THE NEW AGE
A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART.

No. 121] New Series. Vol. XVIII. No. 4. Thursday, Nov. 25, 1915. [Registered at G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] SIXPENCE.

CONTENTS.

NOTES OF THE WEEK .......................................................... 73
FOREIGN AFFAIRS. By S. Verdad ........................................... 76
WAR NOTES. By "North Staffs" ............................................. 77
ON THE LEGAL PRINCIPLES OF THE HUMAN COMMON-
WEALTH. By Ramiro de Maeztu ........................................ 78
THE GOSPEL OF HATE. By Marmaduke Pickthall .................... 80
WOMEN IN INDUSTRY AGAIN. By Rowland Kenney ................. 81
AVERAGE MEN AND BIG THINGS. By Ivor Brown .................... 82
LETTERS ABOUT RUSSIA. By C. E. Bechhöfer ........................ 83
IMPRESSIONS OF PARIS. By Alice Morning ........................... 84

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The carefully phrased contempt expressed by Lord Crewe for the Press is not to be wondered at in view of the knowledge the Cabinet must possess of the back-stairs influences at work in Fleet Street. These, while they are no less corrupt than the influences at work in the Cabinet, run at the same time even less risk of being exposed; for who is there to expose them? Dog does they are no less corrupt than the influences at work in Fleet Street. These, while not actually eat dog, and journalists who to-day are on the "Daily News" and to-morrow may be cast with nest in which their eggs may be laid. Politicians, too, the "Daily Mail" are naturally disinclined to foul any like the same terms in which the Press criticises him. must be equally chary of attacking a Press that has so much power over their reputation with the multitude.

Public man who dares to criticise the Press in anything of Lord Haldane and others, of the fate that awaits the recent examples are there to warn them, in the corpses by two all responsible. So we are, the attempts of statesmen to control the traffic nationally were frustrated by the distillers in conjunction with the "Times." And now, only last week, we see the "Times" at the old job, but this time on behalf of the farmers—should we say, of the landlords? With a wink down production for the sake of keeping wages scarce, and farmers could not be expected to pay higher wages. This, if you please, was the sequel in the "Times" to the recent articles in its columns by its own expert, Mr. A. D. Hall, who, as we recorded, warned the farmers that they must be prepared to raise wages as a means to raising production. It may be concluded which advice will be taken: the statesmanlike advice of Mr. Hall or the cunning profiteering tip of the "Times" itself. For ourselves we see national agriculture, in spite of all our appeals, falling comfortably back, with the approval of the "Times," into the private indolence from which, to do him credit, Lord Selborne endeavoured to arouse it.

Mr. Bonar Law is the latest statesman to call attention to the fact that the prevailing prosperity of the country is wholly fictitious. Words must surely have lost all meaning, or our population must be beyond the argument of simple arithmetic, to enable us to continue spending privately at the same rate at which we are spending publicly. What is to be the end of it, but bankruptcy followed by civil revolution, to gorge and guzzle, and to prudence to the winds, to drive the landlords. Even the "Times" fashion-correspondent has become alarmed (for one issue) by the situation as it affects dress. "To say," he writes, "that recently there has been a wave of extravagance in all kinds of dress would perhaps be to invite contradiction; but the shops are guardedly
admitting that sales are now improving, and on all hands there is evidence of a sudden reaction against the self-denials and rigid economies practised in the early days of the war." Government regulation appears to be impossible, and, indeed, for a Government that has admittedly, on the authority of Mr. Winston Churchill, thrown off Treasury control to counsel economy would be to play Satan preaching virtue. And that, we take it, is why Mr. Asquith refused to listen to Captain Bathurst's suggestion that the Government should confiscate imported luxuries. Equally Utopian is it, we fear, to suggest to the Press that a lesson in economy might be given the nation by refusing to publish advertisements of luxuries for the period of the war. But if advertisement is what the Press claim it to be—a profitable form of seduction to purchase articles that nobody wants—the disappearance of advertisements would surely put an end to superfluous expenditure. Pigs, however, must fly before this advice is likely to be taken. Our counsel to our readers is, therefore, to save themselves since nobody else will save them. Let them, at least, being now forewarned, find themselves, when the awakening comes, forewarned as well.

Without, we hope, having exposed ourselves to the charge of being in the pay of the Government, we have nevertheless from time to time defended the Government against the more ignorant criticisms of the Press. And our defence has now, it appears, been confirmed and strengthened in some particulars by the speeches made last week by Mr. Bonar Law, Mr. Churchill and Lord Haldane. In his speech on Thursday Mr. Bonar Law—without, of course, avowing his intention—undertook to explain to the Press where, in some past criticisms, they had been wrong, upon matters in which a little consideration would have kept them right. On the question of cotton contraband, for example, it will be remembered what a scream was raised in Fleet Street for the instant supersession of the Order in Council giving us power to overhaul American cotton cargoes, and for the substitution of an absolute contraband. We observed at the time (and so did Mr. S. Verdad) that the question was more complicated than it appeared; and we pleaded for a more moderate and instructed criticism. The Government, however, gave way to Fleet Street—and with what result? At this moment, says Mr. Bonar Law, we have not only incurred the American odium for declaring cotton contraband, but precisely as much cotton as formerly is being sold in Germany! This, as anybody must see, was the inevitable result. Unless we are prepared, at the risk, or, rather, in the certainty of war, to regulate the foreign trade of all neutral countries—a piece of "Navalism" which not even Mr. Bottomley would advise—some cotton, at any rate, must pass from America to countries contiguous with Germany. And if they are contiguous, no power less imperative than the Law of Supply and Demand will prevent the cotton from passing from a neutral to a belligerent.

Again, the Press takes credit to itself for having been the means of forcing upon the Cabinet the creation of a War Council. In a purely administrative matter of this kind, however, not only is advice from Fleet Street ridiculous, but, even when it is good in itself, it is superfluous. The dangers of a War Council were pointed out by Lord Rosebery before it was formed, and have been amplified in description by Lord Crewe. In the first place, said Lord Rosebery, the price we should have to pay for it would be the resignation of several of the Ministers excluded from it. And what has now become of Mr. Churchill and Lord Kitchener? And, in the second place, added Lord Crewe, the logical complement of a supreme War Council is the establishment of a military dictatorship under whose aegis the first offenders to be punished would necessarily be the very Press that cried for King Stork. These calculable effects, we say, have been easily foreseen if the Press had not been so intent upon breakfast-sensations; and they are now rendered the more ironical by the fact that it is the Government itself that has saved us from them. According to Mr. Bonar Law, not only was the idea of a War Council mooted in the Cabinet before it occurred to Printing House Square, but its difficulties and dangers were foreseen there as they have never been seen in Fleet Street. Once again, therefore, the Press has made itself ridiculous and gratuitously so.

We must pass over rapidly the remaining items of Mr. Bonar Law's defence of the Government. On the subject of the tonnage requisitioned by the War Office and the Admiralty, he issued a warning that should surely have been unnecessary. These departments, he said, might be accused of extravagance by people in the dark; but how much more bitterly they would be accused if, in an emergency always imminent, their economy were to cost us a naval or military defeat. It was essential, he said, that the fighting departments should always have under their control a sufficiency of transports for a crisis, even though, in the meantime, many ships were kept idle. As a reply to Fleet Street and the shippers it will be seen that this defence is complete. But against our criticism it lacks a good deal. Why, we ask, since the duties of trade and war are equally imperative, should not the Government at the outset have requisitioned every vessel under the British flag, and employed them as occasion required in carrying goods or munitions alternately and without private profit? But this criticism has never been raised in Fleet Street, and Mr. Bonar Law would find it difficult to answer. On the demand in Fleet Street for the introduction of business men into the Government, Mr. Bonar Law, a businessman himself, had a severe word. Having, he said, had experience of the best of our Civil Servants, he preferred them to the business men he knew! Finally, Mr. Bonar Law had a word or two to remark on the subject of Wages; and here, if we may say so, he was, for the first time, out of his depth. Wages, he affirmed, were already beyond their economic level, and could under no circumstances be raised again during the period of the war. But why not, we ask? Wages being the commodity-price of Labour have as much right to rise as the price of any other commodity. If the price of wheat and coal and petrol and meat are allowed to rise to their market-level without censure by Mr. Bonar Law, why, because it chances to be human as well, must the price of Labour be alone fixed by a moral standard? We allow that wages from a moral point of view may be too high for our national income. The remedy, however, is the abolition of the wage-system, not the arbitrary fixation of wages.

Taught by his experience of the treachery of a newspaper-led public, Lord Haldane was at pains in his lecture last week in Hampstead to impress upon all the circumstances of prophecy his forecast of an industrial crisis after the war. "I feel it to be the more necessary to be explicit," he said, "because I have been criticised
as not having warned our countrymen and the Government about the war itself." That he warned the Government of the war he not only assured us, but, in view of the fact that it was of Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Grey, we might have divined for ourselves. It now remains to be seen whether his warning of the coming crisis, addressed, as it is, to the public, will have more effect upon the nation than his previous warnings appear to have had upon the Government. For ourselves we doubt it. Lord Haldane, however, must be held in part to blame if this should turn out to be the event; for, in the first place, it must be said that his diagnosis of the disease is professionally vague, and, in the second place, his suggested remedy is too remote from the immediate disease itself. What is his diagnosis? It is, in the terms we have made familiar, that capital will be depleted, labour plentiful, demand languishing, and foreign competition, at home and abroad, formidable. Very well, so much for the general situation. But, except for remarking that "the democracy" would be stronger after the war, the particular situation resulting from this general situation was passed by him without definition. But this is not the kind of warning that is of the slightest importance. All that Lord Haldane told us is that a crisis will follow the war and may keep ourselves in a state of massive apprehension in consequence; but unless the form the crisis will probably take is defined for us we are armed against everything in general but against nothing in particular, and we are not really armed at all. Our own view is that the threatened form of the crisis is that of Labour disputes on the increased output of Munitions and, as their idealistic object, the partner-

cation, we therefore say, should be made with this disease, contented himself, naturally, with vaguely in-
dicating the remedy. The prophylactic he recommended was the improvement of our national system of educa-
tion against a crisis that may be upon us in a few months to say for it but this: that it will prove effective against the critical state that must arise immediately after the war. Were Lord Haldane a mere professor whose business it is to find slow and radical remedies for chronic and deep-seated complaints, his recommendation might carry the worse or make the better. But as a statesman, who may be in office when the crisis comes, both the specific disease and the specific treatment need to be much more clearly defined by him. Nor, even from his own point of view, is his suggestion of much use. It may be true that the state in which this country will find itself after the war is full of peril, demanding all the discipline of the best educators to surmount; but the motive of peril, when it is only contingent, is notoriously insufficient to arouse the mass of our countrymen. To the motive of peril there must be attached a motive of pride or ambition to move us; and neither of these was indicated by Lord Haldane. For a broken limb he proposes to administer a head-

ache powder. One of the complaints, for instance, is that men are tied like serfs to their present employer and cannot move without a consent that is often arbi-
trary. Lord Lloyd George's remedy is to fix the employer a less sum than he would obtain by keep-
ing the men in idleness without wages until fresh work is found, we take leave to say, is not an amending Bill, but a fresh Bill altogether, if not several fresh Bills rolled into one. Leaving untouched, as it does, the real grievances of the workers under the Munitions Act, the amending Bill, while insulting the munition workers with spurious remedies, charges them as its fee the extension of the diseases to traders as yet uninfected by it. "Has Mr. Lloyd George, we ask with the "New Statesman," carried on the increased output of Munitions and, as their idealistic object, the partner-

cation, we therefore say, should be made with this disease, contented himself, naturally, with vaguely in-
dicating the remedy. The prophylactic he recommended was the improvement of our national system of educa-
tion against a crisis that may be upon us in a few months to say for it but this: that it will prove effective against the critical state that must arise immediately after the war. Were Lord Haldane a mere professor whose business it is to find slow and radical remedies for chronic and deep-seated complaints, his recommendation might carry the worse or make the better. But as a statesman, who may be in office when the crisis comes, both the specific disease and the specific treatment need to be much more clearly defined by him. Nor, even from his own point of view, is his suggestion of much use. It may be true that the state in which this country will find itself after the war is full of peril, demanding all the discipline of the best educators to surmount; but the motive of peril, when it is only contingent, is notoriously insufficient to arouse the mass of our countrymen. To the motive of peril there must be attached a motive of pride or ambition to move us; and neither of these was indicated by Lord Haldane. For a broken limb he proposes to administer a head-

**In the first place it should be said, in contradiction of the impression in the public mind, that not only is the Munitions Act not without defect, but the friction it engenders, but the friction threatens to engender a general conflagration at any moment. The stupider section of the Press—in short, the bulk of it—has lately been congratulating itself on the increased output of Munitions and upon the absence of any wide-spread complaints among the workpeople. But this smoothness is no less fictitious and illusory than the prosperity of the country at large. For, on the contrary, so far from working smoothly, the Munitions Act has only not yet broken down because, on the one hand, the Munitions have supported it, and, on the other, promises of amendment have been made whenever complaints have become vocal. In the second place, to judge from the draft amendments of the Act that we have seen which will be presented to Parliament at the next session, apparently it may even be said that they will prove to be no amendments at all. Instead of dealing with the actual grievances under the Act, the amendments recommended by Mr. Lloyd George are, as usual, irrelevant to them. For a broken limb he proposes to administer a head-

**We seldom have the pleasure of agreeing with Mrs. Webb; and it is even less seldom, we fear, that we give her the annoyance of having to agree with us. Her remarks on the Munitions Act are, as "one of the biggest frauds ever perpetrated," are not only ours, but we never expected to hear that they were hers as well. It is the over-
familiar tale of these columns that, under the guidance of Mr. Lloyd George in particular, the country is making as little progress towards the immediate defeat and disease itself. What is his diagnosis?

