NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The news of the suppression of the German Socialist journal "Vorwärts" turns out, like many other items of news for which we pay our penny every day, to be untrue. The obituary notices of it in this country proved in consequence to be at least premature. From them, however, we may learn both what the English Press is disposed to regard as likely to be libellous — in the same country. The German authorities naturally offering no explanation of a suppression they did not make, our journalists were compelled to find one for themselves; and they found it in the article published by "Vorwärts" denouncing the profiteers of Germany. But how hard, how Humnish, how like the German bureaucracy it was to suppress a journal merely for complaining to the State of the rapacity of the commercial men. "Vorwärts" had been the candid friend of the German Government since the outbreak of the war. Alone among German journals, "Vorwärts" had kept its respect for England, admitted to its columns criticisms of the Government and the war, denounced the internal enemies of Germany and refused to say that all was well when, in fact, little was well. How characteristic of Junkerdom to choose for suppression the one honest, competent, and straightforward journal left in the whole of the Fatherland. Civilisation had again knocked in Germany's coffin. Such was the tone as-when, in fact, little was well. How characteristic of Junkerdom to choose for suppression the one honest, competent, and straightforward journal left in the whole of the Fatherland. Civilisation had again knocked in Germany's coffin. Such was the tone as-

In the House of Lords on Thursday Lord Selborne, whom we lately saw imploring the farmers of England of their kindness not to starve us, addressed his prayers to the Trade Unions to refrain from demanding higher wages during the rest of the war on the two grounds that wages were now as high as they ought to be, and the Government had mercifully spared the working classes the main cost of the war. Both grounds, we need scarcely say, are swampy with fallacies and misinformation. On the one hand, since wages are the market price of Labour, and are fixed by no more humane principle than the Law of Supply and Demand, it ought to be as ridiculous to appeal for a maximum of wages as we are told it is ridiculous to expect a fixed maximum price for other commodities.

When, for example, we appeal to the Government to fix the maximum price of coal, flour and the rest of our necessities, the "Spectator" doubts with the approval of Lord Selborne, who is a member of the Government, replies that we must submit to the Law of Supply and Demand. Ought not, therefore, the same Press that du believe in freedom's cause as far away as Berlin ez, take good care to export the whole of their sympathy, leaving none for home consumption.

... ... ...

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When, for example, we appeal to the Government to fix the maximum price of coal, flour and the rest of our necessities, the "Spectator" doubts with the approval of Lord Selborne, who is a member of the Government, replies that we must submit to the Law of Supply and Demand. Ought not, therefore, the same reply to be made to them when they ask the Trade Unions to fix a maximum price for Labour, since in no respect, from an economic point of view, does Labour as a commodity differ from coal and wheat? That Labour nevertheless will listen, having ears to hear and a heart, if not a head, to understand, is probable. And, on the other hand, is it the well-known fact, perhaps, that Lord Selborne's imagination that the British Government any more than the German Government has spared the working classes the main cost of the war? We may recall in reply our examination of the war-budgets and our demonstration that the major part of the five millions a day we are spend-
ing has come, comes, or will come, straight from Labour, and from nowhere else. In cost of living, in taxation direct and indirect, in the accumulation of debts all to be ultimately paid out of taxation, the workers of this country are, we contend, destined to pay practically the whole cost of the war. And the proof of it will lie in the fact that, at the end of the war, scarcely a man who was wealthy at its beginning will be less wealthy, but many who were already wealthy will be wealthier still.

The complacency with which a flattering comparison is made of our conduct with that of Germany is the more exasperating for its omission to reckon our own advantages. Even if it were true that the German Government has thrown a greater proportion of the cost of the war upon the working classes than our own Government; the reflection might surely occur to our patriots that we have a Navy that keeps the sea-routes clear for our tradesmen as Germany has not; that we remember that German over-seas trade has practically ceased, while ours, thanks to our Navy, is undiminished; when, in addition, we remember that Germany is fighting seven enemies while we are fighting only two or three; we ought rather to be disgusted that our complaints must so nearly resemble those of "Vorwärts" than complacent to find ourselves no worse. If in a Germany restricted to land supplies "Vorwärts" complains, with so much echoing sympathy from our own Press, that prices are high and the cost of living mustier to the poor, and can demand with our endorsement the help of its Government against German profiteers, what, we ask, would be its complaints and its demands on the same scale in this country? Our traders have not the excuse that supplies are short or even precarious; their foreign exploitation is as safe now as it ever was in peace; and not a lifting of their speculation is less of an investment than ever. Thanks to the Navy provided for them at the public expense, their private doings continue as secure as burglar-proof protection of the press.

In spite of all it, however, we are to congratulate ourselves that things here are no worse than things in Germany. That they are not a hundred times better is our real disgrace.

The welcome given to the rumour that "Vorwärts" had been suppressed had, however, another ingredient of self-satisfaction. It was the reflection that in this country economic criticism is freely permitted. So it is, and so, we hope, it will continue to be. At the same time, there is nothing particularly to be proud of in this; for the fact only implies that while economic criticism may in a country like Germany be actually dangerous, in England any amount of it is innocuous. The reason is obvious. Lord Parmafo, in his admirable defence of the old Liberal principles in the House of Lords last week, affirmed that in the long run the Press is best when left to its own censorship. But suppose that the major part, the noisiest part, the wealthiest part, of the Press is concerned just with conspiring against its own critical minority to suppress or ignore it—what becomes then of the self-censorship of the Press? That there are among journalists, even on the staffs of Lord Northcliffe’s papers, capable men, men of good personal character, we know perhaps better than anybody. But they are never allowed to speak their minds, for they are under the censorship, not of ideas and criticism, but of interests and advertisements. Thus it comes about that not only does their Press appear, against the reality, to be conducted by fools and scoundrels; but the honest and independent section of the Press is made as to appear, and, in fact, is, comparatively unimportant. This, we say, accounts for the circumstance that a "Vorwärts" would certainly not need to be suppressed in this country by the Government. Lord Northcliffe would virtually suppress it even if the Government should wish to keep it alive. But ought we, on this account, to invite the censorship of the Government to replace the censorship of Lord Northcliffe? Because the Press has sent its own censors to Coventry, ought we to cry out for the police? We hope we never live for had as Lord Northcliffe is, the police would be worse. The remedy is to preach and practise the duty of veracity, and to encourage veracity wherever it is seen. This positive commandment to propagate veracity is the necessary supplement of a free Press if a free Press is not to ruin us.

As an example of what a vicious Press can do under cover of the darkness maintained by the Government in the interests of the war, there can be no better case than that of Lord Haldane. We do not profess to understand, on the one hand, all the motives and considerations that determined the foreign policy of the late Government while Lord Haldane was the Minister for War; or, on the other, the secret motives of the Press that secured his resignation in favour of Lord Kitchener when the war broke out. But setting public knowledge by the side of the two, it is plain from several considerations that in hounding Lord Haldane out of office, the Northcliffe-Bathurst Press presumed upon the bad memory of the public to rob the country of the services of one of our few capable, though not infallible, men. In the first place, it stands to reason—and we have employed the same argument before in the defence of individual Ministers—that in whatever policy Lord Haldane was engaged with Germany before the war, the Cabinet was not merely a consenting but an initiating party in it. Are we to isolate the instrument from its users, and to condemn Lord Haldane while leaving Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Grey in office? And that both these men, as well as several of Lord Haldane’s old colleagues, approved of his services then, and approve of them still, with all the knowledge of the circumstances of his alleged offences in their possession, the confession of Sir Edward Grey last week that he wanted to resign with Lord Haldane, and the revelation we now make that Mr. Asquith was ready to resign with him, clearly proves. But if in the opinion of men who are still trusted themselves Lord Haldane is trustworthy, what is to be said of a Press that with infinitely fewer means of judgment judges differently and condemns? What but that its writers were simple scalp-hunters anxious to display their prowess before the squaw-public whom their own policy maintained in ignorance? For, again, if it had been the intention of the Press to get at the truth, or even to procure a less harsh judgment, what would have been easier than to remind the public of Lord Haldane’s services—and these not of a dubious, speculative character, such as maintain in power those pets of the Press, Lords Curzon, Milner, Selborne, etc., but solid achievement such as the creation of the Special Force, the work of the General Staff, the Territorial Army, and the Expeditionary Force? As it is, not only were these mitigations of public censure deliberately concealed, but the pitch was plastered so thick upon Lord Haldane that at one time it seemed he had dedicated himself to the service of the Press.

The Press had its triumph; and the country has been robbed of the best services of Lord Haldane. What these might have been we cannot tell. Asked whether Napoleon would have conducted the war as it is being conducted, Joffre is reported to have said: No, I think Napoleon would have thought of something. Similarly, we are disposed to think that had he remained in office Lord Haldane would have thought of something. Neither the Press that dismissed him nor the men in
put in his place can be credited with the same potentiality.

On the subject of conscription Mr. Asquith, we confess, is unintelligible to us. Last week we reported that except by general consent and under the pressure of real necessity and, again, with every consideration for other of our needs than the purely military, Mr. Asquith had pledged himself publicly to make no resort to compulsion; throughout he has added that he himself believed that the voluntary system of enlistment would see us through. Lord Derby, however, has now been authorised to announce on the authority of Mr. Asquith himself that these plain words were wrongly interpreted; and that, in fact, they were not in contradiction of their contrary, namely, that compulsion would certainly be adopted for a particular class of men at the end of November. To this astonishing change of front we must reply as best we can and in plain words. In the first place, the faith that not only the voluntary system not fail, but the compulsory system either will or shall. The general consent of the country on the maintenance of which Mr. Asquith properly placed so much value last week is as lacking to-day as it has been throughout the war to unconditional military compulsion. In the second place, we reaffirm our belief that under no probable circumstances can the conscription of a single man be brought about save by parliamentary means involving long and bitter debates reflected and magnified in the country at large. Finally, we must again define the only condition on which, in our considered judgment, the conscription of men is either justifiable or possible: it is that the conscription of capital shall accompany it. But mark how, under the guidance of our commercially servile Press, this very condition has been lost sight of and deliberately buried. It was not so very long ago that the “Daily Express” and even the “Times” were demanding the abolition of profiteering as a means of procuring the assent of the public to the institution of conscription. Yet the conscription of men, but it is equally necessary and even more urgent. Silver bullets it is that will win the war; but only human bullets are, it appears, to be compelled; and our Press consents to it. But not only never shall we, but never either will thousands of our fellow-countrymen.

It is too readily assumed by our amateur diplomats of the Press that the arguments that convince their silliest readers will serve this country against the formidable Note just issued against us by the United States. The statesmen of America, however, are not of the calibre of the “largest circulation”; and both they and the statesmen of other neutral countries will require more than to be met with debating points. We may say what we please of the attitude adopted by America in the war; and, indeed, nothing too bad can be said of it. As a signatory of the Hague Conventions, shattered to atoms in the first instance by Germany; as an integral part of the same world of which Europe and the British Empire are vital centres; as a nation containing within itself the micromosaic hyphenation of German and European of which the micromosaic is now in interminable dispute in the rest of the world; and added to all this the spokesman of the neutrals, this country would have to see her most effective weapon [the Navy] paralysed, while supplies flowed freely through the ports of neutrals adjoining her enemy, or she would be driven to make war upon neutrals in self-defence. And the “Times” Naval Correspondent was even more Tirpitzian. “We cannot afford,” he said, “to have our war-vessels hanging about exposed to submarine attack while the suspected ships are being overhauled.”

The blame [for such procedure as America complains of] is not with the Allies but with Germany and the practices she has adopted in violation of the laws of humanity.” Compare this with the excuses offered by Germany, and it will be seen that they are identical, but with an even stronger justification for Germany than for England. Germany also complained that her most effective weapon would be paralysed, and that she could not keep her submarines hanging about to be the prey of British warships. That in the German case lives were sacrificed, while in our case it is only trade which is at stake. Germany’s posture is for less protection to her own ships, but with a different reply will be made by our Foreign Office. The public had better prepare to climb down a little way.
Foreign Affairs.
By S. Verdug.

It is necessary to make some allowance for the language used in the latest American Note on the subject of blockade and contraband. Next autumn, presumably, Dr. Wilson will again be nominated as democratic candidate for the Presidency, and his record as the head of the American nation and Government during the war will naturally be subjected to severe scrutiny by both parties. What we may call the abstract sympathies of the American nation as a whole are, no doubt, with the Allies and against the Central Powers, but there are other things to be considered, and it is to these that the President and his advisers will have to devote their chief attention. In the first place, there is the German-American vote; and, in the second place, there is the long series of complaints put forward by those exporters whose interests really have suffered in consequence of the war. There have been many complaints, of course, by firms which have not really suffered any hardship at all, but which, nevertheless, in order to induce the Washington authorities, if possible, to bring pressure to bear on the British Government, with a view to relieving Germany from the effects of our Order in Council of March 11, 1915.

The conventions at which the candidates for the Presidency will be chosen by the various political parties will presumably be held in June or July next year, and the preliminary campaign may almost be said to have begun now. Certainly, it will be in full swing by February or March next. The Democratic Party on behalf of Dr. Wilson and the present Administration will have to consider, in the first place, the general sympathies of the nation with the Allies; in the second place, the numerous and influential German vote; and, in the third place, the possible withholding of their customary subscriptions by the American firms who have suffered in consequence of the war, and who genuinely attribute their losses to the President’s willingness in not bringing stronger pressure to bear on the British Government. The complaints of the various classes in America who have protested are summed up in paragraph 33 of the lengthy Note just published as follows:

I believe it has been conclusively shown that the methods sought to be employed by Great Britain to obtain and use evidence of enemy destination of cargoes bound for neutral ports and to impose a contraband character upon such cargoes are without justification; that the blockade, upon which such methods are partly founded, is illegal, immoral, and indefensible; that the judicial procedure offered as a means of preparation for an international injury is inherently defective for the purpose; and that in many cases jurisdiction is asserted in violation of the law of nations. The United States, therefore, cannot submit to the curtailment of its neutral rights by these measures, which are admittedly retaliatory, and therefore illegal, in conception and in nature, and intended to punish the enemies of Great Britain for alleged illegalities on their part. The United States might not be in a position to object to them if its interests and the interests of all neutrals were unaffected by them, but, being affected, it cannot with complacency suffer further subordination of its rights and interests in a case that the exceptional geographic position of the enemies of Great Britain require or justify oppressive and illegal practices.

