

# THE NEW AGE

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART.

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## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

MR. HENDERSON asks, as if he thought his question were final, whether we would set our opinion against Lord Kitchener's in a military matter. If the matter were wholly or even mainly military, we reply, we should think twice before committing ourselves to criticism of Lord Kitchener, but in the case of the present Compulsion of Men Bill the matter is more within our knowledge than in that of Lord Kitchener. To begin with, it is a Bill and not men, and what the General Staff want, we understand, is men and not a mere Bill. Again, it is very like, in our opinion, to be the means of reducing rather than increasing the number of men at the disposal of the Government; if, that is, we include among the fighting resources of the country the hundreds of thousands of workmen whose hearts are in danger of being turned from the war. Is military necessity confined to actual combatants? Is not civil strategy a part of strategy in general, and equal in a long war to military strategy in importance? And does this Bill not risk a civil defeat in order to obtain a very doubtful, and, in any case, a very small, military victory? It is upon these grounds that we venture to dispute the authority of Lord Kitchener, and it is upon these grounds also that the Cabinet was so long divided in opinion upon the Bill. Will Mr. Henderson tell us that only the bare word of Lord Kitchener was required to determine the suspense? Was the need of men the *only* motive of the Cabinet? But we know, in truth, that it was not, for the Bill had many parents. For such as would accept the authority of Lord Kitchener there was the Minister for War. For the waverers on account of principle there was Mr. Asquith. For the Tories there were Mr. Bonar Law and Mr. Walter Long. And for the anonymous fry of the Commons there were rumours and pickings and gold braid and jobs. All these, it is obvious, were necessary to supplement the argument of

military necessity in Parliament itself. Yet, Mr. Henderson—poor lost sheep—would have us accept military necessity with no other support than the phrase. We cannot.

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Nor are we the least reassured by anything that has occurred that this Bill is the last of the Compulsory measures for men only. Quite the contrary, in fact. Mr. Asquith, for example, pledged himself to a Labour deputation to resign rather than consent to the compulsion of married men in addition to single men. And with his pledge, no doubt seriously intended, the deputation was satisfied. But who that knows the political situation can be satisfied that this pledge is not rather an invitation than a warning to Conscriptors to continue their demand for general compulsion? For it is common knowledge that even more than Conscriptors the Conscriptors desire the resignation of Mr. Asquith. And here he is, offering both cherries with the same hand. May we not expect, therefore, a renewal of the cry for Compulsion as soon as the present Bill is through? And once again, Mr. Asquith will be faced with the decision between his pledge and his office. In the matter of Industrial Compulsion, too, we set no value upon the safeguards said to be introduced into the Bill. In the first place, passage for a coach and four is admittedly left open in the clause that denies absolute military exemption to all but parsons, professional and lay. And, in the second place, by common admission also, certain employers already see their way to fresh means of "discipline" in the Bill. Against these intelligent surmises what is there to set? The speeches of Ministers which are no evidence in a Court of Law, and the personal assurances of men whose names will in a few weeks be forgotten. So surely, we once more say, as the Bill is upon the Statute-book the door is open for the extension of Compulsion to industry as well as to military service. And the existing plutocracy, we

confidently expect, will not treat it as if the door were closed.

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We must say that for the passing of the Bill the Liberal rank and file are more to blame than any other body of opinion in the country. It is all very well for the "Nation" to contend that the Liberal members are the *mind* of the Coalition, and ought, therefore, to receive the weight and respect due to superior intelligence. But the fact is that, not for the first time, the Liberal members of the Coalition have been shamefully abandoned by their own rank and file, including their Press. It is a paradox that for some time the Tory Press has actually been democratically leading the country and the Coalition with it, by means of a daily propaganda of such ideas as occur to Tory journalists; while the Liberal Press, on the other hand, has most obsequiously been following instead of leading both public opinion and the opinion of the Cabinet. The result has been that the Liberal party, relatively to the Tory party, has everywhere played the same rôle that we have unfortunately seen the Allies play in relation to Germany. All the ideas, good, bad and indifferent, all the initiative, all the measures of offence and attack, have come from the Tory party, while the Liberals have contented themselves with feeble measures of defence, accompanied by reproaches. Look, for instance, at the present Bill itself. Anybody might guess from the bawling unanimity of the Tory Press that the pack was in full cry of Conscription, and that, if nothing were done on the other side, the Liberal half of the Cabinet would have to give way. Either, therefore, a firm refusal to contemplate Conscription was necessary, or, much better, concurrent demands for the Conscription of Wealth and other services should have been raised in the Liberal Press. The one would have meant the thorough support of the Derby scheme; and the other would have entailed a propaganda in the Liberal Press of *our* programme for confiscating wealth. But neither of these sole alternatives to the present Bill was apparently so much as seriously thought of. Conscription was said to be preposterous, then it was said to be impossible, next its advocates were accused of criminal motives, again Conscription was declared absurd, ridiculous, unnecessary, unproven, improbable; until, at length, the country was told that we must after all acquiesce in it! And that is the way in which the Liberal party has conducted its campaign! But this, we need not say, is not the way to fight to win. In simple resistance there is no force; but ideas must be met by ideas. Was Conscription of Men being raised as an issue, and were Liberals opposed to it? Then it was their business to meet it with ideas; by devising new means of ensuring the success of the voluntary system, on the one hand; or by coupling the Conscription of Wealth with the Conscription of Men on the other. Had this simple duty been performed, we should not now have the Conscription Bill in being; or, having it, we should have the Conscription of Wealth as well.

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As a logical consequence of the present Bill the "Nation" is now disposed to think that the demand for the Conscription of Wealth will be "irresistible." Not in the least, not in the tiniest least. For events have their own logic, which is by no means the logic of the school, and in the world of events actual causes must precede actual effects. Assuming it to be reasonable (and, as the first authors of the suggestion, we modestly make the assumption) that the Conscription of Wealth should precede, accompany, or immediately follow the Conscription of Men, it by no means ensues that it will do so merely as a matter of course. Once

more we remind our Liberal friends of their besetting sin of thinking that the world of forces is moved by words alone; it is moved by words *and* deeds. To expect, because the logical, reasonable, and even generally desirable and popular sequel to the Conscription of Men is the Conscription of Wealth, that, therefore, this sequel will as assuredly come as day comes after night, is to be unfit for public politics or to have the charge of any body of serious practical opinion. When, in fact, the logic is perceived, then, and not till then, the real political fight begins—to incorporate this logic of the study in the logic of events. What, in short, we shall expect of the Liberal Press is a propaganda of the Conscription of Wealth equal in intensity, duration and resource to the late propaganda of the Tory Press for the Conscription of Men. We ourselves, unfortunately, can take no part in it; for THE NEW AGE is condemned by the character of its readers to the study. But the Liberal Press, daily, nightly and weekly, has as ample means of publicity as the Tory Press; and it will well deserve to be spat upon if it fails to turn its defeat upon the Conscription of Men into a victory for the Conscription of Wealth.

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Certainly we have no right to complain that the subject is not now being discussed. Everywhere, indeed, at long last (the Tory Press leading as usual and carefully digging its trenches) the Conscription of Wealth is receiving attention. Let us see to it that the limelight is not moved! On Tuesday the "Times" was moved to pay the subject the homage of facetiousness. "We do not know," the "Times" said, "what the phrase Conscription of Wealth means; but if the little fancy is necessary to winning the war, let us have it by all means." By Wednesday, however, the little fancy had taken shape in the form of a Bill (drawn up by Mr. Anderson) under this very title of the Conscription of Wealth, and had appeared at the "Times" office as well as in Parliament. And, upon this, all the facetiousness faded from the "Times," and we were told bluntly that the proposal seemed to be "class legislation at its worst." But steady now, steady! Look at it again; let the "Times" stroke it. In what respect is it more a piece of class-legislation than the recent Bill for the Conscription of Men? That Bill, it is obvious, was confined in its scope to the class of men who happen to be militarily eligible. Not *everybody* was included in it; but only a select number who, by chance, are male, unmarried, and under forty. But similarly a Bill for the Conscription of Wealth would be confined in its scope—to those who chance to be wealthy! And not everybody would be included in that. Indeed, we should say that far fewer people would come under such a Bill than under the present Bill. Where is the class-legislation in it? Is it class-legislation to take wealth only from the wealthy, and *not* class-legislation to take military service only from the militarily serviceable? Is there a real difference between a group and a class? We recommend the "Times" to recall its claims that we are to-day a united homogeneous people. It is not for the "Times" to talk of "class," after having insisted that class-distinctions have been obliterated in the common national purpose of winning the war.

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The "Spectator" is a little more wary if, at the same time (and as usual), completely unoriginal. For the "Spectator" rehearses against the Conscription of Wealth all the arguments that have been advanced against the Conscription of Men. This is borrowing thunder, indeed, but *used* thunder! We are, the "Spectator" says, "doing our best to stir up trouble in the country," and are nothing better than malignant pacifists in disguise. Our withers are quite unwrung by the taunt, for, in the first place, we are not pacifists, and, in the second, save among the unpatriotic wealthy (and there, of course, are none!) no trouble would be caused by such a just measure as causing the war to be paid

for by those who have the means. Again, we are told that the Conscription of Wealth is unnecessary because taxation is always open to the Government, and by means of taxation we can have all the money the war needs. To this, however, there are two replies. Firstly, on the admission of the "Spectator," the Government has shown itself already so timid at taxation that we are scarcely raising the interest on the loans the nation is incurring; and the question must therefore be asked whether, without some special measure like the Conscription of Wealth, this Government of wealthy men's butlers is likely to tax while it can still continue to borrow? And, secondly, as the "Nation" points out, this being a special war special measures ought to be taken to pay for it. Armageddon does not come every day, and to treat what in the nature of things is a cataclysm as if it were a normal event is, in Mr. Lloyd George's words applied to another occasion, to haggle with an earthquake. The necessity for the Conscription of Wealth lies in the very fact that by normal means of taxation it is impossible to carry on the war. We are piling up such a debt that the nation will be defeated in peace if not in war under the load of it. Only look a year ahead and it *must* be seen that no mere taxation will enable us to carry on the war, but it will be necessary to make a special levy for the special purpose. Then the "Spectator" charges us, exactly as the Conscriptionists were charged, with having an ulterior motive. It is not to win the war we are after, but the confiscation of property. As to this, once more, we protest ourselves unmoved; for, in the first place, we never reproached the Conscriptionists with their ulterior motive—we merely defined it as they dared not. And, in the second place, we frankly avow our own, and we have never concealed it. As well as winning the war we avow that our object is to prepare for peace as well by bringing under national control as much of the now private wealth as the community can lay its hands on. What is there sinister about that? Is the "Spectator" to have all the credit of willing the end—which is national unity, implying national self-possession—and to discredit the means, which consists in the resumption by the community of the wealth now parcelled out among individuals? Finally, we are told that such a measure is impossible and cannot even be clearly conceived. But as to this, more amazing things have been done and remain to be done if we are to win the war. Given the will there is a way.

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But no, as we have so often had to observe, Compulsion, while easy for men, will suddenly become hedged about with every manner of difficulty when we propose to apply it to things. Not in merely compelling the wealthy to pay, but even in inducing them to save, we are not, it seems, to have compulsion. The "Times" on Thursday, for instance, announced that the greatest problem before the Government is the problem of thrift—how to prevent people spending and how to make them save. Here you would suppose that the prohibition of certain imports, of certain manufactures, and compulsory loans to the State would be the policy indicated by common sense as well as by expediency. But the "Times," while playing with prohibition, says as to the latter that the State must make its loans more attractive by offering a higher rate of interest. Gentlemen, gentlemen, have we all gone mad? To begin with, must the State be stinted of water to put out the fire of the world because the private water-companies will not supply it? And, again, what interest can the State offer that profiteering in these days cannot easily outbid? With private investments doubling themselves, with money at a premium, the State, even with an offer of ten or twenty per cent. interest, is not certain of getting all it needs. Assuredly the most disastrous way for the State to encourage thrift is to bid a price for it. Yet the "Times," we see, knows no other way; and its wicked Uncles will think of none either. But in face of this, what is to be done? Are we to end the war

for want of money, and to find amongst ourselves, when defeat comes upon us, scores of individuals as wealthy as ever they were? Is Park Lane to stand and England to fall? Must the Empire be bankrupt and ruined while Bond Street is solvent and flourishing? Last week some crazy criminal gave three or four thousand pounds for a pearl-necklace. Some thousands of similar individuals can still at this moment emulate his crime with their means. And at the same moment the State is crying for money. We cannot believe it. Either there are no wealthy men or the State does not want money. Both things cannot be true.

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Scepticism, however, even of the impossible is no longer a proper frame of mind; for within the last week a discussion has taken place which we should think not even the schoolmen of fiction could match for clever idiocy. The subject was Shipping. It is well known, we take it, by this time that in consequence of the Government requisitioning a portion of the private mercantile marine the remainder has been enabled to hold the country up to ransom by means of exorbitant freightage charges. And diabolically they have done it. From a shilling or two per ton the carriage of wheat has risen to sixteen; and upon other imports much the same increased tolls have been levied. Nay, not satisfied with the shortage of ships brought about by the State, shipowners have sold on their own account and to neutral highwaymen some two hundred vessels on which we could have depended for foreign supplies. To have spared the country this blockade—so much more ignominious and effective than ours of Germany—the Government might have commandeered, not a portion but the whole of the merchant service at the outset of the war, and even have bought up neutral shipping as well. This was, we understand, the policy advocated by the Navy. Moreover, there was precedent for it in the taking over of the railways. What, we ask, would have happened to internal transport if, instead of nationalising the railways, the Government had been satisfied to requisition trains and to select goods for special rates, meanwhile leaving the railway companies free to run the remaining traffic on their own terms? But exactly that has happened in the case of shipping, and all because—well, because—. Hear Mr. Runciman, whose respected father is the head of a shipping company that is doing very well, thank you: "We went," said this dutiful son last week, "we went fully into the question of commandeering the whole of British tonnage in order to regulate freights, and we came to the conclusion that this particular remedy would only make things worse." Worse than what state of things? Than the state existing when, presumably, "we" went into the question, that is, in the early days of the war? But without "this particular remedy" things have got worse. How much worse than worse could they have got? The height of the argument, however, was left for the "Times" to scale. Nationalising the mercantile marine is out of the question. What we must do is to requisition all the ships: but not, oh dear no, at a fair valuation, but at a "considerable percentage of their original cost of construction." And, again, not even at that, for their present value is much greater than their original cost and current conditions must be taken into account. Is that all, we ask? Not quite. The shipping is then to be run at the risk of the State, but under the control of an expert Committee of shippers, and profits are to be made. Very good, we shall get something for our money. But wait a bit. The profits so made are to be set aside to form a fund from which shipbuilders may after the war borrow *without interest*. If that is not the coolest piece of impudence the war has revealed, we have no wish to hear its superior. In a State worth victory the journal that published it would be Lord Northcliffe's "Comic Cuts" and not poor old Delaue's "Times."

## Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

It is not without interest for us, at this stage—though it would have served no purpose sooner—to notice the changes which are gradually taking place in the composition of the political parties in Germany. The Social-Democrats are naturally our chief concern. In the first place, they were returned at the last election the strongest party in the Reichstag, with some 110 members; and, in the second place, if any opposition to the war is to be manifested in public it may be expected from this group first and foremost. It will be recollected that the Imperial Chancellor's war appeal was responded to unanimously. It was said afterwards that Dr. Liebknecht voted against the Government on this occasion; it was also said that he abstained. That he was entirely out of sympathy with his own party on the point is well known; but with this solitary exception Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg could say with perfect justice that the representatives of the German people were unanimously set upon war. It was stated long afterwards that the Kaiser had promised the Social-Democrats a constitution in return for their support, though, as I believe I pointed out in these columns at the time, such a promise was of little intrinsic value. A victorious Junkerdom could give or withhold the constitution as it deemed advisable; a defeated Germany might take a constitution and a good deal more besides.

This point regarding a constitution, however, is of great importance. As I have often indicated, quoting figures in proof on the authority of German statisticians, the Social-Democratic Party never was, and did not profess to be, what we in this country understand as a Socialist Party. The actual Socialists out of the four and a half million Social-Democratic voters probably numbered half a million at the outside, and their proportion in the party was small enough. The Social-Democratic Party has always contained the Reichstag representatives of hundreds of thousands of voters who demanded nothing more than a modification of the German Constitution, their chief point being that the Ministers of the Kaiser should be responsible to the Reichstag—that is, to the people, and not to the Kaiser himself. It need hardly be added that men of this type would never be influenced, at a period of national crisis, or at any other time, by appeals to the International or to brotherhood. Our own Labour Members of Parliament, with much greater political experience, and brought up in a much freer political atmosphere, were certainly not influenced in this way. The protests raised in London by men like Mr. Snowden, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, Mr. Trevelyan, and Mr. Ponsonby were, in my view, ill-judged and ill-founded; but, whether they were right or wrong, they remained without an answering echo in Berlin. The September (1914) war credits were passed by all parties in the Reichstag, the Social-Democrats included. Half-a-dozen or so objectors mustered to oppose the second war credits in July last, and one or two more withheld their approval in October. It was not until last December, when Dr. Helfferich, the Finance Minister, asked for his fourth war credit of five hundred million sterling—making two thousand millions sterling since the beginning of the war—that twenty-one Social-Democrats summoned up courage to vote in opposition, only to find their conduct hotly criticised by the Central Committee of the party.

It should be noted that the twenty-one members who put their principles in their pockets and acted as staunch patriots for over a year included some well-known names—Haase, Geyer, Bernstein, Ledebour, and the inevitable Liebknecht. In fact, the twenty-one included the men whose Socialist principles, in our meaning of the expression, were strongly held. Some of them were supporters, and no doubt still are, of the German Humanity League, which, in "Vorwärts" of January 15 pub-

lished a manifesto denouncing the action of the German Government in declaring and waging an aggressive war. And, what is of still greater importance, the twenty-one men were those who commanded to the greatest extent the confidence of the German working classes. It is significant enough, surely, that at all kinds of workmen's meetings throughout the country resolutions were passed in support of the attitude of the rebels, as even their own colleagues called them; and one branch of the Social-Democratic Party after another has expressed its full approval of the anti-war attitude. It is even more significant that the Censor has allowed these facts to be made known.