**But Lord Haldane, having vaguely defined the disease, contented himself, naturally, with vaguely in-
dicating the remedy. The prophylactic he recommended was the improvement of our national system of educa-
tion against a crisis that may be upon us in a few months to say for it but this: that it will prove effective against the critical state that must arise immediately after the war. Were Lord Haldane a mere professor whose business it is to find slow and radical remedies for chronic and deep-seated complaints, his recommendation might carry the worse or make the better. But as a statesman, who may be in office when the crisis comes, both the specific disease and the specific treatment need to be much more clearly defined by him. Nor, even from his own point of view, is his suggestion of much use. It may be true that the state in which this country will find itself after the war is full of peril, demanding all the discipline of the best educators to surmount; but the motive of peril, when it is only contingent, is notoriously insufficient to arouse the mass of our countrymen. To the motive of peril there must be attached a motive of pride or ambition to move us; and neither of these was indicated by Lord Haldane. For a broken limb he proposes to administer a head-

**We seldom have the pleasure of agreeing with Mrs. Webb; and it is even less seldom, we fear, that we give her the annoyance of having to agree with us. Her remarks on the Munitions Act are, as "one of the biggest frauds ever perpetrated," are not only ours, but we never expected to hear that they were hers as well. It is the over-
familiar tale of these columns that, under the guidance of Mr. Lloyd George in particular, the country is making as little progress towards the immediate defeat and
Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verlind.

What I feel it my duty to say this week may give rise, here and there, to some little unpleasantness; but I prefer to say first what will have to be said eventually. To begin with, it is rather unfortunate, but not altogether surprising, that the French papers in general, from the "Matin" to the "Moniteur agricole de Bordeaux," are printing pessimistic articles about the harvest prospects. It appears that the crop returns are not so good as had been hoped for—I do not say "expected," for circumstances inevitably had their effect. Last year thousands of middle-aged men were able to assist the women, the old men, and the boys, to gather the harvest; but these men, in the course of the present year, have been called up for service. Less skilled and less powerful labour has resulted poorly, as was only to be expected. This is no doubt one of the factors which have led to the determination of the price at which the French Government proposes to issue its loan. I think, as do many people who have examined the financial situation in France, that a war loan should have been issued in Paris long ago; for Treasury bonds, or their French equivalent, are expensive things. However, whether we who think so are right or wrong, the fact remains that the French authorities are issuing their loan now at five per cent., with an issue price of eighty-eight—in other words, the interest is to be nearer five and three-quarters per cent.

To continue: We have a statement by no less a person than Mr. Bonar Law that we must be prepared to risk even national bankruptcy to win the war. Mr. Bonar Law is an unemotional person; and what he says is not usually exaggerated. Certainly, the people of this country would be glad to risk national bankruptcy to win the war; but the feeble understandings of some of us will have to be enlightened as to the meaning of such a remarkable utterance from the lips of the Colonial Secretary. Mr. Bonar Law is one of the few members of the Cabinet capable of appreciating our financial position. He ought to know—I do not say he does for Mr. McKenna's complaints that only one or two of his colleagues, of whom Mr. Balfour is the one, can appreciate financial points are beginning to reach the ears of the outer world—Mr. Bonar Law ought to know. I repeat, that this country is the sick man of Europe. We have been able to assist the women, the old men, the boys, to gather the harvest; but these men, in the course of the present year, have been called up for service. Less skilled and less powerful labour has resulted poorly, as was only to be expected. This is no doubt one of the factors which have led to the determination of the price at which the French Government proposes to issue its loan. I think, as do many people who have examined the financial situation in France, that a war loan should have been issued in Paris long ago; for Treasury bonds, or their French equivalent, are expensive things. However, whether we who think so are right or wrong, the fact remains that the French authorities are issuing their loan now at five per cent., with an issue price of eighty-eight—in other words, the interest is to be nearer five and three-quarters per cent.

Again, Mr. Bonar Law should know what is being said on this point by genuine experts who have a right to express an opinion. He should know that in banking and manufacturing circles the utmost alarm—I do not exaggerate—the utmost alarm, I say, is being felt at the huge increase in our Army under the Derby scheme. Lord Derby has no choice. He has been asked to get men; he is getting them. He is getting them by offering more money than can be paid without bankrupting the country. If I were Mr. Bonar Law I should have said frankly that our financial position we must keep on pouring out exports; and unskilled or inefficient labour will not enable us to accomplish this, us to do this.

Mr. Bonar Law should have said frankly that our greatest weapon of defence is finance; that the Navy may almost be ranked with it; that the production of war material comes third in the scale, and that the number of men we put into the Army is a factor of relatively no consequence at all. That is what Mr. Law should have said. That is what Mr. Lloyd George said in May last, and would have said again had his patron not instructed him to say the precise opposite. Now, as Mr. Bonar Law's colleague, Mr. McKenna, has budgeted for payments to the countries allied with us of no less a sum than four hundred and twenty-million sterling—three-fourths of it paid out already—did it occur to him to ask whether we had been paid for it? Have we? Have we had, for instance, all the aid from Italy that we might have expected? No; I say emphatically. We are all aware by this time that the Italians refused—and quite rightly—to negotiate with us with regard to Serbia so long as we persisted in offering them the "concessions" in Albania which the Italians wanted themselves, with at least as much right on their side as the Greek Government could claim. But this point should have been waived when the Bulgarians, the Germans and the Austrians did actually begin to invade Serbia. Italian quibbles over future concessions should not have been allowed to lead to the Balkan catastrophe.

Mr. Bechhoefer's letters are confirming, week by week, suspicions which have been entertained, and rumours which have been heard in diplomatic circles in London for several months. More: they confirm the open and almost incredibly arrogant statements about Russia in many of the German newspapers. There is a strong pro-German party in Russia; and it extends to the Court itself. It has frequently interfered with the plans of the military authorities, with the production of munitions, and with the sending of supplies. It has been suggested that Mr. Burk, the Russian Finance Minister, got money from this country on condition that Russia continued the campaign. It may be so; but if that was the condition it was not enough. Either the present Russian Government can wage war or it cannot. If it cannot, we should like to know where we stand. If it can, it will be in the pro-Germans—"the common enemies of the Allied Powers—out of any responsible positions they hold. That should have been our condition. I am not casting any reflection upon the achievements of the Russian Army; they have been magnificent. And I admit that the people of this country who have many high mountains to climb before they can get to the Austrians. But it is we who are paying for the vagaries of the pro-German elements in Russia; I have the feeling that Rasputin's cigars and champagne come out of my own pocket. I know, of course, that the attitude of Greece and Bulgaria has been largely determined by the blackmailing articles published in the Harmsworth Press. But the Harmsworth papers, the sensationalists, and Mr. Lloyd George are all in the same boat. Let Mr. Bonar Law help us to keep as our skilled and unskilled workmen as we can; let him take counsel of Mr. McKenna more frequently; let him keep a sharper eye on the doings of our Allies and their Governments; and, above all, let him stamp out the sensation campaign by repressing Lord Northcliffe through Mr. Lloyd George.
War Notes.

Now that an Allied War Council has been formed, we may hope that the direction of the war will be considered as a whole. Hibbert, if it is obvious, each of the super-Command to take into immediate account the general strategy, now that, for the first time in history, strategy on the grand scale is rendered both possible and necessary. I referred briefly to this subject last week. In the Hegelian dialectic it is well known that thesis and antithesis are supposed to be resolved by a third operation into a synthesis, and that this triple process is regarded as one of the laws of thought. Similarly, I would lay it down that in the sequence of practice, following thought, the same succession of the general strategy, now that, for the first time Napoleon has had to scheme to obtain. Particularly ought the group as possible; and the effect has been

Allies has gone his own road with as little collusion as possible; and the skill of the commander in employing the rest as with the group as possible; and the effect has been.

ject last week. In the Hegelian dialectic it is well

judgment, a matter for sentiment as well, and as foolish:

demonstrated by his success in Maneuvring. The strategy, for example, the first phase, and one that has what might have been expected Germany has had as a free gift the advantages of a divided enemy which Napoleon had no hope to obtain. Particularly ought the new super-Command to take into immediate account the general strategy, now that, for the first time in history, strategy on the grand scale is rendered both possible and necessary. I referred briefly to this subject last week. In the Hegelian dialectic it is well known that thesis and antithesis are supposed to be resolved by a third operation into a synthesis, and that this triple process is regarded as one of the laws of thought. Similarly, I would lay it down that in the sequence of practice, following thought, the same succession of the general strategy, now that, for the first time Napoleon has had to scheme to obtain. Particularly ought the group as possible; and the effect has been.

Allies has gone his own road with as little collusion as possible; and the skill of the commander in employing the rest as with the group as possible; and the effect has been.

ject last week. In the Hegelian dialectic it is well known that thesis and antithesis are supposed to be resolved by a third operation into a synthesis, and that this triple process is regarded as one of the laws of thought. Similarly, I would lay it down that in the sequence of practice, following thought, the same succession of the general strategy, now that, for the first time Napoleon has had to scheme to obtain. Particularly ought the group as possible; and the effect has been.

Allies has gone his own road with as little collusion as possible; and the skill of the commander in employing the rest as with the group as possible; and the effect has been.

ject last week. In the Hegelian dialectic it is well known that thesis and antithesis are supposed to be resolved by a third operation into a synthesis, and that this triple process is regarded as one of the laws of thought. Similarly, I would lay it down that in the sequence of practice, following thought, the same succession of the general strategy, now that, for the first time Napoleon has had to scheme to obtain. Particularly ought the group as possible; and the effect has been.

Allies has gone his own road with as little collusion as possible; and the skill of the commander in employing the rest as with the group as possible; and the effect has been.

ject last week. In the Hegelian dialectic it is well known that thesis and antithesis are supposed to be resolved by a third operation into a synthesis, and that this triple process is regarded as one of the laws of thought. Similarly, I would lay it down that in the sequence of practice, following thought, the same succession of the general strategy, now that, for the first time Napoleon has had to scheme to obtain. Particularly ought the group as possible; and the effect has been.

By Ramiro del Maestu.

Let us see how the objective doctrine of Law may offer an adequate solution to international problems. Either the Germans will win or they will not. If they do win, the other nations will be able to think of nothing for the next hundred years but demolishing the world-wide empire which the Germans will establish; or preventing them from establishing it as the consequence of this first victorious stage. That means that the twentieth century will develop itself in a manner contrary to that of the Hague Tribunal. Wars will be avoided. And you may ask why, since that which inspired the two Hague Conferences. Therefore, we shall assume that the balance of power has been restored. We may likewise assume that the belligerent countries will do their best to maintain the balance. They will be interested, above all, in preserving peace. The lesson of the war will not be forgotten in one or two generations—there will be too many dead. Even without any other inducements than that of treaty of peace, the countries will all do their best to maintain the status quo resulting from the war itself.

But before peace is broken again, the countries will realise that the status quo cannot be maintained indefinitely. The reason? Very simple. The status quo is static and life is dynamic; and though ten years after the treaty of peace has been signed some nations will be observed to ascend, to regenerate; others to fall, to degenerate. In the former ambition will rise again; in the latter, fear. Inevitably. Even if the treaty of peace limited armaments. The military strength of a country does not consist only in its army and navy, but in its population, its metallurgical industries, in the totality of its resources, in the spirit of its sons.

Remembering the horrors of this war, the countries will try to secure themselves against the possibility that the ambition of some and the fear of others will lead to their repetition. That is to say, they will seek a way of solving international difficulties by means of law and not by means of force, which was the idea that inspired the two Hague Conferences. Therefore there will be a third Conference at the Hague or elsewhere. And an attempt will be made to avoid the errors which led to the failure of the first two. But, whether a third peace conference is held or not, as soon as there are signs that the status quo is changing, the remembrance of the war will urge the countries to try to solve their disputes by means of law.

The real objection to this is that States will not blindly transfer their sovereignty to the arbitral court; just as we individuals have not blindly transferred our sovereignty to the ordinary courts. The judges are not arbiters who decide our disputes according to their own lights. Judges are not arbiters; they are simply functionaries entrusted with the duty of applying the laws, and of solving our disputes according to the laws. Without the law to which it is subjected the authority of the judge is tyranny, and perhaps the worst of tyrannies. Do you understand? Before we can hope that an arbitral court will solve international questions by means of law, we must create international law. First, the thing, the law; then the men, the judges, the authorities.

Law is a thing which arises from another thing: the solidarity of men in the same thing. Such is the objective doctrine of law. The girls of the village go at sunset to fill their buckets at the well; and as they cannot all fill them at the same time they have to establish the rule of taking their places in turn. This rule is the law. If doubts arise as to its right interpretation in particular cases, the girls may solve them by themselves; or, if it seem more convenient to them, they may entrust some person with the duty instead. This person is the authority. The law is essential; the authority accidental. Such is the objective doctrine of law. As opposed to this, the subjective doctrine asserts that law is a command from sovereignty, and that the sovereign is the person or group of persons who possesses the power of commanding the others. To which we may reply that historically it may be; but that it is so neither logically nor morally. Historical truth is a fact, but a fact is not a right. And we shall add that if, to the inducements which the possession of power offers to all men, we further join that of regarding it as the sole legitimate fountain of law, then we shall no longer be able to wonder why men kill one another by the million for the sake of the right to command others. But it is precisely this which it is sought to avoid in the future. In order to avoid it, let us try to create international law.

You may tell me that this law has already been created. But that is questionable. Nowadays there are treaties and conventions signed by different States at the Hague and elsewhere. But these treaties are not laws any more than the constitutions of private individuals are laws; since such contracts are valid only when they are legal—that is, when there is a law above them which decides as to their validity. The objective doctrine of law does not believe that law is based on contract, but in the social contract. It asserts, on the contrary, that the validity of contracts arises from their adjustment to the laws. Contracts, by themselves, are nothing but acts of individual will, which may be nullified by other acts of individual will. International treaties are not international law, except in the sense that they are external signs of the solidarity of all men on our planet earth. They indicate the existence of an unwritten law, but they do not declare it. The States sign them because they are guided, as Poincare says that geometicians are guided in their discoveries—by the obscure instinct of a more profound geometry that lies at the bottom of things.

In the midst of war we affirm human solidarity. War itself is a proof of solidarity. War is the punishment which follows the transgression of human solidarity. But we are trying to find the legal principles in which human solidarity may be expressed. Can we assert that these principles are expressed in international treaties? Have we any right to hope that international disputes can be settled by means of law if we granted to an arbitral court the power of exercising respect for treaties obligatory; or if all the neutral Powers, as Mr. Roosevelt wishes, were to decide, without giving up their sovereignty, to impose respect for treaties on the disputing Powers? Such is the problem of Hague Conferences and of international law.

Our reply is in the negative. If an arbitral court
judged international conflicts in accordance with treaties, humanity would be condemned to an eternal status quo. Poland, for instance, would always be enslaved since the existing treaties enslave her. An international law based exclusively on treaties would make peace between nations impossible. The Dominating Powers would be eternally dominating; the dominated countries eternally dominated. Such a juridical system would be the lasciate ogni speranza of the oppressed peoples. War itself is more violent but less unjust than such an abominable aspiration.

