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 combatants? 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 disapprove of the Bill and not men, quite the contrary, in tact.

The Cabinet was so long divided in opinion upon the question of industrial Compulsion, 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 disapprove of the Bill and not men, quite the contrary, in tact.

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

We must say that for the passing of the Bill the Liberal rank and file are no 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, 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 lending 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 role 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 accept 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 and improvable; 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.

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 succeed, 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 logic, even generally desirable, popular and sequel to the Conscription of Men is the Conscription of Wealth, that, therefore, this sequel as assuredly come as day comes after night, is to be unit for public politics or to have the charge of any body of serious practical proposition. When real fact, the logic is perceived, then, and not till then, the real political fight begins—to incorporate this logic in the study 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 ample means of publicity as the Tory Press has not, the little fancy is to be sure upon it if it fails to turn its defeat upon the Conscription of Men into a victory for the Conscription of Wealth.
for by those who have the means. Again, we are told that the Conscript 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. For this, however, this reply can be made. For in 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 Conscript 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 Conscript 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 will be seen that the next year’s 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 true there are after, but that is not the point. 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 as bring under national control as much of the now private wealth as the community can lay its hands on. What is there sinister about that? “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.

But no, as we have so often had to observe, Compulsion, while easy for men, will suddenly become hedged about with 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 saving 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, we are all gone mad! To begin with, must the State be staked like a fire of the world because the private water-companies will not supply it? And, again, what interest can the State offer that provoking in these days cannot easily outweigh? Why, however, did the Government at first parsimony, 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 for want of money, and to find amongst ourselves, when defeat comes upon us, scores of individuals as wealthy as they were before the war? 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 was sentenced to five 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 more. We can’t believe it. Either there are no wealthy men or the State does not want money. Both things cannot be true.

Scepticism, however, even of the impossible is no longer a proper frame of mind; for within the last week a discussion 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 the British mercantile marine in order to supply coal, 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 why this nonsense? Why can’t we 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 Delaize’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, all 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 pleased; it was also said that he abstained. That he brought up in a much freer political atmosphere, were the patriots for over a year included some well-known names—Haase, Geyer, Bernstein, Ledebour, and the inevitable 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 privileged members—the twenty-one, for instance—have already passed by all parties in the Reichstag, the Social-Democrats are naturally our chief concern. In the first place, 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 who are in sympathy with the Government in declaring and waging an aggressive war, feel that the time is 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 nineteen per cent. in the large towns, and by ninety-eight per cent. in the small 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—and the Social-Democrats demand that they shall be increased by at least fifty per cent.—and, depite 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 over-whelmig 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' party, calls upon numbers twenty-eight members; and, no doubt, the London papers will hear of it in another month or two.

lshed 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 conclusion, '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 malice, 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?

* * *

It should be noted that the twenty-one members who put their principles in their pockets for over a year included some well-known names—Haase, Geyer, Bernstein, Ledebur, and the inevitable Liebknecht. In fact, the twenty-one included the men whose Socialist principles, in our meaning of the expression, were strong. Some of them were informed organs, has put a stop to Germany's export trade?
War Notes.

After a course of reading in pacifist pamphlets, I have attempted to group together the arguments most frequently used in 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 first method is only valid in conjunction with the second. 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 Reform called, 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 timid motives and the pettiness, 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, 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 will remain 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 connotation 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 disappear. You 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 no longer support a German hegemony for ever, whatever the case. The man who upheld 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 actual 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 had a kin 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 notion so complete as 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 pacifist lecture by Mr. Bertrand Russell I read: "I read that 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, even that which twain 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 case to secure 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 a tolerant liberalism, we must allow that they will develop towards a tolerant liberalisation? 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 that intelligence only works on 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 thought 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, and that the case of 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,” and it is also a “natural” claim, being 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. But precisely that is what he is supposed to believe, 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 historical metaphor. 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, itself, will be permanently changed.

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 itself has always been exactly 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 this statement. 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 in the same way as he thinks the “Daily Mail” is the mouthpiece of the Matador. 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 its acceptance by the public. What stupid people believe cannot be true. Then there is the facetious 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 the room in which we fight, the framework, itself, will be permanently changed.