This language is undoubtedly strong, although we must assume that Mr. Lansing and Dr. Wilson, when they passed the text of the Note, did so with one eye on their relatively unimportant grievances, and the other on the coming electoral campaign. Even when we make due allowances for all these things, however, we cannot but acknowledge that the strong wording of the Note is not what we might have expected from an friendly neutral Government. Leaving these matters aside, the legal advisers of the Washington Administration will eventually, I think, find themselves obliged to admit that, from a strictly legal point of view, their arguments are hardly satisfactory. Let us take one point, i.e., that the blockade which we have established is ineffective. As the American Government knows quite well, the British Order in Council of March 11, 1915, did not establish a blockade at all. By our Order in Council of March 11 of this year, we kept legally within the terms of the Declaration of London, the principles of which for the sake of convenience we are trying to carry into effect, does not authorise the blockade of a neutral country by a belligerent, and we should, therefore, have been acting illegally if we had blockaded Holland, Belgium, and Scandinavia. On the other hand, it would have clearly been useless for us to blockade Germany only, and allow all kinds of supplies to reach our enemies through adjacent neutral countries.

Confronted with a difficulty of this kind, what was it best for us to do? It has always been the essential task of our Navy to prevent supplies, when listed as absolute or conditional contraband, from reaching the enemy. But our Order in Council of March 11 of this year, we kept legally within the terms of the Declaration of London, while authorising our warships to prevent contraband and conditional contraband from reaching Germany through Holland and Scandinavia. For this purpose it became necessary to stop several American vessels on the high seas, bringing them into port for examination, and detaining them in some cases for several days. There followed innumerable protests from American export houses, who declared that our Order in Council not merely interfered with their trade with Germany and Austria, but seriously interfered with their trade with Holland, Denmark, Norway, and Sweden. Further, the legal advisers of the American Government pointed out that our partial blockade was quite ineffective—a blockade under international law meant a blockade that stopped all goods traffic; and our “blockade” did not interfere with traffic between Swedish ports and German ports, thereby placing the American exporter at a disadvantage as compared with the Scandinavian. Since the Note was written our submarines in the Baltic have effectively stopped traffic there; and, the efficacy of our North Sea blockade being admitted, there is no more to be said on this point.

Here the Americans are in a dilemma; they cannot have it both ways. They say in their Note that our “blockade”—let us use the expression for the sake of convenience—is ineffective, and consequently illegal. But it is precisely the criticism of those who object most strongly to the naval policy pursued by this country that our “blockade” of Germany is not a blockade at all—that, under it, ships and their cargoes are without justification, as they would be if a blockade were established; and that the stringent rules laid down by the Order in Council of March 11 have been broken over and over again by the surrender of cargoes, thereby allowing the enforcement of blockade, if any. Certainly it has been acknowledged that certain ships bearing goods from Germany for the American Christmas trade have been allowed to pass through the barrier—albeit by a blockaded Holland, Belgium, and Scandinavia. On the other hand, it was importating from those countries until a few weeks ago, when the British submarines secured what amounted to a near monopoly for themselves, and thereby cast a shadow on the United States commerce.

In a word, the British check on German oversea trade, with its characteristics
non-confiscation and reimbursement, might be described as a legal blockade, frequently and illegally interrupted, for the benefit of the American importer and exporter. What is more, Dr. Wilson and his advisers know that.

Wharfage dues when their ships are thus compelled to seek port. To this it will no doubt be answered by the British Government that the methods of a century ago are not always practicable today. To examine the cargo vessel of the era of the last war with the United States was a comparatively simple matter, and could be accomplished rapidly. The modern cargo steamer is in a different category. To make thorough search on the high seas is impossible. It is more convenient for all parties, except the shipowner, that the vessel which is suspected shall be brought to port and searched there. Nor can the Americans complain, in the circumstances, of vexatious delays; for there have been very few such delays. The Note itself contains a lengthy appendix, giving a long list of ships seized and brought to port, with the date of their arrival and discharge. To read the official and semi-official complaints regarding these vessels, one would hardly think that most of them were cleared within less than two days; yet that is the case. In only a few instances was the delay exceptional. There is, of course, the possibility of meeting part of the criticism by ordering such vessels as are brought to port in these circumstances to be cleared without payment of dues. What is only a small point; a point the admission of which does not invalidate the counter-argument.

The reference to the "inherently defective judicial procedure" takes up the old question of the Hague Tribunal. In replying to a notice on the paper by Sir Richard Cooper the other day, Sir Edward Grey admitted that, if the United States and England could not come to an agreement on the subject of naval prizes and their disposal, recourse would have to be had to arbitration. Opponents of the Declaration of London object to this; it is one of the essential principles of their criticism that its national Prize Courts; and England had to submit to a good deal at the hands of Russia during the period of the Russo-Japanese war—not to mention what we had to put up with from the United States between 1861 and 1865. Our own Prize Courts provide adequate guarantees for the complainant.

It would be possible to take the American Note in this way and to show, point by point, how it fails to prove its case. Indeed, it is obviously not meant to do so. An equally stiff Note on the subject of the "Lusitania" outrage was sent by the Washington Government to Berlin on July 21 last, demanding an immediate disavowal of the submarine commander's action. This Note has been treated with contemptuous silence; no reply has been sent. It is not too much to say that the United States and England could not come to an agreement on the subject of naval prizes and their disposal, recourse would have to be had to arbitration. Opponents of the Declaration of London object to this; it is one of the essential principles of their criticism that its national Prize Courts; and England had to submit to a good deal at the hands of Russia during the period of the Russo-Japanese war—not to mention what we had to put up with from the United States between 1861 and 1865. Our own Prize Courts provide adequate guarantees for the complainant.

There is not the smallest doubt that in every case the numbers of the enemy actually available against us in any given engagement grossly underestimated. In the first place, we did not realise that the existence of reserves whose sole function shall be to wait upon events is no longer a part of German strategy. German strategy, on the contrary, aims at putting as many men as possible into the front line. And, in the second place, our estimate of the effective casualties among the German army has always been too high. From this double cause it will be seen that our calculations of the German strength have been hopelessly wrong. Always we were assuming that only a proportion of their army would be actually available, and that their casualties were as heavy as we hoped, when, in fact, practically the whole of their army was at the front ready to engage, and their casualties were comparatively few. This misconception of our relative strengths was in itself the source of many of our reverses; but an even greater fallacy than an arithmetical existed.

The Germans quickly realized that the discovered possibilities of Defence enabled them, even with the handicap of inferior numbers, to apply and extend their characteristic strategical doctrine of outflanking. This was combined with the advantages of Position. In the matter of Defence, it is well known that if not "in your straight path a thousand may well be stopped by
three,” at any rate a defending force need not exceed a third of an attacking force or would maintain its position. Suppose, for example, that two opposing armies are equal in number—say, a couple of million each. The army that chooses to assume the defensive can manage this part of the battle with as few as 300,000 men, whereas the attacking force must maintain at least the same numbers. Now note that from the opening of the war this combination of a comparatively small containing defensive fixed force with a comparatively large attacking and mobile force has characterised the German plan uniformly. In June 1914 it was not seen in the restricted front in Flanders, but on the largest scale of the war the same out-flanking movements have been carried out. When, for instance, the Flanders front was contained and no further out-flanking was possible, the Germans turned to the Russian front, and with their free force proceeded to attempt to out-flank the Allies in Russia. And when, once more, the Russian front was contained, a fresh out-flanking movement was begun in the attack upon the Serbian section of the Allied line. The aim, it will be seen, was in every case the same: to lengthen the line on every arc of the total front; and to employ every possible man on it.

But if they had been wise, the Allies would have taken this leaf out of the German book very early in the war. For if, by lengthening, and thereby thinning, the line, the Germans were able to obtain an advantage, how much greater an advantage the Allies would have obtained by the use of the same means in view of their superior collective numbers! What is more, the advantage would not have stopped with numbers. Anybody can see for himself that, for the time being at any rate, not only is the front fixed, and fixed at the discretion of the Germans (who alone have deliberately extended it), but, as it is, the whole set of operations known as manoeuvring are rendered impossible. There is only stone-walling. Our extension of the front, on the other hand, to make finally a single line as long as possible round about Germany, would have brought manoeuvring once more into play by substituting everywhere a thin flexible line for a heavy fixed line. In view both of our superior numbers and of the need we had to avoid exclusively fixed lines, we ought, therefore, early in the war, to have played the game as Germany played it, and to lengthen our front (thereby compelling her to lengthen hers at discretion) until Germany’s line became too thin to be a defence. M. Briand, I understand, as long ago as last November, came to the same conclusion. While the Allies were doing their best to minimise the length of front, and the Germans were doing their best to maximise it, M. Briand conceived the plan above described of out-doing the Germans in the matter of front, and of anticipating and surpassing their possible maximum. The Russians being then in Galicia—that is, in occupation of a longer line than they occupy to-day—M. Briand suggested that the Allies should dispatch troops to Serbia and invade Hungary at the same time. The operation might have been described at the time as a wanton diversion of strength; and no doubt, many silly people would have opposed it. In fact, they did, and successfully. But in view of the present situation, in view of the example set by Germany, and in view, finally, of the certainty that in the end such a plan must be adopted, M. Briand was, in my opinion, absolutely right.

In those days, I believe, M. Briand was opposed by M. Delcassé among others; and unfortunately M. Delcassé was powerful enough to influence the Allied plan of campaign in his own direction. To him, therefore, in the instrumental sense, we owe it not only that Serbia was left to her present fate, but that the strategy of the Allies has been entirely inadequate. What were his reasons? To begin with, it must be said that they were popular. We know how, even at this stage, a certain section of public opinion, hence and in France, is disposed to resent the dispatch of Allied troops to Serbia for the purpose of out-flanking the German army and the part of France. All too true; but the reply can be made that the enemy must be fought where he is weakest, and by the best means that circumstances dictate. If it should happen that Germany’s weakest spot were in Galicia, and the proper means by which Germany was to be defeated were the invasion of Hungary, military science would dictate this course, though in the meanwhile German troops should be in Paris. Again, M. Delcassé’s reasons (I take him only as an example—he had many supporters even in our own Cabinet) were romantic and sentimental. It appears even to-day that a strong prejudice exists in favour of ending the war in Flanders. Mr. Buchan has just repeated this fallacy almost in the same words as it was first enunciated: “we shall free Serbia in Flanders.” But this is again to ignore the real facts of the situation in favour of a sentiment. There is a priori no more reason for supposing that Flanders necessarily be the scene of the decisive battle than for supposing that the spot may be in Gallipoli, in Serbia, or on the Russian front. It is not local or confined to France and Belgium: it is a European war, and the front, and possibly the decisive front, is at any mile of the whole circle surrounding the German army.

Finally, it must be said that whatever the grounds of M. Delcassé’s theory, they have been clearly disposed of by the actual facts. For the undeniable fact which ought to have been grasped after the first Ypres battle is this: that concentrated trench warfare is of necessity indecisive. I know very well that explanations and excuses are offered and accepted for the failure of every one of our grand attempts to break the German line. It is argued that if only this commander had come up to time or that battery had been more effective, the result would have been different. It is always a mistake or an accident that has brought about our failure. But, on the contrary, I maintain that mistakes and accidents have little or nothing to do with the result, which is inherent in the very nature of the strategy employed. The mind that attributes to accidents what is absolutely attributable to the calculations and imagines what is not. Trench warfare, I repeat, is of necessity indecisive. I know very well that supporters even in our own Cabinet) were romantic and sentimental. It appears even to-day that a strong prejudice exists in favour of ending the war in Flanders. Mr. Buchan has just repeated this fallacy almost in the same words as it was first enunciated: “we shall free Serbia in Flanders.” But this is again to ignore the real facts of the situation in favour of a sentiment. There is a priori no more reason for supposing that Flanders necessarily be the scene of the decisive battle than for supposing that the spot may be in Gallipoli, in Serbia, or on the Russian front. It is not local or confined to France and Belgium: it is a European war, and the front, and possibly the decisive front, is at any mile of the whole circle surrounding the German army.

