

# THE NEW AGE

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## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

NOBODY ought to grudge Lord Claud Hamilton his satisfied contrast of the management during the war of the railways with the management of almost everything else. The railways, he says, "have performed their work with such conspicuous ability that while all Government work had proceeded safely, quickly, and with the utmost secrecy, the general traffic had been subjected to a minimum amount of interruption." Not only is this true, but there may be added to this list of virtues the virtue of relative cheapness. Many services and most commodities have gone up in price during the war at the same time that many of them have come down in quality. But except for a few revisions of rates, the general cost of railway travelling and transit is much to-day what it was before the war. Lord Claud Hamilton is disposed to attribute the nation's singular felicity in respect of our railways to the fact alone that its management has been "skilled." Likewise, he says, other undertakings have suffered from political (which is to say, legal) control, while the railways have enjoyed the superintendence of the men who understand them. To the "Committee of Railway Managers" to whom the Government delegated (or shall we say chartered?) the management of the lines Lord Claud is, therefore, inclined to render exclusive praise. They, and they alone, are to thank for providing the nation with its one model of war administration. But without questioning the value of skilled control (very much the other way, indeed) we may still doubt whether this control has been the only element in railway success. After all, we have the same control in time of peace; and we are not aware that railways then ran as smoothly as they do now. Two other factors at least enter, in our opinion, into the present happy result; and they are as follows: The companies are statutorily debarred from competitive profits; and thus are not only removed from the common temptation to profiteer, but are guaranteed a practically fixed income. In other words, they are a species of public servant, with no personal interest in profits, and are assured of pay in return for efficiency. Thus they approximate to the soldier, the sailor and the civil servant. And, in the second place, in consequence of this fact, the men under them are less disposed to rebel

against over-work and little pay than men elsewhere in competitive industry. The advantage of this last circumstance is enormous, and particularly in an industry of which the employees are almost as much a part of the machinery as the actual constructions of steel and iron. Strikes in piecemeal industry are at worst partial losses, but a strike upon the railways is a blow at the heart from within the heart. It follows that as much credit should be given for the success of the railways to the conditions that keep the men satisfied as to the condition of its skilled management. In a word, it is not to skilled management alone that we owe success, but to the adoption in the industry of the chief principles of a National Guild.

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But if, as everybody may see, the gratifying working of the railways during the war is due to the adoption of Guild principles, why, it may be asked, should not their application be extended? Until seventeen months ago we could make allowances for critics of the Guilds who might, in the absence of imagination, plead the absence of a successful working example. To-day, however, such a plea is no longer available; and even the destitution of imagination is no excuse for doubting the practicability of Guilds. If the complicated system of the railways, with their vast capital, their immense variety of labour, and their enormous personnel, have proved susceptible of Guild organisation, and that during a period when more rather than less responsibility is thrust upon them, surely the practical argument in favour of the same principles in less complicated industries is unanswerable. As a matter of fact, we may say that just to the extent that the Guild principles have been applied to other industries have other industries been a national success; and, equally, that to the extent that they have not been applied have these industries been failures. Look, for example, at the munitions industry, which now occupies some two or more millions of men and some ten thousand or so engineering shops. What is it that brought the little order that prevails in them into existence at all if not the adoption of the Guild principles of limited profits and of skilled management? And we can go still further. If there is any residuum of discontent on our railways, and if there remains (as there does remain) a great mass of discontent in the munitions industry, the fault lies in the fact that the

Guild principles have not been carried far enough. To the skilled management of the railway managers ought to be added the co-operation of the skilled management of the men's Trade Union; and certainly every fresh outbreak of discontent among the engineering workers ought to be allayed by the same means. What has been proved good for the present managers of industry—namely, corporate responsibility under national control—would prove good for the future managers of industry—the men themselves. And we shall be by no means satisfied with the domestic victories of the war unless the recognition of this in practice is everywhere made.

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If we are not very much mistaken, the underlying substance, as distinct from the unimposing and, in fact, repulsive edifice of the propaganda of a Business Government, consists in this: that it is a demand for skilled, responsible and disinterested management of industry (including, of course, war). The idea, however, labours under several obscurities. To begin with, the distinction has not been grasped by its apostles between control and management. They are apt to suppose that one is identical with the other, or, at least, includes it. But the fact is that control and management are two entirely different functions; and that while, on the one hand, management is best in the hands of skilled managers; on the other hand, to leave control of policy to them would be midsummer madness. The management of our railways, for instance, is properly confided (or, as we should say, chartered) to the skilled managers already familiar with the work—but who would have confided to them the control of policy as well? The policy is plainly for the Government; the execution alone is for the skilled business management. The same distinction holds good of industries other than the productive—the Army and Navy, for example. Quite properly, in our judgment, the actual management of these national tasks is left to the care of their technically skilled directors; but who on earth, in air or upon water, would leave the control of policy to them? Control, it will thus be seen, is one thing, while management is another; and we put it to the Business apostles whether this distinction, in fact, is not valid. The penalty, moreover, of failing to make it is that the whole propaganda itself must be fruitless. For as certainly as public opinion is in favour of skilled management, public opinion is hostile to control by experts. And public opinion is right. Nothing can be worse than unskilled management unless it be skilled control. But the two are not necessarily incompatible when their personnel is clearly divided. Let us have, in short, business management, as expert and skilled as it is possible; but at the same time let the control be civilian, statesmanlike, philosophical, general, humane—anything, in fact, but business!

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Another defect in the movement for Business government is the lack of any differentiation of business men. It is assumed that a business man is a business man everywhere and always, a Jack of every trade, who can be as readily employed in managing this or that as the other. The managerial side of every modern industry, however, is skilled in a particular direction; and the "all-round business man" is no more fitted for any particular management than any equally intelligent civilian. This has come out very plainly from the experience of the British Dyes Company which was formed some months ago, under Government auspices, for the purpose of re-capturing the German dye-trade. In such an industry, highly technical and scientific as it is, the really "business man" (the man, that is, who carries the business of dyeing forward) is not the "all-round business man," but the skilled chemist. And Germany has long ago recognised the fact by placing chemists at the head of practically every chemical works in the Fatherland. Our first public experiment in this coun-

try, however, has ignored this proven experience of Germany; and instead of chemists, good all-round business men have been placed in charge of the management of British dyes. With what result? There appears to be every chance that after the war the dyeing industry will revert to the country where it is most efficiently carried on; for it is a law of economics that trade seeks its own highest efficiency. And, what is more, the very business men themselves who manage the British dyes company are convinced of it. We cannot hope to compete, they say in effect, with the German dyers; we must, therefore, only maintain the present venture as a means of keeping down German prices after the war. To expect more is to be disappointed. But what is this save the acknowledgment that the German principle of management by chemists is superior to the British principle of management by all-round business men? The case against the latter is, in fact, proved by themselves.

Against the common opinion that ideas will be freer and larger after the war than during the war we cannot protest too often. The Englishman usually thinks only when he is forced to act; and hence, if he is to entertain large ideas, the present is the moment of all his history. The contrary, however, is maintained by conservative minds who love to postpone everything to the more favourable season which they pray may never come in their time. To these, we are afraid, belongs, for all his protestations, Mr. Michael Sadler, the Vice-Chancellor of the University of Leeds, who, in a recent interview with a "Times" special correspondent (a particularly stupid one, it must be owned), expressed the opinion that the most striking social effects of the war will be a general intelligent awakening, a new willingness to reconsider old and cherished beliefs, and a readiness to try audacious experiments. An event, however, cannot have results greater than itself; and it is certain that, apart from the reaction of fatigue that must inevitably follow the efforts of the war, all that peace can do is to develop the ideas generated in the course of the war itself. The larger our ideas now, therefore, the more promising will be the prospects of peace; for it is now, as we have said, that our national imagination (such as it is in these days) is at its widest stretch. Consider from this point of view the audacity of experiment likely to be witnessed in the coming peace. It is, we affirm, from all the present indications, more likely to be absent altogether than present in any striking amount. For if the clamorous necessities of the greatest war ever fought have resulted in no more audacious experiments than, on the one hand, of nationalising our railways (temporarily!), and, on the other hand, of suspending personal liberty (permanently?), the less insistent demands of peace will surely evoke even less audacity of experiment. What was there—nay, what is there—to prevent the nationalisation of so much more than the railways alone? It is everywhere admitted that, as a means of transport, shipping is at least as indispensable as railways; and precisely the same arguments for its nationalisation during the war (and during peace as well) exist as for the nationalisation of railways. And what as a large idea could have been more striking than the State appropriation to national service of the magnificent mercantile service of the chief shipping Power of the world? France and Italy have commandeered their mercantile services; so, too, we believe, has Russia. With greater need and with the same opportunity England has done nothing of the kind. Discussion is frequent in the Press and elsewhere of the national character of our industries of coal, of iron, of food, of drink, of clothing. Has there to one of these essentials been applied a single large idea, or an idea, even, of the size of an election address? We know, on the contrary, that business in each of these has been carried on much as usual during the war; and if during the war, what may we expect of them during peace? Of large ideas, in fact, such as Lord Haldane was fond of cackling about, there have, as yet, in our critical judgment, been

fewer in the course of the war in this country than in Germany. Amongst our enemies, indeed, we are almost ashamed to say how often we have seen ideas emerge of which we should wish our own country to have the initiative.

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Both the secretary of the Agricultural Organisation Society and the Secretary of the Rural League express themselves as practically satisfied by the recommendations made by Sir Harry Verney's Committee for the settlement of returning soldiers upon the land. All we can say is that they could not have expected much. To begin with, the estimated cost of the purchase by the State of the land alone exceeds the estimated cost of reclaiming virgin land from the bogs of East Anglia. In other words, it is to be cheaper under the scheme to make new land than to buy the land of the existing owners. Next, at the largest estimate, not more than four or five thousand of the returning millions of our troops can possibly be accommodated with a small holding, so that in effect the whole scheme will apply to only about one in a hundred of the possible number of applicants. Again, we thought it had been impregably established that in these days of world-competition, farming, in order to pay its way, must be industrialised and capitalised, and run as a skilled business. To revert to small holdings in this era of commercial farming is equivalent to the reversion to the handloom from the machine loom in the textile industry. And the men who will be condemned to penal servitude upon these new holdings are not even assumed to be skilled. On the contrary, the State is to undertake their instruction in modern methods of farming for the period of at least an experimental year. Finally, the experiment is to be tried of co-operative colonies, which nowhere, to our knowledge, have been a success, save amongst a people already skilled in their particular work. The co-operation, on the other hand, of small tenant-farmers, still learning their business, is likely to prove as disastrous to production as favourable to dis-sensions. And this is the scheme the Government Committee recommend and the reformatory secretaries approve of! If there were any evidence needed that large ideas are lacking in our governing classes, what better instance could be chosen? To attempt to cure the disease of agriculture or the prospective difficulty of the unemployment of our discharged troops by such means is to attempt to cure small pox pock by pock. It is quackery of the worst kind. The proposal, on the other hand, that we have advocated, is the bolder, the more promising, and, we would even add, the more practical one of *farming England*. After all, our little island, agriculturally speaking, is not infinitely greater than a large farm in South America; nor are the problems involved in its national control insuperable. If the State can undertake the defeat of Germany on land, sea, and air, how much more easily could it undertake the farming of England as a single farm? With a Guild of farmers, organised by skill in ranks after the manner of the Army, and State control, all the resources of invention, expert management, and co-ordination of effort, could be ensured for the maximum efficiency of our agriculture. And nothing short of this, we repeat, will be of any more than temporary avail against the coming conditions of the world.