This idea is not only evil; it constitutes logically a vicious circle. For we have seen that international conflicts arise chiefly because the course of history, with the growth of some countries and the decay of others, alters the status quo. Life breaks the status quo—paradox. For in

But why has this attempt to solve international problems by means of treaties failed? Does not this status quo. Poland, for instance, would always be ignore them. Thus we explain the failure of the first two Hague Conferences.

Let us see now whether it will draw us out of the circle. The historical position on which the possibility of its application is based consists in the fact that the present war has re-established the balance of power, and that the peoples ardently desire to avoid a repetition of such massacres. Without this stimulus the States will not appeal to the objective doctrine of law. The path to the good is not usually found until we have first lost ourselves in all the others. You know the essential formula of the new doctrine. It says that human rights arise from human functions. A woman acquires rights when she has given birth to a child; a man when he works at something useful. No functions, no rights. If I wished to irritate the philanthropists...I, the day, by the way, why do they not call themselves philanthropoids? What they like in me is that I talk a little English, enjoy drinking, and pleasure. But man might be defined as the only animal capable of dying and of killing for an idea. And with this noble side of Man the philanthropists, as a rule, do not feel the slightest sympathy. If I wished to irritate the philanthropists, I should say that the man who does not work at something useful or good has no right to earth, water, air, or fire, and cannot complain before the courts if another man tramples upon him. But this phrase is paradoxical. For in a society where the objective conception of law prevails, it will not be permissible to trample even on useless people; that but that will not be done in the name of the rights of the useless, but in the name of mercy, which is also a good according to the principles of objective morality.

According to the objective conception of law, neither sovereignty nor the power of the State is anything but an historical fact, which comes to be judicial only when it is exercised in accordance with the law. No man has any right to anything. Nor has any State a right to anything. The rights of States arise from the functions they fulfil. When the war ends, a treaty will be signed fixing the frontiers of the belligerents. This is a mere fact, which will become juridical only when the functions which the States must fulfil in the territories under their jurisdiction are also fixed; and in so far as they fulfil them. To the objective doctrine of law, the exclusive source of international law, as of private and public law, is the function.

Please do not say that the State cannot be compared to the individual because the State is a complex of functions. The individual is also a complex of functions. A shoemaker has rights as a shoemaker, but also as a father and as a ratepayer. He has as many rights as social functions. Nor more and no fewer. But the same thing ought to happen in the case of the State. To submit States to objective law is no more difficult than to submit individuals. But both will submit themselves only when they realise that they must submit themselves to avoid greater evils.

In the same way as no man has a subjective right to anything, so also has a State no subjective right to govern a territory. The sovereignty and powers of the State are juridical only when they fulfil necessary functions for the conservation and increase of human solidarity in the planet earth and in cultural values. This is the central principle of the objective conception of law. From it are derived the norms which, in general terms, have to condition or legalise the sovereignty and powers of States.

According to the first norm the territory of each State is a road for the men of other States. By virtue of this norm the State would be at liberty to keep their roads open. This would mean more easily the duty of looking after the railways, the high roads, the rivers, harbours, canals, and lighthouses, but also the duty of maintaining public order, attending to sanitation, and permitting foreigners equality of conditions in trade. In the last result this might lead to the establishment of a system of free trade, or at least of fair trade, all over the world. Let it be observed that the principle is not new. The principle by virtue of which the French justified their conquest of Morocco and the Italians their conquest of Tripoli was that the Moors and the Arabs would not keep their roads open.

According to the second norm every nation ought to exploit economically the territory assigned to it. As the surface of the earth is limited, it is not just that one nation should monopolise a considerable part of it without drawing from it all the foodstuffs and raw materials needed by humanity. I do not mean by that expression that the rulers of the vaster territories, such as Russia, Brazil, or Australia, should be ordered, at twenty-four hours' notice, to exploit their lands with the same intensity as Belgium and Lombardy are cultivated. But they should be compelled to show a certain annual average rate of progress in production and population as the price of their sovereignty. The norm of international law would be the principle according to which Stuart Mill wished to apply to private property in land: "Whenever, in any country, the proprietor, generally speaking, ceased to be the improver, political economy has nothing to say in defence of landed property, as there established."

And, according to the third norm, every government would be obliged to treat men as the possible bearers of cultural values. This presupposes the obligation of giving each of them a minimum of education; of preventing their exploitation by other men; of not setting obstacles in the way of the performance of their legitimate functions; and of organizing each society in such a way that it would contribute positively to the conservation and increase of the cultural goods of the world.

The difficulty of applying these norms is immense. I have only outlined them with the full consciousness that it would be absurd to pretend to solve the problems of the world in a few paragraphs. The important thing is to fix the details, and this will require the collaboration of many investigators in every country. But what I do assert is that it is in compliance on the functional or objective principle, the authority or arbitral tribunal entrusted with the duty of applying it would have at its command an instrument which would permit it to solve international conflicts by juridical
means, thus overcoming the present contradiction between the statism of treatties and the dynamism of life.

This tribunal could decide, for example, that a nation such as Poland should be entitled to become a State when it showed capacity for exploiting its territories, keeping up its roads, and co-operating in the universal culture; it could compel those States now governing non-autonomous peoples to prepare them for the exercise of sovereignty through a pedagogy of backward races; and it could solve territorial conflicts between nations with a growing population and nations with a stationary or declining population in favour of the former.

It might happen that States prejudiced by international law would refuse to accept this right to accept its decrees. As witness to their belief in their rights, men are now killing one another by the million; and if they wish to continue killing one another I do not see any way of preventing them. I do not say that it is an easy thing to submit either individuals or States to objective law. What I do say is that if they do not so submit themselves the present catastrophe will happen again; for the objective conception of law is the only one which provides a juridical solution of international conflicts.

Neither do I affirm that the triumph of this doctrine indicates absolutely the end of the use of physical force in disputes between States. At present men are killing one another in order that States may acquire territory in which to exercise their sovereignty. With objective law it will always be possible that nations may fight because some men believe themselves to be more capable than others of fulfilling the duties of sovereignty. That is not very probable. Individuals wish to increase their landed property because they can lease their new lands. The intensity of their desire would considerably diminish if they found themselves compelled to cultivate and improve with their own labour as much land as they acquired. And, in the final result, would it not be enviable progress if wars broke out, not through disputes over positions or profit, but over positions of social service?

Let me repeat that the objective doctrine of Law will not prevail without having first overcome every kind of resistance. The rulers of States, above all, will offer the greatest resistance to any diminution of their power. But the realisation of the objective conception in international law is indissolubly linked to its realisation in public and private law. The latter implies the constitution of the different social classes in guilds or syndicates, the constitution implying the progressive diminution of the power of the governing heads in the States. When the power of rulers has diminished enough, it will not be possible for them to resist successfully the application of the functional principle to international problems. But it will be, above all, the recollection of the horrors of this war, should it succeed in frustrating Germany’s aspirations to hegemony, which will tinge with the colour of blood the love of men for absolute sovereignty, and which will make them seek their salvation in a conception of law founded on things.

FROM THE PROVINCIAL OF THE COUNTESS OF DIE

What time the grass springs forth afresh,
And newly green becomes the morn,
And all the birds are singing joyously,
In April time upon the bough.
Then is my sorrow waxen great,
That I am left thus here alone.
That all my joy seems gone from me,
So heavy weighs my destiny.
So sad and pensive I depart,
My lot is more than I can bear,
I dare not go towards that part,
For she doth hold within her power
My heart unbroken and entire.
Since the unbroken heart she hath,
And of her own I have no part,
In truth to me my lot is dire.

I HAD not meant to return to the Armenian massacres, I have once stated my views on this subject THE NEW AGE; but the "puff preliminary" of Mr. Toynbee’s pamphlet which appeared in the "Observer" of November 14, under the heading, "The Armenian Atrocities. Unimaginable Horrors," taken in conjunction with other Press notices of the same work which I have seen, calls for remark.

The writer in the "Observer" begins:

"Terrible stories of the Armenian atrocities carried out by the Turks are given by Mr. Arnold J. Toynbee in a book which will make its appearance to-morrow, and which also contains Viscount Bryce’s speech in the House of Lords. Dealing with the outrages against the women, Mr. Toynbee states:—

"Some were sold into shame. One Moslem reported that a gentlewoman had offered to sell him two girls for a meagre (about 3s. 2d.). They sold the youngest and most handsome at every village where they passed the night, and these girls have been trafficked in hundreds through the Ottoman empire. Abundant news has come from Constantinople itself of their being sold for a few shillings in the open markets of the capital, and one piece of evidence in Lord Bryce’s preface comes from a girl who related that she was brought to Constantinople by a Moslem gendarme, who was carried with this object from a town of North-Eastern Anatolia to the shores of the Bosphorus. These were Christian women, as civilised and refined as the women of Western Europe, and they were ensnared into degradation."

"One can imagine that the author was anything but pleased to find this passage about women chosen for prostitution in an article recommending his work by a paper with a large ‘family’ circulation. But that is not among the points I wish to raise. Nor do I doubt that atrocities of the sort described—and worse—have been committed, though it would take more than ‘abundant news’ (whatever that may mean), it would require the evidence of my own eyes, to convince me that Armenian girls have been ‘sold in the open markets of the capital.’ But, apart from that false touch, the crimes mentioned are so far from being ‘Unimaginable Horrors’ that they are simply the horrors which everyone who knows the East expects in Eastern war; and anyone who thinks them ‘unimaginable’ does not know the East, and therefore cannot see them in their true perspective. I would restrict the right of judgment in this case to those Englishmen who have either actually witnessed, or have been in the neighbourhood and atmosphere of, at least two massacres, one by Muslims, and the other by Eastern Christians. Men who have had that experience have undergone a training more severe than that of any nurse in hospital; they have passed the scream, the shudder, and the sickness, and can be of real use.

They will tell you that the man or woman who is eager to stand forward as a victim, who tells the most heart-rending and connected story of atrocities, and is prepared to swear to everything, has, ten to one, seen nothing of the horrors. His fiction is generally to be shunned, and most handsome at every village where he has passed the night, and these girls have been trafficked in hundreds through the Ottoman empire. Abundant news has come from Constantinople itself of their being sold for a few shillings in the open markets of the capital."

The Gospel of Hate.

The Gospel of Hate.

The Gospel of Hate.
The women in Industry Again.

By ROWLAND KENNEY.

It always serves to clarify one's thoughts upon a question of debate if one of the parties to discussion can bring a record of his or her personal experiences. Thus, in Miss Anne Smith's article the other week there was a personal note which helped us to show what we are opposed to—women in Industry what a woman actually engaged as a worker thinks and feels about it. Further, this personal note from an experienced woman on the other side also gives us a better idea of the amount of opposition we shall have to meet. But I am inclined to think that it will have done very little to convert (or so I say re-convert) any of us, and one of the chief reasons for this is, perhaps, that Miss Smith was too personal. She has been mentioning too long, apparently, on what would be the views upon her if the trade union operatives actually closed the door of the factory against her, leaving no other present means of support but the sale of her labour to a manufacturer, she can see the possibilities of taking her chance between two unpleasant alternatives.

Miss Smith may assert, of course, that the only thing that matters is that she is more a person in Industry, we want to put her out; she intends to stay in, and warns us that she will fight to maintain her present position. But surely that is not the point at issue. We are concerned with the whole field of competitive industry; we say that only by most drastic changes can industry be made fit for normal people to engage in and we declare that the revolution can only be brought about if men have the hold to themselves. No doubt, if we were successful, we should hurt a few people in the process of carrying the job through. We should damage, let us hope, such as Lord Cowdray, Lloyds, George, and Miss Rushhurst. It is conceivable that a woman worker or two would suffer some little unpleasantness—stopping short, let us hope, of poison in prostitution—but that should not be allowed to ruin our plans. We have all of us known commercial travelers and commission agents who went on steadily with their Socialist propaganda, although they knew that collectivism would ruin their jobs, and although they had not the remotest idea of how their energies would be used under a system of State Socialism. Having the will to live that Miss Smith writes about, they were quite willing to smash their present machine for one more decent and more human. No one wishes to prevent women from exercising their will to live; we are only concerned to prevent them from exercising their will to compete with men in industry, thereby not only depressing wages, but absolutely destroying—preventing, I should say—men in their work of overturning the wage system that holds them both in bondage.

Now, let me just consider Miss Smith's second reason for women entering into industry: their "capacity for mental development." She means, it seems, that women have such a capacity, which is not allowed to develop outside industry, and that the transformation into industry will give them the desired opportunity. But have we no concern with giving everybody the chance to develop mentally? The difference between Miss Smith's position and ours is that she would let any foolish woman into Industry, all other to achieve "economic independence," even if the workers of a class were pressed nearer and nearer to the devil in consequence; whereas we would first smash the system that keeps her class as a class from any real mental or other development. Bringing her ideas, every woman must go through the Hell of competitive industry before she can become mentally awake. Her only chance of developing her intelligence is by providing products for manufacturers whilst sweating down
the wages of men. We say abolish the prostitute, re-organise industry on a sane and healthy basis, acquire all the products of industry for the whole people, and all will then be true to develop according to their ability.

Miss Smith is at liberty to say—as she does say—organise both; but she prepared to tell us that we cannot hope to organise both, if she is interested in such a choice, abash the wage system before the servile state is upon us? If so, let her look around at what is now happening under our eyes. Women are flocking into industry, taking men's jobs, to their great joy. The proctors are organising their works in such a way as to dispense with as much of men's labour as possible. Imagine the position if the three million men now under arms were suddenly hung back into the labour market. Imagine the position of the three million men as a whole? If Miss Smith considers this state of things a matter upon which the women may congratulate themselves—knowing her as I do, knowing the efforts she has made on behalf of the workers, and of her knowledge of working-class conditions, I can only gasp with astonishment. The proletariat, weakened for generations through, among other things, the under-cutting of women, is suddenly called upon to defend the nation by force of arms; and in its absence women are thrown into its sphere, by the thousand, their weakening still more, and helping to shake its crazy defensible structures to the foundations. And this is a subject for laughter, a consummation upon which the nation can look around at what is happening under our eyes. Women are flocking into industry, taking men's jobs, to their great joy.