Yet one more indication of some little consequence. "Vorwärts," the official "central organ" of the Social-Democratic Party, hedged for a few days after the revolt in the ranks, but has finally thrown in its lot with the Deputies opposed to the war. In consequence, "Vorwärts" was condemned by the same meeting of the Central Committee that condemned the action of the twenty-one members voting against the war credits. The reply of "Vorwärts" was to suggest, not without some little trace of maliciousness, that the Central Committee would be well advised to find a more pliant central organ for the expression of their views, which they could do when the next annual session of the party was held. In other words, it is obviously expected by those who are in a good position to judge that in a few months from now the minority of the Social-Democrats may have become a majority. The reasons may be varied; we are concerned chiefly with the results. Some members—the twenty-one, for instance—have already come to the conclusion that Germany's case cannot stand the test of investigation. The German Government, let me recall, made strenuous efforts to prevent the British White Paper, with the official correspondence leading up to the outbreak of war, from being circulated in Germany. In this it was not successful. Other Social-Democratic Deputies, while thinking that Germany had a case justifying war, feel that the time has come to cease hostilities, as the struggle is obviously hopeless, despite the continued endeavours of the Harmsworth papers to encourage our enemies. Other members of the party are willing to continue the war, but dread a revolution. Why?

The cost of living in Germany, according to figures which even the German Censor could not conceal, has increased by ninety-eight per cent. in the large towns in comparison with July, 1914. Wages have hardly advanced at all; the allowances granted by the Government to the dependents of soldiers in the field are inadequate—indeed, the Social-Democrats demand that they shall be increased by at least fifty per cent.—and, despite the large numbers of men called up for service with the colours, unemployment is widespread. How could it be otherwise, since the British blockade, with due respect to the "Morning Post" and other ill-informed organs, has put a stop to Germany's export trade? Let it be noted that the twenty-one objectors of December have now increased to forty, leaving only seventy Social-Democrats in sympathy with the Government, and definitely splitting the party.

There are other points that might be mentioned. For example, the heated scene between Dr. Liebknecht (who is also a member of the Prussian Diet) and the notorious reactionary, Dr. von Heydebrand, who declared in the Diet last week that the Prussian electoral system, with its overwhelming majority of plural votes for Junkers, was still "an absolutely ideal system" for Prussia; and, again, the formation of a new reactionary group in the Reichstag itself, with the hitherto "independent" Count Posadowsky associated with it. This new, or "German" group, as it calls itself, numbers twenty-eight members; and, no doubt, the London papers will hear of it in another month or two.

## War Notes.

AFTER a course of reading in pacifist pamphlets, I have attempted to group together the arguments most frequently used into a kind of order. Many different arguments really derive their force from the same unconscious assumptions, and the mere demonstration of that connection, even when no detailed account of the arguments is given, may be useful.

Controversy may assume two forms—you may give specific reasons for your own views, or you may endeavour to explain the psychology of your opponents. The second method is only valid in conjunction with the first. It is perfectly legitimate when it accompanies definite reasoning about the facts, but not otherwise.

First, then, for reasons based on facts—stated very shortly. I think the writer who said the war was the most important European event since the French Revolution and probably since the Reformation, was right in this point, though he has been wrong in almost everything else. You probably reject such a statement as exaggeration, because you are very much aware of the sordid motives and the petty, unimaginative people who brought it about. You prefer to look at it as a small event on a very large scale. In doing so you exhibit a certain romanticism about the past, an ignorance of the way in which really great events have been brought about. But even taking the war at your estimation, the statement quoted still remains true. You admit that it is on a very large scale—It is the mere material consequences that will follow the war as a material fact, that create its importance. Perhaps it is better to speak of the conditional importance of the war. It would be comparable to the Reformation if the Germans won; if they don't it is not an important event in the same sense. Why would it then be so important? Because a German victory means an end of Europe as we know it, as a comity of nations. If you ask, further, why that is important, the answer is in the enormous reactions inside the beaten nations that would follow this enormous change in their external situation. When a box is turned over on to another base, the arrangement of the loose things inside alters with it. In our own case, our liberties have to a great extent depended on our security, and our security would now have disappeared. We should all be obliged to become conspirators. Our energies, instead of going in useful directions, would all be directed to the overthrow of this tyranny, for the world would not support a German hegemony for ever, whatever the Germans may think. The man who put social politics before this object would be suspect. One may make this more convincing by a trivial *ad hominem* argument for progressives. You know the extent to which the opposition to your policies before the war depended, on the concern (natural, or stimulated by scares) which was felt about questions of defence. After a defeat that opposition would be a hundred times increased.

Only arguments of this type—i.e., about actual facts depending on a realisation of the nature of force, have any real relevance. War is a fact of a particular kind, nothing would be easier, you might think, than to look straight at the fact and draw deductions from it. Unfortunately it is very difficult for a certain type of mind to look directly at this type of fact. And here the method of controversy which consists in giving the psychology of your opponents finds legitimate scope. There are certain habits of thought, which make a realisation of the actual nature of Force, very difficult. This applies not only to the opponents of the war, but to its supporters. Take the case of writers like Mr. Wells. You remember the old story of the man who was taken ill suddenly. The strange doctor who was called in exhibited a certain hesitation. "I'm not

exactly a doctor," he said, "in fact, I'm a vet. I don't know what's the matter with you, but I can give you something that will bring on blind staggers, and I can cure that all right." Now Mr. Wells had never taken the possibility of an Anglo-German war seriously—he was pacifist by profession. It was not exactly his subject then, and last August may have found him somewhat baffled as to what to say. So he gave it blind staggers; he turned it into a "war to end war," and there you are. Such writers, in dealing with a matter like war, alien to their ordinary habits of thought, are liable to pass from a fatuous optimism to a fatuous pessimism, equally distant from the real facts of the situation.

What are the most common of such habits of mind, which lie behind the pacifist's inability to see the consequences of defeat?

A.—Of all these habits of thought, perhaps, the one that has the most unfortunate influence is the belief in inevitable progress. If the world is making for "good," then "good" can never be in serious danger. This leads to a disinclination to see how big fundamental things like liberty can in any way depend on trivial material things like guns. There is no realisation of the fact that the world may take a wrong turning. In a pacifist lecture by Mr. Bertrand Russell I read "the only things worth fighting for are things of the spirit, but these things are not subject to force." Make the matter more concrete by taking liberty as an instance as a "thing of the spirit." The things not subject to force may be, then, one of two things: (1) The principle of liberty or (2) the fact of liberty. If the first, the statement is self-evident and entirely unimportant. A principle . . . the ethical principle, e.g., that "liberty is good," is true timelessly and eternally. It cannot be affected by force, any more than the truth that two and two make four. But he cannot have meant this trivial statement; he must mean, then, the "good" which follows from the fact of liberty. But in that case the statement could only be true, if you suppose some tendency at the heart of things which is all the time "making for an increase of the facts of liberty,"—in other words, you must believe in inevitable progress. But we know from other sources that Mr. Russell believes nothing of the kind. What does he mean, then?

Consider now two specific examples of the way in which this habit of thought distorts the pacifist perception of the facts:

(1) Even admitting that the facts as put forward by you are true; even admitting that our defeat will be followed by a German hegemony, we refuse to see in this any permanent danger to liberty. To do so would be to "assume that Germany lacks the power of development . . . her natural line of development towards a tolerant liberalism." There is a richness of fallacy in this quotation, which makes choice somewhat embarrassing. For our purpose here, of course, the important word is *natural*. It is natural to progress; Nature herself tends of her own accord to progress, etc. This is complicated, however, by a further assumption, an example of what the Germans call the characteristic English view of mistaking *Umwelt* for *Welt*, in other words, of mistaking the conditions of our own particular environment for universally valid laws. Even if the Germans must naturally develop, how can we assume that they will develop towards a tolerant liberalism? Is that also part of the essential nature of the cosmos? Free trade and all. . . Anyone who has known Germany at all intimately during recent years knows that facts go to prove the contrary. The most intelligent of the younger men, those having the greatest influence on students, seem to be constructing a theory of society very far removed indeed from the liberal. I suppose that I have during the last four years read a great deal more German than I have English, and the statement I make is an entirely honest deduction from the knowledge I have acquired.

(2) There is a second type of pacifist, who

admits that if the consequences of defeat were the hegemony of Germany and the end of Europe as a collection of independent States—that the case for war would have been proved. But he does not admit that such will be the consequence of defeat; he does not seem able to perceive this obvious fact. Why? For exactly the same reason as that given in the first case. Liberty is a "good"; so, also, is the existence of Europe as a comity of independent nations. He finds it ridiculous to fight for liberty, for there can never be any real danger to liberty. The world is inevitably developing towards liberty, and liberty is thus *natural*, and grounded on the nature of things. In exactly the same way he assumes that the comity of nations is also *natural*, and cannot be disturbed by the artificial activities of man. The matter is complicated here by (1) a habit of interpreting war by entirely *personal* categories and (2) a misuse of facile historical metaphor. . . . (1) They tend to look on war as of the same nature, and probably as caused by the same childish motives, as the struggles of a number of boys in a room. Some may get more damaged than others, but the *framework* of the struggle is not changed—in the end, as at the beginning, you have a number of boys in a room. Moreover, it is a mistake to punish one boy too much, as he may then turn nasty, and be a nuisance in the future. "Germany would regard defeat not as evidence of guilt . . . and would resolve to be better prepared next time." Here the real nature of the situation is entirely ignored, and an interpretation—in terms of the categories appropriate only to the description of personal conduct—is substituted for it. There is no realisation of the *particular* facts of force involved, no realisation of the *actual* danger which victory avoids and—such being the nature of the forces concerned—probably avoids for good. (2) "Beaten nations develop into the strongest. It was her defeat by Napoleon that created Prussia as a military power." Generalisation depends, I suppose, on the possibility of repetition. The amount of possible repetition in history is very small and consequently historical generalisations are necessarily very thin; but I think I hardly remember anything quite so thin as this. If I put this phrase out of my head, and look at the concrete situation at the time of the battle of Jena, and the concrete situation now, I should probably fail to discover any common elements whatever. We need no such fantastic guidance from history. What is needed is merely an objective examination of the sufficiently complicated situation we have before us *to-day*. It will not be very difficult, then, to perceive that this time it is not merely that individual combatants, will get more or less damaged with every possibility of recovery, but that the room in which they fight, the framework, itself will be permanently changed.

B.—There is a type of pacifist argument which seems to depend on reasonableness, on toleration; its reality it leads to a certain scepticism about the nature of truth. It is used by people who seemed so obsessed by the fact that there are two sides to every question, that they in the end get into a kind of anemic state in which they are incapable of grasping the fact that one side may be right and the other wrong. They match every claim we make by a corresponding claim by the Germans. They seem to look on truth merely as a universal agreement of opinion. The reply to this method is to point out that truth has nothing to do with opinion. Those things are true which correspond to fact, and not merely those which are not opposed by any considerable body of opinion. The question is here also complicated by the desire to show oneself superior. By matching every crude English claim by a corresponding German one, a man shows that he himself is not taken in by crudity. The reply to this method is always to point to the facts. "The Germans believe they are fighting a war of defence against aggression." "They are mistaken." They say they are fighting for liberty." They are not. "They say that English *marinism* is as oppressive as German militarism." "It isn't."

A variant of the method is to attempt to discredit our present claims by the production of similar claims made by us in the past. "You have in the past made many unjust wars which at the time you claimed to be just." That is so, but this time it *so happens* that we are fighting a just war.

"You have always had a bogey. Formerly it was Russia that was the danger."

This is quite irrelevant. We may have been right in fearing Russia then, or wrong. All that is relevant is: "Does an examination of contemporary facts show that we are right in fearing Germany now?"

C.—Arguments that spring from a confusion between origin and validity. The question as to whether the statement "two and two make four" is true or not has nothing whatever to do with the psychology of the process by which different people come to *believe* it to be true. The states of mind of Mr. Whitehead, the mathematician, and the morning milkman when they reflect on this statement probably differ very widely, but the statement is the same in both cases.

(1) I intend later to examine this fallacy, as exhibited by Mr. Russell, of all people, in some recent lectures. Instead of examining certain arguments about war, he merely gave a psychology of the process by which people came to believe them.

(2) A more familiar example of the same fallacy is to be observed in a certain repugnance, which is probably the pacifist's greatest obstacle to an objective examination of the facts. The pacifist is entirely unable to dissociate the validity of the anti-German case from its previous history. It has generally in the past been associated with the party which stands for the defence of privilege, and he still tends to think that the German army is an invention of the Conservatives. He thinks these things cannot be true because the "Daily Mail" said them. But it is necessary to distinguish clearly between causes and their prophets. Truth is still truth, even if it comes from the gutter. If a man makes a statement about a gold mine in Alaska, or something equally unverifiable, then it may be excellent policy on your part to investigate his psychology and motives rather than the statement itself. But if a man makes a statement about arithmetic, or about the verifiable facts of the European situation, then an account of his motives in making the statement is entirely irrelevant. It only becomes relevant *after* you have shown by actual objective reasoning that the statement itself is false.

The effect of this fallacy is again complicated by the consequences of the desire to be superior. What stupid people believe cannot be true. Then there is the protective covering against certain arguments provided by laughter. It is agreed that certain views are "fearfully crude," and worthy of ridicule. This protects you from any necessity to examine the validity of these statements. Any appeal to arguments habitually employed by the other side, to conceptions like "honour," for example, always provoked giggling. And that the fact that at meetings you all learned to giggle in unison, that all of you could "see through" these crudities, spread a delightful, warm, satisfactory feeling of a brotherhood in intellectual superiority throughout the room. . . .

But the stupid people were right.

D.—These on the whole have been the more negative sources of the pacifist disinclination to examine the facts of the actual situation. I have left to the end the more positive side of pacifism, of which these other reasons are probably only secondary consequences. This is a certain general attitude towards life, which I find expressed in various ways in the "report of a conference on Pacifist Philosophy of Life," lately published. I find indications of this general attitude in all the papers, from the more comic expression in the writer who says "the task of pacifism . . . is the task of producing the perfect man . . . liberation from the shackles which have restrained the highest possibilities of humanity," to the less ingenuous lecture by Mr. Bertrand Russell, which I intend to examine in detail next week.

## Holland and the World War.

By W. de Veer.

VI.

To —, Barrister  
in Rotterdam.

Undated. (About the end of  
January, 1915).

DEAR A.,—I did *not* forget my promise to send you a thumb-nail sketch of the German as I see him. Weeks have passed, I know, since it was given, but I was thinking of it only the other day. "He" (meaning you), I pondered to myself, "will be positive it is because I have found I cannot make it as black as I intended." And, sure enough, in the letter I have here, that is exactly what you say!

Your anxiety that these dear innocents should be fairly treated is really touching. Being in the same line of business as yourself, I know the feeling. It has often dogged my footsteps. In the days when I had scores of criminals to judge—more effectively than I am doing now!—it was always the greatest sinner, I remember, whose case was most scrupulously handled. The severer the punishment to be imposed, the heavier the feeling of responsibility in those appointed to inflict it. Perhaps, unconsciously, this was at the back of your mind when you sarcastically insisted on my taking proceedings (purely theoretical and imaginary, alas!) against your client, the German; it was not so much your sympathy for him that was at work, as your hope of seeing him acquitted by your own capacity for outwitting me in argument and dialectic skill. Your ambition to act as counsel for the defence in the greatest cause célèbre humanity has ever witnessed stifles your natural instincts. While the blood-stained corpus delicti, namely, Belgium, lies between us on the table and the awful flagrante delicto stares the whole world in the face, only this set purpose—to get him off by hook or crook—could enable you to play with your pencil, and, coolly wiping your eye-glasses, inquire: Where is the evidence against the accused?

It was largely from a sense of discretion that I hesitated to draw the portrait. Believe me or not, this is the simple truth. And I was rather sick of the whole affair—even my indignation wearies of the continual nightmare, and of the creature who has caused it.

It was no lack of material that stayed my hand—that I can assure you! The evidence at my disposal is overwhelming. But I had first to overcome the almost paralysing effect of the incompatibility of these two pictures: the German as I saw him *before the war*, and the same figure as it appears to me *to-day*. Now, don't, in consequence of this admission, run away with the idea that at the critical moment my feelings towards my subject altered. The subject himself has changed. At the same time, the discovery that the man is abnormal—made when he began putting into practice theories we had all, till then, looked upon as maniacal—threw a flash of spontaneous insight over certain facts I could not grasp before, much less arrange in their proper sequence. Phenomena, for instance, such as the submission of the average German to the stultification of his race in order to secure the domination of the Hohenzollerns, could not be rightly viewed until the aggressive and predatory nature of the methods employed to bring him to that abject state had become apparent; which was, internationally at least, only possible in war, the Prussian's true element. On the other hand, the war itself, by breaking off the relations of international courtesy then prevailing, opened the sluice gates to floods of written and oral comment which, without it, the Kaiser would always have been spared. In many respects, it now appears, the World-Smasher was ready for the uproar that at once arose. His professors had prepared their sophisms; his press was completely organised to palliate the effect this tumult could not fail to make on neutral countries. To save appearances

became the first patriotic duty. And how they did it! Nothing is more amazing, or from the psychological point of view, more interesting, than the sudden transformation that took place in the utterances of the leaders of German opinion, the professors and the newspapers, once Belgium's violation was accomplished and the world stood aghast at what Germany had done. Up to that moment the said leaders had excited the German imagination by preaching that for Germany war was a high ideal, a moral necessity—and those huge loans for armament had only been raised on the implied condition that they should be repaid by the rich nations who were soon to be attacked and conquered. But from the moment war began, explanations were sown broadcast that it had been *forced* upon the Fatherland by numerous and hereditary foes. There was a queer, very un-German intermezzo, when the Imperial Chancellor, the official German mouthpiece, in a natural access of bewilderment at the impression his country's lawlessness was visibly making on the world outside, admitted that Belgium was being badly treated, but that this could not be helped. Soon, however, this sentimental aberration was repaired; the German papers and professors quickly set to work to counteract its damaging influence. Henceforth, the watchword became: "This is for Germany a *war of self-defence*!" and I am sure that gradually we shall find their claim exalted to a truth, a German truth. Given time and congenial temperaments the surrogate is quite as good as the genuine thing—at least for German and neutral consumption.