D.—These on the whole have been the more negative sources of the pacifist dissimulation 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 state of mind 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 naïve comic expression in the writer who says “the task of producing the perfect man ... liberation from the shackles which have restrained the highest possibilities of humanity,” to the less ingenious 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. My argument and dialectical 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 accusatorial delictus the whole world in the face, only this set purpose—can you get him off by hook or crook—could enable you to play 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 wearsies 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 of my disposal is overwhelming. But I had first to overcome the almost paralyzing 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 admission of the average German to the manifestation 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 subject 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 is not, the World’s Smaller 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 soon 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 mouth-piece, in a natural access of bewilderedness 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!” I am sure that gradually we shall find their claim exalted to a truth, a German truth. Given time and congenial temperaments the surrogates are as good as genuine things—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 reply is to whoever tries to make it appear that 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 Crowe Prince’s cleverly 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 twisted sources will be shut for ever. They can be produced by any tyro vet, I hesitate again. They are so nauseatingly familiar. This facilitates my task, but does not make it attractive; for where will be the convincing power of my presentation, if you already know by heart its salient points, and are not likely to be stirred by them any more?

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 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 presentation, 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 spectator can see the Hun in a 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 evil? I fancy his subjugating tendency to subordinate everything within his orbit to the enhancement of his own importance is purely 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 reporting what the enemies of Germany, her “low-minded rivals,” are always dinnin' 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 suits in-credible, but it suits the German's having no normal conscience, is peculiarly fitted. He first commits the crime, then, laying the guilt on his neighbour 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, of 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 discipline imposed was dreadful, 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, tried of their continual taking of the 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, hurried 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 unphilosophized 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 distribution, 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 discomfort. 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 that lying system of compulsory education. 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, serious and attentive. By special request of the lecturer, the Press is not admitted.)

Mr. Russell (stands dapperly): Ladies and Gentlemen, I have not any definite or clear or concrete suggestions or 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. Macheth sees himself doomed, but cries, nevertheless, to Macduff.—(Roughly.)—"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 mind, 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 STUDEND.)—In the fight for freedom men and women become increasingly unable to break down the walls of the ego. The conditions of medieval society demanded freedom for only the 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. Simpson: Are you addressing us in 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 medieval, he rather thinks he is in favour of National Guilds.

Studend: 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. (See questioner quickly writes down the different views of Mr. Russell 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 events which would seem like a sort of joke for a gang of predatory rebels to beat down on this magnificent estate. Depend upon it, Rafael's priceless live-stock would disappear. I suspect, however, that he is concerning 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 and are already lost. It is true that 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 transferred his allegiance to John Morley, whose "Compromise" was then just all the rage. Rosebery he knew too well either to like or trust. But leadership was 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 more to do with social than Socialism, even then, then was forking—two roads 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 valuable 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 they were only interested in the money 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 non-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 was interested in the transformation of private property which sounds Socialist, but really what he contended for was productive pro-
property—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 'Parable 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 Socialist and be done with it."

"Don't mind if I do. He was a capitalist-socialist. Even yet, I have not completed the tale of his inconsistencies: 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 fact; to Saint-Simon it was industry. Both men had acquired the gift of the gab. He developed 'unction.' Michel Chevalier, and Enfantin. Here is a curious chapter from 'Merrie England.'

"Birds of a feather flock together.

"No doubt a pure coincidence. But these things are sound from the politico-economic standpoint, and he has a fond ambition to be accepted as a political economist; 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 is a wholesale blender of economic dogma, to which he is always adding.

"Then the Social Economist is a social economist."

"What is the point?"

"No; I don't think I'm a prig. I've always prided myself that I'm not. Probably it's 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 rather plunges himself into the study of shoes, 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 without nothing, and 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 is plugging 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, and now old he had never seen the righteous forsaken nor his seed beg bread. Old George did not pinch him, so what does he know about it?"

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

"Don't mind if I do. He was a capitalist-socialist. Even yet, I have not completed the tale of his inconsistencies: 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 fact; to Saint-Simon it was industry. Both men had acquired the gift of the gab. He developed 'unction.' Michel Chevalier, and Enfantin. Here is a curious chapter from 'Merrie England.'

