unreal. It is the most sparkling of Lethean draughts. For in a world of hard, ugly work Lethe may be drunk in many forms, in the eratics of Charlie Chaplin or in the erotics of Charles Garvice. Both are the same.

A hotch-potch of fine linen, all worked out with the hint that this is the latest madness of dress, provocative with its Yankee gags and its "beautiful bathing belles," and hugely flattering with its portrayal of night-clubs and high life, the revue is the most terrifying thing from the night-clubs, the thing which the bishops deplore and the duchesses perform? The revue is always up-to-date and brings to us all, now the Bunny Hug, now the Tango, now the Fox Trot. And over the whole is the dazzling charm of the exotic, the brilliantly unreal. It is the most sparkling of Lethean draughts. For in a world of hard, ugly work Lethe may be drunk in many forms, in the eratics of Charlie Chaplin or in the erotics of Charles Garvice. Both are the same. But with this we are

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Letters from Russia.

By C. E. Behañefer

The censor at Kiev, not endowed with a knowledge of English, saved his country's honour by throwing my letters of three months on the fire unread. Among them, by the way, was a translation of a Chehovian farce! The same general has just distinguished another parochial Mr. Norman, of "the abysmal English, saved his country's honour by throwing my without any real acquaintance with the country. What inevitably bring to pass the revolution which has long that Russia still has designs on India, and was them, by the way, was a translation of a Chehovian angry he would be if I were to write of the abysmal Russian bureaucracy, the cynical and cruel enemy of that this, blind that and consequent here and now

THE

OF

Pickthall mean by "nihilists?" If he means the old contradictions.

A. . . .

B. . . .

C. . . .

D. . . .

E. . . .

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Y. . . .

Z. . . .

Another bone I have to pick is with Mr. Raffalovich and his friends. Let us take them in large before we take them in detail. They want to see an autonomous Ukraine, stretching from Galicia to the Sea of Azof. All the Odessa coast and the Black Earth will thus be lost to Russia. Simple, is it not?

The Ukraine, you see, was independent two hundred years ago, was betrayed by the Russians, and now the oppression is such that you dare not say "Mazeppa" but they send you to Siberia! That is the impression of to-day, those at least to whom the bureaucrats are "bitter foes," have the public motto of the International Socialists, "Proletariat of all lands, unite!" The nihilist of then and the socialist of now are, I suppose, part of the intelligence "which has managed to emerge from the Russian people" and so "may be opposed to all aggression," though, after all, it seems that each of them "is quite as much a jingo as the Russian bureaucrat." And the latter is "the cynical and cruel enemy of that people" and says "We will discipline the Slavs and give them the whole world." But surely, when attempting a settlement of the Eastern question, it would take the answer to my application after me, but, needless to say, I never heard another word.

Von Bentheim called on me one evening at the hotel and introduced me to another German also awaiting a direct appointment to the Turkish forces. The latter saw me off on the boat and replied to my last "Au revoir" with the queerest smile I ever saw. I read at Venice that, having lost some important papers, he had, Gentlemen-like, shot himself to save his honour, the same night I left him. German-like—Heavens! am I to vify the truest friends in the world, because we happen to be fighting them?

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If Mr. Pickthall were not quite so prejudiced it would perhaps seem easier to him to treat Russia as an ally, she being an ally, and Turkey as an enemy, she being an actual declared, not merely a possible, enemy.
but Mr. Sands says that the Russians have “broken their word” to the Ukraine. Which word?—that which was not given in 1654, or that which there was no occasion to give in 1709?

I directly protest against Mr. Raffalovich’s suggestion that there is any appreciable national desire for separation of Russia in the Ukraine. There may be a hundred educated people in Kiev who feel themselves oppressed, but not a single peasant I ever met in the Ukraine had heard of or cared a rap for any such notion. There is one great grievance of the Ukraine that should be remedied. The Ukrainian language is forbidden to be taught in schools; this is an aesthetic crime to which all lovers of literature must strongly object. But I do not remember if Mr. Raffalovich ever told us that Ukrainian books and newspapers have been prohibited in thousands during the last ten years, until the commencement of the war, without any restrictions more oppressive than those applied to Russian literature. Where has he told us that there is a Ukrainian theatre playing every night at Kiev and a score of other little Russian towns? And why do these theatres play only folk-pieces and not the one or two intellectual dramas which the Ukraine possesses? The censor— not at all. Their super-patriotic managers themselves assured me that their public wanted folk-pieces.

Mr. Raffalovich has long been throwing Sands in our eyes that I am delighted to put a spoke in his wheel. Before the war came on, he used to tell us all the lovely things that were going to be done in the Austrian Ukraine. He really thought that Austria was infatuated with the Ukraine’s beautiful eyes. Well, he knows now Austria’s attitude towards small neighbouring States, and I beg to inform him that the best library in Russia of the Ukrainian nationalist movement was at the Austrian Consulate in Kiev. I know this, because I used it myself.

Let me again humour what Mr. Raffalovich loves to put in long ; the real need of the Ukraine. The Ukrainian language must be freed! That is all. As well ask for Ukrainian autonomy as for the autonomy of Scotland—and there are fanatics who ask for both. And let me tell Mr. Raffalovich when the Ukraine lost its existence as a separate nation. It was the day that Gogol, the Ukrainian, took his father’s advice and moved to Great Britain. There is nothing more ridiculous in the world than the translation of Gogol’s works. How can a Russian be Ukrainian for the Kiev theatre? Now will Mr. Raffalovich give him a rest? How man, claiming such an excellent understanding of foreign politics, can carry so absurd an idea in his head as the autonomy of the Ukraine and its separation from Russia, I cannot guess. And Russia is as tired of hearing about the Ukraine as we are.

After all, he also cannot complain of any personal prejudice of mine against “his” Ukraine. He made a beast of it by a translation of Stefanik, while I translated from the Ukrainian “Katerina” and the “Babylonian Captivity.” Who has done the Ukraine more honour?

Any more bones? Mr. Eric Hammond knows Abdul Baha personally and has good reason to respect him and the movement he represents; Mr. Abdul Muntagim calls Abdul Baha his mentor, and no trite, and no translated; what should Mr. Eric Hammond do? Why, of course, write a letter to say he knows Abdul Baha personally and has good reason to respect him and the movement he represents: but then I also know Abdul Baha personally and have never met either him nor the movement he represents, and, if I remember rightly, Mr. Baha personally and has good reason to respect him and the movement he represents; but then I also know Abdul Baha personally and has good reason to respect him and the movement he represents, and, if I remember rightly, Mr. Baha personally and has good reason to respect him and the movement he represents; but then I also know Abdul Baha personally and has good reason to respect him and the movement he represents.

To begin with, Abdul Baha is no more a prophet than my little finger, and his father, from whom he inherits the goodwill of the business, was as little spiritual as my big toe. The Bab (the Bane, as the printers irreverently called him) was from all accounts a true prophet, and he was martyred, as all Christs are. After the lapse of some years, the present Abdul Baha’s father announced that he was the successor of the Bab. The result of his self-appointed career was imprisonment at Acre with his little son, who, released a few years ago, has put on his father’s usurped mantle and is the very gentleman we are talking about. His household, beyond a surprise, is made up of a dozen lecherous Persian and Egyptian rogues and the usual half dozen theatrical American women. When I was in Haifa I was met by a henepecked German with his nagging English wife, authoress, if I am not in fault, of “Bible Woes in Bible Lands,” or some such book. They came to my hotel and gave me numerous sermons of Abdul Baha in the “Christian Commonwealth,” but I did not receive any of the “food inspired of a conscious sense and practice of unity” that Mr. Hammond speaks of. I can say this, that the old boy is very clever at anticipating questions, a gift which, considering his long life in captivity, does him infinite credit. But it is all he has to make an impression with, for he has neither common sense nor ideas, but it is clearly enough for such hearty people as Mr. Eric Hammond.

A word, in support, to Mr. Percy Cohen. Poor Mr. Stephen Graham tells us in his last book that no true Russian can abide a Jew; the latter presents himself to him as an undesirable emanation of the materialistic West. A little further he thinks that the true Russian conceives a Jew as something barbarous, something Tartar! Tartar and western—got the Jew both ways, you see. One for wee Stevie! Question for the week: How to make two blacks white? Answer : See Mr. Stephen Graham!

Question for next week: Why do the “Westminster Gazette,” the “Pall Mall,” and the “Times” publish leading articles in praise of Russia always on or about the same date?

Impressions of Paris.

“L’AMOUR” reads much more lively for me in weekly chapters and in English than straight through. This subject itself is difficult, and Stendhal’s construction is not at all easy; fortunately he makes many notes and emendations. I still wonder whether anyone very much in earnest could profit by this analysis of love, unless afterwards and, of course, only by way of consolation. To understand that women have bodies and are born—begone is, curiously, great support to one’s amour-propre.

Paris was much moved yesterday by the news of the Allies’ western offensive. It was like a day of last year; you could almost hear the women’s thoughts: “Who is alive?” There seemed to be as much desperate resignation as joy in the community. People know now what even a victory costs.

