NOTES OF THE WEEK.

It must be confessed that the proposal to conscript capital has made but little progress during the past week. So far as we have examined, indeed, we have not come across a single instance of its serious propaganda. The men for the Army have come forward, we believe, in such voluntary numbers that there is no longer any excuse for the talk of applying conscription to the person; but, on the other hand, though money to carry on the war is more than ever needed, and though it shows no signs of enlisting of its own accord, every excuse for avoiding any talk of conscripting it, is eagerly seized and made use of. On the face of it—if the obvious were not the last aspect of things to be seen—it would appear that the conscription of capital for the purpose of a vital national war would precede rather than follow (or not follow at all!) the conscription of men; and particularly in a democratic country whose presumed table of values places men above money. Yet we have seen it proposed to drag men by force from their homes to risk their lives in defence of the nation, at the same time that equally necessary capital is billed and cooed to without so much as a maintenance of our Navy or Army? The consequence has compulsion been more necessary or more appropriate than upon this. In the first place, it stands to reason that of all the forms and directions of invested capital, capital invested abroad most demands and most needs the provision and protection of the Navy and Army. Itself being, in some ways, a treachery to England—since the exportation of capital raises interest in this country—it, nevertheless, while doing England this disservice, requires the services of England even more than the capital left to fructify at home. We have only to reflect upon the fact that the existence of British capital in any part of the world is a national commitment, though only a private profit, to see at once that the adage of Trade following the Flag ought in truth to be reversed and to read as the Flag following Trade. And what is this but to say that "our" foreign investments are the first, if not the last, consideration in the maintenance of our Navy or Army? The consequence would seem to be that of all the forms of private capital, foreign investments are peculiarly liable to contribute to the cost of the national defence. They, more than any other, necessitate and determine the dimensions of our defensive forces; and they more than any other, ought, therefore, to be the first to pay for them. The discussions during the week, however, upon this point have shown a remarkable ignorance of the preferential position of foreign investments, and, hence, of the preferential liability of foreign investments to State compulsion. "Our" American and other securities are to be treated with no less tenderness than our home securities. These prodigal sons, indeed, are to have the fatted calf killed for them, even while they remain in far countries. Not only is compulsion not to be applied to them, but they are invited to offer themselves for purchase upon favourable terms as an alternative to lending themselves upon even more favourable terms. The conclusion can only be come to that either our statesmen are in collusion with foreign investors, or are ignorant of the real nature of foreign investments in general.

Evans, we believe, ventured to breathe the word compulsion. Yet upon no matter connected with the war has compulsion been more necessary or more appropriate than upon this. In the first place, it stands to reason that of all the forms and directions of invested capital, capital invested abroad most demands and most needs the provision and protection of the Navy and Army. Itself being, in some ways, a treachery to England—since the exportation of capital raises interest in this country—it, nevertheless, while doing England this disservice, requires the services of England even more than the capital left to fructify at home. We have only to reflect upon the fact that the existence of British capital in any part of the world is a national commitment, though only a private profit, to see at once that the adage of Trade following the Flag ought in truth to be reversed and to read as the Flag following Trade. And what is this but to say that "our" foreign investments are the first, if not the last, consideration in the maintenance of our Navy or Army? The consequence would seem to be that of all the forms of private capital, foreign investments are peculiarly liable to contribute to the cost of the national defence. They, more than any other, necessitate and determine the dimensions of our defensive forces; and they more than any other, ought, therefore, to be the first to pay for them. The discussions during the week, however, upon this point have shown a remarkable ignorance of the preferential position of foreign investments, and, hence, of the preferential liability of foreign investments to State compulsion. "Our" American and other securities are to be treated with no less tenderness than our home securities. These prodigal sons, indeed, are to have the fatted calf killed for them, even while they remain in far countries. Not only is compulsion not to be applied to them, but they are invited to offer themselves for purchase upon favourable terms as an alternative to lending themselves upon even more favourable terms. The conclusion can only be come to that either our statesmen are in collusion with foreign investors, or are ignorant of the real nature of foreign investments in general.

In all the discussions of the Government's proposal to mobilise "our" American credit, only Mr. Worthington
difference between speculation and investment—certain remarks of Mr. McKenna's may be taken as inviting the min. to the second hypothesis—namely, that Ministers do not know their own business. For on several occasions in the course of his speech on Tuesday, Mr. McKenna confessed to ignorance of the extent of "our" commitments in America and Canada. "We have in this country," he said, "an unknown, but certainly large amount of American securities." And, again, he said that "the Government does not at present really know what is the total amount of the securities held in this country." This is explicit enough, and all that remains to be done is to give reasons for deploiring the fact. For if, as we have said, the Flag and all its material accomplishments follow Trade, not to know where our Trade is, its dimensions and its range, is to be ignorant at the same time of the real springs of foreign policy. No wonder, we can now say, that our foreign policy presents the spectacle of the blind leading the blind; since, Flag in hand, it has to appear to lead when, in fact, it is blindly following the calls of foreign investments it knows not where or to what extent. And if the Government "really do not know" what "our" investments are in America and Canada, it is scarcely likely that our investments in obscurer parts of the earth will be known either. What is Strategy worth with its accounts of either of its own army or of the forces of the enemy? Yet, a foreign policy that is ignorant of the disposition of the foreign investments, both of its friends and of its enemies, is nothing more than Strategy without an Intelligence department. It is a policy in the dark.

* * *

At this point we may pause to examine the claims of those other amateur diplomatists who would have our foreign policy carried on, as they say, democratically. "The only condition," wrote Mr. Snowden recently, "in which a permanent peace could be secured was that it was the peoples of Europe who should control foreign affairs, and not kings and diplomatists, who had made these things their playthings." To what extent "kings and diplomatists" make foreign affairs their playthings we have already guessed from the confession of Mr. McKenna that the Government "does not really know" the disposition of foreign investments. It is in fact probable, indeed, that kings and diplomatists are the playthings rather than the players. And it is still more certain that the "peoples of Europe" would find themselves in the same situation if, with even greater ignorance than kings and diplomatists, they set about the control of foreign affairs. Kings and diplomatists have, on the whole, a fair knowledge of geography, even if they are unaware of the economic and financial geography, which, in the conduct of foreign affairs, is so much more important. But as for the "peoples of Europe," not only does financial geography exist outside their apprehension, but even physical geography has to be taught them by the follies of the kings and diplomatists Mr. Snowden professes to despise. We should not be surprised, in fact, if even Mr. Snowden and his friends were to be discovered ignorant of the financial springs of foreign policy. Nothing that they have published, in all the books now pouring from them, reveals to our mind any appreciation of the simple fact that what is a mystery to us is not necessarily a mystery to those who are conducting affairs for us, secrecy is a privilege we gladly accord them. And it is only when events prove that things have gone wrong, and when open confession reveals the fact that the mystery-mongers are themselves mystified, that we feel disposed to turn the light of publicity upon the conduct of foreign affairs, and to insist upon keeping it there. The confession of Mr. McKenna that the Government "really do not know" our foreign financial commitments is evidence enough for us that our foreign policy in the past has never deserved the confidence of our secrecy about it. Not really knowing our commitments near home, it is unlikely to know our commitments in Russia, in Asia Minor, in Perú... in the very areas, in short, where the Flag is now doing its heroic best to follow them. It is the ignorance of our conduct of foreign policy of which we complain, not its secrecy; and it is its ignorance, not its secrecy, that requires to be amended.

* * *

Returning to the subject of finance we may note on the way the discussion in our Press of the recent speech of the German Chancellor of the Exchequer, Dr. Helfferich (on which, with our exceptions, the "Times" has not a word to remark). Allowing, with the "Times" and other journals, that the financial condition of Germany is perilous, and is approaching disaster, we may still doubt whether the end is yet in sight and whether, in fact, German finance has not sources of strength of which these journals do not take a proper account. As regards foreign trade—so much of it as is possible and indispensable—Germany's position is, indeed, much more favourable than Mr. Helfferich's speech implies. It is in fact probable, at least, that kings and diplomatists, who set about the control of foreign affairs, have, on the whole, a fair knowledge of geography, even if they are unaware of the economic and financial geography, which, in the conduct of foreign affairs, is so much more important. But as for the "peoples of Europe," not only does financial geography exist outside their apprehension, but even physical geography has to be taught them by the follies of the kings and diplomatists Mr. Snowden professes to despise. We should not be surprised, in fact, if even Mr. Snowden and his friends were to be discovered ignorant of the financial springs of foreign policy. Nothing that they have published, in all the books now pouring from them, reveals to our mind any appreciation of the simple fact that what is a mystery to us is not necessarily a mystery to those who are conducting affairs for us, secrecy is a privilege we gladly accord them. And it is only when events prove that things have gone wrong, and when open confession reveals the fact that the mystery-mongers are themselves mystified, that we feel disposed to turn the light of publicity upon the conduct of foreign affairs, and to insist upon keeping it there. The confession of Mr. McKenna that the Government "really do not know" our foreign financial commitments is evidence enough for us that our foreign policy in the past has never deserved the confidence of our secrecy about it. Not really knowing our commitments near home, it is unlikely to know our commitments in Russia, in Asia Minor, in Perú... in the very areas, in short, where the Flag is now doing its heroic best to follow them. It is the ignorance of our conduct of foreign policy of which we complain, not its secrecy; and it is its ignorance, not its secrecy, that requires to be amended.

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As additional arguments for the conscription of Capital we may cite, perhaps, the case of Germany as pictured by our financiers. On the supposition that Germany is heading straight for a bankruptcy in which her wealthy men will find themselves ruined with the rest, what moral superiority have we, who profess to be on the right side, over the Germans, whom we know to be on the wrong side, if for a bad cause German plutocracy will ruin itself, while for a good cause our own plutocracy
cracy will not even risk a penny of its capital? It is a
naively idealistic representation of the world, is it not,
that shows us those noblemen sacrificing themselves in
that last rag what time intelligence and virtue make a
material as well as spiritual profit out of the combat?
No price, it seems, is too high for dishonour and State-
slavery to pay for their triumph; but for honour and
liberty the price of even free loans on good terms is too
great. Is that the moral our plutocrats wish the
penny

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reflection might occur to them that, in any event, our
shirkers must be sought out, held up to public contempt,
even if it should continue to be offered to the free enlistment
- thus putting it in the same position as the Navy-to
Germany and England are upon equal terms. But the
And If it is not forthcoming of its own accord, the
England's food-prices are so little lower. And the
wonder and the scandal of the latter fact are only
increased by the knowledge we have that, in the first
place, our Navy can, if rightly employed, guarantee us
as many supplies as before the war; in the second place,
that foreign supplies could be even cheaper than before the
war, were the demand of German enterprises to go on,
and, in the third place, that we had only to requisition
and we must have, as well as our men, if that were
shirkers must be sought out, held up to public contempt,
threatened with compulsion, and, finally—compelled.

* * *

In the comparison of our situation with that of Ger-
many not nearly enough has been made of the advantage
we possess in an effective Navy. To bear the pride
with which the relative costs of living in the rival coun-
tries are compared and contrasted, you would suppose
that our journalists imagine that in all other respects
Germany and England are upon equal terms. But the
wonder is that, without a Navy at liberty, Germany's
food-prices have remained, on the whole, so favourable
to her population; while, with an unchallengeable Navy,
England's food-prices are so little lower. And the
wonder and the scandal of the latter fact are only in-
creased by the knowledge we have that, in the first
place, our Navy can, if rightly employed, guarantee us
as many supplies as before the war; in the second place,
that foreign supplies could be even cheaper than before the
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threatened with compulsion, and, finally—compelled.

* * *

We may, however, estimate the chances of the con-
scription of capital from the treatment just given to that
form of capital most suitable for satisfying the needs of
the country, by the mere calculation of the sums invested in
America (and not only in America!) at their maximum
value at this moment. Convertible into the currency of
their respective domiciles, they would enable us to save security on the
money of the debtor and the parent countries. Indeed,
so great is the need for money on the spot in America
that the Government, as we have seen, has invited the
deposit with itself, on purchase or loan, of all the
American securities offered for redemption; at a figure
below the market price of the day (what rigging of the
markets there will now be!). And for the loan of them
for two years, half per cent. in addition to present divi-
dends is offered, together with two and a half in the
event of purchase. Look well, at these figures, we beg
our democratic readers; and contrast them with the
facts of the enlistment of men. The difference repre-
sents our distance from democracy.