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But trust, we see, is to be put in the magical properties of Protection. Guarantee by a tariff, we are told, a standard price of forty shillings a quarter for wheat, and our agriculture can be left to look after itself. The folly of this assumption is past description. In the first place, as we pointed out last week, the farmers have had their protection during the last eighteen months—and what have they done with it? We are producing little more wheat to-day than two years ago. In the second place, what magic is in Protection more than in Property itself to induce ideas in the industries protected? Are farmers the more dis-

posed to greater exertions for having prices secured; is the quickening of competition an exploded myth among the very people who used most firmly to hold it? And, in the third place, it argues an abysmal ignorance of economics to suppose that high prices for wheat will long remain in the pockets of the tenant-farmers. There is a magic in Property more potent than the magic of Protection, which will infallibly extract from the tenant in the form of Rent all he can acquire in the form of price. Let nobody abuse his mind with further misunderstanding upon this point: the protection of the producer is the enrichment of the owner. It is this simple and established proposition of economics that ought to give us pause before casting overboard, as the "Spectator" has now done, all our past objections to Tariff Reform. Quite as powerfully now as ever the arguments for Free Trade, *while profiteering remains*, hold the field against any and every tariff. Free Trade, in short, is the necessary defence of the nation against domestic profiteering. By its means we call in the foreigner to save us from the extortions of our own traders. On the other hand, it is useless, we must admit, to repeat this demonstration and warning as if their simple repetition would be effective against the rising tide of Tariff Reform. Liberals, in particular, as we have often observed, are inclined to let their principles fight for them, instead of fighting for their principles; and in the matter of Protection, as in the matter of Conscription, they are steering at present a course that must end in impotent surrender. "After Conscription Protection," wails the "Nation," as if the mere wail were likely to deter the Protectionists from repeating the success of the Conscriptionists. But there is no force in wailing; nor even in simple resistance. Ideas must be met by ideas. If, as we urged, the movement for the Conscription of Men had been met by a simultaneous demand for the Conscription of Wealth, we should not now have to deplore the one or to mourn the absence of the other, but we should have had both or neither. Similarly we now say that the resistance to Protection is foredoomed to failure—will, even, strengthen its enemy—unless it takes the form of a counter or, at least, complementary idea. What is it, we may ask, that makes the strength and the weakness of Protection? Its strength lies in the fact that we all, capitalists and proletariat alike, desire to preserve England's trade in the world. And upon that wish the movement will grow. On the other hand, its weakness lies in the fact that England's trade cannot be protected, as things are at present organised, without protecting England's profiteers at our expense. The remedy, we should have thought, is simple. Every protected industry must be nationalised. To the cry for Protection let us therefore reply with the cry for Nationalisation.

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In the current "New Statesman" Mr. Bernard Shaw asks the question why the intelligentsia of England have so little influence upon the conduct of public affairs. And he recommends their co-operation, or, at least, their conference, as a means to acquiring some power. Certainly we, who advocate Guilds for every industry, including the organisation of intelligence, have no objection either to conference or to co-operation; but, as certainly, we doubt whether Mr. Shaw is the man to bring it about. Nobody, in our opinion, has behaved more like "the cat that walked by himself" than Mr. Shaw all the days of his life. And even upon the subject of the war, in which most of us are agreed except in opinions, Mr. Shaw has chosen to express views of the most wilful idiosyncrasy. However, if there is to be a new leaf turned in the book of the intelligentsia of the nation, we have no mind to oppose it. Only its new motto must not be the old one that Mr. Shaw has carved on his mantel-piece: "They say. What say they? Let them say." It is not a Guild motto.

## Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

LET me recall a fact in connection with the recent defeat of the British troops in Mesopotamia. It is this: that just as the Turks were being heavily reinforced; just as men, with German officers, and munitions were being hurried to that particular fighting area, the German papers began to publish despondent messages about the serious situation of the Turks in Bagdad. The German and Austrian Press, and the pro-German papers published in Switzerland, began to prepare their readers for bad news. Whether these tidings actually deceived the authorities here or in India is another matter. At any rate, just as the British public was preparing for the fall of Bagdad the news came that General Townshend had been defeated rather severely. The use of the German papers for the purpose of deceiving the enemy is even older than Bismarck, but on this occasion it was used with more than ordinary skill. Not too much immediate attention, therefore, need be paid to the lugubrious complaints in the official German organs, such as the "Kölnische Zeitung," and in the pro-German Swiss papers like the "Neue Zürcher Zeitung," with regard to the attitude now being taken up by the Roumanian Government. According to these statements, the National Bank at Bucharest is accumulating large gold reserves; the Finance and War Ministers are demanding larger and larger credits every day; the Government, far from opposing the interventionist agitation, as it has consistently done for many months, has now begun to countenance it; and, almost significant of all, the Roumanian army has gradually been concentrated on the Austro-Hungarian frontier, despite the fact that the Central Empires are making no overt threats against Roumania, while Russia, on the other hand, is concentrating large forces at Reni.

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A very obvious inference from all this is that Roumania is gradually preparing, as Italy did, to attack the Central Empires before they can place themselves in a state of defence where defence is needed. When Roumanian batteries are withdrawn from the coast, leaving the way open for a Russian landing, and sent instead to the Austro-Hungarian frontier, it is natural to assume that Roumania is more afraid of her western than of her eastern neighbours. And this is, indeed, the fact; but a word or two of caution should be added to the grave warnings of the German papers. Consider that comparison with Italy. It is true that the Italians made preparations for attacking their hereditary enemy during many whole months preceding the actual declaration of war in May. But the Austrians, as the published correspondence makes it pretty clear, never really expected that the long negotiations would end otherwise than they did, and when the Italian army finally advanced, it found that the frontier defences had been immensely strengthened, and that the enemy, while negotiating, had taken advantage of the time at his disposal to fortify almost impregnable stretches of mountain and cliff.

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If this point is borne in mind when Roumania is considered, the position will become clearer. It has been stated in diplomatic circles for some months past that Roumania was "certain" to join the Allies sooner or later, and Austro-German pressure was effectively counter-balanced by Russian pressure. I speak from the military point of view—so far as milder forms of pressure are concerned, it is gratifying to note that the Allied representatives in Roumania have at last been permitted to spend money freely. The purchase by England and France of Roumanian wheat intended for Germany and Austria was an unexpected blow, and one that led to strong language in the German papers.

Further, the English loan of a year ago has not been forgotten by either party to the bargain. If, then, the German and Austrian newspapers begin to complain about the attitude of the Roumanian Government, it may be taken for granted that the Governments of the Central Empires have been making as many preparations for defence as were necessary, and are now getting ready to attack Roumania, if need be, before she is in a good position to defend herself. No doubt, M. Bratiano and his fellow Cabinet Ministers have seen by this time that men are useless without munitions; and, if the Roumanian authorities are in earnest, they will have remedied the weak spots in their army—the lack of artillery and of munitions. In diplomatic circles in London it is still firmly believed that the participation of Roumania in the struggle, on our side, is only a matter of time. Is it not a matter of action, however, as well?

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The international situation, from a military point of view, has been so delicate of late that neutrals have frankly hesitated which side to back. Bulgaria waited for the result of the September offensive in the districts of Loos and Tahure. The reports were unsatisfactory, and, consequent upon bad diplomatic arrangements afterwards, King Ferdinand decided to join our enemies. It is stated in some quarters that the Roumanian authorities are anxiously considering the possible results of a spring offensive in France and Flanders. The comments in the German papers may very well be the indication of counter-action by the German Government. In other words, if the Germans believed that a western offensive, even if only partly successful, were likely to bring Roumania over to the side of Russia—thus at one stroke jeopardising the position of the Bulgarian forces and detaching a large Austrian army—they would unquestionably endeavour to put Roumania out of action before a decision in any other theatre of war could be reached. Here, again, the Roumanian army has not been allowed to make its preparations without some counter-measures on the part of the potential enemy. For at least eight months Austro-German troops have been busily engaged in fortifying all the likely points at which a Russo-Roumanian advance could best be held up, and a forward movement in the direction of Transylvania will not find the Central Empires unprepared. For that matter, the Bulgarians have been devoting special attention to the Roumanian frontier for the last ten or eleven weeks, and trench-digging has been proceeding over a wide area.

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I mention these matters by way of warning. At present it can only be said that the Roumanian situation is, from our point of view, extremely satisfactory. We appear to have impressed the Government and people favourably, and it is perfectly true, as the "Kölnische Zeitung" indicates (February 8) that ignorance of England and suspicion of Russia are more than balanced by cordial trust in France. It was to France and to French thought that the Balkan States and the Turks turned after the Berlin Congress; and the influence of French revolutionary philosophy is surprisingly strong in south-eastern Europe. Further, we ourselves have lent money to Roumania, and Russia has been sending to Bucharest, for distribution, as many military supplies as she could spare during the early part of the winter. In short, the Roumanian Government, in order to preserve Silistria and to secure at least Transylvania, if not the Banat, has by now all but made up its mind to join the Allies. But from this embryonic decision to the actual event there is still a considerable distance, and our enemies will have something to say before the final step is taken. We can relax neither our diplomatic nor our military efforts, though if we continue our negotiations as well as we have begun them the issue will undoubtedly be successful.

## War Notes.

Most of the arguments used by the pacifists in their repudiation of the balance of power as a doctrine of policy really rest on the tacit assumption that this balance will take care of itself, being grounded on the nature of things. In describing the evil consequences of the policy, they forget that the alternative is not simply the same world, minus those evils; there would be the much greater evils that would follow the destruction of the balance of power.

The only alternative at the present moment to the Balance of Power is a German hegemony in Europe. The only legitimate discussion of this doctrine, then, is one which tries to estimate the relative greatness of (1) the evils which accompany the attempt to maintain the balance of power—the present war, for example; and (2) the evils which would accompany a "united Europe under German military leadership." (I quote this sentence from a book on the war by a well-known German philosopher.)