But Lancashire is just the place that is used to demonstrate the futility of our arguments. The male spinners are “blackleg-proof,” but they are limited to a small sphere of activity—as if we meant by blackleg-proof the organisation of all the men in one section of an industry into a union catering for that section. We shall be entitled to talk of blackleg-proof in connection with the spinners when there is one union for the whole industry, and every eligible man is a member of it. Further, the Cardroom Workers’ Union is, in everything vital in it, a man’s union. The women were driven into it by the men, and they had to be driven before they would go into it in any numbers. It is in every way by the men as the men will, and what percentage of women has Miss Smith on her side when she tries to talk sense to her fellow-members and their officials? Then the ring spinners: women having been banished from the spinning rooms, they are shepherded into the ring spinning rooms as fast as possible. Instead of the men following up their advantage, they allow the masters to develop a blackleg section, union or otherwise. And the wives of the spinners are prepared to flock back into it, even to the expense of their menfolk, impotent in the only sphere reserved unto them. I can understand an employer gloating over this; I cannot understand a member of the working classes getting out at it. Finally, a word to those who so glibly talk of absorbing women into industry and organising them along with the men. In the cotton industry women have been organised and organised; and the result is that the members of the lower-paid sex continue to increase. The higher-paid male is being ousted by organised female labour. Now does anybody believe that, if this continues, we have any chance of smashing the wage system and establishing a Guild which will include the cotton industry? Yet there are “Guildsmen” who will use Miss Smith’s article as an argument against us who declare that women’s place is outside competitive industry.

To overthrow the wage-system and to substitute for its hideous chaos an ordered and a reasonable world whose first purpose shall not be the debauching and the warping of human beings, is, it may be argued, a big business; and with this proposition no reflecting person could possibly disagree. But the proposition may be, and probably will be, followed up by a more disputable assertion that a big business made big people; that it must be haggled planned, hugely elaborated, hugely achieved. And, finally, that so tremendous a thing as revolution (and surely revolutionary is the first and most essential attribute of the Guildsman) involves some tremendous personality, both in designing it and in the execution. Utterly to change the world is a big thing, and it calls for big men. The average man may be a nice, companionable chap: his habitat and his habit may be preferable to those of the bean-devouring tent-dweller: he may believe in what the “New Witness” would surely call “the Christian custom of treating to”: and he would certainly disagree with the super-Fabian Higgs.

“Who to lecture-rooms is forced.
Where his aunts, who are not married.
Demand to be divorced.”

But he is, after all, an average man of average tastes and of average ability. And Revolution is a big thing. Nothing could be more fallacious than this line of argument which leads us straight to the highly dangerous demand for Great Men. And the fallacy is introduced by the use of the rather ambiguous word “revolution.” If by revolution we simply mean something short, sharp, and violent, a general strike of all classes, a shouting of the Battle of the Bands, or of its British counterpart, the House of Commons, a leading of the people, George, Isaacs, and Murray in the tumbrils, and a thoroughly efficient and quite unscientific guillotining at the hands of the Chesterton brothers, or a march on the Law Courts and a purging of the Temple, then large leadership is wanted, and a great personality may win the day. But such revolutions are as useless as they are improbable; for a riot may be incidental and inevitable in a revolution, a riot may also be the most excelling thing, but it is not in itself a revolution. It is just a riot.

People who set out to define revolution assure us that it is the opposite of evolution. Now the word revolution may once have had some definite meaning when used by the Victorian men of science, but as exploited by the Edwardian sociologist and the Georgian quack it means nothing whatsoever. It is a term we can well export; doubtless it will find a ready market in America among the Town Planners, Simple Lifers, and Boston Beauty Bosses. The danger to the working classes getting out of the Battle of the Bands, or of its British counterpart, the House of Commons, a leading of the people, George, Isaacs, and Murray in the tumbrils, and a thoroughly efficient and quite unscientific guillotining at the hands of the Chesterton brothers, or a march on the Law Courts and a purging of the Temple, then large leadership is wanted, and a great personality may win the day. But such revolutions are as useless as they are improbable; for a riot may be incidental and inevitable in a revolution, a riot may also be the most excelling thing, but it is not in itself a revolution. It is just a riot.

People who set out to define revolution assure us that it is the opposite of revolution. Now the word revolution may once have had some definite meaning when used by the Victorian men of science, but as exploited by the Edwardian sociologist and the Georgion quack it means nothing whatsoever. It is a term we can well export; doubtless it will find a ready market in America among the Town Planners, Simple Lifers, and Boston Beauty Bosses. Thus we cannot define revolution by contrasting it with the meaningless, and must hew out a definition for ourselves.

Now the word reform does mean something in England: it means patching up. Reforming the poor law does not mean the abolition of poverty: it means covering it up. Reforming the House of Lords does not mean the abolition of oligarchy but the strengthening of it. Revolution is the opposite of reform: it may be a slow process or a long process, a peaceful process or a violent process; the one thing essential is calling bad bad and demanding not that it should be made less bad and therefore permanently bad, but that it should be made good. Revolution is a complete change of all forms of organisation, brought about by sermons or by swords. It may be enormous or it may be trivial: it may be fast or slow. The Industrial Revolution was quite slow and infinitely huge: the French Revolution was rapid and achieved far less. It seems as though the European War would not be
The rusty machine of profiteering goes clanking on, everywhere hated and everywhere invincible. The armies come and go: the kings remain. In England we have had only one kind of revolution, and that presumably has been made by the profiteers: skirts have risen to the knee and stand forth in generous width. The war that might have made Guilds of the Unions has made a Flare of the Hobble.

Accordingly, when we claim that the Guild idea is revolutionary, we do not mean that it is connected with barracudas or, by contrast, with natural selection and Herbert Spencer. We mean that the current theory and practice of capitalist life are abominable and demand not the poultec but the knife. Reformers wish to make capitalism less harsh and therefore more enduring; revolutionaries wish only to make an end of capitalism. They wish to take its ideas and pitch them out of society.

But the average man, it is urged, can never rise to that. He is plainly tolerant of industrialism, plainly willing to accept the ugly business and make the best of it with adventitious amusements. It is useless to talk of revolution in the case of such an individual. He is petty: he cannot be moved. That is the grand, unquestionable maxim of the reformer, and it is a libel on the average man.

In every average man there are ideas which are revolutionary in so far as they are completely contrary to the philosophy of capitalism. Environment and the necessity of fighting to live crush those ideas, leave them mutilated in the depths of the soul, sometimes destroy them utterly. But in most men, however average they may seem, there are sentiments and longings which are revolutionary. They may be inconstant, inarticulate, incoherent; but there is there, in every average man, a revolutionary tool by the master builders. He exists on State Charity in extreme poverty; he gives over the Sanctity to the impious Turks and the rustics on which he was employed. St. Pancras Station and so on; what a fine job so-and-so made, and what a grand pile this was and that. Under the wage system he has no further connection with his work: he is not linked up with the traditions of a Building Guild. He exists on State Charity in extreme poverty: he has been used and cast aside like any broken tool by the master builders. He awaits death, willing to accept the ugly business and make the best of it. Reformers wish not the poultice but the knife. Reformers wish to make capitalism less harsh and therefore more enduring; revolutionaries wish only to make an end of capitalism. They wish to take its ideas and pitch them out of society.

Let me reproduce two perfectly casual conversations, the first with an old bricklayer, the second with a waiter. The bricklayer exists upon an old age pension and an occasional lodger in his Surrey cottage. He is practically uneducated and certainly has never heard of Socialism, but he loves to talk. And when he talks, he talks with endless pride of all the great buildings of which he was employed. St. Pancras Station and so on; what a fine job so-and-so made, and what a grand pile this was and that. Under the wage system he has no further connection with his work: he is not linked up with the traditions of a Building Guild. He exists on State Charity in extreme poverty: he has been used and cast aside like any broken tool by the master builders. He awaits death, willing to accept the ugly business and make the best of it. Reformers wish not the poultice but the knife. Reformers wish to make capitalism less harsh and therefore more enduring; revolutionaries wish only to make an end of capitalism. They wish to take its ideas and pitch them out of society.

The waiter was not a Cafe Royal Syndicalist, he was a popular master in a palace of gilt. He worked, of his own choice, very long hours and a wife and family to support. Me didn't mind that. He is plainly tolerant of industrialism, plainly willing to accept the ugly business and make the best of it with adventitious amusements. It is useless to talk of revolution in the case of such an individual. He is petty: he cannot be moved. That is the grand, unquestionable maxim of the reformer, and it is a libel on the average man.

But the average man, it is urged, can never rise to that. He is plainly tolerant of industrialism, plainly willing to accept the ugly business and make the best of it with adventitious amusements. It is useless to talk of revolution in the case of such an individual. He is petty: he cannot be moved. That is the grand, unquestionable maxim of the reformer, and it is a libel on the average man.

Letters About Russia.

I. By C. E. Bechhüder.

I know the personal authorization to translate Rasputin's book is a great journalistic coup—the greatest of our generation," as Mr. Hamilton Fyfe's editor would have said—but, I am sorry, I can get no pleasure out of it. As a book of impressions, "My Thoughts" is superior only to the work of that other mock mujik, Mr. Stephen Graham, who American tourists' notebooks on the Holy Land. But this is the best I can say for it. One might have expected wit or at least sharpness, for Rasputin is no fool. It is quite conceivable that the publication is the cunning work of his Court enemies, taking advantage of his self-complacency. It is a lamentable publication.

The worthy gentleman informs us that he left by way of Kiev and Odessa and enters as follows upon a "Short Description of the Sea":—

What can I say of my calm? As soon as I sailed out of Odessa upon the Black Sea, there was calm upon the sea, and the soul rejoices and sleeps in calm; the little wavelets glitter in the sight like gold, and there is no need to look for more. That is an example from God, how precious is the human soul; is it not a pearl, that even the sea is for it?

The sea comforts without an effort. When you get up in the morning, the waves talk and splash and rejoice and the sun shines and the sea is for it. But in most men, however average they may seem, there are sentiments and longings which are revolutionary. They may be inconstant, inarticulate, incoherent; but there is there, in every average man, a revolutionary tool by the master builders. He exists on State Charity in extreme poverty: he has been used and cast aside like any broken tool by the master builders. He awaits death, willing to accept the ugly business and make the best of it. Reformers wish not the poultice but the knife. Reformers wish to make capitalism less harsh and therefore more enduring; revolutionaries wish only to make an end of capitalism. They wish to take its ideas and pitch them out of society.

The sea is spacious, but the mind is yet more spacious. There is no end to human wisdom, incomprehensible to all philosophers.

In other words, the weather was excellent but——

The waves rolled upon the sea, and a disturbance commenced in the soul. A man loses the form of consciousness and goes as in a mist—O God, give peace to the soul? On the sea there is a temporary illness, but there is always such a wave upon the land. On the sea the illness is seen by all, but on shore nobody knows, the devil confounds the soul.

Conscience is the wave; but whatever waves may be upon the sea, they grow calm; but conscience disappears only from a good deed.

Then follows a "short description of Constanti- nople," with thoughts upon St. Sophia. Like a cloud on the horizon, so is St. Sophia. O misery! how the Lord is angry with our pride, that he gave over the Sanctity to the impious Turks and offered his Countenance to scorn and contempt—they smoked there!

The journey continues, Rasputin gets his seals and begins to look about him. I met many people, but especially in the third class were many true Christian women; they suffer and pray perpetually, and read litanies morning and evening; you look at them and do not tire.

And I saw Bulgarian women verify comprehending God's Empire, really peace-bearers, beloved of Christ. I was convinced of this that Turks wear the same clothes as Christians and Jews. The fulfilment of God's word upon us may be awaited, that there will be a united Orthodox Church, in spite of the apparent difference of dress.

At the beginning they abolished this difference, and afterwards the difference in faith will pass also; it is hard to understand all this. At the beginning all strangers are tempest in the dress, and afterwards from them will be a United Church.

In this way, with accounts of the miracles of the saints in the Archipelago, our hero gets to Jaffa and afterwards the difference in faith will pass also; it is hard to understand all this. At the beginning all strangers are tempest in the dress, and afterwards from them will be a United Church.

The sight of the Holy Sepulchre fills him with such an
emotion that he "wants to embrace everybody." He sees all the sights.

A little higher up we see where the disciples slept on stones and the Lord came more than once to waken them up, but we sleep eternally in a dream and in evil. O Lord, wake us up!

He works off old scores:

Wine is sold as much as you like, and is drunk because it is cheap. The monk's from Mt. Athos do this most; therefore they should not be let go there, a great stones and the Lord came more than once to waken them up, but we sleep eternally in a dream and in evil. O Lord, wake us up!

He works off old scores:

Wine is sold as much as you like, and is drunk because it is cheap. The monks from Mt. Athos do this most; therefore they should not be let go there, a great stones and the Lord came more than once to waken them up, but we sleep eternally in a dream and in evil. O Lord, wake us up!

He works off old scores:

Wine is sold as much as you like, and is drunk because it is cheap. The monks from Mt. Athos do this most; therefore they should not be let go there, a great stones and the Lord came more than once to waken them up, but we sleep eternally in a dream and in evil. O Lord, wake us up!

He works off old scores:

Wine is sold as much as you like, and is drunk because it is cheap. The monks from Mt. Athos do this most; therefore they should not be let go there, a great stones and the Lord came more than once to waken them up, but we sleep eternally in a dream and in evil. O Lord, wake us up!

He works off old scores:

Wine is sold as much as you like, and is drunk because it is cheap. The monks from Mt. Athos do this most; therefore they should not be let go there, a great stones and the Lord came more than once to waken them up, but we sleep eternally in a dream and in evil. O Lord, wake us up!

He works off old scores:

Wine is sold as much as you like, and is drunk because it is cheap. The monks from Mt. Athos do this most; therefore they should not be let go there, a great stones and the Lord came more than once to waken them up, but we sleep eternally in a dream and in evil. O Lord, wake us up!

He works off old scores:

Wine is sold as much as you like, and is drunk because it is cheap. The monks from Mt. Athos do this most; therefore they should not be let go there, a great stones and the Lord came more than once to waken them up, but we sleep eternally in a dream and in evil. O Lord, wake us up!

He works off old scores:

Wine is sold as much as you like, and is drunk because it is cheap. The monks from Mt. Athos do this most; therefore they should not be let go there, a great stones and the Lord came more than once to waken them up, but we sleep eternally in a dream and in evil. O Lord, wake us up!
Readers and Writers.