If this is doubted, I invite my readers to examine the case of the Russian army. The successful retreat of the Russian army has been the cause of rejoicing among us; but, in my judgment, and as a military augury, it should fill us with dismay. Or, if not us, at least those of us who pin our faith to breaking the German front in Flanders. For what does Russia’s success signify but that a thick line cannot be broken? Everything from the standpoint of the Delcassists was in favour of Germany in the attack upon the Russians. The Russian army was in retreat and in confusion; it scarce broke. But if not under these circumstances, how can we hope to break the German line in Flanders? Or, again, how can we even hope to break the German line when the German army is in retreat? The Russian retreat is, we may hope, a rehearsal of the performance destined to be made by the Germans from France and Belgium. And its success—upon which, as I say, we are congratulating ourselves—gives us the same time a warning to us of the success Germany is like case may certainly expect.
To penetrate, however, still deeper the reasons for the failure of the Allies, we must discuss the second principle I have enumerated as constituting the strength of the German strategy—the principle of Position. Before the Defence, as we have seen, the Germans were the first to realise that three men could be held by one. On the principle of Position they have likewise been the first to realise that one man in the right position is equal to at least three in the wrong. This accounts for the obvious fact that everywhere, upon every front they have occupied, the first step of the Germans has been to secure the most favourable positions for their trenched. The French, on the other hand, whose strategy has traditionally committed the conduct of the Western Allies, were not only slow to realise the importance of position, but they required, first, an experience of a threatened disaster, and, even then, the intervention of a civilian (M. Thomas) to teach them its value. It is now permissible to publish the fact that after the battle of the Aisne, our French Allies found themselves not only short of shells, but actually without them. Nor is it indiscreet to say that at the same moment the Army, despite its experience, was wholly opposed to the use of heavy guns on the ground that these entailed the adoption of positional warfare. M. Thomas, the Socialist Minister, had to override the judgment of the military. Now, the reason of the inability of the French command to realise the nature of the war was that the French had hitherto been accustomed to mobile and not stationary warfare. Their genius (or, let us say, their tradition) was for rapid and dazzling advances, surprise attacks, forced marches and the like. They did not easily accustom themselves to a strategy requiring them to see a position and hold it. The Germans thus had the advantage in three ways. They had the initiative in the invention of the method of trench warfare (for it is known that German mortars were far superior to French in the way in which they were used); this initiative enabled them to occupy the strongest positions before the Allies knew what their intention was; and they could count on the reluctance of the French to abandon their traditional mobility theory. I have read many pro-war French books on strategy, but nowhere do I remember seeing either the German theory discussed or any system but the mobile system advocated. It was thus only to be expected that the military commanders so trained would find it difficult to react and revolutionise their ideas as soon as they were on active service.

Let me now review the course of the argument, the design of which we began by saying, is to offer a coherent, if not the actual, explanation of our lamentable failure in Serbia. I maintain that the proper course was that indicated a year ago by M. Briand—the extension of the Allied front faster and further than the Germans extended theirs. This would have involved the dispatch of troops to Serbia, the invasion of Hungary, and the reinforcement, if this were needed, of the Russian lines in Galicia and Poland. It would, at the same time that it secured the advantage of the German principle of Defence, also have secured us the advantage of the principle of Position. Instead of having reluctantly to extend our front to meet the German flankings movements, the boot would have been on the other leg; theirs would have been the reluctance. And instead of being our customers counted by the superior position taken by the enemy, our numbers would have been multiplied by the positions occupied at our own discretion. The reason for our failure is the slowness of the military mind to adapt itself, saturated with prejudice, to new conditions; and this reason has been supplemented in the present instance by the sentimental wish of His Lordship to beat the Germans, not where they can be most easily beaten, namely, at the weakest point on the longest front, but in the middle, where they are strongest. Meanwhile Serbia pays for our mistakes.

**Northcliffe or Asquith?**

By J. M. Kennedy.

In the New Age of September 30, and in the "Economist" of September 4 and September 18, I ventured to refer to the apparently superficial consideration which the Cabinet were giving to the question of conscription, and to the connection between Mr. Lloyd George's intervention in the Conscription campaign and Lord Northcliffe's frenzied, un-English appeals on its behalf. The warnings of financiers, manufacturers, and labour leaders checked this disastrous propaganda when it was being urged with its greatest force shortly before the Derby scheme was inaugurated; and we have every reason to believe it will be checked again. In view of Lord Derby's intimation with reference to the compulsory enlistment of single men, issued by the Press Bureau on Thursday last, it becomes necessary once more to refer to Mr. Lloyd George and to Lord Northcliffe.

It is perfectly well known to every journalist that the Carmelite House papers have often made a hit by finding out what the Government intended to do and then advocating a policy which they knew had already been decided upon. The outcry over munitions is a well-known example; for it was a matter which the Government had had in hand for many weeks before the Northcliffe Press took it up. But by emphasising the importance of high-explosive shells—long after the government had begun to make arrangements for their production—both the "Times" and the "Daily Mail" gained a cheap reputation from the mob. The trick is easy; in these days of American journalism there are many people who regard it, even, as legitimate; and for its success little more is required than information which may be secured by bribery, flattery, influence, or blackmail. Six weeks ago at least a rumour was going about to the effect that the Government had decided upon compulsory service for unmarried men within certain ages—usually given as eighteen to twenty-five. Such a rumour would naturally penetrate to Carmelite House; if, indeed, it was not actually started there. It was naturally assumed that Lord Northcliffe would apply to his confidant in the Cabinet, Mr. Lloyd George, for a statement on the point; and few of the people who follow these things closely were surprised to find the Carmelite House papers tumbling over one another after the Derby scheme was started, to demand that "all" the unmarried men should be enlisted, by compulsory or otherwise, before the married men were called upon to fill their engagement to serve. His words were not unambiguous. When a deputation approached Lord Derby for an authoritative statement on the matter, his Lordship was unable to reply to them, and had to consult the Prime Minister. The consequence was a remarkable intimation by the Press Bureau to the effect that Lord Derby was "authorised by the Prime Minister to express his surprise that his statement in the House of Commons on November 1 should be considered in any way ambiguous", and then we have a repetition of the notification that if young unmarried men do not join the Army they will be enlisted against their will. Even this statement, it should be added, has not made everything clear in at least one respect: for it had been believed that the statement issued by the Press Bureau in Mr. Asquith's name, "says last Friday's "Manchester Guardian, at
the end of a long leader on the subject, "so far from clearing up the situation, appears to us to have rendered it more obscure. Why? Because Mr. Asquith, when he spoke on November 2, said, "with obvious sincerity and equally obvious force," that "Compulsion ought to be resorted to, and can only from a practical point of view be resorted to, with something approaching a General consent." As the "Guardian" adds: "What sort of general consent is likely to be obtained for a scheme of hop-sided compulsion carried out exclusively against a particular class in the community, and which is to be applied long before the scheme of voluntary recruiting, as a whole, has been tried out?"

On the basis of the unsatisfactory evidence with which we have been furnished; on the basis, too, of what is common knowledge of the views held by members of the Cabinet, we are justified at arriving at one or two assumptions. If the Government, a few weeks ago, did decide to conscript unmarried men between eighteen and twenty-five, Lord Northcliffe would at once have been informed of this fact by his client in the Cabinet. Having ascertained what the Cabinet intended to do, the "Mail" or the "Evening News" would, of course, proceed to advise the Cabinet to do it. Mr. Lloyd George, as many people have suspected for a long time, is Lord Northcliffe's henchman—a fact now openly asserted by Mr. Cecil Chesterton in last week's "New Witness," and frequently implied by Mr. Belloc when he spoke on November 24, 1914. The plausible utterances of Alfred Harmsworth's wild papers might very well be mentioned at Cabinet meetings subsequently as indicative of Alfred Harmsworth's wild papers might very well be mentioned at Cabinet meetings subsequently as indicating a "growing public demand," etc., etc. (I am writing of the basest side of modern English journalism and politics.)

Alternatively—or even taken in conjonction with these facts—it is probably well known to the Cabinet that, with the exception of a relatively insignificant number of hopeless shriekers, every unmarried man who can afford to do so has already joined the Army. The recruiting returns would show this, in which case we may regard the latest declaration as an empty threat which it will not be necessary to carry into effect—a sop, in short, to the Amerys and the Guests. In either case, whether on the ground of principle or economics, the declaration should not have been made. Mr. Asquith has just told us that every soldier is now costing the country an additional £150,000,000 a year. Add the value of their labour, of which the country is deprived, viz., £150,000,000. Total, £306,000,000. Is it any wonder that our economists complain of the financial incapacity of the Cabinet?

Not even that is the point. The point is the suspicion that Mr. Asquith's statement through the Press Bureau, which is not couched in his usual courteous language, and is not in harmony with his speech of November 2, was really dictated by Mr. Lloyd George, on whom it was probably well known to the Cabinet that, "with obvious sincerity and equally obvious force," that "Compulsion ought to be resorted to, and can only from a practical point of view be resorted to, with something approaching a General consent." As the "Guardian" adds: "What sort of general consent is likely to be obtained for a scheme of hop-sided compulsion carried out exclusively against a particular class in the community, and which is to be applied long before the scheme of voluntary recruiting, as a whole, has been tried out?"

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While Europe Fought.

Embroidered by the excitement of the European War, Englishmen have had no leisure to observe events in the Far East. We have heard vaguely that Japan was taking advantage of the pre-occupation of Europe to endeavour to increase her influence in China. But the details published in the Press have been so scanty and so unobtrusive as to justify the reader in supposing that they referred to events of second-rate importance. Now, in the October number of "Revue Politique Internationale," we find a pretty full account of the dealings of Japan with China since the outbreak of the war from the pen of Dr. Seki-Ton-Fa, based upon a "memoire" which the Chinese Association of Paris has circulated privately among the friends of China throughout Europe.

The official Japanese announcement of August 26, 1914, that "Japan will restore Kiow-Chow to China," and "will defend the territorial integrity of China," says the writer in the "Revue Politique," "reassured everybody excepting us, the Chinese," and the distrust of the Chinese was confirmed by the campaign of misrepresentation, following that announcement, by which the Chinese endeavoured to make Europe think that China was pro-German in her sympathies.

During the operations against Kiow-Chow, which lasted from August 24 to November 7, 1914, Japanese troops occupied a number of villages in purely Chinese territory outside the "concession" of Kiow-Chow, as well as the railway to Tsing-Poo and some mines in Chinese territory. The protests of the Chinese Government were treated as a pro-German manifestation; and to parry that suspicion the Chinese Government established a "war zone" round the scene of operations, on the understanding that, on the conclusion of those operations, the Japanese troops would be withdrawn from Chinese territory. In December, 1914, the Republican Government inquired of Japan about what time she intended to evacuate the War Zone, and she had not announced the date. This simple inquiry caused an explosion of rage at Tokio, the tone of the Japanese Press became exceedingly aggressive, and the Japanese public clamoured for the occupation of Pekin and of the Manchurian provinces.

The Chinese were, as usual, patient, and a month later (January 7, 1915), since Japan made no move towards evacuation, the Chinese lawyer, Nagao Ariga, Adviser in International Law to the President of the Republic, announced to Japan and England that he raised the War Zone. "The fury of Japan increased. Japan no longer hesitated. Instead of evacuating the War Zone, on January 18, 1915, she handed to the President of the Republic a list of twenty demands, to which China must subscribe; otherwise the Japanese army was ready."

These are the demands:—

(1) China shall concede to Japan all the rights and privileges ceded to and possessed by Germany in the province of Shantung.

(2) China shall agree to the construction by Japan of the railway from Chelou to Tong-Keau.

(3) No territory of the province of Shantung, nor any island or a body of territory shall be conceded to any third Power whatsoever.

(4) Certain towns of Shantung shall be open to foreign commerce, such towns to be designated by Japan and China conjointly.

(5) Administration and control of the railway of Kiao-Chang Shunn to be conceded to the Japanese Government for 99 years.

(6) The lease of Port Arthur and of the South Manchurian and Antung-Mukden railways shall be prolonged for a period of 99 years.

(7) The Japanese shall have the right to buy and build land for the construction of commercial houses, factories, and farms in southern Manchuria and eastern Mongolia.
The Chinese Government will have to obtain Japan's consent before conceding to foreigners the right to make a railway in these regions, and before contracting a loan with any third Power for the construction of such a railway. The consent of Japan will be in like manner necessary for the contracting of a loan guaranteed by the revenues of these regions.

Governments.

Japan's consent before conceding to foreigners the right to make a railway in these regions, and before military matters.

be in like manner necessary for the contracting of a loan administered conjointly by Japanese and Chinese, or directly or indirectly the interests of the Company.

shall be designated by agreement between the two Governments.

This Company shall be under the joint control of Japan and China. China shall not be able to dispose of her interests in this Company without the previous consent of Japan.

All the mines annexed to the Han-Yeh-Ping Company, those in the neighbourhood and round about shall not be able to be exploited by anyone other than the Company; and the previous consent of the Company shall be obligatory for all mining operations affecting directly or indirectly the interests of the Company.

The Chinese Government shall not cede or lease to any foreign Power any portion of the territory of the Chinese coast.

China shall buy more than 50 per cent. of her munitions and armaments from Japan, or Japan shall create a Chinese-Japanese arsenal in China, the material and also the technical staff to be Japanese.

The Police, in certain parts of China, shall be administered conjointly by Japanese and Chinese; China shall employ in those districts a number of Japanese in order to organise and improve the Chinese police service.

The Japanese shall be employed as political, financial and military advisers.

Japanese subjects shall have the right to propagate Buddhism in China.

The Japanese shall have the right of property in the interior of China for the purpose of constructing Japanese places of worship, schools and hospitals.

In the province of Foukien, Japan shall have the right to construct railways to exploit the mines to establish harbours, and, in cases where there is a call for foreign capital, Japan shall be consulted first.

Japan shall have the right to construct a railway from Go-Chang to Kiu-Kiang and Nan-Chang, and a line between Nan-Chang and Chow-Chow-fou, and between Nan-Chang and Hang-Chow.

The demands, it will be seen, are fairly comprehensive. What was Japan willing to give in return? She was willing to "guarantee the sovereignty and the integrity of China." The Chinese writer scoffs at such an offer, esteeming it a cruel sarcasm. Japan desired that the negotiations should be kept a secret, but China saw "the trap," and cried to Europe, with the result that the demands of Japan were "much attenuated" in the form in which they were finally allowed. Particularly is the Chinese writer filled with horror at the Japanese idea of "Asia for the Asiatics." He sees in the Powers of Europe the defenders of the Chinese Empire.