The proposal of the English to conscript capital is beginning to be known here. When The New Age first suggested the conscription of capital to pass several people, but I, no more than they, expected that we should hear of it any further. The suggestion seems now to have become only next to a fact; and peace, perhaps, may come sooner than we hoped. The Germans, even, may otherwise hold off this contaminating idea! There has been rather too much boast that our wealthy class has sent its sons to the front. What less should it do! In former times, the aristocracy not merely fought, but a commander paid and equipped his regiment. My soul is much relieved to feel that this very simple demand to conscript capital may quench firebrands like Mr. Lloyd George, Lord Northcliffe, and Colonel Arthur Lee. I had almost written Mrs. Pankhurst! It is not really so surprising to find in trio the present Minister of Munitions, the
“Daily Mail” and the suffragettes. A similar strain of mad ambition governs all three. I was going to do a parody of Mr. Lloyd George’s book under the title, “Through Triumph to the Terror”; but the associations of the title are too sinister. The little lawyer of days of the Terror in Paris has come to me by much reading of this period a horrible ghost which one scarcely believes to be laid. I think it was Arnault who believes to be laid. I think it was Arnault who

The papers here almost unanimously reported the outburst of the “Daily Mail.” The English “Daily Mail” gets to Germany before it is known in England. Lord Northcliffe, in this vague way, throws suspicion on any and every one English, including, of course, his own enemies. But since the charge is so vague, patriotic suspicion may even come round to the “Daily Mail” itself. Perhaps Carmelite House is harbouring that house down. The patriot Harmsworth would not hesitate to sacrifice! He would seize the brand himself... mais enfin!

Thrilling accounts of the Russian heroism go about. We heard that in front of Vilna the first line alone had rifles and that each line successively advanced and took the rifles as the cartridges fell. For this, that should be quite true; but admiration of the Russian courage goes far enough to believe it—though I did hear a woman apostrophise “these dirty Russians!” When humanity is hateful it is really very low, and there can never be few depths beyond turning on a defeated ally. This crime belongs to the order which would make all compact impossible.

I wonder if Mr. Bechhofer will be cross if I poach on his preserves? I have a little summary of Russian literature which he may not come by, very useful and enlightening, to my mind. This summary states that the Russian language originates in the Balkan peninsula, and that it was fixed in writing about 855 by two monks, Cyril and Methodius, in 1534-1584. Apart from the apostle, “brought the Greek culture” from Constantinople. The most ancient document in Russian is the Evangelio by Ostiomir, dated about 1056; then “Isbornik,” by Sviatoslav, 1073, a panegyric on the Bulgarian Tsar. The Bulgarians had the Greek legends, epic narratives and tales. The first historian was the monk Hestor of Kieff, whose chronicle, of which only fragments remain, goes from 862 to 1110. At the end of the twelfth century appears the epopee of Igor, a prince who fought pillaging hordes from Asia. The domination of the Tartars stamped out all culture, and long after these invaders had been expelled by Ivan the Great, in 1490, the people remained sunk in a miserable ignorance. In vain Ivan IV (1533-1584) opened schools, encouraged science and strove to soften the manners of the nation. The capture of Constantinople by the Turks troubled the Balkans, and the Poles, “who gained much from the literary instruction of the Jesuits,” in vain. On the other hand, the Russian Academy was founded, and literary groups began to be formed. The most notable included the comic dramatist, von Vizine, and Derjavine, who eclipsed all his rivals. Derjavine’s “Illumine, O God, the shadows of my night with Thy wisdom, teach me to do Thy will, and, in contemplating Thy creation, O Lord, to praise Thee, O Jesus Christ!” At the same period Soumarokof founded the Russian drama, imitating, however, the French. Kniajine was his rival. Catherine the Great herself wrote comedies and collaborated on the satiric journal, “A Little of Everything,” which was intended to improve manners. Under this queen the Russian Academy was founded, and literary groups began to be formed. The most notable included the comic dramatist, von Vizine, and Derjavine, who eclipsed all his rivals. Derjavine’s “Ode to God” was translated into all European languages, and even passed into Asia. This is the fashion of it as near as an extract in prose may permit:

"O Thou, who art infinite in time and space, who livest motionless at the centre of movement: O Thou, invisible being of triple aspect, One Spirit existing universally! O Thou, incomprehensible, who no image may reveal, Thou, causeless and without abiding place, who makest, hastest, fillest and maintainest all by Thy Self, Lowest and Supreme Author, O Thou whom we acclaim Thy creation, with joy! Admire with ecstasy the splendour of the sun, around him would appear an ocean of eternal flames. There roll, vibrating, waves of fire which never find a shore; there sound the storms of the fires, whistling, and, sooner or later, battles against another; there the stones boil like water, and molten rains ceaselessly fall."

"And all this spectacle is but a spark of Thy power. O God! Freed from the shadows of night, the waters, the forests, the fields are disclosed; and Thy wonders fill them. All sing Thy glory: O God! Great is the Lord. This is the fashion of it as near as an extract in prose may permit:

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Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

Miss Horniman made the retort obvious to my recent remark, that the intellectual drama was dead by reviving "Hindle Wakes" at the Duke of York's Theatre. I hope that I made the retort courteous by waiting until the "last nights" were announced before going to see it. I was right: Hindle did not wake, and Stanley Houghton is dead. "He will awake no more, oh, never more!" Fanny Hawthorn may have her,"right good times" during Hindle wakses; but never again will anyone bother about her assertion of an identical immorality for the two sexes.

But Holmes did contrive to puzzle out the meaning of whatever cipher messages fell into his hands; Babbing is helpless until Barney Cooke steals the master criminal's cipher dictionary. That is a revelation of the thoroughness with which American intelligence works. Cooper not only has a cipher dictionary (neatly printed and bound in red), but all his confederates are supplied with a copy. Barney steals two of them in the course of the play; the first one saves Babbing a lot of trouble, the second one enables Barney to save the real life. But apart from these revelations of the organisation of crime in America, "The Dummy" tells us a nice, straightforward story of the rescue of a little lady in distress. Barney behaves towards her with all the chivalry of a boy scout doing his "one good turn a day," and, towards the audience, with all the assurance of a trained actor who has a good part. Although supposed to be only about fourteen years of age, Barney is not precocious, even in his humour; he is mature. He knows just how to raise a laugh, and keep it in the sentimental vein; and yet to show that he is unspoiled even by the admiration of his chief, Babbing, and in the first flush of prosperity to keep his business wits about him. The reward offered for the discovery of the criminal goes to him; and when Babbing asks him what will be the first thing he will do with his fortune, he says: "Come it." Ah, young blood, young blood! But the curtain fell none too soon.

But if "The Dummy" shows us the sentimental side of the detection of crime, "Kick In" shows us its brutal aspect. When a crime is committed, the official method is to call up the friends of the criminal, and put them "on the grid," in other words, to examine them concerning their knowledge of his whereabouts. Of course, it fails; there is honour among thieves, even when they have retired from business, as all those called up for examination seem to have done. Threats fail; the Jesuitical trick of making false accusations to elicit the truth in defence fails; and when the police bring pressure to bear on Chick Hewes by informing his employer that he is a discharged criminal, that also fails. Chick had told his employer when he was first employed by him. However, I need not tell the story of "Kick In"; it is extremely complicated, and is really only of interest to those who read the Sunday papers.

What does seem certain is that both the plays will be very successful in London. Neither of them adds anything to art, nor to our knowledge of life. They have no purpose except to amuse and to thrill; and they do that very crudely. As works of literature, they add only to slang, and though Stevenson said that no man could be a master of good language who did not know the bad, the descent of style to the common level is more certainly assured by these plays than is a return to the use of idiomatic English. Yet I feel sure that it is the use of slang that will make these plays popular. Slang, like idiom, conveys a sense of reality, although it cannot communicate any of the poetic qualities of speech. Turning back to Synge, I find him asserting a similar idea. In countries where the imagination of the people, and the language they use, is rich and living, it is possible for a writer to be rich and copious in his words, and at the same time to give the reality, which is the root of all poetry, in a comprehensive and natural form. In the modern literature of towns, however, richness is found only in sonnets, or prose poems, or in one or two elaborate books that are far away from the profound and common interests of life. In a good play, every speech is a bully, "Whippit" Fogarty is not only a bully but a blockhead; but Chick Hewes is a gentleman, and a clever man also; and his wife is a very present help in the time of trouble. Our younger brother's imagination is still busy with the Robin Hood legend. "The Dummy" is an idyll. Barney Cooke says that he has read Sherlock Holmes; and it is quite certain that the author has.
Readers and Writers.