"Birds of a feather flock together.

"No doubt a pure coincidence. But these things are sound from the politico-economic standpoint, and he has a fond ambition to be accepted as a political economist; 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 is a wholesale blender of economic dogma, to which he is always adding.

"Then the Social Economist is a social economist."

"What is the point?"

"No; I don't think I'm a prig. I've always prided myself that I'm not. Probably it's 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 rather plunges himself into the study of shoes, 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 without nothing, and 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 is plugging 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
be spent in some hamlet or village preaching to a few faithful folks. Then a year or two at the College, in a Liberal and unsympathetic atmosphere. At the end of the summer it was common open-air work, with precious little pay. So George tried for an organiser's job. 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, by my marriage, in a stuffy chapel with a stipend of perhaps one hundred a year. She wanted nourishing food, particularly just then, for she was with child. She couldn't feed her baby, and even suckled her baby. Then my cousin, by my marriage, settled down in the little parlour behind the shop.

George was at his wits' end. He sent fresh milk and jellies and things to his wife. George was on the brink. He was not the Labour movement applied Christianity so much as befits the crisis in George's pilgrimage. Turn down the lights and give us a slow movement on the harp. I 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 finest and most 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. I think George is right in questioning 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 act of acting that insists on the essential dignity of life. The play in its triviality, its garrulousness, 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 Simplex 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 bring to the modern stage the 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. Lynall Seete, Mr. Leon Quartermaine, Mr. Oscar Asche, Mr. H. F. Hignett, and Mr. Brydome. But his production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" offers us little, if anything, of this quality. Certainly, Mr. Henry Bayton 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 ingenious brief scene of the four pyramids and his love Thisebe; very magical 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 the merit is also 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. Bayton) 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 rid-

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 finest and most 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. I think George is right in questioning 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 act of acting that insists on the essential dignity of life. The play in its triviality, its garrulousness, 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 Simplex 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 bring to the modern stage the 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. Lynall Seete, Mr. Leon Quartermaine, Mr. Oscar Asche, Mr. H. F. Hignett, and Mr. Brydome. But his production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" offers us little, if anything, of this quality. Certainly, Mr. Henry Bayton 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 ingenious brief scene of the four pyramids and his love Thisebe; very magical 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 the merit is also 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. Bayton) 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 rid-

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 finest and most 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. I think George is right in questioning 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 act of acting that insists on the essential dignity of life. The play in its triviality, its garrulousness, 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 Simplex 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 bring to the modern stage the 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. Lynall Seete, Mr. Leon Quartermaine, Mr. Oscar Asche, Mr. H. F. Hignett, and Mr. Brydome. But his production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" offers us little, if anything, of this quality. Certainly, Mr. Henry Bayton 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 ingenious brief scene of the four pyramids and his love Thisebe; very magical 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 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 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 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 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 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.
disappointment with the younger generation. The傳統 of dignity that self-delusion. They had poetry to deliver, and they Benson chose to hide them in the wilds of Sloane Square. according to Mr. Zangwill; and to the making of a culous. The women are really beneath notice; a squealing these might have appeared at any English conservatoire. The great discovery of this century is that there is no poetry, Norwegian, with its demand for freedom and self-polite conversation; and she "damned" without any de-generation 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, nor 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 incubation of the 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 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. All Mr. Benson's fine enthusiasm for Shakespeare 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 true. All our efforts run no risk of overlooking 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 all their reading and thinking, their reflection and study, as well as it is heroically possible. Let us as do it together, for I confess that I am in need of my own exhortation. Everything invites one to scan the work of intelligence nowadays, be it tragedy or comedy, novel or essay, or whatever truths at all, to become a journalist! But nothing is more fatal to culture than journalism.

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 on whom the poet was conduicd over the fire-ground. 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 and 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, for the future I promise not to attempt to teach officers their business."

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 published in translation as "Gleams from Goethe" (I don't like the word "Gleams") by Miss Genevieve Ward; 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's 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. In "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 fore-dooms it to failure. The amateur taste that offers such a programme to London at this 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's 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.
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.

