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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

It is not for us or for anybody yet to pass judgment on the wisdom of the Bagdad expedition. Being, as we all are save a very few, upon the wrong side of the tapestry of military events, guesses concerning the design are more likely to be wrong than right. What, however, we can do is to listen to what is told us, attempt to understand it (since, presumably, it is told us for the purpose), and pass our opinion upon that. As they are without prejudice to the question of the higher strategy of the event, our comments must needs be patriotic at the same time that they are confined within a fair compass; they are also likely to be just. From this point of view, what is there to be said of the Bagdad expedition but that on the facts, as they have been officially published, it seems to have been a blunder of miscalculation from the beginning until now? That it has gone wrong we can all now see for ourselves; and that it has gone wrong from miscalculation is practically admitted even in the official denial of it. Look, for instance, at Lord Crewe's reply upon the subject to Lord Bryce on Tuesday. The facts as known up till that moment were that the British expedition, a division strong, had reached within twenty miles of Bagdad, had there encountered the enemy more than four divisions strong, and had been compelled to retreat with great losses a distance of eighty miles to its fortified base at Kut-el-Mara. Lord Crewe, while not contradicting these facts, chose to interpret them in a fashion that we can only say is insulting to the intelligence of the nation. On the face of it, it would appear to anybody that the expedition was either not carefully planned or was planned in the dark. To go forward with only a division into an enemy region whose strength was unknown was an adventure of folly; and to be then "surprised" was a proof of it. Yet, in the face of the obvious miscalculation, Lord Crewe was still disposed to maintain that the expedition was not only planned, but efficiently planned. "The advance," he said, "was contemplated months before, and a sufficient force was collected to carry out the operation." But though thus contemplated and fully prepared for, "the task proved to be a heavier one than was anticipated, owing to the superior forces of the enemy and their powerful armament of artillery." The two contentions, it will be seen, are mutually incompatible. The expedition cannot have been at once "sufficient" and insufficient. Either it was badly planned, or it was badly carried out; and since there is no question of the latter, the former conclusion is certain. What, in fact, we must deduce from the episode is that once more our "general-staff mind" has failed us. Everything goes wrong on account of the incompetence of our higher command.

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It is the same, we can say with more confidence, in departments of administration nearer home. There, too, Ministers profess at the same time to have been fully prepared and confess to being surprised at the turn events take. But what nonsense it is to make these professions and admissions simultaneously! "You cannot have fully considered the grounds beforehand," we can say, "or you would not be surprised to find what you do find." And the apology is the more exasperating from the fact that, in nine cases out of ten, the factor that has taken the Ministers by "surprise" was one that commoner people saw in advance with half an eye. An example may be found in the recent admission by Mr. McKenna that the paltry five millions subscribed to the last War Loan through the Post Office was "not by any means as great a total as he had anticipated." We and others, on the other hand, are surprised, if at all, that the total should have been so great. The margin of saving among the poor is much narrower than Ministers foolishly calculate; and the machinery of the Stock Exchange, such as was foolishly applied to the loan, was obnoxious to the habits of the tiny investors. To procure a better result there was needed, in the first place, a campaign of economy and, in the second, the devising of a simple machinery of investment; and in the absence of these elementary precautions the present result ought to have been anticipated. That it was not condemns Mr. McKenna out of his own mouth. Another example, still, however, to be substantiated by the event, will be found in the coming disappointment of the Government's anticipations of the results of their recent conference with the Trade Unions on wages and savings. As we said last week, the appeal ought to have been made with the utmost simplicity, in the most obvious good faith, and with manifest understanding of the mentality and circumstances of the working

classes. And a score or so of us, at least, would have known how to draft such an appeal. We should have said, for example, that the Government needed money, and needed it badly; we should have promised the conscription (if necessary) of the capital of the wealthy as a first measure, and have then put it upon the working classes to volunteer to save in emulation of the sacrifices of those better off. Finally, we should have opened up the Post Offices for unlimited deposits with the already existing machinery of the savings' bank. And not a word should have been said about wages! The results, we venture to say, would have been "surprising" to Mr. McKenna, but in a more pleasing sense than that in which his surprise will now come to him. Instead of the one or two millions which we now anticipate, Mr. McKenna would have been safe in anticipating ten or twenty. Far, however, from presenting the case in this way—that is, from fully preparing the plans—the Government appears to have added to the errors we pointed out last week the aggravation of one of the largest Trade Unions in the country. The Miners' Federation of Great Britain has just passed a resolution disclaiming any association with the recent Conference and protesting against the interference of the Government with the question of wages; and they explain, quite justifiably in our opinion, that since wages in their industry only follow prices, it would be better of the Government to appeal to the horse than to the cart. What now may be expected of the Miners' Federation and of the Unions its example will influence we leave our readers to judge. All we need say is that we may discount in advance the disagreeable surprise Mr. McKenna will receive; and add that he will have brought it upon himself.

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The wilful ignorance in which Ministers choose to act, when knowledge is at their easy command, is exemplified again in their public attitude towards the question of a General Election. For ourselves we have met few people who are not prepared to admit that a General Election may be, and probably is, the least of the evil alternatives before us. Certainly, no one would deny that it is better than losing the war owing to the incompetence of the existing political command; and we are disposed to think it better than running the risk of precipitating a premature peace. The arguments against it, moreover, are such as have little more weight than the prejudice against doing anything at all from which most of them arise. It is urged, for instance, that a General Election would interrupt the prosecution of the war—as if the war were being prosecuted with such success that an interruption of its present conduct would be disastrous. It is urged, again, that a General Election would divert public attention from the war to party politics, and thus weaken our national unity beyond repair—as if, in fact, it were not precisely the nation that is united and the present political leaders who are in a state of division. Surely, the recent by-elections are evidence enough of this. Again, it is urged that the registers are not ready, and that our troops could not vote while they are in the trenches—as if the co-ordination of our civilian efforts in political directions were not a debt we owe to our troops in their absence. Lastly, for the present, it is argued that no good could be expected of it—as if the supersession of discredited politicians by representatives having fresh public confidence would not be in itself an inestimable advantage in the prosecution of the war. All this not only we but several other journals have said time and again since the wretched device of a Coalition Government was adopted as a means of preserving fools in their places. Not to know that a widespread desire exists for a General Election is to confess unpardonable ignorance of the state of public opinion. Yet Sir John Simon, when introducing the revolutionary Constitution Bill last week, affirmed it, as if it were an admitted fact, that "no one desires a General Election under present circumstances."

In the matter of the conscription of men it is clear that the Government is divided. There are those who believe that conscription, under any circumstances, would divide the nation sufficiently to jeopardise the carrying on of the war to the end; and there are those who believe that conscription under *any* circumstances would prove generally acceptable. For ourselves, we believe that both parties are wrong. To one and the other we would say that everything depends upon the manner in which conscription is brought in, and upon the circumstances with which it is accompanied. If, as appears to be the prevailing opinion of the Press, the conscription of men were brought in with no further information than the public now possesses of the position and prospects of the war; and if, further, it were not accompanied or even preceded by the conscription of capital; then we are sure that the opposition to it will be something surprising to the Ministry. The rent in the nation would be such that our external war would be a trifle to it. But if, on the other hand, a frank recital of the national situation were delivered, and the sincerity of the governing classes were proved by their resolution to submit to an equivalent conscription of their wealth, the opposition to the conscription of men, though intense where it exists as a principle, would, at the same time, be negligible in practice. We could well afford, in fact, to make the few moral exemptions that would then be all that were necessary. As we have observed many times before, however, these conditions are the last that are likely to be fulfilled. Appeal, reproach, insult and threats—these we can have in overflowing measure; but information and the conscription of capital are, it seems, to be refused to the bitter end. Well, be it so; but, in that case, do not let our Ministers be afterwards "surprised" that their attempt to conscript men, without these conditions, turns out to be a failure. For a failure, we tell them plainly, it will certainly be.

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To the conscription of capital there is, we conclude, a diminishing opposition, which is a welcome phenomenon in the gathering gloom. The "Times" has significantly begun to argue seriously against it, as if the proposal were no longer a debate in Cloud-Cuckoo-Land; and under authority, presumably of the Treasury, we were warned last week that "the reports of a projected forced loan are inaccurate and injudicious." The door, in other words, is expecting to be forced! That the talk of a forced loan may be injudicious we do not deny; but not more so than was the talk of the forced military service of men; and if it has the effect of frightening capital into voluntary service, as the latter is said to have frightened men into enlisting, why so much the better. For the fact is, that not only is money needed equally with men, but, at this moment, it is both more needed and less willing to offer itself. Six hundred millions has to be found between now and the beginning of next March. Thereafter, at intervals of four months, if the war continues, a similar amount must be raised. Where is the money to come from? The wage-earners, we have it now on Mr. Asquith's authority, are, on the whole, poorer than they were before the war, their real income is smaller. To expect them to pay more than a trifle of the monetary cost of the war is to look for grapes from thistles. The classes, on the other hand, whose possessions are many—who, in short, own all the accumulated wealth of England—are at present disposed only to lend it upon crushing terms of interest. The situation is rapidly becoming intolerable, and a solution must be found. With the greatest stupidity in the world, our population cannot be expected to saddle itself with a debt the interest alone of which will be almost equal to the present burden of taxation; and especially while evidence exists before our eyes that, if they were so disposed, our wealthy classes could discharge the debt at once. If the sight of young men eligible for military service civilly walking the streets is intolerable to men who have sacrificed them-

selves how much more intolerable will it be to see private wealth flaunting itself abroad with poverty haunting the many, and our national needs still crying for money? It may be the case, as we have heard it said, that rather than pay our wealthy classes will stop the war; and to this apprehension, we suppose, is due the alleged "injudiciousness" of the talk of conscripting capital. But let us be clear about it, though the heavens should fall. Let it not be said that England has failed because she could not pay in men; but because her wealthy classes would not pay in money. History will know then that of all forms of government a plutocracy is unchallengeably the weakest in national spirit and the most degraded.

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It must be expected that as the rumour of a forced loan (free of interest, we hope) reaches the ears of the money-lending fraternity, their jabber and jargon will increase in volume and complexity after the manner of their prototypes. Already, we see that the "Times" has begun to protest that the common intelligence is unfitted to understand the mysteries of finance, and must take its shoes from off its feet when approaching the holy bush where money reveals itself; and in the financial journals proper—all, it may be remarked, dependent upon money-lenders' advertisements—expostulations are beginning to be heard against "killing the goose that lays the golden eggs." We have already remarked that what is sauce for the gander—namely, the threat of conscription applied to men—is sauce for the goose of capital; and we may add that, in this instance, all the world, save the geese themselves, would have pleasure in supplying it. For, apart from the needs of the case, which are undoubted, the spectacle of capital being compelled to defend itself at its own expense would be a considerable mitigation of the horrors of the war. That capital is more profitable in private hands, as the money-lenders maintain; and that, therefore, its appropriation by the State would diminish its fruitfulness; we do not, of course, deny, save with these qualifications: in the first place, that the fact is not necessarily so, since, given the intelligence, a State may make a more profitable use of capital than any private capitalist; in the second place, that the questions should be asked to whom the profit accrues, and what use is made of it; and, finally, that than the successful prosecution of the present war no enterprise open to capital can possibly produce more golden eggs. From any point of view, indeed, if the war is for the ends alleged by the governing classes themselves, investment of capital in it is likely to be more profitable in the long run than any other investment. The war is the goose that is going to lay us golden eggs, and no starvation of the bird can be compensated for by the productivity of capital in private chicken-runs.

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Again, it is argued in the "Times" and elsewhere that capital—private capital, that is—is shy and may be frightened away by the threat of conscription. To this a variety of replies may be made. The parallel may be cited of the shyness of young men eligible but unwilling for military service—can it be believed that these, in spite of the threat of conscription, made no haste to emigrate though their lives might be endangered, and yet that capitalists would send their money abroad? Or that, if this course were taken, the same Government that knew how to refuse passports to intending emigrant men, could not devise a means of refusing passports to emigrant money? And what is money in the form we are now discussing but credit, and what is credit but a credible promise to pay on demand? The emigration of capital, from this point of view, is the exportation of I O U's backed by British labour and substantiated in the assets of the nation of which a secure peace is one of the greatest. Not only we shall ask whether, without such a peace, our national assets will afford security for the exported debentures upon our future production; but whether, in any event, we ought to honour the demands of absentee and fugitive capital. "Take," we would say to our shirking capitalists, "take all the paper promises you can smuggle out of the country; but do not expect us to fulfil them, since your tacit bargain with the State to share its misfortunes has been broken by you first. It is you who tear up the scrap of paper in repudiating your obligation to support the State at need; and you cannot now fairly demand that an agreement you break we should keep." A few soothing assurances of this kind would, we think, have the effect of calming the timid birds. And it must be remembered in their favour that they have already been addressed by the capitalist classes to Labour. Their efficacy is thus doubly guaranteed.

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There is another consideration that deserves the closest attention. It is this: that not only will the State need capital to conclude the war, but the ample capitalisation of the State after the war will be no less necessary. The morning that awaits us when the night of war is over can only dimly be imagined; but that no private capitalists or any association of private capitalists can possibly face it for us is as certain as that privateers would have been useless against the German Navy. Much more formidable, we venture to predict, shall we find the commercial alliance of the world against us after the war than we have found the military alliance of the Central Powers in the war itself. For while we have been fighting, other nations have been preparing with many advantages for the struggle for what we hope to win. Confirming our forecast of the sequelæ of the war, Senator Burton, in addressing the American Investment Bankers' Association at Denver recently, drew the following conclusions as to its effects upon us: an enormous decrease of investible capital; high rates of interest; shrinkage of industry; and the relative superiority of America as the world's money-lender. And to these we add the superfluity of labour with the further effect of diminishing wages. These are mainly on the negative side, but let us look at the positive. A French Commission is at this moment in America arranging for the transfer after the war of French purchases of machinery from Germany to the United States. The annual amount of the trade is at least forty million sterling. Note that it is not to England that our Ally is looking, but to America. Again, we have reports that a commercial arrangement is under discussion between Germany and all the Powers associated with her; and we can be certain of being excluded from the markets of our enemies. Lastly—for this week—there is the case of Japan, who, by seizing the Chinese railways, has obtained a virtual monopoly of the internal trade of China. Such a disposition of the world is only the most favourable that we can expect; and we ask if our profiteers are capable of meeting it. Neither in mind nor in method, neither in character nor in custom, are they, in our opinion, to be trusted to see the country through the difficult times of peace. What will be needed is State support with Guild control and a practically nationalised industry in every field of labour. Only the co-ordination of our energies under a centralised direction will secure us against the confederation of the rest of the world against us. But to equip and maintain the State for this work requires money of which the cost of the war is only the first beginning. We must be prepared to capitalise the restarting of industry nationally, as well as to carry to conclusion the present national war. How can it be done save by conscripting capital and compelling it to perform national service under national orders? There is no other means. We conclude that the conscription of capital, necessary now while the war is still being fought, will become imperative when the war is over; for then, and not till then, will the tug really begin.

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

THE most important reference made to the probable conditions of peace in the last few days is not to be found in the reports of the proceedings in the Reichstag, important though they were, but rather in the "New York Tribune." I have reasons for believing that the Washington correspondent of the "New York Tribune" did not write without inspiration when he sent to his paper a short account of possible peace terms which have already been so widely quoted in the English Press. The essential feature of these terms is the reference to Asia Minor—a subject which all writers on foreign affairs have chosen to keep very much in the background up to the present. There is very good reason why such an attitude as this should have been adopted, and it is this: the interests of European nations in Asia Minor are so opposed, so varied, and so complex that what would have been regarded from the point of view of the Allies as a satisfactory solution of their Asiatic problems could only have been found possible in the event of a most decisive defeat of the Central Empires. By "decisive defeat" in this connection is meant, not merely a thorough military victory, but the entire breaking-up of the German Empire, the Dual Monarchy, and even the Ottoman Empire, and a complete checking of Bulgarian ambitions in Macedonia. It is quite obvious to anybody that the key of such a defeat must be looked for in that north-western corner of the Black Sea where a large Russian army is understood to be concentrating on the Roumanian frontier, by way of preparation for an early invasion of Bulgaria.

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Setting aside for the moment the feasibility of such a defeat, let us rather consider the implied admission in the terms published in the "Tribune," that the Germans would be prepared to sacrifice a good many of their conquests in the West in return for a comparatively free hand in the development of Asia Minor. In consequence, we are likely to hear it urged that a solution of the existing difficulties can in some degree be found by offering to the Central Empires facilities for their exploitation of Asia Minor. As I have pointed out *several times in these pages, the Germans had the* economic advantages and potentialities of Turkey in Asia very prominently in mind when they drew up every agreement relating to the Bagdad Railway. Their agreement with the Turks, it will be recalled, authorised them to exploit all the mineral deposits, forests, etc., for twenty kilometres on either side of the Bagdad Railway, thus giving the German Government complete control over a huge economic belt stretching from Constantinople to Bagdad. In addition to this, further German concessionaires who cared to interest themselves in Asia Minor were to have special facilities and terms. It is therefore quite reasonable, at first sight, to argue that British interests might be considered as adequately protected if German influence in Asia Minor were restricted to the Bagdad Railway belt and its immediate neighbourhood, while British interests from Bagdad to the Persian Gulf and French and Italian interests in Syria were specially recognised—due provision being made, of course, for the safeguarding of Russia's economic interests on the southern shore and hinterland of the Black Sea.