I AM still up to my neck in Russian writers, the very latest being Griboyedof, whose play "The Misfortune of Being Clever" (Nutt. 3s. 6d.), I have just finished. This Griboyedof is a Russian of the old school that flourished during the Napoleonic period; and is altogether more mature in spirit from the Russian writers of the late last century. These latter, as I have before said, may be, in a sense, more powerful—that is, more obviously impressive—but give me their predecessors for a good European Griboyedof belongs without a doubt to the imaginative eighteenth century in style, in wit, in characterisation and in outlook. Throw in a little prevision of Ibsen and you have! "The Misfortune of Being Clever" exhibits the conflict of the young genius with old fogeys; and from this point of view, tragedy.

The late last century. These latter, as I have before said, may be, in a sense, more powerful—that is, more obviously impressive—but give me their predecessors for a good European Griboyedof belongs without a doubt to the imaginative eighteenth century in style, in wit, in characterisation and in outlook. Throw in a little prevision of Ibsen and you have! "The Misfortune of Being Clever" exhibits the conflict of the young genius with old fogeys; and from this point of view, tragedy.

The late last century. These latter, as I have before said, may be, in a sense, more powerful—that is, more obviously impressive—but give me their predecessors for a good European Griboyedof belongs without a doubt to the imaginative eighteenth century in style, in wit, in characterisation and in outlook. Throw in a little prevision of Ibsen and you have! "The Misfortune of Being Clever" exhibits the conflict of the young genius with old fogeys; and from this point of view, tragedy.

The late last century. These latter, as I have before said, may be, in a sense, more powerful—that is, more obviously impressive—but give me their predecessors for a good European Griboyedof belongs without a doubt to the imaginative eighteenth century in style, in wit, in characterisation and in outlook. Throw in a little prevision of Ibsen and you have! "The Misfortune of Being Clever" exhibits the conflict of the young genius with old fogeys; and from this point of view, tragedy.

The late last century. These latter, as I have before said, may be, in a sense, more powerful—that is, more obviously impressive—but give me their predecessors for a good European Griboyedof belongs without a doubt to the imaginative eighteenth century in style, in wit, in characterisation and in outlook. Throw in a little prevision of Ibsen and you have! "The Misfortune of Being Clever" exhibits the conflict of the young genius with old fogeys; and from this point of view, tragedy.

The late last century. These latter, as I have before said, may be, in a sense, more powerful—that is, more obviously impressive—but give me their predecessors for a good European Griboyedof belongs without a doubt to the imaginative eighteenth century in style, in wit, in characterisation and in outlook. Throw in a little prevision of Ibsen and you have! "The Misfortune of Being Clever" exhibits the conflict of the young genius with old fogeys; and from this point of view, tragedy.

The late last century. These latter, as I have before said, may be, in a sense, more powerful—that is, more obviously impressive—but give me their predecessors for a good European Griboyedof belongs without a doubt to the imaginative eighteenth century in style, in wit, in characterisation and in outlook. Throw in a little prevision of Ibsen and you have! "The Misfortune of Being Clever" exhibits the conflict of the young genius with old fogeys; and from this point of view, tragedy.

The late last century. These latter, as I have before said, may be, in a sense, more powerful—that is, more obviously impressive—but give me their predecessors for a good European Griboyedof belongs without a doubt to the imaginative eighteenth century in style, in wit, in characterisation and in outlook. Throw in a little prevision of Ibsen and you have! "The Misfortune of Being Clever" exhibits the conflict of the young genius with old fogeys; and from this point of view, tragedy.

The late last century. These latter, as I have before said, may be, in a sense, more powerful—that is, more obviously impressive—but give me their predecessors for a good European Griboyedof belongs without a doubt to the imaginative eighteenth century in style, in wit, in characterisation and in outlook. Throw in a little prevision of Ibsen and you have! "The Misfortune of Being Clever" exhibits the conflict of the young genius with old fogeys; and from this point of view, tragedy.

The late last century. These latter, as I have before said, may be, in a sense, more powerful—that is, more obviously impressive—but give me their predecessors for a good European Griboyedof belongs without a doubt to the imaginative eighteenth century in style, in wit, in characterisation and in outlook. Throw in a little prevision of Ibsen and you have! "The Misfortune of Being Clever" exhibits the conflict of the young genius with old fogeys; and from this point of view, tragedy.

The late last century. These latter, as I have before said, may be, in a sense, more powerful—that is, more obviously impressive—but give me their predecessors for a good European Griboyedof belongs without a doubt to the imaginative eighteenth century in style, in wit, in characterisation and in outlook. Throw in a little prevision of Ibsen and you have! "The Misfortune of Being Clever" exhibits the conflict of the young genius with old fogeys; and from this point of view, tragedy.

The late last century. These latter, as I have before said, may be, in a sense, more powerful—that is, more obviously impressive—but give me their predecessors for a good European Griboyedof belongs without a doubt to the imaginative eighteenth century in style, in wit, in characterisation and in outlook. Throw in a little prevision of Ibsen and you have! "The Misfortune of Being Clever" exhibits the conflict of the young genius with old fogeys; and from this point of view, tragedy.

The late last century. These latter, as I have before said, may be, in a sense, more powerful—that is, more obviously impressive—but give me their predecessors for a good European Griboyedof belongs without a doubt to the imaginative eighteenth century in style, in wit, in characterisation and in outlook. Throw in a little prevision of Ibsen and you have! "The Misfortune of Being Clever" exhibits the conflict of the young genius with old fogeys; and from this point of view, tragedy.
A Merry Death,
A Harlequinade by Nicholas Evreinoff.

**Authorised translation from the Russian by PIERROT**

*Authorised translation from the Russian by PIERROT*

**PIERROT:** Shhh! Quiet! Take your seats quietly and try to talk and turn on your seats less, because if an ingenuous friend has dragged you in and yourselves are too serious to be interested in some harlequinade, it’s quite superfluous to hint of it to the public, which in the main has no affair with your personal tastes. Harlequin’s asleep—you see him? Shh! I’ll explain it all to you afterwards. But don’t wake him up, please! And when Columbine comes on, don’t ask her, like mad, only from a wish to show your neighbours that you know her, had a little intrigue with her, and can appreciate certain talents. Beg and entreat you! It’s no joke. Harlequin’s terribly ill! Just think, he’s been raving about my Columbine, although, of course, there’s nothing in common between him and my Columbine; there isn’t, because Columbine’s my wife, and there’s an end of it. I strongly suspect that Harlequin won’t live till to-morrow; a fortune-teller told him that the day he sleeps longer than he reveals he will die exactly at midnight. Look, it’s just eight o’clock of the evening, and he’s still asleep! I’ll tell you even now. I know, perhaps for sure, that Harlequin will soon die. Whatever decent artist will tell the audience the end of the play before it begins? I’m not one of those who give away the management, and I thoroughly understand that the audience goes to the theatre not for any idea in the piece or masterly dialogue, but simply to know how the play ends, and all the same I can’t help sighing and saying, weeping in my long sleeves (sobs): “Poor, poor Harlequin, who ever could have thought it?” I used to like him very much! He was my first friend; though, by the way, this never prevented me from cursing him a little, because, as everybody knows, if I’m Pierrot, it’s only because I’m not a successful Harlequin. However, I’m not as simple as my costume, and, I assure you, I’ve managed already to go for a doctor, although it’s useless, because Harlequin can die quite all right without a doctor; but—nice people always do it, and I’m not inferior to them; for, if I didn’t behave like everybody else, I should be a bold, merry Harlequin, for whom there are no laws; but I—I’m only silly, cowardly Pierrot, whose character, by the way, will be quite clear to you in the further course of the drama, if only you stop to the performance and don’t run away now from my chatter. So I’ll stop it, informing you only of the following plan which came into my head and which never without a reason: If Harlequin is fated to die exactly at midnight by this clock, then won’t it be a comically service on my part to put back the hands, even for—well, only two hours? I always liked taking people in; but when it’s a matter of taking in death and Harlequin at the same time, and, as well, for the harm of the first and the good of the second, I don’t think you can call this plan anything but a genius. Well, to work! The performance begins! (Climbs on a stool and, stretching over the bed wherein Harlequin is sleeping, puts the clock back two hours.) Poor, poor Harlequin. (Falls down on the floor.) Poor Pierrot! (Rubs his back.)

**Pierrot** (naively): I seem to have waked you.

**Harlequin:** Why didn’t you do it earlier?

**Pierrot:** What did you do it for?

**Harlequin:** My hours are numbered.

**Pierrot:** Rubbish!

**Harlequin:** I want to live them.

**Pierrot:** And you will.

**Harlequin:** You nearly let me sleep them away.

**Pierrot:** I thought—

**Harlequin:** What’s the time?

**Pierrot:** Six.

**Harlequin:** Only.

**Pierrot:** Yes. How do you feel?

**Harlequin:** Dying.

**Pierrot:** Your fancy simply frighten me. (Weeps.)

**Harlequin:** Stop! Why, I’m alive! What have you done? Isn’t my clock wrong?
system. (To Pier.) And that won't help him. (To Harl.) You've only got to be cured. (To Pier.) And that's no use.

Harl.: What do you advise me?

Doc. (again to Harl.) You've must go to bed early. No excitement. Drink absolutely nothing. Don't eat anything sharp, salty, spiced, bitter, milky, over-cold, over-hot, very, very sweet, or very, very ailing. Quiet habits, mustn't be roused. Always mind draughts. Keep quite away from frivolity.

Harl.: Very well, but is a life like that worth living?

Doc.: That's your affair.

Harl.: What illness have I got?

Doc.: Old age.

Harl.: Why, I could be your soul?

Doc.: You're too impudent for that. Good-bye. (To Pier.) And who pays for the visit? (Pier. nods towards Harl.)

Doc. (again to Harl.) Good-bye.

Harl.: Good-bye. (Doc. goes out undecidedly and stops.) Have you forgotten anything?

Doc.: No, nothing; I thoroughly remember all your instructions. Don't be—

Doc.: No, no; I'm not uneasy about that.

Harl.: Then about what?

Doc.: Harl. (Shaking between ourselves, you've forgotten to pay me for my visit.)

Harl.: Impossible! How curious!

Doc.: But please don't be angry with me.

Harl.: Good heavens, no! Doc.: Then good-bye.

Harl. (Shaking his hand feelingly) Good-bye, doctor, good-bye.

Doc.: H'm. You're just as forgetful again.

Harl.: Yes, yes. There's a coincidence! You're quite right. It would be impudent of me to maintain the opposite.

Doc.: Well, there you are; I'm reminding you.

Harl.: I'm heartily grateful.

Doc.: There's no need for gratitude.

Harl.: No! Good heavens! Doc.: And so—your money?

Harl.: You'll get it when I get well, when you've cured me.

Doc.: Yes; but I ought to tell you that I reckon to cure all illnesses except the incurable; but yours—

Harl.: Well, then, when an improvement comes, when—

Doc.: Harl. (In that case I must inform you that—that, judging from the condition of your system, you won't live even till to-morrow.)

Harl. (Jumping out of bed) What! In that case, why the devil should I pay?

Doc.: But when you die, who'll pay me?

Harl.: But for what, let me ask you?

Doc.: How, for what?

Harl.: If I actually die to-day, then what's the use of your art that can't save me from death? And if I survive, then again it's no use if it know less than it an ignorant fortune-teller.

Doc.: I didn't come here to talk philosophy.

Harl.: I know why you came.

Doc.: No insinuations, if you please.

Harl.: He calls on insinuations. (Pulling out a purse from under his pillow.) Here's what you came for. (Goes to the door and holds out the money.)

Doc. (receiving) Thank you. (Harl. laughs, and runs out at one side and in at the other, the Doctor after him. He does this three times, and then gives the Doctor the money.)

Harl.: What do you say to my playfulness?

Doc.: You know s—here's the best of luck in the other world—it's the first time I've seen a dying man like you. What's that noise you're making?

Harl.: That's my heart beating. (Noise of a steam-engine.)

Doc.: And that?

Harl.: My breathing.

Doc.: Are you still on your legs?

Harl.: Oh, yes! And I've kept fairly merry, so as to meet boldly the death I desire. Why do you desire it?

Harl.: Oh, it's just coming at the right time! The man lives wisely always desires his death.

Doc.: You're very wisdom.

Harl.: Yes, for people like you. (Laughs.)

Doc.: How do you know?

Harl.: If I like, I'll tell you how you'll die.

Doc.: Interesting.

Harl. (lies on bed and shivers with all his body, then grows) Oh! Ah! Ugh! I'm still so young. I haven't been able to live yet as I ought. Why have I been so abundant all my life? I've just got all sorts of things I want to do. Turn me to the window. I'm not tired yet of looking at the world. Then I'll be sure to do has I wanted to. I was never in a hurry to live because I always forgot about death. Help, help! I haven't been able to enjoy myself yet; I've always kept away my health, my strength, and my money for the morrow. I miss it with beautiful hopes, and it rolled on like a snowball, growing ever bigger and bigger. Has that morrow risen irretrievably beyond the limits of the possibility? It's roiled on the sloping surface of my mortal wisdom. Oh! Ah! Ugh! (Twists for the last time, exceedingly dies. The Doctor weeps. Harl., with a laugh, gets up and applauds himself.)

Doc. (weeping) So what must I do?

Harl. (shakes his hand doubtfully) For the advice, please. I take in advance.

Doc.: How much?

Harl.: As much as you.

Doc.: (gives back his fee) Well?

Harl. (with importance) Go and live. Nothing else.

Doc.: What does that mean?

Harl.: Well, if you don't understand, you're incurable. I tell you, go and live, but live, not like an immortal, but like a man that may die to-morrow.

Doc.: (shakes his head doubtfully.) I'll try it. (Wipes his eyes.) Good-bye, Mr. Harlequin.

Harl.: Good-bye, Mr. Doctor. (Exit Doctor, singer on Harl.)

Doc.: What illness have I got?

Harl.: You're too impudent for that. Good-bye.

Doc.: There's no need for gratitude.

Harl.: No, nothing; I thoroughly remember all your instructions. Don't be—

Doc.: Harl. (In that case I must inform you that—that, judging from the condition of your system, you won't live even till to-morrow.)

Harl. (Jumping out of bed) What! In that case, why the devil should I pay?

Doc.: But when you die, who'll pay me?

Harl.: But for what, let me ask you?