I stated that the Kaiser must have been well aware of the storm of indignation that his onslaught on Belgium would assuredly let loose. But he trusted—this in reply to whoever tries to make it seem as if the war were not the work of Wilhelm II, but that (don't laugh!) it broke out in spite of him—he trusted, I say, soon to reach the fountain heads (Paris and London) of the foul-smelling spouts, and promptly close them up. The Crown Prince is even credited with keeping a list of the French journalists to be immediately arrested, in the breast pocket of the very uniform destined to be worn on the occasion of his (somewhat delayed) triumphal entry into Paris, by way of the Place de l'Etoile. The first condition of surrender for the Ville Lumière will be that she shall deliver up these wretched liars, and pay an enormous fine in part expiation of their blasphemies. Then London's turn will come, that other hotbed of disrespect and lying charges; here, too, the tainted sources will be dammed, and never allowed to flow again. For what could be more abhorrent to a mind like Wilhelm II's than the way in which the French and English Press frustrate and oppose his plans? Talk of him as a criminal, expose his best lies! Yet this they are bound to go on doing, unless he crushes them for ever. They make it impossible for him to convince the outside world that Germany did not begin, and there is always the added danger that some of this odious, hurtful criticism may reach the ears of the nation most concerned.

To return to my sketch—I am looking for the Hun's outstanding features—lines that may be more deeply bitten in, but that will remain essentially unaltered. In this model such lines are numerous enough. And yet, I hesitate again. They are so nauseatingly familiar. They can be produced by any tyro; they lend themselves but too well to caricature, have become stereotyped. This facilitates my task, but does not make it attractive; for where will be the convincing power of my presentment, if you already know by heart its salient characteristics from other canvases than mine? Yet it would be a mistake to think that because these square-shaped skulls, these hard eyes, these cruel jaws and big, outstanding ears have been so often put before us, the average Prussian can be exhibited in any different or more pleasing guise; that the inherent rudeness of his nature, his lack of goodwill and of respect for others—excepting those he obeys like a dog that has been brought to heel—can ever be portrayed as virtues,

however tiring the reiteration of his vices may and does become. How can you, confronted with this negation of all that makes life worth while, deny that he is the incarnation of force for force's sake?—though his overwhelming tendency to subordinate everything within his orbit to the enhancement of his own importance is surely a sign of inner weakness. Do you still regard it as stubborn prejudice that makes me read these things in a face and form that to you express manliness, fortitude, endurance? Am I, in your opinion, only repeating what the enemies of Germany, her "low-minded rivals," are always dinning in our ears?

The finger of Justice must point steadily in one direction until her mandate has been obeyed and the criminal is brought to book. Why force me to dwell on such a truism as that? Crimes have to be followed up until point by point they are elucidated; when punishment has been meted out and there is no possibility of repetition, then, and not till then, can they be allowed to sink into oblivion. Now we are witnessing a curious thing. The German papers are already full of seemingly sincere protests against the conspiracy of which their country is the victim. They also demand that those responsible for the outbreak of hostilities should be taken to task in exemplary fashion. It sounds incredible, but for such unblushing hypocrisy the German, having no normal conscience, is peculiarly fitted. He first commits the crime, then, laying the guilt on neighbouring shoulders, proceeds to impose the punishment on them in the shape of enormous fines, destined to flow into his own pocket! Truly, his distorted sense of humour leads to astonishing results. When the trick succeeds he will, in later years, point to it openly, as the best joke he ever played on the dullards around him!

Charcoal in hand, I decide on a bold stroke. I shall give my German a touch that will reproduce his most noticeable trait. It has struck me quite suddenly. I did not observe it earlier, though there was a vague idea, a subconscious notion, or how could I feel so absolutely sure that my eyes did not deceive me? For months I have wound my way through a perfect maze of observations, uncertainties, suspicions; and here, by a straight, short cut, I am where I wished to be. Our discussions must have cleared the air, and swept my mind free of clouds and doubts. I have now got the right angle. A couple of strokes will do it. Here goes—! The German strikes me first and foremost as . . . uneducated.

I hear you break into a shout of laughter. Yet it fails to hurt me. I know what I am talking of; in a flash I see a thousand things rise to the level of important data which were confused and inexplicable before. All at once I understand why the amount of teaching, organising, drilling, that has been going on in Germany for years and years has never impressed itself upon me as a blessing for the nation. Now I fully realise—for the first time, I agree—the nature of the task which has occupied the Hohenzollerns and their henchmen—the Prussian officer, the nobleman (a single word, printer, please) and the professor—for half a century at least, and how terribly they have succeeded. They have turned Germany into one gigantic school, or parade-ground, whichever you like to call it, and gathered the people into a willing band of followers, making of the country, as a whole, the perfect instrument of war indispensable to the Prussian habit and ideals. Books, religion, art, individuality, home-life, each in its turn has been permeated and caught up by this same absorbing influence, the Might of the State. Schools became barracks, homes miniature Prussias in which the head of the house represents the Kaiser, the old German All-Father in modern dress. For I am not such a fool as to believe that this veritable orgy of corruption could have been accomplished by merely telling the people to obey. Though instinctively inclined to go in herds, Germans are by nature proud; and it was only

by being given a share in the general bullying campaign that the strong personal feeling could be broken and each one forced to toe the line. It is a compromise the German might rightly label: *niemals dagewesen* (never tried before). "Give me undisputed authority in the school," said the pedagogue: "me power to tyrannise over wife and children," chimed in the householder; "me the right to spit in a civilian's face, and when he objects, to run my sword through him," asked the lieutenant; "me a free hand to kill and destroy women and babies," begged the submarine commander; "me the liberty to make all kinds of poisonous gases and set them free among your enemies," implored the chemist. And when these requests were all agreed to, the State could further dispose of its contented slaves as it willed. They all became its confederates, its accomplices, painted with the same brush of lawlessness and abuse.

Pray notice that these various powers, so ardently coveted, were always to be exercised at the expense of others. And the definite range of each was nicely fixed, so as to counterbalance the submissive homage due from the wielder to those above him—his "Vorgezetzten." The submissive rôle was liked by no one; but there was compensation for each man in the knowledge that serfdom would be converted into mastery the moment his turn for bullying came. On the one hand, the amount of discipline imposed was dreadful, on the other, the authority, essentially absolute, over others, delicious—at least, to a Prussian.

A unity created by such means is misleading. Suppose that God, tired of their continual taking of His name in vain, should, with sardonic humour, allow this earth of ours to be peopled for a time by Germans only. What would happen? Would not confusion and anarchy prevail when there were no "others" (in the sense of foreigners) for the uneducated nation, harried by its despotic and equally uneducated rulers, on which to vent its final spleen? For unless this powerful community can in the last resort prey on more unsophisticated peoples, in time of peace by the avenue of commerce, and now and then by war, Prussianism, as we know it, is condemned to feed upon itself. What future is there for a shark, when the fish he is accustomed to devour have vanished—or for an eagle when only eagles remain alive and no other means of sustenance are forthcoming?

Uneducated, I said. Not under or badly educated, but having no education worthy of the name. For school-education only develops the brain, not the mind, not the character. And this in spite of the army of teachers, labouring night and day; and of the avalanche of solid learning that descends like rain upon the land. For by this methodical display, however superb in itself, the heart and soul are never touched—though enough is talked about them both to make a healthy fellow ill. Stones are supplied in the place of bread—the soul in its upward striving has been discouraged and beaten down; like trees, distorted to suit a special fancy, or felled as saplings to manufacture whips or clubs. Nor need we stop to ask the reason, notwithstanding the apparent happiness of the population, of the prevalence of suicide among German children. This is their young souls' final protest. Confronted with a fate their deepest instincts warn them will lead to moral ruin, they prefer the lesser of two evils, and choose to quit the scene of their ego's sure discomfiture. The heritage every man is heir to, his birthright of Justice and Freedom, will pass them by, and so these budding lives decide to escape in time.

Are you still amused? Can you still affirm that these schoolmasters do educate, as we understand the term? Theirs is certainly a system that Loyola or Torquemada, Thomas Aquinas or Granvelle might have applauded loudly. But what about Goethe, Schiller, Lessing or Heine? What about Kant, Virchow or Richter? And what of a neutral like yourself?

Yours,

W.



## The Blind Guide.

Mr. Bertrand Russell.

Reported by Charles Brookfarmer.

(CAXTON HALL, January 18. About 100 people present, three-quarters feminine and fashionable. By special request of the lecturer, the Press is not admitted.)

MR. RUSSELL (reads dapperly): Ladies and Gentlemen, I have not any definite or clear or concrete suggestions on current affairs to put before you. Most of us at the beginning of the war were, I suppose, taken by surprise that the world is what it has turned out to be. I realise now that I personally was ignorant of the springs of human action. So far as these lectures are concerned, only one of them will deal with the war, but they will deal with certain principles of social reconstruction which have been suggested to me, which will make men averse from war.

Only passion can control passion. It is not by reason alone that war can be prevented, but by the opposite impulses and passions to those which bring about war. Children run and shout not because they have any aim in running and shouting. Macbeth sees himself doomed, but cries, nevertheless, to Macduff—(Roguishly.)—"Lay on, Macduff, and damn'd"—(General laughter.) Blind impulse is the source of war, but it is also the source of art and love. The correlative of the impulse of aggression is the impulse of the resistance to aggression. But highly civilised men may stand outside both these impulses; for instance, many artists have remained entirely untouched by the war because their own creative impulse—(Delight of Mr. Clive Bell.)—There are three forces on the side of life which require no special mental endowment, which are very common and might be much more common under a better system of social construction; these are love, the instinct of constructivism and the joy of life. In the main, the impulses which are injurious to other people tend to be due to thwarted needs. Men, like trees, require good soil and freedom from oppression. This can only be felt by a most delicate intuition.—(Further joy of Mr. Clive Bell.)—But a man's needs and desires are not confined to his own life. According as his community succeeds or fails, his own growth is furthered or hindered.—(Perplexity of Mr. Clive Bell and STUDENT.)—In the fight for freedom men and women become increasingly unable to break down the walls of the ego. The conditions of *mediæval society* allowed free development only to a few, while the vast majority of the rest remained to minister to them.

Let us take, as two opposite types, Carlyle the misanthrope, and Walt Whitman. Walt Whitman had a warm expansive feeling towards the majority of his fellow beings; his philosophy and politics, like Carlyle's, were based on his instinctive attitude towards men and women. Carlyle's misanthropy was due, in his later life at least, mainly to dyspepsia. Probably an entirely different regimen would have given Carlyle a different outlook on life.

In any serious attempt at social reconstruction, we must first consider what are the vital needs of men and women, and, after that, consider how we may proceed in bringing about the good life. (Invites questions. MRS. SIDNEY WEBB asks an "argumentative question." Then 1ST QUESTIONER asks if Mr. Russell has considered the National Guilds. Mr. Russell replies that, though the word "Guilds" seems unnecessarily mediæval, he rather thinks he is in favour of National Guilds.

STUD.: In "War and Peace" recently, Mr. Russell refers to "Syndicalism, or Guild Socialism, as it is sometimes called"; but are they the same thing?

MR. RUSSELL: Yes, I think they are. (1ST QUESTIONER quickly explains the difference. Mr. Russell sits in bewildered silence; a spell seems to fall over the meeting, and the audience disperses.)

## More Letters to My Nephew.

VI.—CONCERNING POLITICS—(continued).

MY DEAR GEORGE,—Although Rafael is vivacious and debonair, I know that he must be anxious about the revolution, whose raucous mutterings draw closer, if we may judge from excited rumour. It would be no joke for a gang of predatory rebels to bear down on this magnificent estate. Depend upon it, Rafael's priceless live-stock would disappear. I suspect, however, that he is concerting plans, both political and defensive. I know that he will speak when he has anything definite to tell me, so, in the meantime, I endeavour, as judiciously as possible, to distract his thoughts from a peril that may actually impend, or may be already dissipated. And if you don't hear from me again, you may conclude that neither Rafael nor I got away in time.

After breakfast to-day we both seemed disposed to lounge. It was raining, and when it rains it rains. So we stayed indoors and gossiped. Rafael inquired about a number of men, some of whom seemed promising twenty years ago, whilst others had already put their brilliant futures behind them. Most of the old coterie were politicals, so it was inevitable that we should finally drift into politics. At Oxford, Rafael was influenced by T. H. Green. He now realised that Green's philosophy was inapplicable to modern facts. It was, in fact, Green's personal influence, half-saintly, half-robust, that counted. He next transferred his allegiance to John Morley, whose "Compromise" was just then all the rage. Rosebery he knew too well either to like or trust. But leadership was not a necessity to Rafael. He was, even as a young man, strong enough to walk alone. He had dreams of some higher synthesis linking modern Radicalism with Socialism. He found, however, on closer acquaintance, that Radicalism had no basis, intellectual or social, whilst Socialism, even then, was forking—one shoot leading straight to bureaucracy; the other to the wilderness, to sterility. Above all, he found to his dismay that the Socialists did no serious reading, and were living on mere scraps of fugitive writings. Although they were voluble and plausible, they were the least knowledgeable of all his political associates. They lived on formulæ, argued from formulæ, mistook formulæ for principles. Even at that early date, he had observed that the Socialist movement was becoming a vested interest; that there was a sinister financial side to it. But as the other parties were ten times worse, he attached small importance to it.

"On the whole," said Rafael, "the thing that did most harm to the Socialist movement was the Fabian tract: 'Facts for Socialists.' From that time on Socialism became an affair of peptonised assertions. Every Socialist quoted this tract, and never realised what a shadowy relation it had to the actual currents of thought and action."

"I remember," said I, laughing, "some fellow was continually writing the most revolutionary sentiments over the *nom-de-plume* of 'Physiocrat!' And what's more amusing, nobody ever picked him up on the point."

"No doubt he had read some sentence from some Physiocratic writer that took his fancy."

"Do you remember that in your Parliament speech you quoted something that seemed terribly revolutionary from Saint-Simon? There used to be a group of Socialists who called themselves St. Simonians. They never once found out that their patron saint was one of the first of the Manchester school."

"Isn't that putting it rather strong?"

"I don't think so. It is curious that Socialists quote him as a Socialist, but I doubt if he had the slightest conception of Socialism. He wrote about the transformation of private property which sounds Socialist; but really what he contended for was productive pro-

perty—in other words, capital. He regarded private property as the basis of the social fabric. Then he talked and wrote about organising society to secure the greatest advantage to the greatest number. But, then, so did Bentham. In the 'Parabola Politique,' from which you quoted, he regards the savants, industrial leaders, bankers and merchants as the true governors who wield power. That is precisely the Manchester attitude. Cobden might have quoted what you quoted."

"Then I am undone!" laughed Rafael.

"Not a bit of it! Personally, I have always had a sneaking regard for Cobden. But worse remains to be told: Saint-Simon was the arch-priest of laissez-faire. To him, industrial life was everything; the State was a mere façade."

"Better call him a Syndicalist and be done with it."

"Don't mind if I do. He was a capitalist-syndicalist. Even yet, I have not completed the tale of his iniquities: he was anti-democratic. The industrial chiefs had to do everything; the workers must be quiescent and docile. He was the founder of German bureaucratic kultur."

"To think I quoted such a scoundrel!"

"The fact is that Saint-Simon was a natural reaction from Quesnay. To Quesnay, land was the sacred thing; to Saint-Simon it was industry. Both men had distinguished followers, who influenced the course of French politics. Quesnay had Bandeau, Mirabeau, and Turgot. Saint-Simon had the brothers Péréire, Michel Chevalier, and Infantin. Here is a curious fact: Infantin negotiated the 1860 Treaty with Great Britain, and, unless my memory plays me false, the British delegate was Cobden."

"Birds of a feather!"

"No doubt a pure coincidence, as the defaulting cashier observed, when the missing cash-box was found on the same train."

"When you come to think of it, the real truth is that the Socialist and political economist are barking up different trees. The Socialist talks rather grandiloquently about political economy; but he is really only a social economist."

"Then why the deuce doesn't he say so?"

"There are really two unrelated answers. First, the Social Economist rather plumes himself that his proposals are sound from the politico-economic standpoint, and he has a fond ambition to be accepted as a political economist, which is regarded as the higher branch of the profession. The second answer is purely human: those in revolt are *ex hypothesi* the victims; presumably, therefore, they have had few opportunities. They are, in consequence, compelled to live on intellectual scraps. We must not blame them if they make the most of their little learning. Don't let us be prigs; we're in danger of it."

"No; I don't think I'm a prig: I've always prided myself that I'm not. Probably it is my Irish blood, which demands logic and consistency. What I dislike is the pretence, the affectation of special knowledge. If a man says that he has been too much on the grind to learn much but that he knows where the shoe pinches, that's the man I respect. If I reply that, by good luck, my shoe does not pinch, but that I can help him because I have acquired some knowledge of shoes and their various kinds of pinches, and the man says that he'll work with me to abolish shoe-pinching, we are both performing a public duty. Knowledge and experience have joined forces. There's nothing priggish about that. But no sooner do we get going on our great anti-shoe-pinching crusade, than up pops another fellow, who has read the celebrated Fabian tract: 'Facts for the Shoe-Pinched.' He says to my colleague: 'Be careful; be on your guard. Farley's shoes do not pinch him, so what does he know about it? Now, not only do I know it by experience, but I have read 'Facts for the Shoe-Pinched.' You may trust me. But these middle-class chaps have you every

time.' That is pretence—and cunning pretence, too; for at the back of it lies a political job. The result is that I'm squeezed out, and the great crusade languishes from sheer intellectual inanition. The mental poverty of the poor is their destruction."

"My dear Tony, we must be gentle and tolerant. Even the upstart, who has read a bit, may be presumed to have good intentions. Did you ever hear of George Satterthwaite? No? When I think of him, I'm tolerant. But I am permitted to smile. George was born of godly parents. Every Sunday, Old George and his missus went punctually to the Baptist Chapel. Old George believed that to be a Christian was to be lucky. He liked to quote from the Bible that being once young and now old he had never seen the righteous forsaken nor his seed beg bread. Old George hedged and ditched for a cousin of mine, and had never seen a railway. Young George came to his parents rather late. He was still young when they were old. My cousin took a fancy to the youngster, and had him taught the proverbial three R's. Then, begad, young George taught in Sunday School. Old George had visions of his son becoming a 'pastor.' Gradually, young George acquired the gift of the gab. He developed 'unction.'