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Unfortunately for those who would like to see an early conclusion of peace, the Allied Governments, and particularly our own and the French Foreign Offices, as I have reason to know, do not think that any solution of the present crisis would be satisfactory that left Germany with the almost unlimited economic power in Asia Minor which the Bagdad Railway would necessarily confer on her. It has often been said by writers in this journal that economic power precedes political power. A variant of this is our Foreign Office maxim that economic power in comparatively undeveloped countries necessarily means strategic power. Assuming terms of fair competition, British exporters to Asia Minor in general might not object to German influence in the Bagdad belt in particular. Unfortunately, other than economic considerations are necessarily involved in Germany's presumed economic superiority in this part of the world. We cannot disregard the fact that it has always been the German design to make of Bagdad a great military base, where we might expect to find, even in times of peace, at least 200,000 Turkish soldiers, admirably drilled and trained under German officers, and supplied in the thorough German manner with clothing and stores, together, of course, with everything necessary in the way of rifles, guns, ammunition, shells, and all the other appliances which go to form the equipment of a modern army. It is not sufficient to describe this as a German dream. It was the definite German intention, and all preparations had been made not merely for quartering this large army regularly in the Bagdad district, but for keeping it supplied with adequate reserves. A branch of Krupp's would, of course, have been established at some convenient point, but, in any case, the position of the Bagdad Railway would have rendered it impossible for supplies of any kind to fail.

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This is one of the very strong essential arguments which the Foreign Office is likely to adduce if it ever be proposed that Germany should have a free hand in Asia Minor. There are, of course, alternatives, but as they have been proposed previously—in 1903 and 1910—and rejected by the Germans, we must presume that their acceptance by the enemy now could only be forced on him in consequence of a decisive defeat. The most practicable of these suggestions was that the Bagdad Railway should be managed by a Board of Administrators representing Turkey, Germany, Austria, England, France, Russia, and Italy. Sometimes, when the proposal was varied, it was suggested that the Board should consist of representatives of five countries only, i.e., Turkey, Germany, England, France and Russia; and the voting power was allocated in different percentages to the representatives of these nations. As I have said, all the proposals for a solution of the Bagdad Railway difficulties on these terms were emphatically rejected at Berlin, the Germans refusing to have anything to do with an agreement which did not leave them in full control, not merely of the line itself, but of the economic possibilities of which it was to be the instrument. If, therefore, we are in a position at the end of the war to enforce such a counter-agreement as we proposed on previous occasions, it follows that we shall also be in a position to consider the political and economic future of the Turkish Empire and of the Balkans.

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The Balkans have to be referred to in this connection, because the Balkan States form an essential link between the Central Empires and Asia Minor. Germany, as we know, wishes to have a free hand in Asia Minor, in order that she may be able to assure herself of supplies of raw material, but it is clear that she would have no security in this respect if her supplies from Asia Minor were liable to be interrupted in the Balkan Peninsula. Germany always took pains, as did Austria, to cultivate good relations with Roumania, Bulgaria, and Greece, in order that these States might one day be brought into the Germanic orbit. It was impossible to cultivate good relations with Serbia in view of the pronounced hostility which had always been shown to Serbia by Austria, and the consequent feeling of friendship existing between Serbia and Russia. Assuming, therefore, that the Allies were willing, for the sake of giving Germany no legitimate excuse for a grievance, to let them have certain economic conces-

sions in Asia Minor, it will be seen that the Allied Governments, and particularly our own, have a very important and almost insoluble problem to consider, i.e., how the Germans are to have the complete economic power in Asia Minor which they want, while being prevented at the same time from exercising that strategic control—in other words, that political power—with which our interests in Egypt and the East must necessarily conflict.

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It is the opinion of the Foreign Office that nothing could counter the establishment of a large Turco-German army at Bagdad but equivalent military and naval measures in the Red Sea and in the Persian Gulf. In other words, though in theory it may seem to many of us that concessions in Asia Minor ought to do away with the case for a large German navy, the development of armaments would simply be transferred from the North Sea to the Mediterranean or to the Indian Ocean. Furthermore, our Foreign Office is likely to take the view already held by the German Foreign Office, that the size of a nation's navy does not depend on the number of warships necessary to assure uninterrupted supplies from abroad, but on the size of the mercantile marine. Assuming that the Allies' terms of peace were not forced upon Germany, but that the matter was being decided by an international tribunal (which it is to be hoped may not be the case), the Germans would be held in equity and in law to be perfectly justified in asking for permission to build a navy large enough to guarantee as far as possible the immunity of their mercantile marine, and to guarantee them further against possible encroachments by Russia and France. It need scarcely be added that no Foreign Office at the present time is prepared to pay very much attention to written guarantees of any kind, no matter from what source they may come. As Señor de Maeztu so ably and so simply explained in a recent issue of THE NEW AGE, treaties and guarantees render a certain definite position static, either for all time or for a term of years, whereas the life of a nation or of an individual is continuously dynamic, and must at some stage of development reach the point at which it clashes with the treaty. The Foreign Offices of Europe are at the present moment very much alive to one essential factor in the terms of peace, and that is that the development of the Balkans and Asia Minor cannot be rendered static by any number of treaties. It was held until quite recently by the British, French, and Russian Governments that it would be possible to check Germany's designs in Asia Minor by re-establishing the Balkan Federation. The Italian Government, while lending its assistance to the other three with this object, always professed scepticism as to the possibility of its achievement, and with the entry of Bulgaria into the war, the curious conduct of Greece, the temporary ruin of Serbia, and the hitherto ambiguous attitude of Roumania, it is now realised that it is impossible to look forward to any kind of stable Federation in the Balkans for many generations to come.

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That perhaps might explain some of the difficulties which are not merely likely to be experienced, but are actually being experienced at present in determining the future status of the Balkans and of Asia Minor. It is the aim of all the Allied Governments to see the military power of the Central Empires crushed as the result of the present campaign. But the military power of the Central Empires rests largely, though not exclusively, upon economic power, and in turn wields political power. If it were sought to keep Germany quiet for the next twenty or thirty years by giving her Asia Minor to develop, we should simply find the military power of the Central Imperial combination becoming strengthened year by year as the result of the extension and immunity of this economic power in the Balkans and in Asia Minor.

War Notes.

IT is the general opinion that two of our greatest handicaps in this war have been the atrociously bad Staff work and the age of our commanding officers. I propose to deal this week with this latter handicap. The best method seems to me to get at it rather indirectly.

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In this war, so far, it has seemed as if all the new ideas and all the initiative and inventiveness had been on the side of the Germans. At the best all we have done is to follow in the new directions opened up by them after the lapse of a greater or less amount of time. Sometimes we have not even managed to follow. Now, it is not obvious why this should be so. That the Germans should have sprung many surprises upon us at the beginning was to be expected, for they had been preparing seriously for this war for years; the preparation of such things had been a profitable career for intellect, and the same was in no way true of England. But I am not thinking so much here of these surprises prepared carefully in peace time; I am thinking rather of the things that could not have been foreseen, and which have been elaborated during the course of the war itself. In these matters we ought to have been on an equality with the Germans. But, even here, we have always been imitators.

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What is the reason for this? It will not do to explain this by saying that the Germans are naturally a more ingenious people than we are. The facts of the history of industrial inventions prove the contrary.

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The facts, at any rate, are sufficiently obvious, and, in this respect, the war has been a process of education for the simple Englishman. Everything seems to conspire to produce the impression on his mind that in these things we must be naturally inferior to our enemies. It is the only conclusion which seems possible for him to draw from the data presented.

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Take the case of the simple subaltern going out to the front for the first time—at the end of last year shall we say—with his head full of the ideas of Germany presented to him by his daily newspaper. The first sight of the actual front will be at night; for troops, except in very rare cases, do not march inside the two-mile area behind the trenches in daylight. They might be "spotted" and get shelled. The first actual sign of war that he will see will be right along a very long horizon (for the front is for the most part very flat)—a constant succession of rising and falling rockets and "star" shells. He will see this long before he gets to a distance when he can hear occasional bursts of musketry firing. The officer who described this to me said he thought this the most depressing sight he had ever seen, particularly when it was in the drizzling rain. The path of a rocket is itself as pure form very expressive of melancholy. It rises only to fall hopelessly again, a constant state of "coming down like a stick." When a rocket goes off on a fine night at a fair, the excitement of the light, and the upward rush, to some extent weakens the depressing effect of the actual curve described. But when it is in drizzling rain this is eliminated, and we get to the depressing effect of the curve in all its purity. No greater expression of hopeless futility can be imagined than this long line of vainly labouring rockets.

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The purpose of this continual succession of rockets and star shells is to provide an illumination which would enable a night attack to be immediately discovered, and perhaps enable them to spot the "reliefs" coming up to a trench, when they might catch them with the machine guns. Our simple Englishman will naturally assume, then, that half of these rockets are

sent up by the English, and half by the Germans. As he notes the many different types, he will speculate as to which is the English type and which the German. Sad to say, however, when he actually gets to our trenches he will discover that all the rockets, without exception, are German; that not one is English. When for a few minutes there is a stoppage, the people in the English trenches may get nervous, and someone may fire off from a brass pistol a kind of penny squib, vastly different from the soaring lights of the enemy. It will probably sputter out uselessly halfway between our trenches and theirs. The event is such a rare occurrence that a sporting section may raise an ironical cheer. It is certain that at the commencement of trench warfare the Germans themselves cheered when they saw our pathetic efforts. The simple subaltern will discover that this is a fair sample of many other things. Let us suppose that he went to the trenches last November. He would find that while the Germans were continually lobbing over shells from trench mortars there was not a single mortar on our side in the whole brigade he was in. He would be told that the "knife-rest" arrangements of barbed wire which can be placed in front of the trench so much more expeditiously than the old fixed-post arrangement, is an idea copied from the Germans. He would find that the Germans never fire over the top of the trench, thus exposing themselves, but through elaborate loopholes on the level of the ground, thus very difficult to detect, and that they make great use of trained rifles (all of which things we, at that time, had never thought of).

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One could give a dozen similar instances, all of which go to confirm the explanation which will probably be given him very early after his arrival by another simple subaltern who has been out a little longer than him: "You'll soon drop newspaper notions about the Germans. You soon learn to respect them out here. They are a damned sight cleverer than we are in these things," etc.

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If by "we" is understood simple subalterns on both sides then the statement is untrue. The corresponding subaltern in the German lines opposite at that moment is by no means cleverer or more ingenious than the subaltern who is expressing admiration for his cleverness.

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The mechanism of which the subaltern forms a part certainly exhibits greater signs of ability. Why? In the first place, I suppose, because a great institution like the Germany army offers a career in times of peace for men of ability, and ours does not. You cannot expect an army suddenly to improvise brains.

* * *

But that does not account for everything. Why is it that the smaller ingenious ideas for which this kind of warfare offers so many applications seem to spring from the other side? That is not due to a difference of ability. There is the same proportion of ingenious people everywhere, I suppose. Officers here and there are, to my knowledge, continually bringing forward little "ideas." I knew a pioneer officer who invented a very ingenious loophole for a trained rifle. We certainly "produce" these ideas, but there it ends. The pioneer officer showed it to his colonel, but nothing more came of it. If anything is wrong, then, it must be in the system which makes no use of such ideas.

* * *

I think the cause a very simple one. A new idea is of no use unless it is taken up by a commanding officer (a brigadier or a divisional general) and *forced* upon all the officers under his command, the majority of whom will, of course, not be ingenious, or fond of change. Such changes require *decision* and energy, as well as adaptability. But these are exactly the qualities which you can only expect from the young. And practically all our generals are old men. There is something inherent in the profession of war which makes older men as a rule inefficient. In action they are unable to take rapid decisions. In the quieter periods of the kind of war I am discussing they are disinclined to take an interest in any new method, any new "dodge," or if they do go so far as to approve of it, they lack the energy which can at once *enforce* it thoroughly and completely on every officer under their command. They may get a "dodge" tried once; they are unable to make other people who take no interest in it carry it out not once but regularly as an unquestioned part of routine. I am thinking here not of the occasional genius of war, but of the ordinary commanders, who are no more likely to be remarkable men than is the ordinary general practitioner. Now, while the average age of Napoleon's brigadiers was about thirty, the average age of ours is, I should say, between fifty and sixty.

* * *

I think it can be put down to a great extent to the age of our generals that (1) what little inventions are made by our officers are never spread systematically; (2) that we are so slow even in imitating the Germans.

* * *

To prove that we are slow, I can give an example. It became clear nearly a year ago that in this war musketry was of very little importance; and that the principal weapon of infantry in the attack should be the hand-thrown bomb. But musketry was a great tradition in our Army. We prided ourselves upon our excellence in musketry, and this type of training was regarded as forming the basis of a soldier's general training. It stood for much more than mere excellence in shooting. The result of this is that it has taken us the best part of a year to realise the change in the conditions of the attack, to realise the decreased importance of musketry, and its replacement by bombing. At any rate, it has taken us all this time to draw the full consequences of an appreciation of this fact, consequences which the Germans drew long ago. From letters found on captured officers it has been found that quite early in the year bomb-throwing formed the principal element at the sport meetings which the Germans often get up to amuse the soldiers in reserve behind the lines. We have realised this now, and on Salisbury Plain and all the other similar centres the men in training are taken out to actual trenches in the Plain, and exercised in attacks by bombing both by night and day. But about a couple of months ago, while an adequate supply of bombs for a division should have been about a hundred thousand, the number actually allowed was about *five* thousand. To turn to artillery. It was the tradition of this arm that guns should never be abandoned. Saving the guns was the first duty of the would-be V.C., and scores of lives have been sacrificed to this. How does it work out in this war of positions? It has often happened when French and English batteries have been in neighbouring positions, and have been "found" by the opposing artillery, the French artillerymen have retired some distance from the guns, and waited till the shelling had ceased, while the English remained with the guns and got badly cut up. Of course, if a battery is in action, the men must serve the guns at all costs, but this is an incident in a comparatively quiet time, when the battery has been "found" by accident as it were. Then, why are not field guns more often brought right up to the firing line to support an attack? Of course, they run a great risk of being smashed up, but the risk must be taken. It has been done locally, I believe, in the attacks in the summer at Festubert, but it ought to be done regularly.

* * *

At the beginning of the war brigadiers had to be found for the new armies. In the majority of cases the actual people chosen were "dug-outs," i.e., men who had left the army for many years. What might have been done and ought to have been done is quite obvious. In every brigade of regulars there may be perhaps at a given moment between ten

and sixteen captains. At least four of these are quite fit to command a battalion, probably to command a brigade even. In the situation that we are in they are wasted when they remain in their regiments. And if brigade commanders had been appointed in this way, they might have been of an age in which energetic action is possible. I know of one stretch of trenches not far from Ypres which was in charge of a Territorial company of Engineers under the command of a "dug-out." For three months this company practically did nothing. No reserve trenches were built, and finally when about the time of Neuve Chapelle the Germans attacked here and got through our front line, they found nothing in front of them. Warned by this, a new company of Engineers was put in charge and had thousands of soldiers on fatigue under their charge every night for months constructing line after line of reserve trenches and redoubts, all work which ought to have been done long ago. Yet while this old fool was in command I know of a neighbouring company of sappers which had at least three regular officers, each of more than ten years' service, all young men, all knowing their work well.

* * *

We seem to make no attempt to economise what good men we have, or to make any use of them. This economy is extremely important. It is a curious fact that none of the officers captured at Loos was above the rank of lieutenant. This is because the Germans do not allow officers of higher rank to go in the first line trenches.

* * *

But this is only a partial reason. We have old generals and bad generals, as a secondary consequence of a more fundamental cause.

* * *

It is a mistake to suppose that the change from peace to war brings about any radical change in the spirit of an army any more than legal marriage can profoundly alter human nature. We had, in a certain sense, an *amateur* army before the war, and it tends to remain amateur *during* the war. Under new conditions it tries to preserve its old values and to move in its old way.

* * *

Only one thing would bring about the appointment of young generals, and insist on necessary change, and that is *ruthlessness*. The ruthlessness, for example, with which Joffre sent all the generals who failed to Limoges. It is only this kind of spirit which can make an essentially stupid thing like an army efficient.

* * *

This is the one thing I admire in the Jacobin spirit—the mercilessness with which it turns on generals who have been failures. It is not required in the ordinary paths of life, but it wants a very dry wind indeed to take the limpness out of an army.

* * *

This, of course, is precisely the spirit which in this country we are not likely to display. We hesitate to hurt a man's feelings by dismissing him. Delcassé had to go after the scandal of the Balkans; who has gone here?

* * *

Is this a permanent part of our national character? By no means, no more permanent than our toleration. We flatter ourselves that toleration, as it certainly exists here to a greater extent than in other countries, is due to some special virtue in our national character. This is bunkum. It merely springs from our exceptional security and wealth. Millionaires can be "tolerant" about losses of half-a-crown. That is our virtue of "tolerance."

* * *

So far from this being a "natural" virtue of ours, I do not think it will last to the end of this war. When once we lose our ridiculous sense of security and realise our actual position in the war it will disappear rapidly. If we lose the war, our pacifists may expect surprises from a "tolerant" country.

NORTH STAFFS.

Holland and the World War.

[Being a Series of Letters written by a Dutch resident of London to an old college friend in Holland.]

By W. de Veer.

(Author of "Battle Royal," "An Emperor in the Dock," etc.)

I.

To ——,
Barrister in Rotterdam, Holland.

London, September 24, 1914.

DEAR A.,—

Is it really so short a while since last we met? Only ten weeks ago that I stayed with Hermine and you, in your cottage at Scheveningen, and we drank our Johannisberger on the little terrace by the sea (that again divides us!) and sat chatting for the best part of the night in the velvet moonlight, at peace with a world that was peaceful too?

To you also this couple of months must seem an age! Who is not experiencing a similar sensation? We did speak of war at the time—you remember?—but in a sceptical, impersonal vein: "War? Nonsense! Who would shoulder the responsibility? . . . ." Well, someone has done so. Someone in whom this sense has had no chance to develop, he being always in a position to make others pay for what he did or left undone. The Madman of Europe, taking Dame Fortune by the throat—instead of by the forelock!—is by this furious onslaught trying to make her understand that Victory is his birthright. No feeling of responsibility, at least in such a quarter, will ever protect the innocent herd against the ravening beast, and for the moment any protest is completely drowned in the terrible noise of the huge machine threshing out human bodies instead of corn, and misery in the place of wheat. When its ghastly work is finished, if all lie prostrate under the conqueror's heel, he will at once decide that it was the vanquished parties who began and who in consequence must foot the bill—both Germany's and their own.