Doc.: How, for what?

Harl.: If I actually die to-day, then what's the use of your art that can't save me from death? And if I survive, then again it's no use if it know less than it an ignorant fortune-teller.

Doc.: I didn't come here to talk philosophy.

Harl.: I know why you came.

Doc.: No insinuations, if you please.

Harl.: He calls on insinuations. (Pulling out a purse from under his pillow.) Here's what you came for. (Goes to the door and holds out the money.)

Doc. (receiving) Thank you. (Harl. laughs, and runs out at one side and in at the other, the Doctor after him. He does this three times, and then gives the Doctor the money.)

Harl.: What do you say to my playfulness?

Doc.: You know s—here's the best of luck in the other world—it's the first time I've seen a dying man like you. What's that noise you're making?

Harl.: That's my heart beating. (Noise of a steam-engine.)

Doc.: And that?

Harl.: My breathing.

Doc.: Are you still on your legs?

Harl.: Oh, yes! And I've kept fairly merry, so as to meet boldly the death I desire. Why do you desire it?

Harl.: Oh, it's just coming at the right time! The man lives wisely always desires his death.

Doc.: You're very wisdom.

Harl.: Yes, for people like you. (Laughs.)

Doc.: How do you know?

Harl.: If I like, I'll tell you how you'll die.

Doc.: Interesting.
like that, and there's nothing else left for me than to
revenge myself on you.
HARL.: in what way?
PIER.: by death.
HARL.: if it'll come soon, anyhow—my hours are
numbered. Who will prevent you afterwards from
feeling each and everybody that it was the work of
your own hand?
PIER.: Suppose—
HARL.: Well, what is there to talk about! Lay a third
place.
PIER. (considering): Yes, but how's that?
HARL.: Come, come. Time's precious. (Pier. fetches
the plates and drops them.) But now you'll find
yourself in the same wicked position you were in
before.
PIER. (pathetically): It's not for you to reproach me!
You've destroyed my happiness.
HARL.: laying the third place: No phrases, please!
You've been cold with Columbine for a long time,
and you're only jealous because it's good manners.
But, shh...
COL.'s VOICE: Columbine has donned her mask
And is clad in motley gear, O,
Wants to see her Harlequin
But's afraid of meeting Pierrot.
Ah, her heart is trembling,
Painting, beating slow—
If her spouse should love her,
Should hearken and should know.
HARL.: I'm going to meet Columbine; you look after the
lamp. (Exits)
PIER.: How shall I look after the lamp? (Suddenly strikes
his forehead.) Wouldn't it be better to look after the
clock? Well, if Harlequin's death ought to be the
least of your cares.
HARL.: (stands up and smiles, and kisses Col.)
PIER. (to Aud.): I'll try to find fault with the innocent,
so as to get
out of the difficulty. Rut
you start to find fault with the innocent, so as to get
revenge myself on you.
You've destroyed my happiness.
PIER.: It's not my fault.
HARL.: There, that's how you love me! That's
what I, your wife! You don't care if she betrays
her poor husband, very well! Lord, you are my
husband of all little beasts
of rogues like you.
HARL.: (to Harl.): I want to know to
how jealous
you are of me! Where are your vows,
imagined when I
kissed
her
fair
sex.
HARL. (holding his heart): Don't be afraid, Columbine! Go in fearlessly. I've persuaded him, and, word of honour,
he's consented.
COLUMBINE (entering): Consented?! Here's a fine thing!
Consented! What, you little beast, that's all you
think of your wife! You don't care if she betrays
you? You don't care? Answer! (Bents Pier.)
PIER. (agonised): But listen, Columbine.
COL.: What? I must listen to you! Listen to the worst little beast of a husband of all little beasts of
husbands!
PIER.: But, Columbine.
COL.: Blockhead!
PIER.: You can't let me utter a word.
COL. (beats him): You've got no excuse! And I, poor
thing, married a little beast like you! Gave you all
the best of myself! He's consented, but he can't even stand
up for my conjugal honour! Take that, and that, and
that, you goodfornothing!
PIER.: But that's too much! Harlequin, protect me.
HARL.: This is your own business.
PIER.: Yes, but, dear old chap—
HARL.: I haven't been brought up to interfere in other
people's private matters.
COL. (to Pier.): There, that's how you love me! That's
how jealous you are of me! Where are your vows,
poy pagan?
PIER. (coming to himself): Oh, to Hell with this, this is
something unheard of! Why, you impudent woman,
you have come here yourself to a rendezvous and yet you
dare say—
COL.: That's enough! Be quiet! I know the little
ways of rogues like you when you've found out
you start to frighten me. Well, forgive me. (Looks at
the clock, which is nearing twelve.) Soon you'll
know the real reason.
COL.: What's the matter?
HARL.: Let's sit down to supper. The dance woke up
my appetite, and I feel magnificent. (They sit down and eat and drink.)
PIER.: What are you hiding from me?
HARL.: Come, drink, Columbine, drink! When there's
good wine on the table, there's no need to worry about
anything. (Kisses Col.)
PIER. (to Aud.): O Lord, I'm undergoing incredible
pangs of conscience. To think only of the harm I've
can't swallow a thing, and I don't know how to look
at Harlequin! I'd willingly confess my wicked
HARL. (turning to the clock) Why were you late to-day?

HARL. (to Col.) And there’s no oil in the house.

Col.: But look, it’s still burning! Harl.: It’s burning, Columbine, burning! (Begins to play. The strings break.)

Col. (sorrowfully): The strings have broken.

Harl. (laughs): My catch is up. (to Pier.) Who’s there? (Death enters. Harl. rises to meet her. He is very gallant.) To do justice, madam, you have come just in time. We were only just talking about you. Really, how obliging you are, not to keep yourself waiting! But why these tragic gestures? Look round, madam; you are in the house of Harlequin, where one can laugh at all that’s tragic, not even excluding your gestures. (Death points at the clock with a theatrical gesture.) Enough, enough. Harl.: And I know, my hour has not yet struck. Or you’re preparing for my struggle with you? No, no; I don’t belong to the silly bourgeois boors. Honour and place to a beautiful creature to cross her, and then I can’t oppose her, because I’ve used up all my strength. But the traditional dance? Your dance of the good old times, when people hadn’t forgotten how to die, as they have now, and Death herself was a distraction for them. If you please! Ah, you’re surprised at the request? Yes, Harlequin in our time is almost a fossil. Well, fair lady, enough obstinacy. (Music. Death dances.)

Col. and Pierrot, open your eyes, open them quickly! Look, how merry we are! (Harl. makes a theatrical gesture.) Enough, enough, ladies and gentlemen, I forgot to tell you that Harlequin has probably risen from his deathbed and is already, and, perhaps, is already tidying himself in anticipation of a call;

Col.: We’ll remember the march of the clock—the swift march of the clock!—stretch out, Columbine! Press the clusters of life! Turn them to wine! Don’t tarry for delight, so as to be satiated when death comes. Don’t tarry for delight, and you, too, stretch out, friend Pierrot, if only you can do it. (Pier, in reply, sob.) Harl. laughs.) No, no, not like that; you don’t understand me.

Pier.: The lamp’s flickering. Harl.: And there’s no oil in the house.

Col.: But look, it’s still burning! Harl.: It’s burning, Columbine, burning! (Begins to play. The strings break.)

Col. (sorrowfully): The strings have broken.

Harl. (laughs): My catch is up. (to Pier.) Who’s there? (Death enters. Harl. rises to meet her. He is very gallant.) To do justice, madam, you have come just in time. We were only just talking about you. Really, how obliging you are, not to keep yourself waiting! But why these tragic gestures? Look round, madam; you are in the house of Harlequin, where one can laugh at all that’s tragic, not even excluding your gestures. (Death points at the clock with a theatrical gesture.) Enough, enough. Harl.: And I know, my hour has not yet struck. Or you’re preparing for my struggle with you? No, no; I don’t belong to the silly bourgeois boors. Honour and place to a beautiful creature to cross her, and then I can’t oppose her, because I’ve used up all my strength. But the traditional dance? Your dance of the good old times, when people hadn’t forgotten how to die, as they have now, and Death herself was a distraction for them. If you please! Ah, you’re surprised at the request? Yes, Harlequin in our time is almost a fossil. Well, fair lady, enough obstinacy. (Music. Death dances.)

Col. and Pierrot, open your eyes, open them quickly! Look, how merry we are! (Harl. makes a theatrical gesture.) Enough, enough, ladies and gentlemen, I forgot to tell you that Harlequin has probably risen from his deathbed and is already, and, perhaps, is already tidying himself in anticipation of a call;

Col.: We’ll remember the march of the clock—the swift march of the clock!—stretch out, Columbine! Press the clusters of life! Turn them to wine! Don’t tarry for delight, so as to be satiated when death comes. Don’t tarry for delight, and you, too, stretch out, friend Pierrot, if only you can do it. (Pier, in reply, sob.) Harl. laughs.) No, no, not like that; you don’t understand me.

Pier.: The lamp’s flickering. Harl.: And there’s no oil in the house.

Col.: But look, it’s still burning! Harl.: It’s burning, Columbine, burning! (Begins to play. The strings break.)

Col. (sorrowfully): The strings have broken.

Harl. (laughs): My catch is up. (to Pier.) Who’s there? (Death enters. Harl. rises to meet her. He is very gallant.) To do justice, madam, you have come just in time. We were only just talking about you. Really, how obliging you are, not to keep yourself waiting! But why these tragic gestures? Look round, madam; you are in the house of Harlequin, where one can laugh at all that’s tragic, not even excluding your gestures. (Death points at the clock with a theatrical gesture.) Enough, enough. Harl.: And I know, my hour has not yet struck. Or you’re preparing for my struggle with you? No, no; I don’t belong to the silly bourgeois boors. Honour and place to a beautiful creature to cross her, and then I can’t oppose her, because I’ve used up all my strength. But the traditional dance? Your dance of the good old times, when people hadn’t forgotten how to die, as they have now, and Death herself was a distraction for them. If you please! Ah, you’re surprised at the request? Yes, Harlequin in our time is almost a fossil. Well, fair lady, enough obstinacy. (Music. Death dances.)

Col. and Pierrot, open your eyes, open them quickly! Look, how merry we are! (Harl. makes a theatrical gesture.) Enough, enough, ladies and gentlemen, I forgot to tell you that Harlequin has probably risen from his deathbed and is already, and, perhaps, is already tidying himself in anticipation of a call;

Col.: We’ll remember the march of the clock—the swift march of the clock!—stretch out, Columbine! Press the clusters of life! Turn them to wine! Don’t tarry for delight, so as to be satiated when death comes. Don’t tarry for delight, and you, too, stretch out, friend Pierrot, if only you can do it. (Pier, in reply, sob.) Harl. laughs.) No, no, not like that; you don’t understand me.

Pier.: The lamp’s flickering. Harl.: And there’s no oil in the house.

Col.: But look, it’s still burning! Harl.: It’s burning, Columbine, burning! (Begins to play. The strings break.)

Col. (sorrowfully): The strings have broken.

Harl. (laughs): My catch is up. (to Pier.) Who’s there? (Death enters. Harl. rises to meet her. He is very gallant.) To do justice, madam, you have come just in time. We were only just talking about you. Really, how obliging you are, not to keep yourself waiting! But why these tragic gestures? Look round, madam; you are in the house of Harlequin, where one can laugh at all that’s tragic, not even excluding your gestures. (Death points at the clock with a theatrical gesture.) Enough, enough. Harl.: And I know, my hour has not yet struck. Or you’re preparing for my struggle with you? No, no; I don’t belong to the silly bourgeois boors. Honour and place to a beautiful creature to cross her, and then I can’t oppose her, because I’ve used up all my strength. But the traditional dance? Your dance of the good old times, when people hadn’t forgotten how to die, as they have now, and Death herself was a distraction for them. If you please! Ah, you’re surprised at the request? Yes, Harlequin in our time is almost a fossil. Well, fair lady, enough obstinacy. (Music. Death dances.)

Col. and Pierrot, open your eyes, open them quickly! Look, how merry we are! (Harl. makes a theatrical gesture.) Enough, enough, ladies and gentlemen, I forgot to tell you that Harlequin has probably risen from his deathbed and is already, and, perhaps, is already tidying himself in anticipation of a call;

Col.: We’ll remember the march of the clock—the swift march of the clock!—stretch out, Columbine! Press the clusters of life! Turn them to wine! Don’t tarry for delight, so as to be satiated when death comes. Don’t tarry for delight, and you, too, stretch out, friend Pierrot, if only you can do it. (Pier, in reply, sob.) Harl. laughs.) No, no, not like that; you don’t understand me.

Pier.: The lamp’s flickering. Harl.: And there’s no oil in the house.

Col.: But look, it’s still burning! Harl.: It’s burning, Columbine, burning! (Begins to play. The strings break.)

Col. (sorrowfully): The strings have broken.

Harl. (laughs): My catch is up. (to Pier.) Who’s there? (Death enters. Harl. rises to meet her. He is very gallant.) To do justice, madam, you have come just in time. We were only just talking about you. Really, how obliging you are, not to keep yourself waiting! But why these tragic gestures? Look round, madam; you are in the house of Harlequin, where one can laugh at all that’s tragic, not even excluding your gestures. (Death points at the clock with a theatrical gesture.) Enough, enough. Harl.: And I know, my hour has not yet struck. Or you’re preparing for my struggle with you? No, no; I don’t belong to the silly bourgeois boors. Honour and place to a beautiful creature to cross her, and then I can’t oppose her, because I’ve used up all my strength. But the traditional dance? Your dance of the good old times, when people hadn’t forgotten how to die, as they have now, and Death herself was a distraction for them. If you please! Ah, you’re surprised at the request? Yes, Harlequin in our time is almost a fossil. Well, fair lady, enough obstinacy. (Music. Death dances.)

Col. and Pierrot, open your eyes, open them quickly! Look, how merry we are! (Harl. makes a theatrical gesture.) Enough, enough, ladies and gentlemen, I forgot to tell you that Harlequin has probably risen from his deathbed and is already, and, perhaps, is already tidying himself in anticipation of a call;
View and Reviews.

The Worst Novel in the World.

In a communication from the author, I am told that "by giving the work" a liberal notice I shall render the author and publisher a great service, and at the same time will be rendering a service to King and Country, in forwarding the Voluntary Recruiting Movement." The author, I may say, is attached to the "London Recruiting Headquarters, Voluntary Assistant Department, 16, Northumberland Avenue, S.W."