* * *

We are sometimes guilty ourselves of falling into the
error of Elisha and of appealing to lament that we are
the only righteous journal in Israel; when we know and
ought to believe that there are several that have not
bowed the knee unto Baal. Our excuse is that so
many of these journals now, or the pretence of German
democracy, perhaps, or the occasion, like Naaman, and that it is sometimes hard
to tell on which side they are. But this excuse cannot
be pleaded by the "New Statesman" in making the im-
pudent claim that it has been almost alone in criticising
the contents and administration of the Ministry for not now and then, but consistently week after week,
ot only we, but the "Herald," the "Nation," and the
"Labour Leader," and several other journals (some of
them Trade Union journals) have critically examined
the Act with as much ability and more than the "New
Statesman." That Mr. Lloyd George has chosen the
Fabian organ in which to make a defence is perhaps not
so complimentary as the editor would like to think.
Other reasons than fear of its influence may have de-
cided the wily Minister; and it would not be the first
time that he has attempted to oppose the strong by
concluding the weak. Be that as it may, it is certain that
criticism of the Act must continue and must be extended
as far and as boldly as possible; and Mr. Lloyd George
must be prepared to meet criticism of the Ministry.
If he does not, he will find that his act of omission will
be deemed to be an equivalent of his country having
failed to sustain a blockade effective in the same sense
as the conclusion of peace by minimising the friction actually
working well and by minimising the friction actually
existing, the Act will work the better, and without
distrust. The Act, when we come to a sudden stop, will
profess indignation and surprise, and be echoed in
it by the public that is led by the "Times" and its
brood. In the obscurity in which, for the general
public, the Act is allowed to work, nothing can he seen
of the many grievances except by the aid of a light.
The tinder, however, is drying; and one day a match
will be struck.
It happens that since the war began I have read nearly every criticism passed upon our Foreign Office by every prominent newspaper in England. This particular Department of the Government has been criticised for many things; but never for the right ones. It has been blamed, for instance, because it was held responsible in many quarters for failing to make cotton contraband soon enough. Its critics are now beginning to recognise that making cotton contraband has little effect—indeed, hardly any—or the supply reaching Germany; and in any case the Foreign Office itself had little to do with keeping cotton off the contraband list. Blame rather the cotton planters of the Southern States of the Union, if you wish, and blame the Government generally for giving way to the pro-German agitation in the United States for the sake of avoiding friction when it was necessary for us to avoid friction; but do not blame the Foreign Office for something it could not control.

We are now being tormented with a new and equally ridiculous scare. It is acknowledged that the Government has entered into a trading agreement with Denmark not unlike that already entered into with Holland. There is to be a Danish equivalent of the Netherlands Oversea Trust; and several newspapers and politicians have been working themselves into a frenzy because alleged copies of the secret agreement with Denmark have been found by the Earl of Portsmouth, Lord Strachie, and others, and have addressed the House of Lords on the point. Yet what is all the bother about? We are told that several commodities are to be exported to Germany in unlimited, and others in limited, quantities. We are then told that we are assisting the Germans to hold out; or rather that the Foreign Office—again the unfortunate Foreign Office—is doing so. It would be wrong to say that the Foreign Office has done no fool's thing since August of last year; but, I repeat, it is being blamed, as a rule, for the wrong things. The Foreign Office is not allowing supplies to pass through to Germany which are likely to be of the slightest use to the German armies, or even to the German people as a whole.

Look at the list of commodities in the agreement—that is to say, the alleged copy of the agreement upon which the criticisms against the Foreign Office are being based. I do not say that there is not some good foundation for the statements contained in the agreement; but, I say again, look at the commodities listed. It seems that china ware, ink, earthenware, cheese, machinery, spirits, toys, and rennet are to be re-exported to Germany from Denmark in limited quantities, the quantity in each case being specified in maximum amounts per quarter. Certain other commodities—matches, leather, malt, coffee, tea, clothing, tobacco, biscuits, macaroni, soda, woolen, cotton, and linen cloth, and tools—may be re-exported in unlimited quantities. Surely a consideration of these lists would have been sufficient to make a sensible critic smile? For what, as we know very well from the statements in the German papers, do the people of the Central Empires stand most in need of? The answer to this question is this: There is, above all else, a huge shortage of food in Germany, so huge a shortage that the Social Democrats have expressed disappointment with the Imperial Chancellor's recent speech, and have insisted on prolonging the session of the Reichstag with the object of securing discussion for a score of special Interpellations which the Government did not want discussed at all. One of these is to the effect that the allowances paid to the dependents of soldiers at the front shall be increased by no less a figure than 50 per cent., as the cost of living has risen to such an extent that the allowances now paid are utterly inadequate. It must be remembered that in Germany at present there are no rack-renters, and the cost of living over and above what the Government provided for at the beginning of the war is due almost exclusively to the rise in the cost of food. The fixing of maximum prices, the issuing of cards for bread, butter, potatoes, beef, oil, and what not, municipal purchase of commodities: all these steps have been taken in vain.

To express this in temperate enough language, the Central Empires are starving. What is wanted, and wanted at once, is beef, pork, wheat, potatoes, green vegetables, and butter. The German people will endure stoically, they will devise substitutes where they can; but they cannot endure for ever, and there is a limit to inventiveness. It does not matter twopence if ink is poured into Germany by the gallon, soda by the shipload, and tobacco by the truckload. Not even the biscuits and the cheese will be of any value. The public of the Central Empires wants bread, beef, pork, oil, and butter, not to speak of cooling fats; and these are precisely the commodities which that public cannot and will not be able to obtain from abroad until the end of the war. Let there be no mistake on that point. It need not be imagined for a moment that the relatively few supplies now in Bulgaria and Serbia will serve for more than a few days—such as can be despatched to Germany at all—and even the Germans now recognise, as their papers tell us, that nothing need be expected from Turkey. It is true that the Germans and Austrians have extended their commerce to Turkey since a way was forced through Serbia. And what has been the result?

The result, if I may refer the reader to a German source, is seen in the bitter, not to say neurotic speech of Dr. Helfferich, the German Financial Secretary, a few days ago. According to Dr. Helfferich, the financiers of the Allied Powers had broken down and Germany alone was in a position to carry on the war successfully from the financial point of view. Never was there a more deliberate mis-statement from Dr. Helfferich since he took up office. The financial condition of a country and its credit is always shown by the rate of exchange. England, France, and Italy have been able to steady their credit abroad by borrowing abroad on their home credit. Germany has utterly failed to do so. At the end of February the German exchange against Austria was as good as against England. Germany went to the extent of 14 per cent. With the partial blockade of March 11 German trade with the United States was all but cut off, and the rate remained fairly steady at a disadvantage of 14 per cent. until last month, when Germany secured certain goods from Bulgaria—chiefly a small supply of wheat—and paid for them in bills and notes. At once the Bulgarian bankers, and the Greek bankers who were also involved, tried to turn these German bills into cash or the equivalent of cash. What was the outcome? For the first time since March German paper appeared on the market, drawn on the two chief markets open to her, viz., Amsterdam and New York. Up went the rate against Germany again. It mounted in New York from 14 to 15 on a single day; it rose to 17, 19, 20, and 21, and as I write it stands at 23. Furthermore, the rate, which stands against Austria at no less than 34 per cent., will continue to rise until the German-American bankers manage to raise a small credit. But all the credits which the German-Americans have succeeded in raising up to the present have not even sufficed to steady the rate, which fluctuated even when Germany was not trading in the summer and early autumn. And now Germany will be doing a little more trading with Denmark—in consequence, of course, of the new agreement—but it will be trade in articles which will not help her to shorten the war by a day; in articles which will not still the cry for more bread, more beef, more pork, more butter. Our Foreign Office, it may be said, is not without its financial advisers.
War Notes.

Is it possible to produce any effect on a pacifist by argument? Probably not. But the attempt has had to be made. It is evidently more important to convert than to insult them; though the latter will always remain a pleasant and a necessary duty. At any rate, I want to consider again some arguments bearing on the assertion that any are “fighting for liberty.” When later I come to deal with actual facts, I will use more precise statements, but for my purpose here the rhetorical phrase will do well enough. The arguments I use might appeal only to those people who, if they thought the statement true, would act upon it.

In dealing with this statement about liberty, I believe that the attempt to prove the statement to the pacifist, by the enumeration of facts, will be useless. This is an essential element in an attempt to produce conviction, but, unsupported by other methods, it will always fail, for the facts are so extremely complicated that though they may unmistakably point to one conclusion, it will always be possible for the pacifist to produce enough to confuse the method of reasoning, and so escape in scepticism at any rate. A man’s desire will always lead him to the facts he wishes to find.

Perhaps this is too crude an explanation of what happens. It would not be true to say that the pacifist first perceives certain awkward facts and then more or less deliberately suppresses them. The matter is more complicated. Everything happens as if the apparatus of perception itself was in some way falsified, so that the pacifist did not even perceive these awkward facts. The pacifist feels that big liberty can really be in any way dependent on a small, material thing like a gun-mechanism. I shall repeat the word gun, meaning by it always all the mechanisms.

This reluctance is no myth, imagined by me as a plausible explanation. It really exists and is an important element in a certain kind of conduct.

What, then, is the source of this reluctance? This is where the justification of what I said about an abstract method comes in. The only hope of removing this reluctance is, I think, the employment of the kind of abstract method I want to suggest here.

On what facts is the existence of such a method based? One can get at it best indirectly by considering the devising route by which the abstract ideas of the philosophers do in the end reach the crowd. In the first place, the abstract ideas of the philosophers pass into a wider sphere in the thought of the political philosophers and literary men. These latter are read by journalists who themselves write under the influence of these ideas. This process goes on till the relatively least educated read broad-sheets, papers, tales, and bear speeches, which, while never once mentioning these ideas explicitly, yet contain them implicitly, being at the bottom based on them. A clear example of the first part of this process can be found in the seventeenth century, when you have a popular philosophy built up under the influence of three main currents of abstract ideas: (1) The systematisation of the Stoic tradition through the work of the Dutch philologists; (2) The transference of the mechanical philosophy of Galileo into the explanatory life of natural law; and (3) The organisation by Grotius of a natural system of Rights and Law. This process, of course, takes considerable time before it penetrates to the lowest layer and thus accounts in some way for the existence of different systems of manners at different levels. I am not here referring to the invention of a French writer some ten years ago: “At the present moment it is only the tinker who kills his unfaithful wife, the other classes do not. Why? Because the latter are under the influence of the modern sceptical conceptions of the mechanical, and natural or romantic movement has only just penetrated down to the tinker.” Leaving the truth of this out of the question, it does, at any rate, serve to illustrate a process which in the development of political thought is a very real phenomenon.

It is possible here to establish some sort of rough parallel to Van Baer’s law in embryology, which asserts that the development of the embryo repeats the history of the species. I hold that that popular opinions and clear beliefs, of which we are fully conscious, all depend on a number of abstract ideas which lie so much at the centre of our minds that we are often unconscious of their existence. If you picture the mind in this way like a tree in a forest, the central abstract ideas to the outside concrete political beliefs (such as the one I am considering in this note), you are, as a matter of fact, repeating in yourself the historical movement by which these abstract ideas gradually penetrated into and transformed social and political thought. If we can make a man conscious of the central ideas, from which his convictions spring, it is possible, at any rate, that by exposing them we may free him from their influence; and if we are conscious of them, reject them. This is the abstract method of propaganda. To put the matter once more, the pacifist often finds it almost irrational and unnatural to believe that a fundamental thing like liberty can depend on a trivial material thing. An appeal to facts would not shake this belief, for it is grounded in the way he perceives facts. The only way to shake it is to exhibit the abstract idea, which is really the source of this reluctance.