Will things ever come to such a pass? God forbid! I refuse, I steadfastly refuse to believe it. In those dreadful days, some few weeks ago, when the champions of Justice and Freedom were being steadily pushed back, always in imminent danger of annihilation, and the heavy tread of the invader was already heard close outside the walls of Paris, even then I repeated to myself: "No, no, it cannot be!" And, thank God, the tide has turned. First the irresistible advance was stayed, then, almost as quickly as they came, the Boches were flung in confusion to the Marne. Never, in all my life, have I felt such intense relief, such joy to have endured through the long, dark night, and seen the morning glow returning.

But the recovery from the nightmare is not as complete as we could wish, we have only realised a small portion of our expectations. The Allies have failed to keep the Germans on the move; following the great reverse there has been nothing like a general panic. The enemy is forced to reconsider his plan of campaign, and his losses must be appalling; but, instead of being driven from Northern France and Belgium, and hurled across the Rhine, he holds tremendously strong positions, which must slowly and systematically be captured. So, at least, my morning paper tells me, and its correspondent is no pessimist, I assure you. He considers it more than likely that the foe will remain masters in Belgium throughout the winter, and will "of course," take Antwerp. I thought this town was impregnable! Some eighty years ago our General Chassé defended its citadel for months against a force ten times stronger than his own. But it seems that in view of the enormous capabilities of present weapons of attack the comparison does not hold water; the monster guns the Germans and Austrians have introduced would, after a few hours' bombardment, reduce a fortress like our Naarden to a heap of sand and débris.

The steel cupolas may remain intact, but what good will that be when the foundations are undermined and torn asunder? After what happened, first at Liege and then Namur, all experts have become very pessimistic as to Antwerp's powers of resistance. The only way to save the place, says an artillery officer, a friend of mine, is for the Belgians to prevent the enemy forces coming near it. The idea, tragic as the matter is, has its comic features; for you must agree it is odd to hear of fortifications having to be defended from the outside, of a fort ess that requires protection instead of providing it!

Antwerp taken by the Germans!—think what this will mean to Holland. It is bad enough that two-thirds of Belgium should be in German hands, but the moment Antwerp and the Upper Scheldt are added to the area invaded the rôle of onlooker played by us Dutchmen will have to be abandoned. That we are "ready for action" will no longer be enough—under certain circumstances, that in my view will assuredly arise, we shall have to act, and decisively. Our own house will be on fire, and there will be "periculum in mora." We have done our best to keep out of the fray, to avoid a collision with the invader; but once in Antwerp he will be heading straight in our direction, and unless we stop him in time he will trample us too underfoot, as he has done our neighbour.

Antwerp in German hands! This implies much more than a temporary occupation. German papers already claim it as essentially "a German town"; from the Teutonic point of view to secure this gate on the ocean for the Vaterland is the chance of a lifetime. The idea of possessing this harbour makes the Hun's mouth water, for with all his military pride and Force-worship he is a trader first and foremost. Once he has made his nest in Antwerp, the Prussian eagle will not think of forsaking it again; even before the mud on the soldiers' heels in the snug parlours of the Antwerp bourgeoisie is dry, the bare suggestion would be labelled "treason." From the standpoint of people who for generations have been "forcibly fed" on the doctrine that it is weakness and hypocrisy ever to consider other persons' rights, this attitude is not at all surprising. But it will render untenable Holland's position as a neutral, and, however reluctantly, we shall be dragged into the struggle. Within a few weeks from the fall of Antwerp we shall be at war with Germany—take my word for it. Antwerp, once the Kaiser's "good town," will prove a priceless pillar in the magnificent edifice that German greed and German grandiloquence have insisted for years will rise on the ruins of a world it is their noble mission to destroy. To make this Western corner-stone quite stable, however, there is one condition that suggests itself: the Scheldt must be free from source to mouth—free for further commercial development and for German ambition to become the Lord of the English Channel. This twofold aim it is that confronts us Hollanders, with the hard grin of inevitable Fate; though it is not in the capacity of a prospective strangler of Rotterdam that we could legally object to Germany's monopolisation of the Scheldt.

Yes, when the Hun sits astride this river and is able, by a quicker and *wholly German* route, to link Westphalia, etc., with the transatlantic waterway, the doom of Rotterdam is sealed. The full, tragic consequences for her of Antwerp's fall will not immediately appear; but if, when the war is over, the Boches still rule on the Place de Meir, the stoutest optimist will be speedily convinced of the vital connection that exists between the fortunes of the two cities: the conquered one and her apparently happier sister. This connection lies, of course, in the fact that with the Germans masters of Antwerp and her harbour traffic again in full swing, Rotterdam will be more than ever dependent on Germany as her principal customer, with a new element introduced into the relationship, thus far so exceedingly profitable to the town on the Meuse. Antwerp in German hands will act as a lever, putting Rotterdam at the Kaiser's mercy. The new occupants of the south-eastern shores of the North Sea will promptly go full steam ahead, and transfer the major part of their favours from the "Boompjes" to the freshly acquired German harbour. It would be against their interests to act otherwise.

That delightful trip along the quays and through the "New Waterways"—Rotterdam's pride and Holland's glory—to which you treated me in June, stands out in my mind with pregnant clearness. I see your face, with that expression of satisfaction and modesty we involuntarily assume when showing a delighted outsider something very near our heart, which we know for ourselves is without a parallel. I see your friend, the metropolitan engineer who had us aboard his motor-boat, tired of playing the cicerone among his wharves and docks and cranes, take a fat book from a locker and hand it to me with the remark that this would give me a better idea of the work accomplished in the last decade than any words of his could do. And yet no written account could make a deeper impression, no rows of figures provide more imposing facts, than the endless tracts of water through which we were passing, lined with storehouses and sheds, alive with vessels of every kind, size, speed and value, crowded together as if attracted by something of extreme importance we from our low craft were unable to distinguish, there sailing or steaming along with the regularity and the care of motor-'buses and taxi-cabs in Oxford Street or Piccadilly.

What was more natural that night at dinner than that your stories (the term does not necessarily mean they were untrue!) should constantly hark back to the same subject: the enormous strides Rotterdam had made, and the still greater strides she meant to make in the near future. There was only one dissonant in the harmony of united praise (for I heartily joined in your eulogies), and that was when I put the question that made you angry for a while: "But supposing you Rotterdam people lost your German clientèle. . .?" You tried in vain to convince me that you could do quite well without it, though at this moment I am more than ever sure you were in doubt yourself as to the correctness of your assertion.

The position to-day will force every Rotterdammer who loves his town to ask himself: "What about things here when Antwerp is German?" To-day it is no sympathetic friend you will have to reassure about the ultimate fate of Holland's principal, and, indeed, wonderful harbour; the whole land has surely grasped the fact that with Antwerp firmly in her claws, Rotterdam, and, indeed, the rest of Holland, will lie at the mercy of Germany, the Rhine and the Scheldt serving her as an enormous pair of pincers, in whose grip we shall be crushed like a nut or squeezed like a lemon.

The danger, you will say, is still far off. Perhaps! Yet we, however peacefully inclined, cannot allow Germany to threaten our integrity by making Antwerp a basis for maritime operations, and using *our* part of the Scheldt as if it were her own (which, of course, she will try to do), without showing that we have some of the old spirit left. And that will mean war—but a war that need not be disastrous to Holland. The German Army is *not* invincible, as General Joffre has just plainly demonstrated. For Germany to spare the five or six hundred thousand men necessary to smash us will be impossible; and even if she could, would they ever succeed in penetrating into the vital part of Holland, behind the inundation line, where their big guns would have to cope, not only with fortifications, but with marshes and bogs and an overwhelming flow of water? No German ships are in a position to attack the coast, so that our ally, England, would land troops and guns and provisions wherever we should want them, in the huge fortress that Western Holland would become.

Honestly spoken, I rejoice in the hope that war will be the issue, should all our prayers prove in vain and Antwerp fall—that a stop will be put to the false and

unworthy position of a neutral, that Holland, most nearly interested of every country in the downfall of German militarism, has thus far managed to preserve. To fight now will go far to wipe out or, at least, atone for the monstrous selfishness and lack of moral courage of which we Dutch as a nation were guilty when, instead of protesting against the violation of Luxembourg and Belgium, we kept silent, like cowards who allow a woman to be abused in their presence, because the assailant is so strong and would so furiously resent all interference.

But certain as I am that we shall be eventually dragged in, not by friendly persuasion, but by Fate, in other words by the dire necessity of upholding our independence, why wait till Antwerp has fallen, till the Germans are in possession of this most valuable *point d'appui?* Why not rescue this town—the most Dutch town beyond our borders—before it is too late? What better reason for interference shall we ever have than the harsh reply certain to be given by the German invader to our polite request to be informed of his intentions with regard to Antwerp, should he succeed in getting there? Will it be made the basis of a fighting fleet? Will there be an endeavour to bring his warships through our territorial waters? These questions from a tiny nation like ourselves will so irritate the bully that we shall be curtly told to mind our own affairs, and on that advice we must act, join the Allies with the slightest possible delay, and reinforce the Belgian army, so conveniently near the Dutch frontier. It will be a bold move, but terrible risks must sometimes be run in order to meet a crisis in the national life with dignity and honour. Only thus can we escape a remorseless destiny, that of becoming *une nation éteinte, une ville morte*, among the races and communities of Man.

This is a very long letter. But the times are exceptional. I look for an equally lengthy reply, for how else can you satisfy me as to our joint welfare and what people over there are thinking and saying? The Dutch papers seem systematically to abstain from any comment on the situation, evidently the result of the noble efforts of the Government to give no offence to Germany; but as she is, of course, the offender, every attempt to gag public opinion in Holland can only mean a deliberate playing into *her* hand. When you have just seen a horrible outrage committed and hurry with your information to the nearest guardian of the peace, it is certainly strange behaviour on the part of that worthy if he should solemnly beseech you to keep calm, and, above all things, to be careful not to mention any name!

Love to Hermine from both of us. Yours, W.

Armenian Atrocities.

IN his letter to THE NEW AGE two weeks ago Mr. Arnold J. Toynbee invited me to read his book entitled "Armenian Atrocities: The Murder of a Nation," seeming confident that, if I did so, I should change my views. He assured me that these atrocities differed from all previous atrocities in that they were "ordered from above and carried out through the local officials of the Ottoman Empire—a political measure conceived and executed in cold blood to secure a political object. . . . If Mr. Pickthall will examine the evidence he will see that this is so."

I have had no opportunity of examining the evidence, and I know not where it is to be found; but I have read Mr. Toynbee's book, and can find there nothing serious in support of his contention that the Turkish Government ordered "the extermination of the Armenian race."

On p. 27 we read: "But meanwhile [i.e., during the first months of the war] the Government at Constantinople—if Government is not too good a name for Enver, Talaat, and the rest of that 'Committee of Union and Progress' which Lord Bryce has justly described as a 'gang of unscrupulous ruffians'—meanwhile, this unprincipled and all-powerful organisation was working out its plans, and it began to put them into action in April.

"The scheme was nothing less than the extermination of the whole Christian population within the Ottoman frontiers. For the war had temporarily released the Ottoman Government from the control, slight as it was, which the Concert of Europe had been able to exert. The belligerents on one side were Turkey's allies and very good friends; and Enver, looking to the future, relied upon their promised victory to shield himself and his accomplices from the vengeance of the Western Powers and Russia, which had always stood between the malignant hostility of the Turkish Government and the helplessness of its Christian subjects (!). The denunciation of the 'Capitulations' broke down the legal barrier of foreign protection, behind which many Ottoman Christians had found more or less effective shelter. Nothing remained but to use the opportunity and strike a stroke that would never need repetition. 'After this,' said Talaat Bey, when he gave the final signal, 'there will be no Armenian question for fifty years.'"

I probably know more about the Committee of Union and Progress than either Mr. Toynbee or Lord Bryce or their informants, and I could say a good deal in reply to the above remarks. But I will confine myself to the observation that they are not evidence, but mere conjecture based on prejudice, and that they are not at all the kind of thing which I was led to expect from the moderate tone of Mr. Toynbee's letter. The massacres at Adana in 1909 are ascribed to the Young Turks by Mr. Toynbee, as if there were no doubt about the matter. I was in Syria at the time, and fanatical emissaries landed at Tripoli, Beyrout, and Jaffa with the same purpose with which they landed at Mersin, of preaching massacre of Christians. But they were arrested by the local Committees of Union and Progress and deported, which does not look as if the Young Turks were the instigators. It is true that members of the local committee at Adana took part in the massacres, but that committee had been captured by disguised reactionaries. There are several other cool assumptions in this book.

After a careful reading of all Mr. Toynbee's evidence, which, with but one exception, has a strong Armenian flavour, I have come to the conclusion, and so I think would anybody else who knew the state of Turkey, that all that the Turkish Government planned or ordered was the forcible deportation of the Armenians from a number of districts to concentration camps. The camps were of a very rough description and were sometimes distant more than a month's journey from the Armenian's home. In what one can imagine to be the condition of the provinces, for so vast an undertaking to be done humanely the Turks would have had to give up fighting for six months and devote their best troops and their best officials to this work. As things were, the deportations were a real martyrdom for the deported and an occasion for plunder and brutality to local malefactors, high and low. The mere order for deportation was enough to make the Armenians think that they were going to be massacred; and, as Mr. Toynbee with his Oriental experience must be well aware, the mere conviction of impending massacre produces a large crop of circumstantial narratives concerning massacres in other places. On p. 38 there is a good description of the panic:—

"All the morning the ox-carts creaked out of the town, laden with women and children, and here and there a man who had escaped the previous deportations. The women and girls all wore the Turkish costume that their faces might not be exposed to the gaze of drivers and gendarmes—a brutal lot of men brought in from other regions. The panic in the city was terrible. The people felt that the Government was determined to exterminate the Armenian race, and they were

powerless to resist. The people were sure that the men were being killed and the women kidnapped. Many of the convicts in the prisons had been released, and the mountains around were full of bands of outlaws. [N.B. —Outlaws of the Turkish Government, not amenable to its commands.]

"Most of the Armenians in the district were absolutely hopeless. Many said it was worse than a massacre. No one knew what was coming, but all felt that it was the end. Even the pastors and leaders could offer no word of encouragement or hope. Many began to doubt even the existence of God. Under the severe strain many individuals became demented, some of them permanently."

Poor wretches! But compare that picture with the Stoicism of the Turks on similar occasions—for many such have been—and you will understand that the latter could not realise the sufferings of a more timid race in deportation. The first batch of the deported are always believed to have been murdered a day's or two days' journey from their starting-point. But there is no statement from an actual witness of such murder. The horrible list furnished by the President of a Missionary College (evidently American) in a town of Anatolia (there is here good reason for the omission of the name of the place, but in other cases, where no description of the informant is given, no imaginable reason) on p. 99 ff. is evidently three parts hearsay from Armenian sources; and the item, "one reported taken to a Turkish harem," shows a thoroughly Armenian ignorance of Turkish manners in the present. The evidence of Fraülein Beatrice Rohner, a Swiss lady missionary, the only evidence with name and place attached, as to the condition of the deported after their arrival at Deyr ez-Zôr—their destination—and their tale of sufferings upon the road is woeful reading; but the numbers of Armenians seen by her on three successive days seemed to me to dispose of the idea of their extermination by order of the Government; so does Mr. Toynbee's statement on p. 60, based no doubt on further evidence: "These swamps (near Aleppo) were allotted to the first comers; but they did not suffice for so great a company, and the later batches were forwarded five days' journey farther on, to the town of Deyr el-Zôr." If the Turkish Government had really wished to exterminate the Armenians there was nothing to prevent its doing so that I can see. I notice *that Mr. Toynbee mentions only four of the camps to* which the dispossessed Armenians have been sent—Aleppo, Deyr ez-Zôr, Sultânîyeh, and, in one place, Konia. My information says that there are several others.

As an instance of the special pleading which impairs the value of this little work judicially, let me quote Mr. Toynbee on the subject of the climate of Northern Mesopotamia, where Deyr ez-Zôr is situated:

"From the Armenian mountains into the Mesopotamian plains you pass abruptly out of Europe into country of a semi-tropical character. You find yourself in Northern Arabia, a vast amphitheatre sloping gradually south-eastwards to the Persian Gulf, and merging into some of the most sultry regions on the face of the earth. This amphitheatre has witnessed many ghastly dramas in its day, but none perhaps more ghastly than the tragedy that is being enacted in it now, when its torrid climate is being inflicted as a sentence of death on the Armenians deported thither from their temperate homes in the north."

Knowing something personally of the region thus denounced, I can assure Mr. Toynbee that at this moment the Armenians at Deyr ez-Zôr and Aleppo are not complaining of a semi-tropical climate. Northern Mesopotamia is not Northern Arabia, and though it may be said to "merge," in the course of a thousand or fifteen hundred miles, into some of the hottest regions of the earth, it is not itself one of those regions. The difference of climate between the valleys of Armenia and this plateau is no more than that between the Grisons and the Lombard plain. The Armenians would have been all right there if they had been properly fed and protected. Constantinople never realises the condition of the Arab provinces.

I turn now from the deportations to what Mr. Toynbee calls "murder outright"—the slaughter of Armenians near the Russo-Turkish frontier—which is described as altogether unprovoked. On p. 84 we read: "When the Russians began to cross the frontier in their turn, the Ottoman authorities in the border-province of Van let loose the Turkish troops and Kurdish irregulars on the Armenian population. In the countryside the Armenians were overwhelmed, but in the town of Van itself, when they had seen some of their leading men murdered and massacre overshadowing the rest, they took up arms, expelled the murderers, and stood a siege of 27 days—1,500 defenders against 5,000 assailants equipped with artillery—till they were triumphantly relieved by the advancing Russians." The whole account given by Mr. Toynbee of this portion of the war being derived from Russian-Armenian sources—an Armenian journal, "The Horizon" of Tiflis, being freely quoted—it is natural that we find no mention of the intrigues which have been worked from Tiflis, and the smuggling of arms into Turkish Armenia in the two years previous to the war. The Turkish version is that the Armenians rose on the approach of the Russians and succeeded in holding the town of Van for them. It was immediately upon this news that the Turkish Government ordered the deportation of all Armenians in proximity to the frontier or the coast, in view of the ramifications of the Armenian revolutionary societies and the desperate nature of their propaganda.

