NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Both Mr. Asquith's pledge and the support given him by the Labour Members of the Ministry appear to have been based upon a most absurd, if plausible, hypothesis: the former upon the hypothesis that, unless the single men were sent first, the married would on no account enlist; and the latter upon the speculation that, in that event, instead of a small we should have to adopt a general measure of conscription. To the statesman who coined the phrase 'Wait and See' the precipitancy of committing himself to a pledge in the dark is not only unusual, but it cannot be explained on any ordinary reasoning. Something more, we feel sure, must the statesman who coined the phrase 'Wait and See' the precipitancy of committing himself to a pledge in the dark is not only unusual, but it cannot be explained on any ordinary reasoning. Something more, we feel sure, than the threatened but highly problematical failure of the Derby scheme was in question; and we can guess that the conscriptionists could read the riddle for us. As for the Labour Party and their fears of a general conscription of wealth, we need only say that we agree with the general result which is to confirm the experience of all of us in truth the single shirker like the war-baby and the drunken workman earning £10 a week, is a mythical being. Lord Derby himself, as was only to be expected of a not very impartial mind, has counted every one of the six hundred thousand odd unattested single men as shirkers in the Northcliffe use of the word; and the 'Spectator' has constructed out of this material a potential addition of twenty-five divisions to the Army. But without vouching for the strict accuracy of the 'New Statesman's' calculations—supported though they are by the 'Nation,' the 'Manchester Guardian,' the 'Star' and other journals—we are prepared to stake our reputation that a single division is much nearer the mark than twenty-five as an estimate of the single men still eligible for military service. And are not thirty thousand—if so many exist, and we do not know of one—a 'negligible minority' of a total of three or four millions; but must the slime of an invidious compulsion be plastered over the whole for the sake of a fragment, of a possibly non-existent fragment? A feeble case in mere arithmetic upon which to raise an infamous monument to the presumed death of the British spirit there never was and never will be. Humouring all the phobias of the conscriptionists and taking upon their own childish ground of simple arithmetic, their case for compulsion is still the worst that can be conceived. And the nation that admits the principle upon the evidence now before it must be pronounced to be madder than its maddest advisers.

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That something like madness has fallen upon the House of Commons the vote in favour of the first reading of the Conscription Bill clearly enough proves. For, apart from the inadequate arithmetical backing of the Bill, its supporters had not even the manliness to demand proper military excuses for it, and still less to insist upon conjoining it with a similar measure for conscription of wealth. But what, we should like to know, is the duty of the House of Commons, as distinct from the Cabinet, if not to require of the latter an account of other mathematicians have been at work upon the Report, and we need only say that we agree with the general result which is to confirm the experience of all of us in truth the single shirker like the war-baby and the drunken workman earning £10 a week, is a mythical being. Lord Derby himself, as was only to be expected of a not very impartial mind, has counted every one of the six hundred thousand odd unattested single men as shirkers in the Northcliffe use of the word; and the 'Spectator' has constructed out of this material a potential addition of twenty-five divisions to the Army. But without vouching for the strict accuracy of the 'New Statesman's' calculations—supported though they are by the 'Nation,' the 'Manchester Guardian,' the 'Star' and other journals—we are prepared to stake our reputation that a single division is much nearer the mark than twenty-five as an estimate of the single men still eligible for military service. And are not thirty thousand—if so many exist, and we do not know of one—a 'negligible minority' of a total of three or four millions; but must the slime of an invidious compulsion be plastered over the whole for the sake of a fragment, of a possibly non-existent fragment? A feeble case in mere arithmetic upon which to raise an infamous monument to the presumed death of the British spirit there never was and never will be. Humouring all the phobias of the conscriptionists and taking upon their own childish ground of simple arithmetic, their case for compulsion is still the worst that can be conceived. And the nation that admits the principle upon the evidence now before it must be pronounced to be madder than its maddest advisers.

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their doings as a first condition of giving them further support? And when the further support takes the form of a demand for a traditional privilege of Englishmen, we should have thought that the inquisition of Ministers would have been imperative. Incredible as it may seem, however, the fact is undeniable that neither the House of Commons nor the country at large knows any more than we do of the conduct of the men who knew before the Cabinet demanded our birthright of us. All the discussions in Parliament, it will be seen, turned upon some paltry figures or other; but none, except by the merest chance, touched upon the one subject that matters, namely, whether the war is being properly conducted. It was in vain that Lord Midleton in the House of Lords asked whether seven expeditions were really necessary, and whether seventy times seven might not be decided upon behind the back of Parliament; or whether the men now enlisted again, the whole male population, would or would not prove sufficient to carry out the designs of the General Staff—in his own House he was replied to by Lord Kitchener in the shortest speech on record (and a very empty one, at that!) while in the House of Commons there was no reply at all. But it is not now a question whether information is necessary to justify the resort to compulsion, but whether information is not necessary to justify even the extension of volunteering. After all, the House of Commons owes it to the volunteers, even more than to the men who may be compelled, to hold the Executive to strict accountability for the life of every soldier entrusted to its care. Are we to have Committees of Inquiry, Supervisory and Advisory Committees, to maintain economy in the expenditure of mere money, and to have none to ensure economy in the expenditure of lives? Nay, are we, while examining the accounts of the first, to leave the accounts of the latter to be cooked and judged and concealed as if they were of small importance by the side of money? The question, we repeat, has nothing to do with compulsion; but should concern conscientious alike with the voluntaryists. Both parties, it is to be presumed, are in favour of granting the Government more men, though by different means. But both parties likewise have the same duty of requiring an account of the use to which men have been put, and of the uses for which the new recruits, voluntary or compelled, are in the opinion of the Government required. And after as we say, the Government has offered any such account nor did Parliament insist upon it, is evidence that the representatives of the nation are either mad or worse.

Nor is the case made in the least degree better by the plea that the compulsion is for the present war only. On the contrary, our resolution to have the facts ought to be strengthened by the special circumstances said to be attending them. What are those special circumstances that require a special abrogation of our national constitution and yet do not require it to be permanent? For a departure from tradition declared to be for the occasion only, surely reasons for the occasion only should be offered commensurate with the demand. And are we so sure that the compulsion is indeed for this occasion only? We are pretty sure, on the other hand, that this cannot be the case. Lord Crewe and Mr. Balfour may try to persuade us, and even pledge us their word, that the compulsion now to be employed is in no danger of being used as a precedent for its permanent establishment; but neither are they, unfortunately, either omnipotent or immortal, to pledge with the sincerity of their associates in compulsion, and still less the future. Amongst their associates, we know, are men who not only advocated compulsion long before its present alleged military necessity arose, but who welcomed the present Bill, even the last of them, only a hundred men, on the very opposite ground from that upon which Mr. Balfour's advocacy stands, namely, that it introduces the principle of compulsion into England for all time. And they are right. For in a country like England precedent is nine parts of the law. Look at a precedent to which precedent has always been put to justify even the present measure. We are bidden examine the steps taken by Lincoln in America and by Cromwell in England under circumstances very different from ours, and to learn from them that compulsion is not in its military form the unjust discrimination of classes we think it, but, on the contrary, a natural right exercised by the wisest rulers. Can Mr. Balfour guarantee that these bad precedents will not be strengthened by the better precedents now being created, or that the latter will not be employed as the former have been? Common experience, not to say commonsense, is there to give him his answer. As surely as the Bill is passed, though it should require to be used against nobody on this occasion, it will form a precedent to which in every subsequent emergency prompt appeal will be made as an excuse for avoiding thought or procuring in foreign policy the voluntary consent of the nation.

This last consideration, now we come to think of it, is of the greatest importance, since upon it turns not only the future of conscription, but the future policy of this country in relation to the Continent of Europe, and, again, our participation as a people in the conduct of that policy. It is urged to-day that because we are by chance enabled to adopt a Continental policy we would create a Continental army to match it. But having once established, if only for this occasion, a Continental, that is, a conscript, army, shall we not be asked to-morrow to undertake to defend it as a Continental army? The means are not unknown to create the ends, as well as the means; and we should not be in the least surprised to find a foreign policy growing up after the war based upon the precedent now being created of a Continental army. But what is this but to jump the claim of free discussion as to our future policy after the war, and to close it against the conclusion that may be best for us, namely, to remain outside the Continental system? For as it is, there are plainly two courses open to us: to retain our national independence of the Continent while consolidating our Empire for the purpose; and, on the other hand, to throw in our lot with the Continental nations as practically one of them. But the adoption of the principle of conscription would, as we say, infallibly reduce this choice of courses to Hobson's choice. Weapons determine warfare; and with a Continental weapon in our hand we should willy-nilly be drawn into the Continental vortex to the certain delay of loss of our Empire. Continentalism or Imperialism is, therefore, the large issue of the present Bill; and we implore our democratic diplomatists, in particular, to examine it from this point of view.

It must not be thought, however, that we are any more afraid than Mr. Balfour of the principle of compulsion in itself. The compulsion of minorities in matters vital to the nation is the condition of all progress; and we should be Utopians indeed, or hypocrites like the Labour Party, if we imagined that our own dreams can be brought true by persuasion only. Persuasion may be the task of Culture, but compulsion is the duty of Civilisation. Our objection to the present Bill is, therefore, less on the ground that it incorporates compulsion in circumstances still obscure to the nation, and possibly not militarily exigent of it, than upon the obvious fact that the compulsion is unjust, and, moreover, falls upon the class that least deserves or requires it. Military service, it stands to reason, is not the only service the nation requires at this moment; nor is it by any means the service of which the volunteered amount comes shortest of our needs. Money is equally required, and so is economy of expenditure, not to say the good sense and veracity so indispensable to the maintenance of an intelligent public opinion. But it
appears that not only the latter are to remain voluntary—and there is some reason for that—but the supply of money and the adoption of economy, both of which are easily within the reach of composition, is to be voluntary as well. Nothing is more depressing in all the conduct of the war by our journals and public men than the readiness with which they are prepared to fly to compulsion for men, compared with their reluctance to consider the composition of money. Mr. Thomas and Mr. Hodge, we are glad to say, laid it down as a condition of conscription that money as well as men should be conscripted; and they were followed by Mr. Anderson at the recent Labour Conference, and by the "Nation" in the Press. But the same fate, we fear, awaits the seed thus scattered as befell the seed we ourselves have sown: the soil upon which it falls is stony. But are we, in the absence of any compulsion of Capital and Economy, to accept the composition of men merely on the ground that compulsion in general is just, and can most readily be applied to men? Is not it admitted that composition in general is just, admitted that the composition of men is practicable, it by no means follows that the composition of men alone is either just or practicable—in this country, at any rate. In Germany the composition of men without composition of property and other services is, we see, unfortunately, practicable; and there it constitutes the essence of militarism which is no more than the isolation of military from every other form of national service. But we have yet to see and can still doubt whether its introduction here is within the power of the present Cabinet.

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All theories apart—and how our Mr. Hoblouses love to have done with principles and to engage in practice without principles, as if principles were other than guides in doubtful matters of practice!—the practical objection to conscription, we have always maintained, and lightho to the compulsion of Mr. Asquith, Mr. Balfour, Law and Mr. Balfour, is that its serious proposition by the present Government (we do not say by any Government) would divide the nation not only upon conscription itself, but upon the whole conduct of the war. Let the sleeping dogs lie, we urge; let the whole nation throw them a bone about which they will fight until the whole nation is involved in the quarrel. The incidents attending the first reading of the Bill alone have proved whether the counsel of Mr. Asquith and the rest sober, or the counsel of the conscriptionists drunk, was the wisdom of the recent special Labour Conference on the ground that so many of the constituent members of the Unions were absent on other service. And what play the Great Office-boy of the "Times" has made of the admission! But the day came that the fact, such, that one and two million Trade Unionists took no part in the election of the delegates who met and denounced conscription last week, what is to be concluded from it? That the vote then cast was not representative of Labour opinion? Possibly, though by no means certainly. And what then? That on this account the vote cannot be ignored? But no greater mistake could be made than to conclude that because many workmen is abroad on military service, the remainder in civil occupation can be ignored, whatever their opinion. The very contrary is the case. We repent it the very contrary. For by just so much as you have drawn off from the Labour supply the numbers that hitherto have made a monopoly of Labour, it may be that the remaining Labour, upon this account, the vote cannot be ignored. Perhaps, though by no means certainly. What then? That on this account the vote cannot be ignored? But no greater mistake could be made than to conclude that because many workmen are abroad on military service, the remainder in civil occupation can be ignored, whatever their opinion. The very contrary is the case. We repent it the very contrary. For by just so much as you have drawn off from the Labour supply the numbers that hitherto have made a monopoly of Labour, it may be that the remaining Labour, the responsibility of its power by associating its strength with the nation in the management of its function of...
industry. Now, moreover, is the time to do it, when national feeling is high, when everything is in the melting pot, and all the old moulds are broken or breaking. To defer it until after the war is not merely to defer it for ever; that, perhaps, would be of no consequence save to Labour itself; it is to ensure a fresh configuration, only this time civil and industrial. Again, we lift up our whispers in warning: Labour, all-powerful in fact, will soon become all-powerful in self-realisation. Labour is destined for the throne, to reign as King Log or King Stork it may be, but as a lawful King if we so determine now. Where are the statesmen to train the young prince, and to accustom him to the responsibility that will one day be his?

