NOTES OF THE WEEK.

To the grounds we have before enumerated for predicting industrial depression after the war—the glut of labour, shortage of capital and the constriction of the effective world-market—may now be added a ground that bears particularly upon wages—the payment to the proletariat of something like thirty millions annually in the form of military and other Service pensions. It would seem on the face of it impossible and shocking that gifts of this kind, made with the best sentiment of the nation, should have the effect of lowering the wages of the whole of the working class. But there is no escape from the conclusion that this result is inevitable. Wages being fixed by the Supply and Demand of labourers, anything that tends to increase or cheapen the supply without at the same time increasing the demand, tends to lower wages. Now there is no doubt that the existence of a large number of State pensioners—many of them whole and most of them capable of DRAMA.

through muddle to more of it. by ivor brown

SHAW'S WAR. by paul victor

letters from russia. by c. e. bechhoefer

Drama. by John Francis hope

readers and writers. by r. h. c.

stay-laces. by katherine mansfield

unfortunately neither the one nor the other is of any effect against the operation of the labour-market. By one means or another wages are fixed by the actual supply and actual demand for labour; and while this system of treating labour as a commodity remains, no power or sentiment in the world can establish any other price for it. As good an example of the inexorable nature of the wage-system as anybody can ask for is to be found in the present fruitless attempt to insist upon equal pay for women and men in the muntious industry. Not only is popular opinion in favour of it, but the women workers have a powerful feminist movement behind them, employers are not indisposed to consider their claims, the men's Trade Unions naturally do not oppose them, and the Government is virtually under pledge to make the claim good. Nevertheless it is a fact that, except in rare cases, women workers in munitions industries are everywhere being paid at lower rates in the total than men, even when their output is the same. The reason is not by any means that women's output is necessarily less in certain branches than that of men; nor is it, as various superficial writers suppose, that the lesser economic needs of women directly allow employers to pay them less than men. It is simply the fact that, from whatever causes, the supply of women's labour is actually at this moment greater than the supply of men's labour and greater than the demand for it. An attempt has even been made to fix a minimum wage for women so employed; and this rate has moreover been defined as a pound a week and to compel employers to pay it. Such a regulation
must needs be a dead-letter; and it is only a piece of cunning honesty so to draft the present rules as to reveal their utter uselessness.

That sentiment is no less useless and must lie in abeyance even in the matter of reducing wages by the amount of a man's pension, is clear from the case recently reported in the German Socialist daily, the "Vorwärts." A certain workman, who lost a leg in the war, but was not thereby incapacitated for his special trade, applied to his former employer to be taken on again. The latter was pleased to have him back, but insisted that, in consideration of the man's pension, his wages should be less than formerly by the exact amount of the State subsidy. When the man protested, he learned that a Manufacturers' Protection Association had been formed, of over five thousand members, who had agreed to take the same course, and that work at his trade would be impossible in Germany except at the rate now offered him. You may say, if you please, that such action is characteristic of Germany, and would not be taken in this country. But the wage-system knows no boundaries, and is no respecter of national character. Whether by the open means of an Association for the purpose, or by the concealed means usual in England, employers here, as well as in Germany, will gladly seize upon the fact of pensions to lower wages; and for the simple reason that they can do so. If there were an alternative other than wage-industry by which men could get a living, or if their pensions were enough to support them without labour, employers might find the market barred against them, and the rates of wages might be maintained or increased. But having no alternative other than wage-industry, and being unable to live wholly upon their pensions, the men broken in the war must needs accept the price of their labours as they find it. And, inevitably, the market after the war will be against them. "Vorwärts," we note, comments bitterly upon the facts, and proposes to start a public agitation. But "Vorwärts" knowledge of economics has never extended to the analysis of the wage-system. By one channel or another, against sentiment and even against law, wages find the level dictated by the same conditions that fix the price of all commodities. Labour differs in no economic respect from wheat or iron. Supply and Demand are the sole determinants.

Germany has been given an excessive amount of praise in this country for her success in dealing with her problem of food-supplies. The praise, however, should be reserved for her efforts, since their success has been so far nothing. Here, in England, we have, indeed, attempted little, in the belief, maintained diligently by the "Spectator" and other journals, that the best way to solve a problem is to let it alone. Letting a problem alone, however, is not the German way; and it remains only now to be shown that the next worse thing to ignoring a problem is to attempt to solve it by the wrong means. Germany, we know, quite early in the war, promulgated maximum prices for articles of food in the expectation that, being law, the work of the Chancellor would suspend the greater laws of Supply and Demand. What has been the effect? According to a correspondent of the "Chicago News," prices, notwithstanding all efforts to control them, have risen in one disguise or another, until in the majority of instances the legal maximum has been either ignored or evaded. On all sides complaints are being raised that the cost of living has doubled during the war, and is still rising. While wishing, naturally, to hear more of it, our interest in it as economists is only second to our interest in it as patriots. For what has happened? The next worse thing, as in the case of labour, so in the case of food, prices are fixed not by law or by sentiment, but by Supply and Demand. Hence it follows in the one case as in the other, that the attempt to fix prices while leaving the competitive system in operation, is doomed to failure. The above-mentioned correspondent writes that the Berlin Council has begun to recognise this as the final criticism of the means it hitherto employed; and the conclusion to which it has come is that "the only solution of the food problem is State ownership—and no less than upon the lines laid down by Supply and Demand, but "upon the basis of citizenship." "Before the war ceases," he adds, "the world may see in Germany a practically worked out scheme of national food monopoly and distribution."

We drew attention last week to the modest manner in which Lord Selborne, the advocate of the compulsory national service of men, appealed to the farmers to charge the national service of growing more food for us. If, he said, they would only do this, many of our difficulties as a nation would be reduced. The Report of the Departmental Committee recently appointed to make recommendations upon the same subject treats the farmers, we find, in much the same spirit of despairing supplication. They are exhorted, in the first instance, to increase arable cultivation as a means both to greater food-production and the greater employment of labour. In the second, it is recommended that the State should subsidise farming in the immediate future by the control of fertilisers, labour and agricultural machinery. We have a great deal of respect for the members of the Committee; but we cannot say that their advice is as a rule very good. As to the first point, it is probable or even just that a demand for sacrifice of this kind should be made with success? A single class, though in possession of our sole means of food-production, cannot be expected on that account to work harder for less profits when profits are all they live by, and other classes are permitted to make them without let or hindrance. What is manifestly wrong is not that the farmers as a body refuse to bear the national burden alone, but that their private interests and the interests of the nation should be found to clash. The fact is undeniable that these interests do clash, since the admission is made in the Report that arable cultivation is needed for the nation and pasture for the farmers. But the blame is not upon the farmers, but upon the system that allows them the use of national land and then compels them to live on the profit they can extract from it. This recommendation of the Report is, therefore, a pious wish. Not an acre of arable will be added to our farming by it; and the Report embodying it has thus been a waste of time.

Equally futile as a remedy for defective food-production, but more dangerous as an economic measure, is the second of the recommendations of the Committee. Except for the comparatively few owning farmers, the farmers of this country, being tenants of landowners, are in the same position as what we call industrial employers. A farm in the economic sense is a machine of production; and the same laws that fix wages and determine the distribution of the product of labour in general industry fix and determine in the tenant-farming industry the income received by the farmer himself and of his landowner. We have just been showing that subsidies made by the State to the workmen must have the effect, whether designed or not, of lowering wages. In other words, every subsidy made to the proletarian is nothing less than an equivalent subsidy to the employers. And if, as we believe, the tenant farmers and the workmen are in much the same case, it follows that the subsidies recommended by the Report to tenant-farmers for fertilisers and the like are
tamount to subsidies to their employers, namely, the landlords. We would venture the prediction, in fact, that by persisting in such subsidised tenant-farming, by just so much will land rents be raised. The operation may take a little time; leases have to run out before their terms can be changed; but with the first subsidy the operation will begin. The recommendation, in short, is for a veiled subsidy to the landlords, and its consequences upon food-production will be nil. Such is likely, we say, to be the effect even of generous measures taken by the State in the existing circumstances of private ownership of the land. On the one hand, such measures, with increasing land values, cannot impose conditions even in a national emergency when these are onerous upon the profits of farmers. And on the other hand, it cannot relieve the farmers of their burden without at the same time raising their rents and so cancelling the benefit.

Some time ago, it may be remembered, Professor Wrightson took us to task for advocating the organisation of Great Britain into a single national farm. Such a notion, he said, was never before heard of and compared as Utopia with common sense, with his own scheme for employing a million returning troops upon a few hundred five-acre co-operative farms. The notion has now, however, been advocated by a more technically skilled pen than ours; and to Professor Wrightson in our own defence and to our readers in our support, we recommend Mr. George Radford's work, published last week, on "The State as Farmer" (Smith, Elder, & Co.). Let us glance at in the foregoing notes, and aware of the inadequacy of the solutions so far offered, Mr. Radford boldly declares for the policy of farming England. "The land cannot, he says, be brought forth and sent into markets to the customer as if by magic, as the produce of a factory is treated as a single national whole." And again: "We must treat our cornfields, orchards and pastures as if they were in the hands of one vast capital undertaking with orders to get all that is possible out of them just as if they were factories for munitions of war,"—as, indeed, they are! Apart from every other consideration, it is the simple truth that, owing to the present anarchic system of agriculture, the scientific knowledge we have acquired, and that, under other conditions, would enable us to multiply production, is little better than academic. In no industry is so much unapplied science to be found. A mere gambling-table that by just so much as the State subsidises tenant-farmers, by just so much will land rents be raised. The operation may take a little time; leases have to run out before their terms can be changed; but with the first subsidy the operation will begin. The recommendation, in short, is for a veiled subsidy to the landlords, and its consequences upon food-production will be nil. Such is likely, we say, to be the effect even of generous measures taken by the State in the existing circumstances of private ownership of the land. On the one hand, such measures, with increasing land values, cannot impose conditions even in a national emergency when these are onerous upon the profits of farmers. And on the other hand, it cannot relieve the farmers of their burden without at the same time raising their rents and so cancelling the benefit.

The Conference held at the Mansion House last week to discuss the problems of the birth-rate and of population in general, was to be said to have been of little interest to the "General Staff mind," the need of which Lord Haldane emphasised the other day. The problem before us is divisible into two main parts, that of numbers and that of efficiency; and upon either section a little general preliminary thought would save us a good deal of hasty practical blundering. Concerning the question of numbers, for example, the decision we must make is between the voluntary and the virtually compulsory system. On the one side there is no doubt that, the world being what it is, a respectable body of opinion will be disposed to maintain that as in the matter of military service, in the service of population also, compulsion of a certain kind is both desirable and necessary. On the other side, the advocates of the voluntary principle in respect of military service will be disposed, if they are consistent, to apply it to parental service as well. For our part, we are opposed to the compulsion of persons in respect of any service whatever. And in the case of the birth-rate, compulsion is, in our opinion, particularly vile. In the first place, all that it affirms us is to which we are ourselves bound. And the solution must turn upon the choice we make between direct State control and its indirect control through the mediation of the Family. Which is it to be? Are we to assume that the Family system requires that the industrialism which has already begun to prepare for it with all the enthusiasm of Hegelian State-fanatics. There is to be a reduction of the legal age for marriage, State-aid for mothers, premiums for large families, a tax upon the childless, and so on. Our reformers, we fear, will slavishly copy Germany.
Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

M. Briand as Prime Minister of France, and Minister of Foreign Affairs as well, will convey a better impression to neutral countries than M. Viviani; but the change of Cabinet is a little unfortunate, nevertheless. Every belligerent country ought, in theory, to be paying attention to nothing but the conduct of the war; and, it is disquieting to find the Cabinets of Russia, England, and France susceptible to what outsiders and neutrals must regard as mere party intrigue. There is more excuse for us in this respect than for our Allies, for we have problems to consider which, although they have a very direct bearing on the conduct of the war, are not of a purely military order. We are concerned, first of all, with finance—it cannot be repeated too often that Mr. McKenna has had to earmark in his last budget the sum of four hundred and twenty-three millions sterling as financial assistance to our partners in the Alliance. Secondly, we are concerned with the maintenance of sea-power on behalf of ourselves and our partners are concerned almost exclusively with keeping up the strength of their armies—with our financial assistance, and the assistance of our Fleet, of course; and there would seem to be no good reason why party intrigues should result from such a simple matter as that, or why the French Cabinet should have to be re-shuffled in consequence of it.

Russia is too big a question to deal with incidentally; but a word or two on the task laid down by M. Viviani and taken up by M. Briand may help to explain more than the intrigues on the Left Centre and Left. It must first of all be understood that the man in charge of France at the present time is General Joffre; and one essential factor in his strategy was explained by him a year ago: 'Let me alone: I am nibbling them.' In view of the enormous casualty lists issued officially in Germany—the combined losses of the Austro-German forces are estimated at five million men—it is evident, and is indeed known to everybody, that General Joffre has performed his share of the 'nibbling' with infinite skill; especially when we consider the disadvantages from which he suffered for the first two or three months of the campaign. The French at that stage were no better off than ourselves; and officers, men, training, and munitions had to be, to a great extent, improvised.