In stating the matter in this way, however, I am perhaps assuming too much. The following types of pacifists would not accept this as a true account of the things at issue.

(1) Those who deny that the Balance of Power is the only alternative to the hegemony of one Power. They have visions of something better: (a) No Powers at all, (b) a harmony of Powers.

(2) Those who deny, or fail to realise, the possibility of such a hegemony as a result of our defeat in this war.

(3) Those who refuse to believe that a German hegemony would be necessarily evil.

(4) Those who are sceptical as to the possibility of preventing such a hegemony by war. These fatalists speak of the growth of Germany as natural. We cannot stop it by artificial means. They even imply that it is almost sinful on our part to attempt to interfere with a natural force.

(5) Those who admit that a German hegemony is possible; but assert that the evils of war, and the possible evils of hegemony, belong to entirely different classes or grades of evil, as different, say, as tons and ounces. The evils of war are so great that everything else . . . honour, independence, notionalities, etc. . . . becomes trivial in comparison with them. People who hold these views are quite naturally led to discuss, as Mr. Russell did in a recent lecture, whether German hegemony might not be welcomed as the best means of preserving peace in Europe—a Pax Germanicum.

Two things may be said about this attitude: (a) Accepting for the moment the system of ethical values from which the belief springs—I admit that the evils of war are certainly more immediate; in comparison with them, the evils of subjection and loss of independence seem somewhat trivial. But, it is quite arguable that, in the long run, the evils that would follow the inevitable refusal to accept the hegemony as permanent would bring about evils of the same scale as those of the war—the ounces would become tons. (b) I deny that this system of ethical values is the true one. There are values which are more important than life.

But while the enumeration of the actual evils of war does not, as such pacifists believe, serve to decide the matter, it does serve as a useful standard by which the reasons we give may be tested. Many of the reasons given by us enthusiastically as a justification for this war, suddenly appear astonishingly thin when we ask ourselves the question: "Do I really think this so important that I am willing to accept the fact that I and half my friends may be killed to prevent it? It acts as an excellent solvent on any undue preoccupation with the "beautiful dream of Bagdad."

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I want here to consider the second type of pacifist indicated above. How does it come about that they

cannot believe in the possibility of a German hegemony? Why do they tend to think that the evils of such a hegemony are merely the inventions of hysterical journalists; and if not imaginary, at least, enormously exaggerated? In using such arguments one feels that they carry no weight with this people. The facts seem clear, how is it that they are not perceived? What are these facts?

Many things in Europe which we have been accustomed to regard as fixed are now temporarily in a state of flux. When the war ends the new state in which it leaves these things will probably continue, fixed and permanent, for another half century. Now it is possible that the new state of Europe produced by the war may be a permanent German hegemony, with the enormous reaction which would follow this *inside* the beaten countries. The immense importance of the war lies in the fact that in a short space of time, when the world is, as it were, plastic, things are decided, which no effort afterwards may be able to shift. All our future efforts will take place in a framework settled by the war.

One may illustrate this by a metaphor taken from the war itself. The line of trenches on the Western front has now remained practically unaltered for over a year. The position and shape of this line are the brute facts on which all calculations as to future military action have to be based. The apparently accidental details of its shape have to be taken into account, like the similarly accidental and irregular lines of some great natural obstacle, such as a range of mountains. They form the fixed data of the problem which has to be solved. But though now it seems fixed, there was a short period in which it was plastic; and all the accidental details of an outline which seems irregular as the course of a river are due to known causes operating inside that short period. The salient at one point, the concavity at another are perhaps due to the results of the events of an afternoon, when a general under-estimated the number of men required at one particular point, and over-estimated the number required at another. This provides an accurate parallel for the relation of this war to the future of Europe. The relation between the three months of mobility and the year of stalemate is the same as that between the state of flux in which Europe now is and the fixed outlines it would determine for the next fifty years.

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If I assert that the moon to-night is green, and ask you to put yourself to some trouble in order to come outside and look at it, I may meet with two difficulties. In the first place, you may refuse, because you say that you know I have some interest in making this false statement; that craving always the excitement of new sensation, I am naturally credulous, or that my past history makes all my statements worthy of suspicion.

There is, however, a different type of difficulty which has its origin in the character of the facts indicated. All the arguments used are based on facts, ultimately connected with Force. Now, these people have certain habits of mind, are accustomed to think in certain ways which makes it exceedingly difficult for them to perceive the real nature of such facts. If you look for the moon with a microscope, you are not likely to find it. If you persist in thinking of mental processes in terms of the categories appropriate only to matter, you are not likely to see these processes as they really are.

Now, there is no obscurity about the facts in this question; the possibility of hegemony is sufficiently clear. But the pacifists persist in thinking of this fact (of Force) under the influence of certain habits of mind, which make them apt to undervalue and distort it.

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What are the "habits of mind" which prevent the pacifists realising this? How does it come about that they tend to disregard any description of the consequences of German hegemony? Probably for this reason—they discount all these arguments, because they are not really convinced that things are in a flux.

They do not really believe in the possibility of any fundamental change in Europe. As they do not at heart believe that the effects of Force can be so irrevocable, or that such profound changes can take place, they cannot attach serious importance to any argument which postulates such a change.

At bottom, I think, their attitude is the result of the fact that they, perhaps, unconsciously, tend to think of all events of the 20th century in Europe as taking place within the framework impressed on our minds by the history of the nineteenth. This history, in a sense, hypnotises one, and makes the possibility of radical change very difficult to conceive. With many reservations it is, on the whole, true to say that in the history of the wars of the past century and a half the protagonists remain much the same, England, France, Prussia, Austria and Russia. While the power of each of them has varied, none has ever established a permanent hegemony, or been able to destroy the others; Europe has always remained divided into independent States. The result of this is that we tend to think of these nations—the elements of this history—as the permanent and indestructible elements of all future history; the games may be different, but they will always be played with the same pieces.

NORTH STAFFS.

## Holland and the World War.

By W. de Veer.

IX.

To A. —, Barrister,  
in Rotterdam.

London, April 12, 1915.

DEAR A.,—A long-delayed "Well done!" in response to your two most interesting letters. I don't blame you for the words that wounded, and meant to wound, which spiced them. It is the same recipe I followed in the beginning: when annoyed, go for the person who annoys you! You have used it to your own advantage and have done me a good turn, too; for you have enlightened me to some extent with regard to the neutral attitude, and had you spoken less forcibly and candidly, this is a benefit I might easily have missed. I am not joking—I am quite in earnest. Compromise is the small change of human intercourse; but how bring it into circulation unless we freely ventilate our feelings, speaking as man to man? Such an upheaval as we are witnessing uproots everything and everyone; we don't know where we are. The most awful thing to me is the way in which the two contesting parties are walled off from one another, each in their own watertight compartment, so to say.

Fortunately, you and I stand outside this awful struggle. We have not altogether escaped contamination from the worst ailment poor humanity has ever been exposed to; but the disease has only attacked us in its mildest form. "This lucky escape we owe to our neutrality"—you will remind me. That is so. Yet I should feel better satisfied with our national position as a whole if we Dutch were showing ourselves to be a shade less prudent, less logical than we are. There is a folly finer than wisdom, a spirit of adventure more virile than caution, however praiseworthy this latter trait may be as an accompaniment to doughty deeds. Had William the Silent hesitated to sell all he possessed in order to levy troops to march against the tyrant, he would never have founded a free Holland. And what about the East? Once it was deemed a foolish enterprise to start on that eventful, endless voyage, through zones packed with every hazard—yet where should we be now as a nation had the brave fellows who showed the way been less plucky and dashing than they were? The crucial test for a man, that in the critical moments of his life he should act and not hesitate or flounder, applies equally to nations. Holland will never be

offered a chance like this again—not only to smite on her Eastern frontier, with the help of others, the relentless foe who, by cutting Belgium's throat, stands for all ages revealed in his true colours; but to assume the place in the world she is entitled to. That there are "many ways in which a small nation can be great," was a splendid exhortation; but what value does it possess, whether emanating from royal lips or repeated in the newspapers or in the schools, if, at the very moment that greatness, moral and sublime, is within reach, we are not allowed to make it ours? A backwater is not a healthy dwelling place, for an individual or for a people. We should frequent the broad, life-breeding river, the wide, life-stirring sea, that we may grow into something strong and fine—not from the provincial but from the international standpoint. A nation, however diminutive, cannot be satisfied with the rôle allotted to her by a Bernhardt or a Rohrbach; and, as you say, why should she be? But I insist that she must justify her presence in the family by a willingness to take her share in the risks, as well as in the gains, that fall to the lot of all communities in which the sap of life mounts high; and if at times a certain risk seems greater than she is justified in shouldering alone, let her arrange to run it in partnership with those of the same kidney. Has not Holland, throughout her history, maintained her position by alliances? Once, in a moment of great national depression, she offered to place herself under the sway of Queen Elizabeth of England. The scheme fell through, the offer being only half-heartedly accepted; and a few years later Maurice of Nassau beat the Spaniards and Austrians at Nieuport, where the Belgians are now making a dogged stand against the oppressor. Still later, the proud King of Spain was glad to conclude an armistice, that lasted twelve years, with the Dutch "rebels." "I know! I know!" you will exclaim. "That was our Golden Age, but *tempora mutantur*." Please, however, note that I am only reminding you of these events to show how true the founder of our Colonial Empire in the East, so miraculously preserved to us up to the present time (I am coming back to that)—the most famous of our Governor-Generals\*—was to his motto: *Ende desespereert niet*,† in days darker and harder than Holland, even in a coalition war against Germany, is ever likely to experience again.

Remember the Dutch saying, derived from our national seafaring characteristics, which describes in three words the situation—both the dilemma in which Holland finds herself, and the proper solution for her to arrive at. "*Pompen of verzuipen*"‡: that is the alternative with which we are confronted. A sailor whose ship has sprung a leak is forced to pump to keep himself afloat; if he crossed his arms and just looked on, he would slowly but surely perish. His one hope lies in his determination to throw out (by means of his pumping apparatus) more water than comes in. All his energies are concentrated on the fight with this immediate peril. If he combats it successfully, then, maybe, others will spring up; but that is for later consideration. Meanwhile, the hour presses—once he is drowned, he is done for. He will pump for all he is worth. It is his one chance of safety.

A neutral Holland plays the part of the foolish sailor, who—incredible story!—smokes his pipe, drinks his gin, and looks out for better weather; and when someone whispers in his ear: "Do you know, man, you are sinking!" he grows angry, calling the informant "traitor!" At the eleventh hour, becoming conscious of his doom, he rushes to the pump. Too late! Death stares him in the face.