It may be said that in all this we are saying nothing for the moment, but are drawing upon the future for bogeys upon our own account. Let us then come back to the position of the Bill, and to the discussion of its chances. If, as we say, its passage is undesirable, dangerous, and for these reasons ought to be obstructed and prevented, what answer is there to the only alternative that now seems to present itself—that of a General Election with a measure for general conscription as its chief issue? For, plainly, if Mr. Asquith cannot keep his precious pledge there would seem no course open to him but to resign and to take an election upon the matter; and so, in fact, reason most of the journals we have looked into. But is this reasoning sound? Must the defeat or withdrawal of the Bill entail a General Election as a matter of course? We do not think it need, and we shall give our alternative in a moment. But in the meanwhile we would again depurate the horror with which the consultation of the public is regarded by the politicians. Is it so very disastrous that the present House of Commons, conscious as it does by law, to be representative at the end of this month, should then renew its mandate (a mandate, by the way, that it has never received) to carry on the war? Is everything worse than this? Far from fearing a General Election either upon the issue of conscription or upon any other issue, we should welcome it as a means of deliverance from several oppressive ills. The reconstitution of the personnel of the House of Commons, for example, is a reform of the utmost urgency, for next to and even worse than a weak Parliament—such as we have to-day. Again, it is time that the last forms of the party system should disappear; and these could scarcely survive a coalition election upon the conduct of the war. And, finally, for the present, the gain in confidence to the nation from the fresh exercise of its powers would be immeasurable; in the strength of that meat we might go forty months in the war without fainting by the way. As for the advantages, they, too, are exaggerated as much as its disadvantages are minimised. Mr. Thomas and others, echoing the Mr. Asquith of now some days ago, foresee calamity and disaster unpersuadable from an Election at this moment; and Lord Lansdowne spoke with seeming loathing last week of the “six weeks’ carnival of intrigue and wire-pulling” an Election would involve. But are these evils in the very nature of Elections, or can they not, and would they not, be averted? For our reader should not forget that Lord Derby left off, somebody should now resume the Derby scheme. The conscriptionists, though no more anxious (we are not surprised that the “Spectator” once almost thought of it), the voluntaryists who support the war, of course! It is an observation we have often had in mind to make that though the voluntaryists (or most of them, at any rate) approve both of the war and of the voluntary system of enlistment, they nevertheless do little or nothing to forward the one by ensuring the success of the other. They have thereby lost the war well while doing all in their power to frustrate the peculiar means advocated by conscriptionists, and neglecting at the same time all in their power to make the voluntary alternative completely satisfactory. As regards to this new form of dog-in-the-mangerism should be put at once; and in the most public manner possible. Let Sir John Simon, who has resigned from the Cabinet to save his conscience the sin of supporting conscription, now offer himself as the successor of Lord Derby in the task of working the voluntary system; and let him publicly associate with himself the forty or fifty Members of Parliament (we omit the Irish) who voted against the Conscription Bill with him. And on them let the nation as well as the Cabinet come to see that the voluntary system fall. For it is not fair, after all, that the conscriptionists, though no more anxious (we presume) than voluntaryists to win the war, should be both debarred the use of their own method and denied the assistance of the voluntaryists to its only alternative. They have, in fact, every right in justice to pass Lord Derby’s staff of office on. We call upon Sir John Simon to realise his duty as well as his opportunity in this. In such a positive resistance to conscription is there alone any sanction of the voluntaryists likely to be its only alternative. They have, in fact, every right in justice to pass Lord Derby’s staff of office on. We call upon Sir John Simon to realise his duty as well as his opportunity in this. In such a positive resistance to conscription is there alone any sanction of the voluntaryists likely to be its only alternative. 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Foreign Affairs.
By S. Verdel.

Any one who has carefully studied the comments of the "Times" and the "Daily Mail" during the last two or three weeks will have observed that the writers in those papers—I refer as much to contributors and to parliamentary correspondents as to their military critics and leader-writers—emphasise the principle of conscription rather than the number of men it is hoped to secure from the operation of the Military Service Bill. In this respect Lord Northcliffe is not the leader of a party or the inspirer of a new policy; he is simply the conscious or unconscious mouthpiece of a school of politicians. What this school is, and what its ideals are, may best be realised by contrasting it with the other school, its contrary, which is now almost ready to join issue with it.

It is clear, I think, that after the war we shall have two trends of thought in political circles in this country; two opposite points of view with respect to our foreign policy. This thought will be represented, naturally, by two different schools, one of which will wish to maintain England in the splendid isolation of which we have heard much in the last generation; the other will wish to maintain England as a Continental Power. I do not suggest that we can in future wholly maintain England in splendid isolation; but I sympathise with this school much more than with the other, and I hope readers of The New Age will agree with the choice. As the writer of the "War Notes" has so aptly pointed out, the old security in which England lived has gone. This country is no longer an island. By race, religion, history, and tradition we have always belonged to the Continent; but a series of circumstances after the war of Napoleon—indeed, after the end of the last Dutch war—enabled us to live and act as if we were the inhabitants of another planet. Very early in the last century we found ourselves the wealthiest people in the world, with unlimited opportunities for development and exploitation. We played little part in Continental wars: and when we did it was with a success which always came to be taken for granted—the Crimean, or the "Peace with Honour" Conference of 1878. Not even the Boer war was sufficient to awaken the mass of the people of these Islands to the potential dangers which so nearly menaced them.

Time and again I have said in these columns that we were skirting a dangerous political precipice by engaging in a Continental policy without a Continental army or the means of securing one at short notice. Not even the strongest supporter of the blue-water school has believed in recent years that we could draw a few squadrons of the Navy round us, as we did in the Boer war, and rest satisfied. Not until after the crash of 1914 did the people, even in responsible positions, begin to realise the designs of Germany on Holland, on Belgium, on Northern France, with the object of crippling the political and economic power of England. That a reaction should have set in was, perhaps, natural in the circumstances. In view of what has occurred I am not surprised, nor do I profess to be, at the demand for permanent conscription, and for a commercial and political alliance with our present Allies when the war is at an end. I only wish to show that certain disadvantages may arise if we associate ourselves with Continental Powers more than we need; and I mention the matter at this stage mainly because it is emphatically said by the Northcliffe Press, no doubt in obedience to instructions, is trying to "jump the claim," and to force the country into entangling alliances, with their corollary of conscription both now and for ever.

While I believe our social and commercial relations with the Continent to be intimate, I am of the opinion that we need not go so far politically. In our days of splendid isolation, and for generations before it, was our policy to engage in only in so far as it might be necessary to keep a watchful eye on the balance of power in Europe. It was our business to maintain an equilibrium on the Continent, and—mark it—to hold ourselves aloof from it. If France showed signs of Imperialism, we supported Germany. If Russia showed signs of trying to dominate our pathway to the East, we fought her. But, whether we fought with or without Allies, we considered our business as accomplished when we had restored the equilibrium. Then we reverted to our isolation—not, however, without a certain healthy national contempt for foreigners.

This attitude, I declared in these columns three or four years ago, was one that could not be maintained with a small army. But I hold, in opposition to the Continental-conscription school, that it is an attitude which we can maintain with a voluntary army on a somewhat larger scale than our previous one. Up to July, 1914, our Regular Forces numbered approximately 150,000. Our original Expeditionary Force was so good that the Germans are said to have thought it was composed of highly trained officers and non-commissioned officers alone. But it was too small a force, as I always held it would be, to meet millions of men which Continental Powers can accumulate. It would, however, be perfectly possible for us to maintain a standing army, in peace time, of half a million men, thoroughly trained, and provided with officers and reserves. Hundreds of thousands of the soldiery and the armies will never want to return to civil life; and the same remark applies to hundreds if not thousands of officers. Here is admirable material to form a new standing army men with experience such as has never fallen to the lot of any previous army; officers practically trained on the battlefield; unsurpassed equipment. The efficiency of our Expeditionary Force, by the way, is in itself a tribute to our methods of training officers; and all that we require is an extension of our schools and colleges for officers. The population of Continental countries is not going to increase at such a rate that half a million well-trained men can be swamped in any future war; and if we had been able to send this number abroad in August, 1914, instead of one-sixth of that force, it is safe to say that that force would have ended in favour of the Allies last spring. A strong Navy and a well-trained and equipped standing army of half a million—that is all we want.

As I have indicated, however, there is a school forming among us—in fact, formed already—which has wider ambitions. This school, instead of seeing us holding aloof from the equilibrium, would wish to see us forming part of it. The distinction is vital to our security—our future security—and our freedom as a people. We must not form the scales; we must rather see England ranged on one side or the other of Continental combinations that may be formed. This is a policy which must be fought, fought bitterly. I am glad to say that preparations are now being made for fighting it; and none too soon. We must not let the Conscriptors take advantage of our Continental preoccupations at this moment to make them permanent instead of temporary. This question is one that concerns us intimately, and I will shortly return to its consideration. This article has been written to let the Harmsworth cat out of the bag in time.
War Notes.

Recruits must still be found, even if they have to be drawn from very unlikely sources. I propose, therefore, to induce some literary men to enlist by the most suitable means possible. I addressed them individually. I have not at present consulted Lord Derby about my scheme, but I hope eventually to gain his approval.

In the course of the present article, I shall probably be rather personal in my remarks. I gather from some letters which followed an earlier article of mine, that certain pacifist readers object to this method of controversy when it is used by other than pacifists. I propose, therefore, to state my views about the ethics of polemic. I think Mr. Bell is a wretched creature, and I propose to say so. The toleration and good taste which we can well afford in times of security make such statements then unnecessary; but, at the present moment, they are needed. It is only after a series of controversies carried in this spirit that we shall rid ourselves of certain false and dangerous opinions.

The general principle that guides our use of personal detail in such controversy should be that it is only legitimate to use such detail when it is a matter which has been made public by the person concerned. I refer to Mr. Bell as a rich man; I think that justified, not only because of the internal evidence provided by his book on Art, but because Roger Fry in a public banquet in his honor, added him as a Mazesian of the modern Art movement, or something equally silly. Then, I ask, Why does he not enlist? That, in normal cases, is a purely private matter. But Mr. Bell has himself made the matter public. He has not been content to remain comfortably a civilian, but has issued a pamphlet to prove that in so doing he is superior to his newspaper and boot-blacking that they might continue to serve their masterful passion. Possibly, they would have killed or wounded anyone who stole these "Notes." If they stole them, it was because they stole newspapers and boot-blackening that they might continue to serve their masterful passion. They were superbly religious.

As very few who read these "Notes" will ever have heard of this somewhat obscure individual, I had better say something about him at once. He is a particularly foolish specimen of the aesthete, and has written a book on Art. I propose to justify what I say of it by a more careful examination later. For the purpose of the discussion in these "Notes," all that is relevant is the admiration he expresses for people who sacrifice material comfort for certain abstract values. "In Paris, I have seen young painters penniless, half-fed, unwarmed, their women and children in no better case, working all day in feverish ecstasy at unsaleable pictures, and, quite possibly, they would have killed or wounded anyone who suggested a compromise with the market... they stole newspapers and boot-blackening that they might continue to serve their masterful passion. They were superbly religious." (Exactly, but why the backing? Did they draw with it on the newspapers or what? I thought we had finished with this silly middle class romantic conception of the life of the artist.) It is only necessary to remember later that for Mr. Clive Bell there are certain dogmas which everyone who is not afraid of the truth should know. Then the airs of Columbus who has opened up a new continent. Now, putting these ridiculous claims on one side, what kind of theory has he actually produced? This is easily answered. A certain amount of money makes people meliorate. They can get hold of the new movement in other countries, some years before the journalist. This knowledge gives predominance at dinner parties and drawing-rooms. But gradually this advantage goes, and you get more and more of this type of amateur—when they find that the fact that they were the first to know is being forgotten. Then the advantage must be placed on record, be crystallised, as it were, in a book. That such is the origin of this book is fairly obvious from the introduction. Mr. Bell is best known as a pupil of Mr. Roger Fry. This seems to rankle. It will hardly be believed that this "epoch-making new aesthetic" descends to such small beer as this. I met Fry in a railway carriage plying between Cambridge and London. Fry had recently become acquainted with the modern French masters... Cézanne, Gauguin, Matisse... I enjoyed the value of a long acquaintance. Who cares what commercial traveller first introduced these masters to our notice! Like every amateur magnum opus it contains his opinions not only on Art but on every subject. To illustrate the banality to which an "exquisite sensibility" and "robust thinking" can descend, I may quote some of his utterances on Religion. "Religion... as I understand it, is an expression of the emotional significance of the universe... I should not be surprised to find that Art was an expression of the same thing. Christianity by a deplorable mischance has been unwilling to abandon dogmatically... that are essentially its essence... "Religion... an affair of emotional conviction should have nothing to do with intellectual beliefs," should, I suppose, take the form actually suggested later of "dancing and shouting in some significant formal way." Here, for a moment, we may leave the profound reflections of this male Mrs. Humphry Ward.

Finally, when I refer to Mr. Bell as a contemptible ass, I ought to say that I know nothing of him personally, but I base my assertion on the very full and adequate evidence provided by his own writings.