From a military point of view General Joffre's tactics have been admirable in theory and admirably carried out in practice. But the French public, like all other publics, is apt to become impatient; and the fact remains that after fourteen months and more of war the rich north-eastern provinces of France are still in the hands of the enemy. The French troops are not merely holding their line; they are gaining a few yards of ground here and there every day, and a strategically important hill or two every fortnight or so; but the long-expected hour when the irresistible forces of the Republic will hurl the German troops back to the Rhine seems very distant. It is, therefore, not at all unreasonable—indeed it is practically necessary—that what we may call a private outcry should have arisen when it was proposed to send French troops to Salonika. This proposal was received unfavourably by a large group of French Deputies, and the persistent intrigues carried on in the Chamber, and even in the Senate, gradually made M. Viviani's position untenable. The views of this group—represented in the Viviani Cabinet by M. Delcasse—were that it was impossible for France to spare the number of troops needed to help Serbia; that attention should be concentrated on the German lines; and that Serbia could best be saved in Flanders and Lorraine. In any case, this group held, the Germans could not eventually win the war, and Serbia could be rescued when the final settlement came to be effected.

These views, while plausible, were not sound. An attempt, however indignant, had to be made to help the Serbian army, which has really done very considerable work throughout the campaign. If this step had not been taken the prestige of the Entente Powers in the Balkans would have vanished; and, while Greece would probably have continued to remain neutral in such a case—look at her vulnerable coastline—nobody could have said that, or why the French Cabinet should have been re-shuffled in consequence of it.

Mr. Henderson's admission with regard to peace "feelers" need cause no anxiety. To my personal knowledge such "feelers" were put out by the German Government and by Baron Sonnino in April this year; but, when the Balkans were approached, I referred to these attempts in the columns of The New Age at the time. It is of interest to note, however, that Japan has just definitely announced her intention of not concluding a separate peace. There is at present no intention, on the side of the Allies, to conclude peace on terms other than those which were outlined by various statesmen representing the Entente after the war began. But there are potential traitors in France, and it is impossible to say more than this I should have said it.
"Defence of the Realm" in Turkey.

In the year 1913 the British Government was requested by the Porte to provide a number of inspectors to superintend the reforms which the Turks had undertaken in the Kurd-Armenian vilayets; where, as an outcome of the Balkan War, and the consequent weakening of the local garrisons on the one hand, and of Russian intrigues on the other, the situation had become extremely critical. Mr. Walter Guinness, M.P., describing a tour which he made that year in Armenia and Kurdistan, mentions "numerous indications of an active Russian propaganda," not only among Armenians but among the Kurds as well. Many of them (the Kurds) are armed with Russian rifles, and in the mountains I found in an out-of-the-way village a Russian dressed as a Kurd, and living the life of the Kurds." Rifles supplied to the Kurds were sure, sooner or later, to be used against the Armenians. At the same time, Russia was arming the pro-Russian—that is, Orthodox-section of the Armenians in Turkish provinces adjacent to the Russian frontier. The Armenians thus, who are by no means lambs, would be emboldened to revolt against the Turkish Government; the Kurds would slay them in the name of law and order—a mere name in Kurdistan in these days, respected only when it suits the Kurds—and Russia, posing as protector of the slaughtered Christians, would cry to Europe: "See what you have done by thwarting my desire to take those provinces.

It was simply the old game which has been played by our Ally so many times before in the Balkans, and always with some measure of success. Western Europe is so far removed from Asia Minor. So very few of us can realise, even in imagination, the conditions of life in that far-off region.

The situation was, indeed, most critical from the stand-point of the Turks, and the Turks desired to mend it by introducing real reforms into the Armenian vilayets. But they knew well that they were not strong enough to carry out so great a work in the face of Russia—and, one may add, German-political ambitions, without the help of some great Power of Europe, which was not interested in preserving the existing anarchy. England was their only hope; and England, for some time, seemed willing to befriend them to the extent of lending them some competent inspectors. But the presence of British inspectors in Armenia would have interfered with Russia's game, might even have caused the nature of the game to be disclosed to Western Europe. So Russia, very naturally, objected, and England, prizing Russian friendship above honour—for the Turkish demand was based upon the Cyprus Convention—eventually refused to provide the inspectors. Not only the Turks and the Armenians, but we English are the sufferers by the decision; since but for that unfortunate refusal, last of a long series of rebuffs, Turkey might have been on our side now.

And now we hear about Armenian massacres, and Englishmen are filled with pious horror, laying all the blame upon the Turks. Let us try to understand what has actually happened. Some Armenians, in Armenia proper, Turkish subjects, rose in arms and betrayed the town of Van to the Russians. When the news of this occurrence spread throughout the Empire, the common people in some places rioted against Armenians, just as the people in the East End of London rioted against the Germans upon the news of the sinking of the "Lusitania"; but with this difference, that the Arab and the Kurdish mobs, being three hundred years, at least, behind the Armenian mob in civilisation, did what the London rabble of the same century would have done and killed their victims. Following on these disorders the Turkish Government ordered the removal of the whole Armenian population from the war zones to concentration camps of some sort—as much with a view to their protection, it seems but fair to suggest, as with a view to prevent further treachery. In one American report that I have seen, the Kurds, not Turks, are specified as the offenders. But it is all one to the enemies of Islam—and they are powerful just now in England—since Kurds are Muslims of a sort. Untrue as the Scottish Highlanders three centuries ago may have been, who helped to raid the Armenians on the least excuse whenever the Turkish Government had its hands too full to deal with them. They are enemies to Turkish government in time of peace, and very unconfidential and mistrusted friends in time of war. And it must be remembered that the Armenians, in their native land, are far from being the sheep-like, inoffensive crowd that they are sometimes painted. They also, when at war, commit atrocities.

That the recent massacres of Armenians—whatever their extent, and that we cannot ascertain at present, taking place at the command, or in any sense with the connivance, of the Turkish Government, seems most improbable. We are not now in Abdul Hamid's reign. The chief desire of the present rulers in Turkey has always been to prove their country worthy to take rank among the civilised, enlightened empires of the world, and their ideas of civilisation and enlightenment are derived from English and French sources, not from German frightfulness. The most that can be fairly laid to the charge of the Turkish Government, I should say, is the military execution of proved traitors and the removal of reputedly disaffected populations from the danger zones—this last a forcible proceeding involving hardship and discomfort to the deported; but, considering the state of war, and the straits in which the Turks were placed, a necessary military precaution, no "atrocity." Therefore, it seems unfair to count the many thus removed among the victims, especially as it is possible that in some cases they were removed to save their lives. We have the evidence of British prisoners of war at Urfa, on the kinder side of treatment the Armenians received from infuriated patriots in small provincial towns, inadequately garrisoned and unpoliced, on the news of the betrayal of Van. And the general order for removal seems to have followed pretty closely upon those disorders. But on the other day upon the headline: "Armenian Horrors: 800,000 Victims," to a newspaper paragraph, which stated that the number of the victims could not be much less than eight hundred thousand killed and deported. The statement loses all its force when one reflects that the total number of the deported from a hundred districts might easily be eight hundred thousand.

One cannot help contrasting the publicity accorded by our Press to this Armenian tragedy with the silence of the same Press on the subject of the Balkan tragedy in 1912-13. As one of the handful of Englishmen who tried to get a hearing for the Turkish case on that occasion, I can personally testify to the firmness of the censorship which we encountered. Yet, the tale we had to tell was much more horrible than anything which we have yet heard from Armenia; and the perpetrators were our "fellow Christians." A few men who knew the East thought the facts deserved to be published, in the interests of religious toleration, as showing that bad Christians in those lands might be as bad as Mohammedans in time of war. But our rulers, in their wisdom, thought it inadvisable that such enlightenment should reach the general public, who were told that the atrocities committed by the Balkan Christians were "no more than is customary in all Eastern warfare." Quoted.

And on behalf of the whole Muslim world to-day, I claim that these atrocities committed by the Kurds and..."
Arabs are "no more than is customary in all Eastern warfare." We are talking of Asia Minor, not of England; of a country not of our own, under discipline, but devils if enlarged. The fact is, that we should have furnished those inspectors. MARMADUKE PICKTHALL.

"Militarism" and Food Prices.
By J. M. Kennedy

It is evident enough from such statistics as the Board of Trade has been able to collect through neutral countries that the cost of living has risen in Germany to a greater extent than it has risen here. A rise in prices always follows inflation of currency; and German currency has been inflated by vast issues of paper money to an extent excelled in the past only by one or two of the worst Central and South American Republics. Apart from this fact, there is a trend which has had the rise of prices in Germany, and special reference was made to them at the meeting of the Berlin Corporation held on October 21. The set of three resolutions drawn for discussion declared that, in view of the known supplies of food-stuffs, unjustifiable and inordinate increases in prices had taken place, especially in milk, butter, cheese, lard, and potatoes; that, consequently, measures ought to be taken by the Government to fix minimum prices for particular districts; that arrangements ought to be made for supplying the towns with adequate quantities of food, at fixed prices; and that such measures should be controlled by a Government Department created for the purpose.

The most important speech delivered at this meeting of the Berlin City Council was that of the Social-Democrat, Dr. Wurm, who said:

A working-class family of four persons, who in 1909 paid M. 650 for their food, now have to pay that sum, viz., M. 1,214 (about £60 14s.). Bread was 70 per cent. dearer, potatoes 100 per cent., eggs 180 per cent., and so on. There were still people among them who looked upon the war simply as a good opportunity for making large profits. (Cries of "Per-cent. patriots!") This hunger for gold was, he said, by mere moral arguments a compulsion alone was of any use. "But the responsible authorities have hitherto remained inactive in the matter, and only the communities themselves have done their utmost. The communities, however, are helpless in trying to fight the rings of profiteers who have the available supplies in their hands. The Bundesarat has undertaken little useful work in this case. The interference of the magistrature in the matter of milk supply was something to be thankful for; but here again measures were needed which covered the whole area of production. The latest development in the situation was that one district in Germany waged war against another and said: My milk is my milk; my cheese is my cheese. Some system of centralised control is therefore necessary. Supplies must be seized if necessary, and turned over to the communities for proper distribution, in accordance with the requirements of the Reichstag. The prices now ruling are nothing but a shameless imposition on the communities for the profit of a few interested parties." When Dr. Wurm had been followed by other speakers, who expressed their views with almost as much vigour, the Chief Burgomaster made a long statement, in the course of which he advocated the handing over of the authorities to take specified measures. Butter, he remarked, for example, had risen to enormous heights in Germany because it fetched high prices in the neighbouring neutral countries. He advised the State to purchase the supplies of foreign countries, coming in from the Baltic countries so as to keep the price as far as possible to its normal level. He dwelt, too, on the importance of meat and milk, and secured the passing of a resolution to urge that milk cards should be issued for the use of children and nursing mothers.

Protests against the rise in the cost of living have not been confined to Berlin. They are reported from towns all over the Empire; and appeals have been sent to the authorities at Berlin from one corporation after another. There have been complaints in this country, too, but they have not been so audible. The mere fact that large numbers of our skilled workmen are earning better wages than usual, and that there are fewer unemployed, does not by any means indicate that we are not able to regard our own economic situation with equanimity, or to turn aside from the example of Germany as a matter of no consequence. It must not be assumed that complaints of this kind from German municipalities or from political parties, for political protest is mad; officially by the Social-Democratic Party. This hunger for gold would not be satisfied by mere compulsion alone was of any use. "But the responsible authorities have hitherto remained inactive in the matter, and only the communities themselves have done their utmost. The communities, however, are helpless in trying to fight the rings of profiteers who have the available supplies in their hands. The Bundesarat has undertaken little useful work in this case. The interference of the magistrature in the matter of milk supply was something to be thankful for; but here again measures were needed which covered the whole area of production. The latest development in the situation was that one district in Germany waged war against another and said: My milk is my milk; my cheese is my cheese. Some system of centralised control is therefore necessary. Supplies must be seized if necessary, and turned over to the communities for proper distribution, in accordance with the requirements of the Reichstag. The prices now ruling are nothing but a shameless imposition on the communities for the profit of a few interested parties." When Dr. Wurm had been followed by other speakers, who expressed their views with almost as much vigour, the Chief Burgomaster made a long statement, in the course of which he advocated the handing over of the authorities to take specified measures. Butter, he remarked, for example, had risen to enormous heights in Germany because it fetched high prices in the neighbouring neutral countries. He advised the State to purchase the supplies of foreign countries, coming in from the Baltic countries so as to keep the price as far as possible to its normal level. He dwelt, too, on the importance of meat and milk, and secured the passing of a resolution to urge that milk cards should be issued for the use of children and nursing mothers.