To make the parable complete I must add that the foolish sailor to his great amusement spies some other vessels in the neighbourhood, whose crews are pumping with all their might. "See the fools!" he laughs.

\* Of the Dutch Indies.

† Never be downhearted.

‡ "Pump or drown."

"What unnecessary efforts! How rough and raw their voices sound! How hot and tired they will be! How silly, to get alarmed at nothing!" Only when the water rushes in beneath his own cabin door does he spring to his feet and shout: "Help! Help! We are foundering!"

Another remark I made to myself in this connection: How curious that people determined to keep neutral, in other words, to defend their country's neutrality, should so often exhibit a tendency to attack the Allies. Is it because they know instinctively that they would feel the inner weakness of their attitude, did they ever really contemplate what the victory of Germany would mean? Once we have made up our minds *not* to pump, whatever the alarm, perhaps the wisest course is to enjoy the passing moment, stoutly denying that a leak is sprung. The great thing is that for the time being we should have nothing to complain of. Even when the cry rings: "Save us, for we perish!" the neutral, the non-pumper à *outrance*, sees no reason why he should take off his coat and lend a hand. The most he will allow himself to do is to take a look at the frantic workers, and wonder why they don't make more headway—why they can't pump better.

For your views on England's responsibility, to some extent, for Belgium's ruin—because she had no right to be too late—there is, perhaps, something to be said. Nor do I contradict your statement that in the course of history Might has often, if not always, spoken the decisive word, while Right was sent a-begging, like the Belgians now. And I quite agree about the wretched position the smaller States are in when they come into conflict or have to bargain with a bigger brother. But what has all this to do with the present-day emergency, which requires, nay, demands, that we should make a front, a solid, united front against the universal, pressing jeopardy? Germany is a danger to us all for the simple reason that as the strongest continental Power she cherishes the sinister intention of subjugating us, without exception, until Prussia is our common master; so that it has become a point of honour and national duty for those menaced by this monstrous aim to unite and crush it, *coactis viribus*, as members of one family of nations.

Let us for our own, Dutch, sake be thankful that a "halt!" has been called to the advance of this terrible brood of bullies and professors, spies and gluttons, in spite of their fiendish organisation and painstaking preparedness—that men more powerful and pluckier than we, soft-hearted, canny people, are ready to lay down their lives, and lives dearer to them than their own, to help frustrate this wild endeavour. We can at least humbly recognise that great and small—for look at Belgium, Serbia, Montenegro!—they are fighting *our* cause, too, in keeping the ship of Humanity afloat. All honour to them!

England, with her sea power, is the great stumbling block in the path of the Kaiser's achieving his mad, puerile project. Wherefore, of course, this bellowing: "Gott strafe England!" But to us impotents—by our own free will, remember!—the fact that the hegemony of the seas is in English hands proves a threefold blessing; her trident guarding the line beyond which the Prussian may not pass. Has not Britannia always shown how this supremacy of the highways of the deep is safe with her? She has used, and now and then abused it; but never has she established a reign of terror, never brought over subjected races a thousandth part of the tyranny that a Prussia, an Austria imposes on those bent beneath the yoke of their aristocracy. On the contrary, thanks to England the seas are free—however the German propagandist in these abnormal times may try to demonstrate that England's rule is as despotic as anything in that line to be feared from Germany.

Man, I don't think you realise what England has done for seafarers and traders. Her ports are open to all-comers—her harbours, wherever they may be, offer

equal facilities to friends and rivals. Stop and consider what *we* owe her—it is all on record. Are we to repay these obligations by ignoring or denying them? The moment Germania takes control (when she will indeed be the Master of Mankind, the whole world over), all she has done and is doing offers proof positive that in her grasp the trident will automatically become an instrument of offence to all and sundry; which, wielded by England, it has never been, nor, if she retains her hold, is there any reason to suspect that it will be in the future. The freedom of the ocean is only suspended while the war lasts, as an indispensable means of fighting Germany. Peace is the foundation of England's very existence as an industrial and commercial unity; Prussia, on the other hand, even in peace time keeps things and men on a war footing. As a result of her despotic and predatory nature she is always preparing to fight or actually fighting; Germania, in the rôle of *Arbitrix Marium*, would be a perpetual menace to every other nation. Besides, how could she ever be expected to tolerate an international freedom, seeing how every-one is kept in fetters within her own domains?

Greed and jealousy make Germany look upon England's position as mistress of the seas as being one of unmixed glory. In reality it is not all "beer and skittles," for it absorbs a large portion of the nation's energies and an enormous yearly sum of money—not by any means all spent in furthering purely national affairs.

As regards England's representative, parliamentary system, other nations, whether really civilised or not, have in the course of time done their best to copy it; providing as it does a large measure of equality, as well as a share in the government of his country, to the ordinary person. What she has done at sea, however, has made an even deeper, wider impression than that occasioned by her political institutions. Not only did she bring the most distant shores together; she established fixed relations between them, acting as a power-station for all, long before electricity arrived to ease our labours. London became the centre of the universe, the head-office of its commerce, the signal-box for the thousand lines leading to every corner of the globe and back again. How can you hope to replace the advantages this old, experienced house, this first-rate firm affords us by the unscrupulousness, cunning, and ambition which are the chief assets of the rival enterprise?

And we who know her well, in her activities at sea, in the blessings of her free trade, and in her Colonial achievements (from which we have derived some useful hints)—who have so long used her cables and her codes, her technical terms, her shipping registers—who send our mail-boats backwards and forwards through a waterway she was largely instrumental in constructing, and which she protects *for us, too*, against raids and disturbances; we, Dutch, whose navigators are principally guided by English charts, English signals, English lighthouses on their perilous journeys through the waters, have we not received untold assistance as modern seafarers from the land which gave us machinery as well as the coal to keep it going? Is it upon this nation we should turn, in the hour of her need, to vent some old spite we have been harbouring—upon the lion-hearts who *for us, too*, cleared the unsafe channels from pirates and slave-dealers, and initiated us into many a secret whereby we are able to navigate our vessels more quickly, more safely, and with fewer hardships than before? Theoretically, *all* domination is unjust; all power can be traced back to usurpation. No crown, however proudly worn, is safe against the protest: "Your forbears snatched it, unlawfully."

As a people we should be small indeed if, on the top of our inactivity and our feeble attempts to justify it, we should, in addition, lend ourselves to the ignoble work of carrying out Germany's sinister suggestions, by pointing to *England* as the thief. The boot, as the English saying runs, is on the other leg, believe me!

Yours, W.

## The German Heresy.

By Ramiro de Maeztu.

### III.—THE STATE AS THE GOOD.

THE German theory of the State consists substantially in asserting that when an organ of the State carries out an action in the service of the State that action is necessarily good. According to this theory the State is the good; and not only the good thing, but the good agent. It is at once the subject and the object of the ethical life—the kisser, the kiss, and the kissed; the lover, the love, and the beloved. The State that wills itself is, according to these German theories, the supreme formula of moral life. "The State as self-consciousness," says Cohen, "is the unity of the subject and the object in the will."

This theory is not upheld in Germany by the Conservative parties alone, but also by the Democratic parties. Othmar Spann is an Imperialist, a partisan of the war, and at the same time one of the most brilliant spirits of the new generation. If you read the book which he dedicated in 1913 (mark the date) to the "Sociology and Philosophy of War," you will find these words: "In the sacrifice of war life is not sacrificed to the State as a means of life, but to the State as the bearer of life itself. Life is sacrificed to itself; to its own higher and last ends. Those sacrifices which we bring to life we ought to bring also to the State." And how could it be otherwise when, according to this philosophy, the State is the highest and last end of life?

But Hermann Cohen is not a "vitalist" or an Imperialist or a Nationalist; but such a good Liberal and Socialist and Pacifist that when the Bismarck anniversary was celebrated he had the civic courage to say to his pupils at the University of Marburg: "This is a sad day for the history of Germany." Nevertheless, Cohen's ethics, too, is the ethics of the State. Cohen's State is not exclusively the national or imperial State that we know. It is rather the union of the States of humanity, wherein is guaranteed that "eternal peace" which, according to Kant, is the eternal orientation of morality. But that does not diminish, in Cohen's philosophy, the ethical value of the present or empirical State. "Its value does not consist in its actual reality, but in being a directive concept of ethical self-consciousness." The State comes first—before the family, before the nation, before religion. In the case of a conflict between the nation and the State, such as nations which have lost their State—like the Jews and the Poles—love is owed to the lost State, but obedience and dependence to the actual State. The State of "eternal peace" is reached only through the development of the actual State: "The direction for the formation of a genuine self-consciousness of the ethnic personality consists, for us, in the submerging of one's own ego in the plenitudes and in the energies of the directions and moral activities which run together in the unity of the State."

But whence does Cohen deduce this supreme excellence of the State? Simply from the fact that the State represents in the social life the concept of "totality," to which all particularities must be submitted. Ethics, according to Cohen, deals with the correlation between the individual and the totality. The totality, from which is derived the concept of man, the object of ethics, cannot be given by the individual or the race or the Church, but by the State; for the States can be united in one State which comprises the whole of humanity, and the Churches cannot. Man is not what he believes himself to be in the sensual feeling of himself. It is only in the State that he becomes a man. Morality is not self-evident in the individual, but in the totality of Universal History, and it is the State which presents to us the correspondence of all the problems in the totality. The unity of man is not an actual reality, but a juridical fiction, a juridical concept. The

State is the model concept which serves to form the concept of man.

These reasonings are confused, and I do not ask the general reader to understand them. To be able to grasp them requires a certain familiarity with the idealistic philosophy, which says that there exists in man a kind of pure will—the ethical will, which is pure because it does not will the things, but wills the purity; or, what amounts to the same thing, it wills itself. This pure will is the State. But why the State? In answering this question the astounding simplicity which underlies the immense complexity of idealistic terminology becomes self-evident. Cohen replies that in the individual it is impossible to separate the pure will from the empiric will, because man is not only will, but also instinct. To the State, on the other hand, we attribute will; but it is not possible to attribute to it instinct. In the State there is will, but no instinct. Hence, the will of the State is the pure will.

It is true that Cohen's philosophy is not the predominant philosophy in Germany. But, although the reader may be surprised at the statement, it is not predominant precisely on account of its individualism. Cohen assumes that when two individuals enter into a contract, there arises a third subject, the contract itself, whose will is pure, because it is not mixed with instinct. This contract, when it has a social character, is the State. And though the will of the State is supreme, and must prevail over the individuals, it still arises from the individuals; from the social side of the individuals. This is what the predominant theory in Germany does not admit; for it continues to believe, with Hegel, that in the beginning was the social; that the social is an autonomous category—which is true; that it is a value in itself—which is also true; that it cannot be reduced to any anterior fact—which is also true; and that the social is the State—an assertion which is no longer true; for the State is only one among many other products of the social, and may disappear from the face of the earth without society disappearing with it.