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 D'Autoire 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 Cuite du Moi," which I have read with less attention than it shall one day have from me. It is a trilogy of which the sequence of 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 "we must 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 our aim should be "to make a number of women's grievances. It accounts for a woman's annoyance at being unfavourably compared with 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 less fitted 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 sex. Yet, I tremble a little when I think of 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 that they are men worthy of women. Men have the women they deserve. In his relation with woman the modern man is disposed to rest upon the laurels won by the great men of the past. There have been, and are, men fit for any woman's worship—men, and, too. But a few stupidities 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. I sound the depths of man after man. Men of Manners to Women be compiled by some of them."

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 altogether. Barrès is an apostle of patriotism; 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, in my opinion, be men of more mark than they are here.

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 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 unhandsome to a woman; 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 distraught on his works of art for debt—and both by the same political clique! It does honour to Rembrandt.

R. H. C.
...are a source of attraction to women. Women love rakes. They prefer a rascal 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 men, as various as Proteus? He can appear 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?) So, the rake within there is always a kind of invincible phatus 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. Oh, again, the rake is the devilish 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 man. I remember when I cautioned Joan against some one. "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 yield a unique influence over this dangerous rascal. It is always on self-styled pawn to get hurt. Now while 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 a man's enjoyment 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 good-hearted fellow, honourable as Achates, 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 a game and keep their countenance. But the rake's success with women is easy to account for. Most women choose men as they choose colours, for. 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 good-hearted fellow, honourable as Achates, 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 a game and keep their countenance. 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. The thoughtful, steady person is thought to be a source of soul-erasure. Oh, but he'll find me a very different person to deal with."

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 poor old fisherman.

Far on the sea and flying for the life of a weaver bird than ever was seen by the saltest 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 hollowed 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 amid the grey waters.

"I shall never get there in time," said the bird—"and what will become of me? Whatever does become of women who cannot swim and who fail 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 spoil-sport. Oh! I'm changing! A-a-a-a! 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 a stick 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," 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 natty gilded palace and drug it and sell it to an Eastern Queen? Where, 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! Down! Up! Now, lay 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 turning within the hut, which her exclamations 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 challenging. "Your trousers, I hunger," said the lady, "cook some of those herrings.

"Mainland?" asked the lady.

"And a woman's is cook fish and eat 'em, cook fish and eat 'em, catch fish and eat 'em, catch fish and eat 'em," returned the fisherman. "And you must have seen some wonderful sights and done deeds divinely dispensed."

"You have many lives?" yelled the fisherman.

"You ain't no Witch," yelled the fisherman, "I'll denounce you! Comes here tempting a female spy. Wants to know where you are. You're a witch. You aren't going to eat none, you aren't. You're going to your knees. Now give me your trousers and draped the sail around her mortal form. The old fisherman 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 wallop 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 cat it."

"No!"

"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 sprake. The noose was loosed. 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 strong man. You won't expect me to put down my cutlass, considering that you are so exceedingly strong and have larruped everybody. You—" Amiable the lady; but, really, how to pass the time with both sleep and love out of the question? "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 tatties 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 puzzled as to why you are alive? "And you can't grow onions."

"I sees yer, I'll have yer," he shouted. He ran all a tout. He ran all a tout. He ran all a tout. 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 Haliday) 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. Complain 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 Mainse 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 the 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 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 English liberty, that which is not dependent on Temporary suspension 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 autocracy, 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 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; it falls far short of the gallows 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 it was a Coercion Act, is a Coercion Act. "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 the "Times" says, the charters of English liberty have long prevented the British Government from meeting public dangers by those measures of precaution 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 unfailling 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 not dear that the "Times" says, the charters of English liberty have long prevented the British Government from meeting public dangers by measures of precaution, for 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. This is a charge that it 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 charge that it 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 charge that it tends to despotism.

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.