Protests against the rise in the cost of living have

THE NEW AGE
November 4, 1915
Our Legal Incubus.

A singularly attractive feature of these days of Armageddon is the ruthless exposure of shams. They shiviled up when subjected to the scorching test of war. The windy rhetoric which passed muster as a defence of them in the piping times of peace sounds a hollow mockery in these strenuous days; and there is a refreshing outspokenness in international criticism not only between hostile but also between friendly nations.

In a recent number of the New York Tribune we are told that 'the Mind has deceived, misled and bamboozled us during the past decade as to the real character and intentions of Germany. Nor is it improbable that, in this case, the opinion of the foreign observer will anticipate the verdict of history. It is under the bar that the culprit — as distinguished from the mere figureheads — who are advocates, will find that the tactics which succeeded in snatching verdicts from somnolent jurymen will no longer serve them. They are even now being found out. A glance at the daily press removes all doubt on this point. Advocacy is bankrupt in the political arena. What concerns the laity is to grasp the fact that the true inwardness of advocacy is its parasitism.

Observe that the function of the solicitor responds to a public demand, a natural not a purely artificial one. Contracts, indentures, marriage settlements, wills are continuously demanded arts and, artifices of advocacy; the demand for them is artificial; their necessity is produced by artful manipulation of law always in the direction of complexity, never in that of simplicity. In two ancient civilisations, Babylon and China, the notary was highly respected, but there was no place for the advocate.

In many countries to-day and even in our own sister States the functions of solicitor and advocate are combined in one individual; it is the first step towards the elimination of the advocate. For no one thinks of eliminating the solicitor. In this country, which is misruled by advocates, restrictions are placed upon the appearance of solicitors as pleaders. That restriction has no warrant in the nature of things; it is purely parasitical. It works solely in the interests of the advocate class, who have achieved supremacy by exploiting the defects of the system of which they are exponents. They successfully oppose codification, the great cheapper of legal processes. We are thus at a distinct disadvantage as compared with our Continental neighbours. How long are we to tolerate this iniquitous handicap?

At first glance it seems that the lower and higher branches of the legal profession are equally interested in maintaining our present mediavlisim. But in reality it is not so. The lower branch, although mainly helpful and indispensable, suffers gravely in reputation (and receives no compensating advantage in purse) from its association with the obscurantism of the higher branch. The former being more closely in touch with the laity, is incomparably more progressive inasmuch as it has less to fear from progress. The Law Society strongly favours the establishment of an Imperial School of Law. That is the first step towards bringing us into line with our neighbours; but that step is strenuously opposed by the Bar Council.

This opposition can be rendered effective only in Parliament, and that is where we find the real pressure and oppression of our legal incubus. If Kaiserism in its struggle for world domination was unwittingly possessed the lawyer politician to universal derision, it will be the fault of the laity if they do not perceive that a parasitical system is not only the worst possible nursery for statesmen, but also for lawyers, that it is, if it serves the interests of the public to help us, rather than permit them to help themselves as if they were the lords and masters.

In replying to criticisms which have descended pretty freely of late upon the head of the advocate-politician, two champions have ventured into the arena. One is somewhat half-hearted in the defence of his profession. He argues that Parliament would be poor without lawyers. If this impoverishedness has reference to rhetoric, and to the unlimited indulgence of the Bar in defending a policy of drift, we submit that the wealth which we possess at present is chiefly false currency.

The other champion undertakes to make a vigorous defence of the lawyer as citizen and legislator. Now, we are not concerned with the lawyer as citizen; nor, indeed, with the individual lawyer at all. The attack (in so far as it is sane and helpful for future progress) is directed against a system which was introduced by Norman lawyers at the Conquest. These dope doctors destroyed the Code of Clint: they subverted the humane and enlightened system. All the advantage has been on the side of the advocate. According to Mr. Price Collier, "no fewer than seventy coronets have been conferred upon the spell-binders of advocacy. These as personal triumphs are poor beyond description when compared with the monumental work of Continental jurists, who have earned the gratitude of the laity by rendering the laws intelligible and justice accessible to the millions.

But when the champion of the lawyer in politics cites among the idols of English-speaking nations such a name as Lord Eldon, he must be sadly in want of an unblushing corruptionist. Do not the fact that Eldon confirmed, reversed, or entirely ignored his own judgments, for the benefit of the lawyers, and their clients, deserve the credit of having helped to lop off many hundreded and rampant," says, "turn to the reports of the trials, and we find him discharging a copious flow of turgid clap-trap of Corinthian rhodomontade. Yet, Erskine figures in the legal galaxy of its recent establishment with but little lustre.

But observe the futility of those side issues. They are absolutely irrelevant. The laity of this country and of the United States are profoundly dissatisfied with their legal equipment. "The Criminal laws," says Mr. Croly, in "The Promise of American Life," "have been so carefully framed, and so admirably expounded, for the benefit of the lawyers, and their clients the malefactors, that a very large proportion of murderers escape the proper punishment of their acts." Ex-President Denison quoted the latter a lawyer by profession — have bewailed the existence of conditions which Mr. Croly denounces. "Crime is multitudinous and rampant," says Colonel Homer Lee in "The Valour of Ignorance." Such is the result of the apotheosis of the advocate and the effacement of the judge. The Bar, like the Revolution, is devouring its
children. Against such evidence as this we are invited to place a list of personal triumphs; it is a more convincing proof of parasitism possible.

Our legal champion deprecates any action on behalf of progress on the part of the laity. Is he not aware that Judge Parry dedicates his admirable book, “The Law and the Poor,” to the man in the street, “in the hope that he will take up his job and do it,” that is to say, demand legal reform? So profoundly does the author despair of any forward movement from within the legal entrenchments.

Our legal incubus in its last manifestation as press censorship has covered the Government with ridicule. Browning and Disraeli have suffered from its attentions. Lord Sydenham, no mean authority, declares that, for the censorship, “a legal training is the worst possible.” Why so? Why do we find the advocate a failure in everything outside his own domain? Can any unprejudiced person resist the conclusion that he is a failure everywhere, in his own domain and outside of it, considered from the point of view of public service; but as the exploiter of a monopoly and an exploiter of the public—that is to say, exercising a parasitical function—he has decreed himself honours and emoluments; he has won praise in his own honour until his self-deception has mistaken itself for the State.

W. DURRAN.

The State and the Guilds.

I.—LEVIATHAN.

The decay of the medieval guilds was a political, as well as an economic, phenomenon; just as the guilds themselves were more than mere industrial units. Their passing is contemporary with, and, in some respects, a part of, that entire change in political organisation and political conception which marks off the medieval from the modern world.

The guild had been the natural expression, in the industrial sphere, of the social instincts and ideas of the time. In a Europe which knew no hard and fast political divisions, no “sovereign powers,” no “rule of law,” men were freer perhaps than ever before or since. As the free town or the great city-associations of the free guilds, they enjoyed a separate and conscious life of their own, was part of, that entire change in political organisation and political conception which marks off the medieval from the modern world.

The peace was kept, after some fashion, by a great network of associations, from the local hue and cry to the great city-leagues of Southern Germany and the aliancias of Spain. The social structure of Europe was an intricate network of groups, overlapping, inter-locking, shifting and changing: no rigid system, but a live organism of spontaneous, autonomous societies, acknowledging no master, but unconcernedly managing their own business in their own way. “Between the Highest Universal... and the Absolute Unity of the Individual,” says Gerke, “we find a series of intermediating units, in each of which lesser and lower units are comprised and combined.”

The modern conception of the State, with its astounding claim to exercise control over the activities and the very existence of every other type of organisation is entirely foreign to the medieval mind. To a Dante, or an Aquinas, Christendom is one articulate whole, not a collection of independent States. And of all the myriad forms of organisation within that whole, no one seems so very different in authority or in dignity from any other. Over all are the great twin universal powers of the Emperor and the Pope. Under them are the grades of the feudal and ecclesiastical hierarchies, ranging with-out break or change of kind from the King to the free tenant, from the archbishop to the parish priest. And, all in due place in the complex arc leagues and guilds and corporations and orders of all kinds. Europe is a community of communities.

The main cause of the change which was to exalt the King so high above his fellows, which was to split Europe into imperial and rival feudal lords, was undoubtedly the will to peace. That same absence of control which gave freedom to the organisations of the people, gave license to the ambitions of the feudal lords. The wars—knightsly brigandage were a constant menace to society. The demand for peace began to dominate all others. Anarchy begat the longing for a strong government. “Alle the comune” would “let the catte worthe” if she would but save them from the “roat of ratones.” The Emperor was too weak and too distant to be a “saviour of society”; the Kings stepped into the vacant place, and at the price of despotism gave the peoples peace from private war. “Finis regimini est pax,” Aquinas had said; and perhaps there was no other way to achieve the essential end.

By the end of the 17th century the transition is to all intents and purposes complete. The old complex unity has vanished, and the modern State is in existence. It is the epoch of Louis XI and Henry VII and Ferdinand of Aragon. Leviathan is born.

But with the new institution comes a new set of ideas, and a new set of ambitions. The monarchs to whom so much power has been allowed, are naturally eager for more. They lose no opportunity of extending their jurisdiction and of increasing their authority, and unity are exalted into political ideals. Doctrines of State-sovereignty begin to be handled about. Bodin asserts that the prince has “la puissance de donner loi a tous en general et a chacun en particulier.” The time is ripe for James I’s claim that “by the law of Nature the King becomes a natalis Father to all his lieges at his coronation,” and that, therefore, he wields the power of patria potestas.

There are no limits to the pretensions of the State. James, in his peculiar style can assert that “The State of Monarchic is the supremest thing upon earth: For Kings are not only God’s Lieutenants upon earth and sit upon God’s throne, but even by God himself they are called Gods. . . . Kings are justly called Gods for this reason, if you will: for if you do not see how they agree in the person of a King,” But Luther and Calvin and Melancthon had used language almost as strong, and sober Bodin had declared that “il n’y a rien de plus grand en terre aprés Dieu que les princes souverains, et . . . Ils sont établis de lui comme ses lieutenants pour commander aux autres hommes.”

To men filled with these ideas the very contemplation of political organisations independent of the State, in no way deriving their existence and authority from it, enjoying a separate and conscious life of their own, was intolerable. Anything that savoured of “imperium in imperio” was to them an anomaly, a “monster in jurisprudence,” a standing affront to the majesty of the State. To Bacon, Corporations are “fraternities in imperio”: to Hobbes they are “as it were, many lesser com-
Through Muddle to More of It.

By Ivor Brown.

SCARCELY ever, perhaps, in the history of the world has the state of human life been more utterly and more hopelessly chaotic. There have been many issues since social life began about which men have thought and quarrelled, but most of those issues we are fighting to-day. Divisions of blood and of territory, divisions of wealth and of status, divisions of creed and of sex—never, surely, at one time has the world been so rife and so disorderly. Just at the very moment when economic expansion and mechanical invention seemed to have thrown a bond of material unity around the dissolvent and jarring races, the human element rejects the chain of gold and prefers in its purposed end, possibly even cares about nothing save the very moment when economic expansion and mechanical creed and of sex—never, surely, at one time has the social life begun about which men have thought and society. The world seems certain about nothing, clings mingled low erotics and high politics of the Wellsian himself. But the individual does not matter. It is the democracy for instance, is in no way responsible for folly or its wisdom the bitter sword of steel. But the to no philosophy of morals or of politics, drifts to no

Where angels and philosophers fear to tread the fools and journalists step in. From every side, from the mingled low erotics and high politics of the Wellsian novel, from the Sabbath screams of Mr. Garvin, from the pompous pettiness of the "Morning Post," from all the rabble of Bottomleys and Harrisons and Harmsworths, we hear the demand for A Man. Mr. Wells searches for the Great Aristocrat who is to cast off Fear and Lust and to govern the muddle-tortured world; Harmsworth wants a dictatorship for the unspeakable, presumably wants it himself. But the individual does not matter. It is the idea that this ubiquitous muddle can be unravelled by a man that deserves our attention.