What is the abstract conception from which the reluctance of this type of pacifist to understand the dependence of liberty on accident depends? Very roughly it may be described as a false conception of the relation between values and existence. Values, as such, are absolute, but they have no force in themselves tending to bring about their realisation. The decay in the belief in
This reluctance to recognise the dependence of liberty on force, is by no means a necessary characteristic of democracy. There is no essential connection between pacifism and democracy. This reluctance was not found, for instance, in seventeenth century England, contrarily Milton spoke of the nation that had "been valuable enough to win liberty in the field." Nobody then had any ideas of inevitable Progress or of Liberty realising itself. They had a thoroughly realistic conception of the means by which it could be achieved. It is worth while noting that in the disputes after the victory it was the army that was always the more democratic, while the lawyers were conservative; that army which said of itself: "We are not a mercenary army, but called forth to the defence of our just rights and liberties."

The pacifists should cure themselves of the habit of thinking that pacifism is another name for democracy. They should rid themselves also of the habit of putting down any opposition to pacifism, to an admiration for Prussianism. This parrot cry is trotted out delightedly by people who have as much acquaintance with what Prussia really is as they have with the other side of the moon. I am opposed to pacifism as a democrat, but I beg leave to point out that pacifism is a little older than the French Revolution and the American Revolution. If I could correct their tenets by Ireton's belief that "men are born corrupt and will remain so," I should prefer to call myself a Leeser; for not only did they think "liberty a right inherent in every man . . . meaning by liberty . . . definite participation in whatever political arrangements the community finds it desirable to make," but they were prepared themselves to fight for this right.

This was seventeenth-century democracy, the source of all modern democracy. It had a certain virility and had not then fallen into the sentimental decadence of humanitarianism. The truth is, that there are two ideas of democracy. The pacifist founded on sympathy and the other founded on the conception of Justice, leading to the assertion of equality. To the latter conception, I must subscribe whether I desire to or not, as I must to an ethical conception. The inferiority of democracy founded on sympathy depends, however, also on a practical question. It seems demonstrable to me that the kind of social justice which we desire will never be realized which is likely to radically transform society. That is only probable in movements which, like the democracy of the seventeenth century in England, or the Socialism of Proudhon, are founded on the idea of Justice. It is only too likely that the ideology which will more likely develop in external affairs will also produce social pacifism. It will broaden and extended form of liberal corruption.

Holland and the World War.
By W. de Veen.
(Author of "Battle Royal," "An Emperor in the Deck," etc.)

II.

To —, Barrister in Rotterdam.

Dear —,

I got your letter all right, but it took me some time to realize that it was really you who wrote it. Three weeks had elapsed before you favoured me with a reply; that alone should have warned me that instead of jumping at the idea of discussing this gigantic world drama there was a certain reluctance to express an opinion, a fear of committing yourself. However, I was not in the least prepared for such an answer as lies before me, which leaves me with a feeling of disappointment and disgust. I wish I could ignore what you say, push it aside and try to forget it. But that is impossible. Our friendship is not only of long standing, it is also full of recollections that brighten my retrospect of life, and has always been guided and led by a common love of justice, truth, straightforwardness, and all those words imply. She would, for the future, our views prove to differ on such essential points, I should feel immeasurably the poorer, yet, how can I otherwise interpret your letter? This sounds something in the nature of a threat, and if I hurt your feelings I am very sorry; but really, old man, you cannot expect me to accept your arguments as that altera pars we were always taught to take into consideration.

For I loathe the very notion that you should belong to the enemy camp. I refuse to entertain it. I will not accept your letter as the true expression of your feelings—or because the poison of "neutralism"—by which self-coined term I wish to indicate the state of mind of those eager to keep out of "it" at any price, even at the cost of the national honour—has for the time being obscured your usual lucidity.

The suspicion that your attitude is a pose, a pretence, and nothing more, seems to be confirmed by your exaggerated praise of the official warning to all good Dutchmen, to abstain from espousing the cause of either of the allied belligerents, by condemning the conduct of the other side. You even go so far as to recommend that we should suspend our judgment till the war is over, and absolutely refuse to take notice of what is going on beyond our own confines. To hear you emphasise and extol this absurd attitude of moral ineptitude actually came as a relief to me. With the fall of Antwerp fresh in our memories this is no time for meritment, but, under normal conditions I should have roared with laughter at what I could only take to be a skit on the grandfathersly Government—bless them!—that guides our national destinies.

But my hilarity would have been of short duration. There are things in your letter that made me sit up and tremble with indignation, and for that very reason convinced me that you were not, could not, be in earnest. It was your reference to the fall of Antwerp that first made me doubt the evidence of my senses; for that world-wide calamity you seemed to welcome as a splendid argument against intervention on the part of Holland, complaining that any attempt of ours to oppose the German hosts would mean national suicide. Totally ignoring my view that their occupation of Antwerp is an anachronism, you seemed to welcome as a splendid argument against extension of the war the German army was always the more democratic, while the lawyers were conservative; that army which said of itself: "We are not a mercenary army, but called forth to the defence of our just rights and liberties."
failed in our international duty, by not raising our voice against German impudence the moment it threatened Belgium with ruin, unless she foresaw her own honour and the obligations she was under as a neutral State. Yet it is in just such an instance, truly, that I cannot believe you are sincere. To turn the tables on me like that is very clever; but it is, after all, not more than a debater’s trick—your own self is not behind it. For the axiom that a peaceful State constitutes an inviolable unity which every other member of the Family of Nations should respect, to the same extent as they quite rightly claim such respect for themselves, is also the very backbone, the centre of gravity of our own national existence. Just as in ordinary life we have all agreed and laid it down as an inviolable law that the strong man shall respect the weak although he could easily knock him down, so an invisible, spiritual power should ensure to the smaller nations their undisputed right to exist alongside their bigger brothers. And seeing that the maintenance of such protection means life or death to Holland, she should be among the first to uphold it, even were the danger of being crushed while so doing ten times greater than it is. Every position and every function not resting on brute force is secured by the Kaiser in his own country. Even if the Kaiser can only afford to laugh at it by shielding himself behind his army; now, by the same means, he is trying to destroy it in other lands and force us all to relinquish our birthright. Is it ‘hard and selfish’ to urge against Germany, a powerful State, the right of any nation to exist alongside their bigger brothers? It is trying to put him off. He was better informed than I imagined, and extending his initial remark soon showed me that those who have already done so, unless it is to be said of Holland in the time to come that in a ‘great national crisis’—as you rightly style it, though in a different sense from that in which I have used the words—she preferred ease and immediate safety to security—however dearly bought—for her descendants?

You go on to lay great stress upon the point that we must all take the greatest care to carry out to the letter the instructions given by those in office in the Hague and through the ‘Nieuwe Rotterdamsche Courant,’ which, as you inform me, represents the Rotterdam trade interests in so admirable a fashion.” That “gives me furiously to think.” Some weeks ago an English friend of mine interrupted one of our chats with the sudden question: Is it true that there is a strong and very influential German Centre in that big harbour of yours, Rotterdam? In my turn, I asked him what made him think so, and tried to make light of a suggestion by him which I was painfully affected. It was no use, however, trying to put him off. He was better informed than I imagined, and extending his initial remark soon showed me that it is true that big Dutch firms in Rotterdam—especially among the shipping interests and those closely connected with hyphenated Americans—make no attempt to hide their pro-German sympathies, this fact is watched by British eyes with increasing interest and something stronger. British indignation at these facts is so great that the moment Dutch firms in Rotterdam are suspected of doing anything wrong, they are at once shunted aside, while others with equally bad connections continue to trade with the Germans.

If the statement made by my English friend is true—and really the general tone of your big leading paper makes me fear it is—Holland’s Neutrality (with a capital letter, please) seems to stop just where the other side (the side you are so continually trying to make light of) begins. This, to me, means, favours the Germans and harming the Allied interests. For it is, of course, play-
fortunately for us the big word outside was much too busy to pay any attention to these childish attempts to get our name on the bill without being ourselves one of the performers. There is even, I am told, talk in Holland of how convenient it will be for the different parties, once they have enough of fighting, to find the country of Hugo Grotius ready and willing to help them patch up their quarrel! It will, indeed, be a wondrous vision, when Germany and Austria on the one hand, and Russia, England and France on the other, all heavily bandaged and badly crippled, approach the Temple of Peace, where Holland, without lecturing them on their conduct—for that would be neither delicate nor tactful—will explain the advantages of bloodless competition and commercial joiuvity!

This silly and improper agitation among so-called neutrals is, no doubt, the result of a certain lack of proportion not surprising in an intellectual people who live mostly in the country, far from the centres of activity where politics are not a theoretical but very actual thing. Some few years ago a naive Leiden professor took the world into his confidence as to the best way to solve the problem of the continual maritime expansion. His was an original idea. All sea power in the shape of fighting vessels was by mutual consent to be abolished, with the exception of an international fleet consisting of two or three men-of-war to be contributed by each separate nation, to which the duty would fall of policing the seas and oceans that would henceforth be free to all decent people of any and every nationality. To those within the mental radius of this individual it must have seemed strange that neither the cheapness nor the humane intentions of his plan could lift it out of its obscurity. Mutual content was all that was required. What a very simple remedy!

It is, it seems to me, self-evident that whoever tries to persuade the world that the belligerents must cease fighting heaps all the advantages on the head of those by whom hostilities were started; for the moment it becomes plain that war under all circumstances is an evil, and never can be justified, the responsibility for which would in any case fall upon the nation, to which the duty would fall of policing the oceans that would henceforth be free to all decent people of any and every nationality. We pro-Turks were taken into our confidence as to the best way to solve the problem of the continual maritime expansion. His was an original idea. All sea power in the shape of fighting vessels was by mutual consent to be abolished, with the exception of an international fleet consisting of two or three men-of-war to be contributed by each separate nation, to which the duty would fall of policing the seas and oceans that would henceforth be free to all decent people of any and every nationality. To those within the mental radius of this individual it must have seemed strange that neither the cheapness nor the humane intentions of his plan could lift it out of its obscurity. Mutual content was all that was required. What a very simple remedy! It is, it seems to me, self-evident that whoever tries to persuade the world that the belligerents must cease fighting heaps all the advantages on the head of those by whom hostilities were started; for the moment it becomes plain that war under all circumstances is an evil, and never can be justified, the responsibility for which would in any case fall upon the nation, to which the duty would fall of policing the seas and oceans that would henceforth be free to all decent people of any and every nationality. To those within the mental radius of this individual it must have seemed strange that neither the cheapness nor the humane intentions of his plan could lift it out of its obscurity. Mutual content was all that was required. What a very simple remedy!

And you believe that? I should like to hear the opposite view; or with proverbs as "The pot calling the kettle black." For the reason that in consequence of the Boer War there is still in Holland a certain feeling against England—the enormous growth of the British Empire has been to some extent at our expense, too—the average Dutch reader's attention can always be diverted to things for which in the past England and not Germany was responsible. There is a strange tendency on the part of pro-Turks to pretend that the violation of the Entente, and her defection from the Triple Alliance, was due to England's enemies in the East. England, they have said, had ceased to be as it had been before the war, because of the loss of what everyone now knows to be the simple truth. The German Government was not deceived. When Italy embarked upon the famous raid on Tripoli, with the consent of the Entente, and her defection from the Triple Alliance became more and more evident, there rose up in German military circles, because, though they had lost Italy, they had regained Turkey, which, since the Revolution, had been Anglophile. That they were wrong in this calculation we now know, since in 1913 the Young Turks offered England a virtual alliance with the whole Turkish Empire; it was our own blind folly and ignorance, not any outside event, which forced the Turks at length into the arms of Germany; but the fact that the German military chiefs valued Turkey more than Italy as an ally is in itself significant; since they...
Germany and Civilian Reaction

By J. M. Kennedy.