The association of the name of Mr. Guy Thorne with that of Théophile Gautier was a work on Beaudelaire (Greening, 10s. 6d. net) is rather surprising. Whoever thought of Mr. Guy Thorne as interested in literature, particularly in such "professional" literature as that of Beaudelaire? However, his collaboration with Gautier is less than might have been feared. He has translated Gautier's monograph on Beaudelaire, he has "done into English" volumes of Beaudelaire's poems, and he has added, all on his own, an essay on Beaudelaire's "influence upon modern poetry and thought." This is quite enough of Mr. Guy Thorne; for the translation is bad, the verse is worse, and the essay is the superlative. I do not think much myself of Gautier's monograph, if it comes to that. These Frenchmen (since the days of S. Beuve at any rate) write of one another gushingly. Nor do I think that Beaudelaire is worth much of anybody's attention. That he was one of the apostles of "Decadence" seems to give him merit in the eyes of the author of "When it was Dark"; but decadence is really not an accomplishment, it is a defect. Decadence, as the latter has often before remarked, is nothing more than substituting the part for the whole. If Beaudelaire distinguished himself at it, so much the worse for Beaudelaire.

* * *

That he did I would not deny; and his line of descent is clear. It was from De Quincey and Coleridge through Edgar Allan Poe to himself. But mark how the stream thins in the sequence. We English have, according to Nietzsche, the reputation in Europe of rendering gross everything we touch; but it appears to me that our métier is really to make and keep whole everything we touch! Although as "decadent" in certain aspects as Beaudelaire himself, neither De Quincey nor Coleridge was ever a decadent in the modern sense. The "Opium Eater" is full of common sense as well as that of uncommon nonsense; and the writer of "Kubla Khan," with its essentially decadent lines:

A savage race! as holy and enchanted
As ever breathed a waning moon was haunted
By woman waiting for her demon lover
—was also the author of "Aids to Reflection," one of the manifest works on thought ever written in English. But what was only a part in Coleridge and De Quincey (both of whose also first-rate critics became in Beaudelaire the whole. The single line of Coleridge became the volume of poems of Beaudelaire. All his women did nothing else but wail for demon lovers, as the latter, it seems, did nothing but wail for demon women. At anything else, save translation, Beaudelaire was third-rate. His translation of Poe into French was good; but look at his letters to S. Beuve and Flaubert; letters in which we might expect to see a mind, if he had one, displayed. They are here translated by Mr. Guy Thorne, and the best that can be said of them is that they are worth no more. But a mind, though "decadent," must lift its weight in whatever it puts its hand to. As we have seen, De Quincey and Coleridge and even Poe, though "decadent," are something more as well. But Beaudelaire was nothing more.

* * *

Perhaps Mr. Guy Thorne does not exaggerate Beaudelaire's influence upon Swinburne, Pater, Wilde, and Dowson; but he certainly exaggerates his influence upon "modern poetry and thought." A few tricks of style apart, any of which might have been picked up in the corners of other great English writers, neither Swinburne nor Pater, neither Wilde nor Dowson, appears to me to have had more than a seasonal influence upon the main current of English thought. Rivers cannot rise higher than their source; and, supposing these writers to have derived from Beaudelaire, they must be, and I think are, as third-rate as their master. Who reads any of them to-day, except in the most exigent of selections? They have passed and all that remains of them is their occasional contributions to English and not decadent literature. With our national "grossness" we have combed out of them precisely the "decadence" they borrowed from Beaudelaire. Their decadence is now death.

* * *

"To My Mother" is a frequent form of dedication since Barrie exposed his own mother in vile taste; but the addition in Mr. Burke's "Nights in Town" (Allen and Unwin, 7s. 6d.) of the words: "Who still enjoys a Night in Town," surely passes the permissibly vulgar. The sketches are such as the taste of the dedication would lead us to expect: they are crudely sentimental, crudely cynical, and as empty as egg-shells. The style is flashy journalism of which the opening paragraph is a fair example:

For the few who have an eye for the beauty of towns and, London by night is the loveliest thing in the world. Mantled always in her sombre mists and empanoplied by rude spears of brick, she sprawls her fierce carcass across the miles, superb as a wild animal. Where else may the connoisseur find so much to enchant him? Only in London may one glimpse the loveliness of sudden beauty, because London was never made: she has "grown." Paris affords no townscape; everything there is too perfectly arranged; its artificiality is at once apparent. In London alone he finds those fantastic groupings, those monstrous masses of light and shade and substance, handled with the diabolical cunning of Chance, the supreme artist.

My readers are clever, they may be able to find something worth publishing in this passage; but I cannot. It is all a mere Cockney rococo, in which even the kitchen reasoning is allowed to slouch. Why, for instance, must London be the loveliest thing for the few who like cities amongst other sights? What is the connection between a mantled and empanoplied "she," and a sprawling fierce carcass? What are vistas of sudden beauty? Why are they confined to towns that "grown"? [not have grown.] Mr. Burke—you ruin the bad grammar with the attempted amendment! And what originality in "fantastic groupings," "diabolical cunning," "Chance, the supreme artist," etc., etc.? Mr. Burke seems to be a good enough fellow, but his vocabulary is too large for his mind.

* * *

One of the literary theories we owe to the "decadents" (the followers of him they call Oscar) is the theory that anything can be treated in literature. So long, it is added, as good taste rules. But the qualification empties out the baby with the bath; for good taste begins by ruling some subjects out altogether. I know that some of my colleagues do not agree with me in this; but then I bear the melancholy of not agreeing with them. Literature, it appears to me, is a special province of letters; it is, above all, a cultivated art. And what originality in "fantastic groupings," "diabolical cunning," "Chance, the supreme artist," etc., etc.? Mr. Burke seems to be a good enough fellow, but his vocabulary is too large for his mind.

* * *

The fields from Islington to Hampstead, To Primrose Hill and St. John's Wood, Were builded over with pillars of gold; And there Jerusalem's pillars stood.

Fragmentary poetry—no more! No, there are not only subjects unsuitable to literature, but there are even common words to print or to force for general reading, and if I am not mistaken utterly, several of them were printed in the article by "A. E. R." last week. A spade is just not a spade in literature.

R. H. C.
A Dream of Conscription.

The first words of the conversation that I recollect were those of a gentleman whom, somehow, I knew to be Lord Northcliffe. "You see, Stafford," said he, "it's no use preaching, only to the converted. We've got the 'Times' and 'Mail' readers with us all right—at least those of them who read the leading articles—but we want to get at the unconverted working classes. And we think, the Colonel and Sir Midas here, and our other friends, that you could help us if we—er—"

"Made it worth my while," I suggested, to his relief. "It seemed quite natural that I should be there; and that my worth should be so frankly recognised by the great newspaper magnate was very gratifying to me. A prophet is not without honour save in his own country. I waited.

"It's now or never—er—Stafford," said Sir Midas. "If we don't get Conscription through now we never shall. We've got friends in the Government and all that; and with a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together...

"Yes," I replied, assuming a grave and thoughtful air, "as you say, Sir Midas, it's now or never. . . If we could only get Kitchener—with apologies for mentioning Kitchener," I added quickly, glancing at Lord N., "it was the quickest. The silly public has got into its thick head that he is really the man to decide, and as he hasn't asked for it, doesn't suggest it—"

"Kitchener or no Kitchener," interrupted the Press magnate, "it's got to be done, and I think we all—among ourselves, you understand—know why. So we've decided to start another ha'penny daily to be run as a separate concern—no connection with the Amalgamated, you understand—perfectly independent. Mainly sporting, gossip, prizes, with a column or two of politics thrown in. Not much, you understand, but hot and strong what there is, and of the right sort. You can do it if you like. The point is, will you?"

"Well," I said, "what I've written on the subject present is mostly against Conscription. But on the principle of 'set a thief to catch a thief,' perhaps. Of course I have always admitted that Conscription might have its advantages. But what about Blatchford? Surely he's your man?"

"Overdone it!" snorted the Colonel. "That's the worst of those extreme fellows, whichever way you turn 'em they take such a devil of a lot of stopping after they get started."

"You didn't forewarn the country that Germany had an army, and would probably fight somebody some day, did you?" asked Sir Midas, anxiously.

"No," I replied, "I never did." And three sighs of relief were audible.

"Well now," I went on, "I've about exhausted all the arguments on the anti-Conscription side, and it certainly would be a relief to change. I can see several good side issues that might be used with great effect. You present men harp too much on one string... But, of course..." and I looked pointedly and inquiringly at Lord N.

"Oh, of course!" he said, "that will be all right. There's any amount of money behind us."

"We'll leave it at that, then, at present," I replied. "Now let's understand one another. We all know that for the purpose of this war Conscription couldn't possibly be of any use."

They looked at one another. "Go on, Mr. Stafford," said Sir Midas, after a pause.

"But we're frightened of what may happen after the war," I continued. "We think it would be well for the people to get accustomed to discipline, to obeying orders, to be bound by oath to do as they are told."

Lord N., the Colonel, and Sir Midas looked at one another again, and Sir Midas coughed.

"This, of course," I added, "is entirely among ourselves." "Just so, just so!" replied Lord N. quickly. "But it's best, Mr. Stafford, not to let even the mind dwell on that aspect of the subject. What we think is that Conscription is the right policy, that every man ought to be prepared to defend his country, that—"

"Excuse me," I interrupted, "you can say all those things in the 'Times' and the 'Mail,' not to mention 'Home Chat' and 'Answers.' I'm not going to say them. If I'm to do you any good I must say something fresh—put the matter in a new light."