It is urged, one may suppose, that democracy is discredited because at the time when political liberty has reached its furthest limits our world is most tangled and confused. But such argument shows a singular determinative to narrow the issues for simplicity's sake and a singular incapacity for clear thought. Political democratization, to instance, is in no way responsible for the economic muddle of the wage-system. Nor, again, is political democracy responsible for our confusion about sex-relations. Such confusion was bound to arise with the growth of a refined sensibility which could not tolerate the simple animalism of the natural man. The fact that animal desires remained the same while morality and discrimination altered caused inevitably inhibitions, repressions, doubts and disgusts and bitter uncertainty. And as for the war of nations, that would be more efficient in coping with the horrors of peace. They lack creative imagination. But even were they more gifted, the immense diversity of our many-faceted society would hamper the leaders. Men like Mr. H. G. Wells have an almost pathetic faith in the ability of one or the few to master ways of the country by neglecting the primary conditions of its industrial life, they will live up to their pact and be doubly damned for their blind incompetence. They will only carry us through muddle to more of it. There can be no destruction of muddle in this or any other capitalist country without the destruction of the wage-system or the reintroduction of slavery. If Harmsworth and George and their satellites can really destroy Trade Unionism, simple up the remnants of our liberty, and impose the wage- system, the muddle is simplified by the adoption of servility. Slavery is at least simple. But if, as is possible, they are defeated in their projects, then the only alternative to the clinging and clumsy capitalist machine, already proven more inefficient and more unanswerable than the feudal one, is the abolition of the wage-system in favour of industrial democracy. But the spirit of revolutionary Trade Unionism, which alone can break the wage-system, is not the property or perquisite of a single individual. A minority may lead the way, but by themselves they will be helpless. They will not aspire to Caesarism because they know that Caesarism is death; they will not be Great Men, because the great are so little. The way from muddle is the way to the Guilds, and the Guilds will not be the work of a man, but of men.
Shaw's War.
By Paul Victor.

Scene—The King's Hall, Covent Garden, October 26. Large company, consisting of all who had heard of Shaw before the boom in his plays began. Women with metallic voices and metallic faces, directing people to seats and selling propagandist literature. One hero (so far as present deponent saw) in khaki, the other men in multi (presumably permanent) stamp of Eustace Miles humorous on every face. Fair sprinkling of reporters at Press table: in view of subsequent silence of daily Press, one assumes that most of these represented "The Grocer's Gazette," "The Mark Lane Express," and other more or less impartial journals.

The Hon. Bertrand Russell in the chair. "In war, each nation its own judge—moral judgments excessively simple—universal endeavour to suppress freedom of thought." Has evidently laid up for himself store of thought of closing of German churches. "No 'Mail' nor 'Express' doth corrupt, but freedom of thought." Has evidently laid up for himself store of thought of closing of German churches. "No 'Mail' nor 'Express' doth corrupt, but freedom of thought." Has evidently laid up for himself store of thought of closing of German churches. "No 'Mail' nor 'Express' doth corrupt, but freedom of thought." Has evidently laid up for himself store of thought of closing of German churches. 

MR. Bernhard Shaw.

"Scandal of submarine prisoners—what skin deep!" Now we know what Mr. Shaw put down on his Register form. "We cannot economise brains—avoid intellectual waste."

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Mr. Shaw is the person living who retains the pre-1914 view that the war is a glorified football match.

Mr. Shaw has a grievance against everyone except Mr. Shaw.
Letters from Russia.

By C. E. Bechhofer.

If we accept Russia as the Dionysian nation of Europe, we must be prepared for her Bacchic side also. As in horoscopes, the same conjunctions of stars ensure to good and bad alike, and, to lead, serenity and boldness, so here we have the two poles of the Dionysian-Bacchic sphere, the lower differing from the unthinkable without generation with cocoa and chemicals. It is curious and boldness, Rut, as the Russian publicists love to say, the supply of alcohol? Anyone with money can get it now at Florence from the Louvre "Dionysos" of Leonardo. of gravity" is the same. appetite for alcohol they have the least for tobacco. This is probably because strong drink is raging, but that Russians, of Northerners, have the largest tobacco is sedative. Travellers' tales of Russian smoking presents no problems to the Russian. The women, with their instinctive class-feeling, resolutely boycott the other to be as our eighteenth century dramatists con- seen Russia

The most obvious feature of Russian life is its free-ness, its openness. Openness, in one aspect, is not ad-mirable, even undesirable. That is the openness of promiscuity, the openness that greets everything with welcome. Such was the intellectual state of Germany before the war (and not only Germany). All was accepted with equal gladness, Nietzsche and Wagner, Heine and Houston Chamberlain, Wedekind, Shaw, Shakspeare, Maeterlinck, and the second part of "Faust," "Simplicissimus" dipped its flags to "Jugend." Taxes and wheat, all were garnered with equal delight and, their properties ignored, laid together to rot. This was real anarchy, the abandonment of established law and the preference for disorder above order. The openness of Russia seems not anarchy but chaos, primaeval chaos pregnant of heavens and earth. Russia has never yet had a national consciousness. She has until now been a stranger in the West. It is not that she has taken no part in our affairs. Her armies have entered Paris, Berlin and Vienna, but when one is suppos-ed to land at Aberdeen we are so ignorant of her that we report the soldiers to shake snow off their shoes and ask for "hunchback." There is only now commencing to be a self-conscious Russia that can treat and be treated by other nations as a cultural whole. In this we are anticipating somewhat. Perhaps the Russian chaos will open up only lower decks in lowest depths. But facts stand against this pessimistic supposition. First, it is the case that Russian nationalism has been smothered by Germany these last centuries, but Russia (as someone should tell Messrs. Norman, Langdon Everard, etc.) is now fighting Germany, and for her this is a war of liberation. The old respect for France survived the period of the time. She has taken no part in our affairs. Her armies have entered Paris, Berlin and Vienna, but when one is suppos-ed to land at Aberdeen we are so ignorant of her that we report the soldiers to shake snow off their shoes and ask for "hunchback." There is only now commencing to be a self-conscious Russia that can treat and be treated by other nations as a cultural whole. In this we are anticipating somewhat. Perhaps the Russian chaos will open up only lower decks in lowest depths. But facts stand against this pessimistic supposition. First, it is the case that Russian nationalism has been smothered by Germany these last centuries, but Russia (as someone should tell Messrs. Norman, Langdon Everard, etc.) is now fighting Germany, and for her this is a war of liberation. The old respect for France survived the period of the time. She has taken no part in our affairs. Her armies have entered Paris, Berlin and Vienna, but when one is suppos-ed to land at Aberdeen we are so ignorant of her that we report the soldiers to shake snow off their shoes and ask for "hunchback." There is only now commencing to be a self-conscious Russia that can treat and be treated by other nations as a cultural whole.
It is all a rare scrap and agreeable for philosophers. For, when Germanism is killed, what chance will the other unnatural horrors stand? The wage-system, for instance! The poor thing has hardly been born here, nor yet sucked by the kindly wet-nurse of liberal reform. What chance will it stand after the war, when men ask why? And there will be no back to the Land, for the land has not been left, and the fir is not dead. Nor will there be a liberalisation of politics, because the political changes will be radical beyond liberalism. Russia will not have a foreign culture forced on her through economic dependence on another country; she is economically independent, except for the luxuries which the opening of the Dardanelles will allow her to afford. She will see a chance weak idea will have in the swift intellectual current that is rising. Even Merezhkovsky, laboriously tending his father's vineyard, will be swept away and never pluck the fruits. Sologub, Gorki, Kuprin, Andreew—all drowned for a decent.

But the Germanism wants some killing. Yesterday was a fine sunny morning, and I drove down to the station for the post and provisions. That my hands might be more free to steer round the sharp corners, I turned up the sleeves of my tennis-shirt to the elbow. The train was late, and I chatted for half an hour with a few local gardeners and keepers, but for whom and the station gendarme, a huge black-browed fellow, the platform was empty. Suddenly I heard the words, "Moscow," and I exclaimed, "Surprised! I expected to hunt the gendarme out. When I ride in to post this letter, you're indecently dressed. In my opinion, you were indecently dressed.

When I asked him where his chief was, he changed his colour and commenced to talk of his name and address and denounced my documents. But the train came in and broke off the face. I travelled in to Batum two days after to see the colonel of gendarmes. He had only that morning received his subordinate's report of the discovery of a suspicious German. He was at first much more concerned that the gendarme had not pursued his inquiries further than that he had approached me at all. But, finally, the absurdity overcame him of objecting to a naked wrist on a little tea-plantation station while the Batum boulevard is peopled by a crowd of under-dressed young folks and light ladies, and he swore to hunt the gendarme out. When I ride in to post this letter, I do not doubt to find another and more reasonable gendarme on the platform. But I got off well; for less than this, houses are searched and people molested by these pestiferous, irresponsible gendarmes.

The latest folly of the Caucasian authorities has been to make them censor all telegrams handed in at the Batum gendarmes station. For half an hour with a final expression of death there are monstrous coincidences, impudently clamorous and riotous crowds that pillage and run amok, and certainly the appearance on the stage of this "boy with the wooden face" coincided with the passing of poetic tragedy. Mr. Zangwill quite rightly alleges that, with the passing of tragedy, there was a shrinking of human values. That sense of the greatness of human life, which the most ranting Shakespearean actor conveyed, which the veriest barn-stormer adumbrated, which lingered like the echoes of thunder even in the tragedies of Sheridan Knowles, had vanished from our post-prandial theatre.

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The latest folly of the Caucasian authorities has been to make them censor all telegrams handed in at their respective railway-stations. The chief of gendarmes at Kiev, I remember, thought it very suspicious that a friend of mine with a Great British passport should be teaching the French language. Surprised by the sound of "that duckey French language," as Soltikof said provincial young ladies call it, I turned and faced the gendarme. He was at first much more concerned that the gendarme had not pursued his inquiries further than that he had approached me at all. But, finally, the absurdity overcame him of objecting to a naked wrist on a little tea-plantation station while the Batum boulevard is peopled by a crowd of under-dressed young folk and light ladies, and he swore to hunt the gendarme out. When I ride in to post this letter, I do not doubt to find another and more reasonable gendarme on the platform. But I got off well; for less than this, houses are searched and people molested by these pestiferous, irresponsible gendarmes.

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So I do not mind the gendarmes. The stronger the fog, the greater the victory. And Pegesus is afoot and away!

Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

Mr. Zangwill's articles on "The War and the Drama," recently published in the "Daily Chronicle," have more of the nature of a plea than of a prophecy. They express the growing sense of dissatisfaction with the stage at this crisis of European history; they show quite clearly the process by which the stage has arrived at its present abasement; but they afford little hope of a change. The stage renounced its artistic mission when it became, in the words of Sir Henry Irving, the "servant of the public"; it ceased to be an instrument of culture, and became an industry for supplying what the public wants, an ideal that our "business man of letters," Mr. Arnold Bennett, adopted as a title for a play. A visit to the theatre was no longer a spiritual experience; it was a digestive recommended by doctors, who probably did not follow their own advice. Mr. Zangwill reminds us that Mr. Charles Hawtrey asserted that the day of tragedy and of the tragedian was past: and certainly the appearance on the stage of this "boy with the wooden face" coincided with the passing of poetic tragedy. Mr. Zangwill quite rightly alleges that, with the passing of tragedy, there was a shrinking of human values. That sense of the greatness of human life, which the most ranting Shakespearean actor conveyed, which the veriest barn-stormer adumbrated, which lingered like the echoes of thunder even in the tragedies of Sheridan Knowles, had vanished from our post-prandial theatre. The so-called "naturalist" method was introduced to us by the translation of Ibsen; we entered upon a period of little plays for little people, and we have even seen the erection of a "Little Theatre." The extensive use of the word "little" is significant; it marked a growing pre-occupation with trivialities, which reached, I think, a final expression when Mr. Stanley Houghton wrote a play about the "little fancy" of Fanny Hawthorn. Mr. Galsworthy's "A Bit of Love" added a belated emphasis to the "naturalistic" enunciation of the littleness of man.

All the time, the greatest war in the history of the world was preparing; art, which should be a preparation for, as well as a sanctification of, life was quietly being superseded by life itself. All that "naturalist" art said that he would never be, life suddenly demanded that we should be; the grand tragedy that we had swept from the stage threatened to sweep us out of existence. "The war," says Mr. Zangwill, "has demonstrated that, far from growing more inward, life is more cruelly external than ever. It is still heroic and vulgar in the grandiose old fashion. There are soldiers, not chocolate, but iron; there are traitors and bullies. There are shocking and riotous crowds that pillage and run amok, there are love-making and clowns under the shadow of death, there are monstrous coincidences, impudently improbable. It is, in fact, melodrama that stands indicated, if not in its method, at least in its material. Even the spy does, it appears, exist, though he is revealed—in the German variety—rather as a great soldier-soul
Readers and Writers.