The main argument of these notes is of an abstract character; it is concerned with certain ideas which 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 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 in terms of abstract categories of the human mind. Men do not look on a belief in the definite or the definite fact as correct opinion, for they have never themselves been completely convinced of a period. For the Middle Ages these doctrines were thought of not as doctrines, but as facts. The Moderns, for example, do not look on the doctrine of Progress as an opinion, but merely as a set of facts. There is a certain confusion of the purely intellectual and the moral and religious; the problem can only be profitably dealt with after external restrictions and obstacles. Our political ideal should be the removal of these things which distort them.

(2) 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 basis of individuality. The error in human things is the antithesis of the category of the Humanist.

(3) The confusion created in the absolute values of religion and ethics is even greater. It consists in the total interpretation of a period. In literature it leads to romanticism. In literature it leads to romanticism... but I deal with the nature of these errors later.

(4) The confusion created in the absolute values of religion and ethics is even greater. It consists in the total interpretation of a period. In literature it leads to romanticism. In literature it leads to romanticism... but I deal with the nature of these errors later.

The Two Persons.—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 it is given an historical setting. When it is given an historical setting. When it is given an historical setting. When it is given an historical setting. When it is given an historical setting.

The first of these historical periods is that of the Middle Ages in Europe—from Augustine, say, to the Renascence; the second from the Renascence 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.

(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 basis of individuality. The error in human things is the antithesis of the category of the Humanist.

(2) 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 basis of individuality. The error in human things is the antithesis of the category of the Humanist.

(3) The confusion created in the absolute values of religion and ethics is even greater. It consists in the total interpretation of a period. In literature it leads to romanticism. In literature it leads to romanticism... but I deal with the nature of these errors later.

(4) The confusion created in the absolute values of religion and ethics is even greater. It consists in the total interpretation of a period. In literature it leads to romanticism. In literature it leads to romanticism... but I deal with the nature of these errors later.

(5) The confusion created in the absolute values of religion and ethics is even greater. It consists in the total interpretation of a period. In literature it leads to romanticism. In literature it leads to romanticism... but I deal with the nature of these errors later.

(6) The confusion created in the absolute values of religion and ethics is even greater. It consists in the total interpretation of a period. In literature it leads to romanticism. In literature it leads to romanticism... but I deal with the nature of these errors later.

(7) The confusion created in the absolute values of religion and ethics is even greater. It consists in the total interpretation of a period. In literature it leads to romanticism. In literature it leads to romanticism... but I deal with the nature of these errors later.

(8) The confusion created in the absolute values of religion and ethics is even greater. It consists in the total interpretation of a period. In literature it leads to romanticism. In literature it leads to romanticism... but I deal with the nature of these errors later.

(9) The confusion created in the absolute values of religion and ethics is even greater. It consists in the total interpretation of a period. In literature it leads to romanticism. In literature it leads to romanticism... but I deal with the nature of these errors later.

(10) The confusion created in the absolute values of religion and ethics is even greater. It consists in the total interpretation of a period. In literature it leads to romanticism. In literature it leads to romanticism... but I deal with the nature of these errors later.
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.

**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 Renascence 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, 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 acceptance of sin as a fact. It is only lately that the acceptance of sin as a fact. It is only lately that the

There are economists now who believe that this period has been capitalist because it desired, it had to be so. An essential preliminary to the growth of capitalism 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 Renascence), and the corresponding new ethical ideals by which life was regulated by 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 sources of the immense change at the Renascence 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 to be so. An essential preliminary to the growth of capitalism 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 Renascence), and the corresponding new ethical ideals by which life was regulated by 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 sources of the immense change at the Renascence 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 to be so. An essential preliminary to the growth of capitalism 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 Renascence), and the corresponding new ethical ideals by which life was regulated by 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 sources of the immense change at the Renascence 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.

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 not 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, while there are still many others like St. Augustine; at the end of the Christian period 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 must not imagine 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 in these notes is to be regarded as an attempt to analyse and comprehend the thought of such a man, 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 medival-
isim. The only thing the new period will have in common with mediaevalism 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. It is the different conceptions of the nature of man a study of the 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—ever 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 now, because we have inevitably thought that the humanism of the subjectivism of humanity to absorb them unconsciousness 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 Renascence. 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.