"Come we now to chapter two. The Independent Labour Party had just begun operations. Of course, you remember the Manningham strike. Some travelling agitator persuaded George that Christ was the first Socialist. Scripture texts floated in George's mind that seemed to prove it. So George became a Christian Socialist. He began to speak at street corners, and the crowd listened. He wrote to the village schoolmaster that the common people heard him gladly. Meantime, the builder had told my cousin that young George had gone dotty on Socialism, or some such crazy nonsense, and was neglecting his work. When the schoolmaster told the squire about the common people hearing George gladly, the squire said: 'Tell George not to make a fool of himself.' Which words were duly reported to George. George felt hurt. He had some thoughts of writing to the squire to remonstrate. But George comforted himself with the thought that he was blessed when men should revile him and say all manner of evil things about him. He would bear it for 'the cause.' It is difficult to tell you in measured language about the next awful thing that befel our hero. It is really too dreadful. Forgive my blushes. Can you stand it, Tony? Well, then, the Baptist pastor of George's chapel was a Liberal. Don't laugh! I assure you it was quite tragical. You couldn't expect George to stand it, could you? Fate ordained that the Labour Church should open its portals on Sunday afternoons and evenings. With an eye on that pastorate, George went to the Baptist Chapel on Sunday mornings; but on Sunday evenings he went to the Labour Church. Incidentally, there was a girl there, who sang in the choir. He could hear her voice, and it made his heart rejoice. And a day came—mark it red—when George took the chair and gave the reading—a chapter from 'Merrie England.'

"Let us plunge boldly into chapter three. George's local fame spread a bit; they heard about him at Keighley. What's more, they invited him to speak to the comrades on a Tuesday night. George prinked and preened himself. He delivered his celebrated lecture, 'The Christ that is to be.' Afterwards, the secretary took him on one side. 'What is your fee, comrade?' George didn't know. It was *kudos* and not money he sought. 'We generally give five shillings,' said the secretary. So George went back to Bradford pondering many things. It appeared to George that God was pointing a way for the exercise of his undoubted genius. Quite unsought, money—five shillings, no less—had been poured into his lap, like manna of old. Surely it was a sign not lightly to be ignored. The prospect of a Baptist pastorate hardly looked rosy. It meant a thorny path to get there. First, he must learn his trade. Then go 'local' for a time. Then years must

be spent in some hamlet or village preaching to a few faithful folk. Then a year or two at the College, in a Liberal and unsympathetic atmosphere. At the end of it, a stuffy chapel with a stipend of perhaps one hundred a year. And he had earned five shillings in an hour. Besides, he could probably improve on that. He soared to regions of half a sovereign and a sovereign on Sunday. Perhaps an organiser's job thrown in. And wasn't the Labour movement applied Christianity? To be sure it was. George was on the brink. It needed only a push.

"We must approach chapter four gravely, solemnly, as befits the crisis in George's pilgrimage. Turn down the lights and give us a slow movement on the harmonium. I said it needed a push. George got the push—in more senses than one. On a Sunday evening, George had delivered his soul-stirring lecture: 'Thy Kingdom on this Earth'—yes, five shillings—down at Ashby-de-la-Zouche, and had missed the last train. So he was late at work on Monday morning. His employer, as you may surmise, didn't like it, and so gave him the push, or the sack, or the order of the boot. Whatever you may call it, it was in very deed the push that sent George sheer o'er the crystal brink. In case you have forgotten it, I remind you that George, being the seed of the righteous, need not beg bread. No, Tony; far from it. George attended his I.L.P. Branch that night and told them all about it. Anger was kindled in their hearts. It came to this: that a man could not deliver his soul in Ashby-de-la-Zouche, because of an inconvenient train service. They proclaimed George to be a martyr for the cause. Martyrdom! Splendid! So when George went lecturing, printed handbills preceded him, announcing him as 'the Bradford martyr.' George's price went up accordingly; in fact, George became a draw. So much so that he married on the strength of it. And he read 'Progress and Poverty,' 'Farms, Fields, and Factories,' and 'Fabian Essays.' I heard at the time that his perorations were of a tropical verdure. George found that it was by no means roses all the way. The number of paying districts was strictly limited, and his pitch was too often queered by some middle-classer who charged no fee at all. It really seemed like black-legging. Moreover, others were pressing on his heels. And all through the summer it was common open-air work, with precious little pay. So George tried for an organiser's job. Alas! His handwriting was much too stretchy, and there were, by now, lots of clerks in the movement. It was also generally decided that silent men were best, when it came to secretarial work.

"Chapter five is for tears and lamentations. Mrs. George was a pretty little thing, pale-faced and anæmic. She wanted nourishing food, particularly just then, for she was with child. She lived very much on tea and bread-and-butter. So when a little girl came, the weakened mother pined. She could not feed her baby, and that led to more expense. George was at his wits' end. He wrote to his old friend the village schoolmaster. Old friends are best. George and his family came back. I happened just then to be staying with my cousin, who told me much of George's story with careless humour. He added: 'You know, Geoffrey, I'm to blame for it. He might have been useful about the farm. Why on earth did I let him have books to read. He's spoiled.' He sent fresh milk and jellies and things to poor little Mrs. George, who soon gained strength, and even suckled her baby. Then my cousin, by chance, saw an advertisement offering for sale a flourishing newsagency and sweet business. It was being sacrificed for a beggarly twenty pounds, owing to the occupant—a widow—re-marrying and moving to another town. The squire called up George and told him of this. George was willing. So the business was bought, and George and Mrs. George and the infant settled down in the little parlour behind the shop."

I was about to remark that the Tudor story had in it elements of great tragedy, in contrast with the nerve-

less George, when Smith announced the Senor Don Alfonso Rodriguez.

"I'll be with him in a moment. By the way, the Don will dine and sleep here."

"Oh, yes, Sir," said Smith, trying to repress a smile, "he has already chosen his room and told me what to get for dinner."

"Now," said Rafael, "we shall know something about the Revolution."

Your affectionate Uncle,  
ANTHONY FARLEY.

## Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

I CAME away from the St. James' Theatre with one thought in my mind: "What an arrant set of humbugs all the so-called 'naturalists' are!" The pretence that they gave drama a new lease of life by their adoption of stage realism is given the lie direct by the re-appearance of Miss Genevieve Ward. Here is an old lady (older, I believe, than the wonderful Sarah) emerging from her retirement to dominate the stage not only by her personality, but by her marvellous skill in acting. There was never a more natural grandmother seen on the stage than that presented by this grande dame who was never trained in the modern school; and by the side of her even so fine an actress as Miss Ellen O'Malley (whose performance in "The Good Hope" I shall always remember) seemed to have everything to learn. There is always an artistic objection to the "star," that he or she makes the other actors look like amateurs; but the "naturalists" sought either to eliminate the "star" or to make him play down to the level of the rest. Miss Genevieve Ward reminds us that drama is something more than the artificial symmetry, the perpetual mezzo forte, beloved of Mr. Granville Barker, that apart from its mere representation of life there is an art of acting that insists on the essential dignity of life. The play in its triviality, its garrulosity, its sheer plagiarism of "Caste," would have been intolerable without her; and the only one who showed any signs of equal quality and power was Mr. Leon Quartermaine, an actor who has done well since he played Simple years ago at the Comedy in Mr. F. R. Benson's company, and is capable of even finer work than he put into his performance of Sigurjohnson's "Eyvind of the Mountains" about a year ago.

Speaking of Mr. Benson only serves to remind me of the fact that the stage does not seem to be attracting as good a quality of players as it did even about fifteen years ago. We have got into the habit of expecting Mr. Benson to introduce to the London stage the best talent of the younger generation; I have mentioned before how he brought in one bouquet Miss Lily Brayton, Miss Lillian Braithwaite, Mr. Henry Ainley, Mr. Lyall Swete, Mr. Leon Quartermaine, Mr. Oscar Asche, Mr. H. R. Hignett, and Mr. Brydone. But his production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" offers us little, if anything, of this quality. Certainly, Mr. Henry Baynton as Demetrius promises well; he has a good voice and a good presence, and he is not afraid of acting with vigour. A good word, too, may be said of Mr. Basil Rathbone as Lysander. The singing fairies, Miss May Kearsley and Miss Dorothy Hawkins, sing excellently; and I have nothing but praise for the six comedians who present the "tedious brief scene of young Pyramus and his love Thisbe; very tragical mirth." But the merit in this case is mainly Mr. Benson's; excellent stage management, extremely funny "business," rather than good acting, made the success of these players. But there is no one in this company who can speak Shakespearean verse supremely well, no one (except the comedians) who seems really at home on the stage, no one (except, perhaps, Mr. Baynton) who seems at all convinced of the reality of the part he is playing. These actors are not playing, they are masquerading, and are inclined to the self-suspicion that they are rather ridi-

culous. The women are really beneath notice; a squealing Puck, a merely depressed *Hermia*, a passionless *Helena*, and an insignificant and unintelligible *Titania*, these might have appeared at any English conservatoire. All Mr. Benson's fine enthusiasm for Shakespeare has never inspired their imagination; they carry no conviction to the spectator of the inevitability of their rendering, rather they leave one disposed to think that they are afraid of being identified with their parts. They play as though they wanted to play something else, a fatal defect in an actor. I am not really surprised that Mr. Benson chose to hide them in the wilds of Sloane Square.

I admit that if I had not seen Miss Genevieve Ward so recently I should not have realised so vividly my disappointment with the younger generation. The contrast between her fine art and their incompetent mummery was too pronounced to allow me to indulge in self-delusion. They had poetry to deliver, and they made it seem trivial; she had none too elegant prose, and one passage of historical fustian, to deliver, and out of it made a lady of quality, in the fine old phrase. She brought back to the stage the tradition of dignity that has been obscured by a generation of satire; the tradition that has been nearly forgotten by the middle-aged, and has never been learned by the younger generation. Even her elocution was a reproach to the slovenly enunciation that now passes muster on the stage for polite conversation; and she "damned" without any derogation of dignity, without any sniggering imitation of a man. I may say, without undue severity, that the great discovery of this century is that there is no poetry, no beauty, no dignity, in life. Other ages recognised the fact, and created them as works of fine art. There never was any more poetry than the poet imagined, any more beauty than the artist saw, any more dignity than man created. Even "women are not born, but made," according to Mr. Zangwill; and to the making of a great lady has gone all that taste could define. The grand manner is not the gift of God; it is the result of a rigorous system of education, of the early inculcation of a set of values and the assiduous cultivation of them. The "naturalist" drama which began with the damned Norwegian, with its demand for freedom and self-expression for women, attacked those values; and, by abolishing manners, led us to doubt the reality of all but the meaner qualities of human nature. Like Rousseau, the "naturalists" found reality only in the uncontrolled promptings of unregenerate nature; and there was no Voltaire to sneer that he had been so convinced of the beauty of man in a state of nature that he ran round the room on all fours.

Miss Genevieve Ward comes back to remind us that we have succumbed to the satirist's delusion. We looked for majesty, instead of creating it; sought for beauty instead of inventing it; denied the dignity that we did nothing to develop. We looked to life, and finding that it differed from art, denied the reality of art; forgetting that it is the artist's duty to "build a Heaven in Hell's despite." All the provincialism in drama has sprung from the same original error, from the false assumption that crudity is the test of truth and finish is the final lie; with the consequence that a younger generation is coming to the stage without models to emulate or ideals to realise. We get what we deserve, I suppose; Miss Horniman offers us rubbish like "Driftwood," after offering us Shakespeare's "Comedy of Errors," apparently for no other reason than that it was immature work. After blundering into the Christmas season in this way, she produces a light and pleasing trifle like "The Parish Pump," and foredooms it to failure. The amateur taste that offers such a programme to London at this moment is only an indication of the utter perversion of values that has taken place; for Sarah Bernhardt is filling the Coliseum with her passion, Miss Genevieve Ward is commanding the stage of the St. James' Theatre with her grand manner, while Miss Horniman, with all her affected superiority, has emptied the Duke of York's Theatre of all but a few cranks.

## Readers and Writers.

It is very difficult to sustain the labour of culture in these days. The external distractions are so many; and perhaps one is in doubt whether events without are not at present greater than any possible event within. But this doubt is heretical, for it cannot be so. The greatest events are still those that take place in our own soul. But how to re-assure ourselves of this and to proportion our attention on this scale. Of one thing we may be certain, that no effort is needed to keep external events before our minds. They are too much with us, late and soon. Another is no less certain, that all our efforts run no risk of overdoing our attention to culture. On the contrary, every effort at such a time is likely to be still very short of providing even a fair proportion of culture's due. I would recommend my readers, therefore, to strive with might and device to keep up their reading and thinking, their reflection and study, as well as it is heroically possible. Let us all do it together, for I confess that I am in need of my own exhortation. Everything invites one to scamp the work of intelligence nowadays, to be satisfied with half-truths, or with no truths at all, to become a journalist! But nothing is more fatal to culture than journalism.

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In 1791 Karl August, Duke of Weimar and patron of Goethe, received the command of a Prussian regiment and in the following year took Goethe with him to what we should now call "somewhere in France"—Verdun, to be historic. "Le Temps," of a few days ago, published an account of Goethe's experiences written by an artillery lieutenant by whom the poet was conducted over the fighting-line. Goethe seems to have behaved himself in proper civilian style while inspecting the trenches and watching the artillery at work—that is to say, he affected great interest while doing his best to conceal his alarm. But later on, at dinner, he undertook some practical criticisms of the conduct of the bombardment which compelled the lieutenant to advise him to stick to his last. To everybody's surprise Goethe received the rebuke in good part. "The lesson you have given me," he told the lieutenant, "shall not be lost, and for the future I promise not to attempt to teach officers their business."

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Within an hour or two of reading this incident in "Le Temps" a friend lent me a collection of Goethe's sayings, taken chiefly, I think, from his "Conversations with Eckermann," and now published in translation as "Gleams from Goethe" (I don't like the word "Gleams") by Messrs Allen at two shillings. There is nothing like a book of extracts, as I have often said, for raising the mind from squalor. Before I had read more than a dozen my pencil was out of my pocket and I was making notes again. The literature that lasts has sweetness and light. Genius rarely belongs to a party, though a party may attach itself to genius. A narrative to be moral must present a hero capable of following the right against his inclinations. We cannot make the bad good, but we can make the good better. Subjects for great art are rare. Barbarism is the inability to appreciate what is excellent. The truth must be repeated as often as error. It is disgusting to see a great man obliged to a fool. These, I may say, will not be found literally in the work above mentioned, for they are my adaptations. To adapt in this fashion is, I hope, to digest.

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Of Mr. Arthur A. Baumann's leisure, even in a time like this, I, for one, expect more than the very shallow article he contributes to the current "Fortnightly Review" on "The Cynicism of Dr. Johnson." He opens with a joke at the number of married men who have enlisted: "If I had a wife," he says, "I too should immediately seek the cannon's mouth." Which is flattering neither to men nor women. And he continues in this style: "With regard to life, Johnson was a realist; he was one who asked for proofs; he had no

illusions about the human kind; he saw men and women not as they would like to be seen, but as they are." This, with due respect to Mr. Baumann, is rubbish, and not only rubbish, but evil rubbish. To have no illusions about the human kind is to be not human; and to see men as they are is more than any man can ever arrive at. Dr. Johnson was shrewd and full of common sense, but to claim him as a cynic is to display more perversity than cleverness. I thought the war was to put an end to this sort of thing.

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Some weeks ago I observed that the French intellectuals had better prepared France for the war than ours had prepared England. (It must be remembered, against them, that our Oxford professors became illuminating only after the event.) In the "Edinburgh Review" Mr. Edmund Gosse recounts the history of the moral propaganda undertaken during the ten years before the war by Frenchmen of the rank and ability of Maurice Barrès, Charles Péguy, Paul Bourget, and many others. Chiefest of these, perhaps, is Barrès, who succeeded Déroulède as President of the League of Patriots. And elsewhere in the same review (a rare example of good editorship or happy coincidence) is an article on Barrès himself. "La Culte du Moi," which I have read with less attention than it shall one day have from me, is a trilogy of which the sequence of ideas—ideas, you note!—is as follows: In the first, the conclusion is reached that "we are never so happy as when in ecstasy"; in the second, that "we most augment the pleasure we derive from ecstasy by analysing it"; and in the third, that our aim should be "to feel the most possible by analysing the most possible." Applied, as Barrès applied it, to the ecstasy of patriotism, this method resulted in "intelligent patriotism" or an understanding love of country, the proofs of which are to be seen in France at this moment. For Barrès was not content (as, let us say, Pater would have been) to have his doctrine merely æsthetic. He combined the politician and the electioneer with the man of letters. Goethe, it is true, said that when politics came in at the door art flew out of the window (or words to that effect), but Milton, Chateaubriand, Hugo, Goethe himself, and Barrès are evidence against him—and many more might be cited. The fact is that only a certain sort of politics is hostile to art—party politics, I should say. National politics, on the other hand, is even essential to good art!

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Charles Péguy, who was killed in action in the early days of the war, was a man of Barrès' purpose, but of a different stamp. Barrès is an æsthete and religious. Péguy was a satirist and a "secular mystic." His work has been compared with Carlyle's; but in his periodical miscellany, "Les Cahiers de la Quinzaine" (from which, by the way, a volume of essays has recently been published), I find very little of Carlyle's gush. I should compare him, rather, with certain contributors to THE NEW AGE, who, if they were only in France, would certainly, in my opinion, be men of more mark than they are here.

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From the "Edinburgh," after vainly searching the rest of our magazines for something to read, I turned to "La Revue des Deux Mondes." Two articles rewarded me; one, a sermon by Mirabeau, the "Hercules of the Revolution," as Goethe called him—hitherto unpublished; and the other a series of notes proving the close personal friendship of Spinoza and Rembrandt. Mirabeau, who played many parts and, at seven, challenged God to make a stick with only one end, might be supposed unhandy at a sermon; but the present gained for its nominal author the Church office he was seeking. As for the other pair, M. Coppier establishes the fact that on the same day that Spinoza was exiled from Amsterdam Rembrandt was distrained on his works of art for debt—and both by the same political clique! It does honour to Rembrandt.

R. H. C.

## Man and Manners.

AN OCCASIONAL DIARY.