It was a great German military theorist, Clausewitz himself, who laid the greatest emphasis on the need for the army in the fighting line to be supported by a hopeful spirit among the civilians left at home. Successes in the field cannot be reckoned as complete successes unless their military value is reflected in the spirit of the civil population. Germany long ago reached the stage at which the discomforts and hardships of the civilians began to outweigh in the mind of the general public the exploits of the army. The civilian element did not mind putting up with a few inconveniences for the first few months of the war, in the expectation that there would be a speedy end to the campaign and a huge indemnity to compensate the nation for its losses. Unfortunately for these hopes, autumn became winter and winter spring, and spring brought not victory, but the British Order in Council of March 11. The full effect of this order has only recently become apparent; but the German people now realise thoroughly what even a partial blockade means. In October, 1914, the German exports to the United States—Germany's best customer, after England—were 35 per cent. of the exports for 1913. The dislocation caused by the mobilisation and the diverting of machinery from the manufacture of war material on a large scale would explain this. By December, 1914, the German exports to the United States had risen to 56 per cent. of the figures for 1913, and by the beginning of March, 1915, there was a slight increase to just under 59 per cent. Then came the order in Council of March 11, with the result that the exports of German goods to the United States dropped to 16 per cent. of the previous year's figures within six weeks. There was a slight, a very slight, rise in June; but by July the blockade had become more vigorous, and it is now known that Germany's exports to the United States amounted to 4 per cent. of the commodities exported to the same country in the same month of the previous year—i.e., the month before war was actually declared.

The effect of this policy on German commercial life has been disastrous. The "Frankfurter Zeitung" (November 20) admits frankly that the cotton industry in Germany has been ruined. Raw cotton prices, which were 4 per cent. of the previous year, have risen in June; but by July the blockade had become more vigorous, and it is now known that Germany's exports to the United States amounted to 4 per cent. of the commodities exported to the same country in the same month of the previous year—i.e., the month before war was actually declared.

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It may be affirmed unreservedly that men do not stand in need of any philosophy to distinguish might from right. They know quite well that there are acts of might which are at the same time of right, such as the Civil War in the United States, waged by the North to secure the emancipation of the slaves; and that there are acts of right which are at the same time of might, such as the Edict of Milan, by which Constantine granted to the Christians civil rights and toleration throughout the Empire. But they also know that there are acts of right which are not of right, such as the violation of Belgian neutrality by the Germans; and that there are acts of might, such as those defended by the Liberals of Germany and the English Chartists in 1848, which do not attain reality because they are not maintained by sufficient might. Might is a condition of all historical realities. Right is, on the other hand, only the property of some realities. Some realities are according to right; others against right, and others indifferent. These are the words of common sense.

This is simply saying that the relation between might and right is not unique or historical, to use Rickett's terminology; or external, if we prefer the language of Sorens. Moore and Bertrand Russell, and of the Americans Holt, Marvin, Montague, Perry, Pitkin, and Spaulding. It is an external relation because the concept of right does not contain the concept of might, or the concept of might that of right. When we say that bodies are subjected to the action of gravitation, it may possibly be said that this is an internal relation, because the idea of body is, perhaps, contained in that of gravitation, and the conceptual relation is an ideational relation. But, although might and right are united in specified acts, this union is brought about only in historical or accidental individuals, and not in logical or necessary ones. Logically, might and right form two distinct and incongruous elements, two universals, two "ultimates."

But the English theory of external relations, and Rickett's theory of historical individuals, although old as the world and clear as common sense, are too new in modern science to begin to operate as revolutionary leaven in the development of sciences, in Germany especially, tends to unify might and right, either by saying that right is might, or by asserting that right is right. The first is the theory which we shall call pacifist; the second, the theory of force.

The pacifist theory must consist of two postulates: the first, that right is in itself might; and the second, derived from the former and included in it, that might has no real existence independently of right. I say that it must consist. What I mean is that it should consist if the pacifists could think logically. It is an obvious fact that most pacifists acknowledge the existence of right as distinct from might; and that their theory only asserts that right ought to overcome might. But in making these assertions, with which I agree, they cease to be pacifists; for, if might is something other than right, they can no longer believe that right has any influence on might, for a point of contact is lacking to these two elements; and more than half a century ago— if the metaphor may be forgiven—Faraday denied the possibility of action at a distance. To assert that might is a different thing from right, as the pacifists generally do, is equivalent to asserting that right cannot influence might; and that unjust might can be opposed only by just. But who makes this last assertion the pacifist has ceased to be such.

Let us imagine the case of a radical pacifist in a country of obligatory military service, who is ordered by the authorities to join a regiment. The pacifist believes that this order is an act of unjust force. He may do one of three things: obey the order of the authorities, resist passively, or resist actively. If he obeys, he...
proves by his own act the powerlessness of unarmed right in the face of might; if he resists passively he proves it also, since he is only taken to a prison instead of a regiment; and if he resist actively he acknowledges that might employed in the service of injustice can be countered only by force employed in the service of justice. He will have proved in the three cases that might and right have no point of contact.

To which the pacifist may answer that they have, indeed, a point of contact, and that this point is the consciousness of man. But in saying this they only carry the question of which consciousness is something simple, it cannot comprise two elements like might and right, which are heterogeneous, according to our supposition. And if consciousness is something composite, there is not the slightest reason to suppose that two heterogeneous elements such as might and right can act in one on the other. It is all the same whether might and right are placed in the sphere of objective things or in the sphere of consciousness. If they are two things of separate quality they cannot act on one another. The pacifist who thinks of them as distinct thereby acknowledges that right cannot act on might, and he ceases therefore to be a pacifist, since he finds himself in contradiction with himself.

I realise that if these lines reach the hands of the Hon. Bertrand Russell he will be surprised to find his logical doctrine turned against his cherished pacifist ideal. But this surprise is not at all surprising. There are many learned men who reason with accuracy on their own specialties, but who think with the utmost looseness on current topics; who can reflect independently on abstruse subjects, but take their ideas on every-day matters ready-made from fourth-rate journalists. The present war has shown daily confirmation of this assertion. That strengthens our inclination to prefer the works to the men who make them.

We have come to the conclusion that the pacifist who analyses his concepts cannot believe that might and right are fundamentally different things without ceasing to be a pacifist. This obliges him, if he will not give up his pacifism, to seek a theory which shows that right is, in itself, might, and to deny that might is a reality insoluble in some other. Hence arises all these confused doctrines which deny the reality of evil, which say that brute force is only an appearance, a knocking at the door of the senses to awaken within us the consciousness of man. But in saying this they only carry the question of consciousness a step further and have devoted their efforts to discovering it, for it was enough to discover the consciousness of evil and of brute force which has led some men to give their attention to moral problems Why does the moral law work at some times? Why does it not work always? To these two antagonistic questions the Kantians have always given one and the same answer. The moral law works because it is "encamped behind the clouds of the empiric world." It works because it is there; it does not work always because it is enveloped in clouds.

This reply is logically indefensible. If the Imperative is categorical it must work always; if it does not work always it is not categorical. But the important thing is not the logical contradiction of this doctrine, but its practical results. For the Kantians say that when the moral law does not work it is because it is behind the clouds. And in consequence they have devoted their efforts to discovering it, for it was enough to discover it to make it work. In consequence, moral life has ceased to be practical and has been turned into pure speculation. And Kantianism has ended by substituting for "ethical culture" the "culture of ethics." Instead of asserting, as common sense does, that fighting for the right and the discovery of right are two different things, Kantianism has merged the fight to a discovery, and in that way it has eliminated the element of might.

This idealistic philosophy was spread through Germany in the first half of the nineteenth century. If it had been propagated chiefly among the intellectual classes, and the officers, its effects might perhaps have been beneficial, for we might possibly have witnessed the miracle of the tiger converted into a lamb. But it was propagated chiefly among the intellectual classes, who should have fulfilled the revolutionary function in Germany, and it gave an essentially speculative character to their energies. Hence arose all that enormous literature of idealistic mysticism which is comparable, in quantity and quality, only with that of the Alexandrians of the third and fourth centuries. The intellectual value
of this literature is small. To it may be applied the words of the Hon. Bertrand Russell:

—

What it calls knowledge is not a union with the Not-Self, but a set of prejudices, habits, and desires, making an impenetrable veil between us and the world beyond. The man who made a theory of knowledge is like the man who never leaves the domestic circle for fear his word might not be law.

The practical result of this philosophy was the collapse, perhaps final, of German Liberalism in 1848. The German Liberals forgot to convince themselves that there was no other guarantee for the realisation of right in this world than its maintenance by force of arms. Only at the last moment did it occur to the National Assembly of Germany to send Archduke John to command the army. But it had not reckoned either with the princes or with the troops. The King of Prussia could say to the members of the Assembly: ‘Do not forget that there are princes in Germany, and that I belong to them.’ Prince, in German, is not a vague word. ‘First’ means first; the first in power. A few months afterwards four non-commissioned officers could dissolve the National Assembly. And the result of that collapse was expressed in the success of the Communist Manifesto of Marx and Engels. The German people ceased to believe in the heresy that right is in itself, and went over to the contrary conviction, not less heretical and fatal, that might is, in itself, right. The materialistic interpretation of history, the illusion that right could win by itself proved to be deceptive, Germany, belied to the belief that everything that wins is right.

Radical pacifism, in asserting that right is in itself might, is, in theory, a sin against truth, for it puts a set of prejudices, habits, and desires in the place of truth. But in practice it is a crime; for it disarms right and leaves it defenceless against brutal aggression. But there are sins and sins, crimes and crimes; and the doctrine and the practice of pure militarism are a still graver sin and crime.

Letters About Russia.

By C. E. Bechhofer.

I have just been reading with great interest a German translation of one of Volinski’s essays, “Present-Day Russian Literature,” written in the first years of this century. This was before the death of Chekhov, before the Japanese war, before the revolution, and the author hardly was expected to foresee the present development of Russian literature. Nevertheless, although he wrote without the advantages of a survey of the whole field of his contemporary tendencies, Volinski has done very well to set up all the currents into one channel. The key-note of his essay is that Tolstoi and Dostoievski are two sides, the normal and the abnormal, of the inspired Russian; simply that they are two sides of the Russian national genius.

Volinski was too early to observe that the works of these two were the end of a certain direction in Russian art. The purely national impulse has now begun to lessen before the European. This distinction is very simple. A European writer, for instance, can be enjoyed equally in any European country, whereas a national writer, who may or may not be the most popular in his own country, can be appreciated fully only there. From the strict view of the solidarity of European culture and art, the Russian artistic tendency that culminated in Tolstoi and Dostoievski was decadent. Only the magnificent energy of both these men redeems them; Turgeniev was a decadent.

It is luckily not very difficult to find the cause of this, for the same phenomenon is visible in other manifestations of Russian literature. For instance, the Russian political tendencies in the latter half of the eighteenth century show an extraordinary liberalism, which contrasts with the reaction of the nineteenth. The cause is, I think, not very obscure. The whole spirit of the eighteenth century in Europe led to the French Revolution. The French Revolution produced Napoleon, the Anti-Genius of Europe. Horror at this apparition, which came, of course, very near to them, was felt very strongly by the emotional Russians, and almost in panic they fled from all their previous ideals. Had a Russian constitution first been established, then the nineteenth century, as there seemed every probability, Russia would have been one of the foremost European great nations. But it was too much to expect a frontier State, for all its romance, to attempt what in France had failed, and to launch themselves into the void, seeking another outlet than the way it would normally have taken. Griboyedov’s “Wee From Wit” (1824) was long the last work of good European art in Russia. The hero, Chatski, is the romantic young European, who is not a Russian writer. Russian literature became more and more self-centred. It is too early yet to judge whether there is not in Dostoievski the European after all. Perhaps when the Young Russian art of to-day ripens into full fruit, it will be possible after all to find in him something that is essential to the European genius in Russia. But for the present he must stand as the end of a movement, as the greatest figure in Russian folk-literature.