This priority of the State is not chronological. Hegel asserts that the social is historically anterior to the State. What Hegel says is that the State is the highest expression and the organ of social morality; that it is in the State that man realises his moral being and his free will; that it is the State which maintains the personality of man, protecting his welfare and withdrawing him from his selfishness, for the individual, "whose tendency is to convert himself into a centre of his own," needs a superior power which shall carry him back "into the life of the universal substance." At the present time Hegel's philosophy may perhaps be regarded as dead. But his theory of the State has never ceased to prevail in Germany. And this theory is characteristically German, of the Germany of the nineteenth century. It has been upheld in other countries, too. In England it has been maintained by Green, Bosanquet, and Bradley; but the influence of these men has never passed beyond the bounds of academic circles. This is the fate of all those thinkers who have never taken root either in their national historical soil or in the universal. They are neither national nor universal. And their action fades away into the ephemeral zone of what is merely foreign.

The political history of Germany is not alone the cause of this German conception of the State. German politics have made its triumph possible. The fact that Prussia is a unitary State of implacable military and bureaucratic character is explained by its geographical position and by the epoch in which it was constituted. Placed in the middle of the Continent, among the greatest military Powers of Europe, it could not assert its independence except by the most ferocious discipline and the most systematised unity. If it had been a nation governed by different powers, as Poland, with a similar geographical position, was by bishops and jesuits, noblemen and kings, it would have run the risk of suffering the same fate. History explains the poli-

tical regime of Prussia without its being necessary to attribute it to the despotism of its monarchs, the innate discipline of the Prussians, or a lack of liberal spirit in the Germanic race.

History may explain to us also that a man like Kant, in spite of his admiration for Rousseau and for the French Revolution, could preach to the people in his "Metaphysic of Customs" unconditional obedience to the authorities, with a rigour that would have pleased even Hobbes himself. When Kant says that we must obey the authorities who have power over us, "without asking who has given them the right to command us," his advice is not based on the idea that the absolute power of the authorities is good in itself, but on the fact that it is necessary that the supreme power shall determine what is right and what is not right. And this necessity of the absolute power of the State, although based by Kant "a priori on the idea of a constitution of the State in general," may also be interpreted as a necessity originated in the imperfection of human nature. Kant draws a radical distinction between ethical legislation, in which duty is the only stimulus of the action, and juridical legislation, in which the action is determined by stimuli, such as the fear of punishment, distinct from the idea of duty. Here the necessity of law is clearly based upon the imperfection of human nature. And this is a permanent and philosophic reason and not an historical one. But when Kant tells us that we must obey whoever has power over us, although it may be a usurped or illegitimate power, it is impossible to find any other reason for his advice than an historical one; the convenience or necessity of maintaining at all costs, at a given moment, the coherence of a particular society. For my part I am inclined to believe that what makes Kant the Liberal an unconditional subject of the King of Prussia is the fact that he lived towards the end of the eighteenth century in Koenigsberg, not very far from the Russian frontier.

In Kant, the unitary State is nothing more than a necessity, as it is in Hobbes and Rousseau. How does it come to be turned into a good? In our reply we can no longer be guided by the political history of Germany, but by the history of the ideology of her thinkers. If Kant rigidly separates the moral world—in which actions are autonomous, because they only receive a stimulus from the idea of duty—from the legal world, in which actions are heteronomous, because they are affected by the coercive power of the State, how does Germany come to identify the State with the good? Kant himself is responsible for this confusion, not in his doctrine of the State, but in his ethics. Kant's ethics is subjectivist, in the sense that it derives the goodness of the actions from the goodness of the agent. If an action is good, that must be due to the goodness of the agent carrying it out. This consequence is unacceptable, because it contradicts the certain fact that men who are not good nevertheless carry out good actions. This consequence is only an application to the moral world of the logical idealism that made Kant believe that an exact knowledge is impossible unless it is thought by a pure-thinking being. But the fact is that Kant assumes the existence of an agent (substance or function) in the human soul which carries out good actions. This agent is Practical Reason. Practical Reason, is not, however, the State. But it is transindividual and super-individual.

What is Practical Reason? Fichte interprets Kant by saying that it is the Ego. Fichte's Ego is absolute and comprises everything—the external world as well as the internal. Kant has opened the way to this identity of the external and the internal with the identity which he establishes between "the conditions of the possibility of experience" and "the conditions of the possibility of the objects of the experience." This identity, which in Kant is relative, is made absolute by Fichte, who calls it Ego: an Ego which lets itself be determined by the non-Ego when the problem is logical

or of knowledge, but which determines the non-Ego when the problem is ethical or of action. This is equivalent to saying that the Ego of Fichte determines everything; for, if it allows itself to be determined by the non-Ego in logic in order to study Nature, it is the Ego itself which consents to it. For moral life to be possible, the Ego begins by postulating a matter of the action, and in this way it creates Nature; but at the same time it must assert itself as form. The practical Ego is at once the matter and form of the action. This Ego is not yet the State. Fichte, like Kant, is not a philosopher of the State but a philosopher of freedom. But while Kant reflected in Koenigsberg at a certain distance from the Cossacks, Fichte pronounced some of his "Discourses to the German Nation" as he heard from his class-room the rattling of the sabres of the French patrols as they marched along the streets. Nevertheless, Fichte's Ego is not yet the State, although his predication consists in advising the Germans to give themselves up to the State as a matter of duty. But the separation made by Kant between the moral and legal life has disappeared in Fichte. His Ego comprises both the autonomous and heteronomous actions. The barriers have fallen: when Hegel arises the road is quite clear.

## International Tittle-Tattle.

By Max Nordau.

(Translated from "Pester Lloyd," December 25th, 1915.  
by P. Selver.)

ANYONE with a natural sense of justice and some experience of life will be chary of acknowledging evil report as a source from which to draw reliable conclusions. As a rule it asserts nothing profitable with regard to its object, and nearly always shows up the one who spreads the gossip far more than the one about whom the gossip is spread. That is true of communities no less than of individuals. I know of nothing more misleading than the rough and ready judgments which one nation forms about another. Each one appears to its neighbour in the worst light, and if we are to believe what one says about the other, we must regard each of them as a paragon of stupidity and wickedness, and the embodiment of all vices. If the opportunity is taken of testing these statements, it will easily be ascertained that they are mostly slanders and always exaggerations. They prove nothing except the inability of the average person to understand what is foreign, and his aptitude for hasty, superficial and unkindly judgments.

At the last solemn meeting of the five sections of the "Institut de France," Charles Benoist, who represented the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences, indulged in the cheap and somewhat childish pleasure of quoting statements that have been made about the German nation by great French writers for several centuries. In these quotations the Germans come off extremely badly.

According to Froissart, the mediæval chronicler, the Germans are "ruffians and blockheads, except when it concerns their own advantage; then they are quite wise and cunning." He observed them during a campaign in Flanders. It was in the month of September, and the harvest had been brought in everywhere; the mounted men devoured everything in the district of Valenciennes, where they occupied the villages and found tolerable comfort. Sundry paid willingly for what they took, other's did not; "for Germans are not good payers where they can get out of it." "They are hard and stern towards their prisoners, thrust them into fetters and irons, confine them narrowly, scorch

them, subject them to bodily tortures, in order that they may extort more money from them."

Comines, another chronicler of about the same period, asserts: "The German is slovenly. He is dirty. I saw the Count Palatine of the Rhine pay a visit to the Duke. He stayed several days in Brussels, very much honoured, handsomely received, treated with great respect, and accommodated in richly decorated apartments. The Duke's people said that the Germans are filthy, they throw their riding-breeches on to the richly appointed beds, do not conduct themselves seemly as we do, they think less of them than before they knew them."

Montaigne, the learned and comprehensive thinker and brilliant writer of the sixteenth century, takes offence chiefly at German gluttony. "After the meal, they place full flagons on the table and serve two or three courses of sundry things which excite thirst." "To honour distinguished strangers, cities set wine before them in vessels that have the appearance of large jugs; it is a crime to see an empty goblet; they fill it forthwith; and there is never water, not even for those who demand it, unless special respect is due to them." Summing up, he pronounces the judgment: "They are braggarts, hot-tempered and drunkards. But they are neither traitors nor thieves. Drunkenness seems to me a coarse and bestial vice. The most uncouth race that exists to-day is accordingly the one amongst whom this vice is esteemed."

Others are struck mostly by a lack of intellect among the Germans. Cardinal du Perron said of Gratser the Jesuit: "For a German he is remarkably bright." Rivarol, the royalist mocker who made fun of the great Revolution so wittily, declared: "The Germans form a society to understand a joke." And Montesquieu says jestingly: "It is evident that the Germans would like something to proceed from their heads, but this desire leads to nothing."

So the Germans are filthy fellows, curmudgeons, tricksters, drunkards, churls and simpletons—that is the opinion the French have had of them since the Middle Ages, and such they have remained to the present day. Charles Benoist announces it with relish and satisfaction, and the academicians, his audience, drink in his words with unctuous zest. Really, this amusement is not worthy of so select a company. With some knowledge of books, sufficiently bad taste and a good share of freedom from scruples, passages from every great literature can be compiled, in which a neighbouring race is painted in ugly colours. Those who find amusement in this kind of thing will soon have gathered together a picture gallery, in which every nation is represented by a repulsive caricature. If we wished to follow Benoist's method, and show what kind of a figure the French have cut in German estimation, we could, with the utmost ease, pay him back in his own coin. In Germany the French have had, from time to time, even a worse repute than the Germans in France. They have been accused of the gravest moral shortcomings, while, on the whole, the French have reproached the Germans with venial faults, bad manners, weaknesses and a dullness which they could not help. Consider the liar, braggart and cheat, Riccaut de la Martinière, in which Lessing, in "Minna von Barnhelm," professes to present the Frenchman of his time. Or, again, take "Simplizissimus," where the honest German soldier, a handsome and smart young fellow, finds himself stranded in Paris, and on becoming acquainted with distinguished French ladies, discovers them to be debauched sluts, whose lewd harlotry outdoes that of Messalina. It would be an easy matter for me to bring forward many other examples of an equally lurid nature, were it not repugnant to me.

A dear friend of mine is at present engaged in Berlin newspapers with the task of quoting passages from German or French writers of the last three or four generations, in which England is more or less violently reviled, scoffed at or execrated. I asked him whether

he thought he was engaged on a meritorious piece of work. He replied that my remark proved I did not know what the feeling is. Oh, yes, I know quite well what the feeling is; but I am of the opinion that it is more moral to counteract than to pander to it.