"But surely," protested Sir Midas, "you wouldn't—"

"Say what I've just said to you?" I interrupted. "My dear sir, am I a journalist or am I not?"

"Beg pardon."

"I've knocked about a bit among working men," said I, "and I may as well tell you frankly, gentlemen, that as at present presented, they will not have Conscription. I don't say you couldn't get the necessary laws passed by Parliament, I don't say even that there is any very active resentment against your demand for Conscription. When working men see well-dressed young fellows of military age holding on to their office or professional occupations they resent that, and don't hesitate to express their opinion that they, at least, ought to be fetched. But when you had passed your law and proceeded to carry it into execution you would see things. Look at the South Wales miners. If men like those don't want to be conscripted who is going to conscript them?"

"Quite true, Stafford, quite true," agreed Sir Midas. "But you are not forgetting that we've got three millions, or more, of 'em in uniform already. We shouldn't—er—let 'em go and then conscript 'em again, eh?"

"Of course not," I agreed. "That's why we must strike now or give it up. That's understood. Keep what we've got to, . . . well, influence the others."

Lord N. went to the door, opened it to make sure that no one was listening, and resumed his seat.

"That's all right as far as it goes," I went on, "but we don't want to do it that way if we can get it by persuasive means, eh, Colonel?"

"Just so, just so!" he replied nervously.

"That's where I come in," I said. "I think I can put the matter before the working man in such a way that he will consent to Conscription. But I must have carte-blanche."

"If you can do that, Stafford," said Lord N., "we leave the arguments to you. If it's necessary to blackguard me or the 'Times,' or . . . in fact anybody, remember that the 'British Daily,' or whatever we call it, has nothing to do with us."

"Perhaps Mr. Stafford will give us a hint of his plans," suggested Sir Midas.

"Oh yes," I replied cheerfully. "This is how I propose to put the matter to the workers of the country. We must have a citizen army, and I looked pointedly and inquiringly at Lord N.

"Oh, of course!" he said, "that will be all right. There's any amount of money behind us."

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Lord N., the Colonel, and Sir Midas looked at one another again, and Sir Midas coughed.
**And,** I went on, "while we are doing the thing, we'll do it thoroughly. We'll have Conscription for incomes, too. My plan would be to take all incomes over £1,000 a year and abolish all existing taxes entirely, direct and indirect. Beer will then be about

in the deathly silence which ensued I could distinctly hear the newsboy in the street calling out "'Evenin' Nyews.' Another setback to British. I began to feel terribly uncomfortable under the long gaze of the three patriots, and was relieved when they rose.

"I think," said Sir Midas, in a tone which nearly liquefied the air, "I think we will wish you good evening, Mr.—er—Stafford."

I took the hint. I took it so precipitately that the consequent falling down the stairs in my hurry woke me from a very pleasant dream. **John Stafford.**

**Of Love.**

By Stendhal.

*(Translated for The New Age by Paul V. Cohk.)*

**CHAPTER XXVIII**—(continued).

The Duke of Argyle gives a fine example of presence of mind in avoiding a struggle with womanly pride at his interview with Queen Caroline at Richmond.* The more lofty a woman's character is, the more terrible these storms.

As the blackest sky
Porestels the heaviest tempest. ("Don Juan.") Perhaps the explanation is that the more a woman in everyday life rejices in her lover's fine qualities, the more she seeks, at these cruel moments when sympathy seems dead, to avenge herself for the superiority to other men that she has always seen in him. She is afraid of being confused with those other men.

It is a long time since I read that tedious novel, "Clarissa Harlowe"; but, so far as I remember, it is through womanly pride that Clarissa abandons the struggle to live, and rejects the hand of Lovelace. Lovelace had sinned greatly; but since she loved him a little, she could find it in her heart to pardon him for a crime of which love was the mainspring. Monime,† on the contrary, seems to me a touching model of feminine delicacy. Who does not glow with pleasure at hearing these lines spoken by an actress worthy of the part?

Et cet fatal amour, dont j'avais triomphé
Vous détourtes l'ont surpris et m'en ont convaincue.
Je vous l'ai confessé je le dois soutenir;
En vain vous en pourriez perdre le souvenir;
Et cet aveu honteux, ou vous m'avez force,
Demeurez toujours present à ma pensee.
Toujours je vous croirai incertain de ma foi;
Et le tombeau, seigneur, est moins triste pour moi
Que le lit d'un epoux qui m'a fait cet outrage,
Et cet aveu honteux,
Et ce fatal amour,
Qui s'est acquis sur moi ce cruel avantage,
Que le lit d'un epoux qui m'a fait cet outrage;
Et ce fatal amour,
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Qui s'est acquis sur moi ce cruel avantage,
Et le tombeau, seigneur, est moins triste pour moi.

* "The Heart of Midlothian," Vol. III.
† [In Racine's "Mithridate."—**Translator's Note.**]
‡ "And that fatal love, over which I had triumphed—your subterfuges have found a genius to possess me of it. I have confessed it to you, I must stand by my confession; in vain would you try to lose remembrance of it; and this shameful avowal, to which you have forced me, will ever remain fresh in my mind. I shall always believe you uncertain of my fidelity; and the tomb, my lord, is a less sad prospect for me than the bed of a husband who has done me this violence, who has gained the cruel advantage over me, and who, ensuring me an endless sorrow, has made me blush for a flame that did not burn for him."

I fancy that future generations will say: "This was what the monarchy was good for—to produce characters of this stamp and their portrayal by great artists. Nevertheless, even in the medieval republics I find an admirable instance of this delicacy, an instance that seems to militate against my theory as to the influence of governments over the passions; but I will be frank enough to quote it.

I refer to those moving lines of Dante:

"Alas! when thou hast returned to the land of the living, remember me, who am La Pia. Siena gave me birth; the maremna brought me to my death; he knows my story, who even in my death I had encircled my finger with his own jewelled ring."**

* [Stendhal, in a non-combatant capacity, accompanied Bonaparte to Italy in 1802; after the battle of Marengo he enlisted in the Army, and, against his parents' wishes, becoming adjutant to General Michaud in 1801.—**Translator's Note.]
six weeks. A morbid curiosity made me wish to see her in her coffin. I made a small payment to a monk who was keeping watch over her, and towards midnight, under pretext of sprinkling holy water, I entered the room where the corpse was. I found there one of those exquisite faces which are beautiful even in death; she had a large aquiline nose, whose noble and deliberate outline I shall never forget. After this I left that dismal place. Five years later, when a detachment of my regiment accompanied the Emperor for his coronation at Paris,† I investigated the matter and heard the whole story. The jealous husband, the Conte — , had found one morning, hanging up on his wife's bed, an English watch belonging to a young man of the little town where they lived. That same day he took her to the ruined castle, in the midst of the Sesia woods. Like Nello della Pietra, he never uttered a single word. If she made any entreaty, she remained silent and unmoved, his only answer being to show her the English watch, which he always carried with him. In this way he spent three years with her, cut off from the world. At last she died of despair, in the prime of life. Her husband tried to stab the owner of the watch, missed, went on to Genoa, took ship there, and has never been heard of since. His property was divided among his next of kin.

If in the presence of a proud woman one accepts insults with a good grace—an easy thing to do, owing to the habits of military life—she will take it amiss; she will regard one as a coward, and may soon adopt a violent course. Women of this haughty type yield to men whom they see to be intolerant towards other men. This is, I think, the only proper line to take. We must often shew our neighbour in order to avoid quarrelling with our mistress.

Miss Cornél, a celebrated London actress, one day received an unexpected visit from the rich colonel who was useful to her. She was entertaining a humble lover who was in society rather than useful. "Mr. Serendip," she said to the colonel, in great confusion, "has come to see the pony I want to sell." "I am here for another purpose altogether," interrupted the lover, haughtily. She had begun to grow tired of him, but from that moment she loved him again more than ever.*

The character of the seventeenth-century Due de Lauzun,† if at the first encounter they can forgive him his hard duties and the weariness of his stamp, and perhaps to all distinguished women. The loftiest greatness escapes them, and they find nothing but apathy in the calm of a man who sees everything and never grows animated over any detail. Have I not heard the ladies at the Court of St. Cloud maintain that Napoleon was man of heart and purpose?† The great man is like the eagle: the higher he soars, the less visible he is, and he is punished for his greatness by loneliness of soul.

Womankind pride is the source of what women call want of delicacy. I fancy we are very much like what kings call lse-majesté, a crime that is all the more dangerous in that one commits it unconsciously. The most affectionate lover is liable to be charged with want of delicacy if he is somewhat lacking in intelligence, or if, what is worse, he dares to revel in the greatest joy that love can offer, the joy of being perfectly natural with the beloved, without listening to what is said to him.

These are things of which a man of generous soul can have no suspicion. He needs proof of them before he can believe them, for in such matters he is accustomed to deal with his male friends in a frank and upright manner.