That is the Chinese view of this significant transaction, much significant than anything that is happening in Europe. The Japanese view would, of course, be different. But it is a view that could not be presented to the Powers. For years Japan has watched and waited in her rôle of the Avenger of the East. She has seen the treatment which Asiatic nations have received from Europe. She has seen how the attempt of any Oriental nation to advance (excepting always Japan herself, thanks to her position as an island kingdom), has been the signal for the Europeans to destroy it. She has seen the Persian and the Turkish revolutions with their consequences. These she could view with equanimity if with secret indignation, biding her time. But when the Chinese Revolution came, the danger was too near. The time had come to act; she sought an opportunity. Her idea was in truth to save the Chinese Empire in the only way in which it could be saved. The Chinese reformers were dreamy theorists in love with Europe. They trusted Europe! Could credulity go further? The "good European," extolled by Dr. Levy, seems evidently bad to Oriental eyes. Frightened by the vigorous secret counsels of Japan, they whined to Europe, and the demands of Japan had, therefore, to be much attenuated. One can imagine the impatience and the indignation with which the conduct of the ease-loving, philosophic nation filled the heroic nation. There is something mean in the stress which the Chinese reporter of these matters lays on the danger to the interests of the Entente which is inherent in the new attitude of Japan. Numerous quotations from the Press of Tokio are given to convince us that Japan despises England, that English sympathy may flow more freely out to suffering China. And all the while the Japanese encroachments even in their "much attenuated" form have probably saved China, and may possibly secure the way to the eventual liberation of all Asia.

Mr. Oratorio Bottomley.

(The Palladium, Sunday, November 14. Mr. Bottomley's patriotic war Horation, reported by Charles Brookfarmer)

As Student enters, Mr. Bottomley is speaking.

He is an obese person with a flabby face, closely-set eyes, and the voice and delivery of a Saturday night butcher. He is superbly vulgar. The badly mixed audience thoroughly deserves him.

Mr. Bot.: We 'ave realised that the proper person to put at the 'ead of our army is a man whose business is war. The day of the Chancery lawyer is finished. We don't want a parliament in war time, we 'ave finished with debating societies an' academic discussions of international law. Practical men 'ave been waiting patiently for some practical things. I suggest a Cabinet of three, Lord Kitchener to look after the Army, Lord Fisher to look after the Navy, and the Prime Minister to act as intermediary between them and the nation, and tell it what they want. Well, we've got five. There's Mr. Balfour, well, 'e's been Prime Minister of England, so 'e ought to be possessed of special knowledge of international politics. Then there's Bonar Law, a business man, ladies and gentlemen, of great experience and acumen. And then there's my friend, Mr. Lloyd George, who 'as done 'is best as Minister of Munitions to make up for 'is little delinquencies before the war. But then we come to the Chancellor of the Exchequer; I do object to a man sitting on what I call the Committee of Public Safety one only interest is keeping down expenses. "It's all very well," 'e says, "but wot will it cost?" It doesn't matter, ladies and gentlemen, what it costs, because, first of all, it's worth it; and, secondly, we shan't 'ave to pay it. (Applause.) Ladies and gentlemen, I come before you as an optimist, wit Mr. Lloyd George—(Laughter)—calls a futile optimist. I come before you as an optimist, ladies and gentlemen, because, unlike the politicians, I know something about this war. It took the lawyer politicians by surprise. Now they say, "We now know that since 1890 the German fleet 'as been constructed with the one an' only object to destroy the maritime supremacy of the o-o-old British
Empire.'—We now know! (With scorn.) We now know km-ow! (Laughter. Mysteriously.) To my mind the signs and portents were written in letters of gold in the sky. We swooped Elgoland for Zanzibar. We swooped Elgoland over Zanzibar. Think of it. Why, I dream of it! I'm thinking of writing a coon song about it. (Laughter.) "This island," said ee, when ee took occupation of it, "this island," said ee, "as been chosen by mee . . ." That speech of the Kaizur's in 1890 would 'ave convinced any business-man of its importance. You will marvel, ladies and gentlemen, you will marvel 'ow our lawyer politicians didn't understand what was 'appen. . . Mr. Bottomley . . . money . . . business-man . . . Mr. Bottomley . . . money . . . if in this war my statements differ from the politicians' statements, wipe theirs out. Lord Kitchener don't tell the politicians what ee's doing, they tock too much.

Wat it came to was this. The politicians said to King Edward, "We wish you'd go to Germany and see the Kaizur an' tell 'im to be'ave 'imself." I ave endeavoured to find out what did 'appen on that occasion. I ave 'ad to to the annals of the German Court . . . "Yer Majesty," said the Kaizur, said 'ee . . . Which was King Edward's diplomatic way of saying, "To Ell with yer navy!" . . . Mr. Bottomley . . . money . . . must be more bombastic speeches. You know the man Bernardi of oom you've 'eard, well, that's just come to light. "The English War Minister's bin 'ere," ee writes, "ee's bin translating Shopping-hour. I asked 'im to our manoeuvres the other day an' I offered 'im a mount, an' ee said ee was sorry ee couldn't ride." Well, ladies and gentlemen, I went to the War Office, an' I give you my word didn't know the difference between a brigade an' a battalion . . . Mr. Bottomley . . . Mr. Bottomley . . . "Are you Mr. Bottomley?" I said. "Yes, I'm Mr. Bottomley." . . . Well, ee come back and made 'is report, and wot it was (except one) said "the loss of the German Zeppelin will fall on Count Zeppelin with cruel weight." (With feeling.) Ladies and gentlemen, you know me as a plain, blunt man, all comes to boiled down to 'omely language . . . That Minister of ours ee spoke German as glibly as ee spoke 'is own mother-tongue, and w'en he wasn't in charge of the Army ee was translating German literature an' (scornfully) philosophy. Ere's a letter that the Kaizur wrote to a friend of 'is in America at that time, that it's only just come to light. "The English War Minister's bin 'ere," ee writes, "ee's bin translating Shopping-hour. I asked 'im to our manoeuvres the other day an' I offered 'im a mount, an' ee said ee was sorry ee couldn't ride." Well, ladies and gentlemen, I went to the War Office, an' I give you my word didn't know the difference between a brigade an' a battalion . . . Mr. Bottomley . . . Mr. Bottomley . . . "Are you Mr. Bottomley?" I said. "Yes, I'm Mr. Bottomley." . . . Well, ee come back and made 'is report, and wot it was (except one) said "the loss of the German Zeppelin will fall on Count Zeppelin with cruel weight." (With feeling.) Ladies and gentlemen, would to God the Zeppelin 'ad fallen on 'im . . . Mr. Bottomley . . . My Recruiting campaign . . . General Joff 'imself and Messer Pechong, the War Minister of France . . . (Waggishly.) So this, ladies and gentlemen, is the difference. The German causes pain and suffering; our gases make 'em die 'appy. (Laughter.) Ladies and gentlemen, business commenced.

Russia is and 'as been to this day a wonderful Ally. She is playing a deep strategical game, decoying the German forces into Russian territory, knowing that no army ever yet returned from it. But this Kaizur with 'is boundless pride an' ambition and 'is bombastic speeches cannot take example by Napoleon, nor by Charles of Sweden. So absolutely 'as Russia got the Germans in 'er power that they are 'urryng and skurryng back as fast as ever they can, and she is running down day and night, day and night, to the relief of poor little Servia in the Balkans.

I 'ave Lord Derby's authority to say that, although ee came to 'is post an adent conscriptionist, ee says that if we keep peggings away a week or two the voluntary system will be saved.

Ladies and gentlemen, I speak to you with all the earnestness of which I am capable. We must not accept a patched-up peace. Although I am in a theatre, I am giving you no theatrics, no claptrap, but, speaking with all the seriousness of which I am capable, I say let your first ambassador be Lord Kitchener; and when they ask the terms say wot old General Botha said in South Africa, two words, "Unconditional surrender." (Looking at his watch and with pathos.) Ladies and gentlemen, you know me as a plain, blunt man of the world, as a man of affairs, as a man of 'is no would rather pull 'is tongue out from the roots than utter a word of cant or 'ycoprisy. I say that when the last cannon 'as ceased to roar, when the last sword 'as been sheathed, then I believe we shall reach those mystic portals through with the human mind 'as never before penetrated. I say it, ladies and gentlemen, with all the reverence and sincerity of which I am capable, that when this awful war is done, then the Anglo-Saxon race will see through those mystical portals, those mystical portals, the sacred figure of the Man of Peace pointing with 'is finger to the Star of Bethlehem which will lead us on to Go-hobo-hod! (He raises his arms and bows. The curtain falls.)

**CARMELITE ODE**

(AFTER O'SHAUGHNESSY.)

We are the mischief-makers, And the armed men of schemes, The sorry sensation-takers And brazen soliers of reams; Truth-gatherers and truth-forsakers Down whom the censor beams. The whole sale statute-breakers Whom no law reacheth, it seems. With wonderful senseless ditties We gag our gulls in the cities, And out of a fabulous story We scoop a penmorth of glory; We alone with a lie, at pleasure May go forth and diddle a town, While others who crave like measure Shall be of a sooth done down. Our scompers are here for the buying, Your shiver's the price of our worth; And Amazons at lying Was a scabbling subject of mirth, Compared with the falsifying To which our fancy gives birth. For we raise a score about lying And under our thumb is the earth!

A puff of our inspiration In poison-gas for the nation; A twisty bit of our scheming, Unholy, insensible-seeing; But the soldier, the king and the peasant All swallow it down as one, For they find our unholy piffle most pleasant-

For we raise a score about lying And under our thumb is the earth!

P. SELVER
Impressions of Paris.

It is a difficult business to find words in which to express one’s dissent from the plannings of half the world. I am thinking of the case of Miss Cavell, and not only of the applause which has, for the moment, heroised her action, but of the action itself. This action seems to my mind plainly wrong, and, perhaps, amidst so much hypocrisy and hysteria, the plainest expression will prove the least offensive. The hypocrisy of the outburst of indignation must not be charged against the ordinary people of the world, who do not know, or momentarily have forgotten that not one, but several, women have been shot by the Allies in France alone, and these not women in a position of trust, in the one position where none of the remnant of good humanity which resists the tyranny of war was to be risked and defamed—but miserable, ignorant peasants whose only glory was to be of German birth and to adore God in the Kaiser. The hypocrisy is to be charged against the politicians, the press and the parade—women who know and have not forgotten that we have killed woman spies, and who have traded on the death of Miss Cavell. Miss Cavell was the last person in the world whom we ought to heroise for her action, which knocks hard against civilisation in general. In his usual coldness and his usual snap at everyone’s heels, opines that it would be disgraceful of “us to dishonour her memory by cinematographic claptrap, or merely break her coffin into sticks to beat the Germans with.” And he, I think, cynically, proposes to enfranchise women in recognition of her proof of its valour. He knows that he would be met by the reply that neither Miss Cavell nor the officers she aided to escape expected that her death was in question. A few more Shaws, urging us to rally upon women in a position of trust, in the one position where we want, necessary things like the right to be at large because we do not spy. If this person were a whole man, he would not be forever inviting us to make men of ourselves. We want a great many things from men before an old gnawed bone like the suffrage. It is the most disappointing little house, all draughts and doors. When I complained to the landlord, he said, “There is a tone!” That man always turns me into a fishwife.

What are we living to reach? Why do I move every quarter? I have brought my three sticks and a rag to Montmartre, right up on the Butte under Sacré Cœur. It is the most disappointing little house, all draughts and doors. When I complained to the landlord, he said, “There is a tone!” That man always turns me into a fishwife.

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Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

The publication, with a preface, of Sir Arthur Wing Pinero's "The Big Drum" (Heinemann, 1s. 6d. net), affords me an opportunity of returning to a subject that was not exhausted by my cursory notice of the play. It will be remembered that the play, as originally acted, had an unhappy ending; that is, Sir Arthur Pinero departed from the tradition of concluding a comedy with a marriage. The protests of the critics and the audience induced the author to amend his play in conformity with the taste of his public; but, apparently, he is not convinced of the artistic rectitude of this concession. That the demand for the correction was based on the wrong ground, I do not doubt; it is fatally easy to blame the war for everything, and to pretend that it alone is the cause of the demand for a happy ending. But the statement of the wrong reason cannot be allowed to imperil the judgment of good taste; and as Sir Arthur Pinero has published the play as it was originally written and acted, and has attempted a justification of his persistence, I may consider the question rather more precisely.

The chief article in this justification is this fatal concession for a popular playwright: "My excuse for having at the start provided an unhappy ending is that I was blind enough not to regard the ultimate break between Philip and Ottoline as really unhappy for either party. On the contrary, I looked upon the separation of these two people as a fortunate occurrence for both: and I intended it as a warning which might not prove unentertaining that the falling away of Philip from his high resolves was checked by the woman he had once despised, and who had at last grown to know and to despise herself." The first objection to this defence is that it has nothing whatever to do with the play as a work of art. The comedic tradition that postulates marriage as a state of happiness is nowhere challenged in this play by the author; Pinero is not Puck; and not a word is uttered, not a situation developed, which justifies the jump from one attitude to the other, or the substitution of one set of values for another. If Sir Arthur Pinero's defence be valid, we must laugh at Mackworth and Ottoline throughout the play; we must chuckle: "Lord, what fools these mortals be!": from the moment in the first act when Mackworth kisses Ottoline—and we have no reason in the play itself to do so. There is not even a hint of any ironic intention: Robbie Roope's obvious matchmaking is gratefully accepted by both parties. Ottoline kisses him, Mackworth shakes his hand and says: "Much obliged, Robbie." The satirical intention of the play is obvious, even too obvious; for, as I remarked before, Sir Arthur Pinero is so afraid that his point may be missed that he makes everybody in the play act as a finger-post to it. He wishes to show that the craze for advertisement, what he calls banging the big drum, is inherently unmanly, unenlightened, and ridiculous. In the characters of Sir Randle and Lady Fislon, the ironic intention is perfectly clear; they are presented so obliquely that we are allowed the privilege that all irony bestows, of catching the real meaning behind the false show. We are not only prepared for this display of duplicity, but their activities reveal it; and throughout the play, there is that subtly sneering commentary that makes us smile at the absurdity of people who not only want their activities to be publicly described in journalistic cliches, but who actually supply the popularization description of and comments on their social performances. Mackworth is the exception that makes the ironic intention obvious; he is an unsuccessful novelist because he will not stoop to "logrolling." He desires fame, not popularity; and is content to write novel after novel, and to rely on publishers' announcements and the goodwill of his readers for his success.