Playing with quotations, I may observe, can be adapted to every object. It would be possible to cull from literature scores of them which would read as a glorification of Germany and the German people. That begins with the Germania of Tacitus. Ill-disposed readers and commentators have found his praise of the character and the manners of the Germanic tribes so immoderate that they have hit upon the explanation he did not mean it seriously; his fulsomeness was intended not to laud the Germanic tribes, but to humiliate the Romans; he invented an ideal German who, in reality, never existed, in the same way as Fenimore Cooper created the "noble savage," with whom the cruel, malicious and faithless Redskin of the North American forests and prairies never had anything in common; it was in the "Annals" that Agricola's son-in-law expressed his real opinion, where, in narrating the battles of Germanicus with Arminius the Cheruscan, he passes a very scathing judgment on the latter's nation, saying that in battle they thought more of the booty than of overcoming their opponents, that they were insolent in victory, despondent in defeat, etc. The pedants, who saddle Tacitus with the intention of presenting a flattering picture of Germanic tribes as a pattern to the immoral and effeminate Quirites of his time, have not read him attentively enough. In the book, "Concerning the manners of the Germanic tribes," the tip of the sharp-edged talon is also thrust from beneath the velvet claw, now and then, and tears open a bleeding wound in the flesh, as when he says in curt and severe words: "The Gauls fight for glory, the Belgæ for freedom, the Germanic tribes for plunder." Or when he describes in a few picturesque words how the children of the Germanic tribes writhe and wallow naked in the mud and in semi-underground dens where they live, and adds with unconcealed astonishment: "And under such conditions do they acquire the gigantic bodies which arouse our admiration." No, no! Tacitus meant what he said. He did not keep silence about what displeased him, but what he extolled had really impressed him, and the testimonial he gives to the Germanic tribes is so splendid that their distant posterity in the German Gymnasien are gratefully edified by it to the present day.

I do not know with what feelings the English read their Thomas Carlyle to-day. Perhaps they avoid dipping into him in order to experience no profound discomfort. That would be all on a par with English club-habits, which are arranged with an eye to comfort. The Sage of Chelsea had a very high opinion of the Germans, and even where his conceited superiority smiles indulgently at the unsophisticated, unpractical, touchingly awkward German, Professor Teufelsdröckh, in "Sartor Resartus," we can discern the respectful tenderness with which he is attached to the ruminating inventor of curious theories, the idealistic crank and pensive dreamer. And where, in "Hero Worship," he speaks of Goethe and Faust, in "Frederick the Great" of the King of Prussia, his spirit, his army and his people, he strikes chords more penetrating and stirring than even a German has ever found.

But even from French literature as well can be heard voices at which Charles Benoist and his complaisant public to-day clap their hands over their ears with annoyance. Madame de Staël's book on Germany is an act of homage and glorification from the first to the last page. In the main her admiration is certainly directed towards German poetry, philosophy, and learning, but it extends also to the disposition, the honest, reliable character, the simple, pure manners, the seriousness, the simplicity, the modesty, the diligence of the Germans. Now, of course, endeavours are made to discredit the value of her testimony. A well-known letter of Schiller's in which he tells of

Madame de Staël's visit, is brought forward against her. She bewildered him with an inexhaustible flow of language, prevented him from getting a word in, paraded indefatigably her own wisdom, and strutted off after two hours, convinced that she had questioned Schiller about his opinions and that he had informed her of them. This is alleged to prove that the garrulous lady had observed nothing, seen nothing, heard nothing, but from her own resources had pieced together a Germany which existed in her vivid imagination, but nowhere else. It is certain that Madame de Staël's book would stand a poor chance if it were to appear to-day. Nevertheless, it prompted three generations of educated Frenchmen to subject to a revision their preconceived ideas about Germany. The Romanticists showed for Germany a preference which occasionally bordered on fanaticism. "Le Rhin," by Victor Hugo, is one long poem in prose, the predominant mood of which is that of a susceptible wanderer in Merlin's magic forest. The traveller is delighted with everything, the landscape, the buildings, the ruins, the people. He considers everything so beautiful that it seems to him unreal. He returns to his home with the longing that bonds of friendship may yet closely unite the French people with the gentle and trusty dwellers in the delightful valley of the Rhine, in its dreamy old towns, and mysterious castles. Gérard de Nerval has similar pleasant things to say of an excursion on foot through South Germany, particularly Wurtemberg. The Swabian kindness touches him deeply, and the memory of it makes him later doubly esteem the German poets, for whom he had always had a special liking. Subsequently, Victor Hugo, in the "Année Terrible," regretted the sympathetic attitude he adopted in "Le Rhin" towards the German people. But up to his tragic death, Gérard de Nerval never disowned the sentiments which induced him to translate Goethe's "Faust" and Heine's poems into French.

From literature can be proved everything, and therefore nothing. Evidence can be found for the most contradictory assertions. As a rule, it is true, ill-report predominates, as is only natural. What is foreign is necessarily felt as hostile, because it arouses feelings of dislike. It offends against established usages, thus disturbs the comfort of a purely contemplative life, and forcibly brings about a troublesome endeavour to fit in with unfamiliar circumstances. Variation in language prevents understanding or renders it difficult, and people are always disposed to regard as stupid anyone whom they cannot understand. The Slavs, without consideration, call the Germans "niemec," i.e., "the dumb," and poor Ovid complains in his exile at Tomi, amidst the Goths, who laugh at him because he cannot talk to them: "Hic ego barbarus sum, quia non intelligor illis"—("Here I am the barbarian, because I am not understood by them"). In addition to this, there is the naïve bent to generalisation which can scarcely be checked, even in the case of the most advanced thinkers. People who without the least compunction and with deep conviction credit a foreign nation with every wickedness, and condemn, or, at least, calumniate, it in the lump, would be caused great embarrassment if they had the question sprung upon them: "Upon what personal experience do you base your assertion that the French are corrupt, frivolous and deceitful, the English hypocritical, sanctimonious, grasping, faithless, the Germans unclean, coarse, cruel, drunken, doltish?" If they are sincere, they would doubtless nearly always admit that they repeat without reflection what history teaches, what writers say—in short, what they have read, heard from others, received at second or twentieth hand. This will not alter as long as human nature does not alter, that is, to all appearances, for some little time to come. The only thing that can be done in the meanwhile is to set up near every ugly piece of gossip about a whole nation a board with the warning, "Caution!"

## Art and the Theatre.

THE French are a modest people. One judges a nation by its plays, since it is impossible to run theatres against the public taste. For a whole century no one dared to present in France a piece which was not from the Greek, the Italian, or the Spanish. This contributed perhaps to beauty, because men were obliged to study beauty of style rather than of matter. This century was filled with the Christian spirit and with the humility which was enjoined upon the artist as the virtue of a genius as much as of a Christian. We live in a century even more modest, considering that our authors renounce often not merely invention but style as well. Our makers of French vaudevilles take lessons indeed in vaudeville. I myself have learned something of this art without ever having wished to practise it.

"Firstly, there must be one scene in underclothing—" "But—" "Oh, indispensable, I tell you! And then an act with a bed—" "But—" "Oh, indispensable. There must be also a police-sergeant, or a private detective, and—"

It seemed that a great deal of modesty was required in a vaudevilliste. But what is the very height of French modesty is not our submission to realistic verity; not the submission to historical verity, but the resignation to the necessities of pleadings concerning some or other article of the legal code—out of which we have evolved our pièce à thèse, our play with a purpose. I do not, of course, mean by this the play which has for theme a "feeling-idea" (redemption of the courtesane, for instance, or any appeal to family sentiment, or to patriotism, heroism, etc.), a humane, general, or social idea—but a play which is built around the discussion of some particular point of law. This kind of play concerns current reforms, whereas the play with a moral purpose attempts to deal with the nature of man. The one springs from the other. The rage to moralise has created the rage to legislate. And both these desires are loose among us moderns. It is possible that we may cease to write this kind of play with a purpose, but we must expect such so long as we continue to think more of rights than of beauty, so long as artists remain so modest as to forgo their right to amuse us while amusing themselves. And to think that the nineteenth century has been called immoral and impious!

In the seventeenth century one had a confessor, one went to hear sermons. Nowadays, there are no confessors and no sermons, and the good and virtuous people have taken fright. "What—no more barriers, no more guiding-reins? Ah, well, it is our duty to interfere!" They have sacrificed imagination, fancy, invention, creation of types, psychology, even art itself, and they have served us up morality—the spirit of renouncement. They have gone even further in depicting hell like no other prophets. Consider Zola's "L'Assommoir." Consider the death of that unhappy Nana. All that is catholicism—and what catholicism!—that of the Middle Ages. Neither Racine nor Molière, who were called Christians, had such an idea of the duty of art. Frivolous people who laughed at the realists, laughed to hide their discomfort. But did the realists mean to establish a hell here on earth, like Flaubert, who menaces with ruin and suicide the little bourgeoisie who encourages a lover?

Realistic art, believe me, is based on laborious idleness. Maybe, our French realists desired fervently to

moralise the little bourgeoisie; but, certainly, a moral is very convenient when it is a question of directing fictional characters—it is much more difficult to let them direct themselves than to set them by a compass borrowed from the ethical manuals and the Bible.

The Frenchman is modest, and he is laborious; he prefers rather to documentise and to examine statistics than to excite his imagination and chase the quarry of his fancy. An example: The clown is English; clowning is English. There is a good deal of clowning in Shakespeare. In what French classic is there any clowning—the kind of droll allusion which springs as if by chance from reality? There is none. Our sole poet with the gift of clowning is Laforgue, and Laforgue is known only to the dilettanti. To read Laforgue is the mark of the dilettanti. The average reader knows nothing about him. Who attend the circuses in France?—not the bourgeoisie, not the official world, not ladies, not the smart set, but the peasant, the workman, children, and a few artists. The Goncourts made the circus fashionable for a moment, but the Goncourts themselves were considered as literary outlaws; they were not true Frenchmen. Clowning is opposed to modesty; it is the fantasy of a man and a moment which claims the right of attention—nothing could be less French! France is always the eldest daughter of the Church which authorises the decent smile, recommends patience and resignation, and distrusts even of the exaltations of the mystics. Certainly, the Church condemned the austere Zola, but this was because of his introduction of the scientific spirit into literature which she knew well was her own property.