FRIDAY.—"Oh, I wish I were a man!" Most women have said it at some time or another. But wait a moment, you men. It isn't cock-crow just yet. The compliment is not quite so honeyed as it tastes. For is the wish not natural, since it is more convenient to live as a man in a man's world? If man did not make the world, he made it as it is! But, seriously, compare the security of a man with the perennial insecurity that is woman's. Relatively to man the hunter, woman is the hunted animal; and while the dangers of the hunter are usually exhilarating and often attended with rewards and glory, the dangers incurred by the hunted are not only often fatal, but usually thankless. The battle-worn man is a hero. The mother-worn woman is only a nuisance; or, at most, an object for pity—not one for honour or reverence. Then, of course, men have the pull of us in minor things like dress, latch-keys, cheque-books, and freedom in going about. Yes, I would like to be a man. But (still do not crow, for here's the sting in the honey) I have never seen the man I would like to be! There's a reflection on men's manners and minds! and a discovery, too, which now I come to think of it, is the key to quite a number of women's grievances. It accounts for a woman's annoyance at being unfavourably compared with all men. Take the case of the clever woman. It is one thing to tell her that she is less wise than a Voltaire or a Plato, but to tell her that she is less wise than any man merely because he is a man—well, no wonder she is embittered. Then another point. Last week I heard two men gnawing the old complaint of women being no longer content to stay at home and sacrifice unto their would-be masters. Certainly I wouldn't have cooked a potato for either of them, which, however, doesn't mean to say that when I see a man worth admiring I wouldn't gladly lay all my burnt offerings before him. I really don't believe any woman objects to paying homage where homage is due; and, indeed, most women are even too ready to admit the practical superiority of men. But the chance event of being a man is not proof conclusive of the all-round superiority of the beast over woman. Yet, from the peacock's way men behave, anyone would think it was. It's not good enough, and there is no wonder that some women have been driven to a flat denial of men's superiority in any respect. If men want women to be women they must prove themselves men worthy of women. Men have the women they deserve. In his relation with woman the modern man is disposed to rest on the laurels won by the great men of the past. There have been, and are, men fit for any woman's worship—aye, and man's, too. But a few swallows do not make a summer, or the cloak of the few great cover a multitude of fools. I sound the depths of man after man. Heavens! I cry. No woman could swim in such shallows. And the mud! the weeds! If being a man means being like these, I would rather be myself. But, then, of course, as woman I see imperfections in man and errors in his treatment of women which, I take it, few men have the within-sight to see for themselves, try if they did. Once a man, perhaps I myself would go vainly strutting on thus in the sun of my ignorance. But is the ignorance invincible? Couldn't, perhaps, women writers make it their pleasure to hold up the woman's mirror to men? Might not a Manual for Men of Manners to Women be compiled by some of them? Oh, men needn't remind me. Another day I shan't forget man's case against woman. But this is "ladies' day," please, and I'm not going to finish without repeating that classic story of the man and the suffragette-orator.

Male voice from the mob: "Yah, miss, wouldn't you like to be a man?"

"Yes; wouldn't you?"

Saturday.—Is it true that the bad things said of a

man are a source of attraction to women? Women love rakes. They prefer a Juan to a Joseph, I have heard it said again and again in criticism of woman. But what is a rake? Isn't a rake a man who is all things to all women, as various as Proteus? He can go about in the form of a very alluring invitation. Mr. Prodigal requests the honour of being reformed by Miss Angel. (Or—translated—will you walk into my parlour? etc.) So, to the nice woman, there is always a kind of invalid pathos about the rake. Poor boy, says she; drinking himself to death. I wonder what sent him wrong. Some woman, I've no doubt. He really looks quite nice. I will take him in hand! Hers is the quest of the shepherd for the black sheep. Or, again, the rake is the dare-devil dandy, the debonair fellow, promissory of just enough danger to make acquaintance with him piquant. Here's some excitement, says the flirt to herself. And it's no use warning a woman. I remember when I cautioned Joan against someone. "Oh," was the reply, "he may be like that with others, but he'll find me a very different person to deal with." Thus every woman flatters herself that she, of course, will wield a unique influence over this dangerous rascal. It is always oneself who isn't going to get hurt. Meanwhile it's great fun fanning the spark of risk, watching it flame, and promising oneself to put it out as soon as a conflagration is threatened. The apples of danger have an eternal temptation. I really don't believe, however, that women's enjoyment of a rake's society springs from so evil a seed as men seem to suppose. There is virtue in it. If it were not so, would public prejudice also usually be on the side of the ne'er-do-well? The man who appears to lack discretion is ever a "good sort"—a happy-go-lucky, thoroughly kind-hearted fellow, honourable as Achatas, open-handed and free. Rakes know the world. They are generous, not only with their money, but with their judgment and criticism. They are audacious. They can play a losing hand in any game and keep their countenance and their temper. They know how to carry off an awkward situation in public, so that they become a very pleasant help in time of social trouble. A rake is usually pleasing to the eye. He dresses well, and his manners have charm. The rake proper, in fact, has all the social qualities that make a man beloved of society. And society is not altogether wrong, for while his virtues are real, his vices are often only defects of virtues. The thoughtful, steady person, on the other hand, is a bore, a nuisance, a walking criticism, a dose of duty in man's clothing. Women hold no copyright in a weakness for sinners. Saints must be their own reward; theirs is the lost labour of love; they are a drug in the market, going at a reduction, cheap. What a world! People would reject Paradise for Piccadilly, I do believe! And perhaps that is why we are here! But the rake's success with women is easy to account for. Most women choose men as they choose colours, the brighter the more attractive, the plainer the duller; be the material what it may. Again, women are more easily won by dexterity than merit. A particular motive for men's approbation of a rake may be that to them he appears in the rôle of avenger; a very serviceable member in the Trade Union of Men; one who may, perchance, pay back with interest a grudge owed by the Union to all women-kind. For, alas! many a butterfly has been caught in the teeth of a rake. But, there, a man will always scorn the woman who loves a rake, just as women will always scorn men when they exclaim admiringly: "By Jove, she's a smart little devil, isn't she?" But this is a contra-account. I must pursue the rake's progress another time. Meanwhile, I amend the old sailor's maxim, No brandy, no fits—with, No admirers, no rakes. For a rake's food is the admiration of others; and without it he cannot live. Beau Brummell died an imbecile pauper.

*Sunday.*—Furniture, like good manners, should be seen and not heard. Really one would need to be deaf and dumb to praise some people's taste in chairs and curtains and wall-papers. "For pity's sake, cotton-

wool for my ears," I once heard Joan shout across to a man. "This carpet and desk of yours are so noisy I can't hear myself speak!" She was right: even the feather-brained ostrich, pluming itself on its neck-and-crop scale of digestion, couldn't have swallowed those over-done pieces of richness! Chamber of Horrors! each flourish of furniture but served to illustrate the vulgar manner of thinking and feeling of which it was clearly the outcome. Furniture betrays character. Peeps into rooms are peeps into personalities. This trick of conscripting armour for service in halls—But, hold! Good Sir Vizor, prithee, a truce till morn!

## In Between Whiles.

THE lovely, though exsufficate, birds of the lower Paradise fly high and swift as the eagle; but even an eagle might hardly cover five hundred miles in a single night. If one's course happened to be across the ocean, one would be very glad and fortunate to alight upon even a lone rocky island where no one lived but a sour old fisherman.

Far on the sea and flying for dear life came a weirder bird than ever was seen by the saltiest of old salts. Its wings were made of green silk, its black comb was a yard long and lay rigid along its back as though soldered there, its eyes blazed like the soul of belladonna, it had arms which ended in regulation claws, and legs with little feet bound with golden anklets. The bird was making for a speck of rock which showed afar off amidst the grey waters.

"I shall never get there in time," said the bird—"and what will become of me? Whatever does become of people who cannot swim and who fall into fathomless depths? Oh dear, how tiresome is this world!"

She looked in fierce terror at the sun, a great dull, red ball sinking down to the horizon behind the rock. "Wait!" cried the bird. "I can't," replied the sun, grinning, "you have still half a minute. Good luck!"

"Don't you dare to hurry," screamed the bird, "you horrid monster, you old tell-tale, old spy, old spoilsport. Oh! I'm changing! A-a-a-h! safe!"

You would have thought this a very uncomfortable kind of safety—to find yourself upon a lone rock, with nothing to eat, and with not one stitch on except your golden hair! But where could you have procured even a night-gown if you had landed thus upon a desolate island? Your sense of decency would not in the least have helped you—which seems to show that certain human sentiments partake the nature of the impuissant minds which invented them.

The bird, no longer a bird, but a beautiful lady, lifted her eyebrows and lowered them again upon the solution of her problem. It was a little old, dirty man in a scanty old, dirty jersey, but what was more, a large pair of trousers all doubled over at the waist and belted in. He came unsuspecting, saw, and apparently was conquered. Anyway, he flung himself to his knees, gasped, goggled, held out his arms, sighed—did everything which an old beau could do to prove that he was impressed, and did it with a naturalness, an abandon to arouse envy in the average frigid heart of sixty-five. But the lady was a modern and was not deceived.

"Do not be alarmed," she said, soothingly. "My intentions are strictly honourable. Poor old man, poor old manny-manny! Did it think I was going to shut it up in a nasty gilded palace and drug it and sell it to an Eastern Queen? There, there!" She rose and took a pace forward ever so gently so as to reassure him. But he yelled for help.

"Goodness," exclaimed the lady, impatiently. "Have you not the Law on your side? You are protected all ends down. If I merely smile at you, a couple of fully-paid female detectives of charity and virtues will seize me; and on the mere suspicion of trying to disturb your moral peace, my poor little man, I shall be hunted down for life. There, you see how safe you are."

"Then you are not a Witch?" asked the old man, cunningly, and rising from his knees.

"A what?" the lady was beginning, when she suddenly took the idea. "Slave!" she thundered—"Back to your knees. Down! Up! Down! Up! Now give me your trousers!" They were off in a tick, and the lady promptly hung them around her. "Home!" she exclaimed. The old man turned round and trotted off along the beach, the lady following.

"Dog!" she exclaimed, on looking within the hut, which her exclamation may describe. She seized an old sail from a pile of nets and things, doffed the trousers, and draped the sail around her mortal form. The old fisherman looked at her slantwise, suspiciously, almost challengingly, and put on his trousers. "I am hungry," said the lady, "cook some of those herrings." Again, the fisherman looked at her slantwise, but he cooked the herrings. "How far is it from here to the mainland?" asked the lady.

"Er?" returned the fisherman—"Er? A thousand leagues."

"Rot!" exclaimed the lady. She was about to rise when the fisherman slipped a noose over her arms and round her knees—and there she was roped and at his mercy. "You ain't no Witch," yelled the fisherman, dancing; "you're a Spy, you are. You're a ornary female spy. Wants to know where our Navy is, do yer? I'll denounce yer! Comes here tempting a honest man, bullies and perverts him, puts on his togs with yer airs and graces, and makes him cook yer fish? You ain't going ter eat none, you ain't. You're goin' to be his humble slave and servant all the days of your life—or I'll denounce yer!"

"Is it possible," asked the lady, "is it possible that a rusty old fellow like you can aspire to my hand?"

"If you was any good you wouldn't be running about in this ondecent way," returned the fisherman. "I knows the world well enough for that!"

"But it is merely because I have been wrecked and haven't any money," said the lady. "How dreadful it is to fall into misfortune in this world. Here am I, wrecked and beggared, bound and enslaved. Suppose I had behaved nicely to you, old man, would you have continued to worship me?"

"I'd have eat the herrings after you cooked 'em and I'd have given you one," replied the fisherman. "I'd have give you half my bed, 'stead o' which you'll sleep on the floor. I'll tame yer! To-morrow, if yer behaves yerself, I'll let yer sleep in my bed; if yer doesn't behave, I'll larrup yer!"

The lady said—"This is really life. You will catch the fish. I shall cook them. If I behave myself I shall sleep in your bed, if I don't you'll larrup me. Thus are things divinely dispensed."

The fisherman said—"Werry natural, seein' as man is man and woman is woman."

"But what, then, is a man's life?"

"Catch fish an' eat 'em, catch fish an' eat 'em, catch fish an' eat 'em!"

"And a woman's is cook fish an' eat 'em, cook fish an' eat 'em. Some day when I meet another fisherman, I shall ask him if he does not think he might arrange something more amusing between whiles than larruping and being larruped."

"None o' that!" shouted the old man, "you're mine! If I don't pect yer, yer know, another chap 'll larrup yer. I seen one get it the night afore last over in the town." "Ah!" thought the lady, "so the mainland is no more than a boat's pull!" Aloud, she said—"Well, since a woman must be protected by some man for fear of the others, I prefer you, for you are a very strong man, and, besides, you must have a lot of experience."

"Experience! I knows my way about all right."

"You have had some great fights?"

"I've walloped the town, I have."

"And you must have seen some wonderful sights and done deeds of bravery on this lone island where

the rocks are so sharp and high. Have you saved many lives?"

"Many! 'Undreds! And once I caught a shark, fifty feet long."

"No!"

"No? Yus! And I seen a sea-serpent."

"No!"

"No? Yus! And a gull wiv a woman's 'ed. I eat it."

"No!"

"No? Yus!"

"Wonderful! Well, I shall certainly never look at any other fisherman. You must be a great man. If you like, I'll kiss you."

"So you shall. There, I'll untie yer."

He spake. The noose was loosened. The lady sprang up, clutched a cutlass and dared him to come on.

"Oh you wiper!" exclaimed the fisherman.

"Larrup for larrup," returned the lady—"Your way is a noose and a stick; mine is flattery and any handy weapon. Now, as I shall have to stop here until sunrise, let us consider how we may pass the time between whiles agreeably. You are a very sensible man and you won't expect me to put down my cutlass, considering that you are so exceedingly strong and have walloped everybody. You—" Amiable the lady; but, really, how to pass the time with both sleep and love out of the question? "You—" One can keep a conversation interestingly hanging quite a while if the other person is expecting to hear something about himself. "You—you might teach me a lot about fish, if I stayed."

The fisherman hunched and said, "I knows all the fish what's in the sea."

"And the sky, so as to know what weather is about?"

"I likes to see the North Star come up fair o' nights, that I do."

"And the things which grow on the island?"

The fisherman reflected—"Ye can grow taties or cabbages, but yer can't grow onions."

"And I expect you know a lot about the nature of men and women, and the world?" The fisherman stroked his beard, while his mouth opened and his eyes turned up—"Oh," he replied, at last, slowly, "everything's like everything else, and people's the same orce you know 'em."

Thought the lady—"Flammarion, Linnæus and Locke, monomaniacs, were each only happier than this man in having a single mania, a larger audience, and influence." Aloud, she said—"Don't you ever get puzzled as to why you are alive?"

"Me? Nao. I knowed a man once what said he wondered why he was born. I ain't for wondering. I believes in devils and witches." Here he looked on a sudden so startled and ugly that the lady lifted the cutlass—only just in time, for he sprang a step forward with a thick stick in his hand. She did not rise but pushed her stool sideways until it came against the wall beside the door; while the fisherman stepped back. "Now we have got to the real interest of between whiles," remarked the lady—"Each of us at heart has, above all else, desire to obtain power over the other." The fisherman answered never a word. And thus they sat while the stars went down the heavens, and disappeared, one by one.

The darkest hour came and passed. The lady rose and opened the door with her left hand. She half closed it upon herself outside and threw the cutlass into the middle of the room. The fisherman seized it, yelled and rushed out. The first beam of dawn lay upon the island. He looked around. No one was there.

"I sees yer, I'll 'ave yer," he shouted. He ran all about. He stood still. The sweat broke all over him. He seized his boat, flung in his nets and things, and rowed away, howling with fright and fury. And this is why no one lives now on that lone rock in the sea.

ALICE MORNING.

## Views and Reviews.

### Germany's Hollow Victory.

THE judgment delivered last week in the Court of King's Bench (in the case of *The King v. Sir Frederick Loch Halliday*) was indeed "an historic judgment," as the "Times" called it. When Charles II asked his famous question of the judges: "Whether in no case whatsoever the king may not commit a subject without showing cause?" he was asking for a declaration that the power of arbitrary arrest and imprisonment without trial flowed naturally from the Royal Prerogative. Compliant as the judges were, the trend of political development was against them; and only a few weeks ago, the Lord Chief Justice repudiated the Attorney-General's theories of the Royal Prerogative. But democracy is, as Sir Henry Maine used to say, only monarchy inverted; the Prerogative exists, even if the King be not allowed to exercise it by natural right. The Crown in Commission means only that a committee, instead of an individual, exercises the Prerogative; and instantly tyranny is converted into freedom, and the wrongs of monarchy become the rights of man.

For freedom is, as Hobbes defined it, political power divided into small fragments; the Prerogative is split up into a multitude of compliances, which are gathered together again in the ballot-box and the division lobby. By this free act, the will of the Sovereign People is ascertained; and it is discovered, curiously enough, that the will of the people accords with that of an absolute monarch. The King solus or in Council has no power to commit a subject without showing a cause; it is discovered when we want to defeat the German autocracy, that this is an intolerable anomaly, and the Sovereign People straightway tells the King in Council that he may send us all to gaol without trial, if he likes. Liberty? Señor de Maeztu has proved that there is no such thing; Mr. C. H. Norman told us, when the Defence of the Realm Act was first passed, that liberty had ceased to be in England; and now the Lord Chief Justice and four other judges agree. "A lady," says the "Nation," "resting from her arduous work in a military hospital, is spirited away and kept under lock and key for months on some unformulated charge under the Defence of the Realm Act." Nobody complains; there is no such thing as liberty; and the "Times" suggests that "in the critical circumstances of the time true Englishmen will not deprecate a temporary curtailment of their liberties under the Constitution." Of course they will not; shall not the Sovereign People, through the Mother of Parliaments, do right? "Democracy is still possible, in the face of domineering wills," as Señor de Maeztu has triumphantly demonstrated; and the Defence of the Realm Act is the democratic defiance hurled at the German heresy. The coalised kings threaten us; we hurl at their feet, as gage of battle, the liberty of the subject. It is strange that Danton did not think of that turn to his phrase.

The Habeas Corpus Acts have been suspended before, but never in such whole-hearted fashion as the Defence of the Realm Act permits. Professor Dicey says: "The particular statute 34 Geo. III, c. 54 is, and, I believe, every other Habeas Corpus Suspension Act affecting England, has been an annual Act, and must, therefore, if it is to be continued in force, be renewed year by year." But the Defence of the Realm Act runs "during the continuance of the present war," a term that has not yet received legislative or legal definition. The will of the people needs no annual renewal; it is final, like the judgments of the House of Lords, and may come to be, like them, irrevocable. But in yet another respect, the Defence of the Realm Act differs from previous suspensions of the Habeas Corpus Acts; to quote Professor Dicey again: "The sole, immediate, and direct result of suspending the Habeas Corpus Acts

is this: the Ministry may for the period during which the Suspension Act continues in force constantly defer the trial of persons imprisoned on the charge of treasonable practices. This increase in the power of the Executive is no trifle, but it falls far short of the process known in some foreign countries as 'suspending the constitutional guarantees,' or in France as 'the proclamation of a state of siege'; it, indeed, extends the arbitrary powers of the Government to a far less degree than many so-called Coercion Acts." This is really a serious indictment of the efficiency of a mere suspension of the Habeas Corpus Acts; it reveals the distance we usually lay behind a true democracy like France, for, as the "Times" says, the charters of English liberty have long prevented the British Government from meeting public dangers by those measures of precaution which may readily be taken by the Executive Government of a Continental Power." But the reproach of an anomalous, unreal, and inefficient liberty is lifted from us by the Defence of the Realm Act; we are at least equal with France, and I think that, in some respects, we are superior to Russia in our ability to meet public dangers by measures of precaution.