Turn now to the pamphlet, "Peace at Once." As the author never says anything original, he may usefully serve us as a fair sample of the type of pacifism we have to deal with.

We need say nothing of his more positive arguments, founded on facts, for he merely repeats all the cliches of the school. Everything is there, from the "decline in the height of Frenchmen during the Napoleonic era" to our old friend "the colonial expansion which Germany's growing population demands."

The argument based on facts, however, is entirely subsidiary here to a main argument which is independent of any fact. "You are prepared to suffer the evils of war, that certain greater evils may be avoided. I deny that many of these evils would accompany peace. But even granting all you urge, admitting that all these evils would come about, I deny even then that war is worth while. "Even if the German armies were to conquer England and make it a province of the German empire... immediate peace would be best. The emphasis is always on the price that must be paid. What then is this dreadful price we have to pay which makes conquest a lesser evil? It consists always in a morbid emphasis on death. "Would the average Englishman risk his life and die than see his children... etc., etc., etc., etc."

He is not afraid of giving himself testimonials. "If other writers on aesthetics failed, it was because they lacked that very rare but absolutely necessary combination of an exquisite sensibility with the power of robust thinking." Has Mr. Bell failed? Has he provided a new and original theory? He has continually insisted on: "I believe in my theory; it makes history more comprehensible." He continually gives himself the airs of a Columbus who has opened up a new continent. Now, putting these ridiculous claims on one side, what kind of theory has he actually produced? This is easily answered. A certain amount of money makes people meliorate. They can get hold of the new movement in other countries, some years before the journalist. This knowledge gives predominance at dinner parties and drawing-rooms. But gradually this advantage goes, and you get more and more of this type of amateur—when they find that the fact that they were the first to know is being forgotten. Then the advantage must be placed on record, be crystallised, as it were, in a book. That such is the origin of this book is fairly obvious from the introduction. Mr. Bell is best known as a pupil of Mr. Roger Fry. This seems to rankle. It will hardly be believed that this "epoch-making new aesthetic" descends to such small beer as this.

There is continual emphasis on what men lose by death. "Men do not love by abstraction, Professor, not of such stuff as Life" (our old friend Life again). "Theirs is a life that has been a sad one, a life of suffering, a life of horror, a life of despair."

The rain and fair weather and a sense of being alive in a world which is full of pleasant places and jolly days. That is the life of the common man,
and you send him to the trenches." Whatever difference the war may make, "it can hardly be the difference between life and death." This is the only reality. There are pages as sickly, as bloodless as that. This disgusting world—w ith its cattle affrontment of simplicity that makes one squirm, requires further comment. For what in the end does it imply? Remember the argument. Even with England a German possession, death is so terrible that we ought to submit. It is to this, then: that for the emancipated man death is too great a price to pay for anything. Life and comfort are the ultimate goods—and if we sacrifice them to any "abstraction" it is only because we are deceived by words! It is not so in the case of many painters who stole blacking—but that was for Art—not for empty words like Honor. The ideology from which this all springs can be most shortly described as one that finds no place whatever for the heroic. For heroism means risk of death, and death means leaving "the wind and the rain, the daisies, the buttercups, the butterfly, the cowslip, fair women, the sun, the moon, the stars..." I call such an attitude rotten, because, leaving consequences out of the question, it is "I myself, objectively, rotten and false. But the consequence of the prevalence of such an ideology may be pointed out. The entire decay of the heroic would certainly make wars impossible, but it would make revolution also impossible. That workmen should think only of the immediate compensation of their tire for the Maecenas of the Cubists, who have never, he says, "been able to believe in the political genius of the masses." It is this which the pacifist Proudhon saw more clearly. "Philanthrope vous parlez d'abolir la guerre, prenez garde de degrader le genre humain." 

His whole argument comes back always to this rhetorical question, "What cause can be great enough to make a man sacrifice his life?" I can best answer him by example. Mr. Clive Bell is baffled by the fact that men "used to die and think nothing, alas, but cold feet." The argument (it seems very like the reasoning of the prophets) seems to be, men must be so afraid of death that only the most cogent reasons—reasons that war could never provide—should ever make men face it cheerfully. But normal men are not made like that. A man may take the risk for quite trivial reasons.

One may make the difference clearer by an analogy. If I am very short of money, then I shall only buy things for the most trivial reasons. I may buy a good time they have. You do not compound for this obligation by writing a pamphlet telling the poor what to suppose that you amend for the advantages of wealth. There are no "cold white peaks" here; there is nothing, alas, but cold feet.

The difference between the two attitudes can be illustrated by a story of Mr. Bell's. He tells of a "shopman from my quarter" whom he bumped into one night. He had a bright article on business—"la guerre, prenez garde de degrader le genre humain." The impression it is intended to make on you is clear—the simple youth and the kindly, wise philosopher. Poor simple fellow—he was young to die—and all because he was not as clever as our author.

We may now consider a more practical question. These have all been negative arguments. Can we give any positive reasons why Mr. Clive Bell should enlist? I can give him any positive reason he would like enough. The argument (it seems very like the reasoning of the prophets) seems to be, men must be so afraid of death that only the most cogent reasons—reasons that war could never provide—should ever make men face it cheerfully. But normal men are not made like that. A man may take the risk for quite trivial reasons.

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Holland and the World War.

By W. de Vreec.

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

IV.

To —, Barrister,
in Rotterdam.


Dear A.,—For the last six weeks I have been so engrossed by the stirring scenes around me and by the sparse news from the fighting line as it is gradually dealt out to us, that I forgot all about my promise to drop you a picture of your friend the German as he appears to me. Or, rather, it would be more correct to say that once or twice I have taken up my pen wishing to resume our correspondence, but that each time I put it down again. Hang it! I mentally exclaimed, meaning the being condemned to spend myself in futile talk, while others fight for what is dear to my heart as to theirs. Will Joffre and French be able to hold their own against a much stronger enemy, who, despite the Allied successes in September, is now attacking with redoubled vigour—that is the all-pervading question. To-day I feel more confident. I have had a chat with a friend, a British officer, who went to France with the first large reinforcements. He is home on a few days' leave and assures me that the worst is over, that the greatest dangers have been overcome, and that tomorrow will bring quite a new complex on affairs. The British Expeditionary Force, he says, is now a vast army, well equipped and in prime condition. Less optimistic as to the immediate future, but sure of the complete victory of the Allies in the coming spring, is another friend, a Swiss, a major in the famous Swiss Militia, who has come here by way of France on an important mission from his Government. During the course of his journey he was allowed to see something of the organisation and the fighting spirit of the French, and, he is filled with admiration for the iron will and the unboudned patriotism of a people whom of late years we have all regarded as being demoralised and weakened by continuous quarrels among themselves. "C'est magnifique!" or "voilà complètement rassuré!" he kept repeating to me if I thought they would soon drive the Germans out, he at once became very grave and summed up his impressions with a "ce sera dur, très dur!" And while certain of the ultimate triumph of the cause of justice, he smiles at the idea of an invasion by the Allies. Nor does he believe in the Russian steam-roller. It is a huge machine, was his remark, and extremely heavy, but lacks the motive power necessary to crush and flatten the Eastern defences of the Kaiser.

I agree with those who regard optimism as the backbone of all strong action. Surely the first condition of success is the conviction that it can be obtained. A man who enters the ring in a pessimistic mood is already half beaten; he must not, of course, be blind to the strength and resourcefulness of his opponent, but unless he is convinced that he himself is superior in these essentials, how can he ever hope to win? In all probability the great offensive in the West will not come before the end of winter—when Kitchener's Army is ready, we shall see great things. If, in the meantime, the French, the English and the Belgians, with all the troops available, can beat off the desperate attacks of the Germans, they will have achieved a tremendous feat of arms. And I am sure that they will do so. The idea that the Russians may break through in their present large expenditure, but would "make a bit" as well.

And the nation was horrified, of course, at the idea of profiting by tainted money, and loudly voiced its disapproval of France's action. On the contrary, this certain prospect pleased it hugely. Yet you, and others with you, a Dutch general, ex-Minister of War, and a satellite of that old fox, Dr. Abraham Kuyper, for instance, would try to convince us in the glare of these passing facts that it is necessary to murder the "opposite point of view." What opposite point of view can there be to raping; to murder; to the gross betrayal of a friend; to the violation of a woman; to robbing children of their food, their parents, their protecting roofs? What popular appeal can such a speech have? Amid these horrors, what does he believe in the Russian steam-roller. It is a huge machine, was his remark, and extremely heavy, but lacks the motive power necessary to crush and flatten the Eastern defences of the Kaiser.

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left the room. The story comes back to me, because the way he told it is an example of the Hun's utter incapacity to understand the feels and arouse in others. The man was still amazed and sincerely hurt by the old lady's refusal to sit next to him; and he was certain I should share his view that her antipathy was unnatural, and a sign of the prevailing impotence of the French nation, unmistakably betrayed by a wild hatred such as this. All that the aged woman might have lost in '70 never struck him, nor what memories any contact with a German might waken in her soul. And in the light of present-day experience I should say he had no real conception that she denounced her evident abhorrence as absurd for no other reason than that his own country was the cause. For is not this the attitude of the Huns to-day, on a scale immeasurably larger than in '70, and a thousand times more incriminatory for them? Are they, the moment the world shows its sympathy with Belgium, not at once on the alert to inform that world how terribly exaggerated are the accounts of all she suffers? But at the same time they have closed the occupied area, both to foreign pressmen and to Red Cross helpers; so that privacy for the julier in his dealings with his prisoners is secured.

The German is suffering from a bad conscience. Thick-skinned as he is, he yet vaguely feels that he has committed a great wrong; he sees in the reflection in the minds of neutrals, and tries to meet and lessen the effect. It is against his nature ever to admit that his motives are anything but the purest. Like the proverb that taught up child who always provokes the excuse: "I meant no harm!" he tries to influence foreign public opinion by representing the damage he has done to others as infinitesimal, or as brought upon the victims by themselves. In these efforts he is constantly assisted by his unbounded admiration for his own gifts and qualities. The light that he thinks he diffuses blinds him to everything beyond his personal and national ambitions; he firmly believes that where he is not there is darkness. To one to whom the old adage "suum cuique" is devoid of meaning it must be relatively easy to look upon the ruin of others as a trifle; especially when he himself has been the spoiler. He has never seen any trace of the principle at home, and it would be most inapplicable to outsiders.

You perhaps will contradict me, but I have already noticed a tendency in some of the Dutch papers to minimise the agony of Belgium and to defend the draconic measures taken in her occupied territory by the invader. When one or other horrible report leaks out of what is going on there, these papers either hush it up, or pretend to be anxious to obtain "the official version" before spreading it abroad. Sometimes their touching endeavour to be fair takes the shape of a little lecture, emphasising the necessity for keeping quiet (like a small or a shell-fish, I suppose), and warning us to be sceptical with regard to certain rumours. Or generalisations are the order of the day, and all war is denounced as inhuman. But while their sermon on the general wickedness of man is being preached, the perpetrator of this particular deed remains unpunished; he moves freely and laughingly among his critics.

I have already mentioned the Franco-Prussian war of '70-71, but I want to refer to it again. You have made the same reflection for yourself as has occurred to me; in that case forgive me for raking up old ground. It has struck me how different the role was France played then to that which she is playing now. The Dutch, as I have often heard my father say, were her fervent partisans; yet the French could hardly be considered to be right when they embarked on an adventure so hazardous, so fraught with dire calamity as that war proved to be. It originated in a question of prestige. Each nation was ruled by an autocratic prince, able to keep his people in the dark as to his ambitious aims, and to commit them, unconsulted, to the consequences of either his folly or his wisdom. Bismarck's forgery of the Ems dispatch was a scurril trick, worthy of Prussian tradition as the "Philosopher of Sans Souci" had shaped it; but it was only to the hot-headedness of France, represented by Napoleon III, that the trick succeeded, and that the latter country was made to look as if she were the aggressor, thereby enabling Prussia to claim the aid of Baden, Bavaria, Wurtemberg, etc., against her. And to a large part France had herself to blame—or, at least, her ruler—for the disaster that followed. For she was not ready for the fray, but entered upon it in a frivolous, adventurous spirit, prepared to ruin thousands of helpless citizens for the sake of self-satisfaction and vainglory. Today the positions are reversed. What France did then, Germany is doing now; but now the wrong is aggravated by the fact that the attacking party received neither threats nor provocation.

It would take me too long were I to wander off into a sort of treatise dealing with international responsibilities, and I should no doubt bore you to tears. Suffice it to say that I cannot help thinking that in the far future nations will be held responsible by other nations for their Governments or for their rulers. In this present war it is clear to me that, had Germany and Austria been guided by administrations responsible to a generally elected body, the sword would never have been drawn, and we should not have to enter on a New Year anxiously asking ourselves what state Europe will be in before we can date our letters 1916.

But for the neutrals having allowed Germany to crush Belgium without a single word of protest, the political horizon would not appear so dark and ominous as it does to-day. Had America, Scandinavia, Spain and Holland only done their duty, peace, I am convinced, would now be signed. If we had all been ready to insist on justice being done, Germany, even if she could have carried on the struggle for a time, would, in the certainty of ultimate defeat, have chosen the lesser of two evils. In the frigid, calculating fashion of those who are never really touched by pity or compunction, she would declare that she had been mistaken, and that she was ready to restore to Belgium all that she had seized.