But to return from the novel to the play with a purpose. This latter is, after all, useless. Have you known many dramatic authors? I have. The dramatic author is a man without ideas. A man of ideas is never a dramatic author. The reason may be that what one feels profoundly is expressed with difficulty, and the dramatic author is, above all, a man of facile expression. He is usually an intriguer, an arriviste, very much "All-Paris," that is to say, very much behind ideas, and more imitative than imitated. Admit that I am mistaken in my estimate of the dramatic author, say that he is a man of his time—still, I declare, that a man who expends his energies—I do not say on "making good" with actresses, journalists, and managers—on observing the absurdities of little people and of animating these sufficiently for the stage has no great force left for meditation. The dramatic author, like the ordinary journalist, is merely the representative of public opinion. His play has for motive the forcing of the hands of authority—comical, is it not? It may be objected that the public can never be too much instructed. Ah, if I were not afraid to be a pedant, a philosopher! If I were not afraid of boring you—I should say something about the psychology of crowds, how each unit abdicates his own thoughts, experience, memory, personal imagination and personal judgment, how what appears a stupid assemblage is merely a polite and respectful one, and how prejudice is created against certain statesmen. But you see why this kind of play with a purpose is really useless!

"I see that monsieur is a champion of Art for Art's sake!"

I have no objection at all to being taken for this. A work of art is an harmonious and independent creation. The thoughts of the author are revealed; they excite or hinder the action, reveal a character, a state of soul, a moral point of view. They reach the ears of the audience and fix themselves there. They do not enter into discussions, for the reason that the attention of the spectator shall not be distracted from the work as a whole. They avoid words which hit the air, as it were, and destroy the harmony of mood. In a work of art thought is a servant, not a despot.

If to understand all this as art is to be a champion of Art for Art's sake, then such am I.

MAX JACOB.

## Readers and Writers.

WITH the exception of Russia, every European country with a literature possesses at the same time a highly developed criticism. The latter may not be popularly supposed to be the condition of the former; and, perhaps, if I nevertheless maintain it, the case of Russia may be cited against me. But Russia is the exception that proves the rule. Practically there are no good little writers in Russia: they are all either mediocre or great. But why not? Criticism does not create literature—but it prepares appreciation for it, and, above all, it extends the domain of the good. Criticism is to literature what a reader is to a writer. Hence, by the way, the folly of our publishers in insisting upon praise instead of upon criticism. By denying the general reader the education that comes of criticism they are preparing for themselves a public that in the end will read only tenth-rate works; and thus public and publishers will be deeper and deeper in the mire. Russia—to return to my subject—had the makings of a great critic in Volinsky, who is still alive, though now an old man. Thirty years ago he began a critical series of Russian literary studies that promised to endow Russia with the equivalent of the French S.-Beuve. But he was too much for the chauvinists; he was unpatriotic enough to find faults to condemn as well as excellences to praise. And they managed to silence him. Since then, I believe, he has written nothing; though he has thought a great deal.

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On all these grounds Mr. Hogarth's translation of a Russian criticism of Dostoevsky by Eugenii Soloviev (Allen and Unwin, 5s. net) promised some interest. But it is only fairly well done. That is to say, it is not by any means final. We learn, indeed, many facts of Dostoevsky's external life, here, to my knowledge, first set down in English; but of his psychological and intellectual life we are still left to grope our own way to an understanding. It is significant that Dostoevsky both defined and habitually looked upon himself as an "intellectual proletarian" in contrast with the intelligentsia who inherited the wealth of Russian culture. It is likewise of note that Dostoevsky was his own best critic, and would have wished to re-write his works and to put a finish upon them. (He did this only in his first and last novels, "Poor Folk," and "The Brothers Karamazof.") But what a final criticism of Dostoevsky will reveal is how his intellectual life developed, and from what experience or by what reflection he arrived at both the fullness of his powers and the depth of his opinions. For it was no mere novelist who divined and expressed in a flash and a phrase the real need of Russia—the freedom of the Dardanelles. It was no mere man of letters who "believed the world to be a purgatory for such celestial spirits as have allowed themselves to become overshadowed with thoughts of evil." Above all, it was no mere bookman who delivered the celebrated speech in honour of Pushkin, in which occurred the commandment to the Russian intelligentsia: "Humble thyself, proud man. Labour, thou man of leisure." The quality of thought is plainly in such judgments; and, since they are not common-places in Russia by any means, we must conclude that Dostoevsky was a remarkable thinker even above the remarkable writer. The Pushkin address, in particular, appears to me to be decisive of his rank; for in it—and thirty years ago now—he diagnosed the sickness of intellectualism as pride. More, even, he anticipated in several other respects the judgments elsewhere being passed in these pages (by my respected colleagues Mr. de Maetzu and "T. E. H.") on modernism, even before it was modern. A critic of hedonism, a preacher of humility, a devotee without a religion, he was one of the pioneers of what I may call "repentant intellectualism." Such an attitude is to-day the characteristic of the best living minds; and Dostoevsky realised it a generation ago.

It was recently said that the present war is the greatest event in European history since the French Revolution; but how great, I often ask myself, was the French Revolution, in fact? From the philosophical point of view—in which the quality of great work is the criterion of value—(By their works shall ye know them!)—it cannot be said that the succeeding period has been any greater for what Nietzsche called "that bloody abortion," than the period immediately preceding. An event cannot rise higher than its source; and if, as is usually supposed, the source of the French Revolution is to be found in Voltaire, its end must be looked for in Voltairism. Whether with this theory in mind or not, M. Emile Faguet, the indefatigable and voluminous French Academician, has at any rate arrived at the conclusion in his trilogy of "Politiques et Moralistes du dix-neuvième Siècle." His first series dealt with writers like Maistre, Bonald, Staël, Constant and Guizot, all of whom, having been in direct contact with the Revolution, reacted strongly in the direction of conservatism and horror of "progress." Then followed in the second series a group of writers like S.-Simon, Fourier, Lamennais, Quinet and Cousin, men who first recovered from the shock of the Revolution (or Revelation!), and who, in various ways, set themselves to the task of organising a "spiritual power" for the prevention of its recurrence. Their failure led to the third period and M. Faguet's third series, in which we see the sceptics à la Voltaire returning to their source and carrying their age with them. Stendhal, who believed in nothing, unless it was in force; S.-Beuve, who thought that life was well passed in reading beautiful things and in writing agreeably about them; Taine, who taught courage, but in a manner not itself very encouraging, and whose remedy for existence was the slow, intelligent and honourable suicide called work; Renan, whose amiable scepticism consisted in believing everything equally—among them all only Proudhon had a positive aim, or preserved any trace of the old passion. And Proudhon, says M. Faguet, was wrong! For his conception of Justice was based upon the idea of absolute equality, the which, we are told, is by nature incompatible with Justice. Certainly M. Faguet has no difficulty in showing that absolute equality alone is not justice; and he interestingly essays a more complete conception in his analysis of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, as the thesis, antithesis and synthesis of Justice.

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Nobody has manifested any curiosity to read my threatened comments upon Shakespeare; and my trick of the showman has therefore failed. I must then appear in dead silence and risk my life. I was remarking, if I remember, that Shakespeare (or whoever, one or more, goes by that name), far from seeing life steadily and seeing it whole, saw it, dramatically, at any rate, partially and in flashes. Otherwise he could not have been so inconsistent, so self-contradictory, so promiscuous in taste, opinion, and judgment as the writer of the plays. In a recent reading (and perhaps in the spirit of "Man and Manners,"—to which, by the way, we shall all owe more profit than we shall pay gratitude!)—in a recent reading, I say, of "The Tempest" and "Two Gentlemen of Verona," I noted some shocking lapses from character in the leading figures of which the author did not appear to be aware. I observe that Prospero, for example, though intended to be a pattern of gentleness, falls into vulgar bad manners on several occasions. Consider the brutality of his so-called test of Ferdinand's love for Miranda: it might have occurred to a coal-heaver. His match-making, too, was none of the most delicate, nor were his warnings to Ferdinand in good taste for any period of the world's history. Then, note his treatment of Caliban, whom he was always threatening with "old cramps," and even of Ariel. Would a gentleman, I ask, and a magician to boot, have had need of these?—But I shall inquire no further now. This silence is discouraging.

R. H. C.

## Man and Manners.

AN OCCASIONAL DIARY.

WEDNESDAY.—If, as I thought yesterday, men are to blame for the low Kultur of the café, women are surely to blame for the usual impropriety of such places. They forget that a café is an institution neither for men nor for women, but for both; and hence that, while Equality and Camaraderie are all very well for men and even for women separately (though women do not often seem capable of it), both mottoes are out of place on the walls of a café. There (I mean in a café) propriety (I mean what is proper to be done) is as strict (I mean it ought to be), as elsewhere, where men and women assemble. And not, oh not, because propriety is merely a merit in itself (like clean linen, as Emerson said), but several times more, because it is the best defence for both men and women—and particularly women, as needing it more! Conventions and taboos, designed to protect the decent woman from the indecent man (and vice versa as well in these days) won't easily take off and on like dolls' clothes. Of course, there are occasions when the conventions can be set aside, and when, in fact, they ought to be; but such occasions are rare, and, even then, it requires almost genius to do it safely. The golden rule is that the rule is usually golden. And the rule is to obey convention unless there is something much better to be done. But in a café there is usually nothing better to be done! Women at a café, however, seem very often to imagine that the conventions are suspended there at their sole whim. In a single evening I made a catalogue of their crimes as follows. Item: a woman came in and threw her uninvited arms round a man's unoffending neck. Item: a woman, sitting near me, got as agitated as a surf-boat when a man she knew came in and sat by another woman. The rest of the evening she spent in screwing her neck round like a giraffe's to look at him. Item: other women extinguished themselves, in my opinion, by (a) pretending an interest in a man's shop when it was obviously the shopkeeper who interested them; (b) addressing the waiters like business men; (c) permitting men to approach and leave them hatted. The only conclusion possible is that such women want men much more than men want such women. Rather than go without, they will put up with any man of any manners. But to be incapable of being alone is to be incapable of good company. In general, neither a man nor a woman is fit for a café if they *must* be there or perish of ennui. Yet I note that the women to whom a café is indispensable at any price think treasures of themselves: one, because she shared a studio in Chelsea with a girl who wore a painting pinafore; another, because she could moan by heart the dirges of Yeats; a third, because she could paddle an oar (without feathering) in an argument. The worst of it is that all this reacts on men's manners, which, from bad, sink to worse. First, men omit the usual courtesies; then women do the same; until finally the whole café is for prodigal sons and daughters to feed!

Thursday.—The more women let themselves go the more men let them go!