Who are his successors? Chopin?—what a pigmy! Instead of wasting time cutting up the giant’s robe for them, we should do much better to examine the springs of what I have called the Young Russian tendency. It is the return to European culture. Saltikov, the satirist, began it. He cast down his rod and it became a serpent and dodged the censor. Then Chekhov covered the land with French frogs. With the quickness of their race, some of the Little Russians, sensing the future even earlier, buzzed in and out like the flies. Volinski, the satirist, did his share; even Arutushkov and Merezhkovski sometimes helped. The ripest European of the whole band is Evreinov, or rather, Evreinov as he was when he wrote his “Merry Death.”

Evreinov is a tragic figure. On him, I think, might have depended the whole future of Russian art. The man who could have written the “Merry Death” in his twenties might in these last eight years have developed into a great dramatist. Few people here know anything of him. I am probably the only Englishman who has ever met him, and was the first to write about his work. A week or two ago the dramatic critic of the “Morning Post” suggested that one of his plays was a “booby-trap, as the name of the author suggests.” For the last eight years he has been known in Russia as the cleverest contemporary dramatist, but he is yet to have his hour in stage-craft. He has his disciples and his imitators. The “Merry Death” and, in a lesser degree, the “Beautiful Despot,” are the climax of his earlier work. All his technique was conditioned by the epigram, “There is no need to invent a theatre. The theatre has already been invented.” And now he has come to advocate a thing he calls “Monodrama.” This, he explains in the preface to his “Image of Love,” is “that kind of dramatic performance which, endeavouring more fully to inform the spectator of the spiritual condition of the actor, shows on the stage the world surrounding him as it appears to the actor himself at any particular moment of the action. In place of the old incompleteness, I suggest an architectonic of drama on the principle of its scenic identity with the performance of the actor. The transformation of a theatrical performance into a drama conditions a passion, the effective character of which, by arousing sympathy in me, transforms at the moment of scenic action a drama not mine into ‘my drama.’”

I have not the heart to describe Evreinov’s monodramas. The best of them was described as a failure by “R. H. C.” a week ago. The worst of them are saved from utter worthlessness only by occasional witty twists of phrase. But it should have been obvious to Evreinov, with his knowledge of the literature of the theatre, that his theory of “monodrama” leads to nothing more or less than the morality-play.
Readers and Writers.

In the "Tales of Polish Authors," translated by Miss Elsie C. M. Beneelte (Blackwell, 3s. 6d. net), are a fair selection from contemporary Polish literature; they are not only interesting in themselves, but still more interesting in comparison with stories I have recently noticed coming from Belgium and Russia. Of the four authors whose six stories make the present volume, only Sienkiewicz has, I think, been hitherto known in this country; and he is represented here by "Bartek the Conqueror," a piece that has already been translated into English several times. It deserves the honour, however; for it is an excellent short story, and full of the quality peculiar (it seems to me) to Polish literature of all the current literature of the Continent. What is this quality? I can define it best in the words of Mr. Conrad as "sympathetic imagination." So much of modern realism appears to me to be the work of writers who are all eyes and no heart. They anatomise misery, vice, and cruelty more as if they were dealers packing these things for market than as if they were connoisseurs in humanity. No reluctance is shown in revealing the squalid aspects of human life; and no judgment, friendly or unfriendly, is delivered upon them; but everything unrolls without a comment of sympathy from either a character or from the author himself. This, I must say, is not the method of the greatest writers, who, if they do not comment themselves, at least depute to some character the rôle of sympathy. Only look at the elegance of Kent upon King Lear, as moving a three lines as any in all literature; or the readers of the present collection of stories will see, is it the method of contemporary Polish authors, who thus compare most favourably with realistic schools elsewhere. Sienkiewicz is perhaps the least sympathetic of the four writers here represented; and even he, as I say, is more sympathetic than most living European writers. But Szymanski's "Srul"—from Lubartów and Zeromski's "Twilight" are idylls of realism, and models, at the same time, of a literary form which has too long been neglected. Perhaps it is that Polish writers know what suffering is and thus have acquired what Mr. James used to call the "purgatorial" note. But, then, suffering as often brutalises as refines—look at Russia! Or perhaps it is the suffering of oneself and others (the latter sympathetically experienced) that alone refines? I leave the question, since it is not in my present province.

By the way, may I make an unauthorised remark upon the most able expositions, proceeding elsewhere in these pages of a new philosophy? That we are all following them with interest goes without saying; for it appears that the writers are turning a new leaf in the book of thought. At the same time, some of us are wondering whether, if the new be true, the old must needs be false. The doctrines of the Fall of Man and Original Sin may, indeed, have been obscured in the rise of Humanism; and their re-affirmation may therefore be very necessary. But is not the complementary doctrine of the Redemption—upon which, as I understand it, this whole literature is based—acquired in need of affirmation? A return to the Old Testament is desirable, perhaps, as a balance to our ever-familiarity, and hence vulgarity, towards the New Testament; but does the Old dispensate with the New any more than the New with the Old? Having now, like Pilate, asked what it is truth, I will, like him, not stay for an answer.

"Loose Leaves No. 5" (Rider, 2d.) having fallen across my path, I shall profit a paragraph by it. The author of this series, Mr. Edward Storer, has been mentioned in these columns more as a young man with more presumption than ability to support it. And he continues to pile up the evidence. Not satisfied with isolating his "Loose Leaves" from general publication, he must loosen himself from the syntax and style of English as the following examples show: "A good classical and traditional culture," he writes, "is readily obtainable at the Universities for (sic) those who care to acquire it." Is not that in the very plash of the advertisement-style? And here is another:

These latter facts (no matter what), when all our instincts assure us are true, are difficultly agreeable with those previous conceptions stated above, whereby modern English art culture appears so inferior in quality and breadth to international or Continental art culture as to be frankly quite contemptible.

As an anthology of pleonasms this sentence may be commended to teachers of English grammar. To know it is almost a liberal education.

To Mr. P. Salver's kindness I owe the following translations of some new and early letters of Nietzsche, recently published in a German magazine. At the time of writing them Nietzsche was twenty-two. They explain themselves.

Writing to his friend Rohde, he says:

Yes, my dear friend, if early some morning, let us see between five and six, some spirit were to escort you to Naumburg and obligingly should have the intention of guiding you into my vicinity, do not be staggered at the prospect which presents itself to your senses. Suddenly you are breathing the atmosphere of a stable.

Figures appear in the dim light of the lantern; you hear a scraping, neighing, brushing, knocking around you. And in the midst of it, as though endeavours to remove what is unspeakable and unrightly with his hands, or to attend to the horse with the curry-comb—I shudder when I see his countenance—is, by Jove, very self! A few hours later you see two horses prancing about on the riding ground, not without riders, of whom one bears a striking resemblance to your friend. The other is of a stable.

Guns appear in the dim light of the lantern; you hear a scraping, neighing, brushing, knocking around you. Suddenly you are breathing the atmosphere of a stable.

Figures appear in the dim light of the lantern; you hear a scraping, neighing, brushing, knocking around you. Suddenly you are breathing the atmosphere of a stable.
It is not my duty to defend the column of "Current Cant," to which so many of my contemporaries contribute, but it is a pleasure, nevertheless, to reply to Mr. A. S. Neill's letter of interrogation of last week. In the present sense of the word, "Cant," I admit, is a synonym of hypocrisy; but the existence of the two words, often in combination, proves that they are not by any means exact synonyms. Cant has a much wider sweep than hypocrisy, and includes the will to self-deception as well as to deception. When Johnson pronounced Boswell to clear his mind of cant; and when Burke denounced the "cants of criticism" as more tormenting than the "cants of hypocrites"; the distinction in their minds between cant and hypocrisy was deep if not clear. Anything, in my opinion, is cant that obviously attempts to deceive by its simulation of sincerity either its writer or its readers, or both. From this point of view I contend that the quotation made from Mr. Neill's "Domini's Log" is an unmistakable example of cant. Mr. Neill has popularised "rhapsody or a Chopin waltz is impossibly stupid error of making war when there isn't any need, she might have waited another twenty years, and what with her energy and determination and some of 'em told me the next day they hadn't been able to sleep, thinkin' of it.

Mr. Jawbone Sellridge, and Other Jawbones.

Reported by Charles Brookfield

(Cannon Street Hotel. December 14. Meeting of the Delphian Society. Twenty sun-spots present, one clergyman and two reporters. Cigars are handed round, reporters carefully passed over. From time to time a gentleman in a neighbouring room practises the bagpipe solo he is to contribute to a Bohemian concert in the building. Mr. H. Gordon Sellridge rises, chin and all.)

Mr. J. S.: Gentlemen, coming to London as I did, to England as I did at mil age, I came here in the spirit of the proslyte. The proslyte, as you all know much better than I do, is much more aggressive than the man born in a religion, 'cause the proslyte's always on the defensive. I don't think there is anyone more aggressive and some of 'em told me the next day they hadn't been able to sleep, thinkin' of it.

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Concerning Leisure and Labour.

By Ivor Brown

I.

A contrast is frequently drawn between a future Work State and a future Leisure State, and those who have the time to think about the possibilities of human development may be roughly divided into two camps upon this question. The business-method Collectivist and the scientific devotee of Wellsian machine-mongering are represented as saying to themselves "Work is tedious," ugly, narrowing. Let us organise it with the greatest possible efficiency, shorten it, limit it, forget about it. Let us go on saving labour by every possible device. And then let us concentrate on leisure. Then, and not till then, may we adopt an arts-and-crafty look; when dull work has been banished, the artist in each of us may find release. Art is a spare time job: don't let us humbug ourselves into believing that most work can be enjoyable or a field for artistic expression. But, by all means, let us spare as much time for it as possible.

On the other hand, this manning attitude will infuriate the Syndicalist, the Arts-and-Craftsmen, and all those who from one motive or another still place their faith in a Work State. Work, they would urge, occupying the majority of our waking hours: it is the source of livelihood, the first expression of the will to live. It is the most essential and most vital thing in the world: without work there is no life, and, therefore, no leisure. And do you then condemn this chief activity to contempt and degradation? Do you gladly stigmatise it as ugly and unpleasing? Do you welcome its entanglement and its dishonour? To us this outlook is intolerable. We cannot reconcile ourselves to accepting a life, a major part of which we hustle angrily through in order to disport ourselves freely in our leisure. We believe that in work, in man's first activity, he must express himself: that this humanising and idealising of work is of primary importance. It may be against the grain of our commercial society, but we believe that there can be no peace or truce with such society, labour must be no longer a factor in the cost of production, but the free activity of economically independent individuals. You Collectivists, with your philosophy of leisure, are simply giving a sugar coat to the Capitalist pill. We, with our philosophy of work, are the true revolutionaries.

Such a rendering of the rival positions may, perhaps, be crude, but it gives in brief outline the contrast with which I began. And at first sight it would seem that the two ideals are utterly incompatible. They are the fruit of diverse natures, the expression of alien standpoints. To quarrel on so vast and elemental a subject would surely be to quarrel about everything. Yet, even here, there is surely room for compromise, and the road to that compromise will be the road of definition and clear thinking.

In the first place, we must ask ourselves what we mean by leisure. To some people leisure means simply doing nothing. With such people I have the deepest sympathy. To do nothing is an accomplishment not given to all. It is a fine and splendid thing to be completely idle, to bask vacantly in the sun, to walk carelessly in the fields. As a man his livelihood. It may be spent in sleeping, feeding, idling, or in more activity. If we may assume that most men have one chief occupation to which they are constantly attached, we may derive from this occupation the quantity of their leisure.

Leisure, then, we cannot define positively as idleness, but only negatively as Not-work. Accordingly, we must turn to a consideration of Work. Work may be defined by the economist as the application of Labour-power to capital, by the artist as the expression of his activity and his ideals, by the parson as the devotion and consecration of our divinely given powers, and by the average member of capitalism as "bloody awful." If we mix these ingredients according to the recipe of common sense, we shall probably agree that work is the process whereby we keep ourselves alive or are kept alive by others who are meek enough to do it for us. It is the getting of things, the making of things. If we turn the question, then, remains, "Can work be all that the craftsman claims it to be? Can it afford these opportunities for self-expression and for delight?" Everyone would admit that it can bring moments of intense satisfaction. The completion of the picture, the story, the play, the discovery of the first line of the sonnet thundering home, the perfect cooking of an entrée, the absolute and undeniable achievement of tidying up after months of squalor, the finishing of a dull but necessary occupation, all these bring their appropriate joys.