Mr. Toynbee more than once asserts—and the same assertion has been calmly made in both Houses of Parliament—that the Turks had no provocation for the harsh measures which they adopted. Of the provocation in this instance I know no more with certainty than Mr. Toynbee—that is to say, I can only oppose a Turkish claim to his Armenian claim—but of general provocation in the two years previous to the war they have had more than any Government on earth would stand. I have made no special study of the intrigues of which the Armenians have in recent years been made the catspaw, but a friend who has followed every thread of them promises me a full account which, with permission, shall be published in THE NEW AGE. The Armenians, even to my casual knowledge, are not the *inoffensive people here described. Indeed, what strikes* me most in Mr. Toynbee's narrative is that the psychology—Armenian and Turkish—is all wrong. He makes the grave mistake of imagining that the Armenians, because they happen to be Christians, are exactly similar to Europeans, whereas they have a curious kink in their mentality which deserves the epithet "malignant" reserved by Mr. Toynbee for the careless Turk. I have never been a hater of Armenians; I had always hoped, with Mr. Toynbee, that they and other Christian populations would contribute to the progress and regeneration of the Turkish Empire. It has always struck me as horrible that Greeks and Syrian Christians, no less than Kurds and Muslim Arabs, should regard that race as vermin: it amounts to that. And I must say that I have never met a Turk who took that view of them; for the Turk they are the millet-i-sadikeh (the loyal sect), most favoured in old days, which has turned against its patrons and become an enemy. Mr. Toynbee quotes the "Frankfurter Zeitung" to the effect that the Armenians are more intelligent than the Turks. Well, so they are, and in precisely the same way they are more intelligent than the English. It was an Armenian—Nubar Pasha—who called us "the Turks of the West." There are certain efforts of the intelligence which do not occur to us as possible for man to make. The Armenian recognises no such limitations, and this it is which has made him so disliked throughout the East. The typical Armenian esteems it meritorious not only to exaggerate but to invent occurrences calculated to excite the pity of the Western world. He has more than once, in well-authenticated cases, attempted the

murder of a European benefactor and protector in order that the murder of a European might rouse the indignation of the Powers against the Turks. He is at all times his own unscrupulous advocate, in striking contrast to the Turk, who—as Captain Dixon-Johnson mentioned in his admirable letter on this subject which appeared some weeks ago in THE NEW AGE—never has been known to plead his cause at all. Mr. Toynbee gives us the Armenian case in all sincerity. Going on the ground to which he objected in his letter—that of past experience—I believe, and truly hope, that the disaster will prove to be much less than he imagines.

MARMADUKE PICKTHALL.

Letters About Russia.

By C. E. Bechhöfer.

IN giving a description of the chief Russian daily, weekly and monthly papers, I must be excused for using the term "semitic" very frequently. Average readers will be inclined to say, "What does it matter? What difference does it make?" The answer is, that, first, what in Russia is Jewish is not Russian, for the two races are yet quite distinct there; secondly, there is a vast difference in style. Artsibashev once explained it to me. "Suppose," he said, "I want to kill my wife! I pick up my gun, aim it, and then, if I am a Russian, I say, 'No, you are my wife, I cannot kill you,' and put it down again. But if I am a Jew, I shall say, 'I cannot kill you. If you were a dog I could not kill you; if you were a cat, I could not kill you; if you were a horse, I could not kill you. You are my wife, and I cannot kill you,' and then I put down the gun." I have nothing to add to this excellent explanation, but I claim it as my excuse for the naming of over-semitic periodicals.

These are the chief papers of Petrograd, where the heads of departments and the pro-Germans are:—

"Nóvoye Vrémya"—semi-official, spitefully reactionary, of doubtful reputation and no principles. Anti-English. On the eve of the dismissal of the Duma (the recall of which, by the way, has this week again been postponed, on frivolous grounds) the "Nóvoye Vrémya" declared that such a course was incredible. After this miscalculation has become almost liberal.

"Vechérnoye Vremya" ("Evening Time")—stands to the above as our "Evening News" to Lord Answers' "Times."

"Rech."—Constitutional Democrat, i.e., Fabian, i.e., unreadably dull. Semitic.

"Birjeviya Vyédomosti" ("Bourse Gazette").—Resembles our "Daily Telegraph" in substance. Highly respectable. Opinions to all tastes. Semitic. Its evening edition is quite as unpleasant as the "Evening Time." There are daily military notes by one Shúmski, known among journalists as "the biggest fool in Petrograd." Mr. Hamilton Fyfe takes his opinion from Shúmski's notes.

"Dyén" ("The Day").—Socialist daily. Has as few likes as Mr. Norman, and few real opinions. Is very poor and oppressed, being usually fined double for each offence. Far too semitic in tone, has a poor news service and few contributors. Three or four columns are invariably deleted on principle by the censor, even if they are quotations from other papers. Very popular among the people who read papers in cafés and do not buy them.

"Kólokol" ("The Bell").—Extreme Black Hundred. Anti-Parliamentarian. A stepping-stone to ministerial appointments. The name taken in irony of Herzen's famous revolutionary paper of the mid-nineteenth century.

"Gólos Rossíy" ("Voice of Russia").—Differs only in name from the "Kólokol."

"Petrograd Courier," "Petrograd Leaf," etc.—A little mob of "boulevard" rags, live on sensations, but not long. All semitic.

The chief daily papers at Moscow, where the real Russians live, are:—

"Utro Rossíy" ("Morning of Russia").—Belongs to the liberal millionaire industrialist Riabushínski, one of the Zemstvo delegates to the Tsar. The only paper I found it possible to read. It obtains from its owner paper, printing and premises free, but manages to lose heavily every year. The only honestly pro-English paper in Russia. Contributors various, some good, some very bad. The regular London correspondent, M. Sazónov, reported recently that regiments of English women were fighting in the trenches, had won many decorations and suffered severe casualties.

"Rússkiya Vyédomosti" ("Russian Gazette").—The traditionally Liberal Russian daily. Lives on its old reputation and is read and written by professional men, professors and lawyers. Dull beyond words. Had an article this autumn on the industrial effects of the war, concluding with a decision that one-legged men should be employed as porters. Its obituaries are interesting, but nothing else is. Huge circulation.

"Rússkoye Slovo" ("The Russian Word").—Similar to above; fairly interesting, however, in late winter and spring, when the yearly subscriptions become due. In summer and autumn vapid. Always has sensations up its sleeve, but can never publish them for fear of the censor.

"Moskóvskiya Vyédomosti" ("Moscow Gazette").—Katkov's paper. Virulently Black Hundred. Is due to collapse soon, reducing minor officialdom to reading the "Nóvoye Vrémya."

The chief daily papers at Kiev are:—

"Kíevskaya Misl" ("Kiev Thought").—Considered by many the best daily paper in Russia. Very semitic. Has a good London correspondent.

"Kíev."—A Black Hundred and Church organ. Small circulation.

"Kíevlianin" ("Man of Kiev").—Half-way between the above. Toadies to both parties. Had an issue confiscated at the time of Beiliss trial. Rumour claims to know the editor's price.

In the Caucasus, the chief daily papers issued at Tiflis are:—

"Kavkáskoye Slovo" ("Caucasian Word").—The most outspoken paper in all Russia. Recently started. Run by Armenians, hence utterly unreliable.

"Tiflískiy Listók" ("Tiflis Leaf").—Also Armenian. Inferior to its new competitor.

There are probably several thousand daily papers in the Russian Empire, all of them supplied with telegrams, directly or indirectly, by the Petrograd Telegraph Agency, which, belonging to the "Nóvoye Vrémya," is able to influence public opinion as it wishes.

There are three technical military gazettes, one of them the "Invalide."

The chief weekly papers in Petrograd:—

"Sólntse Rossíy" ("Sun of Russia").—Resembles a hybrid of "Sporting and Dramatic News" and the German "Jugend." Semitic.

"Lukomóre" ("Sea-shore").—Belongs, like a dozen other less considerable weeklies, to the "Nóvoye Vrémya." Chief contributors, Gorodiétski, Sologúb, Kúsmin. Illustrated in colours; general atmosphere of "Windsor Magazine." Anti-semitic.

"Nóvoye Satírikon."—Russia's "Punch." Edited and mostly written by Avérchenko. The humour is very elementary, and the drawings cruder even than Mr. Bernard Partridge's. The best of a very bad lot of comic weeklies.

"Journál Journálov."—A weekly review of reviews. Too obviously semitic, otherwise no standards.

"Gólos Jísni" ("Voice of Life").—Merezhkovski-Philosophov. Expired suddenly on the publication of an allegorical article on "The Court of Nicaragua."

"Blue Journal."—Differs from the "London Mail" only by being edited by a Baroness.

"Néva" ("Cornfield").—In itself inferior even to "Everyman"; but has given away as supplements the complete works of all Russian and most Western classics. Is now down to Maeterlinck.

"Ogonyók" ("Spark").—Published by the "Bourse Gazette." Resembles "Answers," but with patriotic

illustrations. Sologúb writes for it, and it is popular at Vladivostóc.

At Moscow, six specifically "ladies' papers" are published every week, as well as "The Jew and the War," "The Jew at War," "Jewish Affairs," "The Jewish World," etc., etc. No monthly magazines are published at Moscow, but at Petrograd there are these :—

"Vyéstnik Evropi" ("Messenger of Europe").—Time-honoured, anæmic, academic. Same contributors and style as "Russian Gazette."

"Rússkaya Misl" ("Russian Thought").—Struve's paper. A monthly "New Statesman."

"Sovreménniy Mir" ("Contemporary World").—Mistily Socialist. As dull as the Liberals.

"Rússkiya Zapíski" ("Russian Annals").—Used to be the "Russian Treasure," edited by Korolénko, until its suppression. Socialist. Carries on Michaelóvski's theories. Edited by Rusánov, who writes "Foreign Notes" and quotes THE NEW AGE. Mr. Pickthall's stories appear, but not his articles.

"Northern Annals."—Also Socialist, quite new and irregular in appearance and opinions. Semitic.

If I recall the best monthly periodical Russia ever had, it will be understood why the Russian Press is now so bad. The "Northern Messenger" was admitted by all its critics, including Georg Brandes, to be the best paper of its kind in Russia. It was edited in its last years by Volínsky, who contributed an article each month entitled "Criticisms of Russian Critics," with the aim of showing that, although Russian letters were magnificent, Russian criticism had been beneath contempt. The effect of these articles was the opposition of the "Russian Gazette" and all similar professional and "intelligent" organs. The "Messenger of Europe" had to cease for lack of contributors, and for twenty-five years not a single Russian paper has consented to print any article by Volínsky on any subject. The "Bourse Gazette" has now reluctantly begun to raise the boycott. Meanwhile the city of Milan has named a room of the museum the "Volínski Room" in gratitude for his research work on Leonardo da Vinci, and he has been writing for the "Corriere della Sera." That is Russian liberalism!

THREE POEMS BY NIETZSCHE.

(Translated by P. Selver.)

(1) AT MIDNIGHT.

One : O mortal, stay!
Two : What hath deep midnight's voice to say?
Three : I was asleep, asleep—
Four : My deep dream now hath ebbed away!
Five : The world is deep—
Six : And deeper than surmise of day.
Seven : Deep is its woe—
Eight : Joy—deeper still than heart's distress!
Nine : Woe speaketh : Go!
Ten : But all joy craves for endlessness—
Eleven : Craves for the deep, deep endlessness!
Twelve :————

(2) STAR MORAL.

Destined on starry track to fare,
Why, star, need darkness be thy care?

Throughout this time in gladness range!
To thee its woe be far and strange!

The farthest world thy light shall see :
Compassion shall be sin for thee!

Keep one command : Pure shalt thou be!

(3) THIRD CHANGE OF SKIN.

My skin bids fair to warp and shred :
With zest that new returns,
For earth—though much on earth it fed—
The serpent in me yearns.

'Twixt stone and grass on crooked way
Now crawl I hungrily,
To eat what I have eaten, aye,
Thee, serpent-food, earth, thee!

Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

WE shall have to resort to polygamy; I can see that. There is no other satisfactory solution of the problem that obsesses our dramatists. No man, not even a widower, can reasonably be trusted to make the right choice between two women at the first attempt; he regrets whatever choice he makes, and he might just as well be a pessimist first as last, and choose both. I suppose that the real truth of the matter is that no woman is complex enough for a man; if she has all the domestic and social virtues, he finds some satisfaction in another woman who rouses the devil in him. He loves one woman for her beauty; another for her natural gifts; another for her domesticity; another for her goodness; he loves this one because she is sincere, and that one because she is not sincere; he loves this one because she loves him and that one because she does not love him; and, worst of all, he always loves some other woman without knowing why. Now, it is obvious that if one woman had all the qualities that attract him, if the call of Nature coincided with the dictates of common sense and was also agreeable with convention, there would be no problem. Failing this natural solution, if he could marry every woman with whom he fell in love, half our dramatists would be stricken dumb, and those who continued to write would have to devote their attention to the consideration of matters of real interest. Monogamy is un-English, because it affords no opportunity for the exercise of the principle of compromise, or of our famous political instinct, which, in every other sphere of life than the domestic, results in the creation of institutions which are the objects of the envy of the world, on which the sun never sets or rises, and which, like the mercy or the wrath of God, endure for ever. But the English marriage, like the English Sunday, is a self-denying ordinance which seems to satisfy nobody; so, if a man cannot be cured of matrimonial madness by swallowing a hair of the dog that bit him, I suggest that he be compelled to swallow the whole dog. If monogamy fails, give him polygamy; and may the Lord have mercy on his soul!

All this is apropos of Mr. Edward Knoblauch's new play, "Mouse," which was recently produced by the Pioneer Players at the Royalty Theatre one pleasant Sunday afternoon when the lights were low, and the streets were wet, and it was too windy for the Zeppelins to do any dramatic criticism. To go to the performance was just like going to church, and the play was not unlike a sermon: "Mouse" delivered several passages comparable with some of the Bishop of London's utterances on marriage. The play may therefore be described as a strong moral influence. Mr. H. H. Davies, in "A Single Man," has already shown that a middle-aged man of letters should not marry a young girl, but should marry his sympathetic secretary, who will not ruffle his hair or scatter his papers. Mr. Knoblauch takes the same theme, complicates it by raising moral questions, but brings it to the same issue. "Mouse" has been housekeeper, secretary, and "as good as a mother" to the daughter of Pattison Grey. For eight years she has lived in the house, tidying his desk, encouraging him in his work, and training his daughter in the way that she should go. All this was done quietly, she crept about doing good, and was called "Mouse" by her little charge; and the good man never thought of marrying her. He was an historian; he had settled the question of the "Casket" letters; so he was entitled, on the stage, to be blind to the necessity of marrying his housekeeper until the end of the third act. That is how modern plays are written; the dramatist says to such men and women: "I'll teach you to live together for eight years without being married!"; and when a dramatist says that, the suffering begins.

The Scotch historian takes a holiday; pity poor "Mouse"! He meets the niece of his devoted housekeeper; pity poor "Mouse"! Like the lover in "Maud," he falls

in love with "not her, not her, but her voice"; pity poor "Mouse"! He proposes, he is accepted, and back they come to be married quickly; pity poor "Mouse"! And then, and then—well, why is a mouse when it spins? Even a worm will turn; and in five hours, between 5 p.m. and 10 p.m., the wheel has come full circle. First, "Mouse" discovers that her niece has neither interest in nor admiration for the literary labours of the historian; she intends to change all that, to wake up this household with a few French touches. First touch: the historian's papers are scattered; second touch, fiancée sits on his desk; third touch, historian's hair is ruffled; fourth touch, curtain. Pity poor "Mouse"! For eight years the historian's papers had not been scattered; for eight years his desk had not been sat upon; for eight years his hair had not been ruffled; and now, all these things had happened in about eight seconds. The only conclusion to which anyone acquainted with the stage could come is that the person who could do such things was not a "proper" person. Pity poor "Mouse"!

Now, there is one infallible method in drama of proving impropriety; it is the method of the misdirected letter. By this means, "Mouse" becomes aware of the fact that her niece had really completed her education in Paris. She had had a love affair with a married man, there would be consequences that could not be disguised; and the proposal of the historian had come just in time to enable her to save her good name by a speedy marriage. Then the weary argument begins on the question "Should a Woman Tell!" "Mouse" pro, Elsie contra. At first, "Mouse" is not in a position to deny authoritatively the argument of Elsie that nine-tenths of the marriages contracted are based, not on love and honour, but on expediency; for "Mouse," in her misery, had already engaged herself to marry a man whom she did not love. But the mouse when it spins is very ferocious; when infuriated, it will not do so; "Mouse" breaks her engagement, and meets her niece on this issue with a clear conscience. "If you don't tell Mr. Grey, I will," she says; and she does, suffering apparently all the time from acute catarrh. Perhaps the historian would have forgiven the indiscretion of his fiancée if the infuriated niece had not approached the equally infuriated "Mouse" and hissed the word "Beast" at her; but he heard that, and all his love left him. The scales dropped from his eyes, his girl dropped from his arms into those of her lover, whose wife had already gone to file a petition for divorce; but even then he would never have guessed if Elsie, exercising her woman's privilege of having the last word, had not told him that the real motive of "Mouse" for telling him the truth was that she was in love with him. Then he smote his brow, then he realised his blindness, then the "Mouse" squeaked: "I do love you"; and made him postpone his proposal until she had become accustomed to the glory of her avowal. What will happen when the historian takes his next holiday, Mr. Knoblauch leaves to our imagination.

On the whole, the play was very well acted, although Miss Lilian Braithwaite used her pocket hankerchief far too often. Yet the contrast between the ancient aunt and the modern niece was well displayed, Miss Iris Hoey playing the hard, calculating, ungrateful Elsie with wonderful skill. But the most remarkable performance of all was that of Mr. O. B. Clarence as the middle-aged lover of "Mouse"; his proposal was a triumph of naturalistic acting, and his curiously matter-of-fact language and mentality were expressed with such skill of characterisation that, even as a rejected lover (that perfect type of the ridiculous person), he retained the respect of the audience. A good word must be said of Miss Mercia Cameron's performance of Dorothy Grey, a girl presumably about fourteen years of age, a rather difficult age to suggest satisfactorily; and what could be done with the other parts was done by Mr. Campbell Gullan, Mr. Malcolm Cherry, and Miss Elizabeth Kirby. In the hands of less skilful actors, the play would have been intolerable; as it was, it was as dull as the weather.