"There is no life today in the literary world; for not only has he written these three astounding works, but his chef d’œuvre, the work at present under consideration, "is being reproduced in Moving Pictures, and dramatised as a play." Mr. Ardeen Foster is evidently no "mute, inglorious Milton"; and having done my share of the advertisement, I may now turn my attention to the novel.

On the day after the Zeppelin raid on the City of London, I attended a recruiting meeting in that area. I stayed exactly fifteen seconds, during which period the speaker roared out three words: "Germans... dastards... murderers!" In that space of time, I obtained a very clear idea of the formal description of our enemy that is current at recruiting meetings; and I am delighted to see that Mr. Ardeen Foster utilised all the old and tried phrases in his attempt to encourage recruiting. The Mad Atilla, "The Mad Brigand," "The Hun," "The Anti-Christ," "The White Sepulchre," all these customary descriptions of the Kaiser occur and recur in these pages with such exemplary regularity that I can only conclude that the literary description of our enemy has been reduced to scientific precision. Unfortunately, no statistical information is available to prove the relative recruiting value of these phrases; but Mr. Ardeen Foster acted wisely in printing all of them, as though he counted it a crime to let a recruit slip for the sake of any one of the regulation descriptions. It is perhaps invidious to make comparisons between these terms, as they are all used in a good cause; but I must confess to a peculiar affection for the phrase, "the monstrous Centipede." I have only one objection to offer to this otherwise commendable habit of quoting authorities; it tends to distract attention from the duty of enunciating absolute truth, and to establish the validity of relative truths on a basis of personal authority. Mr. Ardeen Foster must not expect us to accept her statement of the negative nature of loyalty as true on the authority of the "father of her nameless babe."

I regret that I have not the space to examine this story in detail, every page of which should recruit a battle. The plot is extremely complicated, and deals with the stragglers by which the German spy lured her father's Division of Cavalry into captivity by this Belgian infantry regiment. This remarkable woman, a mere trifles compared with the story. Her father to "forget everything, dad—except that the battle of the morrow, and would have given it a local name; but Mr. Foster's prophetic vision saw the whole future unroll in several unending series of victories for the Allies. That is an imaginative feat of the highest order, for this, it is perhaps invidious to make comparisons between these terms, as they are all used in a good cause; but I must confess to a peculiar affection for the phrase, "the monstrous Centipede."

But apart from these technical descriptions of the Kaiser, the book abounds with evidences of a fertile imagination. For example, the very first sentence of the book is: "It was the night previous to succession after a succession of brilliant military engagements."

A more matter-of-fact author would have seen nothing but the battle of the morrow, and would have given it a local name; but Mr. Foster's prophetic vision saw the whole future unroll in several unending series of victories for the Allies. That is an imaginative feat of the highest order, for this, it is perhaps invidious to make comparisons between these terms, as they are all used in a good cause; but I must confess to a peculiar affection for the phrase, "the monstrous Centipede."

But these are mere trifles compared with the story.

Its chief character is a German spies. A woman who, although of German birth, had been a Russian operasinger named Vera Vodka; and during that period of her life had been a Nihilist, and the lover of a young Belgian woman with a very remarkable style of literary expression; and apparently her acquaintance with English journalism is as extensive as is the knowledge of the author. When, for example, she wishes to convince the Belgian captain that she is no longer in sympathy with the Germans, she says: "I will take this Woman"; and "Who Is My Brother?" Evidently the author is what is called a "force" in the literary world; for not only has he written these three astounding works, but his chef d’œuvre, the work at present under consideration, "is being reproduced in Moving Pictures, and dramatised as a play." Mr. Ardeen Foster is evidently no "mute, inglorious Milton"; and having done my share of the advertisement, I may now turn my attention to the novel.

Apart from these technical descriptions of the Kaiser, the book abounds with evidences of a fertile imagination. For example, the very first sentence of the book is: "It was the night previous to succession after a succession of brilliant military engagements."

A more matter-of-fact author would have seen nothing but the battle of the morrow, and would have given it a local name; but Mr. Foster's prophetic vision saw the whole future unroll in several unending series of victories for the Allies. That is an imaginative feat of the highest order, for this, it is perhaps invidious to make comparisons between these terms, as they are all used in a good cause; but I must confess to a peculiar affection for the phrase, "the monstrous Centipede."

But these are mere trifles compared with the story.

"The Soul with the Carnation Lips," by Ardeen Foster. (George Vickers. ed. act.)
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE AMERICAN NOTE.

Sir,—Your editorial writer has made a few remarks on the American note which I think are hardly justified in view of the previous correspondence. The opinion which he attributes to the "Times" was certainly expressed in the "Times," but I think you will find that it was previously expressed in greater detail in the Memorandum handed by Sir Edward Grey to the United States Ambassador, Mr. Page, on July 23, 1915. In that Memorandum, you may remember, Sir Edward Grey referred at some length to the German methods of conducting war, and emphasised how "indispensable" it was for us that we should leave unused no justifiable method of defending ourselves. The British Memorandum then proceeded to justify legally, point by point, the principles of naval law upon which the Allied Fleets were working, and instances of similar principles were quoted from the "New Days" Government at the time of the Civil War. Sir Edward Grey went on to point out that the practice of nations on the subjects referred to in the previous American Note of July 17—the neutral service, the carriage of contraband, and breach of blockade—had never at any time been "uniform or clearly determined," nor had the practice of any maritime nation, been, always been consistent.

With regard to blockade—our Note of July 23 contained an observation which may be worth bearing in mind as the essential principle of our naval regulations. I refer to section 14, which says:

"There are various particulars in which the expressed method of carrying a blockade into effect has from time to time varied. The need of a public notification, the requisite standard of effectiveness, the locality of the blockading squadron, the right of entry, the provision for a preliminary warning that the blockade is in force, the penalty to be inflicted on a captured blockade-runner, are all subjects on which different views have prevailed. A universal recognition is that, by means of blockade, a belligerent is entitled to cut off by effective means the sea-borne commerce of his enemy."

As Sir Edward Grey has also emphasised more than once in this correspondence, it is clearly impossible to cut off Germany's supplies by blockading German ports alone. From the outbreak of war at the beginning of August, 1914, until March 11, 1915, the submarine warfare, "German diplomacy suffered a severe defeat." This cannot strictly be said to be the case. The submarine warfare stopped, not because German diplomacy suffers, but because German submarine engaged in these operations was either sunk or captured by the British Fleet. This is a fact with which the American public was made acquainted sooner than we were ourselves, for you may recall that full details of the methods adopted were published in the American newspapers before the Censor authorised even their partial publication here. This fact was admitted by the Americans themselves, but considerable anger has been expressed from time to time because no reply has yet been received from Berlin to the Washington Note of July 23. This Note demanded from the German Government a complete disavowal of the action of the German submarine commander in the "Lusitania" case. The strong terms of that Note caused an outburst of fury in the German press, and more than one official
and semi-official organ of the Berlin Government advised the authorities to treat the American Note with contemptuous silence. Whatever we may think of that policy, it has been adopted, and I can say that in this instance German diplomacy has been defeated, for the reason that it has not yet uttered its last word.

I quite agree with what your leader-writer implies in his final sentences, i.e., that certain concessions might well be made to some of the American contentions. I do not regard as exact the view that all the vessels now brought into port, and naval measures could no doubt be taken in many instances for warding off the danger of a submarine attack that was being conducted on the high seas. Again, it does seem unreasonable to saddle American vessels with heavy port and warcharge duties when they are brought into harbour to be examined.

In regard to the American complaints as to the lack of legal facilities afforded for appeals from Prize Court decisions, I think that if you will examine Sir Edward Grey's Note of July 31 and his reply to questions put to him in the House of Commons on October 28, you will see that the demands in the American Note are essentially granted. It is, of course, just possible that Sir Edward Grey's statement on October 28 was too late to be brought to the notice of the Washington authorities before they drew up the Note which Mr. Page delivered November 5.

* * *

JAPAN AND CHINA.

Sir,-Mr. Marmaduke Pickthall has given us a most valuable account of recent events in the Far East, but I disagree from his conclusion that Japan has no other motive than a desire for the welfare of China. Japan may regard herself as the champion of the Yellow races, and we are apt to under-estimate the extent of her ambition.

Japan has good reason for bitterness in her feeling towards the white races, for in spite of her wonderful achievements in learning, invention and culture, which make her more than their equal, they refuse to allow a Japanese the opportunity of being educated in Japan. This seems very unfair, but the reason is not any imagined superiority on the part of the white race, but the very real problem of a different standard of living. Anyone who has lived in a community into which there have come many Japanese or Chinese will have realised that there can be no lasting competition between the white and yellow races, for the yellow wins every time. They are industrious, clever, thrifty, and on a standard of food, clothing, and housing which any white people, however well-to-do, would have to aspire to in order to maintain life, yellow people will live and flourish, being healthy and cheerful and capable of doing an amount of physical and mental work far greater than any white race. It may be that our increasing complexity of living is leading to mental and physical degeneration, for we see an amazing improvement in health and in the sweet and twenties, who, because they are able to follow their pursuit of that shy creature the Oof-bird in comfort and security. Yet only this morning, as I was driving home, I met a typical decadent, it was Catullus. He was tremendous, you see that the demands in the American Note are essentially granted. It is, of course, just possible that Sir Edward Grey's statement on October 28 was too late to be brought to the notice of the Washington authorities before they drew up the Note which Mr. Page delivered November 5.

* * *

CANVASSING.

Sir,-Will you allow me to render most heartfelt thanks to Mr. Ernest Thurtle for his letter in The New Age of November 28? Whether I stand on any father, I know not, but at any rate, I find myself in the position of being the one and only agent for voluntaryism— the sole "canvasser" in this wide and scattered parish. I have also been placed on the district "tribunal," and should occasion arise, and I am summoned to serve, I shall take The New Age of November 28 in my pocket; and if necessary face a "tribute" and extract Thurtle's letter for the benefit of my fellow Dogberries.

There are two young men in this parish—still unwed and in the sweet and twenties, who, because they are "in business on their own account," consider that they are exempt from service of a military nature; and anybody or everybody, including my venerable self, can go and be blown to bits in France in order that they may be able to follow their pursuit of that shy creature the Oof-bird in comfort and security. Yet only this morning, as I was driving home, I met a typical decadent, it was Catullus. He was tremendous, you see that the demands in the American Note are essentially granted. It is, of course, just possible that Sir Edward Grey's statement on October 28 was too late to be brought to the notice of the Washington authorities before they drew up the Note which Mr. Page delivered November 5.

# THE LABOUR PARTY AND RECRUITING.

Sir,—Your correspondent, Ernest Thurtle, does nothing in his letter to show that many of the Labour leaders now actively engaged in recruiting are not disinterested as they would have us believe. As a conscientious man, he urges the Labour Party to adopt that policy in accordance with the Government's. His conclusion of their present method is worth nothing. He says of it: "It is, in fact, an elaborate system of economic compulsion, the compulsory standing out in an ashamed stark nakedness, and, as is inevitable, it falls almost entirely upon the worker." Why have many Labour leaders lent themselves to the advocacy of a system in its main features so truly described in the above quotation? Is it not obvious that to have faced the workers with a demand for their conscription, open and answered, whilst capital has been sheltered behind the dedication of the workers, has been too much for the dullest of the too docile rank and file? Capital has faried far too well during the war, and yet when it is proposed that the Labouring man is to make a "place in the sun," his leader answers that a system "wealth" later on. This is too patent a case of self-sufficiency to need laboring. What is not burdens his power, it is at once that he is the greatest hindrance to the other races. Now it is precisely because it was the fear of one like himself who could appeal to the intelligence and learning of Japan's sixty million people. for any employee or person in the case of the workers. On the face of it, this seems very unfair but the reason is not any imagined superiority on the part of the white race, but the very real problem of a different standard of living. Anyone who has lived in a community into which there have come many Japanese or Chinese will have realised that there can be no lasting competition between the white and yellow races, for the yellow wins every time. They are industrious, clever, thrifty, and on a standard of food, clothing, and housing which any white people, however well-to-do, would have to aspire to in order to maintain life, yellow people will live and flourish, being healthy and cheerful and capable of doing an amount of physical and mental work far greater than any white race. It may be that our increasing complexity of living is leading to mental and physical degeneration, for we see an amazing improvement in health and in the sweet and twenties, who, because they are able to follow their pursuit of that shy creature the Oof-bird in comfort and security. Yet only this morning, as I was driving home, I met a typical decadent, it was Catullus. He was tremendous, you see that the demands in the American Note are essentially granted. It is, of course, just possible that Sir Edward Grey's statement on October 28 was too late to be brought to the notice of the Washington authorities before they drew up the Note which Mr. Page delivered November 5.

* * *

READERS AND WRITERS.

Sir,—I am sorry to see that your literary critic Mr. R. H. Congreve is developing a strong tendency to subject the aesthetic to the ethical. Like all of the accepted poets, Mr. Congreve is in clover of the merely beautiful. The way of a poet that "he pleased the ear" is no great compliment in Mr. Congreve's opinion. What he wants is some elevating writer like Milton, Wordsworth, or Matthew Arnold, who will write pleasant, and generate thoughts favourable to Guild Socialism. In the mean time, "God mend all," and bless Mr. Thurtle for his admirable epistle. Ram acu tetigitur.

HAROLD B. HARRISON.
Cruttwell calls him. As for Petronius and Martial, I pre-
sume he would have been utterly unsympathetic. Cer-
tainly he would do so if they were now living. We have
two Roman dramatists, and it has always been a question
thether the sentimentality of Terence or the rascality of
the characters of Plautus was the worse.

A great deal of the best modern literature has been
written by poets who were not edifying. Villon
written by men whom Mr. Congreve would doubtless call
cadents. I do not believe he would place Marlowe, Beaumont,
and Fletcher in that category. In the nineteenth century
the Russian play from a programme de-
designed as a complement to the plays of
the hero snatches off a lady's wig. "The Hymn to
Proserpine," and the song of Mary Beaton in "Chastelard"
approached the British English stage.