That is obvious: but can work be lastingly and commonly pleasant? Can the drudgery and hum-drums of most occupations avoid monotony and be consistently raised to exaltation? This, at least, the average man would be disposed to deny.

In the getting and making of things there is bound to be monotony and drudgery. Not do I care whether those things are made by hand, or made by machine: there is drudgery in either case. And to most people this drudgery is either definitely unpleasant, or, at least, colourless, utterly lacking in hedonic tone, to use the line of the sonnet thundering home, the perfect cooking of an entrée, the absolute and undeniable achievement of tidying up after months of squalor, the finishing of a dull but necessary occupation, all these bring their appropriate joys.

To identify capitalism with machinery is surely false. The development of both has been roughly contemporaneous: that does not prove that they must be coincident for all time. Capitalism and the profiteering method of wealth of production, capitalism and the degradation of human labour by an utterly commercial outlook—identify these if you will. But because capitalism has tended to make machines the masters of men, there is no reason why men should not yet be the masters of their machines. It cannot be too strongly urged that the constant repetition of the same process is bound to be tiring and unpleasant, and in so far as machinery has limited that repetition, let us bless machinery. Let the contenders of machinery take a poll of women on the question of abolishing the sewing-machine and the knife-cleaner.

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Views and Reviews.

Real Politics.

It is not often that we can applaud the enterprise of an English publisher, so I take advantage of this opportunity to say that Messrs. Allen and Unwin, by publishing this translation at this moment, have "deserved well of their country." That "invisible public" which, in the opinion of F. H. G., is shocked by the very physiological terms, is frequently deceived by the use of political terms; and no better corrective to the false assumptions and false inferences that are being made at the present time can be provided than a plain and simple narrative of fact. Memoirs are better than biographies, just as biographies are better than histories, if we wish to understand the personal factors that dominate every situation; and French memoirs are the best in the world. That ridiculous English convention that forbids a man publicly to appraise his own work, and keeps him constantly in a state of self-conscious abnegation, does not govern the writing of French memoirs. M. Thiers was entitled to talk about himself; and really he does so with such engaging frankness and simplicity that, apart from their political and historical interest, these memoirs have the charm of a personality that had not only "deserved well of its country," but had a justifiably good opinion of itself. M. Thiers does not shock my sense of literary propriety when he concludes his memoirs with this statement: "I hastened to make preparations for my departure, and to return to Paris after an absence of three years, during which I had governed with moderation and firmness, in the ways of rectitude, sustained by the confidence of France and the esteem of Europe." He was certainly a judge of his own activities as he was of the temper of Prince Bismarck or the psychology of Count von Arnim; and he expresses all his judgments with equal frankness. The extraordinary interest that was aroused in the early months of the war by the publication of the variously coloured books of the belligerent Powers warrants me in recommending these memoirs to my readers; they also reveal diplomacy in its working, but in the opposite direction to that revealed by the "Books" of the Powers. M. Thiers recounts in this volume the story of his tour of Europe for the purpose of obtaining recognition of the new Government of France, and, if possible, assistance against Germany; then he deals with his negotiations of the peace terms, and finally, with the activities of his Presidency, including the suppression of the Commune.

Perhaps the chief value of these memoirs at the present time is, as I have said, the powerful corrective they apply to public opinion. The assumption on which both the pacific and punitive writers base their cases is this, that when we defeat Germany we can do as we like with her and Europe. It is unthinkable that we should obtain a greater victory over Germany than Germany obtained over France in 1871; it is also unthinkable that the Allies could press the advantage of victory more powerfully than did Prince Bismarck; yet these memoirs clearly reveal not only the nature but the scope of diplomatic bargaining with a victor. In the first place, a conquered people must be allowed its Government, or there is no one to treat with; that Government must be one of whose permanence there is considerable certainty, or the victorious Power has no guarantee that the peace terms will be faithfully fulfilled; and a Government which complies with these essential conditions is obviously not a weaker, but a stronger, one than the one which began the war. All those people who look for a change in the German Government as a consequence of defeat are likely to be much surprised; for M. Thiers shows quite clearly that it is as much the interest of the victors as the vanquished to suppress revolution. The chief and most constant argument of Count von Arnim against the premature evacuation of territory was that "the King . . . was persuaded that the departure of the Prussians would immediately be followed by a revolution in France." Only the assurance that "the Government of M. Thiers" was strong enough to deal with this menace prevailed with the victors. If it requires a German revolution to overthrow the Hohenzollern dynasty, the French hotheads have declared, we can be confident that the Hohenzollern dynasty will remain. While the war lasts, the revolution is impossible; and after the war, if Germany is defeated, it will be the interest of the Allies to suppress revolution. Strong in victory, the Hohenzollern dynasty will be stronger in defeat.

Another point of interest in these memoirs is their treatment of the conscription controversy. In France in 1872, as in England in 1915, a great majority, "among Republicans as much as among Monarchists," was persuaded that the Prussians had conquered us because their military organisation was founded upon universal and compulsory service. M. Thiers did not share this opinion; he ascribed their defeat to three causes: "The war has not been prepared for, it has been prepared for incompetence in handling troops; and Metz should have been abandoned, as it was unarmèd, and the army have fallen back upon Paris instead of marching to Sedan. The question was much more important at that moment than it is at present, for M. Thiers had to create a new army from the remnants of the old, and against the opposition of those, including many military men, who wanted to adopt the Prussian scheme in its entirety. M. Thiers certainly accepted "compulsory service," but promptly qualified it by stating that "Prussia what was applicable to France, and no more. He also adopted the Prussian system of universal and compulsory service was compulsory but not universal, and by limiting the standing army to what "the budget could endure," and training to efficiency, he learned from Prussia what was applicable to France, and no more. He also adopted the Prussian system of universal and compulsory service; but the chief consideration will be what of citizens. For the military type differs from the civilian in psychology as well as in physique; and as both are necessary to the safety of the realm, they need to be equally fostered. M. Thiers, by making it clear that the test of an army is not its method of recruiting, but its efficiency in war, is really valuable to the English reader at this time. To him I recommend these memoirs.

A. E. R.
Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man. The miraculous teaching of the Virgin Birth, of the Crucifixion, Resurrection, and Ascension, all this is to Mr. Trine the mere accretion of a fine old crusty ecclesiasticism. In short, Mr. Trine's Christ was a person very like Mr. Trine; and Mr. Trine believes so intensely in the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man that he can see no sense even in the conception of Christ as the Eternally Crucified. He is in love not with Christ but with Jesus, the man who was teaching many good things and bringing the spirit of the word, and was suppressed by the police; and he exhorts us to bring Jesus into diplomacy and business, and every other activity of life. This terrible war, for instance, would not have occurred if only the diplomats of Europe had believed in the Fatherhood of God; and had submitted the whole dispute to the Hague Tribunal; and in the business world, is it not true that there is labour unrest? Christianity will cure it. "This same Henry Ford has made the motor-car manufacturer.

Other men take note and follow his example. Other men of great business independences independently do the same. They thereby move out of the ranks of the commonplace and into the ranks of the romantic. Simplicity of life expands in its beauty and its power to a degree that they had not dreamed before. Exit labour unrest, with snares of the profits. What would Jesus do? Flood the market with cheap motor-cars. Henry Ford, we believe, began business about twelve years ago with a capital of £800; we expect that his capital is now about £8,000,000; so we may very St. Theresa's saying to bring it into line with modern requirements, and say: "Henry Ford and £800 are nothing; but Henry Ford, £800, and the church and the government are apparently a good investment, and not only to the preachers. We wonder whether the extremely profitable nature of the investment is due to the extension of the principle of limited liability to religious belief. If Christ never spoke about His virgin birth, He never, so far as we know, spoke about Christianising a great business; and for the reason that Mr. Trine rejects the virgin birth, he should also reject Mr. Henry Ford. "Shall we gather at the river?" Yes, if we go by way of the Ford, says Mr. Trine; but "strait is the gate, and narrow is the way which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it," said Christ, in one of those Gospels. Well, there you are; you pay your money and you take your choice; and Bibles are cheaper than are Mr. Trine's books. In the interests of war economy, buy a Bible.

The Generation Between. By C. M. Matheson. (Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

This addition to Mr. Unwin's series of "First Novels" is notable for its choice of subject. All "modern" literature began with Nora leaving the Doll's House and banging the door. Mr. Matheson (we presume that the author is a woman) leads her back again, a wiser and in some ways a more capable woman. His heroine begins with the modern ideas of economic independence and of a woman's right to live her own life. She adopts gardening as a profession, and contracts marriage during a temporary lapse from her high standard of self-expression. The truth concerning her is that she is not really ready for marriage; and her peremptory performance of household and maternal duties, in addition to some indiscreet exhibitions of her still life, causes scandal among her neighbours. Still daring to do all that men dare, and claiming a similar freedom from criticism, she at last runs away to a woman's colony, where everything that men do is done better by women. Her only distress during this period is due to the fact that her husband keeps his word, and refuses to answer her letters. Gradually she comes to realise that "what women want is not only what they possess and have always possessed, but all that belongs to..."
to men as well. There is no question of giving in return for what they take, for they have nothing further to give than life and love. Their one demand is to receive, to receive, to receive. They forget that their grasp is not large enough to hold all. They must relinquish some of what they have before they can clutch at what they desire." She sees women at Dyles-hart who have done this, and knows that she does not want to be like them; and when at last she does find herself, she finds that it is very woman, and dissents entirely from the companions she found between the sexes. She goes back to her husband when she realises that there are two sides to the question; and the patience with which he endured her stupidity will probably be the things which make up the tracks of her intelligence. Mr. Matheson has given us a well-planned demonstration of a thesis, but he is still dealing only with ideas and not with personalities. His prose never glows with beauty, and both humour and wit are absent from this work. He is not interested in his people because they are people, and we do not therefore care very much about them. But a new writer who is evidently influenced by the turn of the tide will, we hope, turn his attention to literature, and forsake the models that have inspired his re-action. Luckily, he is continent in thought and language; now he should cultivate the graces of speech.

The Russian Garland. A Book of Fairy Tales for Children. Translated from the Russian. Edited by Robert Steele and Illustrated by J. R. de Roosiczerewski. (McBridge, Hast and Co. 3s. 6d. net.)

If the tales in "The Russian Garland" are a just sample of Russian fairy stories, our own stock of folk and fairy lore has little to gain from our Ally's garland, in fact, is in no wise a laurel wreath. Half the stories show tedious similarities in idea and action; two of the best tales in the book, the Seven Brothers, Simeon and Emelyan, the Fool, are said to be of German origin, while had the stories been, everyone a masterpiece of fairywork, they would have missed their aim, and remained unreadable by children, such are the difficulties of pronouncing the untranslated Russian names which crawl over the pages like centipedes. Were it the child who would ever fight his way through a paragraph beginning: "When King Guidon returned home, he sent his servant Litschard as ambassador to King Kitbo Versoulovin, the father of the Princess Militrisa Kirbitovna ..." or prepare to drink 'beer is not brewed or brandy distilled,'... They then endeavour, by expressing it in the elaborately worked out categories of a metaphysic, to give it a universal validity. Philosophy in this way provides a conceptual clothing for the interpretation of life current in any particular period. But the interpretation of life should always be distinguished from the refined organisation of concepts by which it has been expressed.

This process can be illustrated more concretely by taking a definite period. Consider the most obvious example of the emergence of a new weltanschauung— the Renaissance. You get at that time the appearance of a new attitude which can be most broadly described as an attitude of acceptance to life, as opposed to an attitude of renunciation of life. When this emerges a new interest in man and his relationship to his environment. With this goes an increasing interest in character and personality for its own sake, which makes autobiographies such as that of Galileo, who attempted to establish his new attitude, for its own sake would have been inconceivable before.