For the Attorney-General agreed, and the Lord Chief Justice agreed, that the Act must be interpreted as though all its meaning was contained in the phrase: "His Majesty in Council has power during the continuance of the war to issue regulations for securing the public safety and the defence of the realm." The judgment, therefore, means, what Mr. Hastings said that it would mean, that "there is no limit whatever to the regulations which the Secretary of State might make for securing the public safety. A regulation might be made for compulsory military service." That is very true; there really is no legal objection to anything that may be enacted in this way. Parliament has practically committed suicide, but the unflinching courtesy of our Government allows its members to open their "poor, dumb, bleeding" mouths for the relief of its feelings. It is always better to legislate than to dictate, for we are an argumentative people; and so long as Parliament registers the decrees of the Government, no harm is done. But it is comforting to know that the Executive has plenary powers of government by regulation; and that Englishmen have set an example to the Irish in self-government by their calm acceptance of a Coercion Act. The blind hysterics of the Celt are much less dignified than the serene submission of the democrat; liberty leads to bad manners just as surely as democracy tends to despotism.

It is asserted by the "Times" that, by this Act, "a temporary suspension of the Englishman's most cherished guarantees of personal liberty has been brought about apparently without the knowledge of the public and possibly also without the full appreciation of the House of Commons." But this is a characteristically Irish impertinence; it denies the political wisdom and foresight of the English democracy, it attempts to rob our sacrifice of the noble attribute of conscious deliberation. The speed of the decision has misled this writer; our political genius makes our perception instantaneous, and every Englishman knew in a flash, in the twinkling of an eye (and there were twinkles in many eyes) what the Act meant. For Democracy is like God, it sees the end from the beginning; and to doubt its wisdom is blasphemy. Germany meant to deprive us of our liberties (here every true Englishman foams at the mouth); her military superiority made her victory seem possible; but by depriving ourselves of our liberties, we made whatever victory she achieved a hollow one. Just as the Russians left only the hollow shell of Warsaw to be conquered, so we have left only the hollow shell of the English Constitution to be overthrown even if the Germans do secure a victory. Democracy is wise; if Germany would leave us nothing but our eyes to weep with, we have left ourselves nothing to weep for. Therefore, Germany has lost.

A. E. R.



## A Notebook.

By T. E. H.

A PROGRAMME.—It has been suggested that I might make these rambling notes a good deal more intelligible if I gave first a kind of programme, a general summary, of the conclusions I imagine myself able to establish.

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The main argument of these notes is of an *abstract* character; it is concerned with certain ideas which lie so much in the centre of our minds, that we quite falsely regard them as having the nature of categories. More particularly, I am concerned with two opposed conceptions of the nature of man, which in reality lie at the root of our more concrete beliefs—the Religious and the Humanist.

It would perhaps have been better to have avoided the word religious, as that to the "emancipated" man at once suggests something exotic, or mystical, or some sentimental reaction. I am not, however, concerned so much with religion, as with the attitude, the "way of thinking," the categories, from which a religion springs, and which often survive it. While this attitude tends to find expression in myth, it is independent of myth; it is, however, much more intimately connected with dogma. For the purposes of this discussion, the bare minimum without any expression in religion is sufficient, the abstract categories alone. I want to emphasise that this attitude is a possible one for the "emancipated" and "reasonable" man at this moment. I use the word religious, because as in the past the attitude has been the source of most religions, the word remains convenient.

A.—The Religious attitude: (1) Its first postulate is the impossibility, I discussed earlier, of expressing the absolute values of religion and ethics in terms of the essentially relative categories of life. . . Ethical values are *not* relative to human desires and feelings, but absolute and objective. . . Religion supplements this . . . by its conception of *Perfection*.

(2) In the light of these absolute values, man himself is judged to be essentially limited and imperfect. He is endowed with Original Sin. While he can occasionally accomplish acts which partake of perfection, he can never himself *be* perfect. Certain secondary results in regard to ordinary human action in society follow from this. As man is essentially bad, he can only accomplish anything of value by discipline—ethical and political. Order is thus not merely negative, but creative and liberating. Institutions are necessary.

B.—The Humanist attitude: When a sense of the reality of these absolute values is lacking, you get a refusal to believe any longer in the radical imperfection of either Man or Nature. This develops logically into the belief that life is the source and measure of all values, and that man is fundamentally good. Instead, then, of

Man (radically imperfect) . . . apprehending . . . Perfection,

You get the second term (now entirely misunderstood) illegitimately introduced inside the first. This leads to a complete change in all values. The problem of evil disappears, the conception of sin loses all meaning. Man may be that bastard thing, "a harmonious character." Under ideal conditions, everything of value will spring spontaneously from free "personalities." If nothing good seems to appear spontaneously now, that is because of external restrictions and obstacles. Our political ideal should be the removal of everything that checks the "spontaneous growth of personality." Progress is thus possible, and order is a merely negative conception.

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The errors which follow from this confusion of things which ought to be kept separate are of two kinds. The true nature both of the human and the divine is falsified.

(1) The error in human things; the confusion blurs the clear outlines of human relations by introducing into them the Perfection that properly belongs to the non-human. It thus creates the bastard conception of *Personality*. In literature it leads to romanticism . . . but I deal with the nature of these errors later.

(2) The confusion created in the absolute values of religion and ethics is even greater. It distorts the real nature of ethical values by deriving them out of essentially subjective things, like human desires and feelings; and all attempts to "explain" religion, on a humanist basis, whether it be Christianity, or an alien religion like Buddhism, must always be futile. As a minor example of this, take the question of immortality. It seems paradoxical at first sight, that the Middle Ages, which lacked entirely the conception of personality, had a real belief in immortality; while thought since the Renaissance, which has been dominated by the belief in personality, has not had the same conviction. You might have expected that it would be the people who thought they really had something worth preserving who would have thought they were immortal, but the contrary is the case. Moreover, those thinkers since the Renaissance who have believed in immortality and who have attempted to give explanation of it, have, in my opinion, gone wrong, because they have dealt with it in terms of the category of individuality. The problem can only be profitably dealt with by being entirely re-stated. This is just one instance of the way in which thought about these things in terms of categories appropriate only to human and vital things distort them.

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THE TWO PERIODS.—The importance of this difference between the two conceptions of the nature of man, becomes much more evident, when it is given an historical setting. When this somewhat abstract antithesis is seen to be at the root of the difference between two historical periods, it begins to seem much more solid; in this way one gives it body.

The first of these historical periods is that of the Middle Ages in Europe—from Augustine, say, to the Renaissance; the second from the Renaissance to now. The ideology of the first period is religious; of the second, humanist. The difference between them is fundamentally nothing but the difference between these two conceptions of man.

Everyone would assent to the statement that on the whole the first period believed in the dogma of original sin, and the second did not. But this is not enough. It is necessary to realise the immense importance of this difference in belief, to realise that in reality almost everything else springs from it. In order to understand a period it is necessary not so much to be acquainted with its more defined opinions as with the doctrines which are thought of not as doctrines, but as *FACTS*. (The moderns, for example, do not look for their belief in *Progress* as an opinion, but merely as a recognition of fact.) There are certain doctrines which for a particular period seem not doctrines, but inevitable categories of the human mind. Men do not look on them merely as correct opinion, for they have become so much a part of the mind, and lie so far back, that they are never really conscious of them at all. They do not see them, but other things *through* them. It is these abstract ideas at the centre, the things which they take for granted, which characterise a period. There are in each period certain doctrines, a denial of which is looked on by the men of that period just as we might look on the assertion that two and two make five. It is these abstract things at the centre, these *doctrines* felt as *facts*, which are the source of all the other more material characteristics of a period. For the Middle Ages these "facts" were the belief in the subordination of man to certain absolute values, the radical imperfection of man, the doctrine of original sin. Everyone would assent to the assertion that these beliefs were held by the men of the Middle Ages. But that is not enough. It

is necessary to realise that *these beliefs were the centre of their whole civilisation, and that even the character of their economic life was regulated by them*—in particular by the kind of ethics which springs from the acceptance of sin as a fact. It is only lately that the importance of the relation has been recognised, and a good deal of interesting work has been carried out on these lines in investigating the connection between the ideology of St. Thomas Aquinas and the economic life of his time.

Turn now to the second period. This does not seem to form a coherent period like the first. But it is possible to show, I think, that all thought since the Renaissance, in spite of its apparent variety, in reality forms one coherent whole. It all rests on the same presuppositions which were denied by the previous period. It all rests on the same conception of the nature of man, and all exhibits the same complete inability to realise the meaning of the dogma of Original Sin. In this period not only has its philosophy, its literature, and ethics been based on this new conception of man as fundamentally good, as sufficient, as the measure of things, but a good case can even be made out for regarding many of its characteristic economic features as springing entirely from this central abstract conception.

Not only that, but I believe that the real source of the immense change at the Renaissance should be sought not so much in some material cause, but in the gradual change of attitude about this seemingly abstract matter. Men's categories changed; the things they took for granted changed. Everything followed from that.

There are economists now who believe that this period has been capitalist because it *desired*, it had the will, to be so. An essential preliminary to the growth of capitalism for them is, then, the growth of the capitalist "spirit." Other ages have not been industrial, not because they lacked the capacity, the scientific intelligence, but because on the whole they did not *desire* to be industrial, because they lacked this particular "spirit." We may note that Max Weber, one of the most remarkable economists of this school, sees in "the spontaneous change in religious experience (at the Renaissance), and the corresponding new ethical ideals by which life was regulated—one of the strongest roots of the capitalist spirit.

The thoroughness with which these two conceptions of man penetrate the life of their respective periods can be illustrated by the difference between their arts. What is the difference between modern art since the Renaissance, and Byzantine mosaic, which we may take as most typical of the other period? Renaissance art we may call a "vital" art in that it depends on pleasure in the reproduction of human and natural forms. Byzantine art is the exact contrary of this. There is nothing vital in it; the emotion you get from it is not a pleasure in the reproduction of natural or human life. The disgust with the trivial and accidental characteristics of living shapes, the searching after an austerity, a *perfection* and rigidity which vital things can never have, leads here to the use of forms which can almost be called geometrical. Man is subordinate to certain absolute values: there is no delight in the human form, leading to its *natural* reproduction; it is always distorted to fit into the more abstract forms which convey an intense religious emotion.

These two arts thus correspond exactly to the thought of their respective periods. Byzantine art to the ideology which looks on man and all existing things as imperfect and sinful in comparison with certain abstract values and *perfections*. The other art corresponds to the humanist ideology, which looks on man and life as good, and which is thus in a relation of harmony with existence. Take Goethe as typical of the period. "Human nature knows itself one with the world, and consequently feels the outer world not as something foreign to it, but recognises it as the answering counterpart to the sensations of its own inner world."

Such a humanism in all its varying forms of pantheism, rationalism and idealism, really constitutes a complete anthropomorphisation of the world, and leads naturally to art which is founded on the pleasure to be derived from vital forms.

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THE END OF HUMANISM.—Now it should be noted that the coherent attitude and art of these two periods have occurred many times before in history. The Renaissance period corresponds very nearly both in its conception of man and in its art to the classical. The Byzantine art corresponds to many other geometric arts in the past, to Egyptian and Indian, for example, both, also, civilisations with a similar religious, non-humanistic conception of man. In the same way, then, it may be possible that the humanist period we live in, may also come to an end, to be followed by a revival of the anti-humanist attitude. In saying this I do not in the least wish to imply any mechanical view of history as an inevitable alternation of such periods; I am so far from such scepticism about the matter, that I regard difference between the two attitudes as simply the difference between true and false. The great obstacle which prevents people seeing the possibility of such a change is the apparently *necessary* character of the humanist conception. But the same situation formerly existed in aesthetics. One result of the fact that both classical and modern art, springing from a similar attitude to the world, is that we tend to look on these arts, as *Art* itself; the art of other periods we have regarded as archæology or ethnology. We neglected Byzantine art, for example, just as we neglected scholastic philosophy. . . . May it not, then, be significant that it is only just lately that we have begun to understand these other arts. . . . May not the change of sensibility, in a region like aesthetics, a by-path in which we are, as it were, off our guard, be some indication that the *humanist tradition is breaking up*—for individuals here and there, at any rate.

\* \* \*

When I say that it may be breaking up for individuals, I ought to correct a little this picture of the two contrasted periods. While such periods are on the whole coherent, they are never absolutely so. You always get people who really belong to the other period. At the beginning of a period you have the people who continue the tradition of the preceding period, and at the end those who prepare the change to that which follows. At the beginning of the Christian period you have many of the Fathers continuing the classical conception of man. At the same time as St. Augustine, you get Pelagius, who has many resemblances to Rousseau, and might easily be applauded at a meeting of *progressives*. It is, as a rule, on such people that the men like Pico, who come at the end of a period, and prepare the change to the next, base themselves.

There is a similar overlapping of the religious period into the humanist one. It was this overlapping which was in reality responsible for the virtues which we often find in the earlier humanists, and which disappeared so completely when humanity attained its full development in romanticism. Compare, for example, the early Protestants and the Puritans with the sloppy thought of their descendants to-day.

Moreover, you may get, at any stage in the history of such a period, isolated individuals, whose whole attitude and ideology really belongs to the opposed period. The greatest example of such an individual is, of course, Pascal. Everything that I shall say later in these notes is to be regarded merely as a prolegomena to the reading of Pascal, as an attempt to remove the difficulties of comprehension engendered in us by the humanism of our period.

\* \* \*

When I say that I think that humanism is breaking up, and that a new period is commencing, I should like to guard against exaggeration by two reservations.

(1) I do not in the least imagine that humanism is breaking up merely to make place for a new mediæval-

ism. The only thing the new period will have in common with mediævalism will be the subordination of man to certain absolute values. The analogy of art may again help us here. Both Byzantine and Egyptian art spring from an attitude towards life which made it impossible to use the accidental shapes of living things as symbols of the divine. Both consequently are geometrical in character; but with this very general quality the resemblance ends. Compare a Byzantine relief of the best period with the design on a Greek vase, and an Egyptian relief. The abstract geometrical character of the Byzantine relief makes it much nearer to the Egyptian than to the Greek work; yet a certain elegance in the line-ornament shows that it has developed out of the Greek. If the Greek had never existed it could not have the character it has. In the same way, a new anti-humanist ideology could not be a mere revival of mediævalism. The humanist period has developed an honesty in science, and a certain conception of freedom of thought and action which will remain.

(2) I do not imagine that men themselves will change in any way. Men differ very little in every period. It is only our categories that change. Whatever we may think of sin, we shall always be sensual. Men of different sorts exist in constant proportion in different generations. But different circumstances, different prevailing ideologies, bring different types to the top. Exactly the same type existed in the Middle Ages as now. This constancy of man thus provides perhaps the greatest hope of the possibility of a radical transformation of society.

\* \* \*

THE RENAISSANCE.—For an understanding of the way in which everything really depends on these abstract conceptions of the nature of man a study of the Renaissance is important.

The best-known work on the Renaissance, while valuable historically, seems to me to miss the whole point, for this reason: It describes the emergence of the new attitude towards life, of the new conception of man, as it might describe the gradual discovery of the conception of gravitation—that is, as the gradual emergence of something which once established would remain always, the period before being characterised thus as a *privation* of the new thing. The whole point of the thing is missed if we do not recognise that the new attitude towards man at the Renaissance was thus just an *attitude*, one attitude amongst other possible ones, deliberately chosen. It is better to describe it as a heresy, a mistaken adoption of false conceptions.

In an account of the Renaissance three things should be noticed:

(1) The change conception itself, the putting of the Perfection into man, man no longer endowed with original sin, but by nature good. In Machiavelli you get the conception of human nature as a natural power, as living energy. Mankind is not by nature bad, but subject to passions. The absolute standards in comparison with which man was sinful disappear, and life itself, is *accepted* as the measure of all values. You get Lorenzo Valla (1407) in his *De Voluptate*, daring to assert for the first time that pleasure was the highest good. A secondary consequence of this acceptance of life is the development of the conception of personality. The stages in this emphasis on the individual from Petrarch (1304) to Montaigne can be easily followed. Michelet writes "To the discovery of the outward world the Renaissance added a still greater achievement by bringing to light the full, the whole nature of man." This is ridiculous. The proper way to put the matter is to say that the decay into a false conception of values did in this way bring certain compensations with it.

(2) So with the establishment of the new conception of man as good, with the conception of personality comes an increased interest in the actual characteristics of man. This is at first merely manifested directly in literature. You get autobiographies for the first time—

those of Cellini and Cardano, for example. It leads later, however, to more direct study of man's emotions and character, of what we should call psychology. You get works like Vives, *de anima*, and Telesio *de rerum natura*.

(3) This new study of man, this new psychology, or anthropology, has considerable influence on the philosophers who provided a conceptual clothing for the new attitude, and worked out its consequences in ethics and politics . . . on Descartes, Hobbes, and Spinoza, for example.

This process is worth while following in considerable detail for the following reason: It is necessary to emphasise how very coherent in thought such periods are, everything being in them really dependent on certain instinctive ways of judging, which, for the period, have the status of *natural* categories of the mind. The moderns, whether philosophers or reformers, make constant appeals to certain ideals, which they assume everybody will admit as natural and inevitable for the emancipated man. What these are you may discover from peroration of speeches—even from scrap books. "To thine own true self, etc. . . Over the portal of the new world, *Be Thyself* shall be written. . . Culture is not satisfied till we all come to a perfect man . . . the free growth of personality"—and so on. We think these things not because they are inevitable ways of thinking, but because we absorb them unconsciously from the humanist tradition which moulds the actual apparatus of our thought. They can all be traced back to the Stoics, Epicureans, and Pantheists of the Renaissance. The detailed exposition of the process by which this attitude was gradually embodied in the conceptual apparatus we inherit may do more than anything else to convince us how very far it is from being an inevitable attitude.

\* \* \*

PARTIAL REACTIONS.—It is important to distinguish two stages inside the modern period—*humanism* properly so called, and *romanticism*. The new conception of man as fundamentally good manifests itself at first in a more heroic form. In art, Donatello, Michael Angelo, or Marlowe might stand for this period. I do not deny that humanism of this kind has a certain attraction. But it deserves no admiration, for it bears in itself the seed which is bound inevitably later to develop into sentimental, utilitarian romanticism. Such humanism could have no permanence; however heroic at the start, it was bound sooner or later to end in Rousseau. There is the parallel development in art. Just as humanism leads to Rousseau so Michael Angelo leads to Greuze.