Whether Mackworth is right or wrong in his conception of the legitimate way to fame, does not matter; it is his creed that "no amount of ability, of genius if he will, absolves the follower of character from the obligation of conducting himself as a modest gentleman." We must grant Sir Arthur Pinero his claim to ironic intention even here; he is concerned not only to make us laugh at the "big drum" absurdities, but also to show the absurdity of relying on merit only for artistic success. Challenged by Ottoline's parents concerning the propriety of a marriage between "a lady of means and a man who is commercially a failure," Mackworth risks everything on his next book. If that sells no better than the others have done, he will join with her parents in urging Ottoline to break with him. Sir Arthur Pinero carefully and cleverly leads up to the crisis. The book is a success; and Mackworth gives a dinner-party in recognition of his formal engagement to Ottoline. It is then revealed that the success is fraudulent, that Ottoline has arranged with the publisher to issue these extra editions, and to advertise them, while she has bought them and stored them away in a cellar. The ironic assumption that all will believe her, in some degree has been demonstrated up to this point; but Mackworth sticks to his creed, and coldly says good-bye to Ottoline, somewhat to her surprise.

If the play had ended at this point, the ending would have been "unhappy," but not inartistic; Sir Arthur Pinero would have had a body of followers that have overwhelmingly condemned the idealist with a tragic catastrophe. But the desire for anti-climax forces the author to go further and fare worse. The old, old conflict between the artist's drive to fame and his love for a woman is settled by Mackworth next morning: he decides that he is a "duffer at his job," and determines to settle down as the "humble slave and dependent" of Ottoline. He loves her, and she loves him; and one novelist more or less does not really matter in these over-crowded times. But it is just at this point that Sir Arthur Pinero becomes perverse. I contend that not another laugh, no matter how bitter, can legitimately be got out of the situation. The idealist has been converted into a cynic, and has accepted the position; banging the big drum is the only way to success, and, as he refuses to do that, Mackworth is entitled, by the comedic tradition, to his wife. That is all that he is fit for. But we are asked to believe that Ottoline, who smashed the foundation because her husband refused the husband because she wants the idealist. This is not irony—it is absurdity; we do not laugh with the author at this conception, we laugh at him. If she is, as she says, "an incurably vulgar woman," she would not bother about his "art" or about his "keeping his flag flying." An incurably vulgar woman would be frank enough to say in words what she says in effect: "You go on being an unsuccessful novelist, and I will continue to be a successful member of Society," If we are to accept this conclusion, we have to look back through the play and discount everything that she does, to sneer not only at success, but at enthusiasm, to see deception in her every action, to believe that her love is a lie, and her character a form of hypocrisy. But if we do this, we cannot believe that she sincerely cares more for his art than she cares for him, or than he cares for it himself; we must believe that when a charming woman adores a man as a hero, when she applies herself in her own form of self-sacrifice. The doctrine may be perfectly true, but Sir Arthur Pinero has not expressed it in this play; and the "unhappy" ending which his literary "conscience" prefers is really more violently and crudely brought about than he thinks in the "happy" ending that the public desired and obtained. Sir Arthur Pinero's "conscience," however flexible, is no substitute for comedic tradition.
I have tried to plead a case for the rule of the average man seeking the average happiness: I have tried to plead for regulation according to common sense—that is, for normality and the golden mean, both in ethics and in politics. I have tried to show that the simple desires of the normal man are right, and that the aim of the statesman should be so to adjust the machinery of political and economic administration as to give free scope for the satisfaction of these simple and ordinary desires. Modern reformers always tend to remedy a grievance by flying to the opposite extreme, by meeting drunkenness not with sobriety, but with prohibition; by meeting anarchy not with self-government, but with bureaucracy. Neglecting the normal because it is pedestrian, they flit on Fabian wings to a heaven of extremes—extreme temperance, extreme maternal despotism, extreme sisterhood, and extremeunction. Meanwhile we, who believe in normality, shall tramp along the low road and continue to prefer cheese and beer and good warm beds to beans and cocoa and Healthy Holiday Camps.

But, it may reasonably be asked, if the average man of average tastes is really right, why is the world so wrong? To this complaint there is one large and obvious answer: there are, in fact, a million sensible answers, but let us take the large and obvious answer first.

The answer is that men, however right their intentions, do not foresee the results of the actions they cannot, by the nature of things, foresee which are almost illimitable in their effect. We are always and everywhere doing things whose results, social and economic, we cannot foretell. We discover steam-power, and think mankind is saved from manual drudgery: the result is that we have to work harder than before. We discover the power of flight: the result is Count Zeppelin. We discover the wealth of the world: the result is that nine-tenths of the people are poor. We are always laying our hands on heaven: and the result is hell. And the way there is certainly paved with excellent intentions.

This power of the accidental is the one large and obvious reason why man may be right in a world that is wrong. But there are other reasons. There is, as I have already tried to show, the delirium of Great Men who claim to be the savours of society, and either crucify the average man, as Napoleon did and Churchill and Lloyd George has nearly done. It is on these Great Causes that the Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath. But Christians have never paid much attention to what Christ told them to do, preferring to imagine that whatever they want, that Christ enjoined. And so, despite the advice of their master, they have always been the first to make ugly idols of good ideas and to bury the happiness of man with a pile of pedantry and dogma. In other words, they have championed Great Causes. They have, for instance, turned patriotism into lunacy, forgetting that nationality exists for man, not man for nationality. In so far as national distinctions respond to popular desire, no one can object to them or blame those who believe in upholding national diversity. But in so far as national distinctions are artificial, Press-nurtured, and worked up by fevered statesmen and pestilential Great Men, patriotism is a menace to the happiness of the world.

Who can deny that at present the world has gone nationality-mad? The State-worshipping monomanics of Prussia have their less thoughtful but equally blatant counterpart in the club colonels of Piccadilly and the large order of Who Dies if England Livers? Typically the Germans have tried to justify their idol with a philosophy. We worship with inarticulate frenzy. One fact is indisputable. On the altar of more abstractions, such as National Glory and Imperial Ideals and Great Culture, and so forth, millions of lives and the happiness of still more millions are being ruthlessly sacrificed. If Sabbaths were made for man, so, too, were nations and empires. But now we do, or at least we say, feel comfortable when it is Sunday, and we must all go and kill each other because we are not exactly alike.

The logical conclusion of the present war for nationality and freedom, as preached by both sides, is an entirely wasted and desolate Europe inhabited by a few old women who are enjoying the magnificent freedom won for them by their dead husbands and sons. The game of making hell for the sake of heaven may be played too long. In other words, when a sensible idea becomes the Great Cause of the orators and the Press we may be sure that the average man is going to suffer. The fanatic will goad him into a furious belief that, unless he goes and dies for this particular cause, he can never be happy again. If he is the type of fanatic who puts up God for sale in the gutter Press, if he is an R. J. Campbell who battens on the credulous public by promising them a heaven of which he knows nothing, then he may bribe the poor average man to take up slaughter with the visions of joy in heaven as the reward of being bayoneted in the face.

Socialism, like nationalism and like every decent idea, has suffered from being made a Great Cause. And doubts the Guilds really are as the Great Cause. And doubts the Guilds really are necessary. The Guilds will only have value in so far as they promote the happiness of their members and the welfare of the community. And by happiness I do not mean merely animal pleasure, as utilitarians are always accused of wanting, but the general satisfaction of all desires and activities, bodily and spiritual.
Readers and Writers.

It is as well for Belgium that when the war broke out her literature was practically unknown in this country. Otherwise, I am thinking that the sympathy she obtained here would have been much less; and instead of "Brave little Belgium," we might have been saying "Bawdy little Belgium." Mr. Jethro Bithell in his "Contemporary Belgian Literature" (Unwin, 7s. 6d. net) gives such an account of it that, curious as I am, my curiosity is quenched before my quest begins. Characteristically insular, you will say, or ignorantly intolerant! Let it be so. None of us is under the necessity, even professionally, to examine into diseases says which we are already sufficiently familiar. And with the chief features of modern Belgian literature I for one am as conversant as I wish to be through the more refined medium of its French exemplars. As Mr. Bithell says, it is easy to see who are the godfathers of Belgian literature—Zola, Maupassant, and Beaudelaire; and, as I will repeat, these are enough for me without translation into the literary dialect of a Parisian slang. Literary Belgium, from 1880 to the present day (or, let me say, to the outbreak of the war), was no better than a slum of literary Paris. Without taste, without tradition, without surroundings of culture, without a national mission, without a hope, Belgium literature thought it proper to have sunk to a squalor from which even war must for the finer spirits have appeared a relief. Of the four chief writers of Belgium, it would be difficult to decide which is the more offensive to a European taste: Lemmonier with his mead, Emile Verhaeren with his glorification of savagery, Verhaeren with his brutality in barbarous French, or Maeterlinck with his iridescent slime. My own fancy is for none of them, and, following Mr. de Maetzu, I will not even allow that their power redeems them. Power, it is true, is hard to come by; but, as he says, power without ideas, without right ideas, is no better than barbarism. Why, because a literature impresses me and remains in my memory, must I admire it? We have all seen things we wish we could forget. Belgian literature, however, was in some respects the procuress of the Belgian atrocities. If it prepared the nation to suffer, perhaps it has served a purpose.

There died within the last few weeks in France a writer whom so good a judge as Mr. Havelock Ellis recently described as "the finest of living critics"—Remy de Gourmont. I cannot agree, however, without disrespect to the vivid and gallant Gourmont. The distinction was deserved; for Remy de Gourmont, it was well recognised in France, had neither the character nor the mind of a critic, but only of a dilettante. The distinction is vital. A critic has principles—call them fixed preferences if you will; while a dilettante exposes his mind to any and every sensation, and simply records his impressions, without judging them. As an eclectic (in short, an anarchist of taste), Remy de Gourmont had many qualities of charm. He wrote a beautiful French at times, and his search for sensations—which he mistook for ideas—led to the discovery and revelation of several out-of-the-way corners of culture. But, on the other hand, the same impressionism that formed so little a charm to others misled him as well. There is scarcely an opinion he has not expressed at one time and denied at another; on several matters, twice or thrice over. On Jean Morcas, for example, he wrote in his earlier days a bitter article, only to contradict it a few years afterwards in an article of apology. A few years later and he was again attacking Morcas, and this time with more bitterness than ever. From his regular articles in the "Mercure de France" it might be gathered what an effect Nietzsche had upon him; but he could not get a grip of the German lecturer in his cockleshell head without spoiling it. His attempts to Nietzscheanise were pathetic. As a Parisian journalist, however, he was distinguished; and there let his praise cease.

Mr. Ezra Pound has his own reasons for finding himself the editor of the "Poetical Works of Lionel Johnson" (Elkin Mathews, 7s. 6d.), but a more inadequate editor or a volume of verse, if it were possible, it would be a day's work to find. The preface, which in a final edition should itself be final, contains, on the contrary, judgments of Johnson and of literature in general which may be agreeably amusing to Mr. Pound's disciples, but which disappointingly misuse the rest of us by their irrelevance, not to say their impertinence. For instance, Mr. Pound takes the occasion to reaffirm his contempt for Milton, when really there is no need for it, and Lionel Johnson himself, judging by his work, would have wished it otherwise. He says, again, that but for the fact that Gautier had already written, Lionel Johnson (who wrote little prose) might have taken Gautier's place in weltliteratur—an opinion as absurd as the former. Once again he remarks that Johnson "left poems as beautiful as any in English," and this in preface to every poem that Johnson wrote. Which are the poems, Mr. Pound, as beautiful, not as any in English, but as a thousand I could name? The fact is that Johnson never wrote a poem at all; he was simply a careful versifier. Mr. Pound's prose style, by the way, is becoming more affected than ever. I never saw so many "ones" as a poor disguise for the first person very singular: "One thinks that Johnson had read and admired Gautier . . . one thinks that his poems are in short hard sentences; one thinks, perhaps . . ." Perhaps one doesn't think, writing in such a style!

To a symposium arranged by the "New York Times" for the purpose of discovering the six greatest novels in the English language, a score of so of novelists, American and English, contribute their opinions. The final list is somewhat interesting. It contains "Vanity Fair" at the head and this is followed by "Tom Jones," "David Copperfield," "The Scarlet Letter," and "Robinson Crusoe." Then come with equal votes apiece these four: "Ivanhoe," "Lorna Doone," "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," and "Tristram Shandy." The observations made on the result by American critics are likewise amusing. One notable exception is that, except Hardy, no living author is mentioned—which shows what novelists think of each other! A second comment on the absence from the list of any of the contributors' own works—an example of modesty or manners. A third that the list was drawn up by an undergraduate preparing for his literary paper. So it might perhaps; but is it really the worse for that,—of necessity? The average date of the novels being 1817, the critics of posterity have had time enough to establish merit. I miss from the list one work that I should certainly include—"Wuthering Heights;" and I think I should substitute Jane Austen for Defoe. Otherwise the foolish attempt to make a list at all may pass.