We must never forget that we are concerned with beings who, although wrongly, may think themselves inferior in force of character, or rather may imagine that we think them inferior.

Surely the proper object of a woman's pride is the strength of the passion that she inspires. At Francis I's court, they rallied one of the Queen's maids of honour on the fickleness of her lover, who, they said, was very little in love with her. Soon afterwards the lover fell ill, and when he reappeared at court he was dumb. One day, two years later, someone expressed surprise at the fact that she still loved him. "Speak," she said to him. And he spoke.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Of Womankind's Courage.

I tell thee, proud Templar, that not in thy fiercest battles hast thou displayed more of thy vaunted courage than has been shown by women when called upon to suffer by affection or duty.—"Ivanhoe," II, p. 220.

I remember having come across the following sentence in a volume of history: "All the men lost their heads: it cannot be denied that at such moments women shew more superiority." Their courage has a reserve which is wanting in their lover's; they plume themselves on their self-respect in relation to him, and find infinite pleasure in being able, when danger is at hand, to vie with the man in steadfastness—the man who so often wounds their feelings by the arrogance of his protection and his strength. The intensity of this delight raises them above the vulgar fear which at such moments constitutes the weakness of the male. A man, too, if he received help of this kind in such a crisis, would have the courage of every danger; for fear is always born of our own imaginings, it is never inherent in the peril that confronts us.

I do not pretend to underrate women's courage; I have seen some who, when occasion offered, were braver than the bravest of men. They must, however, have a man whom they love; since they no longer feel save through him, the most deadly personal danger becomes for them like a rose to be plucked in his presence.*

I have also found women who did not care for danger, no matter how cool, how steady, how marvellous it was.

It is true that I used to think they were so brave because they did not know the vexatiousness of wounds. As for moral courage, so superior to the other kind, the steadfastness of a woman who resists her love is the most admirable thing on earth. All other possible forms of courage and stoutness are trifles in comparison with her heroism that is so painful and so contrary to nature. Perhaps they find strength for it in that habit of sacrifice which modesty inculcates.

One of women's misfortunes is that the proofs of this heroism always remain secret and are almost impossible to divulge.

* Mary Queen of Scots speaking of Leicester after the interview with Elizabeth, in which she has just lost her cause.—(Schiller, "Maria Stuart")
Views and Reviews.

In Medias Res.

I think that it was in The New Age that I once read: ‘The end of man is the end of man.’ This subtle expression of the Malthusian doctrine that man is himself, is receiving considerable amplification at the hands of Señor de Maeztu. He has not only banished happiness with a flourish of his pen, to the great grief of Mr. Ivor Brown; he has banished beauty, romanticism, and man himself, in the assertion that nothing resides in man himself; ‘his dignity depends upon his work’; his greatness also. ‘Does it never occur to you to suspect that the greatness which you attribute to some men is theirs solely in consequence of the man, we were great. The converse is more depresses, whose being devitalises us. But, as Byron said, ‘one hates an author that’s all author’; and if God had not rested on the seventh day from making Heaven and Earth, I doubt whether he would have received the adoration of mankind. Certainly, we conceive now not as a process of doing, but as a state of being; and our conception of man has altered in like fashion. We do not find it difficult in these days to judge a man not by his capabilities and performances, but by his character, to appreciate not only what he does, or what he has, but what he is; but the fact was well known ages ago.”

“O Ioan, how did you know that Hercules was a God?”“Because I was content the moment my eyes fell on him. When I beheld Theseus, I desired that I might see him as a panther, or at least guide his horses in the chariot-race; but Hercules did not wait for a contest to be held, presumably, in his vision, with ‘the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world,’ devoted, presumably, to the peaceful allotment of rights and duties, and the exchange and distribution of commodities. ‘There the common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in awe, and the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal law.’ That will be the end of man, and the triumph of organisation in the production of things.

But although it was asked by Christ, I see no reason why I should not repeat the question: ‘What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?’ The philosophy of work is a Sudra philosophy; and it may be argued, as was asserted by the Brahman of old, that a Sudra has no soul. Certainly, if ‘rights are to be based on work only,’ the worker will have little enough manhood to foster. The extent of the rights of a pin-polisher, or of a man who pulls a lever from left to right all the days of his life, will not be very wide; indeed, if we are going to make the measure of right, we shall have to revive the monastic ideal of poverty, chastity, and obedience for the working classes. The specialist is precisely the man who lives only for and in his work; and human relations are a hindrance to it. We must therefore abolish them; we do not want men, we want ‘the workers,’ the makers of the things to which classicism binds us. The doom of Prometheus was light compared with this, for he was least, bound to Nature, and not to the creations of men.

We have watched Señor de Maeztu banish happiness with a flourish of his pen; we have watched him banish beauty from articles of utility, banish luxury, banish romanticism, and, at last, banish man from the sphere of things. Here, in his wilderness, not unlike Whiteley’s, we may leave him ‘saying Ben Ezra’s Song of Death’; while we turn our attention neither to the works of M. Duguit nor of Professor Moore, but to the vital phenomena of the present day, to the care and culture of men that has been forced upon us at last by the stress of Necessity.

A. E. R.

REVIEWS

A Short History of Russian Music. By Arthur Pougin. Translated by Lawrence Haward. (Chatto and Windus. 5s. net.)

We are certainly not over-burdened with information concerning the history of the development of music in Russia, but we find that Mr. Pougin’s recent book has been a help to us. Mr. Montagu-Nathan did publish a history of Russian music recently, but this is, we believe, the other attempt in English to describe the origin and development of what is one of the most intensely national musical expressions. The author protests, in a preface, that this is not a history of Russian music, but an essay in the history of music in Russia; and to

the Hebrew doctrine that labour is the primal curse; and when it looks at those who have devoted themselves to work, the capitalist and the employing classes, it is confirmed in its assurance.

To my mind, the final condemnation of Señor de Maeztu’s philosophy is that it does not inspire great poetry. It is an anti-romantic creed; and Tennyson, too, regarded men as “the workers, ever reaping something new, that which they have done but cannot do any more” that they shall do; and his verse began to limp into dumpty, dumpty, dum, at once. He “saw the heavens fill with commerce,” as Señor de Maeztu would do if he were to lift his eyes above the earth; and his Liberal Romanticism reached the same conclusion as does the classicism which Señor de Maeztu tells us “says that the solution of our discontent is our work, and that human salvation is to be found in things.” For the great war that he prophesied would follow the development of aeriel transport ended, in his vision, with “the Parliament of men, the Federation of the world,” devoted, presumably, to the peaceful allotment of rights and duties, and the exchange and distribution of commodities. “There the common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in awe, and the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal law.” That will be the end of man, and the triumph of organisation in the production of things.

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that more modest pretension does the book conform, but it is none the less an interesting and comprehensive survey. What I do not make clear is that a national music can only arise among a people whose national consciousness is well developed, and is ambitious for recognition; and, secondly, that the first expressions of it in music require the support and sympathy of all well-wishers to their country. First of all, it was the Somersetshire peasants, from whom Mr. Cecil Sharp

England; for the Russian people, unlike the English, were probably possessed of what is now called "the national spirit", not immediately develop enough "ability" to free themselves entirely from Italian influence. The critics, who were inspired with the same idea in connection with their music, too, recognized with a very interesting account of the thorough system of training in the conservatories, particularly the one at Moscow. Altogether, it is a very pleasing and competent survey.

A Journal of Impressions in Belgium. By May Sinclair (Hutchinson. 6s.)

The fact that the royalties on the sale of this book will be given to the National Committee for Relief in Belgium may excite but does not, in our opinion, justify its publication. It offends our sense of fitness on every page. It asks us to look at a national tragedy through the grossly distorting medium of a morbid personality, to study the effect of a great calamity on a group of grotesques, of whose stupidity, heart-burnings, petty jealousies, this book is a record.

In September last, Miss Sinclair went to Belgium with a Motor Ambulance Corps, which certainly seems to have done good work (its best work was sending Miss Sinclair home after seventeen days), but was apparently composed of the choicest collection of idiots that has ever been brought together. Passages of this kind are common. "The ambulance has come back from Alost with two or three wounded and some refugees. The Commandant is visibly elated, elated out of all proportion to the work a Motor Ambulance really is. I doubt if he is elated in the very least, but she is wide-awake. Her docility has vanished with her torpor. She and the Commandant both look as if something extremely agreeable had happened to them at Alost. But they are reticent. We gather that Ursula Deaermer has been working with the nuts in the Convent at Alost, where the wounded were taken before the ambulance cars removed them to Ghent. It sounded very safe. But the Commandant dashed into my room after luncheon. I felt like a child who has grown in to tell you how ripping the pantomime was. "We've been under fire!" But I was very angry. Coldly and quietly angry. I felt like that when I was ten years old and piloting my mother through the thick of the traffic of the bank (I may inform Miss Sinclair that there is no "thick of the traffic" in that part of Gresham Street)..."