Readers and Writers.

If you are not tired of Russians, let me discourse for a moment or two on Evréinof, whose harlequinade, "A Merry Death," appeared a fortnight ago in these columns, and whose "monodrama," "The Theatre of the Soul," has just been published by Mr. Henderson of Charing Cross (1s.). Of the harlequinade I will leave my readers to judge for themselves. If they do not agree with me that, of its kind, it is a little masterpiece, there is nothing more to be said between us on the subject. "The Theatre of the Soul," on the other hand, I should dismiss as an interesting but unmistakable failure. To begin with, it is not only an allegory—which is an enemy of drama—but it is a mechanical allegory. Everybody is familiar with the idea of various "selves" in each one of us; and the further notion of representing them as persons is likewise as old as the hills. But Evréinof does not even stray so far from his text-books as to embody the various selves in completely independent forms; they are Me one, Me two, and so on. Next, the story is as trite as possible, and so thin as to show the bones of Mrs. Malaprop's "alligator" more clearly than even the foregoing algebraic formulæ. But an allegory is tolerable only when it can scarcely be seen; it should at least be almost hidden in the interest of the story. In thus shamelessly exposing his allegory Evréinof has therefore committed the double offence of allegorising and of badly allegorising. Finally, even with these licences the psychology of the play is crude. Given so much machinery, usually inadmissible in any form of literature, the result should at any rate appear to justify it. On the contrary, in "The Theatre of the Soul" none of the machinery is justified, for the only dramatic touch in the whole is the figure of the subliminal self who never speaks a word. I must, however, in fairness to Evréinof, point out to his other critics that "the action is supposed to pass in the soul in the period of half a second." The story must therefore not be taken quite as written; its meaning should be seized in a flash or not at all.

* * *

Judging from a comparison of the harlequinade and the present "monodrama," I conclude that Evréinof, who is still a young man, is better inspired as a spectator than as a teacher of life. My sympathies (this *to Mr. Kerr*) *are, I admit, in favour of the latter rôle*, and greater men will be found in it than in the former. On the other hand, the cobbler must stick to his last. "Better," says some Indian sage, "better one's own job though devoid of merit, than the job of another though full of it." If Evréinof is, as he sometimes signs himself, a harlequin by nature, his genius is plainly in the direction of detached representation—representation, I mean, detached from every ethical and tutorial intention. Thus written, the "Merry Death," I repeat, is in my opinion a little masterpiece. Written with a tutorial purpose, the "Theatre of the Soul" is a failure. The moral for Evréinof in this paragraph is at least clear!

* * *

It is too late to expect Mr. G. K. Chesterton to change his style, or, rather, to adapt it to his subject; so it must be said, tout simplement, that the style of "The Crimes of England" (Palmer and Hayward, 1s.) is a deplorable misfit. In the tradition of literature there is an established rule that the matter and the manner must be somehow in harmony; and, moreover, the particular harmonies are by this time pretty well fixed as well. For instance, you would not expect to find an epic in limerick-metre; nor would you expect to find puns in a funeral oration. Mr. G. K. Chesterton has, however, one manner (I am speaking of his prose only), which he applies to every matter. Let the subject be naturally cheerful, fanciful, serious or tragic, the same style may confidently be looked for from him

—and consequently the same result will be achieved. As an exhibition of Mr. Chesterton's miraculous cleverness, Mr. Chesterton's almost fanatical earnestness, Mr. Chesterton's knowledge and insight, "The Crimes of England" is, I venture to say, one of his two best works; but as an exposé of the crimes of England or, for the matter of that, of Germany either, it is unconvincing. The *truth* of what Mr. Chesterton says is the last thing the reader thinks about. So dazzled are we by the verbal sparklings of Mr. Chesterton's wit that it is as if we were trying to read by the light of fireworks; we can read nothing for the explosions and the coloured spectacles. Look, for example, at this passage, which is typical:

"Cobbett was defeated because the English people was defeated. After the frame-breaking riots, men, as men, were beaten: and machines, as machines, had beaten them. Peterloo was as much the defeat of the English as Waterloo was the defeat of the French. Ireland did not get Home Rule because England did not get it. Cobbett would not forcibly incorporate Ireland, least of all the corpse of Ireland." Read one after the other in the ordinary way, they stun the mind like a series of shocks; no meaning can survive them. And, considered sentence by sentence, they scarcely repay the trouble.

* * *

Upon some fantastic subject such an intrusion of the oddities of the writer is no intrusion at all. Provided that the whole subject is one for cleverness, brilliance and literary fun, Mr. Chesterton's style is, indeed, made in heaven to suit it. But in a matter by no means of Mr. Chesterton's invention—namely, the war—and one in which the oddest of us ought to feel and act and think as uniformly as possible with our fellow-countrymen—the apparition of Mr. Chesterton in all his idiosyncracies is very nearly an impertinence. Matthew Arnold used to say that the business of the critic is to get himself out of the way of the author he wishes to present. However that may be—for it is not the whole truth—the business, certainly, of anybody who writes on public affairs at a time when they are really public is to write as if he were a scribe simply, and the public dictating: "the hearts of all consenting to the voice of one." It was in this "common" style (as elevated, however, as the writer could rise in the "common" mind) that Demosthenes and Lincoln delivered their orations, and Swift transcribed his "Conduct of the Allies." True, the style still remained individual, unique; but it was, nevertheless, the style in which its readers would wish themselves to write if they could. Save for inevitable refraction the subject shone so clearly through it that the actual writer might easily have been overlooked—as he had overlooked himself while writing. Nobody, however, can forget in reading "The Crimes of England" that it is Mr. G. K. Chesterton and nobody else who is writing. His inversions and antitheses and paradoxes betray his presence as clearly (and as improperly to my mind) as the egoistic interludes of Mr. Bernard Shaw. Both, therefore, may profess as sincerely as they please that they write for England; but England writes for herself in neither of them.

* * *

I must except from these comments the dedicatory letter to "Professor Whirlwind," and the concluding chapter describing the Battle of the Marne. In the former, Mr. Chesterton has a particular person to address, and in the latter a dramatic historic episode to describe. In the one, he writes with restraint, powerfully and yet persuasively; in the other, his foot is on his native heath of vivid description, and the result is admirable. Mr Shaw, likewise, is excellent in letters, open or otherwise. Long after his works have followed him, his letters will remain as examples of written debate. In personal letters the "I" direct or indirect is quite in place. R. H. C.

A Notebook.

By T. E. H.

A CRITIQUE OF SATISFACTION: In a previous Note, I made this assertion, "In spite of its extreme diversity, all philosophy since the Renascence is at bottom the *same* philosophy. The family resemblance is much greater than is generally supposed. The obvious diversity is only that of the various species of the same genus. It is very difficult to see this when one is *inside* this philosophy; but if one looks at it from the standpoint of another philosophy it at once becomes obvious. A parallel may make this clearer. The change of sensibility which has enabled us to regard, Egyptian, Polynesian and Negro work, as *art* and not as archæology has had a double effect. It has made us realise that what we took to be the necessary principles of æsthetic, constitute in reality only a psychology of Renascence and Classical Art. At the same time, it has made us realise the essential *unity* of these latter arts. For we see that they both rest on certain common pre-supposition, of which we only become conscious when we see them *denied* by other arts. (Cf. the work of Riegl or Byzantine art.) In the same way an understanding of the religious philosophy which preceded the Renascence makes the essential unity of all philosophy since seem at once obvious. It all rests on the same conception of the nature of man, and exhibits the same inability to realise the meaning of the dogma of Original Sin. Our difficulty now, of course, is that we are really incapable of understanding how any other view but the humanistic, could be seriously held by intelligent and emancipated men. To get over this difficulty I intend in later Notes, to say a good deal, about those comparatively unknown philosophers at the beginning of the Renascence, who are exceptionally interesting from this point of view, because they exhibit clearly the transition from one ideology to the other. They at least were capable of understanding that an intelligent man might not be a humanist.

* * *

But we can leave this on one side. In order to explain this family likeness between all philosophers since the Renascence, it is not necessary to state *specifically*, what the likeness consists in. The fact can perhaps be made comprehensible by the *manner* of its occurrence; by stating the aspect or *department* of philosophy in which the resemblance occurs, without stating in detail what it is.

Philosophy is a surprising subject to the layman. It has all the appearance of an impersonal and exact science. It makes use of a terminology as abstruse as that of mathematics, and its method is so technical that he cannot follow it; yet he can see for himself that it is not a science, or it would have the same solid growth as the other sciences. It ought surely to have arrived by now at results valid for everyone. But the scandal in philosophy of the contrast between apparently *impersonal*, scientific method, and its results—which are often so *personal*, that no one but their author accepts them—is obvious to everyone.

This scandal is so evident, that certain philosophers have endeavoured to end it, by *acknowledging* it. They say that the subject should renounce its claim to be a science, and should acknowledge itself to be, what it clearly is, a *weltanschauung*, or expression of an attitude towards the world. The personal element in it would then be legitimate.

This I now believe to be a false solution.

What is the right solution? To recognise that actual Philosophy, is not a pure but a *mixed* subject. It results from a confusion between two subjects which stand in no essential or necessary relation to each other, though they may be combined together for a certain practical end. One of these subjects is a science, the other not. The scientific element in philosophy, is a difficult investigation into the relations between certain very abstract categories. Though the subject matter is abstract, the method employed should be as purely scientific and impersonal as that of mathematics.

Mixed up with this is the function which philosophy has assumed of acting as a pale *substitute* for religion. It is concerned here with matters like the nature and destiny of man, his place in the universe, etc., all matters which would, as treated, fit very well into a personal *Weltanschauung*. Here the word "standpoint" may legitimately be used, though it is quite illegitimate in the scientific part of philosophy.

The two elements are mixed after this fashion. The machinery elaborated by the first element in philosophy is used to further the aims of the second. Put very crudely these aims make it first of all necessary that the world should be shown to be, in *reality* very different from what it *appears* to be. It must be moulded "nearer to the heart's desire." By the aid of his technical equipment—the result of the first element—the philosopher is able to disintegrate the solid structure of the world as it appears to common sense. In the last chapter in his "conclusions" he presents us with his reconstructed world; with the world as it is *in reality*. Consider the nature of this second feature for a moment. The philosopher undertakes to show that the world is other than it appears to me; and as he takes the trouble to prove this, we should expect to find, that consciously or unconsciously, the *final* picture he presents, will to some degree or other *satisfy* him.

* * *

It is in these final pictures that, it was true to say that there was a family resemblance between all philosophers since the Renascence. Though the pictures are as different as can be, yet curiously enough they are all *satisfactory* for approximately the same reasons. The *final* pictures, they present of man's relation to the world, all conform to the same probably unconscious *standards* or *canons* of what is *satisfying*. It would be more accurate to say that it is the similarity of these *canons*, that constitutes the unity of modern philosophy. If we think, then, of philosophy as divided into a *scientific*, and a more *personal* part, we may say that the various systems agree where they might have been expected to differ—and disagree where they ought to have been impersonal; they vary where no variation should have been possible—in the scientific part.

It should be noticed that these canons of *satisfaction* are quite unconscious. The philosophers share a view of what would be a *satisfying* destiny for man, which they take over from the Renascence. They are all satisfied with certain conceptions of the relation of man to the world. These *conclusions* are never questioned in this respect. Their truth may be questioned, but never their *satisfactoriness*. This ought to be questioned. This is what I mean by a *critique of satisfaction*. When Croce, for example, finishes up with the final world picture of the "legitimate" *mystery of infinite progress and the infinite perfectibility of man*—I at once want to point out that not only is this not true, but what is even more important, if true such a shallow conception would be quite unworthy of the emotion he feels towards it.

These *canons of satisfaction*, which are the results of an entirely uncritical humanism, should be subject to a *critique*. This is a special subject, having no connection with philosophy. I hope to be able to show that it is a real and complicated subject inside the limits of which detailed investigation is possible, by the aid of a refined and subtle analysis.

This is a very rough account of the matter. To make it convincing, it is first of all necessary to examine in more detail, the nature of the alleged confusion in actual philosophy. In pointing out that the scientific part of the subject was actually used to serve very human ends, I did not want to imply any scepticism as to the possibility of a really scientific philosophy. I do not mean what Nietzsche meant when he said, "Do not speculate as to whether what a philosopher says is true, but ask how he came to think it true." This form of scepticism I hold to be just fashionable rubbish. Pure philosophy ought to be, and may be, entirely objective and scientific.

* * *

The best account I know of the sense in which Philosophy may be a science is that given by Husserl in *Logos*, 1911. "Philosophie als strenge Wissenschaft." One definition would be that of philosophy as the science of *what is possible* as contrasted with the *science of what is*—something similar to what Meinong means by *Gegenstandtheorie*. I have no space here to explain what is meant by these definitions. All that it is necessary to keep in mind here is that Philosophy may be a patient investigation into entities, which although they are abstract, may yet be investigated by methods as objective as those of physical science. There are then two distinct subjects.

(P.) Pure Philosophy.

(H.) This should be the critique of satisfaction; but instead it is, as a matter of fact, an entirely uncritical acceptance of Humanist views of man's nature, and destiny.

These two ought to be clearly separated. What you actually do get in philosophy, is a presentment of these humanist ideas, with a tremendous and overwhelming appearance of being *impersonal objective* science. You get something perfectly human and arbitrary cloaked in a scientific vocabulary. Instead of H or L, you get L(h) where the (h) is the really important factor. H moves in the stiff armour of L. Something quite *human* but with quite *inhumanly* sharpened weapons.

I remember being completely overawed by the vocabulary and scientific method of the various philosophers of the Marburg School, and in particular by Herman Cohen's "Logik der reinen Erkenntniss." But one day, hearing Cohen lecture on religion, where his views are, as is well known, entirely sectarian, I realised very easily that the overwhelming and elaborate method only served to express a perfectly simple and fallible human attitude.

This was very exhilarating and enlightening. One could at last stand free, disentangled from the influence of their paralysing, and elaborate method. For what was true of their work in religion was also true elsewhere. It becomes possible to see a good deal of Cohen's work as the rigid, scientific expression of an attitude that is neither rigid nor scientific, but sometimes romantic, and always humanist. One can illustrate the effect of such work on the mind by this parallel. A man might be clothed in armour so complicated and elaborate, that to an inhabitant of another planet who had never seen armour before, he might seem like some entirely impersonal and omnipotent mechanical force. But if he saw the armour running after a lady or eating tarts in the pantry, he would realise at once, that it was not a godlike or mechanical force, but an ordinary human being extraordinarily armed. In the pantry, the essence of the phenomena is *arms, and not the man.*

When you have recovered from the precision and refinement of the *method* in such philosophers, you will be able to recognise the frequent vulgarity of their *conclusions*. It is possible to combine extreme subtlety in the one, with exceeding commonplaceness in the other.

If you ask what corresponds to the pantry which be-

trayed the man in armour, I should answer that it was the *last* chapters of the philosophers in which they express their conception of the world as it really is, and so incidentally expose the things with which they are satisfied. How magnificently they may have been clad before, they come out naked here!

* * *

This emancipation is however only a secondary matter. What I wish to emphasise here is the corrective, the *complexity* of this supposed "*Critique of Satisfaction.*" By the complexity of this subject, I mean amongst other things, the many possible different ideals, or *canons of satisfaction.* It is difficult to make the people I am attacking, realise this, because they always assume automatically, that all *ideals* must be *one* ideal, and that everything that is not sceptical materialism, must be some form of *humanism.* One of the causes of this assumption can be easily dealt with. The difficulty is exactly parallel to the difficulty the scientific materialists of the last century used to experience, in realising that metaphysics was a real region of knowledge.

One can put the parallel clearly.

(1) The *Naturalists* refused to recognise metaphysical knowledge because

(2) They themselves were under the influence of an *unconscious metaphysic* which consisted in

(3) Taking physical science as the only possible *type* of real knowledge.

The parallel is:

(1) The *Humanists* would refuse to recognise the existence of a subject, like the critique of satisfaction because

(2) They themselves are under the influence of an *unconscious critique* of this kind which consists in

(3) Taking the satisfaction and consolation which can be obtained from humanist idealism, and its view of man, as the only possible *type* of satisfaction.

This removes an *a priori* objection to the subject. What then finally is the nature of the subject?

* * *

I feel grave doubts about this last Note. I have no space to give any account that will be full enough to be *comprehensible*, and yet I don't like to leave the argument of the article hanging in mid-air.

What actually would be the subject matter of a *Critique of Satisfaction?*

Very roughly, the *Sphere of Religion.* But to say this at once calls up a different conception, than the one I am driving at.

It is on the whole correct to say that while Ethics is concerned with certain absolute values, and has nothing to do with questions of *existence,* that Religion fills in this gap by its assertion of what Höffding calls the characteristic axiom of religion the "*conservation of* values." It gives us the assurance that values are in some way permanent.

This is in a sense correct, in that it gives us so to speak the *boundaries* of the subject. But it is entirely empty. To get at the motive forces one would have to start in an entirely different way. I should say that the starting point for the religious attitude was always the kind of discussion you find in *Pascal, fragment* 139 (*Brunschvig edition*); and that is exactly what I mean by a *Critique of Satisfaction.* You get exactly similar discussion in the Buddhist books (entirely misunderstood of course by their translators and editors). My point is that this is a *separate* subject. It is *not* philosophy, *nor* is it *psychology.* Always the subject is the "*Vanity of desire*" but it is *not* desire merely as a psychological entity. And it is this special region of knowledge, marked out from all other spheres of knowledge, and absolutely and entirely *misunderstood* by the moderns, that I have baptised for the purpose of this Note only with the somewhat grotesque title of the *Critique of Satisfaction.*

Views and Reviews.