Standish O'Grady, whose death at the age of 82 was reported a week or two ago, was a great scholar, a great man and had the makings of a great writer. He was a friendly correspondent of this journal, as my readers know, and many are the letters we interchanged. From him it was I first learned to discriminate between the Irish genius in literature and the Irish talent. The latter consists in adapting English to the peculiar childishness of the Anglo-Irish speech; but the former makes a genuine addition to English style. Compare, if you will, the style of Anglo-Irish writers like Mr. Bernard Shaw, Mr. George Moore, and Mr. W. B. Yeats (in their prose) with the style of purely English writers. Manicmism apart, it would be difficult to say that they were not English writers with a provincial and Irish affection. But how different
Standish O'Grady's style was both from theirs and through Kieran's power grew on her. 

the following sentences selected by Dr. Douglas Hyde, hugest dipped; next he then brought thee three hundred and published in a recent article in “New Ireland” mastered English. I confess I admire them.

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Dr. Hyde says of these that their turns of speech are peculiarly Standish O'Grady's own. But I am by no means convinced of it. The turns are peculiarly Iresian, to use a term of O'Grady's; that is to say, they are English as written by an Irish genius who has mastered English. I confess I admire them.

Letters About Russia.

By C. E. Beechstider

It was the Liberals who managed to avert a revolution. They had seen that the Government desired it. For a revolution would have been the very finest excuse for a separate peace; even the sacrifice of Petrograd or Moscow would be avoided. All the year there have been attempts to provoke local disorders. The May disorders in Moscow were so obviously stage-managed by the Government that there has had to be a trial of police scapegoats. And it is now known that over two thousand household searches that were carried out prior to the disorders were executed not by the authority of the chief of police in Moscow, nor even of the Minister of the Interior himself, but by the direct and personal order of the Premier, Goremikin, to the secret police. The disorders did not spread (this was before the Duma disorders were executed not by the authority of the chief of police in Moscow-and introduced him there to the only bourgeoisie in Russia, the rich Moscow merchants—and their wives!

The widow of the Grand Duke Sergei, who was assassinated as Satrap of Moscow in the revolution, is supposed to have introduced this "holy saint" to her sister, the Tsaritsa. During recent years he has occupied a most prominent position at Court, often is seen carrying the Cesarevich on his shoulder, and has unimpeded access to the parents. When he goes to "Siberia," a Court motor-car fetches him away unobtrusively to Tsarskoe Selo.

There would have been an exact account of his incidents, for a shrewd young Jew who had spent five years in his closest intimacy and confidence commenced a biography in the "Bourse Gazette." But after the first three instalments, in which Rasputin to Perm, the editor of the paper received notice that, if the articles were continued, he would be exiled to Siberia and his press confiscated. Now, the "Bourse Gazette" occupies a very similar position to our "Daily Telegraph," that is to say, it is respectable, solid, capitalist, dull and very precariously seated on the fence, waiting for the "Novoye Vremya" to lose its last influence. All references to Rasputin are now officially forbidden by the Petrograd Censor. I got into touch with the young Jew who, looking upon Rasputin as a purely commercial affair, asked me how much I would offer for all the facts, including a letter from the Empress. I explained that my aims were more modest and begged to know the secret of this "pious man's" address.

A Petrograd publicist had told me that until Rasputin had published his book, even the better critics had imagined that there might really be a something mystical about him. I had bought the book, which was to be sent to Moscow and Petrograd. It continues and grows worse to this day. Hundreds of people wait all day in the streets of these towns for the chance to buy a pound of sugar. Things resolved themselves more clearly when there came a shortage of small money. From all over Russia came the reports of the standard reply of gendarmes to the question, “Where can we get small money?” This answer was, “The merchants have got it; smash their shops.” But so far, Liberal influences have prevented the disorders that are so obviously and naturally desired.

The explanation of the fact that the Russian army continues heroically to do its best (there seems even to be hope of a permanent check at Dvinsk) is that there are such men as Suhomlinof and Miasoyedof are punished, and at least some effort made to hold true to the Allies, is to expectedly awakening to an interest in politics.

It is well known that the notorious Rasputin is taking a lion's share in these Court intrigues. He has been so well received in the circles and salons of the German party that it is only natural he should support their propaganda.

Rasputin started life as the son of a poor but dis-honest Siberian peasant, and his first public appearances were as defendant for horse-theft and again for perjury. The first case, after the habit of Russian cases, was never decided, but for the second Rasputin was flogged. He became a kind of lay brother and collected money in the neighbouring districts for the building of a church, built himself a house with the proceeds, and seems to have come under the notice of the local bishop and a countess. The latter began to make him known as a mystic, somewhat to his confusion. "They're writing all sorts of things about me," he said, "but I'm really just an ordinary man." This was the modesty of greatness, for he has been charged with having introduced to a rich merchant's wife of Perm, who took him to her Moscow—and introduced him there to the only bourgeoisie in Russia, the rich Moscow merchants—and their wives!

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A Petrograd publicist had told me that until Rasputin had published his book, even the better critics had imagined that there might really be something mystical about him. I had bought the book, which was to be sent to Moscow and Petrograd. It continues and grows worse to this day. Hundreds of people wait all day in the streets of these towns for the chance to buy a pound of sugar. Things resolved themselves more clearly when there came a shortage of small money. From all over Russia came the reports of the standard reply of gendarmes to the question, “Where can we get small money?” This answer was, “The merchants have got it; smash their shops.” But so far, Liberal influences have prevented the disorders that are so obviously and naturally desired.

The explanation of the fact that the Russian army continues heroically to do its best (there seems even to be hope of a permanent check at Dvinsk) is that there are such men as Suhomlinof and Miasoyedof are punished, and at least some effort made to hold true to the Allies, is to expectedly awakening to an interest in politics.

It is well known that the notorious Rasputin is taking a lion's share in these Court intrigues. He has been so well received in the circles and salons of the German party that it is only natural he should support their propaganda.
the war ends, he continued, in fourteen--er, eighteen, no, fifteen months (this was in October) from the bath of life, mate, life! cried Rasputin, "dost thou think God death—that stumbling-block of false mystics. "It's created I, bound, but yet I had to concentrate upon overcoming some indelicate movements that I was keeping him from his influence. This and his erotic vocabulary, similar to that conspicuous in the trial of a notorious sect at Bombay some years ago, explain his influence over the dames of the autonomy. He reminds one much of the Baron tocharian, the Abbas Effendi. I do not suppose that the heads of the "Germans party," who receive him so well, and whom he so well serves, are deceived by him or he by them. He is growing rich.

This autumn, the village comrade of his early debauches, Varnava, raised by his recommendations to the bishopric, Toldoroffs, was arraigned before the Holy Synod on a charge of violating nuns and canonising a local saint on his own insufficient authority. He was found guilty but managed on various pretexts to have sentence deferred a few days. In this short time, Rasputin prevailed upon the Tsar to dismiss both the Procurator of the Synod, who had conducted the prosecution, and even the Minister of the Interior, Count Sherbatov. In alarm, the Holy Synod accepted Varnava's apologies, and, after a farewell drink with Rasputin and the author Kuprin, the worthy bishop departed triumphantly to his See.

The right wing of the Moscow Town Duma, the most Tory element in all Russia, proposed that a sacred icon should be presented to the dismissed Procurator [who was a reactionary to the backbone] as a token of gratitude for his opposition to the "dark and sinister Empire and the Orthodox Church." The Liberals eagerly joined in, the Mayor himself made the official presentation of the icon, the Town Duma published posters which were torn down by the Police, there were public demonstrations, and Moscow was once more put under martial law.

Rasputin learned to read and write only a few years ago, and in the authorisation he gave me he made the strange mistake of signing himself, not "Rasputin," which in Russian means "scamp," but "Rasputin," which means nothing.

A league has just been formed for the "protection of Rasputin," not "protection against Rasputin" (as a Moscow paperman suggested); nevertheless, he seems to be riding to a fall. The day before Rasputin's last journey to Tsarskoe Selo, the day of my visit to him, the Tsar took the occasion suddenly to go to the Northern front, and, very significantly took the Cesarevich with him. Rasputin arrived at the Court at the time to find his chief bird flown. He did not risk a visit to the army, lest he might again encounter the same spirit there that had led the Grand Duke Nicholas, in reply to his proposal to visit the army and bring it a holy icon, enigmatically to say, "You bring and I'll hang." He returned disheartened to Petrograd, and the Tsar at once came back to Tsarskoe Selo. He hurried out again, and again the Tsar anticipated him, and fled away with his little invalid son, this time to the Southern front. So the strange game of hide and seek proceeds, to the humiliation and disgust of Russia.

CHAPTER XXXIX—(Continued).

If the beloved is not extremely susceptible, as the result of a careful education, she may find a love-affair of this kind more interesting, and therefore more agreeable. Moreover—no matter how fastidious one may be—if one sees that the "lunatic" is the first victim of his own fits of anger, it is difficult not to love him the more for them that makes him unlike other people. Surely to his mistress back again is, more than anything else, the thought of the candlesticks she used to throw at his head. In short, if pride can forgive and allow such scenes, it must be admitted that they wage a vigorous war against boredom, that arch-enemy of happy people.

Saint-Simon, the only historian France has ever produced,* says (Volume 5, page 45):

After many passing fancies, the Duchesse de Berri had really fallen in love with Riom, a younger son of the house of Aydie, and a nephew of Madame de Biron. He had neither coldness nor wit; he was short, fat, puffy-cheeked and pale, and the numerous simples on his face made it rather like one great abscess; but he had a fine set of teeth. He certainly had never dreamt of inspiring a passion which, in less than no time, passed all bounds, and which, in spite of occasional caprices and infidelities, lasted for good.

He was absolutely penniless, and had a troop of brothers and sisters who desired freedom, but for which he would not fight. They were related to Monsieur and Madame de Pons (the latter was lady-in-waiting to the Duchesse de Berri), and came from the same province. Monsieur and Madame de Pons sent for the young man, who was a lieutenant in the Dragoons of Bourbon, and this he did. On his arrival, the duchesse once took a fancy to him, and he was master in the Luxembourg.

M. de Lauzun, his great-uncle, was delighted, and chuckled in his sleeve; remembering his own relations with Mademoiselle, under Louis XIV, he looked upon Riom as a chip of the old block. Riom, who was a kind and honest lad, good-humoured and naturally polite and respectful, listened carefully to the advice that his old kinsman gave him; but soon he realised the power of his charms, which could fascinate only the inexcusable heart of the Orleans princess. Towards the rest of the world he did not trade unfairly upon his advantages, and he soon took a universal affection for the young man, to secure him some advancement. On his arrival, the duchesse at once took a fancy to him, and he was master in the Luxembourg.

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* [This statement may seem absurd to-day, when we think of such men as Michelet, Thierry, Guizot, and Talley, but it must be remembered that De L'Amour was written before any of the great nineteenth-century historians had appeared on the scene.—TRANSLATOR'S NOTE.]

† [The Luxembourg, now famous as an art gallery, was then a royal palace. Eugene de Beauharnais, the daughter of Philippe II of Orleans, who acted as Regent 1715-1723, during the minority of Louis XV.—TRANSLATOR'S NOTE.]
Chapter XXXIX (a).

Remedies for Love.

A beautiful Greek parable is that of Sappho's leap from the cliffs of Leucas. As a matter of fact, it is almost impossible to find a remedy for love. We require not only a danger which forcibly reminds us of the need of self-preservation, but—and this arises far more rarely—a continuous pressing danger, which we can evade by exercising our skill, in order that the habit of thinking of self-preservation may have time to be formed. I can hardly imagine any danger of this latter kind other than a storm lasting a fortnight or more, like the one experienced by Don Juan,* or like M. Cochelet's shipwreck in Moorish waters.

As we have said more than once, the heart of a man who is genuinely in love rejoices or shudders at everything that it imagines, and there is nothing in Nature which does not speak to it of the beloved. Rejoicing and shuddering are interesting occupations, before which all others pale into insignificance.

A friend who wishes to bring about the cure of the patient must at first always be on the side of the beloved woman, and friends who have more zeal than discretion invariably make it worse. This means attacking, with absurdly unequal forces, all that series of charming illusions which we have called crystallisation.

The friend who would act as a healer must always remember that the lover, if asked to believe some absurdity, must either swallow it or renounce all that makes life worth living to him; he will therefore swallow it, and resolutely shut his eyes to the most obvious vices and the most heinous infidelities in his mistress. Thus it is that in passionate love, given a little time, everything comes to be forgiven.

Should the lover's temper be cold and logical, he will only put up with his mistress' vices if he fails to notice them until his passion has lasted several months.

Far from seeking to divert the lover's mind in a tasteless and obvious fashion, the healer-friend will talk to him ad nauseam of his love and his mistress, and at the same time will unobtrusively throw in his way a thousand petty distractions. To be cut off from the beloved is no remedy—in fact, nothing is more likely to bring tender memories of her back than contrasts. "It was in the midst of brilliant social gatherings," writes Salviati, "among women who were reputed to be the most charming in Paris, that I felt tenderer than ever of my poor mistress, lonely and sad, in her humble dwelling in the heart of Boulogne. In the magnificent drawing-room where I sat as an exile I watched the superb clock for the hour at which she leaves her house on foot, even in the rain, to visit her friends. In trying to forget her, I realised that contrasts are the source of memories less vivid, but far more heavenly, than those that we go to look for in places where we used to meet the beloved."