“COLLIER’S Weekly Magazine” is one of the few American journals of which the fame has spread to these benighted islands. Among its features is a weekly series of paragraphs with an independent policy (in short of advertisements) and designed “to express the reflections of the staff on the passing show.” The magazine is now in its twentieth year, and to celebrate its coming of American age, a compilation of paragraphs contributed during the last few years has just been published by Messrs. Doran, of New York, under the title of “National Floodmarks” (1910). Being something of a paragraphist myself, I have examined the work of my American confreres with particular curiosity. May I be forgiven if I say that my satisfaction ceased with my curiosity? I will not say that I myself can write better reflective paragraphs than any that appear in the volume; but I can safely say that there are at least a score of English journalists who can! In no single instance of the hundreds of paragraphs here collected is there to be found, in my judgment, an original reflection. The thought is trite even when the literary or other illustrations are a little unusual. The style, too, is anything but in the reflective key. Reflection requires for its expression a considered vocabulary showing signs of leisure pressed into use through the reflection itself. Above all, it should remind us as little as possible of the conversation of the man-in-the-street. These American paragraphs, however, are not only conversational (one of the sections is headed: “What About B virtue”), but it in American conversation with all its real raciness carefully emptied out. American speech in its natural condition is amusing at least for a little while; but when the amusement is gone, nothing remains but a provincial time-worn idiom. A typical sentence is as follows: “It is not easy to down a man of real ability who is courageous and declines to fake.” The thought, you will see, is commonplace— incidentally, it is also false—and the vocabulary is a hybrid of the literary and the slang. No American would speak just like that; but, on the other hand, no English writer (American or British) would write just like that. It is neither flesh, fowl, nor good Red Indian; it is simply bad journalism. Why, by the way, the thought is false must be becoming apparent to readers of Mr. de Mauppas’ articles. It is easy optimism to assume that real ability cannot be “downed.” Nothing in this world is easier than to down what is good. The good, on the contrary, needs to be cultivated. Culture is nothing but the cultivation of the good. In the world where it certainly springs up spontaneously but in which it cannot usually maintain itself without the utmost care.

** A useful compilation is “A Manual on Essay Writing,” by Messrs. B. L. K. Henderson and Arnold Freeman (Bell, 2s. 6d.). Written directly for students in the Workers’ Educational Association, it is so explicit as to be pleasingly lucid to students of every sort. I doubt, of course, the power of any manual to teach people who cannot write to write; but predestined writers may learn many of the tricks of the trade from reading what the professors have to say of it. Such instruction is overheard rather than heard, as the best instruction usually is. The “don’ts” enumerated in this little volume—dedicated, I trust not ironically, to Mr. Arthur Conan Doyle and, on the whole, sound—if only they are understood by the commandments are lacking in energy. The art of writing, for example, is defined as “the conveying of one’s own thought to the mind of another.” But how dull, how pedestrian, how hollow! what is not an art but a craft, if not a trade. There is as much difference between writing as an art and writing as a means of utilitarian communication as between painting a...
picture and a door. Art includes utility, but it also transcends utility. Over and above the desire to communicate there is for the artist the desire to make it prevail in the minds of others; in short, art is a means of power. I should say that the end of the writer is to be able to produce by means of written words any effect he desires in the minds of others. To cut him off from himself is merely to impress himself; and words are the instruments of his magic. That this desire to subject other minds to his own is really the motive of the writer as artist is proved by the natural suspicion in which most writers with threatening success become successful are held by their first readers. Readers feel towards him the repulsion as well as the attraction of the snake for the bird. Power, they instinctively fear, is there, and they are afraid of it. Now style is only the device adopted by great writers to make their power more attractive than repulsive: style is power made gracious. I am sure that this, at any rate, is a more alluring conception of the literary art than that described in the volume under discussion. The "don'ts" become easier to observe with it the forbidden qualities merely reduce the power of words.

* * *

As a set-off to an earlier note on American style, I will make a bow here to Mr. Marion Reedy, who has been criticising, in the "St. Louis Mirror," Mr. Kipling's war-writings—very justly, in my opinion. "France at War" and "The New Army in Training" (Macmillan, 6d. net each) contain most of Kipling's recent journalism; and their reading confirms, I think, Mr. Reedy's opinion that "as a latter-day reporter, Kipling is outdone by Will Irwin, Irwin Cobb, Fred Palmer, Harding Davis, and several other American journalists." For all his assumption of soldierliness, Kipling is not really a soldier; nor is he satisfied to be the civilian journalist reporting the doings of war with civilian sentiment. As Mr. Reedy says, to the civilian "the dropping of that German aviator's waist in honour of the Frenchman Pégoud, whom he killed, makes Kipling's writing small and mean"; and, on the other hand, "you don't find the English and French soldiers doing the Kipling German stunt."

Kipling, it appears to me, writes of war and soldiers and Germany—"they do not discuss, nor consider, nor waste any emotion over anything that Germany says or boasts."

It is a curious manifestation of patriotism to attribute to our Allies our own national virtues, and to deny them to ourselves. No admiration of France for her part in the war will cause me to forget the greater admiration, to myself and others, for their superlative confidence in their arms. Even if France of to-day stood alone against the world's enemy it would be almost inconceivable to imagine her defeat now; wholly so to imagine surrender. The war will go on till the enemy is finished."

Mrs. Bone: ! ! !

Mrs. Busk: On the contrary. Good Heavens! I'd give anything on earth to get rid of it. You see, I can't do it fashionably; I can't pack it away and scrape it all up into a wisp like you can, darling. You've cut one little military side-whisker since I saw you. . . . Awfully dinky! But you ought to put a spot of spirit gum under it to make it lie flat on your cheek. Otherwise, it doesn't look the real thing. I mean it doesn't look intentional in the slightest. Well, you see, I don't notice it myself until just this moment, and I'm awfully observant, as you know. . . . New hat, too, isn't it?

Mrs. Busk: Oh, sweet! Oh, perfectly sweet little absurdity! I love its softness and the way it perches. Oh, my dear, imagine if we could have seen one of these hats two years ago. How we would have screamed! . . . Oughtn't that one of yours be worn a little further over your head, please? It's no good your getting on 'buses—keep close to me. It's no good your getting on if I don't, dear. Look at that enormous man in front of me—just look. And he simply won't make any effort to get out of my way. Don't push so, please. Pushing won't help you. Who is pushing like this?

Lady in Grey: Let me pass, please. Kinderly move to one side, and let me assist my Mother on to the 'bus. My Mother is an in-va-leeed. Carefully, please. A lady wishes to get by. Move quite to one side, please. Do not suffocate an in-va-leeed lady!

The 'bus goes off.

Mrs. Busk: How ridiculous! How absurd—behaving as though it was a shipwreck. She should have waited for an empty 'bus. She can't be in a hurry if the Mother really is an invalid. Which I'm not at all sure of. Look! What do you think? Right at the bottom of the 'bus. . . . Perfectly well and strong. I should say. Of course, her head wobbles; but, then, whose head wouldn't at that age? No, I'm not suspicious by nature; in fact, I'm not suspicious enough; but, at the same time, women like that. . . .

Stout Lady: You have heard about poor Muriel! Friend: Oh, my dear, not another! Why the last is not more than ten months old. Why does she have them like this over the holidays? And she is so young, and she was so pretty—such a sweet, slight figure. And that pokey little passage of her flat continually jammed up with a hideous pram. It is too bad, and especially at a time like this, when everything is so frightfully expensive, and there is always the chance of the nurse falling you at the last moment. When does she expect?

Stout Lady: Nothing of the kind.

Friend: What do you mean, dear? I thought you said quite definitely a moment ago.

Stout Lady: Nothing of the kind. (Mysteriously.) She was operated on yesterday morning.
Friend: Oh, how dreadful! Oh, what ever for?
Stout Lady: A frightful operation. She was two
hours under the chloroform, and the surgeon had to
Stand On A Chair.
Friend: But what ever was it, dear?
Stout Lady: Internal, of course.
Friend: But, what, love?
Stout Lady (triumphant): I cannot possibly tell you
in a 'bus.
Friend: How too frightful! Whisper! 
Stout Lady: Im-possible!
Conductor: Selfridge's! Self-fridges.
Mrs. Busk: Jump, dear, jump. It's easy to see
you're not a Londoner. Wasn't that fearfully interest-
ing? I wanted what it really was. But such extra-
ordinary things do happen nowadays, that I don't
know why she couldn't say it, even in a 'bus. I thought
the war had done away with the idea that there was any-
thing you couldn't speak about. I mean the things one
reads in the papers, and the wounded that one even
sees in the streets have made such a difference, haven't
they? I love the wounded, don't you? Oh, I simply
love them. And their sweet blue and red uniforms are
so cheerful and awfully effective, aren't they? I can't
think who thought of that bright red tie against that
bright blue; it's such a note, isn't it? Let me see, what
is it I really do want to see first?
Mrs. Bone: . . . !
Mrs. Busk: It's always the same at this shop. It's
always packed. I was only saying to Cecil at break-
fast this morning that I really think it's awfully bad
taste to go on buying just as usual at a time like this.
Don't you? He absolutely agreed. Of course, there
are necessary things that you simply can't do without-
like corsets, for instance. Do you know where the
corset department is in his place? Ask that woman in
blue with the earrings. Aren't the assistants extra-
ordinary here? I mean lots of them are university
students, or daughters of very wealthy men—stock-
brokers, you know, whose thing—ma-bobs have fallen so
dreadfully since the war started. That woman in blue
—really—you might see her photograph in the
"Sketch." Which is the Corset Department, please?
Acid Lady: Ask an assistant. I am trying on a hat.
Mrs. Busk: Good Heavens! What an awful mis-
take! But, really, she had something of the shop
assistant about her, hadn't she? The corsets—and
that enormous coloured comb . . . Sweet Thing: Corsets, madam?
Mrs. Busk: Yes. I want to see some corsets that
fasten down in the front.
Mrs. Bone: . . . !
Mrs. Busk: Oh, my dear, haven't you seen them?
They've been in the newspapers for weeks. They lace
down the front with just a little bit of elastic to give
you a grip just where you want it. I should think they
would be a very good idea, and so easy to get in and
out of.
Sweet Thing: We are selling a lot of this model,
madam. You see it has the slashed hip as well, and it
washes beautifully. In fact, it is far better after it has
been washed. Some of our clients wash them even
before they put them on. They wash so beautifully.
Mrs. Busk: Really! But is there any advantage in
washing them immediately?
Sweet Thing: Oh, no advantage, of course, madam,
except, of course, that they do, as I say—wash beau-
tifully. And it is another style a little higher, to grip
the bust as well as the hips and the back.
Mrs. Busk: Does that wash, too?
Sweet Thing: Well, not as well as the first I showed
you. And here is a French model, madam. Sweet,
isn't it, with two little forget-me-nots on each side of
the front.
Mrs. Busk: How is that for washing?
Sweet Thing: We couldn't guarantee the flowers
from fading, madam.
Mrs. Busk: Oh, wouldn't you, really? What a
pity. It's the only pair that I really like very much. I
think, then, I'd better leave it and think it over. Thank
you. It's no good getting them if they are really not
reliable. Good-morning.
Mrs. Bone: . . . !
Mrs. Busk: Neither do I, my dear. I've never had
a pair washed in my life. How extraordinary! I
ever thought of that. But perhaps it is just as well.
I don't think it is a good idea to have them fastening
down the front. You see, I don't see what is to prevent
little blobs of flesh from flowing through the holes. One
is so much softer in front than at the back.
Mrs. Bone: . . . !
Mrs. Busk: Yes, that's what I thought. The sup-
port would be a great comfort. Shall we go back and
have another look. The thing to do at lunch is to order
two sixpenny dishes, and each have half of the other's. . . . Look at that enormous Indian creature in khaki. . . . Do you think you could ever be attracted by a dark man? I mean. Oh, you know . . .

Sed Vicia Catoni.