When, for instance, she picked up her first wounded man, this is what she writes: "He was a Flamand, clumsily built; he had a great face, narrowing suddenly as the fringe of his whiskers became a little straggling beard. But to me he was the most beautiful thing I have ever seen. And I loved him. I do not think it is possible to love, to adore any creature more than I loved and adored that clumsy, ugly Flamand. He was my first wounded man."

"Later, "when the Commandant observed that my Flamand's wound looked much worse than it was, I felt hurt, as if this beloved person had been slighted; also as if there was some subtle disparagement to my work. " The Commandant, too, is represented as that sort of idiot who is always going to buy a hat, or, at the last moment, is remembering some other business, and delaying expeditions while he wanders vaguely in and out of post-offices, hospitals, and so on. This is one of her descriptions of the Commandant: "There are moods, only less perverted, at which he appears, blinded by the glamour of his appearance, and, secondly, that the first expressions of it in music require the support and sympathy of all well-wishers to their country. First of all, it was the Somersetshire peasants, from whom Mr. Cecil Sharp inspired with the same idea in connection with their music, too, was a surer tribute to its musical merit than would be a similar verdict in England; for the Russian people, unlike the English, were probably possessed of what is now called "the national spirit", not immediately develop enough "ability" to free themselves entirely from Italian influence. The critics, who were inspired with the same idea in connection with their music, too, recognized with a very interesting account of the thorough system of training in the conservatories, particularly the one at Moscow. Altogether, it is a very pleasing and competent survey.

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Pastiche.

THE SEARCH REGARDLESS.

by

H. G. VILLS.

CONTEMPTS.

THE DELUDE.

ON FUDGEB and FOOLERY.

§ ?

Marble, his mother perceived, was a good boy, a clever boy, an interesting boy—BUT. He did NOT—like BASINS!

§ ?

The importance of him, the impossibility of him, the Romance of him, is—that. Most of us do like—BASINS. In spite of German Beer Mugs we do—like BASINS. But for Blenham, that circular spaciousness of practicable life—Life as it isn't—simply didn't exist. Did not exist. Did not exist—remarkably.

"Lord," whispered Blenham, "LORD! Of Course!! NO!!" he demanded—vehemently.

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

CHAPTER THIS — —

THE POOR BOY GROWS—UP!!

§...

Something between Beer and Fear came into Botheroh's eyes.

"What—Why—Why?" he questioned.

"I must..."

"Blenham—is it—can it—is it—AMPHIBIAN?"

"GOD!" shouted Blenham.

"GOD!" roared Botheroh.

CHAPTER THE — —

THE YOUNG WELLS ABOUT TOWN.

§...

And there was a school satchel on his back. And Workle had stowed in it his velvet pyjamas—an extra set of front teeth—a complete bed and breakfast (for two)—an unsafe razor. ...

§...

And—there was a book of WELLS!

Blenham glared at the Hill. What was he going to do? To Be? ? To DO? ? ? The Search Regardless caught him, held him, stirred his brain, excited him—wonderfully. "God," he smashed at last. "God—Women—WOMEN—I shall dabble in Women—I shall Wallow in Women—I shall STAMP on Women—Hurray! Women! SEX! WOMEN! Hurray! YES! NO! YES!!!" Then his mind was clean and clear again until Odanda burst upon him—PLUMP!

CHAPTER THE — — —

ODANDA.

§ One.

Odanda burst upon Blenham—PLUMP!

"I..."

"You..."

"But..."

"I say..."

§ Two.

"Come with me," he gloomed—alertly.

"COME WITH ME?" she echoed. "With you—Me—You!"

"Yes," he remarked. "Don't marry me. Come with me... NOW!!"

"WOW," she agreed—proliferating.

CHAPTER THE — — —

THE DISPIRITED HONEymoon.

§ OH!

Quickly she pulled down her stocking. She planted her firm, supple calf in his eyes. Stuck it before him. "How now, sirrah—You—you hungry Buffalo—YOU—It was your beauty fangs made that mark on the hind leg of your powerlessness cow."

"Odanda! Hurray!"

"Children! BABIES!!!" she screamed. "Lots of 'em. BABIES!! Hurray!!"

§ OH—H—H—H—H—H—H—H—-

"Odanda! We're MATES!!" he bellowed—"Damn!"

"Bacon!" she snuffed—extravagantly. 

THE LITTLE Iliad.

By Maurice Hewlett. (Heinemann. 6s.)

Mr. Hewlett is not Homer, nor is Inveroran Troy—not even Troyonant; but it was their father, chief of the Malleson Clan, who married her when the Austrian baron died. There are limits to beauty to a classic impertinence. Helena may have had charms of a fist-fight in "Bristol Don," which makes the illustrations of Sir Philip Burne-Jones add a marble, his mother perceived, his father, the impossible. It is not even Troyonant; but it was their father, chief of the Malleson Clan, who married her when the Austrian baron died. There are limits to beauty to a classic impertinence. Helena may have had charms of a fist-fight in "Bristol Don," which makes the illustrations of Sir Philip Burne-Jones add a

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CHAPTER THE — ! ! ! !

THE COURT OF SEX.

§ X.

An overpowering emotion bore her on.

"Buffalo—I want—oh No—not THAT. You don't—I didn't—NOW—until. But then—Buffalo—I want—we—
you—we—we must—oh BUFFALO—CHILDREN!"

"Old Cow," he snorted—churned profoundly. This was

—TREMENDOUS

SEX!!!!

her teeth.

Botheroh iced furiously. "This—this Sex," he writhed.

But...

"What's the matter?" asked Blenham. "How?"

Bothbro iccd furiously. "This—this Sex," he writhed.

"I want—I—We—Men—ONE— MUST . . . SEX! Did you ever know a chaste woman—SANE

La

WALLOW, my brother, wallow

SOUND

"I

WELLS!

WALLOW, my brother, wallow! Hurry! Sex! LUST!!!

SEX!!!! BY—JOVE!!!!!!!"

"Then." Said Blenham.

CHAPTER THE — ! ! ! ! !

THE NEW RAHAT AL LAKOUM.

§ Nunc Dittimis.

This interest in Stuff had been with Blenham since childhood.

This was life—LIFE!

Rahat al Lakoum was . . .

What Was—THAT?

But . . .

RitIdlyynutm!

GOD! ?

WELLS! !

GOD! ! ! !

PETER FASTICH.

DIRGE.

Occasioned by the Sombre Reflection that the Rotundity of a Certain Nobleman is still Unimpaired.

Where are the lads who burned the "Daily Mail," Those stout iconoclasts who fed the fire? (And where, moreover, is the Holy Grail? Where, pritchee, are the vaunted ships of Tyre?)

The sun still rises as it rose of yore, And as it smiles upon our rosy dreams It wakes a thought that lets us sleep no more: Carmelite House unrolls its tainted remain.

On countless breakfast-tables, check by jowl With honest fare that flanks the coffee-pot, Northcliffe is lurking with his dimal how! Of Spies and Cotton and The Lord Knows What!

Northcliffe at morn still lurks in three-fold guise Of peeveish cant and bankruptcy of wit. O allotropic trinity of lies— One bogey godhead in a triple kit!

And Northcliffe, ever lustily in vogue, Plasters the evening with his yellow smears, All Ricking of the booby and the rogue, All simmering with snarls and spiced with leers. And as of yore, upon the Seventh Day, Northcliffe intrudes upon the Sabbath rest Of divers millions of his sorry prey, Who con his broadsheets with unlagging zest.

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Where are the lads who burned the "Daily Mail," And swore a mighty feud amid the flare? Where are the stripings itching to assail Northcliffe and Party? . . . Echo answers "Where?"

(For quotation by the "Academy" only.)

"Academy," you make me grin. But why These chuckling interludes of savage glee? You swear you love not Northcliffe—nor do I. Yet when I say so, how you scoff at me! —P. SELWER.

Current Cant.

"I am temperamentally a Socialist."—AUSTIN HARRISON.

"The Peril of the tongue."—SIDNEY DARK.

"Thousands of Lloyd Georges wanted."—"Daily Sketch.

"Soldiers—my best friends."—GAWD DESLVS.

"Observe how Holy Scripture never destroys the reasonableness and proportion of Truth."—"Christian World.

"The Budget seems to catch everybody as it ought to do."—A. C. MORTON, M.P.

"The woman novelist loses her identity in her work more than a man."—"Daily Mail.

"The paper that developed airmanship. — the 'Daily Mail.'"—"Daily Mirror.

"Mr. Lloyd George—friend of the poor."—AUSTIN HARRISON.

"What women, as a whole, are asking, is that blood shall not be spent in vain."—MRS. FLORENCE ANNE STEEL.

"Among the miracles of the war is the political canonisation of David Lloyd George. He is at once the darling of the City and the idol of the Suburbs, the pet of Mayfair, and the favourite of the East End."—CHARLES BRETT.

"The Budget is splendid in making the country realise the war."—JOSEPH KING, M.P.

"Mr. Winston Churchill—artist."—"Daily News.