Sin embargo, deduzo que los escritores que figuran
entre estos dos son los que manifiestan un mayor
loftiness moral and interest in Russia who might prefer a play by a Russian
rationalist to jokes about Charles Chaplin, and dancers,
Swinburne and Wilde. The business manager
was I suspect that Mr. Congreve is
sentimental and poetic. The characters of
were neither inanity nor nudity in "The Theatre
of the Word" and of what happened from the dis-
ailing its attitude was the Russian theatre by
insulting the British theatre in the more vivid for that reason. The character and
conduct of the troops to the bayonet, and shells: but when the calmer moment comes,
its aim less. During the day the fighting was
more intense than ever, with frequent
attacks and repulsions. The gallant and
resolute British troops were able to hold their
lines and press home the attack with
success.

The business manager for the matinee came to see me,
and told me that it was not our custom to send the play as a
Censor would never pass it. It was not fit for an
Alhambra audience. This I could not deny, as there
is neither inanity nor nudity in "The Theatre of the
Soul," but I could, and did, argue that an audience
gathered together at the Alhambra on Russia's Day
would not be a typical Alhambra audience—that pro-
sumably there would be people present with some in-

cence to the question. I was asked to give a straightforward
message to Miss Craig to inform her that the
play was not to be done. No reason was given, no
apology offered, no regret expressed to anyone concerned
in the production.

It was natural to think that there must be a weighty
reason to excuse the excruciatingly bad taste of this sum-
mary withdrawal of a Russian play from a programme de-
designed as a complement to the plays of
M. Petronius, the surest of immortality; but, with that exception,
as good as any short poems in the language, and
theéc it wills considered. The "Hymn to Proserpine,
"Dolores," and the song of Mary Beaton in "Chastelard"
will not readily be forgotten.

It is the very essence of a poet's nature that he is strong
in emotion and sensibility rather than in volition. Moral
zealots of every kind are the very antithesis of the poet.

The roll of "Before Dawn" and "The Theatre
of the Word" and of what happened from the dis-
pection. The characters and
conduct of the troops in the more vivid for that reason. The character and
conduct of the troops to the bayonet, and shells: but when the calmer moment comes,
its aim less. During the day the fighting was
more intense than ever, with frequent
attacks and repulsions. The gallant and
resolute British troops were able to hold their
lines and press home the attack with
success.

The business manager for the matinee came to see me,
and told me that it was not our custom to send the play as a
Censor would never pass it. It was not fit for an
Alhambra audience. This I could not deny, as there
is neither inanity nor nudity in "The Theatre of the
Soul," but I could, and did, argue that an audience
gathered together at the Alhambra on Russia's Day
would not be a typical Alhambra audience—that pro-
sumably there would be people present with some in-

cence to the question. I was asked to give a straightforward
message to Miss Craig to inform her that the
play was not to be done. No reason was given, no
apology offered, no regret expressed to anyone concerned
in the production.

It was natural to think that there must be a weighty
reason to excuse the excruciatingly bad taste of this sum-
mary withdrawal of a Russian play from a programme de-
designed as a complement to the plays of
M. Petronius, the surest of immortality; but, with that exception,
as good as any short poems in the language, and
theéc it wills considered. The "Hymn to Proserpine,
"Dolores," and the song of Mary Beaton in "Chastelard"
will not readily be forgotten.

It is the very essence of a poet's nature that he is strong
in emotion and sensibility rather than in volition. Moral
zealots of every kind are the very antithesis of the poet.

The roll of "Before Dawn" and "The Theatre
of the Word" and of what happened from the dis-
pection. The characters and
conduct of the troops in the more vivid for that reason. The character and
conduct of the troops to the bayonet, and shells: but when the calmer moment comes,
its aim less. During the day the fighting was
more intense than ever, with frequent
attacks and repulsions. The gallant and
resolute British troops were able to hold their
lines and press home the attack with
success.
Here, too, were seen numberless cases of disregard of self, of officers feigning complete coolness in order to encourage the men who are不准 for the very nature which has been so common during this war. I believe I have written of it before; but I must repeat that, while the majority of gunners are more than alive to the fact that it is an everyday occurrence, there is hope for the future of mankind. My own feelings changed intermittently. Advancing across the open country in extended order, under the Somme, the Boches are bunched up, and, however many men we have already inferior to the French under arms, I venture to assert that this number can, gun with greater speed and accuracy than it is possible that given the time to prepare thoroughly we can break prisoners we have taken lately is inferior to that of the by far; while if our light artillery (the &pounders) is superior. The French of the heavier types of Prisoners which they had found. Of distinct movements I saw converted into an earth-work fortress. Earth-works, and right happens when a 1.5-inch or 17-inch shell drops. Anyone although they have been noticed even to civilians while their great victory was a result of large shells. Huge, round craters of earth are formed, and all the air around is thick with falling metal, dust, etc., for several seconds after the actual explosion.
the Empire—yet they are at least better for women than the mill or the factory. Another statement in the same letter equally misleading, though here by deduction rather than by direct implication, the question whether a woman should stay and wait upon women for a few shillings a week if she has the chance of earning thirty-five shillings a week. The latter, being the wage of a workman, is an amount, in place of their being so for an indefinite and irregular period and under the present exceptional conditions one of the temper and spirit in which this question is viewed by suffrage women to find this comment upon the above circumstances in "Votes for Women," October 22, I give it in full:

"But even the most extreme sections do not show that the voice of labour when it is a woman’s voice becomes more articulate and argues in a more logical fashion than when it remains the voice of the working-man alone. Best of all, there is not one hint that women’s place, be ever so gently born, is in the home."

In these few lines every argument that can be brought against the Suffrage propaganda and the women who vote themselves to it, careless of higher issues, is summed up unanswerably. We claim that this movement destroys good sense, fairness and good feeling; and that the aim and object, conscious or not, is to degrade and destroy the woman has become sufficiently articulate to see in this being responsible for the last ten years and have urged in these pages that women who are for during the last ten years and have urged in these pages that women who are

Note further that not one word is addressed to the "patriotic ladies." The sneer at men’s logic and powers of articulation is "beastly," as is a moment when the men, it is declared without a shadow of contradiction, "are fighting for the home.", this is more than the芜湖. We demand of our Congregationalist conscientious, and the more our women are represented in place of, as now, in the hands of wealthy women who, quite well-meaning, but extremely aristocratic, have taken upon themselves in our affairs and issues. Does anyone suppose that any woman understanding the real tragedy of the "marriage-off-the-strength" question for the worker involved could be so cold-blooded and totally bad recommendations such as those made by Mrs. Tennant? Why on earth was Mrs. Tennant chosen at all? Again, though I respect Miss Violet Markham as one of the few balanced public women of the day, who has been able to investigate this situation with the traditions of ladyhood, still, I cannot admit her right to speak for women who work.

To come back to this greatly needed union, which would have immense strength, and might with advantage be started immediately. Every local district should form its centre, the greatest care being taken that only genuine breadwinners must be members. Then out of these local unions, I hope to make the wage-earning woman must always be, because weaker, and because every woman has become sufficiently articulate to see in this being responsible for the last ten years and have urged in these pages that women who are

view of this section of the country’s women. But now we understand a single intelligent woman with feeling and sympathy of the life of the woman struggle-for-liter promoting these aims and thereby making her still more intolerable, ignobly thankless. The women best worth preserving, with strong instincts for loving and serving, are beginning to understand what it is they are to have in compensation for the perpetual denial of the noblest part of their being, namely, wage-earning for some man or woman, and work for the poor, yet with the ill-paid drudgery that falls to the lot of most of us. They are beginning to see that work for work’s sake is a hideous, barren doctrine, even if you disguise it under fine-sounding paradoxes of self-sacrifice and self-abnegation.

I am afraid the readers of The New Age will be bored by my incessant insistence upon this note of the woman’s workaday world, but now that the humble working women have become sufficiently articulate to see in this being responsible for the last ten years and have urged in these pages that women who are

A pamphlet has reached me called "Women’s Need of Women’s Trade Union." It is thin both in physical substance and spirit, but I am glad to see that it agrees with the views and suggestions that I have been responsible for during the last ten years and have urged in these pages that women who are

Subscriptions to THE NEW AGE are now at the

follong rates: United Kingdom. Abroad.

One Year 28s. Od. 30s. Od.

Six Months 14s. Od. 15s. Od.

Three Months 7s. 6d. 8s. 6d.

All communications relative to The New Age should be addressed to The New Age, 38, Cavendish Street E.C.
**Press Cuttings.**

"An interesting effort is being made in Sussex to place boys on the land and to train them as yeomen. There is a good old English sound about a farm, which we like. The problem is to make the boy self-supporting in three years, and their intention is that the Guild shall have a religious as well as an economic basis. This interesting experiment is recommended, and readers who wish for further particulars should write to the Warden, The Willows, Ditchling, Sussex."—New Days.

"A deputation of employers and employees in the cotton trade visited the Home Office and interviewed some of the permanent officials with reference to the age limit at which children and young persons may be employed full time in the mill. The deputation asked that the age limit for children be reduced from fourteen years to thirteen, and for 'young persons' from eighteen years to fifteen. The proceedings were private, and the members of the deputation declined to make any statement. The deputation consisted of Mr. J. B. Tatleras and Mr. J. Sneath (Federal of Master Cotton Spinners), Mr. Hargreaves and Mr. John Taylor (Cotton Spinners' and Manufacturers' Association), Mr. Crinion and Mr. Mullin (Card Room Amalgamation), and Mr. Storitland (Spinners' Amalgamation)."—Reynold's Newspaper.

"To the Editor of the 'Times.'

Sir,—May I call your attention to utterances made by leading trade unionists in the last few days? In your paper of September 7, Mr. J. B. Tatleras, speaking as president of the Trade Union Congress, speaks of the time 'when they again resumed the world-wide oneness in the fight between capital and labour.' On September 27, Messrs. Wyle, Butterworth, Hebron, and J. N. Bell, having visited the front, sum up their impressions, and their first paragraph is:

'We would comment upon the good will that prevails between officers and men. Of this there cannot be the least doubt.

'Now, what one feels is, if there can be such a thoroughly cordial feeling between the officers and the men at the front, why must there be that permanent friction between capital and labour at home? Our soldiers—most of them—were a few weeks ago working in our mines and factories, and, more often than not, will be again. There is hardly an employer who has not one or more sons or very near relations at the front, as well as officers. If they can help one another in that way, they can in the one case, why must there be inevitable hostility in the other? There is something distinctly wrong about this, and my personal impression is that it is absolutely hateful and unnatural, and unnecessary. I believe if we were to make a fair start, there would be no reason why we might not work as cordially together at home as our own flesh and blood are doing at the front. By this, we should enormously increase the productive power of our country, and both sides might be financially better off, to say nothing of other evidence.'

"We would comment upon the good will that prevails between officers and men. Of this there cannot be the least doubt.

"Now, what one feels is, if there can be such a thoroughly cordial feeling between the officers and the men at the front, why must there be that permanent friction between capital and labour at home? Our soldiers—most of them—were a few weeks ago working in our mines and factories, and, more often than not, will be again. There is hardly an employer who has not one or more sons or very near relations at the front, as well as officers. If they can help one another in that way, they can in the one case, why must there be inevitable hostility in the other? There is something distinctly wrong about this, and my personal impression is that it is absolutely hateful and unnatural, and unnecessary. I believe if we were to make a fair start, there would be no reason why we might not work as cordially together at home as our own flesh and blood are doing at the front. By this, we should enormously increase the productive power of our country, and both sides might be financially better off, to say nothing of other evidence.

"Now, what one feels is, if there can be such a thoroughly cordial feeling between the officers and the men at the front, why must there be that permanent friction between capital and labour at home? Our soldiers—most of them—were a few weeks ago working in our mines and factories, and, more often than not, will be again. There is hardly an employer who has not one or more sons or very near relations at the front, as well as officers. If they can help one another in that way, they can in the one case, why must there be inevitable hostility in the other? There is something distinctly wrong about this, and my personal impression is that it is absolutely hateful and unnatural, and unnecessary. I believe if we were to make a fair start, there would be no reason why we might not work as cordially together at home as our own flesh and blood are doing at the front. By this, we should enormously increase the productive power of our country, and both sides might be financially better off, to say nothing of other evidence."

"To the Editor of the 'Times.'

Sir,—May I call your attention to utterances made by leading trade unionists in the last few days? In your paper of September 7, Mr. J. B. Tatleras, speaking as president of the Trade Union Congress, speaks of the time 'when they again resumed the world-wide oneness in the fight between capital and labour.' On September 27, Messrs. Wyle, Butterworth, Hebron, and J. N. Bell, having visited the front, sum up their impressions, and their first paragraph is:

'We would comment upon the good will that prevails between officers and men. Of this there cannot be the least doubt.

"Now, what one feels is, if there can be such a thoroughly cordial feeling between the officers and the men at the front, why must there be that permanent friction between capital and labour at home? Our soldiers—most of them—were a few weeks ago working in our mines and factories, and, more often than not, will be again. There is hardly an employer who has not one or more sons or very near relations at the front, as well as officers. If they can help one another in that way, they can in the one case, why must there be inevitable hostility in the other? There is something distinctly wrong about this, and my personal impression is that it is absolutely hateful and unnatural, and unnecessary. I believe if we were to make a fair start, there would be no reason why we might not work as cordially together at home as our own flesh and blood are doing at the front. By this, we should enormously increase the productive power of our country, and both sides might be financially better off, to say nothing of other evidence."

"Fill up the Unions! unite them into a comprehensive union, to include every Postal, Telegraph, and Telephone worker in the kingdom; aim solidly at partnership with the State; display the same valiant pertinacity as does Tommy in the trenches, and nothing can prevent the publishing of the guilding that means the emancipation from wagery and its servilities of the whole of the said services. Is there not hope and inspiration in such a programme? Is it not a programme to enthuse over, and, if it need be, to fight for?"—The 'Venture' (Bristol).

"Sometimes I have doubts as to whether England is really worth fighting for. When I think of the poor maimed lads, with their pensions of a few shillings; when I think of the wounded, gassed, and shattered heroes of the Julian war with whom I had much dealings. Certainly the England of the snobs, the profliteers, the dogs in the mangers, the indolent, and the inefficient is not worth one brave man's life . . . The widows, the people who have given their all. Can their loss be estimated in gold? Cannot those with money put it into the common stock as we are putting the lives of those dear to us? Is it not possible that the people who are going to the country free of interest? Remember the widows have given, not rent . . . If self-sacrifice is to be the order of the day, and it must be if we are to pull this over—the example must come from the top. Let luxuries be swept away . . . only thus will the profliteers be shamed."—Ernst Warrender Soulsby.