Gott Strafe Deutsch

MR. ARNOLD TOYNBEE has added to his work, "Nationality and the War," this little volume* of seven essays. They are statements and elaborations of the principles according to which he made "the minute and problematical revisions of the map" in that volume, of which he became impatient within a month of its publication. This book is, therefore, a statement of theory, expressed to some extent argumentatively; for it is necessary at this moment that every writer should refute German ideas. It is unfortunate, perhaps, that the zeal with which this necessity has been made operative has led some writers to prove that the Germans have no ideas except what they have borrowed and adapted from the Allies; for if this be so, the refutation of German ideas is really a refutation of the ideas of the Allies, a conclusion which is unpatriotic, and therefore absurd, and may embarrass our diplomacy. Mr. Toynbee makes it more difficult for us to regard him as a patriotic writer by his inclusion of an essay on "The Ukraine," an essay which he tells us he included "as a sort of skeleton at the feast, to remind my readers and myself that all the concrete problems are lying remorselessly in wait." He ought to have been satisfied with, say, German Poland, and not have taken his awful example from one of our Allies, "Holy Russia." I admit that Mr. Toynbee's proposal is intrinsically patriotic; he does not propose to hand over the twenty-five millions of Ukrainians who are unhappy under Russian rule to Austria, but to hand over the five millions of Ukrainians who are happy under Austrian rule to Russia, with, of course, guarantees that the whole thirty millions will be allowed by Russia the same privileges that the five millions now enjoy under Austria. The proposal thus aggrandises our Ally, and is, therefore, patriotic; but it is a proposal that may be misunderstood or deliberately misinterpreted, and no patriotic writer should write a word that could, by any stretch of the imagination, be misinterpreted. I fear that Mr. Arnold Toynbee is only lukewarm in the faith, although he does, in his other essays, refute most emphatically some German ideas.

Mr. Toynbee deals, in his first essay, with "Two Ideals of Nationality"; the first, which is German, is *wrong; the second, which is his own, is, of course,* right. The game is played in this way; first, it is discovered that the German finds his inspiration in the concrete principle of nationality: then, he is asked to define it, and, when he has defined it, the opponent says that it means something else. Q. E. D. It is previously demonstrated that we have been a nation for so long that we take our nationality for granted; the Germans, on the other hand, have been a nation for so short a time that they think that their nationality is something to be asserted. It is not only their idea of nationality that is at fault, but also their will to assert it. Nationality must never be asserted, it must be taken for granted. Well, what is Nationality? In the sixth essay, we reach the complete definition; Nationality is "a present will to co-operate in a political organisation." Thus, the International Tribunal at the Hague is really a National Tribunal—but Mr. Toynbee did not think of that. Anyhow, the German idea is wrong.

For example, "to us the State has come to stand for 'Co-operation'; to the German it still stands for 'Power.' 'Liberty? Self-government?' the Pan-German impatiently exclaims. 'Not in these absolute catchwords, but in the concrete principle of nationality does our inspiration live'; and he does not realise that he is propounding a contradiction in terms. Nationality is just that inward will to co-operate which he abjures; but, like the mediæval despot, he regards human

* "The New Europe: Some Essays in Reconstruction." By Arnold J. Toynbee. (Dent. 1s. 6d. net.)

society as so much passive material to be bound or loosed, herded together or torn asunder, by arbitrary, irresistible decree, and the claims inscribed on his banner are those for which conquerors have always gone forth to war. Nationality is legal title; therefore, Belgium and Burgundy must be German, because the Mediæval Empire called them its own. Nationality is geographical cohesion; therefore, Belgium, Posen, and Schleswig must be German, because they are necessary complements to the frontiers of the Fatherland. Nationality is language; therefore, Fleming and Alsatian must be German, because they speak a Teutonic tongue. For such principles the French, Polish, Danish, and Belgian nations must be maimed or even dismembered, and the supreme political achievement of Europe, the right of freely constituted human groups to work out their salvation, must be trampled brutally under foot. This ideal of nationality is a menace to our civilisation." But surely we can take our civilisation, like our nationality, for granted; we should not be refuting, but imitating, the Germans if we were to assert it. I admit that the Germans are wrong; but, in the circumstances, I think that the less said about our civilisation, the better. Anyhow, it is unwise to admit that our civilisation is menaced.

I begin to wish that I knew a little more history; that description of the supreme political achievement of Europe as "the right of freely constituted groups to work out their salvation" puzzles me. Who achieved it, and what are the guarantees of this right, and, if it exists, is not Germany as "freely constituted" a group as any other in Europe except Norway or Sweden? If she is, does "the right to work out their salvation" apply to Germany; and if not, why not? Does the phrase simply mean that the political boundaries existing before the war marked accurately the limits of "the freely constituted groups" of Europe; if it does, what becomes of Mr. Toynbee's "minute and problematical revisions of the map"? If it does not, why should Germany be wrong in trying to work out her salvation by extending the boundaries of her freely constituted group to include, at least, all German-speaking people? Mr. Toynbee forgets, for the moment, that the "will to co-operate" is not a fundamental, but a superficial, thing; it is something that requires community of blood or language or contiguity of territory or conquest before it becomes operative. Perhaps the most freely constituted group in the world is the United States of America; but they would have become the Divided States if the North had not conquered the South. The War of Secession suggests that "the right of freely constituted groups to work out their salvation" is by no means universally recognised; it suggests, on the contrary, that the number of freely constituted groups must be limited by military power. The Germans assert that military power is the concrete expression of what Mr. Toynbee calls a "will to co-operate," that a nation that will not fight its way to self-government really has no national will, but has only a national velleity.

Mr. Toynbee's assertion that "the 'Prussian' standpoint that we are combating is disastrous only because it is an anachronism" gives us the clue to his real meaning. But we have no proof that the factor of time can invalidate what seems to be an inevitable process of national development. Great Britain is more than two centuries old; it is five centuries since Wales was absorbed by England, more than a millennium lies between us and our Heptarchy. Conquest after conquest hammered us into cohesion, and the "will to co-operate" gradually came into existence. Perhaps in five centuries the Belgians may love the Germans as much as the Welsh, Scotch, and Irish love us; and the will to co-operate be as potent in Central Europe as it now is in Great Britain. The Germans must pay the penalty of being political parvenus, but Mr. Toynbee has not demonstrated that their methods are wrong; he has only shown that it is unfortunate for this generation that Germany did not use those methods five centuries ago.

A. E. R.

REVIEWS

Beltane the Smith. By Jeffery Farnol. (Sampson, Low. 6s.)

If he had been only Smith, he would have been obliged to toil at the anvil week in, week out, from morn to night; but he was Beltane the Smith. This fact implies that he was something more than mere Smith, although he had large and sinewy hands, and the muscles of his brawny arms stood out like sparrows' knees. His first adventure was in "As You Like It," when he overthrew the Duke's wrestler in the presence of the Duchess Helen. And this is what he said, when, after a suitable lapse of time, she kissed him and told him her name: "Aye, I love thee, Helen of Mortain—though there be many fair lords to do that! But, as for me—I am only a smith, and as a smith greatly would I despise thee. Yet may this not be, for as my body is great, so is my love. Go, therefore, thy work here is done, go—get thee to thy knightly lovers, wed this Duke who seeks thee—do ought you will, but go, leave me to my hammers and these green solitudes." Thus ended the Smith; thereafter he was Beltane, who, sword in hand, set out to win his father's Dukedom from the wicked usurper, Duke Ivo, who had filled Pentavalon with all manner of wickedness, and was in love with the Duchess Helen. How he wrought mightily in the service of virtue, overthrew the Duke and married Helen of Mortain, is told at great length by Mr. Jeffery Farnol; and when at last the happy couple settle down in Wardour Street, who will deny that they have well earned the surcease of sorrow? "Here—my Helen, beginneth—the fulness of life, methinks!" We assume that his elementary education in the greenwood encouraged him in the habit of talking in rag-time.

The Extra Day. By Algernon Blackwood. (Macmillan. 6s.)

Mr. Blackwood is certainly ingenious, and if intellect could create fantasy, this book would be a triumph. But we see the machinery at work. From the beginning, when the seed of wonder is planted in the minds of some children by the halting fancy of their father, the development is orderly and consistent. Once the trick of catching new meanings in old phrases is learnt, and the habit of criticism is abrogated, it becomes easy to attribute an objective reality to the subjective meaning of a phrase; and by "getting behind Time," to obtain an extra day. But although Mr. Blackwood induces his characters and his readers to forget the reality of fact, he does not forget it himself; and "the extra day" is obtained in a dream. Mr. Blackwood's skill does not lie in the presentation of character; the people and children in this book would be intolerable if they were not symbolic; his real skill is of the nature of suggestion, in the ordering of events so that there is a progressive development of symbolic meaning, accompanied by a concomitant process of gradually discarding the authentic interpretation of natural phenomena. Only an adult could appreciate this subtlety; children, like all fantastics, demand the immediate presentation of another order of reality, and Mr. Blackwood's skill in interpretation and translation would not, we think, convince them of the reality of his fancies.

Nymphet. By J. L. Carter. (Sampson, Low. 6s.)

Nymphet, aged eleven, is portrayed in a red bathing costume; very à la. Her close attachment to the hero, and the fact that she can swim only with him, suggests that she should be called "limpet." In return for swimming lessons given by the hero, she represents his prospective matrimonial interests to her elder sister, who is unfortunately and unhappily engaged to a very rich man who has an extensive and intimate acquaintance with members of her sex. Elder sister weeps often and much at the representations of her sister, but what can she do? Cruel stepmother

has social aspirations, and is determined to make the match. Delightful, dainty actress, rather immoral, whose last success has been made in a play written by the hero, visits Littleham with the intention of ensnaring him; she is, perhaps, even in love with him. Complications. Luckily the rich man engaged to the heroine has had a previous affair with the actress; and, when she fails to seduce the hero from his love, she obligingly snaps up his rich rival. Hero follows heroine to London, whither she had fled; and when Nymphet informs him of heroine's visit to her home, he arrives with a marriage licence in his pocket. He locks the door, waves the marriage licence, embraces her; unlocks the door, calls the housekeeper, and rushes them off (leaving Nymphet to acquaint her parents with the fait accompli) to the minister. Married about nine o'clock one Sunday evening. Very hasty and impetuous, but hero is an author.

The Caravaners. By the Author of "Elizabeth and her German Garden." (Macmillan. Cheap Edition, 7d. net.)

Messrs. Macmillan have chosen a good moment for reprinting "The Caravaners," which may be only a straw, but at the time of its first publication, some years before the war, was certainly a straw in the Kaiser's Kap to show which way this Bill-o'-the-Wisp was blowing. Really, anyone would think "Red lights England's delight" was our motto, by the way we always do pooh-pooh danger signals till the train of disaster is at our very Channel crossings, when we exclaim, "Who ever would have thought it—well, well—It's a long, long way to Tipperary—Never mind." Here, in "The Caravaners," Baron von Ottringel's stage asides add significant prophecy to the combination of subtleties which run through the book in a chain of something stronger than humour—humour with a moral at every turn of the phrase.

The following are typical examples of the Prussian Major's hopeful soliloquies during his "caravan" tour in our "fat little land."

Some day, perhaps—and who knows how soon?—we shall have a decent Lutheran pastor in his black gown preaching the amended faith in every one of those Churches.

Again descending to allegory, I can see Menzies-Legh and Jellaby and all the other slow-spoken and slow-thoughted Englishmen flapping ineffectually among the lower and more comfortable branches of the tree of nations. . . . But what about the Prussian eagle sitting at the top, his beak flashing in the light, his watchful eye never off them? Some day he will swoop down on them when they are, as usual, asleep, clear out their and similar well-lined nests, and have the place to himself—becoming, as the well-known picture has it . . . in all his glory *Enfin seul.*

Well, well; let them go on in their effeminacy. It is what has always preceded a fall, and the fat little land will be a luscious morsel some day for muscular Continental (and almost certainly German) jaws.

. . . I could hardly repress a hearty laugh at the spectacle of this specimen of England's manhood in a half-fainting condition because he had seen a scratch that produced blood. What will he and his kind do on that battlefield of, no doubt, the near future, when the finest army in the world will face them?

A British sheep started into Socialism and civil war is almost more valuable to us than a German sheep which shall be fat with faith.

Irreverence . . . is an inevitable sign that a nation is well on that downward plane which jerks it at last into the jaws of, say, Germany. . . . And what a green and fruitful land it is! *Es wird gut schmecken,* as we men of healthy appetite say.

The pastor was reading the Scriptures out of a Bible supported, according to the unaccountable British custom, on the back of a Prussian eagle. This prophetic bird—the first swallow, as it were, of that summer which I trust will not long be delayed, when Luther's translations will rest on its back and be read aloud by a German pastor to a congregation forced to understand by the simple methods we bring to bear an our Polish (also acquired) subjects—eyed me with a human intelligence. We eyed each other, in fact, as old friends might who meet after troublous experiences in an alien land.

Enough? Well, hear but one of the Major Baron's friendly little appreciations of our Army's competence. "This old person . . . touched his cap, which is the inadequate English way of showing respect to superiors—as inadequate at its end of the scale as the British Army is at the other."

Another illuminating feature of "The Caravaners" are the comparisons, wittily phrased, between the behaviour of English and German husbands—a subject about which THE NEW AGE may, perhaps, have more to say. If "The Caravaners'" reports are true to type, however, it certainly looks as though one of the reforms at the end of the war should include a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Wives made in Germany.

An intelligent book; but why—in conclusion and criticism we ask—such frequent juggling with brackets, irrespective of sense and season? For instance. "I got the bags shut as well as I could, directed the most stupid porter (who was also apparently deaf, for each time I said anything to him he answered perfectly irrelevantly with the first letter of the alphabet) I have ever met to conduct me . . . to the refreshment room. . . ." Again. "There is a dew-pond at the top of one of the hills we walked up that day (at least, Mrs. Menzies-Legh said it was a dew-pond, and that the water in it was not water at all, but dew, though, naturally, I did not believe her—what sensible man would?) and by its side in the shade of an oak tree Frau von Eckthum and I sat, while the three horses went down to fetch up the third caravan. . . ." Feats of bad form continued, unfortunately, throughout the book.

Midsummer Magic. By Walter Bamfylde. (Sampson Low. 6s.)

Mr. Bamfylde tells us a rattling good story of the 'sixties, when men could only be induced to marry by the operations of magic. The spell was laid at midnight on Midsummer Eve; the maiden who wished to know whether Fate willed that she should marry during the next year waited in the churchyard until the first stroke of twelve, then tripped round strewing rose-leaves or rosemary (according to her quality, gentle or simple), and, at the end of the fourth round, raced off home, left the door open, and prepared a meal for one. The fated lover would, of course, walk in, eat the meal, and say nothing; nor would she, if she wished the charm to work, even look at the lover. In those days, a woman took what Fate provided, and made the best of it. On this occasion, the full potency of the charm was not immediately felt; the lady of quality strewed rosemary instead of rose-leaves, and, although the appointed lover followed her, ate the meal, and went nigh to breaking the charm by trying to see her face, he did not call the next day to ratify the implied contract. There were complications. The innkeeper's daughter intended to try the charm, but was forestalled by the lady of quality; and it seems that there was not enough magic in the charm to give more than one maiden in the village her heart's desire in one year. Besides, the innkeeper's daughter presumptuously chose rose-leaves, with disastrous consequences to her hopes. With things all criss-cross at the beginning, Mr. Bamfylde has matter enough to last him through the book. Twice the hero is nearly killed for other women, and twice his fated lady nurses him, although she is jealous of the blood he sheds in the cause of others. But once he saves the life of his fated lady, so that substantial justice is done to the claims of all the women. The hero is rather disappointing, although the fight with the mad stonemason is magnificently done; but his diffidence is the necessary condition of the activity of the other characters, who are portrayed with real skill by Mr. Bamfylde. The story sounds depths that it does not attempt to explore; but it is competently constructed, and is told with such a gusto that its robust romanticism is really refreshing.

Pastiche.

THE DEAD FAY.

At matins and evensong
Pray ye for a fairy soul!
If the day be long
With grief and dole,
May thine heart be strong;
Pray ye deep and well,
Yea, pray deep,
For low in the dell
Doth a dead fay sleep.

Light and shimmering dance—
Light danced he on moor and lea!
O'er the river's glance,
O'er the green sea;
And now lies still
By the bitter cress and brier,
By the slow and shallow rill,
That from out the thymy hill
Flows, from elfin forge and fire;
Pray aloud, and say,
"Farewell, O thou dancing fay!"

Canst thou, priest, for wandering sprite
Say a mass?
He dwelt not in house at night,
But, in light
Eager mazes swiftly going,
Danced on mountain and morass;
Give him, father, of thy prayer,
For he was most brightly fair;
Yet, priest, if thou wilt not pray,
Thou'lt not compass his undoing.

At matins and evensong,
With mass and requiem,
Say, "For soul of errant fay,
For a leaf plucked from the stem,
For a spirit bright as day
Do we pray";
And the brier and bitter cress
By his side
Both put on a sober dress;
In the tide
Of the slow and shallow rill,
Every leaf its tears doth spill;
Every herb that decks the dell
Scattereth all its gems, and saith,
"Weep we for a fairy's death!
Fay, farewell."

RUTH PITTER.

REFLECTIONS.

A testimonial frequently raises a man's opinion of himself, but more frequently lowers his opinion of the man who wrote it.

Many men claim the right of making their own commandments, but even these they often break; this is the greatest of sins.

Many schools which claim to prepare their pupils for life do not prepare them even for death.

By this is meant the study of certain subjects which in after-life a man may boast of having forgotten.

Classic and Romantic—games of skill and games of chance.

Some men dislike another so much that they avenge themselves on him before he has injured them.

Book-lover—how passionate; bibliophile—how Platonic.

Praise in literature and art should, geometrically speaking, assume the form of a pyramid, and not of a circle.

We are apt to depreciate our own knowledge when we find it in the possession of others.

From Gath to Gomorrah is only a stone's throw.

Good art includes good judgment—the power to distinguish between the inspired word and the interloping stop-gap; genius does this instinctively, talent deliberately.