Absence will be of no use unless the healer-friend is always there to make the lover think over every possible aspect of his love-affair, and tries to make his meditations wearisome through their length or their unimportance, thus giving them the effect of commonplace: for instance, a tender and sentimental mood after a dinner enlivened with good wines.

If it is difficult to forget a woman in whose presence we have found happiness, the reason is that there are certain moments which the imagination never wearies of reproducing and embroidering.

In this connection I will not speak of pride, a cruel and efficient remedy, but one that is not at the disposal of tender souls.

The opening scenes of "Romeo and Juliet" form an admirable picture; it is a long way from the Romeo who gloomily says to himself: "She hath forsworn to love," to the Romeo who cries, when at the zenith of his happiness: "What sorrow can!"

Chapter XXXIX (b).

Her passion will die like a lamp for want of what the flame should feed upon.—"Bride of Lammermoor," II, 146.

The healer-friend must take care not to advance weak arguments; for instance, he must not speak of "ingratitude." If it is revivified, if it is promised a victory and a new pleasure.

There can be no ingratitude in love. The pleasure of the moment pays in advance for the whole future, and pays over and above the greatest apparent sacrifices. I see in love no other possible wrongs than want of frankness; we must accurately reveal the state of our soul.

If the healer-friend makes ever so slight a frontal attack on his passion, the lover will reply: "To be in love, even if the beloved is cruel at times—is—if I may lower myself to your commercial way of putting things—nothing less than to have in life an infinite happiness greater than you, in your world of indiffERENCE and self-interest, can offer me.
Views and Reviews.

Before and Behind Man.

There is one great advantage in being a Social Democrat—there is no need to learn anything, or to forget much. All that the Social Democrat has to do is to watch his principles being expressed in the processes of historical development, and, at each stage, to prophesy the coming of the Social Revolution, and the triumph of Social Democracy. Mr. H. M. Hyndman* does not disappoint his readers; he concludes his preface with this statement: "We are on the eve of revolution in several directions and in more than one country." "Revolution in several directions" is a vile phrase, reminiscent of Chesterton's famous jibe about Socialism advancing in all directions; yet I think that I know what Mr. Hyndman means. The wheels of a clock, for example, revolve in several directions, and the result is a most orderly procession of movements; and if the Social democratic State is to go like clockwork, revolution in several directions is necessary. Who will shape the members of the State and fit them together, I do not know; but Mr. Hyndman suggests that the pressure of events will act like Paley's famous designer, and fit us all together according to the principles of Karl Marx. Then will begin the age of International Socialism, Universal Peace, and Perfect Free Trade, according to the concluding chapter of this book; when we shall have a citizen army composed of all able-bodied males, a scientific education, and a Government to which no objection may apply.

Although Mr. Hyndman does not seem to have learnt anything (much of this book consists of: "I told you so"), he has certainly forgotten a little; or, to be more correct, he has varied to some extent the Gospel according to Karl Marx. He has repudiated the economic interpretation of history, and the passive determinism that underlies its assumption of materialistic monism. Mr. Wells became a free spirit as a consequence of reading Mr. Soddy's book on Radium; but apparently Mr. Hyndman's conversion has been effected by the war. It is really wonderful to discover that if a man says anything long enough and often enough, he finally becomes aware that it is not true. It has suddenly dawned upon Mr. Hyndman that the economic interpretation of history eliminates "the mental or psychological factor" (I love that phrase as though it were my own child), that "if we accept this as a complete summary of human development, mankin in society is thereby reduced to a collection of merely sentient automatons, unconscious of the law of generation, by economic circumstances, outside of their own creation and control." I remark at this point that Señor de Maza's conception of "government by things and not by men" is apparently being repudiated by those who believed it most intensely.

I am really sorry for Mr. Hyndman. This discovery means death to his esuardium or his perorations, and, at his age, it is not easy to invent a new one. This irritation into his consciousness of "the psychologic factor" (how ever did he forget that his own relation to Social Democracy was not the result of economic causes?) has shattered the seeming simplicity of history. "Inevitable" has gone; "Progress" has gone; "Capitalism" is going; the whole universe of the interna tional Socialist Congresses is tumbling about his ears, and the stars of heaven are falling around his head in the form of a halo. "What Marx overlooked is that one factor of a complex synthesis cannot constitute reality; least of all can one aspect of one factor do so. The total material conditions, omitting the mental factor, are as purely abstract as the mind itself divorced from its material expression is abstract. Still more does the economic element by itself, severed from the other material conditions, become an abstraction; being, indeed, an abstraction of an abstraction. In the domain of social psychology, family, tribal, and personal feelings, internal and external perception, mental combinations, imagination, etc., all have their influence." That "etc." after imagination compensated for what we have lost by the vituperation by Mr. Hyndman's renunciation of the errors of Marx.

This sudden discovery of the complexity of things has disarranged the order of Mr. Hyndman's thinking. If "all wars are no more of necessity economic wars than all internal national conflicts are of necessity class struggles," why should we suppose that Social Democracy—when it comes—will bring peace on earth? I am not certain what Mr. Hyndman really means by Social Democracy; sometimes it seems to be "national cooperation," sometimes it seems to be Socialism in general, sometimes (as in his threats of what will happen to the Government if they do not give "an ap clear and statesmanlike lead" to the Social Democracy of England) it seems to be very like Collectivism. But whatever form it may take, there can be no doubt that Social Democracy does mean, to him, an economic revolution. Cooperative production, equitable distribution, fair exchange and no robbery, seem to be the characteristics of Social Democracy, the consequence of which should be the elimination of all the economic causes of war. But if "all wars are not economic wars," the elimination of the economic causes of war will not abolish war itself; and there is no reason to suppose that Social Democracy, more than any other form of Government, will realise the dream of perpetual peace.

For if, as we are told, the workers of the world even now, under a system of capitalist spoliation and oppression (cliches ad lib.), have really no antagonistic interests, and yet are at war, the abolition of capitalism will not reconcile them. Capitalism, then, is not the enemy, but militarism is; and Social Democracy will, I suppose, abolish militarism. Exactly how it will do this, I do not know; the pre-war method was to say "shoo" to soldiers in resolutions passed by the International Socialist Parties; but the present method is that the defeat of militarism is the defeat of militarism. I do not well understand that; Napoleon defeated Prussia, and incidentally forced the country to adopt conscription to defend itself against his militarist aggression. If the Allies defeat Prussia, I see no reason to suppose that the defeat of militarism desired by Social Democracy will thereby be achieved. If the "people" learn half as much from this war as Mr. Hyndman thinks they will learn that they desire not the defeat, but the victory, of the militarism of their own country. Militarism, whether professional or amateur, must triumph. The distinction that Mr. Hyndman draws between "a war of militarist aggression and a war of democratic defence" is not a real distinction, but is adopted only to justify approval of some wars. As it stands, it bases approval on the order in time of the declaration of war, the country which declares war being the aggressor. If I remember rightly, we declared war against Germany on the basis, this is not a war of democratic defence for us. But as always happens in England, we are not bound by such distinctions; our militarism is not militarism, our victory will not be conquered, and, if Mr. Hyndman's prophecies are correct, and Social Democracy is adopted in this country, I venture to say that our Social democracy will not be Social Democracy.

* The Future of Democracy." By H. M. Hyndman. (George Allen and Unwin. Ss. od. net.)

A. E. R.
Both are exaggerated, fantastic; both are in equally bad taste. One went to his house justified rather than the other, of divine communion.

The inner tactual validity of devotion, as to its outward ship-these cannot be where chattering takes the place of divine visitant. Sweet intellect, deep unutterable wor-
thruth he utters, even though they be contrary to his same kind, meet. Meeting there they fall into the wait-
trols. Tears cannot make meanness divine. At the last, when all the sorrow is done? No! there shall not be in paradise for equal rank.

The Devil.—Prove to the Devil that he is an ass, and he will cease to go about like a roaring lion. Not a wise desire to love that which it hates, from repugnance with weakness of the Gods is the presumed opportunity of the bovine for equal rank. Lacrymose Christi are an alchemy the virtues whereof only God knows and controls. Tears, Jesus wept, so did Ulysses, so did Alexander, so did the faithful Emilies in Babylon. So did a woman who hungered for love, despite her shame. Greatness, which in the human aspect of Eternity, must needs shed bitter, salt tears on contact with the hard, small world. Great love is wounded by the presence of mean, complaisance and deceit, and yet it is a duty to love that which it hates, from repugnance with the low spites of mortals. Tears are inevitable to greatness, but weeping does not ennoble. Too often the weakness of the Gods is the presumed opportunity of the bovine for equal rank. Lacrymose Christi are an alchemy the virtues whereof only God knows and controls. Tears cannot make meanness divine. At the last, when all the sorrow is done? No! there shall not be in paradise for equal rank.
Current Cant.

"Six months before the war, English society was one seething mass of revolt."—MRS. SIDNEY WEBB.


"The Allies' war plan is working out well."—SIR JAMES YOAKIL, M.P.

"Waste in the homes of our working people is appalling."—SIR GILBERT PARKER, M.P.

"The conception of the Rev. R. J. Campbell."—BISHOP WAKEFIELD.

"The pseudo-economics of the National Guilds' League."—SHEILA SICKEHAN.

"Mr. Asquith's answer to the 'Daily Mail.'"—"Daily Mail."

"Mr. T. P. O'Connor is as careless of the quantity of his output as he is careful of the quality."—"Sunday Victorial."

"The 'Daily Mail'—the paper that is trying to drag out the truth."—"Daily Mail."

"In Germany there is no chivalry."—"Evening News."

"As for the fourth chapter of John, we have had a fresh revelation on the inwardsness of that story in Tazore's poem."—DR. RUDOLPH HARRIS.

"The New Age has all the defects of its virtues. It is a case of misdirected cleverness."—"New Days."

"The properly run business to-day is part business and part college. Harrod's Stores has its own educational department, awarding its own scholarships—with more students than Oxford."—HERBERT N. CASSON.

"The first essential of business organisation is subdivision of labour. All work must be broken up into pieces as it is in factories. It takes seventy-two people to make a shoe, twenty-three to clean a collar. There is nothing so wasteful as to have an entire series of operations performed by one person. . . . Sweets and the Stick should be a business man's motto; sweets for the competent and the stick for the incompetent."—HERBERT N. CASSON in the "Weekly Dispatch."

"A journal which, on this side of the Channel or the other, should make itself the abject flunky of passing authority, would lose its renown and founder in a sea of contempt. Neither English nor French would consent for a moment to be stuffed with those indigestible morsels with which the German agencies and newspapers nourish the dull herd of the Boche community."—H. D. DAVRAY in the "Nineteenth Century."

"I could never get tired of reading Mr. Phillips Oppenheim."

"Talking of fluff, someone's just written from the Froot to say I oughtn't to have been christened Blanche: it sounds so flabby or something."—"Blanche" in the "By-stander."

"To motor-car advertisers: 'John Bull' is bought by more motor-car owners, and is read by more possible motor-car buyers, than any other British journal. Remember that although am I turning away about six advertisement pages every week through pressure on space, I am never too busy to talk the matter over with you."—The Advertisement Manager, "John Bull."

"Saving Her Stocking Money: Mlle. Polaire bare-legged for war funds."—"Sketch."

"That the Nation exists to-day—that the Hunns, with their pretty little ways, are not at this moment disporting themselves in the Homes of England, is due to the valour of our Army and Navy—and the work of our advertisement writers."—Practical Correspondence College Advertisement.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE LABOUR PARTY AND RECRUITING.

Sir,—Your correspondent, Mr. Chas. Crisp, suggests that because most of the Labour Party are actively recruiting at present, and are not prepared to boggle at Conscription if present methods fail, they are necessarily corrupt. He says, further, that after the war the rank and file of the workers may have no use for these men because they have taken up such an attitude towards recruiting. For any part, a rank-and-file Trade Unionist, an ordinary, and a Territorial, may I assure your correspondent that he is likely to experience a heavy disappointment? It is the pacific Labour men, the anti-recruiting and anti-Conscription cliques, who are likely to be the first to give a rough passage at the hands of the rank and file after the big scrap is over.

The rank and file of the Labour movement want this war won, and they realise that it cannot be won by prayer and fasting, but must be won with men. Most of the leaders, happily, take the same view, and logically, they are doing their best to obtain the men. Many of us in the ranks could wish that they had been bold enough to advocate openly compulsion for the cause they love. That way lie justice and fairplay. Not absolute justice, indeed, for even Conscription leaves loopholes for unequal treatment, but still a very great improvement on the present insane system. As it is, the present system has hardly anything remotely approaching voluntarism connected with it except its name. It is in fact an elaborate system of economic compulsion, which the state can make good to the worker in many cases standing out in unashamed stark nakedness, and, as is inevitable, it falls almost entirely upon the workers. The economic compulsion is absolutely independent. To them only can the choice, "Enlist or Starve," be effectively put, and anyone in touch with recruiting knows that it has been put with remorseless frequency and insistence. The lapse of time only serves to accentuate the gross injustice of the process. As the need for men continues, and as the field for recruiting narrows, it is only to be expected that more and more into the arms of the recruiting sergeant. All, too, in the sacred name of voluntarism! And while all this herding of the wage-earners is going on, are we to permit the wealthier middle-class eligibles, who are not economically bound, and to whom the choice between starvation and the Army cannot be put, are free to keep their skins whole and to pile up wealth.