The multitude jostled into the amphitheatre and settled in tiers above the sanded arena floor. The greenish
hue of their faces merged into a vast, implacable circle, focussed, like the cut's orb of Polyphemus, upon the
arena. And, from the single eye, there streamed
downward to the sun, a reddish murk—the coloured
symbol of its passions. For was not the golden idol,
the champion of the multitude, and the incarnation of
desires, this day to do battle for their plaudits? New this gladiator whomு I named Kapitalimachus, and
made him their general. Whereupon, bringing him in
victory to the city, they had set him in the highest
places, so that all men did him reverence. And from
time to time, clad in armour of the finest tempered gold,
he would show himself in the arena, partly to gratify
the people's lusts, and partly, it may be, to recover,
from the proceeds of the exhibition, a portion of
the interest on his usuries. There, in a loud and huffing
voice, he would challenge whatever man might be so
prodigal of his life as to dispute his supremacy. To
the exer-
cise of arms, resolved within himself that he would put
his trust in the prowess of his girth and sinews that,
in the exer-
cise of arms, resolved within himself that he would put
his trust in the prowess of his girth and sinews that,
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cise of arms, resolved within himself that he would put
his trust in the prowess of his girth and sinews that,
in the exer-

Now it chanced that one Ergastules an unhonoured
servant of that city, that he built its bridges and cause-
ways, that reared its dwellings and palaces and monu-
ments, that carried its ships upon the seas and its mer-
chandise upon the land, that held the city within his
ample hand and nurtured and clothed it with the other,
was minded to try the arduous combat with Kapi-
talinachus, and to dethrone him from his exer-
cise of arms, resolved within himself that he would put
his trust in the prowess of his girth and sinews that,
in the exer-
cise of arms, resolved within himself that he would put
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his trust in the prowess of his girth and sinews that,
in the exer-
cise of arms, resolved within himself that he would put
his trust in the prowess of his girth and sinews that,
chivalrous temper, but slow intelligence, of a willing heart, but of divided counsels. For the right side of his head urged him, saying: "Bring thy full weight to bear upon thy enemy; any thy strength against him thy joined and balanced in all its parts. Thus and thus only wilt thou surely prevail against him and beat him to the ground." Whereas the left side of his head secretly whispered to him: "Take heed that thou stay not one that is well regarded in the city, lest the wrath of the multitude fall upon thee and consume thee to ashes. Beware lest thou tread in the dust him that has made thee, and the armour that thou hast made. Where, thou smirkest ninny, shall be the labour of thy coming and thy going, if he no more shall bid thee to come and again to go? For on his life hangeth thy life, and on his death, thy death. Thy battle is not with him, the copious horn of our city, but with thine own presumption and perversity. And the middle of his head conjured him yet otherwise: "Go up into the arena against him, not with weapons, but with pleadings, with the act and trident not of cord and steel, but of argument and persuasion. Declare thy words suavely, thus: 'O Kapatilmachus, give me the victory'—and he will surely grant it thee." And his tongue clacked against his mouth and counselled him yet a fourth time: "Unsheathing thy broadsword, call upon the name of Fabius Cunctator and he will doubtless devise for thee a stratagem." The green eye of the multitude flickered over the arena. For Kapatilmachus, their liege, their champion, their golden diadem, stood within it. And whirling his sword about his head, so that it struck sparks upon the ground and reddened vapours of the amphitheatre, he neighed: "Ye, who only live by me, salute me!" Whereupon the multitude shouted upon him and clapped their hands in such fashion that the amphitheatre trembled with their jubilation. But as Ergastules ran into the arena from the wild beasts' quarter a silence fell upon the multitude. His sword was coated with rust and its tip was turned in upon him. His shield, in the places that it gaped, he whirled his sword about his head,As proofs from holy writ.

O F Love.

By Stendhal.

(Translated for The New Age by Paul V. Cohn.)

CHAPTER XXXV—(continued).

In you have no definite occupation, and can amuse yourself by looking for relief, you will find pleasure in reading "Othello"; it will make you delightful as to the most convincing appearances. You will linger with delight over these words:

"Trifles light as air
Are to the wise man's contrary strong
As proofs from holy writ.

I have even found consolation in looking at a beautiful stretch of sea.

"The morning, which had arisen calm and bright, gave a pleasant effect to the west mountain view which was seen from the castle on looking to the landward, and the glorious Ocean, crissed with a thousand rippling waves of silver, extended on the other side in awful yet compealent majesty to the verge of the horizon. With such scenes of calm sublimity the human heart sympathises even in its most disturbed moods, and deeds of honour and virtue are inspired by their majestic influence." (The Bride of Lammermoor, I, 183.)

I find in Salvati's diary: "July 20, 1818.—Somewhat unreasonably, I think, I often apply to the whole of life the sentiment which an ambitious man may feel during his experiences during a battle, when called upon to guard an artilleri park or occupy some other post involving no danger or action. At forty I should feel sorry to think that I had passed the age of loving without ever having known a deep passion. I should have that bitter regret, so lowering to one's vitality, of realising too late that I had been fool enough to go through life without really living.

Yesterday I spent three hours in the company of the woman I love, and of a rival who, she wants me to believe, has been well treated. No doubt I had moments of bitterness when I saw how her beautiful eyes were rivetted on him, and, as I went away, rapid alternations of hope and utter despair. But how much new light was thrown on things! How many fresh ideas I had, and swift trains of reasoning! And, in spite of my rival's happiness, with what pride and what ecstasy did my love feel itself superior to his! I said to myself: 'Those cheeks of hers would blush with deadly fear, if she heard of the slightest sacrifices that my love would make in all this kingdom of my heart. For instance, I would cheerfully put my hand in my hat to draw out one of two slips of paper, the one marked "She will love you," the other marked "You will die on the spot."' This feeling is so much a matter of course with me, that it did not prevent me from making myself agreeable and taking an active part in conversation.

"If anyone had told me all this two years ago, I should have laughed at him."

In the account given by Captains Lewis and Clarke of their journey to the source of the Missouri in 1806, I have read the following:

"The Ricaras are poor, but kindly and generous; we lived a fairly long time in three of their villages. Their women are more beautiful than those of any other tribe we have come across, and they are not inclined to let their lovers sigh in vain. We discovered one more instance of the truth that it is enough to travel over the world in order to see that all things vary. Among the Ricaras, it gives great offence if a woman grants her favours without the consent of her husband or her brother. 'The husbands and brothers, however, are very glad to have the opportunity of making this polite little concession to their friends.

"We had a negro among our servants; he created a great sensation among a tribe which had never seen a man of his colour before. He was seen a favourite with the fair sex, and we noticed that the husbands,
instead of being jealous, were charmed to see him come to their houses. The amusing part about it is that one can see everything that goes on in their tiny huts."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

OF JEALOUSY (continued).

As for the woman suspected of being faithless—she abandons you, because you have discouraged the crystallisation, and perhaps you have in her heart the support of her imagination.

She abandons you because she is too certain of you. You have killed fear, and the little doubts of a happy love can no longer arise. Make her uneasy, and above all beware of uttering absurd protestations.

In all the time you have known her, you must have discovered the woman whose jealousy she excites and whom she fears most. Pay court to that woman but make no parade of your attentions—on the contrary, try to hide them, and do so in all good faith; you can rest assured that the eyes of hatred will miss nothing. The profound aversion you will feel to all women for several months ought to make this easy for you. Remember that in the position in which you are, one ruins everything by making one's passion obvious. See little of the beloved, and drink champagne in cheerful company.

In order to gauge your mistress's love, remember: (1) That the more our love, our desire for intimacy, is based upon physical pleasure, the more it is liable to fickleness and change all too frequently. This is especially true of cases where the crystallisation has been favoured by the fire of youth, at sixteen.

(2) That two lovers are hardly ever equally fond of each other. Passionate love has its alternating phases, during which now one, now the other, loves more ardently. Often passionate love is requited with mere gallantry-love, or love arising from vanity, and intense ardour is commoner in women than in men. Whatever may be the degree of love in one of the pair, as soon as he is jealous, he expects the other to fulfil the conditions of passionate love; vanity in him counterfeits all the needs of an affectionate heart.

Finally, nothing is so irresistible to gallantry-love as passionate love on the other side.

Often a man of intelligence, in paying court to a woman has no scruples about instilling in his mind the idea that more love is requited with more gallantry-love, or love arising from vanity, and intense ardour is commoner in women than in men. Whatever may be the degree of love in one of the pair, as soon as he is jealous, he expects the other to fulfil the conditions of passionate love; vanity in him counterfeits all the needs of an affectionate heart.

One fine day the woman meets the man who makes her feel what the other has described. I do not know what effects a man's jealousy produces in the heart of the woman he loves. If she is growing weary of her lover, his jealousy must inspire her with a sovereign disgust, which may even turn to hatred. Provided that the object of his jealousy is more lovable than he is, Madame de Volanges used to say, women do not like jealousy unless it comes from those of whom they, in their turn, might be jealous.

* An academy should be established at Philadelphia for the sole purpose of collecting materials for the study of man in the savage state, and should not wait until these interesting tribes have been wiped out.

I know that such academies exist, but apparently with regret. Many of my readers will know the anecdote of Madame de Sommery, who, when caught red-handed by her lover, boldly denies the fact, and when he complained, cried: "Ah, I see clearly that you don't love me any more; you believe what you see more than what I tell you!"

To become reconciled with an adored mistress who has been unfaithful to you is to set about destroying, as with strokes of a dagger, a crystallisation that is constantly being renewed. It is essential that love should die, and your heart, torn with terrible anguish, will run through the whole gamut of its agony. This is one of the most unhappy phases of this passion and of life: one should be strong enough to become reconciled only as a friend.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

ROXANE.

As for jealousy among women, they are distrustful, they risk infinitely more than we do, they have sacrificed more to love, they have far fewer means of distraction, and far less opportunity of ascertaining their lovers' actions. A woman feels herself humiliated by jealousy; it gives her the feeling of being run after the man; she imagines that she is a laughing-stock to her lover, and that he scoffs most of all at her warmest displays of affection; she must feel an inclination to be cruel, yet she cannot legally kill her rival.

To women, therefore, jealousy must be an even more painful affliction, if possible, than to men. It is, in fact, as much of impotent rage and of self-contempt as the human heart can endure without breaking.

Jealousy may shock the modesty of an over-fastidious woman. Jealousy may appeal to haughty women, as a fresh proof of love. Jealousy may shock the modesty of an over-fastidious woman.

If the woman loves the jealous man and he has acquired no rights over her, his jealousy may hurt that womanly pride which is so difficult to recognise and to deal with. Jealousy may appeal to haughty women, as a new way of showing their pride. Jealousy may please as a fresh proof of love. Jealousy may shock the modesty of an over-fastidious woman.

Many of my readers will know the anecdote of Mademoiselle de Sommery, who, when caught red-handed by her lover, boldly denies the fact, and when he complained, cried: "Ah, I see clearly that you don't love me any more; you believe what you see more than what I tell you!"

To become reconciled with an adored mistress who has been unfaithful to you is to set about destroying, as with strokes of a dagger, a crystallisation that is constantly being renewed. It is essential that love should die, and your heart, torn with terrible anguish, will run through the whole gamut of its agony. This is one of the most unhappy phases of this passion and of life: one should be strong enough to become reconciled only as a friend.
unhappy women who are racked with jealousy: "There is a great difference between men's infidelity and yours. In you, an act of infidelity is partly a direct action, partly a sign. In us men, owing to the effect of our military education, it is no sign of anything. For a woman, on the other hand, owing to the effect of modesty, it is the most decisive sign of devotion. Thanks to a bad habit, infidelity is almost a necessity to men. Throughout our early youth, the examples of those older boys whom we call 'the high and mighty ones' at school, makes us centre all our vanity, all our ideas of merit, in the number of our successes in this sphere. Your education works on the opposite line."

As for the value of an action as a sign: In a moment of anger, I upset a table on to my neighbour's foot; this hurts him like the burn, but the matter can be amicably settled. Or I make a gesture as if to give him a box on the ears. The difference between the infidelity of the sexes is so real that a passionate woman can pardon an infidelity—a thing that a man can never do.

This is a notable mark of the difference between passionate love and love arising from punctilio. Among women, infidelity almost kills the one and redoubles the other. Houghty women hide their jealousies under a mask of pride. They spend long, dull, silent evenings with the man whom they adore, whom they dread losing, and in whose eyes they see that they are not very lovable. This must be one of the worst possible tortures, and it is also one of the most fruitful sources of unhappiness in love. In order to cure these women, so worthy of all respect, it is essential that the man should take some strong and unusual step, and above all that he should not seem to notice what is happening; for instance, start on a long journey with her at twenty-four hours' notice.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Of Pique.*

Pique arises from vanity: I do not wish my antagonist to get the better of me, and I make him the judge of my merits. I want to produce an effect on his heart. With this motive, I go far beyond the limits of what is reasonable.

Sometimes, in order to justify our own extravagant conduct, we go so far as to say that our rival aims at making us his dupe.

Pique, being a morbid form of honour, is much more frequent in monarchical countries, and can only appear very rarely in countries such as the United States, where actions are usually gauged by their utility.

Every man, and a Frenchman more than any other, hates to be taken in. Nevertheless, the lightness of the French character under the old monarchy prevented pique from gaining much ground except in gallantry—very rare in countries such as truth. In the process, he discovers the truth that "those things are true which are perpetually enforced." For example, if ever bodies did not attract each other inversely as the square of the distance, the law of gravitation would cease to be true. It is true because it is enforced, and only so long as it is enforced.

Earthquakes are also true, when they are enforced; when there is no earthquake, there is no earthquake; "power ceases in the instant of repose," said Emerson. It is true that we do not "preach" earthquakes, although I believe that some people pray against them; but what has "preaching" to do with the question? The earthquakes are true because they are powerful, and man can measure the earthquakes with some accuracy; but they must undoubtedly be included in Señor de Maeztu's list of things to which we must submit. Natural laws are laws that can enforce themselves; and that is a truth that I do not deny.