But these are idle dreams! The neutrals did not do their duty, and every month it seems to become less probable that Germany will be placed before the dilemma of either giving in and repairing the damage she has done, or losing everything she ever owned. Though I grant that her aims are also far from being fully deserving of the fate by which it has been proved to be sceptical with regard to certain rumours. Or generalisations are the order of the day, and all war is denounced as inhuman. But while their sermon on the general wickedness of man is being preached, the perpetrator of this particular deed remains unpunished; he moves freely and laughingly among his critics. The neutrals did not do their duty, and every month it seems to become less probable that Germany will be placed before the dilemma of either giving in and repairing the damage she has done, or losing everything she ever owned. Though I grant that her aims are also far from being fully deserving of the fate by which it has been proved to be sceptical with regard to certain rumours. Or generalisations are the order of the day, and all war is denounced as inhuman. But while their sermon on the general wickedness of man is being preached, the perpetrator of this particular deed remains unpunished; he moves freely and laughingly among his critics.
tioned, a counterblast is at once emitted by the Huns. Stories are indifferently spread abroad of Belgian atrocities to wounded and defenceless German soldiers—if, indeed, this has not been already done in anticipation of fresh acts of violence from Germany’s side. Accounts of the bombardment of hospitals by the German troops have not infrequently been preceded by false accusations of similar barbarities said to have been committed by the Allies; and we hear of the finding of dum-dum bullets on French and British soldiers a few days before such bullets are actually extracted from wounds caused unmistakably by shells from German projectiles.

You urge me to admit that never was there a people so moulded into one as the German nation is to-day. I do not deny it. I simply wonder how this result has been achieved; yet it is not the kind of unity I admire, or should wish to copy. To my mind the direction in which this solid body has definitely moved proves the sinister nature of the influences whose co-operation has attained the result we see.

How did they and do they run this dark conspiracy against the rest of the world so smoothly and faultlessly? is what I ask myself continually. Why, among all the eminent men that Germany can boast of, is there not one who seems to doubt the soundness of the principle that Might is Right? Are all the Savignys, the Jehnings, the von Liszts, the Krafft-Ebings dead, or else bribed or muzzled? And the Socialists, why did none of them abstain from voting in favour of the war, as a protest against the rape of Belgium?

This union has won your admiration! It nauseates me. Suppose the whole human race were tarred with the same brush, what would happen to us all? Or would the system then break down, and stultify itself? For the qualities that inspire it are not positive, but negative. It is against others, in spite of others, and at the cost of other men.

Do you really believe in patriotism as a thing of which we can never have enough? I should say there are more decided limits. See how strong a case in point is this Kaiser’s war. At a single gesture of their “Oberkriegsherr” millions are ready to lay down their lives. They neither discuss nor doubt the wisdom or justice of his decision. The darkest deed becomes sublime when he has called it so, and they are conscious of themselves not as accessories to a bestial act, but as fighters in an army of heroes.

Courage, faith and loyalty are lovely things; but, like the golden fruit of a generous spirit, they may be spilt or left to rot by a neglectful or destructive hand. Even maternal love, that finest flower of human feeling, may, improperly directed, prove a curse and not an blessing.

If it be true that no dogma and no rule is permanently acceptable to man that does not rest on the instinct of maternal love, that finest flower of human feeling, may, indeed, at last be shaken by an overwhelming revelation of facts which prove that an institution founded on a money ideal is entirely opposed to the expression of art. And as the formative influences which predominate during these days of darkness are surely shaping the future, how is it that no great spiritual ideal requiring art expression to externalise it, the conclusion is that a new form of theatre is necessary to give the ideal outwardness. Let me consider the actual facts of the matter.

Most of the wild endeavours to graft a literary form of drama on to the parent stock was followed by an equally wild attempt to link the literary species of drama with pictorial representation, and this in turn by an attempt to refine the pictorial with an aesthetic interest. When the aesthetic interest entered the theatre and Mr. Granville Barker grafted it on to his pictorial representation of the literary and moral “drama,” more than one prophet foretold the theatrical millennium. Mr. Barker was the associate (even the disciple) of a certain pietistic effort for the establishment of an aesthetic interest in the great social machine, and honestly proposed to remove them. So one reasonably assumed that if Mr. Barker shared this vision and honesty of purpose, hussige corruption could not long survive in the theatre.

In fact, his transforming hand would often set the latter ascending on purifying and remedial virtues till it attained its summit in the disguise of a Paradise Regained (or something of the sort).

Of course, all rejoiced that in Mr. Granville Barker the theatre reform had found a man upon whose integrity it could surely repose. But some of the more clear-sighted naturally wondered what was his particular method of attack, and how he would develop it. They knew that money was the germ of the whole artificial theatrical system, and the germ which was destined to destroy it. When the adjustment to a proper basis came, money-making and taking would disappear from the theatre. Illumination would be its own reward.

One of the bad influences of the pursuit of money in the theatre is seen in the growth of the auditorium out of all proportion to the stage. This growth is the result of a desire of the theatrical manager to pack as many persons into the spectator-place as possible, quite regardless of the comparatively small amount of stage-space he can offer the collective spectator for his money. It has given rise to many serious problems, among them the architect’s problem, which may be stated in a responsible architect’s very words. In designing a theatre he is asked to satisfy the requirements of the typical theatrical spectator, who demands the greatest accommodation in a limited space at as low a cost as possible.” Theatres have been so designed for a very long time indeed, and for the same length of time these theatres have failed to offer the collective spectator full stage-value for his money.

Of course, the greater the aesthetic element in a performance the greater the loss, owing to the tendency of the sight-line to cut a complete stage-composition to pieces. Evidently Coleridge felt this serious limitation when he remarked that “Our the eighth Drury Lane and Covent Garden—are fit for nothing; they are too large for acting and too small for a bull-fight.”

This indictment of the large theatre is made by actors of intelligence to-day. They claim that the increased dimensions of the theatre has had the effect of their playing speech and action, appearance and speech, as no actor had ever hoped to do before. The finest expression to his acting and speech and be seen in his due proportions by the spectators in all parts of the auditorium.

The Latest Den of Thieves.

By Huntly Carter.

The recent attempt of the English Theatre to adopt an aesthetic ideal has not been sufficient to cancel the notorious dishonesty of the methods of that institution. Therefore one of the most significant effects of the attempt has been to bring the theatre much nearer destruction and, indeed, at last shaken by an overwhelming revelation of facts which prove that an institution founded on a money ideal is entirely opposed to the expression of art. And as the formative influences which predominate during these days of darkness are surely shaping the future, how is it that no great spiritual ideal requiring art expression to externalise it, the conclusion is that a new form of theatre is necessary to give the ideal outwardness. Let me consider the actual facts of the matter.

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Of a less serious nature is the indictment which may be brought against the medium size theatre. Anyone who, like myself, has carefully studied the question of the relation of the auditorium to the stage, knows that the condition of the auditorium is not only detrimental to the representation of the drama, but serves to defraud the spectators. Take the side boxes, for instance. These were added to the theatre for an immoral and commercial purpose. They were built to accommodate prostitutes, and huge profits were made by managers from their use as brothels. It is true their appearance caused serious riots, but in spite of the riots the boxes survived. As we know, theatres continue to be built with private boxes in their original positions, that is, in positions adequate to screen their occupiers from other parts of the auditorium, but inadequate to the rational purpose of the drama.

These evils were apparent to some persons before Mr. Barker began his reform work. And as I said, such persons naturally wondered how Mr. Barker proposed to deal with them. It was quite clear that he must deal with them if he was bent on proving his case for the restoration of the theatre to a place among the great formative institutions of civilisation. One therefore trusted that Mr. Barker was well equipped with a knowledge and appreciation of the dished and polluted condition of the theatre. One expected him to link his moral and intellectual incorruptibility to a financial one; to see that the sap of the dramatic plant flowed into the bud and was not diverted by cancerous growths. In short, one trusted that he had resolved upon a position in this way: 'I am going into the theatre reform business. I intend sincerely to support the dignity of the theatre by offering my patrons a clean, complete and thorough honesty. If the audience is to see all parts of the stage, I must effect a reasonable method of seating spectators. I must do one of two things. Either I must repudiate the existing theatre or effect a reasonable method of seating spectators. I must do away with all seats outside the auditorium.'

And perhaps what is worse, I shall be encouraging my spiritual father, Mr. George Bernard Shaw, to assist me in this reprehensible practice. In other words, I shall corrupt Mr. Shaw by converting him into a profiteer equally as ingenuously honest as myself. He will be receiving more for his queer goods than he is lawfully entitled to receive.'

Whether or not Mr. Barker did so review the position is not clear. But if he did, it is quite clear that he did not bind himself to his conclusions by sacred vows. On the contrary, as he proceeded with his so-called reform business he made no effort to remove the old unscrupulous method of seating spectators. He proceeded as an ordinary average commercial theatre-manager who invites the public to witness a performance, offers it a price, but takes as a matter of course a certain part of the audience this price. It was soon seen that he was engaged in the competitive warfare carried on between commercial theatres, and was to be regarded as competing in novelties, even freakishness, with entertainments at other theatres. In many ways he fostered the evils of competition. He continued to use the corrupt form of theatre and its machinery to make as much profit as possible, rather than to lay the foundations of an intellectual or aesthetic advance. And when finally he beat the theatre business he admitted that there was a commercial failure. From the Court he migrated to other commercial theatres, and in due course arrived at the Kingsway Theatre. It was there that I detected him openly betraying that standard of moral and intellectual honesty which had characterized his earlier undertakings. There the statement was to be regarded as a fact: 'Every person is sanctioned to work for the salvation of the theatre. The incident afforded a very good illustration of the commercial methods employed by Mr. Barker in his management of a theatre. Here it is. I was led by my desire to collect evidence against the present-day architectural arrangement of the theatre to try and see the "Dynasts" from the gallery of the Kingsway Theatre. I chose a matinee performance. When I arrived the house was full. I was, however, assured by the money-taker that though there was standing room only in the gallery, I could see all parts of the stage. I accepted the assurance and paid for two admissions. To my great surprise I found the gallery packed. Spectators were wedged sardine-like in the gangways, and standing three and four deep in the narrow passage at the back of the gallery. It was utterly impossible to see anything except the top of the prosenium frame. "Here, I thought, "is Mr. Barker fostering one of the worst evils of the commercial theatre."

It may be objected that if Mr. Barker has not done anything for the theatre he has at least done something for the drama. It is true that he has produced and encouraged a species of play and some technical reforms that came from abroad. At the same time he has not succeeded in preserving the drama from being corrupted by mountebank writers, mechanical acting and absurd productions. But the point at issue is whether he has done anything to restore the dignity of the theatre. Has he restored the glory that was to the drama? Has he restored the glory that was to the drama? Has he restored the glory that was to the drama? Has he restored the glory that was to the drama? If he has not done so he has not fulfilled that object for which certain privileges were entrusted to him. Simply he has betrayed his trust. When the truth is spoken it must be said that Mr. Barker has had the theatre business, but it is as it ever was. It is still a House of degraded sight-seeing and the symbol of a dishonest system. Viewing it thus leads to but one conclusion: Having become a commercial speculation, the theatre attracts a class of people whom the honour of serving its best interests makes no appeal. No lasting reform will ever be attained in the theatre till the money basis has been removed, and the theatre itself rebuilt on a rational plan.
is a temple filled with money changers. One would gladly relieve it and all honest men of the rank vapours that steam up from the latest den of thieves.

Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

It is always a relief to turn to Shakespeare, to one of the plays of his maturity; and I offer my grateful thanks to Mr. Matheson Lang for his production of "The Merchant of Venice." He has taken some liberties with the text, notably in compressing the casket scenes; but as long as I find these the most tedious in the play, I shall not quarrel with him on that score. I should be satisfied if only Bassanio were permitted to choose, for I think that Shakespeare was guilty of damnable iteration in his management of Portia's marriage. But then, I do not regard the Shylock plot as an episode in Portia's career, and Shakespeare did; so, as Shakespeare is dead, we will say no more about that. The interest always centres on the Jew; when we think of "The Merchant of Venice," we think of Shylock, not of the caskets, not even of the turtledove scene between Jessica and Lorenzo at Belmont, pretty as that is, and we judge a production of this play by its rendering of Shylock's character.

Mr. Matheson Lang's performance bears the supreme merit of humanity. His Shylock is a man, not a villain as Mr. Poel desires, not a rather benevolent Rabbi driven mad by his sufferings as Mr. Zangwill wishes. Mr. Zangwill would "have Shylock discovering poring over some Talmudic folio, or at some picturesque ceremony with wine-cup and spice-box, and Jessica holding the taper"; Shakespeare discovers him saying to Bassanio: "Three thousand ducats—well." Mr. Matheson Lang's scene of the Jew's house and not in "a public place," follows Shakespeare faithfully in discovering Shylock considering a loan and not studying the Talmud. To do justice to Shylock, there is no need to sentimentalise over him, no need to play for the pity of the audience; nor is there any need to correct the error of the famous "aside" in Shylock's first scene, as Mr. Zangwill desires. The supposition that Shylock is a scheming devil, a villain, as Mr. Poel calls him, is really making melodrama of what is, above all, a subtle piece of psychology: the rôle of a riven man, of the true meaning of this famous "aside" by slurring it over than Mr. Zangwill would by eliminating it.