There are people who, disgusted with romanticism, wish for us to go back to the classical period, or who, like Nietzsche, wish us to admire the Renaissance. But such partial reactions will always fail, for they are only half measures—it is no good returning to humanism, for that will itself degenerate into romanticism.

\* \* \*

This is one type of an *inadequate reaction* against humanism. There are at the present many indications of other *partial* reactions. In philosophy and ethics, for example, the work of Moore and Husserl, which is often attacked as a kind of scholasticism. A complete reaction from the subjectivism and relativism of humanist ethics should contain two elements: (1) the establishment of the *objective* character of ethical values, (2) a satisfactory ethic not only looks on values as *objective*, but establishes an order or *hierarchy* among such values, which it also regards as absolute and objective.

Now while the school of Moore and Husserl break the humanist tradition in the first matter, they seem to continue it quite uncritically in the second. In as far, then, as they free ethical values from the anthropomorphism involved in their dependence on human desires and feeling, they have created the machinery of an anti-humanist reaction which will proceed much further than they ever intended.

## Pastiche.

### BURLESQUE.

*From the Spanish of Francisco de Quevedo (1580-1645).*

"Ah, weep no more, old Adam, 'tis unkind,  
Thou wert the happiest of all mankind.  
The newly various world was empty then  
Of tailors and all sorts of business men.  
When thou wert weary of the lonely life  
The kindly Lord supplied thee with a wife.  
A rib she cost thee, but we have to pay  
With all our bones for taking wives to-day.  
'Tis said that God the fig (or apple) banned:  
Yet one I'd eat but at His plain command.  
Thy wife was motherless, O lucky man!  
No withered spy about thy chambers ran.  
Immortal mother-i'-law—thou hadst not one,  
Yet for a serpent dost thou fret and moan!  
But was't not better that the snake, indeed,  
Denied ye not, but urged ye both to feed,  
Than that a spouse's mother should intrude  
And eat thine all, thy love, thy life, thy food?  
Had Eve a mother, like the Prince of Night,  
All Paradise had been consumed quite.  
The snakes know much, but never snake acrawl  
So cunning was as mothers I recall.  
To take a single mouthful, 'twould be wise  
To tell these ancient dames—red arsenic, I advise.  
We make a fast and mourn our victuals dearth  
While they at breakfast swallow sea and earth.  
Good Adam, cease thy plaints and learn to love  
The snake that did not such a monster prove.  
If thou wouldst barter it for these beldames  
I'm certain I can show a thousand names  
Of wretched husbands in this little place  
Who'd seize thy bargain as a thing of grace."

Thus said a wight, self-crucified in thought,  
To lose the burden that his wife had brought.

TRIBOULET

### WAGE-SLAVES IN THE MAKING.

"9.40-10.20. English, Form III," says my time-table, and so my day's work begins.

As I enter the class-room, Form III, which consists of about twenty-five small boys, aged from eleven to thirteen, is studiously bent over the first two verses of "The Charge of the Light Brigade." These stirring stanzas they have been bidden to commit to memory for home-work, and the final stage of this operation is in progress to the accompaniment of hasty mumbblings, which represent so many desperate efforts to snap up the last Tennysonian scrap before the order is given to close books.

This event is slightly delayed by an artful-looking lad with a perky nose and an odour of peppermints, who, upon my arrival, flits gracefully to my side. This is Cyril Belcher, the son of a flourishing local grocer whose means, at least, would enable him to keep his offspring at Eton. "Sir, please, sir—" he begins, with a confidential and confident smile. The odour of peppermints becomes more pronounced. I am familiar with Belcher and his voluble speeches on the subject of home-work. He will supply me with details about the latest movements in the Belcher household—the arrival of an aunt or the departure of a cousin. He is given his due and withdraws, ostentatiously making an entry in a pocket-book with the air of one who is carrying out an inevitable part of his daily routine—as, indeed, he is. I have no fears that Cyril will ever become a wage-slave—rather the contrary.

After this preliminary, the order is given for books to be closed, and paper is distributed. In the front row, not far from the aromatic Belcher, sits Dodd, another paying pupil (in the technical sense only). He is an amiable booby, with a long, vacant face whose expression is rendered somewhat owl-like by a pair of spectacles. With bland complacency he misunderstands everything he is taught, is always cheerful, and never fails to fling his hand up eagerly whenever a question is asked. I seek his answers only when I feel that the spirits of Form III or of myself need raising. On the present occasion, Dodd, with his left cheek closely parallel to the desk, is sedulously writing, in deliberate and sprawling strokes, what on examination will probably turn out to be a pastiche of "Light Brigade," "Boadicea," and "The Armada," with a delicate flavouring of original Dodd. I believe that Dodd senior, during a career in-

timately associated with the production of tallow, has accumulated enough bawbees to preserve Dodd junior from the fate of a wage-slave.

That is an occupation for which nearly all the rest of the class are diligently, if innocently, preparing. Most of them are scholarship boys. Scholarship boys! Human speech is truly inadequate to express human thought. But let me indicate some of these typical prodigies.

Look, for example, at that grotesque and dingy infant, already half-senile with the lean bleakness of poverty. Some parental whim has sought to provide the poor creature with dignity by rigging him out in a high collar with a past. I suppose that the author of this outrage is to be found in the company of other charwomen, bragging about her boy's scholarship and inflaming needless jealousy. I catch the bleary eye of Barlow—such is the name of this misfit—and observe that all is not well with him. His jaw begins to tremble, his mouth puckers up in curious patterns, and baffled by the elusive rhythms of Tennyson, he collapses, and his puny frame is shaken by a spasm of tears and snuffling. Several lads smirk furtively; but regard Hudson, the boy with the large, clean face, the broad, shiny india-rubber collar, whose decorative effect is rather reduced by the absence of a tie. The fervour of belief in his own unshakable knowledge leaves him no time to waste on the whimperings of the pitiful Barlow. In the bold round hand of the elementary schools he transcribes Tennyson feverishly, devotedly, violently. Hudson is out to soak in learning. His questions in class are copious, ungrammatical, and devoid of aitches. His answers are accurate and mechanical, with the mechanical accuracy of the cram-book. He oozes unsolicited information as readily as he absorbs it. Hudson is really almost too good to last. It is his first term, and, having come across many Hudsons in my time, I fear that the pace will slacken sadly in six months.

Papers are collected and the lesson proceeds. But my thoughts are not with Tennyson. I see these boys wandering from class to class, dabbling in French, experimental science, algebra. I see them acquiring reliable aitches and putting on airs as a result. I see what might be competent carpenters or navvies or bricklayers being turned into incompetent clerks or shopmen or miscellaneous drudges. And I see them, in three or four years, ready to leave school and go into "business"—whole armies of Barlows and Hudsons ripe to fall into the clutches of a handful of Belchers and Dodds.

I. M.

### EXEMPTION (FRAGMENT OF A NATIONAL EPIC).

And one there was who quoth,  
Heaving his flabby paunch: "Lo, I am he,  
Who maketh candlesticks for the Elect,  
To light them bedwards. Shall I then be called  
Unto the heady onslaught? And shall Earls,  
Shall Viscounts grope and fumble darkling? Nay,  
For pride of lineage!" Post-haste he repaired  
Back to his sconces; and a fustian patch,  
Chrome as the desert sand, bedecked his sleeve  
Below the humerus. Another spake:  
"Renowned is the adroitness of mine arm  
Wherewith I slice the charger's fatted haunch  
For surfeiting of regal lap-dogs. Shall  
The mignon of her Grace be glutted with  
But ill-dressed carrion? Shall the lustre of  
Its sleek and rolling orb (which was extolled  
By lords-in-waiting) now be dimmed thereby?"  
So he and all his myrmidons returned,  
Their arms bedraped and garnished fittingly,  
To wield their cleavers.

And a multitude  
Of other peerless such, whose artifice  
Purveyeth marzipan and notes of hand,  
Attar of roses, boot-trees, poudre de riz,  
Corsages, Asti, trinkets, plovers' eggs  
For noble limbs and palates, were conjured  
Most straitly, not to swerve from the pursuit  
Of their activity, the which upheld  
The very corner-stone, whereby the State  
Doth thrive and prosper. Let the rabble stem  
The tide of foes. Let paltry pedagogues,  
Let ushers, underlings, mechanic hacks,  
Who ne'er have sniffed the Odour of a Lord,  
The Fragrance of a Duchess, fare them forth,  
Exulting that their carcasses in piles  
May from the marble dwellings of the great  
Ward off contagion. . . .

P. SELVER.

## Current Cant.

"Spurgeon's Tabernacle. Elephant and Castle. Dr. Dixon will preach. Subject, 'The Origin of Heaven and Earth.'"—*"Standard."*

"A German in a frenzy—even when he is not intoxicated—is terrible to behold. His face is a study in contortions."—ADELAIDE GOLDING.

"The Universities must get into closer grips with, and be of more practical service to, the great business world."—SELFRIDGE & CO.

"Working people are earning abnormal wages. The money thus earned comes out of taxes and war loans. Yet, instead of patriotically returning or re-lending to the country as much as possible of this precious money, most of it seems to be going in luxuries."—J. SAXON MILLS, in the *"Pall Mall Gazette."*

"With infant baptism I have no quarrel . . ."—REV. F. H. GILLINGHAM, in *"Weekly Dispatch."*

"While a pronounced Tory in his political views, Lord Abergavenny is quite democratic in his views. On the occasion of his eightieth birthday he gave a dinner to his employes, and came to the feast provided with a dinner ticket identical with those given to his labourers."—*"Hastings and St. Leonards Observer."*

"All pianists should play Sir E. Elgar's 'Rosemary.' A charming new pianoforte piece of rare beauty, healthy and refined in character, as sweet and dainty. . ."—ELKIN & CO.

"I really did enjoy the play. The Duchess of Marlborough was there with one of the boys, and the Asquiths had a box. Mrs. Asquith in a serpentine gown of black with golden scales. Miss Asquith in an old rose frock, with a white ermine-trimmed cloak over it. . . The Premier came in late."—*"Lady Quill"* in the *"Weekly Dispatch."*

"Christianity has brought into the institutions of the British Islands . . ."—*"Essex News."*

"It is the duty of everyone of us to make money as much as it is our duty to worship God. . . It is the duty of the Christian to make money. . . Service for others."—SIR WILLIAM LEVER.

"A long, long study of pictures has given me aptitude for quick appreciation. . ."—C. LEWIS HIND.

"Two different kinds of tea are served at the Royal breakfast-table. China tea at 4s. 6d. a pound for Queen Mary; Russian Tea at 6s. a pound for His Majesty."—*"Earleston Guardian"* (*Lancs.*).

"Dentistry's new charm—women operators."—*"News and Leader."*

"Our war."—*"Daily Mail."*

"A friendly word to Labour."—AUSTIN HARRISON.

"How I would win the war."—C. B. STANTON, M.P.

"Charming brides for fighting men."—*"Daily Sketch."*

"My concern is with the individual soul"—BILLY SUNDAY.

"The Socialist statistician—Sir Leo Chiozza Money."—*"North Eastern Daily Gazette."*

"Mental perfection is now made easy for all to attain."—*"Public Opinion."*

"What do you want? The more you want the better."—INSTITUTE OF VIBRATION.

"Was not Victor Grayson indubitably a man? That great authority, Mrs. Pankhurst, was prepared to vouch for it."—*"Woman Worker."*

"The Dean of Durham has a marvellous flow of language."—*"The Challenge."*

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

### NEUTRAL OPINION.

Sir,—The following extract from a letter just received from Spain may be of interest to your readers: "The 'Correspondencia de España'—one of the best pro-English papers—has just been bought by the German Embassy here in Madrid. The military critic continues to write, but there are long paragraphs now from the 'Times' and 'Daily Mail,' and the headings are added in the German Embassy. The paper was on its last legs and went first to the British Embassy and then to the French Embassy for help. But neither would do anything. Of course, the German Embassy helped it with joy. It takes very little money to keep a paper going here; but, as I told you before, the English people support the pro-German papers with advertisements and let their supporters die. Soon there will not be a paper in Spain to raise a cheer for Old England."

Lord Northcliffe's mission, to which your correspondent "X" referred, will be too late. F. DALSTON.

### WAR OFFICE METHODS.

Sir,—After three weeks the War Office has informed me that "under present circumstances" commissions are not to be given to "candidates with alien enemy names [sic]." The letter concludes with a somewhat curious compliment: "Whilst regretting that your application cannot be entertained, it is not to be taken to imply that there is anything against your loyalty or character." There isn't. C. E. BECHHOFFER.

### COMPULSORY THRIFT.

Sir,—I have made a discovery. There has been nothing to equal it since Newton (without the aid of Northcliffe) discovered the law of gravitation:

After disinfecting your hands and affixing a respirator you take the "Daily Mail" (the only paper that has bought up all the supplies of Truth), Tuesday, January 18, and proceed to examine same. Page 1 is devoted to Oxo, an article fairly cheap; you can sample this elixir of life for one penny if you are poor, or sport a threepenny bottle if you are mixed up in war contracts. I say nothing about Oxo dragging in the Army; if I said that Oxo was not worth a guinea a box I might bring down on my head the Defence of the Realm Act. Page 2 contains two half-columns proving that the "Daily Mail" is a benevolent society in the event of a Zeppelin Raid. To get the brass you must register, but you are not subject to any penalty if you don't. For threepence a week you can insure, which is cheap. On this page I am asked if I have seen "My Magazine." I suppose that is fairly cheap and also one of Mr. Lord Answers' publications. Foster Clarke's soups at 2d., cork lino at wholesale prices, and various other odds and ends complete this page. On page 3, I am asked if I have registered for the "D.M." Zeppelin Raid Benefits—this is the only advertisement, and page 2 with a variation. Page 4 theatre advertisements, Ridge's food 6d. a tin, births, marriages and deaths, in which, of course, there is nothing to sell. (Don't laugh.)

Page 5, advertisement for the "Daily Mail," Paris edition.

Page 6, motor tyres, gramophone records, Burton ales and Hall's wine; something the first, the other two are fairly cheap—the last but one is still so, thank God!

Page 7, motor-car for £275 by Dodge Brothers, Mackintoshes' toffee, and Black Cat cigarettes 10 for 3d.; by buying the latter, I am informed I can save!

Page 8, tobacco, Sargol or how to put on flesh, economy or save your meat bills, how to cure rheumatism and back-ache, how to be born again at Spurgeon's Tabernacle (oh! my poor head), when colds grip you, Scott's Emulsion, comprise this page. All fairly cheap—especially Spurgeon's Tabernacle.

Page 9, phosferine, electrophones and Osram lamps, lace, and one-night corn cures, Sloan's liniment and soap complete this page.

Page 10, photographs—all cheap, obviously for those who cannot read.

Now, sir, for my grand discovery. I presume you still to be wearing the respirator, so you turn again to Page 3. Here in the very best hack journalese cliché a "correspondent" fills half a column to discourse on compulsory thrift. You think I am going to say compulsion? Not a tiny scrap of it. My case is this: the comparative poverty of the advertisements tends to prove that the "Daily Mail" has lost its advertising power; this means the rise of common sense; I trust it will mean the ultimate extinction of a paper so un-English. W. R.

### "NO PRICE TOO HIGH."

Sir,—I have frequently been assured that the munition profiteers, in addition to their other notable accomplishments, will find no difficulty in evading the so-called "Excess Profits Tax." Yet, notwithstanding no particular love for commercial magnates, I was in no way prepared to believe that among them were such brutes as the gentry about whom I was told the other day by one of the poor devils who has the misfortune to be "employed" by them.

Their factory is at Shepherd's Bush and they are sub-contractors. They make certain parts of hand grenades—I mean, their employees do so; they pocket the cash, and direct. The former, I am told, has been extremely plentiful of late, enabling the purchase of a disused chapel. This has been fitted with palatial offices, which, I am assured, have been moved three times and papered at a cost of 9s. a square yard. Gorgeous lavatories, tiled "de luxe," have sprung up where stood dingy vestries and unlovely lecture halls. Perhaps the words of the manager or director, or whatever he be, to the man who did the tiling in this new Temple of Cash are of greater significance than feeble descriptions of mine. "Spare no expense; make a good job of it; we don't mind what we pay!" How lovely are the Messengers that preach us the gospel of Economy. "See the move, don't you," says my aforementioned poor devil of an employee; "paiper at nine bob a square yard—not 'arf; they'll see the bloomin' Government don't have none of their excess profits; they looks to number one, they do, and after the war they've got a blinkin' palace of a workshop what the Government's give 'em. It's an Angel of Astuteness in this burning Bush."

The same old tale, too, in other branches of this house of the New Religion. Prices cut about every three months: 2s. 4d. a hundred to 1s. 8d.; 1s. 2d. to 10d., and so on. Small wonder that the four or so "engineers" learn from their masters and that a tip on Saturday will ensure the mending of the workman's machine, should it break down; otherwise, there is a wait of 10 hours or so and consequent loss of money. A new influx of women workers is immediately followed by a fresh cut in prices, so that now they are even displacing the men, who will go, I suppose, to that slightly less patriotic institution—the Army. "Real ladies they is—some of 'em," asserted my informant picturesquely, "with furs and rings." Of course, in the early days it was: "We're not going them at 3s. a hundred; we want 3s. 6d." "Anything you like, anything you like!" But the dear ladies smiled upon them in their affliction, and now their hearts are full of gladness.

Sir, you may know of cases even worse than this, though it were difficult to imagine a more nauseating example of heartless roguery or a viler product of the system we tolerate. Our enemies without do at least fight for an idea; those within are the flourishing specimens of greed and unscrupulousness, dead to all honour and lifeless to all ideas. Our is a mighty Empire—God wot!—and so tolerant.

LEONARD H. MOTTRAM.

P.S.—The name of the firm and of my informant shall be forwarded, if you be interested to receive them.

### ENGLAND AND TURKEY.

Sir,—Some weeks have passed since Mr. Fickthall's numerous pro-Turkish articles in your columns came to an end with his "Last Chance," but no reply to them has yet appeared. It is true that, in addition to an obvious sincerity, Mr. Pickthall has a strong case.

His main premise is simple and cannot be better expressed than in his own words. I shall, indeed, quote throughout Mr. Pickthall's ipsissima verba.