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

The best-known work on the Renascence, 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 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 Renascence 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 Renascence three things should be noticed:

(1) The change conception itself, the putting of the preformation into man is no longer endowed with original sin, but by nature good. In Machiaveli 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 (1497) 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. Mierlet 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 term 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 Collins 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 anthroposophy, 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.

A partial reaction is: 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 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.
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 Armada, with a delicate flavouring withdraws, ostentatiously making an entry in a pocket-amiable booby, with a long, vacant face whose expression paying pupil (in the technical sense only). He is an amiable, but not one, for a serpent dost thou fret and moan! But was't not better that the snake, indeed, Denied, urged ye both feed, Thant that a sponser's mother should intrude And eat thine all, thy love, thy life, thy food? Ever a mother, like the Prince of Night, All Paradise had been consumed quite. The snakes know much, but never snake acrawl so cunning 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 virtuals death While they's been to beat us devil out of earth. Good Adam, cease thy plaints and learn to love The snake that did not such a monster prove. If thou wouldst eat it, it for thine beholds 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-encrusted 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 by the absence of the cram-book. He oozes unsolicited information as readily as he absorbs it. Hudson is really almost too enthusiastic in learning. His questions in class are copious, 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.

L. M.

EXEMPTION (FRAGMENT OF A NATIONAL EPIC).

One day there was who quoth, "Heavens his fanny paunch: "Lo, I am he, Who maketh candles sticks for the Elect,- To light them to bedwarths! Shall he be called Unto the heady onslaught? Shall he be named To wield their cleavers.

For surfeiting of regal lap-dogs. Shall the mignon of her Grace be glutted with Purveyeth marzipan and notes of hand, Wherewith I slice the charger's fatted haunch For pride of lineage

To the heady onslaught?"

"Renowned is the adroitness of mine arm

Of other peerless such, whose artifice

Attar of roses, boot-trees, poudre de riz,

Corsages, Asti, trinkets, plovers' eggs

May from the marble dwellings of the great

Is truly inadequate to express human thought. But let me indicate some of these typical prodigies. Several lads smirk furtively; but regard Hudson, the boy with the large, clean face, the broad, shiny indiarubber collar, whose descriptive 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 schoolboy, 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 enthusiastic in learning. His questions in class are copious, 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.

P. SELVER.
Current Cant.

"Spurgeon's Tabernacle. Elephant and Castle. Dr. Dixon will preach. Subject, 'The Origin of Heaven and Earth' or '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 I pronounced Tory in his political views, Lord Abercromby is quite democratic in his views. On the occasion of his eightieth birthday he gave a dinner to his employees, and came to the feast provided with a dinner ticket identical with those given to his labourers."—"Rastings 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. ..."—BEAKS & CO.

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

"Christendom 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 4d. 6d. a pound for Queen Mary; Russian Tea at 6d. a pound for His Majesty."—"Earleston Guardian" (Lancs.).

"Dentistry's new charm—women operators."—"News Dispatch."

"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 inevitably a man? That great authority, Mrs. Parkhurst, 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—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 much prefers it. It saves every 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 see. Soon there will not be a paper in Spain to raise a cheer for Old England."—VIBRATION.

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 continues: "The heads of the various departments have decided that 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."

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

---

You are now perfectly familiar with the horrors of your respirator, which can only be used in a state of constipation. However, after disembarking your hands and affecting a respirator you take the "Daily Mail" (the only paper that has caught up all the supplies of Truth), Tuesday, January 18, and proceed to examine same. Page 1 is devoted to Quo, an article fairly cheap; you can save this class 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 Quo, dragging in the Army, if I said that Quo 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 three weeks a week you can insure, which is cheap. On this page I noted: "The letter concludes with a somewhat curious 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 6, motor tyres, gramophone records, Burton ale 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 £257 by Dodge Brothers, Mackintosh's coffee, and Black Cat cigarettes for 3d.; by buying the latter, I am informed I can save! Page 8, tobacco, Surgol or how to put on flesh, economy or save your meat bills, how to cure rheumatism and backache, 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, phospherine, 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 journalist a "correspondent" fills half a column to discourse on compulsory thrift. You think I am going to say compassion? Not a tiny scrap of it. My case is this: the comparative poverty of the advertisements tends to prove that the "Daily Mail's" has lost its typical poverty. This means 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," standing not particularly above their fellow devils who has the misfortune to be "employed" by them. Their factory is at Shepherd's Bush and they are subcontractors. I certainly don't want to know what, in any pleading with the Inland Revenue, 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 dissolved chapel. This has been fitted into a factory, 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 unclever 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 t specious descriptions of mine. "Spare no expense; make a good job of it; we don't mind what we pay!" How feebly are the Messengers that preach us the Gospel of Economy. "See the move, don't you," says my aforementioned poor devil of an employee; "pauper at nine bob a square yard—now art the man to get on." Nonetheless 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 Aristocracy, this Bush I'm from.