For we have in Shylock not a simple figure, but, as Mr. Lang argues and demonstrates, "a highly complex character of varied lights and shades, a mixture of good and evil, who is, above all else, a human being, with a man's heart and a man's brain." Indeed, it is that brain that distinguishes him, as Hazlitt said: "He has more ideas than any other person in the piece, and if he is intense and inarticulate in the pursuit of his purpose, he shows the utmost elasticity, vigour, and presence of mind in the means of attaining it." The type of person that will, like Shylock, declare: "I stand here for law": and base his case on the letter of his bond, is quite definitely a man of brain. But throughout the piece, that brain is at the service of one passion, the passion of possession. The fact comes out even in the trial scene, when Bassanio and Gratiano both protest that, although they love their wives, they would sacrifice them to save their friend from this "vurious Jew." "These be the Christian husbands!" sneers Shylock, the implication being that he would part with nothing that he possessed. It is, perhaps, unfair to quote his Christian satirists on this point, but Sabinino's description of the Jew's behavior when he discovered the flight of Jessica alleges that his daughter, his ducats, and his stones were all regarded by him as common possessions of which he regretted the loss. Shylock's own exclamations to Tubal confirm this opinion; and Jessica's description: "Our house is hell"; coupled with his final words to Gratiano: "I am famish'd in my service," does not permit us to endorse Mr. Zangwill's kindly opinion of the Jew.

But the apparent inconsistency between the famous "aside" and his question, "Would you be friends with me?" need not force us to Mr. Poel's melodramatic assumption of villainy. The man is obviously of two minds at the moment; he has an "ancient grudge" against Antonio (as he says later: "He hath disgrac'd me, and hindered me half a million"), and yet he desires his love and respect of these lordly Christians. The two states of mind are not incompatible; indeed, Shylock's own language shows how even they balanced they were. The forfeiture, as he said, was worth nothing to him, but "to buy his favour I extend this friendship. If he will take it, so; if not, adieu; and for my love, I pray you wrong me not." To treat these professions as mere hypocrisy is to regard the Jew as something less than human; and Mr. Lang delivered them as genuine. The only evidence in the play against this impression is the remark of Jessica: "When I was with him, I have heard him swear...that he would rather have Antonio's flesh than twenty times the value of the sum;" but I do not find the unsupported testimony of a converted Jewess, who began a Christian career with robbery, overwhelming. Before the flight of his daughter, the Jew is in two minds; he refuses Bassanio's invitation to dine in his first scene, but, later in the play, accepts the invitation. It is true that he says: "I am famish'd in my service; that flatter me; but yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon the prodigal Christian"; but his doubt is manifest even here. "I have no mind of feeding forth to-night—but I will go." Backwards and forwards goes the discussion; if they would be friends, so would he, but the old sense of injury remains. "I am not bid for love"; but he goes, still waiting on the event. When he returns from the supper, and finds his daughter gone with a Christian, it is no longer possible for him to entertain any hope of friendship with his debtors. The forfeiture of the merry bond becomes his only hope of revenge against those Christians who have inflicted every injury upon him; and from henceforward, the man becomes a monumentiae.

Mr. Lang makes the flight of Jessica the turning point, as it actually is. Previous to this crisis, he has brought the two minds of the Jew with admirable clearness. He despises the Christians; even after he has arranged the loan, he spits his disgust of them, and brushes the contamination of their touch from his fingers. He knows that he has a strong hand, he plays it with passion, the passion of possession. The fact comes out even in the trial scene, when Bassanio and Gratiano both protest that, although they love their wives, they would sacrifice them to save their friend from this "vurious Jew." "These be the Christian husbands!" sneers Shylock, the implication being that he would part with nothing that he possessed. It is, perhaps, unfair to quote his Christian satirists on this point, but Sabinino's description of the Jew's behavior when he discovered the flight of Jessica alleges that his daughter, his ducats, and his stones were all regarded by him as
Readers and Writers.

For the recent San Francisco Exposition the French Government prepared as its modest exhibit a record, under the title of "La Science Française," of the work done by the French intellectuals in every department of art, science and literature. Among these reports was one by M. Charles Andler on "Les Etudes Germaniques," and this has now been separately published by the Librairie Larousse at 75 cents. All my prejudices against the French simply melt away in contact with the record of a work so devoted, and of which the service is so complete, and, at the same time, so readable and so modest. To compress into a brief report a bibliography of German translations into French, and of French books upon Germany, extending over a century, without producing something unreadable save by bookworms, is a marvellous feat of belles lettres. Let nobody attempt it. But to convey through the interstices of a catalogue, not only a just appreciation of German literature, but a plea (as it were) for the return of the better German, self to itself, with a promise from France to be the first to welcome it—this in the midst of a war of Germany's making—I confess, causes me a deeper satisfaction than I have felt from any French literature for many years. The culture implied in the production of such an essay at such a time disproves of the old prejudices of the relations of the cultures of France and Germany, and even of France and England. Nobody in Germany, I think, could be trusted to write a similarly impartial account at this moment of the treatment French literature has received in the Fatherland. Somewhere or other reproach would have felt from any readers, who charge me with having invented the soul to produce within. But this inner development has, in its turn, to submit to the criterion of the outer values, since natures are not finely touched save to fine issues. These ideas, I think, will bear reflection.

My references to the "Mahabharata" have, it appears, raised scepticism in the minds of several readers, who charge me with having invented the work. Were this the case, this world, I am sure, would not contain my pride. But not only can my readers with some difficulty and expense procure a complete translation of this greatest book ever written, but one section of it—the "Bhagavad Gita" or "Lord's Song"—is to be had with ease in an excellent translation by Mrs. Annie Besant for sixpence (Theosophical Publishing Society). I know that my words carry little weight, for have I not weekly evidence that the books I condemn, though many, sell well, while the books I praise, though they are few, sell scarcely at all? My duty, however, is to continue as if, in fact, my readers had learned to trust my judgment. Let me, then, recommend, with all the little authority I have painfully acquired, this work in this edition. I can say of it with all seriousness what a seventeenth century writer says humorously of which I have written an introduction: "Reader, this book will lift thee some yards from the ground." It is not that much direct illumination need be expected from it. As to this, I say of such questions as are discussed in it what Renan wrote of his "Philosophical Dialogues": "The dignity of man does not require that he should be able to give these questions a definite answer; but it does demand that he should not be indifferent to them." Nor do I think that direct illumination is often the result of any work—especially a work of art. You may listen to music and gather no definable ideas, and yet, perhaps, the more intelligent for it. Above all, as I have read somewhere, in the atmosphere of truth (even of unintelligible truth) the faculties of the mind open like flowers in sunlight. The writer of the "Bhagavad Gita" was aware of this, as of everything else, and boldly claimed for his work this indefinable power of indefinable influence. "He who," concludes Krishna, "shall study this sacred dialogue of ours, by him I shall be worshipped with the sacrifice of wisdom. Such is my mind. The man also who, full of faith, merely heareth it unreviling, even he, freed from evil, obtaineth the radiant worlds of the righteous." So may it be!

Much of our own present attitude towards Germany arises, I think, from the shock of astonishment our insular ignorance received from the thunderclap of the war. The French, on the contrary, were spiritually prepared for it by their intellectuals, who from 1870 onwards have realised that the old Germany of romance, of dream, of philosophy and religion, had disappeared and had given place to a Germany obsessed by the methods of blood and iron. That they did not doubt that sooner or later in the German soul the new obsession would become active has enabled them to bear with resignation and also without surprise what came upon us, absorbed as we were, as usual, in our domestic affairs, as a bomb from the blue. They did not doubt that sooner or later in the German soul the new obsession would become active has enabled them to bear with resignation and also without surprise what came upon us, absorbed as we were, as usual, in our domestic affairs, as a bomb from the blue. And so they set about the task of culture, which is the persuasion of reason.

To Mr. Arthur Christensen, whose "Politics and Crowd Morality" I mentioned last week, I ought to say I owe the definition of two ideas formerly a little nebulous. Why is it, we have often asked, that useless labour is degrading and demoralising? If labour were its own reward this result we could not occur. The reply, says Mr. Christensen, is that such labour produces no values; and it is the ethics of man to produce values. Again, what is culture, and how does it differ from civilization? Mr. Christensen replies that culture is internal development, while civilization is external development. Culture is thus, if I may elaborate a trifle, civilization turned inwards; civilization, on the other hand, is culture turned outwards. All that exists without or is created by the art of man has for its value, and hence for its criterion, the results it enables me to write a similarly impartial account at this moment of the treatment French literature has received in the Fatherland. Somewhere or other reproach would have felt from any readers, who charge me with having invented the soul to produce within. But this inner development has, in its turn, to submit to the criterion of the outer values, since natures are not finely touched save to fine issues. These ideas, I think, will bear reflection.

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Against any attempt to revalue Shakespeare there are a dozen of warning lights. Others abide our question, but Shakespeare is free. "O mighty poet!" said De Quincey, "Thy works are not as those of men, simply and merely great works of art, but are also phenomena of nature, like the sun and the sea, the stars and the flowers... which are to be studied with entire submission of our own faculties, and in the perfect faith that in turn there can be no too much or too little, nothing useless or inert—but that, the further we press our discoveries, the more we shall see proofs of design and mere self-supporting phenomena, which our faculties had seen nothing but accident!" Besides, has not all been said that can be said—and has not Mr. Shaw added even to this? But since a friend has given me a new edition of Shakespeare, and I have resumed, after some time, the re-reading of the plays, I have been struck with how hosts of angels have feared to tread, though archangels stand with drawn swords to warn me away. So far, I have read two plays only, "The Tempest," which I thought I knew by heart, and "The Two Gentlemen of Verona." Their plot is admirable; their detail is magnificent, their isolated incidents are marvels of observation; but the leading characters—what a set of—well, I dare not say it! Perhaps another week I shall have the courage to give a name to the conduct of Prospero and to that of one, at least, of the two gentlemen of Verona.

R. H. C.
Man and Manners.

AN OCCASIONAL DIARY.

TUESDAY.—The finest test of good manners is the handling of money. Money is a magnifying-glass of manners. Why it should be so is not easy to explain, unless we suppose that Mammon is really the god of this world. Its capacity for causing offence, however, at least equals its power of giving pleasure. Meanness, vanity, vulgarity, tyranny—oh, unnumbered petty vices flourish in the mud-banks of money. In truth, money is so significant that the way man behaves with it is a sure index of his mind. It is as difficult to give as to receive. How often the giver feels robbed and the recipient humiliated by a gift intended well on both sides. I am sure, in the case of Fred's loan, any feeling of gratitude I might have felt towards him was entirely effaced by his spirit-breaking, intemperate manner of making it. Women, I am afraid, can be as offensive as men in relation to money. The way, for example, some wives grumble in public over the small size of the income their husbands earn is amazing. They might remember, for one thing, that it is as ill-bred to boast of poverty as to boast of wealth, and to complain of it is really beggary.

There are actually men who carry—Joan broke off her words as if to say, "There you are. I don't want to look at you. Take it away, take it away." There is the man who squints an eye-shot at the man you are sitting opposite began staring across at her. She underwent the minutest inspection. The style of her hat, the cut of her coat, the shape of her boots—all the details of her appearance were critically summed up, and certainly into a case against her. How dared she attract the man? They hadn't. What on earth could he see in the girl? What difference between her and them had drawn his glance? Before Joan came in I didn't suppose any of the women present coveted his attention. But with Joan had entered the spirit of competition. She had stirred the embers of rivalry that are even readier to flare up between women than between men. It is an amusing study in psychology to observe the way he passes down the street. First there is an eye-shot at the man you chance to be walking with; he is soon placed. But the heavy artillery of their glance is directed at you. Round you it licks like a tongue of flame! "Gracious! I'd suit him better than you." It seems to say. This rivalry, between women furnishes the ground of many a silest but sanguinary Amazonian skirmish. I shall never forget Joan's behaviour last year. She hadn't said a civil word to the Boy till Violet, who was really in love with him, came to stay in the house. Then it simply came to this: Joan didn't want the Boy herself, but she wasn't going to let anyone else have him. Poor Violet! If the Boy ventured a word with her, Joan flung looks at him that might have been missiles, they hurled Violet to the floor. If she wore a new frock, something was said about the style of it. It wasn't shrivelled up in the fire of Joan's stare. No; because a woman suddenly begins flirting with him, it certainly doesn't follow that a man can take the credit to himself. As like so not there is simply another woman in the case.