"Is Russia a more valuable ally than Turkey? Who chose aright, Disraeli or Sir Edward Grey? Is Italy a more valuable ally than Turkey? If we had had the Turks upon our side, as we could so easily have had them, could we ever have been in our present ludicrous position? Even had Russia turned against us and joined hands with Germany, we should have had command of the Black Sea; we should have gained all the Balkan States, excepting Servia and Montenegro, without payment, and all Asia would have risen in our honour without the proclamation of a Holy War. But if Turkey had been won to our alliance, the war, I think, would not have taken place at all, since Germany's ambitions were contingent upon Turkey's friendship; and Austria-Hungary would not have joined with Russia." (December 23, 1915.)

Let us examine this case with no other weapons than Mr. Pickthall's own recent series of articles in THE NEW AGE.

The most important point of his argument is clearly the suggestion that, had not Turkey been manoeuvred into friendliness with Germany, no European war would have taken place at all. We have denied ourselves the satisfac-

tion of answering this by the simple criticism that Turkey did not join the Central Powers until already the third month of the war, but Mr. Pickthall's own statement must be sought. I find the following in an article written more than a month after the outbreak of the war: "The sentiment of Turkey . . . still remains pro-British rather than pro-German." (September 3, 1914.) Again: "I know that Turkish sentiment, upon the whole, is rather on the side of England than on that of Germany. In either case, the feeling is not strong enough, I fancy, to drive the Turks into the European war." These quotations show that the balance of friendship was, if anywhere, on the English side. This, and Mr. Pickthall's frequent allusions to the ease with which Turkey might have been rallied to our side during the early stages of the war (and even now), all persuade us that "Turkey's friendship" for Germany was far too dubious for German politicians to risk a world war on it.

"Is Russia a more valuable ally than Turkey? . . . Is Italy a more valuable ally than Turkey?" Taken singly the comparisons are perhaps not easy to answer. Taken together, they result in this: Which is the more valuable ally, Turkey or Russia and Italy together? But this is not all. There appears to be little love lost between Turkey and Greece. "It is a matter of life or death for Turkey to regain strategic hold of the islands of Chios and Mytilene. If Greece will not give way upon this point, sooner or later Turkey must make war on Greece, or Greece will raid the coast of Asia Minor." (September 3, 1914.) Remembering the sympathies of Greece, it almost looks as if we must now ask: Is Turkey a more valuable ally than Russia and Italy and Greece together? Mr. Pickthall, however, insists that, "Even had Russia turned against us and joined hands with Germany, we should have had command of the Black Sea; we should have gained all the Balkan States, except Servia and Montenegro, without payment, and all Asia would have risen in our honour." So far as Europe is concerned we now find the question thus: Is Turkey with (perhaps) Bulgaria and (possibly) Roumania a more valuable ally than Russia, Italy, Greece, Servia and Montenegro together? But we have forgotten All Asia! It would be unkind to press the point that Russian Siberia (four-fifths of the population of which is Russian) would represent more than a third of Asia hostile, and we find that with Japan and India already on our side, and Persia and China both disorganised, that all the Asia left is really nothing else than Turkey-in-Asia. So that at last we may put our final question: Is the Turkish Empire a more valuable ally than the Russian Empire, Italy, Greece, Servia and Montenegro together? I leave Mr. Pickthall to answer.

One objection he certainly raises; that Austria would not join with Russia. But if the opening of the war found Austria in alliance with Italy, it cannot be dogmatically asserted that an alliance with Russia is impossible. As Mr. Pickthall himself says: "The Germans have always stated frankly their belief that Russia had her price, which they could pay. People here seem to think that the Germans, when so speaking, meant that they could, when they chose to do so, detach Russia from the Triple Entente and bring her to their side." (November 19, 1914.) And "their side," I presume, means Germany and Austria.

I hope Mr. Pickthall will pardon my quoting his articles on other topics. For instance, he appears to be rather undecided about Servia. First he says: "If we should turn the Germans out of Belgium it would tell more in our favour even in the distant Balkans than all our bribes and promises and empty threats." (October 28, 1915.) Two weeks later we read: "If I were the British Government I would send every available man into Servia—indeed, I should have done so months ago—and if Servia had been crushed before my troops arrived, I should use those troops to liberate her, and for no other purpose." (November 11, 1915.) A few weeks later we find once again an entirely opposite view. "Some weeks ago I wrote my opinion that the British Government ought to send every available man to the relief of Servia. At the time, I imagined—we are kept so ill-informed—that it was still possible to effect a junction with the southern Servian army; and also that our Government, having known of the menace to Servia for at least six weeks, must already have sent heavy reinforcements to that army. Had I known the true position of affairs, that Servia was already vanquished at the time of writing ["If Servia had been crushed before my troops arrived. . .!"], I should not have advocated any move before next May." (December 23, 1915.)

Another illustration of Mr. Pickthall's unreasonableness is provided by the following quotations:—

(1) "If the Government wants enthusiasm in India, it has only to declare that it will go to war with Russia rather than see Turkey further mutilated. In the event of

such a war India would provide the largest army ever seen on earth, aye, and would bear the cost of its equipment." (June 24, 1915.)

(2) "Had our Government considered India's interests to a reasonable extent, Turkey would have been on our side now, to the saving of millions of money and hundreds of thousands of English lives." (Same letter.)

A correspondent has referred previously to Mr. Pickthall's contradictions on the simplest matters concerning Russia:—

"The Russian people may by nature be pacific and the intelligence which has managed to emerge from it may be opposed to all aggression. . . . The Russian bureaucracy must have war. . . . The Russian nihilist [*sic!*] is quite as much a jingo as the Russian bureaucrat."

Mr. Pickthall's judgments in military matters seem often as misleading as his attempts at theory. For instance, on August 14, 1914, he tried to make us believe that the "Goeben" and "Breslau" were no longer under German charge. More recently he warned us, incorrectly, that "The British Army at the Dardanelles cannot withdraw without the loss of two-thirds of its effectives." (December 23, 1915.)

A. H. MURRAY.

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"DANGLE'S" WANGLE.

Sir,—“We are not able, as we have hinted before,” writes Mr. Alex. M. Thomson in the “Clarion” on January 21, “to lash ourselves into foaming frenzies of indignation over the woes and wrongs of the oppressed bachelors, mostly of the middle class.” “We know that the middle-classes have given freely of their sons,” says he (under the sub-heading “Reviving Class Hate”) in the “Sunday Chronicle” two days later. “And we know that none have suffered more, financially, than that middle class, the writers, painters, architects, and the whole great world of business men.” You pays your money and you takes your choice.

ROBERT WILLIAMSON.

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A LETTER TO THE PRIME MINISTER.

Sir,—May I add one or two questions to “Rex Inquisitor's” long list?

(1) Were not Germany and Austria known as the “Allies” until the winter of 1914?

(2) Were not England, France and Russia known as the “Entente” until the same time?

(3) Was the phrase “Central Powers” applied to our enemies until the same time?

(4) Did Mr. C. H. Norman in his letter to the Prime Minister of August 4th, 1914 (reprinted in THE NEW AGE two weeks ago), really refer to our friends as the “Allies” and our enemies as the “Central Powers”?

FELIX INQUISITOR.

\* \* \*  
THE CHURCHES AND THE WORLD-WAR.

Sir,—The controversy as to the obligation of the “Churches”—and, in particular, of the Establishment—to contribute recruits to the State armies (during the present tremendous peril to the British Empire, and even to the country itself) has been somewhat acute in some quarters.

To the present writer it seems to be clear that the fairest method of deciding the controversy is to examine the *authoritative* pronouncement or attitude of these ecclesiastical, or religious, bodies upon the *lawfulness*, or otherwise, of militarism. If the teaching of any particular “Church” has been (or is) that war is of *divine sanction*, and one of the special means instituted by “Providence”\* for advancing civilisation, then, in such case, it must be obvious that to decline (by its authorised representatives) to contribute its fair quota to the national service is at once illogical, inconsistent, and unjustifiable. So far as my knowledge of ecclesiastical history extends, I believe it to be indisputable that (whatever may have been, or may be, the attitude or the teaching of non-conforming religious bodies), the dogma of the State Church always has been that war is of divine ordinance and sanction.† As to the “Free Churches,” if they have not positively assented to this teaching, I am not aware that—if we except the Society of Friends commonly called “Quakers”—any of them have pronounced against militarism in *general*, whatever may have been their attitude in regard to any one *particular* war.

\* Such has, in fact, been the vehement contention of the leading organs, in the Press, of the sacerdotal party in the Establishment.

† It is well known that from an early period in ecclesiastical history its dignitaries engaged in fierce battles, armed *cap-à-pie*.

The non-conforming bodies (as a rule) apparently have not alleged sacred claims as a justifiable reason for refraining from supplying recruits from their respective clergy; and, in fact, not a few of them, unless I am misinformed, have volunteered and have been enrolled. Upon the other hand, the head (ecclesiastical) of the State Church has more than once, to the appeal made by the official recruiting agency, pronounced its clergy to be privileged from conscription, and also has (it would seem) prohibited them from offering themselves for active military service, upon the ground of their sacred character.

Such being the attitude of the State Church—and the Secular Authorities, as it seems, acquiescing, in spite of Continental example—it remains to inquire whether there is not an alternative by which the privileged partner of the dual connection may save its face and contribute to the so urgent national necessities? Why, it may justly be asked, should it not redeem its obligation to military service by contributing to the national necessities *pecuniarily* by an adequate contribution from its not inconsiderable revenues? Such a patriotic course might seem to be all the more to be expected, seeing that its State partner has in former times shown itself so munificent in endowments. Superfluous to suggest that the heads of the Establishment might properly set the example, by a sort of “self-denying ordinance,” and be content with somewhat less princely incomes, even though the heads of the State seem to shrink from recommending to them so patriotic and so reasonable an alternative.

H. W.

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BURIAL ALIVE.

Sir,—May I venture to remind your readers of the fact that while the present-day amazing facilities for medical certification of the death of living persons exist, no one can be quite sure that they or their friends will not be buried alive? Writing in the Press, a well-known barrister-at-law says: “I personally know two gentlemen who possess their own death certificates signed by duly qualified doctors and under which they would have been buried.” At a public meeting of the Association for the Prevention of Premature Burial, a lady startled the audience by producing her death certificate, which, after careful medical examination, had been given in the belief that she was dead; and many similar cases might be cited. Reform of the burial laws is most urgently needed, and if any of your reflective readers are willing to assist in obtaining the necessary alterations in the law for the prevention of the tragedy of interment alive, I shall be happy to send them literature on the subject free on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope.

JAS. R. WILLIAMSON.

100, Chedington Road, Upper Edmonton, N.

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“NASHE SLOVO.”

Sir,—That mysteriously well-informed Parisian-Russian paper “Nashe Slovo,” which Mr. Tchitcherine quoted recently against me, reports the Bergen catastrophe as a “Fire in Holland.” Could secret information go further? I may mention that, in the last weeks, I have received two independent first-hand accounts of the autumn strikes at Petrograd precisely bearing out my account.

C. E. BECHHÖFER.

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MAN AND MANNERS.

Sir,—I am grateful to the writer of “Man and Manners” for her remarks on the way in which Mr. Wells and Mr. Bennett refer in their books “to things pertaining to children.” If only they were alone in their sty! Swine-fever, however, is notoriously infectious. Last week’s “Bystander” contained the following passage:—

“This is one of the surest results of the war. Man has regained his kingdom, and woman must return to her nature. You, poor Mrs. Pankhurst, with all your strident sisterhood, take note of this. Get back to the Early Victorian at once! And feel lucky that you are alive! Give us babies instead of speeches. Not all of you, please—but a merely chosen some of you. ‘By Mars out of Militant,’ gracious heavens! No, no! Thanks very much indeed—but we’d rather not! ‘As were.’”

Now is it really to be thought that such filth at the expense of any one of her sex will encourage woman to “return to her nature”? Is woman’s nature really within range of such Augean stable-talk? Down then, women! quick! back on all fours to your kennels! But let no man henceforth expect any womanly service of you. You are animals in his sight. A soldier’s body is sacred for the sake of the wounds it perchance will incur in this life-and-death struggle of ours. Is not woman’s?

R. G.

## Press Cuttings.

"It is not pleasant reading, that report of Mr. Lloyd George's meeting with the men who have to work under the Munitions Act, held on Christmas Day morning in St. Andrew's Hall, Glasgow. But it is well the people should know about it. With that false strength which history shows us has so often begun by suppressing the truth and ended in revolution, the Minister of Munitions ordered the 'competent military authority' of Scotland to suppress the paper which contained the fullest report of his speech and its reception. It is idle, it is false, for the authorities to deny that the Press of this country was forbidden to publish anything but the doctored Press Bureau version of that unhappy gathering. It was indeed a sad spectacle to see one of the Chief Ministers of the Crown—the man who was at one time the idol, if not of Labour, certainly of the people—browbeaten and ridiculed, laughed at and derided, when in the name of the Government he faced the workers of the Clyde to urge the need for the dilution of labour. . . . Yet so incensed have the men become, owing to their experience under the Munitions Act, that they treated Mr. Lloyd George as they might have treated the false prophets of old, and received him with hisses and execrations. . . . When the right hon. gentleman rose to speak, he was received with loud and continued booing and hissing, and two verses of the 'Red Flag' were sung before he could utter a word. . . . I scent danger ahead. In a time like this, the Government sits always on a volcano. The line which divides order from anarchy is a thin one. . . . After all, the people are to-day learning the grim lesson which it has been the purpose of their rulers for all time to keep from them. That lesson is that Force not only is a remedy, but that it is, in the last resort, the only remedy. It is a dangerous piece of knowledge."—HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

"The coming struggle, after the war, will present innumerable difficulties, foreseen and unforeseen. We believe that, in spite of the assurances of Ministers (who, it should be remembered, however good their will and their word at present, will almost certainly be defunct or out of office when the time for the labour settlement arrives), we believe that it is going to be nearly as big a job for trade unionists to escape from their present thralldom as it was for the Children of Israel to escape out of the land of Egypt. We believe, in fact, that until a new spirit arises in the labour world they never will escape."—"Trade Unionist."

"The Guild Socialist, unlike the above critics, does not renounce Socialism, but disputes with the Collectivist his claim to be its legitimate interpreter. Although, like the Syndicalist, in revolt against what he conceives to be the bureaucratic methods and servile aims of Collectivism, and in agreement with him in believing that an industrial democracy must grow, not out of the Trust but out of the Trade Union, he differs from him in believing that ownership of and a share in the control of industry must rest with the State. He believes that in a free community the State would be worse than a Statistical department; it would be the symbol and guardian of common national interests and aspirations, as well as entering the industrial sphere to safeguard the interests of the consumer. Similarly he contends that it is not enough that Trade Unions should be tolerated in the Socialist State; they must, if the worker is to become a free man, be chartered as guilds responsible for the conduct of industry, internally self-governing, but with their moral and legal status that of a trustee. The Guild Socialist insists that the condition of any real social revolution must be the abolition of the wage system, which he believes that Collectivism is neither able nor intended to secure; consequently it will result in State capitalism. At the same time he argues that Syndicalism would eliminate the capitalist, only to reproduce profiteering in a new form, and that, having dethroned the State altogether, it would fall into a 'group individualism.' The Guild Socialist declares that only by the enlargement of the Trade Unions into 'blackleg-proof' organisations, including the mental as well as the manual workers in every industry and their establishment as National Guilds, can the worker attain the status of a free and 'active' citizen and society be at the same time released from exploitation by the

profiteer."—"Christianity and Socialism." (A Syllabus for Study Circles. Prepared for the C.S.L. by N. E. Egerton and M. B. Reckitt.)

"Employers' Associations. A thoroughly practical step towards realising the ideal of a 'Business Government' has been taken by the formation of a Federation of Employers' Associations. For reasons which may be easily understood the preliminary meetings have been held with closed doors, and all that can be stated authoritatively as to the purpose of the Federation is contained in the announcement that its main object is 'to afford a means for bringing the industrial interests of the country into closer touch with the Government, not in any spirit of hostility, but with the view of achieving complete and cordial co-operation between the State and Industry for the national advantage.'"—"Daily Telegraph."

"... These expeditions have been extended over a vast area, involving an enormous cost in transport and maintenance; one only has so far been crowned with success, and that is the relatively inexpensive one not managed by our Cabinet, against German South-West Africa. The facts suggest reflections on the general expeditionary policy and its origins. Why are expeditions in unlimited number equipped at unlimited cost, and despatched with mysterious suddenness to all parts of the habitable and uninhabitable Globe? Only one of them, or at most only two, could produce decisive results. All the others are a dispersion of energy, and involve a vast unestimated expenditure of life and money. And yet the vital necessity of these expeditions is the cause or pretext for enlarging the Army from two to three and from three to four millions, at a cost to our finances and our industries which is now at last beginning to be appreciated. In the past we have relied mainly upon superiority at sea and superiority of money power. Now we are spending five or six times as much on land as on sea. What is less clearly understood is that the expeditionary policy is not only the cause, but the effect of an unlimited supply of recruits. The fact that there was no check on voluntary enlistment at the beginning of the war gave the Cabinet great supplies of men, and these supplies drew them on into adventures which in their turn called for perpetual reinforcements."—"The Economist."

"The Minister of Munitions will, of course, get his Bill. Those who know what is happening have no effective means of resisting his will. It is easy to tell the House of Commons that there have been practically no strikes, and comparatively few prosecutions of workmen. We must not even contradict Lloyd George, seeing that these things are deliberately kept out of the newspapers. But to suppress the news of large and tumultuous general stoppages of work in different parts of the country, and extensive 'movements' for the redress of grievances—to ignore the facts that every day in the week there are between sixty and seventy separate cases brought before the Munition Tribunals; and that in one great district after another there is widespread sullen resentment at persistent ill-treatment—is not to put matters right. We repeat that the House of Commons and the country are being deceived. It may even be that, as a result of the environment by which he has chosen to surround himself, Mr. Lloyd George is being himself misled as to what the workmen are feeling. Round the feet of the spokesmen of Labour in the House and in the conference room has been woven a subtle network of influences in which they are for the moment unable to get even brought home to the public the grievances from which the rank and file are suffering. They are deluded by non-committal admissions and promises of subsequent 'consideration'; they are entangled in technicalities, of legal drafting and Parliamentary procedure from which they cannot extricate themselves; some of them are given salaries, others persuaded that patriotism involves unconditional submission. Their speeches are not reported, and no time is allowed for any consultation with the local branches of the Unions. And the great majority of the House, like the middle and upper classes generally—constantly assured that the manual workers are having 'the time of their lives,' at fabulously high wages—are gladly deceived, both as to the really outrageous wrongs that are being inflicted on tens of thousands of munition workers, and as to their general contentment with their lot."—"The New Statesman."