Taking this view of the matter, I dissent entirely from Señor de Maeztu's division of power as a means and truth as an end. I contend that, as there is no Power in the abstract, so there is no Truth in the abstract; nor are they really separable. Truth is mighty, and it does prevail; its prevalence is the proof of its power; and when we wish to know what Truth is, we examine the things that prevail. Man, once again, measures all things. But when Señor de Maeztu, trying to show that I had contradicted myself, tells me that "truth does not prevail because many talented men either deny it or do not seek it," I can only smile at the deceit that also asserts that we are "governed" by such things as truth. We are governed by what governs, and that is the truth. Señor de Maeztu has admitted my case, that, apart from the sphere of natural force, truth is determined by man. The primacy of such a "thing" as Truth cannot be established in the face of this assertion.

But when Señor de Maeztu, wishing to prove that I had contradicted myself again, asserted that I had fallen into the common fallacy of changing the premises, I must first make clear my grounds. I wrote on the assumption that, throughout all his articles, Señor de Maeztu had been expounding the contrary doctrine.

If this assumption were wrong, if Señor de Maeztu's articles amounted only to an expound the same principles, then I am open to correction. I am aware that, in his article "On a Doctrine of Power," he identified liberty and tyranny in the phrase: "The tyrant is ... power set free." But, in his article on "The End of Romanticism," he denied that freedom could ever have other than a negative meaning. "Will you tell me what to
be free' means? For to be free from headaches means only not to have headaches. And there are many, many negative. (I note once again how Senor de Maeztu appeals to men as the measure of the truth of his tyranny cannot do anything; he can only refrain from submitting to the negative, to nothing, we can only submit to Power. I can only repeat my correction of Senor de Maeztu's definition of tyranny, and say that "tyranny is power expressed in the things to which we must submit."

I do not understand why Senor de Maeztu should suppose that his proposition: "Positions of social power should be given to men by virtue of their capacity for the function": can only be maintained by those who assert the primacy of things. I have on many occasions said the same thing myself, although I deny the primacy of things. But the fact that men who have not capacity may be put in positions of social power proves my point that "society cannot give a man power that he has not naturally got." For the sake of argument, that General Monro is an imbecile, incapable of issuing an order; the fact that society has placed him in the position of a commander-in-chief does not make him a commander. Society cannot give a man power that he has not naturally got. If I were to make my proposition: if the German Emperor has not the gift of command, then society may "give" until it is bankrupt, but it will not be commanded. "Who commands, commands," is my proposition, although it was stated by Senor de Maeztu. Garibaldi could tell men that he offered them disease, and wounds, and death, and yet get men to follow him. Mr. Lloyd George told men that he offered them "ninepence for fourpence," and was greeted with shouts of incredulous laughter. "The thing was too good to be true," and the incompatibility of two of Senor de Maeztu's things to which we must submit is asserted by the proverb. But the point I want to make is this: Mr. Lloyd George was invested by society with greater power than Italy could give to Garibaldi at that time; but I need not ask which was the more powerful man. The truth is that a social position has as much power as the man who occupies it; man is the measure of all things, even of positions of social power.

I do not pretend to understand the relevance of Senor de Maeztu's two illustrations of his thesis. That one man should achieve success, and another man suffer disaster, does not seem to me to invalidate the proposition that man is the measure of all things. The successful general was not a "thing," I suppose; like the unsuccessful statesman, he was a man. He was chosen for his fitness for the performance of a specific task; and his success proved the wisdom of the choice. The other was chosen for his fitness for a more general task; and, in one item, he failed. The only question that really arises is that of the possibility of fitting functions to men so precisely that success can always be achieved. But if, according to Senor de Maeztu's contention, men should be limited to the exercise only of that function which they can perform supremely well, we have no guarantee that they will always achieve success.

A successful general implies an unsuccessful general, although both may be specialists in the particular task. That a general should only be permitted to fight on ground that he knows supremely well, is, of course, admirable in principle; but as the writer of war is based on the proposition: "Never fight an enemy on his own ground," Hindenburg cannot profitably be superseded so soon as the battle rages outside the Mauserian lake district. Senor de Maeztu's principles may limit a man to a limited success, and to his ideal of a world of specialists and experts is, luckily, not a practicable one.

A. E. R.
Signor Gayda’s account of the Czechs is more accurate, although he is apt to lay too much stress on their purely commercial ventures and to do far less than justice to their achievements in literature and art. But his chapters on them are worth reading, if only because they describe how a small nation made the capture of German trade and securing more than money craftsman.

Pastiche.

A CLAIRVOYANCE SHAM.

(AFTER JOHN N. RAPHAEL.)

Her expression is sad. She is frail, wan, tired-looking, with hollow eyes, and she bears marks of suffering and anxiety.

"Flout and household cares," she said. "I flout you still, for my credit's sake!"

"I haven't had tea yet," I told her.

"Then you may take your choice. Now or ten years hence. As you please."

"I understand," she said. "It is whether I will look into the present or the future. My life, she said, "how terrible it is if I know nothing."

"Are you quite certain about the sign being on the left?"

"Mais non," I nodded. "I understand."

"It is rather difficult to tell which corner the sign was in. It was there that someone threw dust in my eyes—soot."

"Are they still painful?" the poor Frenchwoman asked me. She didn’t speak again about her own troubles.

"Maintenant, which?" I asked her. "You must choose," I told her. "Is it to be a look into the present or the future?"

"She shuddered. There was silence. For hours she stood."

"I haven't had tea yet," I told her.

"I flout you still, for my credit's sake!"

"I haven't had tea yet," I told her.

"I wish to look into the future ten years ahead.

"I looked up a duster. Then I polished the crystal. Then I glanced at me timidly. Her lips trembled."

"She glanced at me timidly. Her lips trembled."

"I'm glad you are patient," she told me. For hours she stood.

"I flout you still, for my credit's sake!"

"I flout you still, for my credit's sake!"

"I'm glad you are patient," she told me."

"She glanced at me timidly. Her lips trembled."

"She glanced at me timidly. Her lips trembled."

"Monsieur sait tout," she said."

"Monsieur sait tout," she said."

"Mais voyez," I nodded. "I understand."

"I ask you, how far am I allowed to look?"

"I understand," she said. "I understand."

"I'm glad you are patient," she told me."

"She glanced at me timidly. Her lips trembled."

"She glanced at me timidly. Her lips trembled."

"I flout you still, for my credit's sake!"

"I flout you still, for my credit's sake!"

"I'm glad you are patient," she told me."

"She glanced at me timidly. Her lips trembled."

"She glanced at me timidly. Her lips trembled."

"I flout you still, for my credit's sake!"
Delayed you will be for ages yet,
Bad eggs will assail you, not a few:
You have to learn, we must forget
The time be come for taking you.

But the time will come—at last it will,
When, Woman's Hope, what meant (I shall say)
In your very drug world, in the years long since,
Your carrying on in such a cracked way?
Why you had hysteria I shall divin
I'll num, take stock of the kinks in your head—
See what you would turn into, in time,
What new fads come, in the old one's stead.

I pitted you, Suffrage, all the while,
My heart was riddled by scorn untold.
I wished for your twisted smile
And your rascous voice, and your hose so holed.
So, hush—I will give you this bomb to keep:
See, I shot it inside the sneaky well!
There, that is our secret:
You will wake, and drop it, and die like the damned.

VIVIEN FLANDERS.

MORE WORDS WITH THE ALMIGHTY:
BEING A SORDID COLLOQUIUM, WHEREIN THAT GENTLEMAN IS TOLD OFF.

Sir, once again, I crave a little chat,
With more urbanity, but more address;
For, since the last time we in counsel sat,
You have dished up an adjectival mess.

I am no Kaiser, who with pious rant
Links arms with you and brags that he's your chum;
And no Bishop, who, with antic cant
Links arms with you and brags that he's your chum;

Lips in: 'brethren, ad is well in Kingdom Come!'

No, Sir; I have a crow to pluck with you,
(You catch the idiom?) I'd like to hear
Your explanation of this now-day-do,
You must admit it looks uncommon queer.

I buttonhole you—call you to account.
Don't hedge now: . . . Just remember all we've heard
Of Christian Love, the Sermon on the Mount.

And don't forget the Countless Pious Souls
Who called you Lord. Remember with respect
The Countless Trousers with the Countless Holes
Prayed in the knees of almost every sect.

And don't forget the Countless Saints
Who called you Lord. Remember with respect
The Countless Trousers with the Countless Holes
Prayed in the knees of almost every sect.

And don't forget the Countless Hymns
Their saccharine notes went up sailing to that Throne of yours.
(They did mean well, although the rhymes were ill,
The tunes atrocious, and the parsons boring.)

And don't forget the Countless Servants
They served you, or rather you served them,
The Three penny Bits they garnered day by day
Only for you. The Hot Cross Buns they ate
And now look where you've landed them.

Don't siphon off, or any such
You must admit it looks uncommon queer.

But the time will come—-at last it will,
When, Woman's Hope, what meant (I shall say)
In your very drug world, in the years long since,
Your carrying on in such a cracked way?
Why you had hysteria I shall divin
I'll num, take stock of the kinks in your head—
See what you would turn into, in time,
What new fads come, in the old one's stead.

I pitted you, Suffrage, all the while,
My heart was riddled by scorn untold.
I wished for your twisted smile
And your rascous voice, and your hose so holed.
So, hush—I will give you this bomb to keep:
See, I shot it inside the sneaky well!
There, that is our secret:
You will wake, and drop it, and die like the damned.

VIVIEN FLANDERS.

Current Cant.

"It is a too common delusion that the capitalist is a
mere parasite, who takes an unearned toll of the product of
labour."—T. P.'s Weekly.

"When Mr. Lloyd George was seeking Mrs. Lloyd
George's hand in marriage he was not very well received
by his wife's people. They did not think he was good
enough, because she was a Methodist and he was a
Baptist."—Daily Chronicle.

"The idea that it is the duty of the Law Courts to dis-
 pense justice is becoming obsolete. The true duty of
the Courts is to dispense justice."—Sir Refus Isaac.

"How we can win comfortably."—Austin Harrison.

"The great-hearted flapper of today."—Alcut Delvias.

"Mr. Bottomley has heroically called this war God's
stocktaking."—W. Holt-White.

"The cinema is a valuable and ever-growing link with
the theatre."—Sir Herbert Tree.

"The ideal typist found at last. A live business woman
who is paid and treated like a man."—Daily Sketch.

"Who would think there is a war on?"—Weekly
Dispatch.

"What a useful patriot that man would be who brought
Lord Derby and Mrs. Pankhurst together in a recruiting
partnership."—Harold Beorie.

"I had been accustomed to regard Mr. Balfour as not
only a philosopher of the first water but as a calculating
materialist agnostic. To find him avowing himself a
believer in God and immortality is distinctly refreshing."—
W. Holmes.

"The universal watch. The watch that is making the
whole world punctual. The Ingersoll watch."—Daily
Mail.

"The uncanny logic that makes the earlier stories of
Marie Corelli so interesting. . . ."—T. P.'s Weekly.

"The most thorough-going advocacy of Conscription
published in the columns of the 'Daily Mail' six years
ago was written by one who has never wavered in his
Socialism—Mr. Robert Blatchford."—W. R. Dunstan.

"We have some remarkably good designs by Lawson
Wood, featuring the spirit of the times, which would
probably fit some of your advertising plans for calen-
dars."—Daily Sketch.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

INDUSTRY AFTER THE WAR.

Sir,—After a couple of months' silence, you return (in your issue of December 12) to your doleful predictions of an industrial crisis after the war. The truth is that the industrial crisis caused by the war was a bubble. The writer of the "Notes of the Week" tells us that "the courageous prophets is now in favour of the forecast we first made. . . ."

The writer of the "Notes of the Week" is deluding himself in two particulars. The forecast he made was taken, not only as to its ideas, but also verbatim in several of its phrases, from a weekly American paper. I have unfortunately forgotten which one; but I think it was either "The New Age," or "The Saturday Review," or the "Scientific American." At any rate, it was due to my having read it in looking through some delayed American papers, which arrived in South Africa by the same mail as your New Age of April 1, that I wrote you the letter which you published on June 10. I said nothing about the plagiarism in that letter, because such things do undoubtedly occur subconsciously or unconsciously; but I fear the writer of the "Notes of the Week" in his original faith.

This is a bad time, anyhow, in which to appeal to any orthodox or peculiar "consensus of view" as to the economic position after the war. The orthodox and popular prophets have come out pretty badly so far. They were all, for instance, cock-sure when war broke out that there would be great distress and unemployment in England during the winter. The facts are that the unemployment percentage is lower, and real wages are higher than has ever been known.

I had the same kind of orthodox and popular prophets here in South Africa. When I foresold, in the "Rand Daily Mail," early in December last, a rapidly approaching time of unexampled prosperity for this country, my acquaintances thought I was either as crazy as usual, or that I had the "Notes of the Week" is very often a long way from proof. To one who is an improbable event, I for one shall not grudge him the proof. And having found what are probably the right answers, or the best answers, it is an easier matter to get people to believe them. The national prejudices are just the things which the "Notes of the Week" does not mention. The national prejudices are just the things which the "Notes of the Week" does not mention.