Friday.—Glad now I wasn't too annoyed with the Boy for trying to kiss me. Might otherwise have missed his excuse, which was a revelation to me. "Why did you invite me to tea if you didn't want me to kiss you?" he asked. Seems that he wasn't specially anxious, but thought it expected of him! Told me how one woman he had been in the habit of going to see had warned him that she couldn't bear men who flirted. Suddenly she had turned on him, accusing him for not making love to her. A real man would have kissed me the first time he saw me," she had declared. No wonder the Boy was taking no risks with me! On the other hand, I suggested, wasn't it better to chance for that experience of the Boy's! Really, though, I think the man is a fool who cannot appreciate what he gains by talking to women without flirtation. Because the result of an interview is not always the right to have no faith in it's power? Though no one, perhaps, can measure its immediate service, women's company has the same order of effect on men as music and poetry and pictures. It makes the mind supple. A man's mind will never be "finished" without the little talents of sensibility which only acquaintance with women will give him. Men deal in things and ideas: women, in persons. Women's gossip is the horax which lowers the melting-point of men's thoughts. It supplies the least ingredient without which the mind of the intellectual man develops in chunks instead of in proper proportion. Whether things should be subordinate to persons, or persons to things, is not, I suppose, a matter for me to decide; but that they should mix is bound to be right. Not to see things to persons is no tory. And, of course, vice versa. I could swear that a year of women's company would do more for J. J.'s work than all the learning he continues to acquire. As it is, men are beginning to find his books unreadable. His style is stiff and ponderous. It lacks the suppleness without which the mind of the intellectual man develops in chunks instead of in proper proportion.
from the manner of his work can one usually guess what the man's social manners are like. I know men think that only women are attracted by pleasant manners. How near-sighted! Ease and elegance are as necessary to the scholar, for instance, as books. Women's company ripens those manners which are an acquisition to a man not only in his dealings with other women, but in his dealings with men, and even, I would say, with ideas. Why, I have met men who with all their bookishness have not the ability to carry on an ordinary conversation. Indeed, from the grimacing way the Boy opens the door for me I would lay a wager that he is a pert, uncouth writer. To know how to talk and ably to a woman is to know how to put and take an argument clearly. Women fashion a man; (am I quoting Lord Chesterfield?) and a knowledge of women is necessary to that knowledge of the world without which the biggest brain becomes a bee in a bonnet.

More Letters to My Nephew.

My Dear George,—Dawdling over tea yesterday afternoon, I told Rafael the story of Richard Tudor. He remarked that such cases are so numerous as to render them almost familiar, but none the less shocking. He said that such waste was tragic. He was emphatic that neither the Liberals nor Tories would have treated one of their best men so scurvily. I told him that in the Labour and Socialist groups it was the rule rather than the exception to knife any promising man who does not toe the official line.

"With the result," said Rafael, "that they haven't enough brains amongst them to seize their opportunities. The political and economic complications arising out of the war gave them brilliant chances. I couldn't count all those chances on my fingers and toes. Yet not one has been taken. They might have been a little clique of Plymouth Brethren." "Wee Frees, judging by the Scotchiness of their leaders."

"Broadly put, they had two main lines of action—political and industrial. After the Coalition they could have seized the front Opposition bench and boldly assumed the rôle of chief critic of the Government. Did they do it? They let that passé charlatan Chaplin become Opposition Leader, supported by rejected and disgruntled Ministers. By Jove! I wish I'd been there! Once seated there, they could have made terms with the Government on behalf of their own people that would have opened vast vistas. What did they do? Their leader made some piffling criticisms of Grey's diplomacy. Their leader railed poppycock about international fraternity. I wonder if he would fire off the same speech at a burgher who entered his bedroom."

"He'd crawl under the sheet."

Assuming, however, there were good reasons for not storming the front Opposition bench, and proclaiming themselves the alternative Government, and, assuming further, that solid support of the Government was their proper cue, hadn't they enough nous amongst them to exact terms? Not they. Did what they were told like servile worms. Perhaps no intelligent person would care to be associated with them.

"Make to me the speech you might have made as Labour Leader of the Opposition."

Rafael laughed. "You're not a talking-shop, are you, Tony?"

"I'm perfectly serious," I answered. He was leaning lightly against the rail of the verandah, shoulders well back, arms folded, his left-hand fingers twiddling an ancient pipe. "If you won't think me a pompous ass . . ."

"I won't. Indeed, I shall be very grateful."

His brows puckered in thought for a minute or two, whilst I lit another cigar. Then, leaning slightly in my direction, Rafael made his one and only Parliamentary speech.

"Mr. Speaker. The House is entitled to an explanation why my honourable friends and myself, not being of the Privy Council, have seized this bench. I am glad to explain our reasons both to the House and to the Country. Let me say with emphasis that it is an explanation and not an apology—unless you construe the word in its original meaning.

Sir, we are here because we are the only alternative Government. The two orthodox political parties have coalesced that they may secure the maximum of efficiency and of unity. Should they fail, it would not mean the defeat of our country but only of the existing order of society. Should they fail to pray for their success—then we shall, without hesitation, take up the task they relinquish and prosecute the war to a successful issue.

Whilst conscious of our responsibility, we assume it readily. Indeed, it is quite to our liking. For it is a sign that the nation has reached a new valuation of the work of the world. We now know that unremitting and skilled labour in factories and foundries is as essential to victory as that valour in battle which is natural to us, which is our precious heritage. If, then, the Government represents that old England, so rich in its traditions, so majestic in its power, we on this side represent a new England and a new Empire, equally rich in new renderings of the old traditions, equally majestic in a new power that shall conquer the world, not by force of arms but by a resurgent inspiration, and an application of human fellowship. The realities of war have taught us when victory must be achieved; we shall not forget the lesson when peace comes.

"We on this side of the House no longer stand for that narrow class interest known as Labour—an interest which excluded the non-manual workers. Personally, I have always regarded class representation in this House as a prostitution of the high purpose to which we are called. I have resented it, whether such representation came from railway directors or railway servants, whether from ship-builders or shipwrights. If before the war we were as guilty as you in fostering class-interests here, I now declare, without recrimination, that we have passed beyond that evil. In good time we shall evolve the appropriate machinery for the economic governance of our people—a new rendering of a great mediæval tradition—and so dedicate anew the work of this Parliament to the development of those spiritual elements without which no great nation can continue great. It is for us to do the thing that we by light even as by bread. The people which sat in darkness saw a great light, and to them—which sits in the region and shadow of death, to them did light spring up.

"In this stupendous crisis, when the destinies of the nations are in the balance, let me in no equivocal terms declare that we are at one with the Government in our determination to win this war. Nothing that we can do will remain undone in pursuit of that object. This war has blown to atoms many of our most cherished hopes. We dream of a world federation, in which there would be ample play for divergent and even opposed ideals. An autocracy, enmeshed (as are all autocracies) by an army strong enough to enforce its will on a docile people, has staked its hazard. Against our hopes and our principles, the God of War must decide. It is hateful to us; but nothing remains save to win through, let the cost be what it may. We agree that the Government had no option but to fight for Belgium; but we now recognise that the war was inevitable. This is the third great crisis in our history. The first was when we freed ourselves from the European comity and determined to revolt or our own protestant axis. The second was when we successfully resisted the insipid offer of our colonies of the Code Napoleon. We shall resist with equal success every attempt to impose upon us the code of Prussian Kultur, which, in its practical aspects, pre-supposes an omnipotent bureaucracy. After all,
Sir, dispossessed though our working population may be of land and houses, this, nevertheless, is their country, their homeland. I have heard it said that the Tyrolese peasants who emigrate find that they must return home, but it is a lie of nostalgia. Many of us know what harsh conditions National and Government, they labour. Is this country any less sacred to our own people, even though they be made of sternier stuff? ‘Anglia irredenta’ is now the cry of their hearts. Be careful how you thwart them! You have trained them in the art of war.

“I take this opportunity to warn particularly the Minister of Munitions that in the long-drawn struggle before us we do not intend to be put upon. This is our war as much as his, and, unless he frankly co-operates with us, we shall teach him a lesson which even his legion of obnoxious scribblers will understand. We are not impressed with his platform pyrotechnics, his exhibitions of cheap courage and affected plain speech. We are not deceived. For we know that colossal fortunes are being made out of the nation’s necessities, and the Minister of Munitions remains a duff dog. Indeed, we are not sure whether the Minister is not exploiting the political situation to his own advantage. Less talk and more humility would better become him. It would seem that we must depend on heaven alone if they fall far. We have satisfied ourselves that the vast mass of the workers at home are doing their utmost. They are doing it cheerfully and without the excitement and stimulus of active warfare. Munition strain and ‘munition fatigue’ have now passed into medical terminology, and that fact alone refutes the Minister’s false philippics.

“Tomorrow I shall ask the Prime Minister what provisions the Government has in mind for the direct victims of the war—the widows and orphans. Let he and his colleagues are thinking of basing this work on the ancient precedents of piety and meanness, I hasten to inform him that we shall not tolerate for a single day the prospect of an army of military mendicants when peace has been declared. We have already called to our colours more than three million men, and we shall require five millions to win. Sir, it is prodigious. This voluntary army is the envy and admiration of the world. But our arrangements for the care and comfort of those who have sacrificed themselves must be on a scale to meet the need. If there is to be poverty in the land, at least it must not be the price that men have paid for their wounds, and widows and children for their bread-winnings. I may be told that the terms were duly set before the men enlisted, but I hold that they entitled not to the effrontery to suggest that the minimum terms thus guaranteed relieve us from further liability. It will be our duty to see to it that this minimum does not become a maximum. I do not doubt that there will be many cases of abuse, be the terms liberal or mean.

The United States Pension List is a case in point. But the American people have never grudged it, and their retired soldiers have proved themselves self-respecting citizens. There is a type of busybody much too prevalent in this country that seizes upon every weakness—a soldier’s drunken widow, an occasional fraud or what not—making it an excuse for stinginess or impudent interference in the private affairs of the pensioners. Perhaps it may be necessary to hang a few of these busybodies from prominent lamp-posts. At all events, we in this House must take a broad and long view of the nation’s necessities, and see that the army is the envy and admiration of the world. But we are not deceived. For we know that colossal fortune is being made out of the nation’s necessities, and the Minister of Munitions remains a duff dog.

“I stand here to warn the Minister of Munitions, hands in pocket, watched Raphael closely, as though his auditors had lapsed into the thrilled quiet as though his auditors had lapsed into the thrilled quiet of a duellist. Mr. Balfour seemed to appraise the speech as though his auditors had lapsed into the thrilled quiet of a duellist. Mr. Balfour seemed to appraise the speech as though his auditors had lapsed into the thrilled quiet of a duellist. Mr. Balfour seemed to appraise the speech as though his auditors had lapsed into the thrilled quiet of a duellist. Mr. Balfour seemed to appraise the speech as though his auditors had lapsed into the thrilled quiet of a duellist. Mr. Balfour seemed to appraise the speech as though his auditors had lapsed into the thrilled quiet of a duellist. Mr. Balfour seemed to appraise the speech as though his auditors had lapsed into the thrilled quiet of a duellist.
The clink of spurs on the cobbled paths brought me back to reality. Rafael's pipe still hung pendulous in his fingers, but his head was turned sharply towards the verandah door, apparently sensing something unusual.

The door opened, a soldier walked up, saluted, and handed Rafael a letter. He turned to me. "A moment, please," and opened the envelope. Evidently a letter of some importance. He read it; then deliber-ately turned it over and read it again more slowly. He thanked the soldier graciously and offered him hospitality. The soldier responded gratefully and sought entertainment in the kitchen.

"A revolution has begun on the Pacific Coast," said Rafael. "Arms have been imported from San Francisco, and some of the western towns are in the hands of the insurgents. Old Don Balthazar has been clapped into prison, and seven cadets at the Military College have been shot—encouraging the others, I suppose. The government has seized the railway and telegraph stations. It has suppressed all the papers except 'El Liberal,' which is its official organ. War seems contagious, eh?"

"I'm not precisely surprised," I answered. "We heard of our way that Carranza intended giving your president a shaking for backing Villa and Zapata."

"Likely enough," said Rafael. "Governments, like individuals, pursue the vendetta."

"This will give you cause for anxiety. I'm at your disposal. If de trop, pack me off; if I can be useful, command me."

"Laws-a-mussy, there ain't no blooming hurry! In a few days I shall probably hear something from the other side. Let's wait. Meantime, I'm hungry as a hunter."

"Dinner is served," announced the portly Smith.

A day to be remembered!

Your affectionate Uncle,

ANTHONY FARLEY.

Feminine Fables.

The Style of the Peri.

The style of the Peri is distinctive and unique. It is characterized by its graceful mannerisms and the way in which it moves with an elegance that is both alluring and mesmerizing. The Peri is known for its ability to charm and captivate, often using its beauty and grace to entice those around it. It is said that the Peri can be found in the most unexpected places, often appearing suddenly and disappearing just as quickly, leaving those who witness it in a state of bewilderment and wonder.

The Peri is associated with certain colors, such as the soft blues and purples that are often seen in its attire, and its body is adorned with intricate patterns and designs that seem to shimmer and change with each movement. Its hair, like spun gold, flows freely around its shoulders and cascades down its back, adding to its enchanting appearance.

The Peri is often associated with the natural world, with a particular fondness for flowers and plants, which it is said to be able to make grow in the most unlikely places. It is also said to have a deep connection with the sea, often being seen in its natural habitat near the shore, where it can be heard singing beautiful songs that are said to have the power to soothe the soul.

In addition to its beauty and grace, the Peri is known for its wisdom and knowledge, often acting as a guiding light for those who seek its counsel. It is said to possess a deep understanding of the mysteries of the universe, and its advice is often sought after by those who wish to gain insight into the workings of the world.