The microscope is an admirable contrivance, but its skilful application assumes the competent use of the naked eye. It is precisely this faculty that academic writers, who make the greatest use of the microscope, possess in the least degree.

For each order or rank of literature, a corresponding order or rank of inspiration. For any given product of literature—even the most trivial—to excel, it must have gone forth from its particular grade of inspiration, and its excellence is therefore entirely relative. This standard of judgment will apply equally to a comic song as to an epic poem.

Inspiration in some degree and of some order is needed for all effective action. "To be in the mood for a thing" is the expression which indicates this.

No man ought to become a schoolmaster unless he is too good to be one.

There are two kinds of anger—the anger which takes delight in a quarrel, and the real anger, which is not so much a "furor brevis" as "tristitia longa."

L. M. S.

RONDEAUX OF CHARLES D'ORLEANS.

Translated from the French by PALLISTER BARKAS

1. How God hath made her good to see,
The gracious lady, kind and fair.
For the great goods that are in her
All men do praise her willingly.
Who from her could hold him free?
Each day she groweth lovelier.
How God hath made her good to see,
The gracious lady, kind and fair.
Beyond the seas, or here or there,
Dame nor maiden findeth he
Who could match her perfectly.
All my thoughts of her visions are:
How God hath made her good to see.

2. If for sale thy kisses be
I will buy them joyfully,
And place in pawn with thee my heart
To have in them a goodlier part;
Tens, hundreds, thousands barter me.
But let them not so costly be,
As strangers would be charged by thee;
Thy knight receive me at this mart,
And if for sale thy kisses be
I will buy them joyfully,
And place in pawn with thee my heart.
Will and desire unstintingly
Are thine, though many dangers be.
Command, as true and wise thou art,
That, for my reward and part,
The first and last shall come to me,
If for sale thy kisses be.

3. O foolish eye, e'er bringing some new tiding,
Where goest and for what reason may it be,
With not so much as farewell ta'en of me,
In company of these fair dames abiding?
Careless thou art with them, and too confiding;
Seeking sound reason safer 'twere for thee;
O foolish eye, e'er bringing some new tiding,
Where goest and for what reason may it be?
Thou changest not, in thine old ways abiding,
And this being so, I rather, well I see,
Should chasten the desire that dwells in thee;
Quarrels enough have I with thee for chiding,
O foolish eye, e'er bringing some new tiding,
Where goest and for what reason may it be?

4. It is not by hypocracy,
Nor do I any vow betray,
If from my former state I stray
Now my last days are come on me.
Through all my youth this service held
Of each observance amorous,
But now, alas, I'm ta'en by Eld
And thrust in Order dolorous
Of the monks of Melancholie,
In solitude, withouten play.
It needs few words my fate to say,
For which not blamed should I be;
This is not by hypocracy.

5. Salute me all the company, pray,
Where thou art now, with faces gay,
And tell them I would gladly be
With them, but Age preventeth me,
Which hath me prisoned every way.
In times gone by I owned no sway
Save lovely Youth's; but no more may,
And must, alas, excused be;
Salute me all the company, pray,
Where thou art now, with faces gay,
As, tell them, I would gladly be.
Amorous I was, but no more may,
In Paris many a goodly day;
Adieu, Good Times I shall not see,
When I was braced so gallantly.
'Tis meet that such to Age give way.
Salute me, all the company, pray.

Current Cant.

"When the first English sergeant or private soldier found it necessary to shout through shell-fire the perplexing name of Ypres, and courageously decided to call it Wipers (and stick to both the name and the place), England made the first real stride in popular education that she has made for centuries."—G. K. CHESTERTON.

"Lord Derby once said with characteristic frankness that he had three ambitions: To be Lord Mayor of Liverpool, to win the Derby, and to be Prime Minister."—"Home Chat."

"When Gaby Deslys went to America recently she took a tiny dog from whose ears hung a pair of diamond earrings."—"Weekly Dispatch."

"A soldier's widow, Mrs. Jones, whose husband was killed at the front, has been given his place as conductor on a tram."—"Daily Mirror."

"Lord Norbury, who doffed his coat and put on the slop and overalls of a mechanic some weeks ago to go on warwork, has, in American parlance, 'made good.' He is making good fitters' money and enjoying it. 'Last week,' said the Countess, 'he was working until 3 in the morning and up again early. He has no intention of giving up the work, which he thoroughly enjoys.' "—"Standard."

"The feature that makes or kills a magazine is the advertisements."—"Nash's Magazine."

"It is at least conceivable that circumstances—says the pressure of a national disaster, or an internal revolution—might again prove too strong even for the most resolute Government, and no Russian Government could definitely prolong the war if the people were opposed to its prolongation. . . . Pro-German peace intriguers are already busy all over the world."—CHARLES SAROLEA in "Everyman."

"Death is undeniably a great asset to a young poet."—C. K. SHORTER.

"Handy-man, used to controlling men; ex-soldier minus limb preferred; wages 25s. week. Write, stating age, etc." —"Daily Chronicle" Advt.

"Housekeeper wanted for City offices; must be hard worker; ex-soldier with limb missing not objected to; wages 25s. week. Write, stating age, etc."—"Daily Chronicle."

"All England looks with boundless confidence to Lloyd George. In his person they see a new guardian spirit—a new St. George of England."—Danish "Berlingske Tidende."

"£2 to £10 weekly for one hour of your time daily. I will teach you the art of money making."—HUGH MCKEAN in "Daily Sketch."

"In regard to many industries the plain fact was that the foreigner lived much more cheaply than the British workman and charged less for his labour. If we are to defeat the foreigner in other industries after the war it seems to me that the British workman would have to consent to work for lower wages than hitherto. At any rate, I hope so, in order that the country might supply itself with necessities without having to go abroad for them."—Lord HEADLEY at the Confectionary Trades Exhibition.

"Society ladies play Bridge to help a worthy cause."—"Daily Sketch."

"Kitchener as a judge of babies."—"Daily Express."

"How to win the war."—ANNIE KENNEY.

"A poor linnet of prose, I did but perform my indifferent piping in the 'Evening News.' "—ARTHUR MACHEN.

"I fear the 1st Battalion of Fighting Parsons—'God's Own' it might be called—is a long way from formation." —HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

"Compulsory thrift. How the working man can pay his share."—"Daily Mail."

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE ARMENIAN MASSACRES

Sir,—Your correspondent, Mr. Bodigian's statement that nearly 330,000 Armenians were killed in the massacres of 1895-96 is a model of moderation when we consider the numerical flights of some other massacre-mongers. For instance, a compatriot of his, Mr. Melick, a year or two ago, put down the Armenian "massacres" at 500,000. Again, Lord Bryce—who, like Sir Edwin Pears, was one of the original boomers of the Gladstonian atrocities—estimates the total of the present alleged massacres at 800,000. I would suggest that as a general proposition one should take such opulent figures with a considerable amount of reserve. The need for this would be clear when we remember that the original figure of 60,000 which was given as the number of Bulgarian Christians slaughtered in 1876 was proved on the authority of Sir Henry Layard, the British Ambassador in Constantinople, to have been "about 3,500 souls, including the Turks, who were, in the first instance, slain by the Christians." Similarly in the case of the "massacres of Sassun" of 1894, the total number of Armenians killed was at first stated to be 8,000, and afterwards reduced in the final report of the Commission of Enquiry to 900. With such appalling fabrications before us, it is small wonder that the latest campaign of Armenian atrocities should have fallen so completely flat.

May I suggest, too, that it is a piece of impertinence for this "B.A." to speak of the ex-Sultan, once the Khalif of millions of Muslims the world over and his own sovereign, as "old Abdul." C. F. DIXON-JOHNSON.

* * *

Sir,—Mr. Arshag Bodigian's tirade against the Turk merely proves that Christian fanaticism is not yet dead. Does Mr. Bodigian know how "the terrible massacres of Armenians" in 1896 originated? The story is told by an eye-witness, Mr. Sidney Whitman, in his book, "Turkish Memories." A huge Armenian crowd made an unprovoked attack on the Ottoman Bank, shooting at sight everyone in the streets. This impudent attack on the Ottoman Bank was the outcome of a vast Armenian conspiracy, nurtured in Russia and applauded by the Nonconformists in England. I venture to think that the Turk has erred on the side of toleration in his treatment of these Armenian conspirators. No other country but Turkey would have stood such dishonest plotters in their midst. No doubt Mohammedans have massacred Christians, but history tells us that the latter can beat them at that game. DOUGLAS FOX PIT.

* * *

PRACTICAL ECONOMICS.

Sir,—No doubt many of your readers would thank you for a little extension of the analysis of the present economic conditions of the country contained in the "Notes of the Week" in your last issue. I am afraid that I, for one, am not quite clear on several points, and I should be grateful for a little enlightenment thereon.

I can quite understand that, if the Government had adopted the "outright confiscation of capital" or had decided to take control of the whole production of the country so as to "economise the labour and to organise and apply it in the industries least dispensable to a nation at war," the labour hitherto engaged in the production of superfluous articles would have been diverted to useful purposes. But you evidently assume, and, I fear, rightly, that such a conversion to common sense on the part of our rulers is unlikely, for you advocate the suppression of superfluous trades by sumptuary prohibition, etc., a proceeding entirely unnecessary if the whole of the national industries were under Government control. Now here lies my difficulty: It seems to me that under present *laissez faire* conditions such a suppression would be worse than useless. Either the number of persons employed in the production or distribution of articles of luxury and the like is insignificant or important. In the former case only a few persons would suffer by the suppression of their trade, but then what would be the gain to the State? On the other hand, if the manufacture of unnecessary and other articles that are "not strictly economic" is of such enormous magnitude as we are led to believe, there must be some of your readers who would like to know what would become of the millions of persons unnecesarily employed if they were "sumptuarily" deprived of their means of livelihood and left to the tender mercies of our go-as-you-please system to put them into other and more useful labour. It is not easy to

imagine how, even under national control, such an important diversion of energy could be carried out; still more difficult would it appear to be under present conditions. And, further, what would happen to the capital invested in those unnecessary trades, or how could machinery for the production of, say, lollipops or cheap cigarettes be made use of to manufacture shells or military boots? And one further point: suppose all the labour thus released could be diverted into useful channels, would not the sudden influx of such vast numbers of workers into the "necessary" trades produce the inevitable result of the law of supply and demand and bring down wages with a run?

If you could afford space for a more complete exposition of your views no one would be more gratified than, yours truly,

A STUDENT OF ECONOMICS.

* * *

LETTERS ABOUT RUSSIA.

Sir,—As a Russian who is devoting all his energies to the Labour Movement and for whom the inexpressible sufferings of the Russian people, the sacrifices without number made by Russia's workers for the cause of freedom and of Labour, and the struggle without parallel carried on decade after decade by the champions of this cause are not a subject for laughing and for easy witticisms, I allow myself to ask: Is it worthy of a well-known advanced organ like yours to publish such clown-like empty jesting as Mr. Bechhöfer's astounding vagaries in THE NEW AGE of December 2 about such a subject, that means all the highest hopes and most ideal strivings of millions of oppressed people, that means torture to the captives of tyranny, privations and sacrificing of everything to all who devote themselves to this fight, blood and martyrdom and self-immolation? What purpose is served by discrediting the Russian Labour organisations, the Russian popular movements, the Russian Social Democratic deputies of the Duma, who stand on the most exposed position of the battlefield of freedom, by discrediting them in the eyes of British democracy? And this utter ignorance with which this subject is treated, these errors of which Mr. Bechhöfer's parody of an article is full to the brim, errors so monstrous that even readers of English papers must be astonished by them, errors so numerous that their nomenclature alone would form a long article! I will point out only a few of them. Mr. Bechhöfer says that the five Social Democratic deputies "were sent to the cold north to await sentence," while every reader of papers knows that they were tried and sentenced by Court to lifelong deportation for their connection with the Social Democratic Party! Mr. Bechhöfer affirms that in 1905 the "Society of Societies" was opposed to "political activity," while, as a matter of fact, the "Society of Societies" was just one of the organised forces that fought most strenuously for a democratic constitution! And all that Mr. Bechhöfer says about Social Democratic ideas on agrarian reform, and so on, has simply not the least connection with reality, it is simply fantastical. And then he tells us that after the prorogation of the Duma a strike broke out on the Petrograd-Moscow Railway; the railwaymen, says he further, are not enamoured of politics, but saw in the prorogation of the Duma an insult to the army and to the people. But, in reality, the strike did not involve the railwaymen alone; it involved great proletarian masses: 150,000 workers struck at Petrograd alone, and other large and small towns were also involved, all demonstrating the great rising mass movement in Russia, and not only are they not opposed to politics, those class-conscious proletarian elements who struck on this occasion and who have many times taken part and will further take part at political strikes, and who struggle indefatigably for their class (not for "the army," as Mr. Bechhöfer thinks), but their aim is free political life, a democratic republic, and whilst not supporting the present Duma, the Duma of the nobles, they struggle for a real Parliament with universal suffrage for full political freedom.

In all this hollow display of cheap jokes with which Mr. Bechhöfer dishonours the pages of an advanced organ the only leading idea is that Russia must not be organised by a Parliament, but only by provincial assemblies—no Parliament, no constitution, no political freedom, only provincial assemblies. . . . But, in God's name, that means absolutism; that is just the programme of the reactionaries who are pursuing the aim of overthrowing the Duma; that is just the Black Hundred theory of the coup d'état! And such justification of a return to pure autocracy is presented to British readers on the pages of a British advanced organ! How is it possible?

G. TCHITCHERINE.

* * *

WAR NOTES.

Sir,—The grossly unfair attack upon the "No-Conscription Fellowship" made in the last issue of THE NEW AGE by your contributor, "North Staffs," calls for a protest if not for a reply. As an ordinary member of the Fellowship I am not concerned about what sort of a degree our president took, nor shall I comment upon the last paragraph of the article, except to say that such suggestions as to the particular form of indignity which will be suitable for pacifists in the event of conscription might appear with more fitness in a certain other weekly journal, edited by a particularly "crude" person.

Such a "violation of individuality" as the compelling any man to put himself into a position which forces him to take human life entirely against his own convictions does seem to me to be unjust. "North Staffs" cannot understand what is meant by "violation of individuality"; I can only suggest to him that a considerable number of people in the course of the ages have believed that their own freedom to do or not to do certain things was so vital to them that they lost their lives rather than surrender it. He says he *can* understand the objection to Conscription as being unjust, but only on the supposition that man has "an inalienable right to a happy and undisturbed life." I confess *I* cannot understand why a man who objects to be compelled by the State to take other men's lives should be credited with a belief of this sort. If by "a happy and undisturbed life" "North Staffs" means a life whose freedom is not invaded by demands upon it from the community inconsistent with the living of that life in such a way as to leave the individual his self-respect, I agree. But, of course, there is a *double entendre*. It is suggested that the no-conscriptionist wants to enjoy himself whilst other men—like "North Staffs"—do the hard work. "North Staffs" knows very well, too, that if we want a "happy and undisturbed life" we are no more likely to get it by holding out against a militarist Government than were our "Nonconformist ancestors." Even if the Government leaves us alone it is hardly likely that as individuals we shall lead very "happy and undisturbed lives" in the midst of a tragedy which affects us as it affects the whole civilised world. We do demand that the State shall not attempt to outrage our consciences; in that sense we do demand that we shall be "undisturbed."

We have only too good reason to know that in fighting for liberty we are not fighting "for the law of gravitation." We are not likely to forget it with the present Government in power, supported by such men as "North Staffs." Many of us are doing what we can to prevent the loss of such liberty as has been won by the Trade Unions amidst the industrial despotism which the war has brought. We are not just asking for leave to live in luxurious ease. We happen to believe that Conscription is one element of "Prussianism," and we do not wish to have it in this country. At bottom, however, our protest is an individual protest, backed by common action. I do not see how it is less valuable to the community for that reason. Those who think with "North Staffs" believe that they individually will suffer a loss of freedom unless they arm themselves and go out to kill the Germans; we feel that we shall lose our freedom unless we do all we can to oppose compulsory military service and to refuse it for ourselves under all circumstances. After all, liberty is an individual matter. "North Staffs" accuses us of regarding it as something already achieved or on the way to be achieved which you have simply to let alone. I accuse him of regarding it as something which is to be achieved for the State, however much you infringe the liberty of particular individuals in the process.

JOSEPH DALBY.

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Sir,—Kindly allow me to congratulate you on having apparently imported to your paper the leader-writer of the "Daily Sketch." Need I say that I refer specifically to the writer of "War Notes"? It is a pity that, for the high privilege of reading "Notes of the Week," "R. H. C.," "A. E. R.," Ivor Brown, and others who have made THE NEW AGE unique, we should have to read about English Prussianism. "Empire follows Art": we prefer to follow it in the wake of the writers mentioned, and not in the company of "North Staffs."

W. R.

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Sir,—Permit me to inquire what ails THE NEW AGE? Has it also sickened unto death, following upon economic

distress attributable to the war; or is the peculiar column of "War Notes" by "North Staffs" in last week's issue of your usually enlightened and intellectual journal the outcome of British Prussianism's overweening influence?

Six halfpennies per week will purchase this detestable claptrap through the medium of the "Daily Mirror," "Sketch," or "Mail," and leave a substantial profit of 50 per cent. to NEW AGE readers desiring to succumb to the tutorship of the militarist caste. Amongst the profundity of bloom which ever bedecks the only Garden of British Common-sense there can be no room for weeds, however well concealed. S. H. RUDD.

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Sir,—Mr. Clifford Allen may or may not have done himself credit in his university career. I neither know nor care what his educational qualifications are, but it is quite clear where "North Staffs" received his education—namely, in the gutter. May I respectfully suggest that he should return there? C. H. NORMAN.

* * *

Sir,—It seems to be a penalty of membership of anything that one becomes identified with many views one does not hold. I am a member of the No-Conscription Fellowship, and wish to tell "North Staffs" that I cannot say I hold Conscription to be a culpable violation of personality on the part of the Government. It is so absolutely, of course; it is horrible for our Government to have to force people to fight, but it is grim necessity which forces her hand.