"The civilisation of the English people is not accidental. Its development deliberately follows, step after step, the movement of true freedom."—YONE NOGUCHI.

"From what particular angle do you see Schildrige's?"—"Morning Post.

"A series of soul-stirring articles by Mr. Horatio Bottomley will appear in 'Every Woman's Weekly.' This series will be entitled 'If I Were a Woman.'"—"Daily Mail.

"After hammering away for five years, I got Kitchener at the War Office."—HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

"Shakespeare's Heroines."—HORLOCK'S Malted Milk Advertisement.

"The Field Marshal in command. Idealist, enthusiast, and perfect war machine."—THE COUNTESS OF WARWICK.

"His face and his high hatchet nose, whatever colour they used to be, are now the colour of copper—not an ordinary Dutch kettle and coal-seuttle pooted, arts and crafts copper, but a fine old, turbulent, damn disarmament, Krupp and Co. ammunition copper. . . ."—MAY SINCLAIR.

"The King shaves hands with a worker. His soted glove."—"Daily Mail.

"Mr. Bottomley's powerful appeal of last week. . . This week Mr. Bottomley—England's war orator. . . Next week Mr. Bottomley will contribute a wonderful article."—"Sunday Pictorial.

"I'm no slobberer."—HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

"These slackers are job-stealers."—"Evening News.

"Peer and peasant, duke's son and dustman's, will be treated alike."—"Evening News.

"Although we have never looked for profit we are not millionaires."—THE EDITORS, "The Academy."

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CHAPTER THE — ! ! ! !

THE COURT OF SEX.

§ X.

An overpowering emotion bore her on.

"Buffalo—I want—oh No—not THAT. You don't—I didn't—NOW—until. But then—Buffalo—I want—we—
you—we—we must—oh BUFFALO—CHILDREN!"

"Old Cow," he snorted—churned profoundly. This was

—TREMENDOUS

SEX!!!!

her teeth.

Botheroh iced furiously. "This—this Sex," he writhed.

But...

"What's the matter?" asked Blenham. "How?"

Bothbro iccd furiously. "This—this Sex," he writhed.

"I want—I—We—Men—ONE— MUST . . . SEX! Did you ever know a chaste woman—SANE

La

WALLOW, my brother, wallow

SOUND

"I

WELLS!

WALLOW, my brother, wallow! Hurry! Sex! LUST!!!

SEX!!!! BY—JOVE!!!!!!!"

"Then." Said Blenham.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

SIR,—I challenged Mr. Ince to quote the articles or paragraphs of the treaty of 1830 in which, as he put it in a previous letter, "the right of Belgium to equal control of the waters of the Scheldt" is set forth. Mr. Ince, however, has "accepted my challenge," and in an article of one column and a quarter he not only shows a quite irrelevant and rather laboured form of argument for "Great States," and their quarrels, but portentously announces that he—after how many weeks?—is going to give "proofs."

The paragraphs of the treaty of 1839 in which, as he put it in the beginning. Sir, I hope you will allow me to point out one inaccuracy from amongst the irrelevancies, with which, as usual, Mr. Ince adorns his letter.

"For years. . . ." says, and makes the Encyclopaedia Britannica responsible for it (unjustly, I am afraid), "the Great Powers were concerned to keep the peace between Holland and Belgium, and to enforce the terms of the Convention to which they had mutually agreed. So lately as 1832 Englad and France compelled Holland, by force, to give up Antwerp, which had been allotted to Belgium. Now, it is an incontrovertible fact that in 1832 no Convention had been mutually agreed to. The first set of conditions of separation, which had been laid down by the Great Powers in January, 1831, had been rejected by Belgium, the second and the third (June and October, 1831), by Holland. A state of war—since May, 1831, so-called an aristocratic—exists between Holland and Belgium right up to the much-discussed treaty of April, 1839. After that, no "enforcing of terms or anything else was necessary."

I have noticed with gratification Mr. Ince's attempt to improve on his original Herr. May I hope for still further improvement? "Monarchy" is neither Dutch nor German. Herr is Dutch, but not wholly so, and was coined by a Dutchman. (Dr.) P. Grav.

SIR,—I am glad that S. Verda should have insisted upon the need for unity in his notes on Foreign Affairs. The current issue of The New Age. I have been back in Italy now for three weeks, and each day I have realised more the necessity for this unity of purpose and the dangers which the cause of the Allies is running, not so much from the military achievements of Germany but from Holland and her somewhat crude internal squabbles.

Great Britain has entered into this war with a reputation for efficiency and trustworthiness which the Government and its Opposition are naturally likely to destroy. Indeed, in the eyes of Italy, at least, that country holds a far more important position than France. The "Coalition Alliance" is of importance not only from a diplomatic or economic standpoint but as a cohesive power between four peoples. Great Britain appears to ignore this, nor does she take any trouble to understand the point of view of that among her Allies who is most sincerely and frankly sympathetic towards her,—Italy. The principles of the "Coalition Alliance" are the principles of the "social solidarity" each by which is Dutch, but which is wholly Dutch by a Dutchman.

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we "poor apostles" who have no "chairs," and are hence outside the academic ring, must, I suppose, resign ourselves to working on the sie te non nihil principle, since here we are. If we can assure Señor Maeztu that my "relational allogenic," or is not based on either of the theories named, base on our own, the most perfect, and that future progress consists in the union of personal and social rights in one community, and not in the abstract recognition of these rights. I must be the back hand of Evolution's clock and revert to the national individual in the "group" or community. In the same way it is vain to resist the irresponsible, caste and class ideas, and the sphere of influence in the community in determining the economic conditions of society and other aspects of social structure which fall into the sphere of "personal liberty" considered per se.

E. BELFORT BAX.

[Mr. De Maeztu replies—] I thought that the connection between the problem of "personal liberty" and those of discipline of thought" and "perpetuation of human life" was pretty obvious. "Personal liberties" are conditions of the thrones, and in such a stocktaking many values will writers to corrupt the public mind with lies and half-truths. I chose the name of Kant, exemplifying the "discipline of thought," and this record is open to both Mr. Belfort Bax. But I may be wrong in that. "Personal liberties" provide, too, the conditions under which many selfish women and men neglect their function of perpetuating the species. The word is quite obvious. - Pulmonary veracity and compulsory maternity. Or, in nicer words, a system of society in which rights are based only on functions of school children trying for law—or of the law by the power of the Guilds—some of the good things loved by Mr. Belfort Bax. It is true that I had to sacrifice; "personal liberties," but if they are defined as the right of not doing one's duty, I cannot see any good in them. Prussianism? No. The Prussian regime is not founded on solidarity and objective rights, but on the subjective rules and the State.

To the objections of Mr. Adams against my thesis that the "balance of power" is perhaps the highest historical function of the community, I must reply later on by an analysis of the meaning of power.

THE END OF "ROMANTICISM."

Sir,—I wish some wise person would tell your readers whether the last article by Mr. De Maeztu is or is not nonsense. Possibly the time has come for the re-valuation of the values, and in such a stocktaking many values will creep into our new dictionary, but our contributor's overhauling of the term "Romantic" comes as a surprise. For the condition and thought which he discovers under this term is crude name. It is sentimentality, and if it pleases him to treat what is noble as base and what is decent as sham our dictionary is going to have to take new entries. Now Mr. De Maeztu appears to think that man should not talk much about man, but only about the machinery whereby man expresses himself. He would like to see in our dictionary at both ends of school life, the youngest and the oldest pupils. We read that last week a deputation from the textile districts waited upon the Home Office, and that Mr. McKenna do a little more in the way of the super-repairing the ravages of this terrible war. We hear that the Local Government Board is discouraging the erection of school clinics for the medical treatment of mental diseases. A million young men have been rejected as physically unfit for military service. Children are to be withdrawn in thousands at both ends of school life, the youngest and the oldest pupils.

There are rumours of alarming "economies" which are being planned for London's education, also behind closed doors, during the long recess. When the Council re-assembles reports will be presented, and no doubt endorsed. It is an interesting fact, to which I would like to draw the attention of students of present-day education politics, that from the end of July to October, the period of recess in which our Members of Parliament are to secure that one result of this war shall not be a lowering of our already deplorably low standard of education—education, which, as I contend, the principle of all social rights in one community, and not in the abstract. 'Personal liberty' is the bedrock of our dictionary at the letter A with the word Guilds—as is the word "Guilds"—as is "personal liberty" of every action is knowledge and

the desire which comes after, and which knowledge alone can breed. He says: "What is bad in Romanticism?" (I hate these "isms" that do get plastered on to honest words) "is that it explains our discontents by laying claim that our position is not as high as we deserve." Never in the history of the earth has that been said until it was said last week by the New Age. If he has discovered that faith without works is dead, let him discover that work without faith is damned; and he will see many among the enemies of education from their present state, and, says the "Manchester Guardian," "so secretive were the members of the institution that they declined to state the object of their visit," although it was understood to be to ask that the full-time working age of children in cotton districts shall be lowered from 14 to 13.