The Peri is a mystical and enigmatic creature, one that is often shrouded in mystery and intrigue. Its very existence is debated by some, with many believing that it is simply a figment of the imagination. Regardless of its true nature, however, the Peri remains a captivating and fascinating creation, one that continues to capture the imagination of those who are fortunate enough to encounter it.
reasoned it away while flying down to the earth, for she arrived hither feeling a thoroughly injured person, insupportably punished for a mere oversight as to what o'clock it was. What had made her late was all forgotten and buried away, and as there was no one else present to say exactly what it was, and as she did not remind herself, she went gaily down the blue space feeling very good friends with herself, determined to have a good time, and very glad to be rid of the awful boredom of the paradise.

**ALICE MORNING.**

Views and Reviews.

**Winning This War.**

The Military Service (No. 2) Bill has been described, quite inaccurately, as the thin end of the wedge: it corresponds more nearly to Euclid's definition of a point. When it is on the Statute-Book, it will have position but no magnitude; but the magnitude will probably be given to it later on, under the stress of military necessity.

Mr. Bonar Law declared the Bill was "absolutely necessary if we are to win this war," and that if it were not passed, "the House (must) make its mind that the war (will have) to be conducted without the assistance of the Prime Minister." The destructive criticism of the figures on which the Bill is based, began by Sir John Simon and continued in the Press, shows us quite clearly that military necessity is not directed by numbers but by states of mind; the numbers are really negligible, and the re-opening of the group system will probably reduce them to zero before the Bill is passed, but the Bill must, nevertheless, be passed, or Mr. Asquith will resign. The military necessity applies to the Bill, not to the number of recruits that may be obtained by it.

It is true that the distinction drawn by the Bill between single and married men is an absurd one; but what does absurdity matter when we are under the stress of military necessity? If people object long enough and loudly enough to the absurdity of this distinction, it will undoubtedly be corrected; and an amendment in the phrase "he was a widower without children dependent on him," can be quickly passed. Once a measure of compulsory enlistment for service abroad has been placed on the Statute-Book, the principle has been accepted, and any absurdity in an application can be corrected.

Suppose, for example, that someone objects that he does not know how long he will have to serve in the Army under the Bill, the alternative phrase, "the period of the war," would thus be quickly resolved; and we should find ourselves with a very much larger standing army than we had ever contemplated. Even as it is, I do not know who will determine whether the single man shall "be deemed to have been duly enlisted in the Majesty's regular forces for general service with the colours, or in the reserve for the period of the war." Once the measure is on the Statute-Book, the question really need not be determined until peace has been signed, and we are considering our general military policy.

We are assured, of course, that there is no case for general compulsion; it would not be good English politics if there were. At present, there is only the married men's case for compulsion of the single men; when that fails to produce the required number, we shall have the single men's case for compulsion of the married. Thus, we shall reach general compulsion in two steps instead of one; if this Bill divides the country now, the next one will reunite it in the ranks of the Army. By the same means, we can reach to industrial conscription. The "shackers" will then be the industrial workers, against whom the Army will be rampaged feeling if not in force; for this war must be won, and our issues are always decided elsewhere. If Waterloo was won on the playing-fields of Eton, the fate of the liberties of England will be decided in Flanders; and we will never breathe the sword until England has lost it all, and more than all, the liberties she has had, until Capital is secured from the menace of aggression, and the rights of small nations (like Wales, for example), are established upon a firm basis of law.

Then we shall be well on the way to señor de Maeztu's state of compulsory everything. Under this Bill, his demand for compulsory veracity for men is met; the penalty for falsely securing exemption is six months' imprisonment. If a man obtains exemption, and the circumstances which led to the granting of the certificate change, he is liable to a fine of £50 if he does not notify the fact. When the next Budget is introduced, we may expect to find proposals for compulsory saving; and it is not inconceivable that when we are tired of compelling the men, we shall turn our attention to the women, and señor de Maeztu's proposal of compulsory maternity will seem a most simple and desirable measure. Indeed, it is obvious that the only way to defeat Germany is to do what she does better than she does it; we must do more. We shall have to add the German idea of Might to our idea of Right and make it prevail throughout the world. By this means, we identify the Categorical with the Political Imperative, and establish objective ethics in a policy.

But this is prophecy; what is fact is that the Bill fulfils one pledge and breaks another. Under its terms, the unmarried Territorial who enlisted for home service is liable for service abroad, perhaps, even, for "general service with the colours in his Majesty's regular forces." It is safe to say that it will not be necessary to force him to the front, but no Territorial who enlisted on the same terms will be relieved from this limitation of his services; it would be absurd if the married men attested under the Derby scheme had to go before the married men who enlisted for home service, when the whole Army could be converted into an expeditionary force simply by treating them all alike. The absurdity could so easily be corrected, more especially as a change of the personnel of the Government would relieve it of all responsibility for the pledges made when the Bill was brought in, and perhaps the plea of national necessity would justify whatever interpretation it may choose to give them. A pledge binds only the man who utters it, and not always does it bind him; and we are within measurable distance of a General Election in any case.

We shall win the war, no doubt of that. We shall win because we are determined that Germany shall not do to us what we are willing to do to ourselves. "Do unto yourselves what ye would not that others should do unto you," is the new reading of the Golden Rule; that is why, as señor de Maeztu says, "Democracy is still possible, in the face of domineering wills." We are not fighting for freedom; we are fighting for the right to submit to our own tyranny. We are free men because we have not re-elected the monster that has chosen our system, because we have deliberately made our sacrifices. The fact that the results so nearly approximate to the German system does not matter; we do these things of our own volition and not at the dictation of Germany. If anyone doubts our volition, let him read the terms of this Bill; the word "compulsion" is not to be found in it. All that the Bill does is to assume the point at issue, to decree that those single men and widowers of military age, who have not enlisted shall "be deemed to have been duly enlisted." Contrast this gentle expression with the insistent language employed by Germany, and who can doubt that England is a country worth fighting for? Things unite men; the Army is a thing, and the national unity will be complete when every fit man of military age is enrolled in its ranks.

A. E. R.
REVIEW

Cartoons on the War. By Boardman Robertson.

(Dent. 3s. 6d.)

It is a fact of some significance that the crop of English war cartoons has been almost inconsiderable. It might be argued that this is due to our proper preoccupation with War, were it not that our preoccupation with Peace produced much the same result. The negligibility of the English cartoon has been less in bulk than in quality. There has been no lack of war drawings and articles, but to date none that, by the time of the war is a matter for music-hall jocularity. We leave it to others to ponder the effect upon our national credit of the current efforts of our popular Press to impress the world with the spectacle of an England engagingly cheerful around the greatest deathbed in history. That produced much the same result. The poverty of the English war cartoon. It might be argued that this is due to our proper preoccupation with Peace. But an absence of it is. That one knows them to be guiltless of as men. But an absence of expressive ness that may be a private and social virtue is certainly an artistic and public vice. To the tyrannical claim of this social virtue as much as to the degraded journalistic status of the cartoonist is to be attributed the poverty of the English war cartoon. It runs the gamut between wit and buffoonery, and the black and white art of England the virtues of his country's case with less artistic skill than he cries the virtues of travel by Underground. This phenomenon is due to the modern English habit of reticence—it is permissible to be excited in the service of Mr. Selfridge, but one must run the gamut between wit and buffoonery in the service of The Cause of Humanity and Progress. That it is a social habit and not a national insensibility is proven by our historical proximity to periods of a contrary temper, and by the contrary temper of the contemporary common English of whom a number still exists.

Rightly or wrongly, the nice people of England draw a colour line in the matter of the expression of the too highly coloured emotions. And as it is the nice people of England who have dominated the intellectual revolutions of the last two decades, we have found the moral indignation—necessarily a highly coloured emotion—of these revolutionaries expressing itself with a nice admixture of the willing tolerance that prevents social intercourse degenerating into an unmannerly squabble about vital matters. Such a nicety of discretion is fatal to the cartoonist. Because of the conscientious cultivation of it as a public virtue, cartooning is almost dead in England. And we have the "Punch" ideal of virile epicenity tinged with good manners holding the field.

Cartooning is a vulgar art. The cartoonist draws his motive power from the democracy. His feet must be planted in the soil of our common life. His first function is to exhibit the fury of the people with the people's enemies. Witty neutrality is impossible to him in his pure state. That is permissible to him only when he has become the soul of the comfortably situated, as the descendant of the watch-dogs of peasants may end its fatted days on a hearth-rug in Park Lane.

The subjects against which the cartoonists of all time have split their ink might stand for a catalogue of the enemies of the people. Kings, war and war-makers, the politician, the lawyer, evil churchmen, usurers, landlords, financiers, all grinders of the faces of the poor, and the country's enemies—the denunciation of such is the Kingdom of Heaven of the cartoonist. Denunciation is the essence of his task. In a country where denunciation in general is discountenanced, the cartoonist is at as great an advantage as in more autocratic countries where he is only suppressed. Of the two we choose the latter, if the war is a correct one as it awaits for the cartoon to be produced before suppressing it; the former, consciously or unconsciously, sees that they are never produced.

So that at a time when it is of some moment to us that our case in cartoon should be impressive, we are confronted with a pathetic absence of the cartooning faculty. English newspapers are relying upon the foreign neutral press to supply them with war cartoons. Of the two English war cartoonists of whom we have heard most, one is Australian, the other Irish; both of them are products of surroundings in which the social habit of is of no Babylonian rigidity.

Mr. Sullivan's cartoons, recently on exhibition at the Leicester Galleries, have not yet been published, so that Mr. Boardman Robertson's cartoons are the only pro-Aly collection of drawings circulated in England. Mr. Boardman Robertson is an American. His subject to the technique of the great Daumier is so complete that he could scarcely be otherwise than on the side upon which Daumier would have put him if he had been fortunate in the war. His method is one that finds an embarrassment of subject-matter in war and its attendant horrors. The war permits day by day the use of that Goya-touch of the macabre that was in peace only permissible during great collision disasters and the like to the cartoonist unattached to the revolutionary cause. An essentially French influence is characteristic of the contemporary American cartoon. The Tom Nash tradition, an American colonial product, is no more. It is still with its spirit of contempt of the effete European that the new school of American cartooning, popular, no doubt, because of its "strength," is European in its origin. This is part of the American practice of importing European revolutionary methods, artistic, literary, political, and what not, and putting them to commercial use.

Mr. Robertson's drawings are not analytic or witty. They are of that order of effective simplicity which takes a military or diplomatic cliche and illustrates it in terms of suffering humanity. They have not the lyrical and spontaneous quality. They have not the malleable classicism of the English cartoon. Evidently lithographs, the quickness and unpremeditation of their execution are justified by dramatic results, and by the fact that they are by the daily paper reproduction. Such drawings, with an origin in the necessities that govern daily journalism, may exhibit their qualities of quick improvisation without raising the suspicion that their naiveté is the result of cold-blooded elaboration. In other words, the drawings of the Senfelden Club have not the artistic and actual justification for existence of the war cartoons of Mr. Boardman Robertson.

An interesting comparison may be made of these drawings with the work, recently exhibited and published, by Mr. Will Dyson. The drawings published, it is obvious that Mr. Robertson is not a critic of the war, nor even a critic of Germany. He represents war in general and war in particular, not as it is thought about, but as it is felt. He draws from the heart. Mr. Dyson, on the other hand, is a critic—even, we would say, a great critic. His war-cartoons are not appeals to a common sentiment or the expression of a common feeling. They are war-articles with a great deal of literal content. Mr. Robertson might conceivably be a great critic of war; but his cartoon is less of a comment upon war itself. But Mr. Dyson is a fierce partisan, and would kill Germans with his cartoons if he could. He draws, in short, from his mind. Whether the one or the other is the better method is a matter for consideration, though, on the whole, we prefer a cartoon
that provokes an act to cartoons that engender merely a feeling. The creation of an aesthetic emotion (however mingled with ethical contents) is not the primary function of the cartoonist. To risk a savage phrase we should say that his work is to kill.

The reproductions in this volume suffer, by the way, from the paper on which they are published. Compare the drawing on this page with the same drawing on the softer paper on the title page and some idea may be gathered of the way Mr. Robertson's drawings have suffered by the fetish of reproduction on "soft" paper.

My Year of the War. By Frederick Palmer. (Murray. 6s. net.)

Mr. Frederick Palmer is "the only accredited American Correspondent on the British Front"; but his correspondence has been never printed. His letters have been published before the war began, and all this information may safely be gathered of the way Mr. Robertson's drawings have suffered by the fetish of reproduction on "soft" paper.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

WAR TAXATION.