The same old tale, too, in other branches of this house of the New Religion. Prices cut about every three months :—2d. a hundred to sol., and so on. Small wonder that the four or so "engineers" learn from their masters and that a tip on Saturday will ensure the outliving 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 rush out 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 bless them with the advance of 'em," asserted my informant picturesquely, "with furs and rings." Of course, in the early days it was: "We're not going than 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 robbery or a viler product of the system we tolerate. Our enemies without do at least fight for an idea; those within are the flourishing speculators of Greeks and uncorrected lunatics, dead to all honour and lifeless to all ideals. Our is a mighty Empire. God wot! and so tolerable.

R.V. MOTTREY.

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. Pickthall'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 right, Dismnii or Sir Edward Grey? Is it Turkey a more valuable ally than Turkey? If we had had the Turks upon our side, we could so easily have had them, could we ever have been in our present hopeless position? Have Russia turned against us and joined hands with Germany, we should have had command of the Black Sea; we should have joined the Balkan States, excepting Servia and Montenegro, without payment, and all Asia would have risen in our honour without the proclamation of a Turkish army. It had been written, had our alliance, the war, I think, would not have taken place at all, since Germany's ambitions were contingent upon Turkey's friendship. 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 maneuvered into friendship with Germany, no European war would have taken place at all. We have denied ourselves the satisfaction of answering this by the simple criticism that Turkey did not join the Central Powers until after the third month of the war, but Mr. Pickthall's own statement must be sought. I find that the following was written in December, 1914: "I knew that the Turkish sentiment, upon the whole, is rather on the side of England than of Germany. In either case, the feeling is not strong enough, I fancy, to drive the Turks into the Entente. The following quotations show the balance of friends was, if anywhere, on the English side. This, and Mr. Pickthall's frequent allusion to the ease with which Turkey might have 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 Turkey 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 island of Chios and Mytilene. If she should fail in this, she will sooner or later must make war on Greece, or Greece will raid the coast of Asia Minor." (September 3, 1914.) Remembering the symposium most look forward to as we must now ask: Is Turkey a more valuable ally than Russia and Italy and Greece together? Mr. Pickthall, however, insists that joined against Germany given Greece and joined hands with Germany, we should have had command of the Black Sea; we should have given all the Balkan States, except Servia, and Roumania, with Japan and India paid in, 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 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 forced Austria in alliance with Italy, it cannot be dogmatically asserted that an alliance was impossible. 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 if 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 we were the British Government I would send every available man into Servia—indeed, I should have done so months ago—and if Servia and Montenegro had not been crushed before my troops arrived, I should have used 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 that the British Government ought to send every available man to the relief of Servia. At the time, I imagined—we asalo--it was quite possible to effect a junction with the southern Servian army; and also that our Government, having known of the menace to Servia, should have already sent heavy reinforcements to that army. Had I known the true position of affairs, that Servia was already vanquished at the time of writing, I should not have advised my troops arrived. "I should not have advocated any move before next May." (December 21, 1915.)

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

1. "If the Government wants enthusiasm ill 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, 1916.

(2) “Had our Government considered India’s interests to a reasonable extent, Turkey would have been on our side now, the saving of millions of lives, of the 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 authority. The Russian hunchmen must have war. . . . The Russian nihilist [sic] is quite as much a jingo as the Russian bureaucrat.”