I regard war as intensely real and German militarism a real menace to liberty and one which we are all called upon to fight. I see war as the inevitable outcome not of economic causes alone, but of a wrong idea, that of thinking Empire and military glory produce prosperity, culture, and happiness. That idea expresses itself in armaments, leads to struggles for the heavier side of the Balance of Power, and results inevitably in war. Spain, France, and now Germany have troubled the world in turn; and to spend oceans of blood each generation in slaying the product while the system remains is hopeless folly.

I regard the Christian method of defeating the error in the only plane in which it exists—namely, the mind—to be the only truly practical one, and I am quite ready to give my life in the attempt. It is really a matter of a choice of weapons.

Continual plagues forced man to connect effect with cause and learn hygiene, but he endured tremendous punishment before he would learn. We are being punished now, but are we learning the Christian truth that trust and co-operation is the very *condition* of man's social life and that he will perish if he will not learn it? Tell me that violence and revenge are natural to man and I reply that so are dirt and apathy, and man must either grow out of them or they will destroy him

War is not merely material in origin, and war does not stamp out the will to war and cannot produce a lasting peace. Non-resistance is equally ineffective and is also slavish and contemptible unless backed up by real courage and moral example, which cannot convert tigers but which *alone* can convert men.

"North Staffs" is good enough to tell us that, since Mr. Clifford Allen took only a second-class degree, he is therefore unfit for "thinking for the proletariat." This is on a par with his final remarks. I will not call this sort of thing ungentlemanly; I apply to it the same test as I do to war. It does not work, it only disgusts.

R. E. DICKINSON.

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WOMEN IN INDUSTRY.

Sir,—I take it that women who, like Miss Alice Smith, maintain that women must never allow themselves to be excluded from industry do so for this reason: They desire freedom to shape their own course, to be independent and to take responsibility from the same motives that move guildsmen to work towards National Guilds.

The idea of endowed motherhood and potential mothers State-kept in idleness would be as repulsive to women as the Servile State should be to men.

The only way out seems to me to be a Guild for those who wish to work in the home. Surely, a Guild of this kind could be run by women; girls would be taken into the Guild and trained for the work in the same way as boys will be trained in the industrial Guilds. The members of the Guild would be paid by the Guild (or at least those who desired it would). The Guild would receive from the State a sum for the purpose in the same way as we expect a teachers' or a doctors' Guild would.

The women in the Guild would not be dependent upon the other sex and they would control the conditions of their work.

Now I must attempt a short defence of women against the attacks of Miss Alice Smith and her like. Miss Smith's talk of "sex-bondage" has the same implications that are to be found underlying almost the whole of the Feminist movement. It implies that women in general do not love, do not desire children, but merely scheme to trap men in order to be kept. It also implies that men in general have no desire for fatherhood, but are merely brutes using economic pressure to attain their own selfish ends.

If this were so we could say farewell to Superman, and our duty would be to preach the extinction of so foul a race of beings. H. M. EMERY.

* * *

WHO IS RESPONSIBLE?

Sir,—It is a regrettable fact that Indian culture has so frequently been interpreted to Western nations by those who are least qualified to be its exponents. Even more disastrous is the encouragement to the unscrupulous provided by the gullibility of a suburban public which mistakes the methods of a cunning commercial instinct for the true mystic fire. However true it may be that certain plausible imposters find willing and enthusiastic adherents among the innumerable cohorts of soulful and unsatisfied ladies of waning youth, it is none the less important that the public should find some measure of protection at the hands of those who are or ought to be in a position to discriminate. It may be nobody's business that these vagabonds of Indian art, philosophy, and literature should advertise their wares to a somewhat too credulous public under the pretext of charity or national service; but whose business ought it to be? Who is in a position to instruct us if "Royal Musicians" are recruited from the ranks, or if "Sufi Mysticism" is even less Sufi than mystic; or if, to bring our grievance up to date, "A Voice from India" is inspired less by the true "Wisdom of the East" than by the necessities of a hungry stomach in the midst of us?

Far be it from me to dictate their duties to those who know them, with their attendant difficulties, as no outsider can pretend to do; but is there any reason why some recognised authority should not be appointed to whom we, in our lay ignorance, could go for reassurance or warning? Above all, is it not due to Indians of standing in this country that they should be dissociated from the malpractices of charlatans, who misrepresent their culture, morals, and breeding, under the patronage, it may be, of the very elect? E. AGNES R. HAIGH.

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THE LATE MR. G. W. FOOTE.

Sir,—Like most superior people, Mr. John Duncan does not quite understand. His remarks on superstition need no comment. The Archbishop of York and Mr. Foote both attacked superstition. True. And they both read the Bible and both wore hats. The identity is unmistakable: long ago it was remarked that Shelley was *really* a Christian, and Torquemada *really* an Atheist. Mr. Duncan's pseudo-Shavian sophistry is neither original nor clever. As for nobody liking superstition, the vast majority in this country like nothing else; that is why the wage-system persists, and that is why Blatchford and Campbell are popular heroes, and this is why "John Bull" has a circulation of over a million. Is it not so? Superstition is just the "sticky stuff" that clogs the minds of the people, but if they did not "like it" they would scarcely patronise it so passionately.

I take it, and I think that Mr. Duncan will not contradict me, that a man's attitude towards wagery, like his outlook upon life generally, is mainly determined by his spiritual state. This the late G. W. Foote saw with perfect perspicacity, and he worked for more than forty years to clear out the weeds of religious superstition from the mind of man. As he worked almost single-handed against the most tremendous odds he was unable to devote himself to every branch of political, ethical, and religious reform. For this sad failure of purpose I feel sure that the dead Atheist's ghost would, if it ever heard of him, apologise to the eminent reformer, Nietzschean, and Christian, Mr. Duncan. Mr. Foote "made his choice" indeed: and who but Mr. Duncan shall say that it was not a wise one? No one, I imagine, except professional theologians and their "flocks."

G. W. Foote was the spiritual heir of Laing, of Richard Carlile, of Holyoake, of Bradlaugh, and of other pioneers and heroes who, however much they may be despised by superior and ultra-refined persons, are the men to whom we owe such mental freedom as we possess. (If any

doubts this, let him read the contemporary accounts of the almost incredible heroism of Carlile and his crowd. No greater courage was ever recorded than that chronicled in the "Lion" and the "Republican" of the early years of last century.)

If Mr. Duncan is really a Christian, his remark that Mr. Foote was not a Nietzschean is an impertinence. If he is not a Christion he is merely a farceur, and it is not in the best possible taste to "rag" the memory of a man but just dead.

To call Ingersoll "pious" is one of the less-than-half truths so dear to Christian apologists. But if everyone who is non-Nietzschean is to be labelled "pious," there is no more meaning to be attached to the word. It is a lie to call Ingersoll pious in any attempted sense.

The sooner Mr. Duncan loses the habit of expressing "sentimental regard" for men whom he libels the moment they are dead, the better it will be for his friends and for his ethics. "Sentimental regard," of course, has no connection with "slave morality." It is, no doubt, a Nietzschean virtue.

Mr. Duncan's "licence to laugh" at Atheists because they are not all Nietzscheans will be endorsed by the eminent Duncanian Thersites, but by no one else of any distinction.

If Mr. Duncan wants "a contemporary comic paper," might I suggest the "Christian Herald" instead of the "Freethinker"—to which, by the way, at least two NEW AGE writers contribute? It is even more Christian, and only half the price. Mr. Duncan might also find "a new suit of values" at the "Freethinker" office. It might not be Nietzschean, but it would at least be decent, and proof against "intellectual" sneers at the great dead.

VICTOR B. NEUBURG.

* * *

NATIONAL GUILDSMEN.

Sir,—It will go against your grain to publish the enclosed?—Not to publish it?. Hein! I commend you to that most British of Final Resources—a Penny—in the assistance of your decision.—SELMA SIGERSON.

A PROLETARIAN CONCEPTION OF THE NATIONAL GUILDSMEN.

(After *Les Imagistes.*)

NOTE.—For the benefit of those who may have forgotten it may be explained that the writers of the above school claim that, in poetry, beauty is obtained by the accident of *fact*, rather than orthodox design; that picture-making springs from the expression of naked truths more compellingly than from artful decoration.

Behold them—the Guildsmen,
The Valiant and the National!
They stand on a Bath-mat (marked Great Britain)
On the Battle-field
—On a corner of the field—
Their shields all shining and unsmeared.
Their faces bright as the Dawn
Which lights the smooth Pacific
Into Day, and
The fair passage of a P. and O.—
There is something about them,
Some beauty world-lost and forgotten—
Some mediæval cuteness and
Determination (despite the Jaeger)
About the "pseudo"-bareness of their knees,
Fearless and Ready
Likr their clean, sandalled feet
To clamp the Highways—pennoned—
For a Noble Cause . . .
God speed them! (God so lately dead)
From the limbo'd ghosts of things.

The fight gathers—slowly perhaps—
Shaping to the final impact.
The Foe is small in numbers
But fat, congealed and solid,
Hefty in the lump and stubborn—
Ramparted well . . .
Pecked—not yet perturbed!

And over there—in the Workshops,
In the vast Workships of the World—
They are forging the Battle-grounds.
The Many are building—the Masses—
The Rabble which makes long-noses
(In the dinner-hour)
At the Guildsmen. The Rabble that builds
And hammers out the huge grid-iron
Magnets which shall lure the Foe
To melt and fizzle
Into smoke—and odours—
Of a Phœnix being cooked
To finer ends and Wings:
And the Guildsmen—at whom the Rabble makes long-noses—
On whose side are they?
They are against the Foe!
But the Foe sends them Mutton-smiles
(When it looks their way)
And the Rabble (those adjacent to the Bath-mat)
Passes Verdicts, now and then,
About them.
"If only," they say, one to the other,
"They would come down amongst us,
If only their hair was sweat-matted
Above the High-brows
And their hands tempered to the Furnace;
If only they would *fight* with us
And not make screeds of platitudes
(In permanent revision)
About things we *feel* and *know*—
Our hungers, and our truths?"
But the heart of the mocking Rabble
Is sore and bitter—is sick
With the pregnant throbbing of its Titan brain—
The anguish of its great soul
Made mute amidst the ceaseless hammers
—The Giant-Soul striving towards the Birth—.
And all their instincts answer
"No" and "No" again:
They are not of us—
They weave songs and halos from our Needs,
And go forth credit-laden, while we toil.
Their's but a sensing glimmer of our strength,
Our Stoic courage—building to the end
The Battle-grounds.
The Battle-grounds are ours,
The Foe is ours—to vanquish—
Ours alone, and ours the pangs,
And at the Final End—the Victory
And Tumult heaving to the Birth
Of Man unslaved, amidst a World new-builded,
and set free..

SELMA SIGERSON.

* * *

CURRENT CANT.

Sir,—In your Current Cant column last week you print the following passage from my book, "A Dominie's Log": "If I could play the piano I should spend each Friday afternoon playing to my bairns. I should give them Alexander's Ragtime Band and Hitchy Coo; then I should play them a Liszt Rhapsody and a Chopin waltz."

Anyone of average intelligence would guess that I want to try an experiment. I have read out in school a few verses of "Little Jim," and then a few verses of "La Belle Dame Sans Merci," in order to convey to my bairns that there are such things as good verse and bad verse. On the same lines I want to try them with a popular tune and an acknowledged masterpiece.

Now I want to know where the cant comes in. I take it that cant means hypocrisy, and most people take it thus. If the compiler of your column sees any attempt at hypocrisy in the passage quoted I should not be surprised if he looks upon the Sermon on the Mount as an advocacy of polygamy and vegetarianism.

I don't really mind his little joke, but I contend that it is quite pointless and very silly. His interpretation of the meaning of the word "cant" must be one that is not the usually accepted one. I beseech him to define "cant." If he does not, the column will continue to be the mystery that it is now.

A. S. NEILL.

Press Cuttings.

"Let us organise our industrial workers to a man: and *then* federate our organisations, and prepare for the great work of taking over the industries, controlling and working them, for the common good of all. This is the only way the wage system will be abolished. Through the power of organisation the worker is invincible; strange as it may seem, the workers are the only class that have not realised it. The old type of labour leader, with his collective bargaining ideals, is being superseded, as quickly as the undertaker will allow, by a new mind, instructed in the principles of economics, and therefore with some scientific reason for his sure and certain belief that 'there is no wealth but life,' and that the future of the world belongs not to the idle rich, but to labour."—GEORGE BARKER (Miners' Agent, Abertillery, Mon).

"At a meeting of the Liberal Women's Suffrage League the other day Miss Macarthur made certain statements with reference to the conditions of female munition-labour. If they are true the Minister for Munitions must tell us how such things could possibly happen in Government-controlled workshops, and he must assure us that they will not happen any more. In a certain factory, hitherto devoted to electrical engineering, said Miss Macarthur, girls were making bombs. They worked 72 hours a week, they worked seven days a week, they got one day off a month, and they were paid 2½d. per hour. It was in this factory that a Minister of the Crown addressed the workers, and asked them to make still greater efforts."—"Daily Sketch."

"Scan the recognised organs advocating the vote. From the first line of the front page to the last line of the back you will not detect the faintest tinge of womanly sentiment. . . . The present Suffragist desire to 'do something' is not the naturally healthy desire to create real live, healthy, robust, laughter-loving beings, whose very joy in living would make them feared by the exploiters of the world. Nor the lively impulse to destroy the system which stands in the way of the development of such beings. But the contrary craving to create further slavery, and to send to destruction living men."—ROSE WITCOP.

"We are faced at this moment with an impediment to victory which no one is really discussing and which, therefore, no one understands. That impediment to victory is the friction, always existing, between Capital and Labour in the production of munitions and equipment. It is a very immediate, very urgent, indeed, all-important matter. Why, then, has it not been discussed with intelligence and thoroughly? . . . Modern industry . . . has in the last hundred and fifty years grown up to be a method of production controlled by comparatively few men. These men form what is called the *management* of the great works . . . the function of management consists in arranging matters to the advantage of profit . . . the object of management is the obtaining of a profit over and above what is paid in wages. And the object of labour is to obtain the highest wage for itself. These things being so, the vast majority of industrial disputes turn upon a claim to further payment put forward by Labour, or, what comes to the same thing, against reductions of payment: and the settlement of a dispute in normal times has come to mean either a victory for the management in maintaining existing rates of wages or in forcing a reduction, or a victory for Labour in the obtaining of increased wages or preventing a reduction or (more commonly) a compromise between the two . . . *only one fundamental change will meet the difficulty, and that is the admission of the men to the management.* The proposal is revolutionary because it is fundamental. But if we do not make up our minds to it we shall inevitably see the friction increasing even during the crisis of the war, and after the war, when the market is flooded, either something like civil strife or the permanent and final degradation of Labour."—HILAIRE BELLOC in the "Sunday Herald."

"Among the clearest thinkers and exponents of trade unionism we think the body of Guild Socialists takes first place. In THE NEW AGE they have dissected and examined the wage system in a manner highly instructive, and in a way which compels the reader to think. They have propounded a solution which opens up quite new ideas, and presents attractions to the student of trade unionism. We hope in our January issue to commence a series of articles by members of this gifted group."—"The Southern Worker."

"The greatest truth which a study of the history of the universe teaches us is that there is nothing constant but change. At the present time, society is divided into classes, and we are told that the people of the wealthy class owe their position in society to their mental superiority and to their great ability, but the fact is that the workers, having always to keep their noses to the industrial grinding-stone, have little or no opportunity of developing their intellect. The aristocracy are not a class divinely created as we are sometimes led to believe, in order to govern and control the affairs of State. The history of the working-class movement affords a striking illustration of the development of revolutionary ideas. First of all, there were craft unions, confined to local areas, and these met with some success when fighting the small employers who were then in competition with each other; but when the employers organised in federations, the local unions were quite unable to fight them successfully. The linking up of the local unions into national organisations then took place, and again some measure of success was gained, but the development of capital into huge trusts again proved too powerful for the workers, divided in a multitude of craft unions, and in spite of the fact that machinery enabled us to produce in superabundance, the share of the workers was, at present, relatively smaller than before. To secure better conditions it was necessary for the workers to forge a better and stronger weapon with which to meet organised capital than craft unionism, and that weapon was industrial unionism, the uniting in one union of all the workers in any industry, and the uniting of the industrial unions in one body, not merely to secure better conditions from the master class, but that they, ultimately, might be in a position to gain complete control and ownership of the industrial machinery."—G. W. BROWN (Organiser N.U.R.).

"We are rich enough to withstand even this war without a catastrophe. However, at the best, the working classes will be extremely critical, and quite right. They will do more than criticise the conditions which made the war possible—I mean chiefly secret diplomacy—they will be in revolt, they will strike, and acute unemployment won't stop them from striking. Organised labour will grow more and more difficult to placate, and will want a much more direct share in the government, especially in the details of administration. We know now what a Government can do in the way of beneficent activity when the security of the rich is in danger, and, after the war, Radicals and Labour men will insist on it doing something really big for the poor. There will be no excuse. I hope there will be a considerable growth in the Socialist movement . . . what we had before the war amounted to administrative nihilism. I hope the war will have taught us better than that. I hope we shall see the stupidity of unrestrained competition and the real necessity for co-operation; but if we don't, the working classes will teach us, and probably in an unpleasant manner. . . . The working classes will have learnt once more what war means to them, and so will the upper classes. Militarism will be at a discount, no matter how the war ends. It will be at the biggest discount in Germany. I don't believe in conscription and I shall be extremely surprised if we adopt it. . . . Militarism as a creed is the worst enemy of Labour, and Labour won't have it. Labour's attitude is pretty plain already, and Labour, unless it is inconceivably stupid, will rule the roast. Look at the failure of the Munitions Act, which was a hasty piece of legislation and something of a slander on workmen, too. . . . Our employing classes are not educated, and they are not industrious."—ARNOLD BENNETT.

"Men have stood by each other in the fierce times gone by because it was the only way they could stand. The individual was nothing in the struggle for existence. No man could stand alone. The individual could survive only by uniting his strength with that of others."—Professor J. HOWARD MOORE.

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