This idea has now been discovered by me in three out of the few overseas papers which I have time and opportunity to read. In all three of them—the American paper, The New Age, and London "Engineering"—the idea was presented in several particular and identical phrases. I have little doubt that the three instances known to me are only a fraction of those which went to form the edifices of the new order, to the buildings designed by the House of Commons, which fear the writer of the "Notes of the Week" in his original faith.

A more amiable insanity, no doubt, but not less urgent. Peace, after some years of warfare, will be a new sensation, and war will be a dreary business of battle and suffering with a keen sense of the necessity for breakfast. The very fact that economic improvements will be difficult to obtain will make them clamorous for those improvements. He will not stop there; he will seek for improvements in all the old, old familiar things. Less ugliness, less inadequacy. He will be ravenous to peace, and the arts of peace. Preparing a nation for war is a fairly definite job. Preparing a nation for peace is an infinitely more exacting matter.

A government, in view of its own security, has to make large and tangible concessions to the will of the governed. Hence, the defeat of the Labour candidate, going through the motions of the fresh needs of its electors. The electors will want better newspapers (remembering with horror the journalism of the war), better opportunities for learning the truth, more frequent occasions for enjoyment, more leisure for the cultivation of the arts, and a greater supply of good pictures, good poems, and good plays. The government itself is the means of the needs of the position of having to encourage the scholar and the artist. The majority will ask for these things, and will be compelled to receive them through the channels they have created.

The majority will ask for these things, and will be compelled to receive them through the channels they have created. What kind of result we shall get I do not foresee; but I foresee that the soldier will be left out of the political scheme. For the reasons of the new order, it will still be possible to do so, but naturally without the approval or connivance of the ruling State.

Will the State designees be fighting men? Will the leaders of the new order, the leaders of the new race or will the clergy seize their last chance and organise the resources of piety? Or shall we still be fashioned like the orthodox and popular prophets in the likeness of a commercial electorate or the likeness of a military electorate? That is natural. When there are bargains about, your prejudices are overwhelmingly in favour of the watch-dog. But when the dog has caught the bone and bitten him, you may find yourself wondering if a mastiff makes a nice pet.

I don't think that we need fear the dominance of military opinion after the war. In the first place, it is not a soldiers' war, as far as England is concerned. There are not enough soldiers. It is everyone's war; a popular war. Men to whom the very idea of military training is repugnant have found that, under the peculiar conditions of a national crisis, it has been necessary for them to undertake that training, and to take the act of being. Their soldiering is only khaki-deep. It will fall from them with the uniform. Vast numbers of them have left trade and profession, home and wife, and are very considerable numbers of them. In the second place, the professional soldier will have exhausted himself, and as an attempt to collate the electorate would bring him up against the professional politicians, it will find it more congenial to seek honourable retirement. The Duke of Wellington was not a successful figure in politics. As for the clergy, there is no doubt that they will have a chance of greatly improving their position. They will find an occasion for winning the confidence and support of the democracy. If, and if only, that must inevitably come for the multitude, the Church can frame a vigorous policy of moral and physical reform. If she can organise what is at present casual and disunited, the road to a national position is open to her. The difficulty is that anything like unity of purpose or agreement is almost forbidden by the present state of the English Churches. In other countries, notably in France, there will be an enormous revival of religious power.

Will the former ideas of government prevail? Will the bulk of national thought undergo no change? It is impossible that this should be so. There are physical reasons against it being so—chief of these, the crying and insolent inadequacy of the democracy.

Preparing a nation for peace is a fairly definite job. Preparing a nation for war is a more exacting matter. A government, in view of its own security, has to make large and tangible concessions to the will of the governed. Hence, the defeat of the Labour candidate, going through the motions of the fresh needs of its electors. The electors will want better newspapers (remembering with horror the journalism of the war), better opportunities for learning the truth, more frequent occasions for enjoyment, more leisure for the cultivation of the arts, and a greater supply of good pictures, good poems, and good plays. The government itself is the means of the needs of the position of having to encourage the scholar and the artist. The majority will ask for these things, and will be compelled to receive them through the channels they have created. What kind of result we shall get I do not foresee; but I foresee that the soldier will be left out of the political scheme. For the reasons of the new order, it will still be possible to do so, but naturally without the approval or connivance of the ruling State.

C. E. V.

CONSCRIPTION OF MAN AND CAPITAL.

Sir,—Mr. Stanhope's letter in your issue of October 21 is indeed timely. From its many points of
interest, the one which needs pressing home at once is that of the Labour Party and recruiting. C. Stanhope asks how much cash has been distributed among Labour leaders and candidates. In fact, a rank-and-file trade unionist, I concluded weeks ago that these men were profiteers. This conclusion I reached thus: "If the national situation is so grave that men must be conscripted, then there is a position renders doubly imperative the conscription of capital. But the Labour leaders know the advocacy of such a measure for national defence and safety of world at one time perilous. Have these men are trained by them for the army with the latter profit rather than the former war, perhaps, to themselves but ultimate emancipation and elevation of status of the wage-earning class." To such conclusions, I doubt not, thousands of rank-and-file are shown in the Daily Telegraph the movement after the war will have small need for the Parliamentary place-hunter and Trade Union official who cannot think beyond the wage-earners. CHAR. C. RI.

FRANCE IN ENGLAND.

SIR,-Your issue of October 21 contained the following paragraphs from a letter of Mr. C. Stanhope: "Personally, I am getting a little tired of the pro-French party in this country. Do Mr. Hilaire Belloc, Mr. Sarraut and the Abbe Dimnet, Mr. Adolph Smith ever consider that the interests of the British people should be paramount to those of the French, at any rate to men enjoying the hospitality of this country? I am surprised. I did not know that there was a pro-French party in England; at all events, I do not belong to it. I am only a Frenchman, living in France; my entry into England lasted one week, and the other six weeks. I am supposed to be decidedly pro-British in France, and in fact, I feel generally happy with English people, and the main conclusions of the history of England appeal to me. But all that I write for the English public is of the nature of information, I do not think I ever did influence any English reader after the fashion of parties. As regards the interests of the British people, I firmly hold that they ought to be paramount to those of the French, at any rate to British people. If any member of the pro-French party thinks otherwise, I declare that I consider him a foolish pro-French partisan. But, of course, it takes intelligence to see where the true interests of a nation really are.

ERNST DIMNET.

P.S.-I do not forget that The New Age has always been very kind to me.

THE N.G.L.

SIR,-May I write to make good an omission in your "Press Cuttings" column of October 23? You may quote from the notice of the activities of the National Guild League in Liverpool and Manchester given by the welfare worker, Mr. H. J. A. Roberts, in the "Daily News" of October 8. Seeing that you quote the sentence which gives the meeting-place of the Liverpool group only, and leave your Manchester readers in the dark, it is only fair that they should be informed that the local secretary is Mr. H. J. A. Roberts, of 11, Dalby Street, Rusholme, and that their co-operation in these difficult times will be very welcome.

JOSEPH DALBY.

THE STRANGE CASE OF M. JAURES.

SIR,-The following telegram appeared in one edition of the "Westminster Gazette" of October 20: "A number of political personages in the Chamber have been examined and placed under arrest in connection with M. Jaurès' death. Mr. R. H. C. lives at the British Museum and remains an utterly illiterate, uneducated person..." The entire difference between education and non-education (as regards the merely intellectual part of it) consists in this accuracy."--Ruskin (Note.-The words "in spirit" have here no discoverable meaning; Mr. Lough's conscience probably jibbed.)

SIR,-The following are some specimens omitted from your collection.

Mr. McKenna : Does the right hon. gentleman deny it? (i.e., that the tea forestallers defraud either the revenue, or the public, or both, and charge an enhanced price on the pretext of a duty they have not paid).

Mr. Lough : In spirit, I absolutely deny it."--Debates, October 20, column 1,920.

The public will write to the editor, calling that honest journalist names, threatening him, abusing him..."-Mr. Austin Harrison in the "Sunday Chronicle" of October 24, in which paper he has recently been transferred from the first position on the front page to the bottom corner of page 2 as a sequel to many protests from the readers.

A LITERARY PARALLEL.

SIR,-The following literary parallel may interest you (1) "You might read all the books in the British Museum and remain an utterly 'illiterate', uneducated person; but if you read ten pages of a good book, letter by letter, you are for evermore more than an educated person..." The entire difference between education and non-education (as regards the merely intellectual part of it) consists in this accuracy..."--Ruskin (2) "Read properly, fewer books than a hundred would suffice for a liberal education. Read superficially, the British Museum Library might still leave the student a barbarian."--"R. H. C." in The Times, September 15, 1915, goes on to say: "A book, after all, is no less difficult to understand than a man of the complexity of its author."

What does this mean? I understand the idea, of course, but can't follow the actual wording at all. Is it a misprint, or am I merely dense? T. R. Coxon.
Press Cuttings

"The 'Times' was becoming criminal. It had employed itself in breaking the nerves of the country. Its tone and comments were un-Christian. Occupied by a passion for compulsory service, it had become incapable of an equitable judgment on any matter. Everything was made to yield to the one dominant motive. It gnawed away at the moral foundation of society, and bit by bit, until it had succeeded in conveying to our Army abroad and to Europe an utterly false impression of the home temper."—E. Norman Scott-Holland.

"The war Budget has set a greedy minority among retailers captivated to use the new taxation as a means of increasing profits. It is accepted that the consumer must pay all the extra duties. That cannot be helped, but it is not enough. In many cases prices have been raised more than the increase in the revenue demands, and the seller is actually richer from the war and the hard times. This is disgraceful and abominable, and the zeal of the Government is not to be excused. The indecent haste with which certain tobacconists put up their prices within an hour of Mr. McKenna's Budget speech was an indication that there are men in this country who, even at the greatest crisis in its history, think only of their own, mean advantage, and are ready to exploit their fellows to the full. A typical instance of the art of 'passing it along' is afforded by the new charge of twopence halfpenny for a cup of tea. The in- cost the retailer one halfpenny. That duty must be taken to cover by the rise in milk and sugar. The Government guarantees his profits. That cannot be accepted that the

"The leaders did not realise that the time had come for pressing a new status for the trade union, and for the representative of the community Daily Express.

"To the Editor of the 'Times.'

"Sir,—In the debate on the Munitions Bill in the House of Lords I asked whether the new Ministry would regulate the hours of labour necessary to prevent the evils of an undue extension of working time. I am very glad to see that this indefinitely important question is now being considered by a Committee, although I share your doubts as to whether the composition of that Committee is such as to make it possible. The training of athletes has been elevated into a science. In the Army the conditions of marching, with a view to obtain the maximum distance with the least fatigue to the soldier, have been studied with valuable results. The suggestion of Dr. Stanley has been adopted to enable him to give his best to the service. I hope that this committee will be able to evolve a system of conditions of labour—of brain and muscles alike—should the necessity arise. I am glad to see that this infinitely important question is now before the public. To take a single instance; a man who undergoes a spell of hard work before breakfast feels a sense of exhaustion. The investigations of Dr. Stanley in the same direction may help to throw light on a subject of which we know little or nothing, and I earnestly hope that the Home Office, which controls an army of inspectors, will diligently pursue these inquiries. At this time of supreme national effort it is vital that the public should be informed as to the condition of the nation by inexorable necessity. The great principle of compulsory rest which Moses taught to mankind urgently calls for scientific application to lives far more strenuous and more complex than those of the Hebrews. I am, Sir, yours obediently, Sydenham.

"The South Wales collier was quite justified in the attitude he took up. He regrets that he has upset the unified critics, and he extends to them a hearty welcome. Obsessed by its passion for compulsory service, it had become incapable of an equitable judgment on any matter. Everything was made to yield to the one dominant motive. It gnawed away at the moral foundation of society, and bit by bit, until it had succeeded in conveying to our Army abroad and to Europe an utterly false impression of the home temper."—James Sherman.

"There are plenty of things German in South Wales, but it is the disgraceful accusation that he has accepted the Kaiser's money for striking at a moment when his work was of vital importance to the British Empire. I want to nail down this lie. I want to point out to Londoners that they ought to study before they criticise. I want to suggest that thirty shilling's work a day in a place where death lurks round every corner is not a halfpenny too much. This is one instance; a man who undergoes a spell of hard work before breakfast feels a sense of exhaustion. The investigations of Dr. Stanley in the same direction may help to throw light on a subject of which we know little or nothing, and I earnestly hope that the Home Office, which controls an army of inspectors, will diligently pursue these inquiries. At this time of supreme national effort it is vital that the public should be informed as to the condition of the nation by inexorable necessity. The great principle of compulsory rest which Moses taught to mankind urgently calls for scientific application to lives far more strenuous and more complex than those of the Hebrews. I am, Sir, yours obediently, Sydenham.

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