Mr. Pickthall’s contradictions on the simplest matters seem often as misleading as his attempts at theory. For instance, on August 14, 1914, he tried to make us believe that the “God damn it!” and “God damn it!” 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 effective forces” (December 23, 1915).

* * *

DANGLER’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 classes” (2) “We know that the middle-class Churches”—and, business men.”

Classes have given freely of their sons,” says he (under the sub-heading “Reviving Class Hate!”) in the “Sunday Chronicle” two weeks ago. That none have suffered more, financially, than that middle class, the writers, palettes, architects, and the whole great world of business men.” You pay your money and you take your choice.

ROBERT WILLIAMSON.

A LETTER TO THE PRIME MINISTER.

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

(1) Were not England, France and Russia known as the “Allies” until the winter of 1914 (I)?

(2) Were not Germany and Austria known as the “Central Powers” until the same time?

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

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

FELIX O’RIORDAN.

THE CHURCHES AND THE WORLD-WAR.

SIR,—The controversy as to the obligation of the “Churches” 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 pronunciation 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. If, on the other hand, the heads (ecclesiastical) of the State Church has more than once, on the other hand, the head (ecclesiastical) of the State has more than once, 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 State Church has more than once pronounced against militarism 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 “God damn it!” and “God damn it!” 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 effective forces” (December 23, 1915).

* * *

NASHE SLOVO.

SIR,—That mysteriously well-informed Parisian-Russian paper “Nashe Slovo,” which Mr. Tchitcherine quoted recently against me, states that 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 Parisian strikes at Petrograd precisely hearing out my account.

* * *

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. Beckett refer in their books “to things pertaining to children.” If only they were alone in their sky! Sme-r-r-ve, however, is notoriously infectious. Last week’s “Bystander” contained the following passage:—

“This is one of the worst results of the war. Man has regained his kingdom, and learned that (what ever may have been, or may be, the attitude or the teaching of non-conforming religious bodies), the dogma of the State Church has always been that the only means of divine ordinance and sanction.† As to the “FreeChurch,” if they have not positively assented to this teaching, I am not aware—that if well the example, by a sort of “self-denying ordinance,” and be content with somewhat less pricelessly incomes, even though the heads of the State seem to shrink from recommending to them so patriotic and so reasonable an alternative.

H. W.
Press Cuttings.

"It is not pleasant reading, that report of Mr. Lloyd George's meeting with the men under the Munitions Act, held on Christmas Day morning in St. Andrew's Hall, Glasgow. But it is well the people should know the truth, no matter how false others may think it. Which leaves us as 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. The reason given for 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 to-day learning the grim lesson which it has been the fate of the false prophets of old, and received him with hisses and execrations.

"The coming struggle, after the war, will present innumerable difficulties, foreseen and unforeseen. We believe that the only remedy. It is a dangerous piece of knowledge."—Horatio Bottomley.

"... Those who know what is happening have no effective remedy. 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 workers are feeling. Round the feet of the spokesmen of Labour in 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 blindly deceived, both as to the facts and as to the moral and legal status of the law in so far as it is not understood the preliminary meetings have been held with closed doors, and all that can be stated authoritatively as to the purpose of the Federation in one great district is to 'afford means for bringing the industrial interests of the country into closer touch with the Government, not in any spirit of submission, but in 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 of which has 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 an unlimited number equipped at unlimited cost, and deputations with mysterious suddenness to all parts of the habitable and uninhabitable Globe, whereas a sound experimental one to test among a group of six or eight men, at most only two, could produce decisive results. All the others are a dispersion of energy, and involve a vast expenditure of life and money. And yet the 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 millions as if it was as much as a sea. What is less clearly understood is that the expeditionary policy is not only the cause, but the effect of a limited supply of recruits. Whereas there was no check on voluntary enlistment at the beginning of the war the Cabinet gave the 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 remedy. 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 empirically admitted. What we must do is 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. In the case of Scotland, for instance, the Government must not even contradict Lloyd George, seeing that these things are empirically admitted. What we must do is 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. Our aim is 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. Our aim is 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. Our aim is—The Economist."