Sir,—In your “Notes of the Week” you write: “We deliberately propose as one means to the conscription of capital, or to any considerable national economy, the threat must be uttered that the public may be made directly to carry the burden of the war.” I would draw your attention to the following extract from "The Political Economy of the War" (p. 303), by Mr. Hirst, the editor of the "Times" (p. by countries at this present time in certain lines of goods, more than has the British. In normal times a low rate of exchange encourages exports for the reason that the importer has to pay the foreigner a bigger price to compensate him for the low rate at which he can sell his goods and discourages imports for the reason that the foreigner has to pay less for a stated value of German securities. An effective blockade so that Germany's foreign trade was reduced to zero, the rate of exchange would be as being “against London,” or as the pound sterling with the statement that the low German foreign exchange was introduced to Lord Northcliffe, who said that he would like with reserved to draw up a report for him. He prophesied the fall of the present Government within three weeks, and the accession to power of Sir Edward Carson, to whom, when he drew up the report, he would take it and me. He felt that Sir Edward Carson was the only man who would take steps in such a matter, and that he (Lord Northcliffe) wished to be in a position to put a report to him before the new Government. His Dutch report was already in preparation; he was sending a man to Spain the very following day to attend to Russia. Could I suggest any plan for opposing the German propaganda in Russia?

That afternoon I discussed the matter very fully with a friend, and agreed with him that Lord Northcliffe's ambition could be made use of in the public interest. I arranged to call on Lord Northcliffe the next afternoon at the "Times" office. It was that evening (Tuesday, December 21) that Mr. Bonar Law in the House of Commons declared the solidarity of the Coalition Ministry, and thus cast a cloud over all the Northcliffe-Carson hopes.

It was not difficult to see the effect on Lord Northcliffe. Through the "Times" had come to our knowledge that the judge had made an attack on Mr. Bonar Law for Thursday. I found Lord Northcliffe extremely aggravated, and once or twice interrupted by some angry suggestions he made by telephone to his leader-writer. I put our plan before him. Roughly it was this: A small office should be opened at Petrograd, receiving all the Russian and English papers, and as soon as any news or comments were observed that might lead to a weakening of credit, our bureau to supply the paper at once with the true facts and with cuttings from the English papers in support. In cases of doubt, the facts could be ascertained by cable from London. The staff would consist of a man acquainted with both the English and Russian language and Press, with a staff of one competent English journalist and two intelligent Russian assistants. The office might be considered either as conducted on behalf of Lord Northcliffe himself, and of some such general undertaking as the Associated Newspapers; for if it were either under Government patronage or connected with the "Times" or the "Daily Mail," it would be quite worthless, inasmuch as it would seem to be in the first case, simply official bluff, and, in the second, newspaper self-advertisement. I told Lord Northcliffe that I was prepared to volunteer to take charge of such an office, though, in the event of Petrograd, the position was attended with considerable personal risk. However, whether he appointed me or not, I hoped he would adopt the plan.

He objected that the Foreign Office would obstruct any such undertaking, and that, only that morning, one of its officials had told him he "wanted to insulate it." For the present, he said, I would be enabled to work in a more or less house. Holland he had arranged for, and now Spain, and afterwards he would deal with Russia. He then gave me Mr. Washburn's letter, and again asked me to draw up a report and bring it to him the following Monday. I suggested, on leaving, that, if his man had not already gone to Spain, it would be a good thing to consult with Mr. de Maeztu, the chief pro-Ally journalist writing in the Spanish and South American papers. He told me to give his secretary outside instructions to tell his Russian-speaking English lecturers with cinema films. Lord Northcliffe has a very high opinion of the effect of cinema on public opinion. The patriotic schemes of Lord Northcliffe appeared to be flagging.
At the same time I discovered that the man who was going to Spain had called unannounced upon Mr. de Maeztu at the last moment, and, not finding him at home, had said he was leaving by the next mail, and so would not report in other hands.

On January 4 I wrote to Lord Northcliffe, saying that I was surprised at not yet having received any acknowledgment of my note, which I knew to have been put before him for immediate attention a fortnight previously. If I did not hear from him in the next few days, I said, I should presume the matter had no further interest for him, and should report it to other hands. At the same time I acquainted him with his representative's remissness with regard to obtaining information about the present opinion of Spain.

By the next post I received a letter, signed by a secretary, as follows:

Dear Sir,—As you seem anxious for the return of your MS., I return it herewith. (Signed by a secretary.)

What a sad end to such exemplary patriotism! And he had boasted to me, I have been fighting the Germans for twenty years, and have come to the conclusion that I am the man who can beat them."

I enclose my card in guarantee of good faith.

X.

WOMEN IN INDUSTRY.

Sir,—Since, as Mr. Rowland Kenney insists in his reply to Miss Alice Smith, the "formation of a labour monopoly" must be the Guildsmen's first step; and since there will not be one "sufficient" to erect his monopoly, even if he succeeds in driving all the women out of industry; may I suggest to him that he should add to his "platform"—(1) The exclusion from industry of all men over forty; (2) Ditto, all men under twenty; (3) Ditto, all ragged, dark men of any age whatsoever. (Specify this particular class, as he belongs to it, and I don't.) With these—and the women outside industry—the problem of abolishing the wage-system should be greatly simplified.

If he asks me how I should propose setting about the business, I would say, with him, that "I for one have no practical suggestion to offer." If he points out that even tall, dark men "must live," I shall remind him that women offer the same excuse. If he can convince me that the man keep women out of the factories, too.

I would also suggest that lie should forbid the Unions at the very moment when it is of vital importance to show that the community has everything to gain by strengthening the hands of organised labour.

For the present it is far better policy for the Unions to welcome women into their ranks, insisting on decent wages, for them, than to attempt to exclude the man.

If we send our men to be shot in the trenches we must find someone to produce food, clothes and ammunition. It is better to employ the women (many of them deprived of their usual avocation by the absence of their men) than to send for Chinamen or negroes, for the women will at least be more easily reabsorbed after the war.

This leads me to the aspect of this question which specially interests me as a Guildman. It is a real difficulty that the women workers, and administrators, in industry under the Guilds. I believe that the production of commodities will be left almost entirely to men. There are many reasons why this is desirable, but I will mention only one. The fewer people needed to supply food, clothes and shelter, the more will be left for the more direct humanising services such as education, the preservation of health, and the care of infants. Now let us ask whether it is not possible that as in industry one hundred women cannot do the work of one hundred men, you must employ more women. The same is not true of other services, and it seems to me an obvious economy that women—those who are not sufficiently occupied by child-bearing and private household duties—should do the other services for which they are as well fitted as men. I am quite certain that such services when they are suitably organised and remunerated will attract women far more than factory work. When hospital nurses, household workers, and health visitors have reasonable hours, decent pay, and a suitable social status, is it likely that women will force their way into factories? For it must be remembered that an increasing number of workers will gradually be required in all these professions as social conditions improve.

At present it is only the children of a small wealthy minority who are decently cared for. By the time we are sufficiently enlightened to realise that the community should have the best possible chance of becoming a useful member of it, there will not be a single pair of female hands that has not more attractive and more honourable work in mind.

The man whose work is purely literary is, however, less competent than the average modern worker to judge in this matter. His work, however congenial, requires a continuous mental effort; it may well be more competent than the average modern worker to judge in this matter. His work, however congenial, requires a continuous mental effort; there is, no doubt, as tiresome in one way as the unintelligent drudgery of the factory hand is in another. The advantage of the craftsman (and, as I am sure Mr. F. E. Green would explain the value of the guildsman) is that his work is not only passing continuously through different stages, involving the use of different tools and different faculties, but that in every stage spells of mental effort alternate agreeably with spells of so-called "drudgery," and that even these are anything but unpleasant to the free worker, who knows he has a work to do, and it is in such a spell to the point of fatigue, even if he gives his whole time to his work.
Thus, in the designing and making throughout of a chair or table, I could find, say for a week, as much opportunity for self-expression. And the same was the case in the making of large objects which one will often find in the same time; as much healthy physical exercise as he takes, or probably ought to take, in the use of dumbbells; as much sociable interest or ingenuity as he has to spend in cards or chess; and as much pleasure to the eye as he will find in a pot of geraniums or in resorting to a picture palace.

Whether in handicraft or agriculture, the secret of constant variety, and therefore of almost constant pleasure, in work lies, of course, in the nature of the individual workshops or small holdings, which are separate entities with regard to their productive aims and methods, but organised in local groups for the co-operative purchase of material, marketing of goods, and so on. Whether practised in the factory or on the large farm, or small holdings, which are separate entities with regard to their productive aims and whether practised in the factory or on the large farm, or small holdings, which are separate entities with regard to their productive aims and methods, but organised in local groups for the co-operative purchase of material, marketing of goods, and so on. It is the factory system of highly subdivided labour, whether practised in the factory or on the large farm, and whether with or without the use of machinery, which is fatal to any balance of pleasure in work, or to any pleasure whatever.

The choice is between work of often absorbing interest and pleasure, say, for six or seven hours a day, and work "definitely unpleasant," say, for four or five or six hours on the same day or even on different days, with the corresponding difference in human value of the material and of the human, product. I do not wish the organisation of Guild Socialism to be prejudiced by the "superior person" in either direction; but whilst the majority of superior persons still incline, however languidly, to the choice of gardening, music, art, science, leisurely Utopia of Cadbury and Wells, it behoves the craftsman, if possible, to counteract their influence.

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A. ROMNEY GREEN.

THE INDIAN PRESS.

Sir,-It is not often we get any amusement these days. All true wit of a man of letters can have got into his advertisements, and there are so few outside jokes sent to it. So I take up my Lahore "Tribune" and I get my bit of fun. Thus the London correspondent gravely assures his readers: "It is no joke to understand Philosopher Haldane." A leading article horrifies me, as a more or less true one.

Then with ill-omened enthusiasm another leader speaks of Mrs. Sarojini Naidu as "the reputed poetess." Turning further, we find a judgment by Cobind Ram, 1st class magistrate, on November 8, 1915, sentences of each of three men to nine years' rigorous imprisonment, including six months' solitary confinement and a fine of one anna and nothing less than one anna from each tum-yum. Another column prints an advertisement of "Our Marriage Scheme," with "Right of entry" for "all unmarried boys and girls, widows, widowers and bachelors without restriction of age, caste, and colour." What of single men?

THE LATE MR. FOOTE.

Sir,—It does not surprise me that Mr. Duncan dislikes irony, seeing that his own invective is apparently unable to rise above a snarl. Danielou.

"The desire of the moth for the star, Of the night for the morrow."

With Trade Unionism I am not concerned; I gave a very rough sketch of what I know will be the late Mr. Foote's place in history; as Mr. Duncan does not seem to challenge its main accuracy, I take it that he accepts my sketch at its value. As I have tried to explain, and as Mr. Duncan tries not to understand, Mr. Foote's business was not with Economics, but with Theology. To anyone but a religious carper that would explain, and Mr. Duncan's annoyance is not astonishing in the circumstances. His name is "Mr. Blatchford," and his new definition it as "sticky stuff." I have no doubt that the Sir James Murray "of a year hence" will use that definition (it is not a libel, may I add) in parenthesis that it has no connection with almond rock.

I said that Mr. Duncan's remarks on superstition were unworthy of comment. But they were worth ridiculing, as is all pretension in the realm of hard and barren intellectualism. Mr. Duncan's annoyance is not astonishing in the circumstances. Mr. Foote was a man "with a label." Are we not all men with labels? (I dare not think how Mr. Duncan, the sweetness and light specialist, would label me?) "Are we not all stricken men?" Mr. Duncan has an excellent, and even original, label of his own, as I have written above. Is it for him to be not for one moment, Mr. Duncan, do I believe that the creator of my Uncle Toby Shandy would have sanctioned sly and completely irrelevant attacks upon the newly dead.

I thank Mr. Duncan for his lesson on style, and by way of return I present him with no less than three small, but I trust useful, homilies.

Firstly, as regards clarity of thought. There is no more a necessary connection between Trade Unionism and Atheism than between a piano and a banana. The latter may be "based" (or placed) on the former, but the connection is—or should be—a purely accidental one. Similarly, Atheism, as I more than hinted in my previous letter, is an admirable basis for any old kind of universalism; and if only for the reason that men without connections in the sky are likely to display more enthusiasm for earthly and secular relationships than men whose interests are centred in God and his family. I do not expect Mr. Duncan to see this, because he has "the wage-system" on the brain—common cliché for obsession, and the chief symptom of obsession is that it can never see more than one thing at a time.

Secondly, as regards the value of words. There is a subjective as well as an objective value in words, those useful adjuncts to argument. Mr. Duncan says, with a Christian vehemence, that H. B. Foote adopted religious superstition for forty years. Thus he battalions a man who devoted a long and mentally successful life to the cause of human freedom. The result is a libel. I say the same words with affectionate reverence, and the result is not a libel. Strange?

Lastly, as regards manners. It is not good form to refer continually to an opponent by his initials. One experiences the same kind of sonant that one feels when a man refers habitually to his wife as "Mrs. K." It is the worst kind of provincialism. Mr. Duncan peppers his column with "V. B. N. A." Like a small boy blowing peas at passers-by through a "shooter." As I have subbed-for the rudest man in London, I am familiar with this sort of thing; but it is vile form.

As Mr. Duncan is flattered by what he is pleased to call my irony, I hope that he will be nothing less than ravished by my plain-speaking. In conclusion, I wish to assure Mr. Duncan that I am not a Secularist, and that I was not a friend—I regret to say—of the late Mr. Foote. I knew him but slightly, and that chiefly as a very occasional and, I fear, unworthy contributor to his excellent journal. May I say also that I never lose my temper in debate? That is one thing; but it is vile form.

VICTOR B. NEUMANN.

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