To most of us in the ranks it is tragic that the Labour Party do not see that by flogging the dead horse of real Voluntarism they are fostering and supporting this economic compulsion of the workers and at the same time protecting the middle-class shirkers. Open Conscription would at least put the worker eligible on an equal footing with the middle-class or wealthier eligible, and this he is surely entitled to claim as a right. The worker, on the whole, is willing to risk his life for his country's sake of winning the war, on the reasonable condition that his wealthier fellows should do likewise. It is manifest that the so-called voluntary system is not working and that in this elementary condition of justice for him, nor is it ever likely to do so. The Labour Party would do well to realise that the coerced worker, rankling under this keen sense of class injustice, is not much impressed by a slavish adherence to pre-war theory, and vague talk about the "menace of Prussianism at home," when the only system which will right his injustice is mocked. The economically conscripted worker—and his name is legion—is for Conscription, open and unconcealed, for all classes. Let me not be misunderstood. I am not criticising the Labour Party for the national attitude they have taken up on the war. On the contrary, I admire them for it as much as I detect the coterie of pacifists and pro-Germans to be found in the movement. I only urge them to go one better still, and revise their attitude towards Conscription, and thus cease to be accessories to a system of recruiting which begets rank injustice to the workers as a class.

As for those people who pretend to favour conscription of men, but tack upon it, the unsatisfactory conditions of conscription of wealth, whatever they may mean exactly by that, I beg leave to doubt their bona fides. They are probably anxious to kill the proposition, Englishmen by reducing it to the absurd. If it is possible later on to bring about "conscription of wealth," let us do so by all means. Meanwhile, the economic conscription of workers is a very present evil. Let us see fairly that at once by introducing Conscription all round and so give our evasive middle-class and wealthier eligibles a chance of dodging their bit.

HENRY THURSTON.
CONSCRIPTION

Sirl,—Some two weeks ago the writer of "Notes of the Week" threatened up to forty officers of artillery to meet the Conscription campaign of the pacifists. May I, without offence, suggest that he hurries into the firing-line of the Spanish controversy? There is little doubt that the Government intend, whether Lord Derby's "voluntary" scheme is successful or not, to introduce some form of legal compulsion. The opportunity is at hand, and the pacifists may be permitted to let slip by without obtaining legal sanction for the enforcement of war. Mr. Asquith adumbrated it in his recent speech, and stated that if the single men did not come forward they would have to be compelled to do so.

R. Bechhofer

THE UKRAINE

Sir,—I am aware I know nothing of the facts, because I stayed some time in Kiev to study them. I am also absolutely ignorant of Ukrainian literature, before and after Gogol, because I made translations of some of his stories. "A Ukrainian" says the Ukrainians "do desire independence," but Mr. Raffalovich has "long since ceased to advocate the formation of an independent Ukraine." Of course, I am wrong both times.

My chief complaint has been of the unscrupulous misrepresentations of the Mazeppinist propagandists. So I dare not point out that (i) Mr. Raffalovich declared in his last letter but one in your columns (April 4, 1915) that "the Ukrainians are now re-united and soon they shall be free," and that (ii) Gogol, "towards the end of his life," was mad and should not be called in evidence against himself.

I also confess that the "one hundred educated people" in Kiev I suggested to be the nucleus of the movement are largely "imaginary personages." Actually, excluding the little children, there are probably not more than two score of them. Are the others in Switzerland?... "Gogol appeared at a turning point in the history of the Ukrainian language," and took the wrong turning and wrote in Great Russian. I cannot tell why the Ukrainian language," and took the wrong turning and wrote in Great Russian. I cannot tell why the Austrian Consul at Kiev had a big library of Mazeppinist books and the Russian Consul not. Can it be that the English Consul, being born and bred in Kiev, knows a little or too much, while the Austrian Consul was—the Austrian Consul? Is it, by the way, good Ukrainian, or only good Austrian, to spell Kiev "Kieff"?

I do not think that an Ukrainian, stretching from Galicia to the Volga by way of the Black Sea (see map in latest issue of "The Ukraine," published in Switzerland), is likely to acquire influence, despite the national movement that undoubtedly exists (in Switzerland) and the patriotic fist-throwing peasants that are everywhere to be found (in America).

In conclusion, I do not write as an apologist for the—Muscovites, but as a simple fool, idiot, and liar.

A. E. BUCHHOLDT

A REMINDER

Sir,—The following quotations have a melancholy interest for Englishmen; at the present time, when, in addition to all the unhappiness that has been caused by the present war, Mr. Asquith and his colleagues apparently are interested only in the country by imposing conscription, in order to secure forces to defend a barbarous community like Serbia from the military punishment which the world demands, I find, in 1912, when it was being proposed that Britain should embark upon war in defence of Spain, Sydney Smith wrote: "For God's sake, do not drag me into another war! and bid men to defend Europe and protecting mankind. I must think a little of myself. I am sorry for the Spaniards—"

THE AVERAGE MAN AND "THE NEW AGE"

Sirl,—Mr. G. W. Foote is dead. One of his disciples appears that his style was altogether the other that his model was Swift. A very nice discrimination! But let us not worry about Mr. Foote's style, though he is comparable with two or three of Shelley's most hackneyed lines. I am afraid that there was only one word for The New Aesop. In the first place, he cannot afford it, and, if he could afford it, he would not be able to understand it. I, for instance, cannot afford it; so I have to borrow a copy from a superman like Rowland Kenney, or a poet like Albert Allen, or a superhuman woman like G. F. Bias.

The devil of it is, The New Aesop is written by superior men for superior men. As to whether we will adopt it or not, there is nothing like leather, and we do not worry about Mr. Foote's style, though he is comparable with two or three of Shelley's most hackneyed lines. I am afraid that there was only one word for The New Aesop. In the first place, he cannot afford it, and, if he could afford it, he would not be able to understand it. I, for instance, cannot afford it; so I have to borrow a copy from a superman like Rowland Kenney, or a poet like Albert Allen, or a superhuman woman like G. F. Bias.

Mr. Asquith declared in his last letter but one in your columns (April 4, 1915) that "the Ukrainians are now re-united and soon they shall be free," and that (ii) Gogol, "towards the end of his life," was mad and should not be called in evidence against himself.

I also confess that the "one hundred educated people" in Kiev I suggested to be the nucleus of the movement are largely "imaginary personages." Actually, excluding the little children, there are probably not more than two score of them. Are the others in Switzerland?... "Gogol appeared at a turning point in the history of the Ukrainian language," and took the wrong turning and wrote in Great Russian. I cannot tell why the Austrian Consul at Kiev had a big library of Mazeppinist books and the Russian Consul not. Can it be that the English Consul, being born and bred in Kiev, knows a little or too much, while the Austrian Consul was—the Austrian Consul? Is it, by the way, good Ukrainian, or only good Austrian, to spell Kiev "Kieff"?

I do not think that an Ukrainian, stretching from Galicia to the Volga by way of the Black Sea (see map in latest issue of "The Ukraine," published in Switzerland), is likely to acquire influence, despite the national movement that undoubtedly exists (in Switzerland) and the patriotic fist-throwing peasants that are everywhere to be found (in America).

In conclusion, I do not write as an apologist for the—Muscovites, but as a simple fool, idiot, and liar.

A. E. BUCHHOLDT

ALAS, HE MEANT WELL!

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publication of that discovery. The twentieth century has counting up the nineteenth century to the peace declara-

history of the Socialist movement is the history of the
discovered the Wage-System,

church porches.

Liberal that serves equally against them all. It is that

seems that this war is going to establish this identifica-
tion. It is not the manufacture of shells or the winning

system.

however, when we accuse others of a mis-

a helping hand to agriculture and enriches fat landlords. The virtues combined are futile if there be no considera-
tion border that affects every movement of our lives. Let Goodheart apply to the realities of

and after wars is the heir to the revolu-

reasoning fraction which is somewhat older than the Socialist movement will

peace. If we believed some talkers this war is not

We have yet to make the national hall-mark for the

church is not a bad word, in spite of Johnson. The history of

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one of the characters of that arch-Secular

 Indeed, as many have seen, the aims of the Secularist

had accomplished a century before, and

The simply well-meaning ones are the curse of mankind,

in society are the means of impostion than by the

or base reflections of those of that arch-Secular-

Thus the war is not possible even for the most illogical of Suffragettes

Mr. Foote was a good example of the well-meaning
ones. It is a pity to attack them, but we can weep

WOMEN IN INDUSTRY.

Mr. Foote, a Liberal pacifist, set out to Christianise

the disaster of the Secularist in the eighteenth century, to believe the supreme powers which denied the

of a Radical liberty and a Liberal prosperity solely sustained their supremacy by means of the State

of religion which is the credulity of

The Socialist's aims were, therefore, in politics
to dispose any establishment of religion, and in manners
to spread a general religion's scepticism among the people.

Indeed, many as have seen, the aims of the Socialist
were but the weak reflections of those of that arch-Secular-

the progressive Capitalist, for what the Socialist

desired the Capitalist had accomplished a century before,

the aid of the Capitalist to the Capitalist society, and after a day of experience his own

was of no use to mankind who inclined neither to the

of the age and left apart only village idiots and

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The minor factions (those that do not understand

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WOMEN IN INDUSTRY.
of indignation passion would have been evoked if the central figure had been a man? Consider the facts. Miss Cavell, either with or without her parole, was permitted to stay in Belgium with the ostensible purpose of nursing the sick. Such is this position. Has she not been permitted to carry on his professional work on the tacit assumption that he will not play the part of traitor to the Germans—that is, assist his own country through the knowledge, or take advantage of the freedom allowed him by injuring those who have given him this freedom on certain conditions that he very well knows? The doctor then uses his position to take an active part in assisting the enemy, and he is enabled to do because through knowledge he gains, due to his position, which exists. It is bound in honour not to make use of. Yet he uses this figure had been without a trial? Would we not go further if we were incapable of thinking at all, takes up a wholly different attitude, is it not that the moral sense of the public incapable of thinking at all, upakes a wholly different attitude, is it not that the moral sense of the community has received knowledge he necessarily gains, or take advantage of the just persons and say that in committing this offence the man Consider the facts. Miss Cavell, who is paying the women for their recruiting services, as only a few months ago. Mr. Lloyd George, with his usual ingenuousness, was felt it necessary to draw attention to the doings of the Pankhursts, as only two months ago. After saying she sympathises with the desire of the ladies to show their patriotism, she adds: “I wonder these ladies are not struck by the in-...
Press Cuttings.

"Guild Socialism is being a good deal talked about just now—expensively, it thanks to a very persevering and very ably organised campaign in the Labour Press—is no longer confined to the small but select circle of New Age crooners. Moreover, the Word has become Flesh, and a National Guilds' League is now in existence. In our opinion, the N.G.L.C. can and will do good propaganda work. For immediate practical purposes the ideas it advocates are the ideas of Industrial Unionism, and an institution or organisation which perceives and works for that essential 'next step' is—so far—entitled to the sympathetic interest, if not the active support of all who are working in the same direction."—"The Plebs' Magazine."

"The National Registration Act is an attempt by the State consciously to organise Society, in the interests of Capital, for the immediate purpose of producing the means of destroying life; but if Society can be organised to destroy life, it can also be organised to preserve life, and this latter task is the mission of the modern working-class movement. The present war has shown that the workers are the most indispensable class to the State. Does this mean a revival of the gild system, or does it rather mean something foreign? Nature, art, literature, politics, friends—all vanish into nothingness. Has there been no time for them? The collective worker finds refreshment for his soul in the family circle, but the fire of enterprise in the soul of the modern capitalist under-taker searches even this last green spot of his surroundings. He is thus left in the desert, and is in danger of perishing, seeing that all the ordinary values of life have ceased to exist for him."—WERNER SOMBOAT.

"As an employer who has paid the penalty for endeavouring to establish the relations of capital and labour upon a sound business basis, may I be permitted to point out to Mr. Llibby that the present prevalent lack of confidence in the wage-system will have to go."—PHILIP DART.

"How to shod the proletarians and their hirelings is the problem. The foundations of the State are seen to-day to be the fighters and the producers. The exploiters of these deserve to be strong up to the nearest lamp-post; they make the biggest uproar; their emptiness becomes apparent. The useful members of Society are too docile; they have no own importance to think and to act for their own benefit, and for the consequent good of the State. It seems to me that the next thing to do is to invite the workers to be partners in production. The wage-system will have to go."—PHILIP DART.

"A period of social re-construction is before us. That re-construction may take various forms; of one thing we are certain, and that is that we cannot foresee how it will shape. Yet there is reasonable ground for certain conjectures. To-day the Trade Unions have made certain arrangements with the Government. Does this mean a more frank recognition of the germs of a guild system as inherent in the process of development of Government enterprise? Does this mean the increased adoption of socialist ideas, or does it rather mean seeing that the representatives of the workers are being consulted as to conditions of work and the like? Another aspect of a development in this direction will give the workers the ownership and the control of certain vast industries? There is a spirit of protest against excessive profits and an increasing tendency to regard industrial rent and interest on finance funds in the same manner. This means a revival of the guild system, as is illustrated by the word guild. When Government money is being advanced to privately owned factories for the manufacture of munitions, are we seeing the beginning of a central fund of capital, available for all industries under proper safeguards, whereby the enterprise of individualism and the corporate ideals of Socialism will be merged? These are new questions in pure economic thought, and when the time comes for us to find an answer to them, we shall need all the knowledge and keen economic and social and political history which is available. And we shall then learn that of all the stupid assertions which have ever been made, the most stupid is that the Church stands outside economics."—"Church Times.

"Business is the business man's sole preoccupation. Everything of him becomes a wilderness, all life dies, all values disappear, in short, his environment is like that which Nature presents for the colonist. The home of the capitalist undertaker becomes the gild of the colonist. There is no time for the colonist to find refreshment for his soul in the family circle, but the fire of enterprise in the soul of the modern capitalist under-taker searches even this last green spot of his surroundings. He is thus left in the desert, and is in danger of perishing, seeing that all the ordinary values of life have ceased to exist for him."—WERNER SOMBOAT.

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