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tax, and let him even apply it in the case of Cabinet Ministers.

Mr. Arthur Henderson, too, can help by insisting on the restoration of the wealthy educational endowments which have been stolen from the poor.

It is now some 14 or 15 years since, at my instigation, the demand for the restitution of the ill-gotten endowments become embodied in the education demands of the Trade Union Congress. After the General Election of 1906, I felt quite certain that a few years would see the appointment of a Royal Commission on the Endowments, and that such a commission would show how those endowments would be restored and democratically administered. Alas! I thought otherwise with many men of rank and file propagandists, even went so far in my folly as to believe that long before 1943 no child would lack the food necessary for a proper development of body. However, the forces of reaction have triumphed, and in the question of the feeding of school children, charity organisation, with all its degrading concomitants, holds the field, in place of a generous communal system worthy of an imperial race.

We now have before us the negative task of breaking down that admirably organised bulwark of reaction, and we have in addition the negative task of fighting against the "economy" which will lower our standard of education.

M. BRIDGES

WOMEN IN INDUSTRY

Sir,—Miss or Mrs. Winifred Horrabin has only replied to one of the arguments raised in my letter.

She defend various women who have to earn their own living. Why, however, should such women enshrine themselves to the wage system, when they may serve the State direct by entering, say, the teaching profession? And, if that, instead of a source of profit, has no vital connection with the wage system, in so far as the teachers themselves are concerned. Teachers receive pay, whereas members of the postal service, women tram-conductors, etc., receive wages. Of late years, girls have been crowding into private industry—girls, that is, of sufficiently good education to qualify them for higher service.

I fail to see any connection between the Domestic Services Guild and the necessity for the entry of women to one of the arguments raised in my letter.

Another thing.

**THE NEW AGE**

**THE TRANSLATION OF STENDHAL**

**OUR PLUTOCRACY.**

Sir,—If anyone were disposed to dispute your arguments in last week's Notes on the subject of the incidence of financial burdens on the community, he would obtain speedy relief by bestowing careful attention upon the 'City' comments on the monetary situation which are appearing in the daily press.

As to underline your reference to the accountants who, according to you, are preparing statements of private profits under the spiritual supervision of Ananias and Saphira, there is a whole-hearted outcry in to-day's "Morning Post" against the proposal that bankers shall deduct income-tax from the dividends payable on deposits. Bearing in mind the manner in which the Insurance Act fourpences are diverted into the national fund week by week, listen to this attempt to make bankers thus compulsory agents for the collection of income-tax is a direct interference with the proper business functions of the banker.

(Em. employees are of the earth, earthy; clients are the Lord from heaven.)

But there is more to follow in the same article. It appears that the American loan is so attractive that there are indications of a rush to buy American money here to remit to New York as subscriptions thereto. Now, whereas income-tax-dodging does not injure the interests of plutocracy as a whole, this tendency on the part of some plutocrats to invest money in America serves to retard the desired advance in the exchange, which is the object of the loan; and, therefore, hits the rest of the plutocrats. Behold, then, the "Morning Post" and The New Age tucked up in the same bed! Listen particularly again to the "City" comments on the "proper business functions" of bankers—"... it is the distinct duty of every banker to disentangle by every means in his power any such overtures for the purchase of exchange, having investment in the loan as its object." Whew! Isn't it a war!

**A. STRATTON.**

**HISTORY REPEATING ITSELF.**

Sir,—History, at this present moment, is busy implacably itself. The middle-class Athenians—the democracy—were so "confident of success" when they set out to invade Sicily "that many Athenians went prepared for trade as well as for combat." If Sheeny Isaacs drew up the Declaration of London, he seems to have had a hand at the foot of letters in the Capitalist Press, and it has even been the device of slaves.

"A Working Man" is the designation of a slave, of which we are trying to rid ourselves, and it at once calls to mind all the meanness, lies, and calculated tyranny of modern life. Furthermore, the possible functions of a working man qua working man have no connection with a translation of Stendhal, and your correspondent's introduction of the title may be regarded either as a piece of conceit, insomuch as the above learning was acquired in spite of great difficulties, or as a mute, subconscious appeal for special consideration, out of regard for the diplomatist's unfortunate position. It is in the latter sense that the signature "A Working Man" frequently appears at the foot of letters in the Capitalist Press, and it has even been the device of slaves.

There is another extensive branch of modern literature to which working men contribute: "Dear Sir,—I am a working man, but I feel I must write to you about your Nerve Tonic." I start work at 6 a.m., but before I start I always—"

I trust I have now made myself clear to your cor-

respondent. Successes are not uncommon in these cases.

**A. D. WOOD.**

**THE NEW AGE**

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All communications relative to THE NEW AGE should be addressed to THE NEW AGE, 38, Curzon Street, E.C.
Scratch a Conscientious and you will find an enemy of the people. He may believe that a free democracy is an impossible system of society; but he knows that militarism is a menace to all the assumptions upon which his privileges rest, and it is to preserve these privileges against the inundation that he fears and that he cries out for a system of militarism that will make democracy here as obedient an instrument of the ruling class as it is in Prussia. Conscript, in short, is not an expedient for meeting the needs of the war. We wonder for the sake of controlling democracy when peace returns. It is the instrument by which Trade Unionism is to be kept in check. — A. G. Gardiner.

The question whether the working classes are getting their fair share out of war activities, or whether the call to patriotism is being made to demand an ever-increasing share of the workman's blood and lives to Empire's cause, and their production of a surplus wealth derived from steam coal and iron, is to end, apparently, where the surplus wealth derived from steam coal and iron, is to end, apparently, where the surplus wealth derived from steam coal and iron, is to end, apparently, where the surplus wealth derived from steam coal and iron, is to end, apparently, where the surplus wealth derived from steam coal and iron, is to end, apparently, where the surplus wealth derived from steam coal and iron, is to end, apparently, where the surplus wealth derived from steam coal and iron, is to end, apparently, where the surplus wealth derived from steam coal and iron, is to end.

The War Loan was issued in June, and the farthings! The Parliamentary Savings Committee dwells upon this at length. Either it considers the workman's people so mean, or, if they be so generous, that his huge sum, received as unearned increment over so short a period, is a bribe of magnificent proportions! In this case, why issue official leaflets warning the people against spending it? In the case of the pledge, he deposits an actual article as security. In the case of the voucher he receives a paper bond. We are not quarrelling with the value of the Government's security. Of course, it is good. But there is no personal deposit—and the difference between five farthings and tenpence is enormous, if the former sum is worth making such a song about. The Government pays the worker five farthings interest for the use of five shillings for nearly six months. The worker pays the pawnbroker six farthings for the use of five shillings for one month. Since there is every reason to believe that the pawnbroker's system is flourishing as well as ever, the financial system founded on such expedients is wanting in dignity as well as equity. — G. A. Aldred in "The Star."

"In our judgment, war profits should have been dealt with long ago. It is doubtful a fact that on every honest income-tax return of profits recorded, and can be tapped at a future date, and to which has been given immediate decision, plain and final, which would be quotable in every factory, mine, and workshop. It is assumed that Mr. McKenna will include War Profits in his Budget, but, in a matter which arouses such suspicion in simple minds, a vague Parliamentary hint is not enough. The working man sees on the other side the propaganda inspired by Mr. Harold Cox, who, putting aside the aspirations of London Bankers into graceful literary form, demands tariffs as a means of alleviating the burdens of wealth, and, in addition to tariffs, an income-tax on wages. Conscript is to apply to imports. Conscription is to apply to the wages at the end of the week. Conscript is to apply to the wages at the end of the week. Conscript is to apply to the wages at the end of the week. Conscript is to apply to the wages at the end of the week. Conscript is to apply to the wages at the end of the week. Conscript is to apply to the wages at the end of the week. Conscript is to apply to the wages at the end of the week."

The 'patriotic' masters, in spite of the great need of the State for the goodwill of their slaves, at least in workshops, mines, factories, and other suchlike places where those slaves assume any importance at all, adhere with the tenacity of limpets to their old arid national policy of guarding the face of those they have on the economic grindstone. However dire the need of the country that really, in substance and fact, is theirs may be, their leech-like proclivities are only unleech-like in that they cannot gorge themselves to satiety. The Welsh coal owners provide a typical example. — A. E. Jackson in the "Socialist Standard."

"What the Socialist and Trade Union movements needed is a clear direction. 'National Guilds' has given it to them. They may see now, not a goal remote and hopeless, but one well within the achievement of determined minds and dauntless spirits. Find you not leaders of will and pluck and spirit and sagacity, and the way lies open before you. Even men may act in quiet obscurity, let them remove their skirts of modesty, and stand forward, assured of the hearty support of thousands for a bill with calculable value of Syndicalism (otherwise a very faulty movement) lie in its revolt against the stupid of hopelessness that had settled on the Socialist movement? However grave it is, it is a sign of the growing efficiency of effort and action. It was not afraid to tell men frankly, 'You want the thing done? The only way is to go and do it yourselves, and you can do it!' "— "The Venture" (Bristol).