[Though these are platitudes, yet their real significance is entirely missed by people who do not see this change as a change from one possible attitude to another, but as a kind of discovery, like that of gravitation. They thus fail to realise the possibility of a change in the contrary direction, and also to understand the real nature of such attitudes.]

When this new attitude became firmly established, men sought to make it seem objective and necessary by giving it a philosophical setting, exactly as in the case of the religious attitude which had preceded it. This was a need actually felt by many men of the Renaissance. One has only to read of the reception given to the philosophers who attempted to establish the new attitude on a theory of the nature of things ... of the travels of Bruno, and the recorded eagerness of the men to whom he talked at a banquet in Westminster.

To make this clear, I shall later on attempt to describe the workings of the philosophers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. It is interesting to see how the conceptual expression of the new attitude was affected by the influence of the physics of Galileo, and the revived and re-enforced precepts of Stoicism, to name only two things. It becomes possible to see the whole period as very much more of a unity than it appears superficially. When the existence of the new attitude as the driving force behind very diverse phenomena has once been realised. This is, of course, a process which is
Repeated whenever the general "interpretation of life" changes. At the end of such periods you get a constant phenomenon, the unsystematic philosopher. When the weltanschauung, the interpretation of life, changes the values expressed by the elaborate and subtle conceptual form of philosophy no longer fit the changed conditions. You then get philosophers of the type of Marcus Aurelius, who express the new attitude in a more personal, literary, and unsystematic way. Perhaps Marcus Aurelius is not a good example of this type, for behind his unsystematic expression, lay a certain remnant of the Stoic principles. A more perfect example of the type is Montaigne, coming after the decay of the scholastic system. There are people at the present day who look for the philosophy of this character, who desire an "interpretation of life" without the elaborate conceptual system of the older philosophy. "Their eyes are directed with great earnestness on the Riddle of Life, but they despair of solving it by a universally valid metaphysic." The fact that philosophy has always contained this element of weltanschauung can be illustrated by some examples of the use of the word. Justin called Christianity a philosophy, for he claimed that it had solved all the riddles with which philosophy had busied itself. Maimonides speaks of the philosophy as perfected in Christianity... eternal truths about God, human responsibility, and immortality, which are grounded on Reason, and can be proved through it... For Porphyrios the motive and end of philosophy was the soul... and Zeno Böhme called his own life-work, a holy philosophy.

Such has been, in fact, the relation between weltanschauung and Pure Philosophy. What ought to be the character of this relation?

(2) As typical of the demand for a truly scientific philosophy, we can take the article by Edmund Husserl I cited last week, and in England various lectures and essays of Bertrand Russell. These two writers have most clearly insisted on the necessity for an absolute separation between Pure Philosophy and Weltanschauung. Husserl: "It is from science rather than from religion and ethics that philosophy ought to draw its inspiration." He cites Spinoza as a philosopher whose value lies almost entirely in second philosophy. "We do not go to him for any metaphysical theory as to the nature of the world. What is valuable in him is the indication of a new way of feeling towards the world." His conclusion is "the adoption of the scientific method in philosophy compels us to abandon the hope of absolute truth and never reach the more ambitious and humanly interesting problems of traditional philosophy."

Husserl: "Es treten also auffallend: Weltanschauungs philosophie und wissenschaftliche Philosophie als zwei in gewisser Weise auf einander bezogene aber nicht zu vermengende ich dein...." The first is not the imperfect anticipation of the second... Any combination or compromise between these two subjects must be rejected. Weltanschauung philosophy must give up all pretence to be scientific.

While I entirely agree with what they say as to the possibility of a purely scientific philosophy and the necessity for a clear separation between that and a weltanschauung, yet for the purpose of my argument in this Notebook I must lay emphasis on a different aspect of this separation. They insist on a clear separation, because they wish to free the scientific element in philosophy from bad influence of the other. They want the weltanschauung separated from philosophy because they think it has often inappropriately affected the scientific part of the subject. I, on the contrary, want it separated because I think it also forms part of separate subject, which has in reality no connection with philosophy.

My interest, then, is a different one, and I examine what they have to say on the separation from a different point of view. I find that while what they say is satisfactory in its description of the nature of a purely scientific philosophy, it is extremely unsatisfactory in what it has to say about the nature of a weltanschauung. After the remarkably clear exposition of the scientific element, one expects but does not find a similarly clear explanation of the other element.

What Mr. Russell has to say on the subject in "A Free Man's Worship" is so extremely commonplace, and is expressed in such a painful piece of false and sickly rhetoric, that I have no patience to deal with it here.

Husserl, though he is better than this, is not very satisfactory. "A Weltanschauung should be the highest possible exaltation of the life and culture of the period. The word 'Wisdom' taken in its wide sense comes to mean the most perfect possible development of the idea of Humanity. Personality is to be developed, to the greatest intensity in a many-sided activity—the result will be a philosopher in the original sense of the word... while science is impersonal... a Weltanschauung can only spring from the highest possible development of personality."

The emphasis laid on the word personality at once shows us that instead of the complicated subject it really is, weltanschauung philosophy, as Husserl said it is for most moderns, merely an uncritical humanism.

How does it come about that the writers who show such subtlety in the scientific part of the subject, exhibit when they come to the subject of the subject itself? I proposed to deal with by a Critique of Satisfaction, such entirely unscientific and naive crudity; what is the reason for this commonplace, unquestioning acceptance of humanist ideas?

In general perhaps for some reason of this kind. The ordinary citizen reasons correctly, without necessarily being aware that the cogency of a chain of reasoning depends on the fact that it approximates to certain standards or canons of implication. The philosophers, in their conclusions, in the region of weltanschauung, are exactly in the position of the citizen in regard to logic. They are moved by certain unconscious canons of satisfaction. But while this was legitimate in the case of logic, it is not legitimate here, for the canons of satisfaction are not inevitable norms, like those of logic. The humanist canons are, I think, demonstrably false. But it is difficult to make these people realise that the canons are false, for they do not yet recognise that they exist. Now one conscious of such hidden presuppositions when they are tenet; just as we become conscious of the existence of air, when we breathe something that is not air. It is possible to destroy this naivété about the subject, by an historical investigation of the intellectual ideals of a satisfactory Weltanschauung, that have as a matter of fact been held. I shall deal with this matter later. For the moment, I want to try to get at the critique of satisfaction, by the direct method.

My notes here will necessarily be rather disjointed; but I only intend to suggest the kind of subject matter to be dealt with by such a Critique.

This subject matter, was, I asserted in my last Notes, that of religion; but in a very radical sense. Most explanations of the religious attitude deal with the cause of that attitude rather than with the attitude itself; they are concerned more than they ought to be with the standards and the norms of things, which it, as it were, projects out from itself. The only fertile method, is to start at the real root of the subject, with reflections on the nature of the "satisfying." You then get at a unique subject, with a special structure: of such a nature, that the reasons it employs has real cogency and real effect on action. You get thus to the actual source of religion. Moreover, it might be pointed out here, that the difficulty about religion at the present day, is not so much the difficulty of believing, but the difficulty of understanding how if true these statements can be satisfactory. (Cf. Original Sin.)
Put very crudely, the question from which everything here springs is then "what is finally satisfying?"

For the purpose of this discussion, I assume the truth of the statement! made in an earlier note: "The whole subject has been confused by the failure to recognize the gap between the regions of vital and human things, and that of the absolute values of ethics and religion. We introduce into human things the perfection that properly belongs only to the divine, and thus confuse both human and divine things by not clearly separating them." To illustrate the position, imagine a man situated at a point in a plane, from which roads radiate in various directions. Let this be the plane of actual existence. We place perfection where it should not be — on this human plane. As we are painfully aware that nothing actual can be perfect, we imagine the perfection to be not where we are, but some distance along one of the roads. This is the essence of all Romanticism.

Most frequently, in literature, at any rate, we imagine an impossible perfection along the road of sex; but anyone can name the other roads for himself. The abolition of some discipline and restriction would enable us, we imagine, to progress along one of these roads. The fundamental error is that of placing perfection in humanity, thus giving rise to that bastard thing personality, and all the bummack that follows from it.

For the moment, however, I am not concerned with the errors introduced into human things by this confusion of regions which should be separated, but with the falsification of the divine.

If we continue to look with satisfaction along these roads, we shall always be unable to understand the religious attitude. The necessary preliminary preparation for such an understanding is a realization that satisfaction is to be sought along none.

I am not thinking here of actual experience, but of an understanding of religious experience. It is only when the "conclusions" of the philosophers are seen to be even if true, unsatisfactory, that a beginning has been made towards an understanding of religion.

"This realisation, that there is nothing wonderful in man, will not lead necessarily to this. It is only the necessary preparation. By itself, it leads only to a rejection of Romanticism, and the adoption of the classical attitude. But to those who have a certain conception of perfection, a further step is taken.

The effect of this necessary preparation is to force the mind back on the centre, by the closing of all the roads on the plane. No "meaning" can be given to the existing world, such as philosophers are accustomed to give in their last chapters. To each conception one asks, "In what way is that satisfying?" The mind is forced back along every line in the plane, back on the centre. What is the result? To continue the rather comic metaphor, we may say the result is, that which follows the snake eating its own tail, an infinite straight line perpendicular to the plane.

In other words, you get the religious attitude; where things are separated which ought to be separated, and perfection is not illegitimately introduced on the plane of human things.

It is the closing of all the roads, this realisation of the tragic significance of life, which makes it legitimate to call all other attitudes shallow. Such a realisation has formed the basis of all the great religions, and is most conveniently remembered by the symbol of the wheel. This symbol of the faculty of existence, is absolutely lost to the modern world, nor can it be recovered without great difficulty.

One modern method of disguising the issue should be noticed. In November, 1829, a tragic date for those who see with the eye of the emancipated, a lasting and devastating stupidity, Goethe—in answer to Eckerman's remark that human thought and action seemed to repeat itself, going round in a circle,—said: "No, it is not a circle. It is a spiral." You disguise the wheel by tilting it up a plane. It is then the modern substitute for religion.

I ought here to point out that these crude conceptions are designed only to suggest the subject-matter, which properly developed has no connection with philosophy. And just as exceeding refinement and subtlety in pure philosophy may, we have been told, be combined with exceeding commonplaceness in the subject, so the reverse of this is also true. It may and has happened that a cobbler may on this subject exhibit a refined sensibility, and yet be incapable of thought in philosophy at all.

This crude discussion about the wheel must sound entirely unreal to the humanist. The direct method of approval will not do for propaganda purpose. Fortunately a more indirect method is open to us. We can make a preliminary attempt to shake the humanist naiveté of the historical method.

**History.—**The greater part of these Notes will be taken up by an analysis of the history of ideas at the Renascence. A proper understanding of the Renascence seems to me to be the most pressing necessity of thought at the present moment. It would be quite impossible to discuss the subjects of these Notes, without continual use of the historical method. I entirely agree then with Savigny that 'history is the only true way to attain a knowledge of our own condition.' We then see why when, I say with Savigny's phrase, once we carry with us a library of a thousand years as a balancing weight which has been thrown a thousand years ago, it is impossible to give an opinion as to the meaning of the wheel. Such a realisation has now been vanished in every subject. I approve of this victory; in what sense then do I think Savigny's words true?

I think that history is necessary in order to emancipate the individual from the influence of certain pseudo-categories. We are all of us under the influence of a number of abstract ideas, of which we are as a matter of fact unconscious. We do not see them, but see other things through them. In order that the discussion about "satisfaction" which I want, could be carried on, it is first of all necessary to rob certain ideas of their status of categories. This is a difficult operation. Fortunately, however, all such "attitudes" and ideologies have a gradual growth. The rare type of historical intelligence which investigates their origins can help us considerably. Just as a knowledge of the colours extended and separated in the spectrum, enables us to distinguish the feebler colours confused together in shadows, so a knowledge of these ideas, as it were objectified, and extended in history enables us to perceive them hidden in our own minds. Once they have been brought to the surface of the mind, they lose their inevitable character. They are no longer categories. We have lost our naiveté. Perhaps we have a great enough length of history at our disposal, we then always vaccinate ourselves against the possibility of harbouring false categories. For in a couple of thousand years the confused human mind, works itself out clearly into the separate attitude. It is possible for it to assume. Humanism ought then always to carry with it a library of a thousand years as a balancing pole.

The application of this to the present subject is this: It is possible by examining the history of the Renascence, to destroy in the mind of the humanist, the conviction that his own attitude is the inevitable attitude of the emancipated and instructed man.

We may not be able to convince him that the religious attitude is the right one, but we can at least destroy the naiveté of his canons of satisfaction.
Pastiche.

MORE METAMORPHOSIS, OR THE EXTRAORDINARY EXPERT.

For several minutes the silver sphere rolled from side to side in a法庭ing semicircle, and as it reached the highest point on the rim of its course, the illumination from two magenta globes, hung aloft by golden chains, converted it into a ball of liquid colour. ... Fascinated, as birds by the singing snake, stood the dozen strange beings gazing with intense interest at the rolling of the sphere, and as it passed slowly from one side of the semicircle to the other their heads moved, following it with perceptive rhythm.

... Suddenly, the silver sphere passed out of sight between two darkened gates, which seemed to open upon them, and with a sudden movement of the arm this small creature bathed the countenances of his followers with white light; the expression upon his face became strained with what seemed to be a mixture of pain and an almost superhuman intensity of will. The white light shone upon them, and with a sudden movement of the arm this leader; his face was drawn in loathing. Or was it the mark how lush my fancy, how adroit my wit; at need I can divest me of my current shape and, like to Proteus, don another; or, if that outworn, assume a third, a fourth?

A hundredth, if the craving of my dupes demand a hundred guises.

Will they hate?

I sling my quiverful of venomed darts, pour on the lips, and gnash my teeth and rave a sham of utmost loathing, if there be, the moment calls for scorn: anon I leer twisting my lips awry, and with my hands make foixig gestures in accord. Again My pallid pose must yield to puckered brows, I frown and ostracise a general, Denounce a statesman for his cowardage—These bungling tricksters are agaze when I in stinging mood send forth decrees.

Perchance

Piety is the cry. Then Calvary

And Golgotha and all that jargon of the mission-hall is mine.

Yet so, or so,

Ever I flatter with a subtle wife, ever I leave the rabble proud, erect

And blessing their suburban deities

Who did not fashion them as Dagos, Huns, Dwelling in outer darkness; and by dint Of iteration in their brains I fix

Shibboleths of my coining, crazy scraps Of catchwords with the which they can trick out

Their bald babbering, and to and fro

Bandy the cues I prompt them with—ha, ha!

Clack of the sword neatly blended with

The antics of the ape

There are who seek

Glory in haunts where havoc lurks; they die fried by a thousand corpses; some there be,

That all the town may hear thereof—

A handful hear of them.

I do but nod

And half a million heed my beck. I shriek Amendments to the action of the Pope,

Sternest rebukes to God Almighty—ah!

And half a million—what?—nay, thrice the tale

Echo my scream in countless offices.

In countless parlours, countless railway-trains,

That dullness may thrive.

Then let the shifts

Of wheedling and cajolery, the sly

Devices of the mountebank who exists

Shoddy on Humpkins, shrivelled from the clartion forth

The tidings; order carmine characters

Rampant on ochre backgrounds, let them be,

Of wheedling and cajolery, the sly

Dagors, Huns, Dwelling in outer darkness; and by dint

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE CONSCRIPTION OF CAPITAL.

Sir,—In dealing with the question of the conscription of men and capital, may I ask whether the able writer of “Notes of the Week” has sufficiently borne in mind the fact that, whereas living organisms, including man, are produced in abundance in nature without restraint, capital is the result of restraint being a product of civilization? Much as we deplore the manner in which capital is now controlled, can we afford to overlook, in our impatience, its peculiar claims? Capital has rendered possible the support of a relatively large population in a small country, and it seems to me that, in view of the inherent difficulties attending the necessary reproduction of capital, any attempt at its conscription or confiscation must in the long run inflict upon the workers greater hardships than ever.

If the writer of “Notes of the Week” would kindly deal with this aspect, I should be grateful.

R. O. WILLIAMS.

WAR NOTES.

Sir,—It is clear from a perusal of last week's correspondence on “War Notes” that many agitated gentlemen regard the contributions of “North Staffs” as surprising contaminations of your letterpress.

That they are surprising I agree; it is just possible that they are contaminations—in the sense that gold may be said to contaminate quartz. For unlike these gentlemen whose cultural complexes and other principles have been so profoundly stirred, my allegiance to The New Age has been strongly reinforced by the appearance of this strange fool, whose acrobatic feats are ominous to seek to death. For the life of me I have never been able to understand why such an eminently sane outlook on contemporary life as that of “Notes of the Week” should be associated with so much priggishness and preciosity in other columns. ‘Tis a baffling problem, reminiscent of the extraordinary relationship between vegetarianism (which is at all events on a practical level) and the swarm of cults, from deep breathing to theosophy, which have quite unaccountably appropriated this interesting theory and detest it.

My attitude is exactly the opposite to that of your correspondent “W. R.” I have suffered for years the prating and attitudinising of your tame illuminati for the sake of the virile sanity of the “Notes of the Week,” and now (God be thanked!) my sufferings will be rendered easier by the antidotal common sense of “North Staffs.”

E. G. GLOVER.

LETTERS ABOUT RUSSIA.

Sir,—I think a rather more careful examination of my letter in your issue of December 9 would have saved me from Tchitcherine the diffuse accusations he makes against me. Like most of your readers, I accept the axiom that economic power precedes political power; and it was with this point of view, as I said, that I was surveying the parties of the Duma. Surely it is not necessary to call this attempt “a parody of an article” or to denounce the preference of political to economic development I was judging from the printed official literature. Mr. Tchitcherine is pleased to accuse me of “utter ignorance” with regard to certain facts, himself bringing nothing but the temper of his attack, but I repeat the facts he questions.

In any case, even if this sentence had really been passed, nobody would consider such a sentence likely to be upheld by the authorities, and that, for all practical considerations, these five are still awaiting their sentence. I was merely proposing that the first step to Russian national development should be the Zemstvos. Mr. Tchitcherine is pleased to accuse me of “utter ignorance” with regard to certain facts, himself bringing nothing but a bare denial to the contrary. It is perhaps not warranted by the temper of his attack, but I repeat the facts he questions. First, that five Social Democrats were sentenced to lifelong deportation. I submit that such a sentence likely to be upheld by the authorities, and that, for all practical considerations, these five are still awaiting their sentence. In any case, even if this sentence had really been passed and confirmed and published in the pages of every Russian newspaper (which I can assure your readers is not by any means the fact), it is quite beside the point I endeavoured to make viz., that such high-handed kidnapping of deputies makes the whole political attempt ridiculous.

When I said that the “Society of Societies” denounced the preference of political to economic development I was judging from the printed official...
programmes of the society and the opinions of every Russian publicist controlled as I matter. As
in Petrograd and Moscow just at the time of the unrest following the dismissal of the Duma, I am able to say
from personal knowledge that the only direct proletarian protest was that of the Moscow-Petrograd strike. Mr.
Tchitcherine's fantasies of a strike "involving great proletarian masses" are fiction. I am not prepared to
doctor that a strike on a large scale was possible at any time, but I do know that all the intelligent agitators
denounced disorders as playing into the hands of the pro-German "separate peace" party. And there were no
other disorders. I do not know why Mr. Tchitcherine calls the present Duma "the Duma of the nobles." It is
really much worse than that.

C. F. BRICHERFORD.

THE LATE MR. FOOTE.

Sir,—There should be a law to prevent disciples from entering a discussion while fresh memories of a lost
master incapacitate their faculty of reason. I inform a Socialist of the opinion

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"It is your land, you squires of England, that the best of your young manhood is ever marching forward to protect. They are the 'shield-bearers.' Not you. In sinking to men to lose your right rank as chieftains or as protectors. They are the knights-errant, these labourers, these miners, these clerks. Your sons, it is true, have nobly answered the call to arms, but what are you doing? The young who laboured in your fields have flocked to the colours; those boys with neither wife nor child to protect, the disinherited of the earth. Have it ever struck you that these young men are defending your property? Probably you are a plutocrat and have no traceable ancestry. But if you had, you would know that your ancestors took their lives in the hand and risked their estates in great national upheavals. But you—you are many times richer than they ever were; you have fewer hardships; yet those of you who have not been called upon to risk the land, hold in spec, save paying an enhanced income-tax. If you are of noble blood, does not the pride of race urge you to make the great requisit, to refuse to take so much from those who are giving their all—their lives? ... What about the millions of our young men who will return at the end of the war and refer to the upsurge of a subject race in workshop and farm, and work as wage-slaves where they are less secure of a roof over their heads than they were in a dug-out under the fire of the enemy's guns? Should they do so? The Serbians have fought like heroes; but then they are a country of small-holders. Their countryside really belongs to them. What are the millions of our young men who have the taste for a sedentary life, after the life of the open fields, though it be riven by shot and shell? Here is our chance to build up once again a peasant race like unto which fought at Agincourt—one which shall possess the land, the earth. Has it ever struck you that these young men are exploited by the railway companies? Do you not see that your ancestors took their lives in their hands to protect and safeguard men, gives to an employer—what difference stands upon different ground. It made no profession of looking to the interest of the workers, and so far it is better than most of the other legislation, which has simply pleased to the hands of the employers?"—"New Days."

"The following sentence occurred in a recent article in the 'Evening News': 'It propagates an ultra-modern scheme normally high wages some working men are earning. On the same page of the 'Evening News' an article appeared, giving an account of the dresses worn at the performance at the Alliance Theatre. Possibility. Possibly, of course, the working man might wonder where the money comes from to buy their dresses. The fact is that a working man's wife has nothing to look to but the money that is being paid to her husband. Your ancestors would know that your ancestors took their lives in their hands to protect and safeguard men. Is it not the fact that in these abnormal times, £5 or £4 a week, earns but enough to support his family in decency and comfort; but if every working man does this, there will be nothing left to save a worthy and luxurious class in existence?'—"London Mail."

"To the Editor of 'New Days.'

"Dear Sir,—There is such a lack of wit in our period that one with a tendency to the rarity is gratified by a reading of your scriptural books. 'Sleep not or perish.'—'New Days.'

"Only a trade unionist can understand what meant what to the working man to resign for the period of the war his rights as a trade unionist. In the midst of the workers, trade unionism stands for everything they and their fathers and grandfathers have fought for. Without it, they believe that they have no security in the fruits of their labour, which, in my eyes, and I a wholesale draper and a church-goer, aims destructively at all our institutions. This puny sheet has indeed the habit of influencing the倔orous revolutionary principles that are near its heart.—THOMAS JACOBSON."

"Press Cuttings.

"We have apparently entered upon a period of slave legislation. The Munitions Act is, of course, the worst instance; but it is old news that this legislation seems to penetrate everywhere. The Insurance Act had a fair run, and it can hardly be disputed that its evils are worse than its benefits. Almost simultaneously, the Defence Act which, despite its professed benevolent intention, simply riveted another fetter upon the worker. The armlet suggestion is a third instance which, purporting to protect and safeguard men, gives to an employer—what difference stands upon different ground. It made no profession of looking to the interest of the workers, and so far it is better than most of the other legislation, which has simply pleased to the hands of the employers.'—"New Days."

"Exploiting the girlhood of the nation. Railway companies' low wages for those doing men's work. Does the nation know how the patriotism of its daughters is being exploited by the railway companies? ... The companies have 'got them on the cheap.' On one line there are girls working for as little as five shillings per week, while another company pays a girl shillings who does go beyond twenty shillings, whereas men would rise to £100 a year. ... The male clerks were given a war bonus. The majority of the girls get none. Those who do usually have two and a week as all are paid to the men. So the Railway Clerks' Association is taking the matter up."—"Daily Sketch."

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