Friday.—"Mr. Jones will be in presently," said Mrs. Jones to me yesterday. Little fishes! Why not "the master" and have done with it, Mrs. Jones? Really, women mustn't import their kitchen manners into the drawing-room. Visitors object to their hostess treating them like servants—which she is certainly doing by referring to her husband as "Mr. Brown" instead of "my husband." Besides, Mr. Brown himself has no reason to thank his wife for mistering him over before her guests. It is only the habitually unrespected man who needs to have his mistery insisted on in all times and places. Is Mr. Brown's dignity so sickly a flower that Mrs. Brown fears to kill it outright by the use of so easy a term as "my husband"? Doesn't Mrs. Brown know that the only people who are really anxious

to be called ladies and gentlemen are those who live in fear of not being mistaken for such? But I mustn't talk as though Mrs. Brown represents the only class of these offenders. Has a Bishop's wife never informed you that "THE BISHOP is indisposed"?—or Lady Goldsuds announced to you that SIR Thomas is out of Town?—for all the world as though they, or you, were servants! And don't we all know husbands who refer to "Mrs. Brown, Lady Goldsuds," etc.? Wife, wife, "my wife," Sir Thomas, as you hope to be washed of your father's soap!

*Saturday.*—"For God's sake TALK!" Harry shouted at Joan last night. "What's the use?" growled Joan. "You wouldn't understand. Men can't!" Here, snapshot as it was, I saw one of the perennial complaints of men and women against each other—on woman's side, man's inability to see from the woman's point of view; on man's woman's silence. To take the man's case. Women won't play fair in an argument, men always complain. You can't have it out with a woman as you can with a man. She won't talk. There she sits gloomily nursing a mouse into a mountain, a moment's disagreement into a week's quarrel. Nothing really has happened, yet everything is suddenly hopelessly wrong. Why is it? Men argue out their differences of opinion with one another. Why don't women discuss theirs with men? "Why?" Joan took up the woman's case; "Do you think Harry would waste his time trying to explain a joke to a man without a sense of humour? Not he! Then, what's the use of my putting the woman's case to a man without a sense of woman? It's hopeless! Harry neither sees the woman's side, wants to see it, nor even suspects that there is one. Whatever goes wrong between us, his only concern is to be able to justify his behaviour in the sight of men. Heavens! how unfair men are to women!" S'pose so, said I; but doesn't that partly come about because women are so unfair to each other? You're quite right when you say that in man's treatment of woman he is always imagining himself before a jury of men. Has he behaved so that a panel of these almighty beings would acquit him? That is his one anxiety. Has he acted justly in the eyes of men?—not women—their judgment doesn't count. And why? For one thing, surely, because he has nothing to fear from it. That's where I blame women. If they were sex-loyal enough to found an institution similar to the Trade Union that exists among men for the protection of man against the wiles of woman, things would be very different. As it is, thanks (for nothing) to the spirit of rivalry among them, women are like a city divided against itself, and they fall at each other's hands. As like as not one will turn man's evidence against another merely to gain the goodwill of the criminal man in the case. So a woman has nothing to gain by an appeal to a court of women, and the only approval coveted by both sexes is Man's! Defect of brain, m'fears, is another reason put forward to explain this silence of women. Apprehending that she will be worsted in an argument with a man, a woman falls back on her most effective weapon—Silence! Then—worse and worse—annoyed with herself for her inability to fight on the same plane as her opponent, alas! she sulks, or becomes malignant! Dear, dear! what a horrid state of affairs! Well, personally, I blame both men and women for it. In the interest of general justice men should try to acquire this sense of woman (which Joan analogised with a sense of humour), and it is only by talking to women that they will learn it. Women, again, should do their best to help men to acquire it, by at least trying to put the woman's point of view before them. Necessity gives power, and if women would only begin to talk I wouldn't be a bit surprised should they discover, after a trial or two (patience, please, men!) that they could! Indeed, they might find that all the time they had been playing rabbit to his weasel. Had they but known it, they could have outstripped the brute any day! At any rate, I'm sure

their anger would decrease as they found themselves giving dignified vent to it; and, anyhow, any expression is better than repression in such a case. When men can no longer complain that the last method of finding out why a woman is silent is to ask her, a profitable milestone will have been passed in the education of both sexes. Meanwhile, silence is bad manners. We all know what happened to us as children, when we refused to speak when spoken to—OW!

## Ropes of Sand.

THE Wise Woman of The Fifty Towers, which is a gilded villa belonging to one, Djavid, of Constantinople, was expecting something to happen. When wool will not ravel, when wax will not melt, when eggs will not addle, when milk can't be spilt—then things are not oozing in their ordinary monotonous course. So the Wise Woman of Djavid's villa expected something to happen; and it did. Two minutes before sundown, when all good people were getting ready to pray, the Wise Woman looked into her magic mirror, and saw portentous signs, and of a visitor. So she waddled out into the court of her apartment, mechanically boxed all the slaves' ears, menaced the idle thieves with the Prophet if they did it again, and waved everybody out of the yard. All this was enacted with her accustomed calm; at least, the idle thieves noticed nothing unusual. But, once alone, the Wise Woman began to quiver in all her four hundred and forty pounds of flesh. Her bosom thumped and jumped, she came over in a terrible perspiration, and great red patches appeared on her visage. With wonderful nimbleness, she dropped on all fours, and thus humbly advanced over her own threshold and into her large best room furnished with a Kidderminster carpet, three French chairs, and a tabouret, murmuring—"I am ill and poor, I am ill and poor, O Powerful One!"

A Voice answered—"Health and riches be thine, Fatima! Arise!"

Fat Fatima arose, if this might be called arising which first lunged towards every quarter of the compass before attaining the perpendicular. "Name of . . ." she began and broke off, tremulously regarding the Powerful One who was a vast sort of Bird, and evidently engaged in an uncommon process of moulting; for as the sun dropped out of the sky, and the room rapidly grew dusk, and while the Wise Woman twiddled her thumbs with desperate precaution, the great, dazzling eyes of the Bird shut and seemed to swallow themselves and instantly opened like two lovely bright flowers, its enormous green wings and black comb vanished beneath golden tresses, its claws sank into little white hands; and, in fact, before the sky had well time to turn to evening purple, the Bird had turned into as fair a lady Giaour as ever regretfully found herself most admired when unadorned on a slave-market. The Wise Woman untwiddled her thumbs and threw up her hands, eyes, and hairs together, no great sign of surprise, considering the prodigy.

"Meat and drink!" commanded the Powerful One, gracefully taking a divan. The Wise Woman brought some nougat, a leg of pork, and a bottle of raki.

"How many passions are left in your House?" asked the Powerful One, eating.

"Only one. All the world has gone mad to make itself—Hopeless. People have decided that in Hope resides Unhappiness, that only the Hopeless are Happy. So they are all setting about denuding themselves of Hope. Djavid has gone to war with England. His mother has taken to her bed. His favourite, Lola, has brought about a miscarriage. The rest of his wives have fallen in love with the eunuchs. His uncle has turned Christian, and, if anything may be owned after this—his eldest son has sailed for America! You come to a House of very nearly perfect Hopelessness."

"Only very nearly? Why, what remains?"

"Little Kunu, who hopes to shoot an Englishman. The girl has cast her lawn chemise for a shield and her silk trousers for a pair of red calicoes."

"Well, well, I was about to begin wondering how long you mortals could support such a life of blindness, groping and disappointment as is yours. Myself in Djavid's place would risk a thousand empires for a day's real gambling. If I were Djavid's mother, I would drink hemlock to escape nothing but your mortal old age. If I were Lola, no bored and hysterical Djavid's son should live to drive me to my bed. His other wives—these will at least hear passionate accounts of love. As for his uncle—a Christian is in some minor respects a change from a Turk. America is not quite so far as Gehenna. And a calico trouser may serve Kunu better than a silken one if Djavid loses. I see nothing hopeless in all this, although much desperate. Everything shows that your mortals are wearied out of their dull existence and will have it changed, or perish here and hereafter. I think they will perish, however. Your mortal world is a jungle, old woman, and what makes things dull is that the battle is now about equal between the birds and the snakes, the bulls and the tigers, the wolves and the sheep, the spiders and the flies. The birds have learned to glide, the bulls have learned to spring, the sheep have learned to bite, and the flies have learned to spit sticky poison. Poets, orators, clerks, and journalists—these are now the equals of Kings, Courtiers, Bishops, and Judges."

"It is all the work of the philosophers!" screamed the Wise Woman.

The Powerful One replied—"Yes. Say of the neglected philosophers. A more venomous species never took offence against sackcloth and dry bread—though, I think, perhaps, the lack of candles worse vexed them. What things I have seen in my time! I saw once in Paris—but enough of your dreary jungle! Bring me to the butterflies. I want to talk to Djavid's mother, and Lola, and the eunuchs' loves, and little Kunu. You will introduce me as—come, be clever!"

"If your Infernal Highness will condescend to be a Wandering Wise Woman?"

The Powerful One laughed—"As you please."

The Wise Woman brought out a mantle of black velvet, a veil, and a suit of gauze and silk and gilded velvet which arrayed the Powerful One like a many-coloured star at evening: "Explain nothing, old woman," she said—"Leave to me what small wit is required on your earth."

The Wise Woman led out of her door, over the courtyard, through a grove and up a flight of steps which gave upon a picture-gallery where, certes, all the artists of London, Paris, and Rome might have instructed themselves as to what on earth becomes of their "pot-boilers." Cubisms, still-lives, Madame Pompadours, Westminster, the Tiber, and the Seine, each and all had a space, a glass, and a gilt frame; not to mention one hundred and thirty-seven casts which filled the intervals and corners. A fearful uproar sounded from beyond the gallery.

"That is Djavid's mother groaning, Lola cursing, the Wives and Eunuchs laughing, and Kunu exercising," explained the Wise Woman. She smacked a black dwarf who tried to bar her passage, took a key from her chain, and unlocked a great door. There inside opened a wondrous scene. A vast room, furnished in gracious remembrance of a hundred styles, was full of lights and persons, moaning, weeping, writhing, dancing, laughing, talking, and cutting capers. It was an epitome of the world, 1915. Nothing less than the Wise Woman with a Stranger might have commanded attention there. Even so, since the two newcomers walked unconcernedly past the various groups these merely ceased their noise for a moment, and then fell again to their dolours or diversions. The Wise Woman led straight towards the divan where Lola, lovely as the sky when a storm is about spent, leaned her brow upon her hand. She looked up at the stranger, looked deep

in her eyes, and nodded a welcome: "You, at least, are no fool," she said, and tears of gratitude welled in her open eyes. "I am so furious and weary! Who are you, and where do you come from?"

"I am the guest of Fatima, a wanderer of her kind. I have fled from England. My name is Shamane. I like to be questioned by women."

"It is a way of learning what not to tell," replied Lola. "I believe that is half the secret of my old Fatima."

Fatima, in fact, turned the conversation. "My friend has brought you a present," she said, offering a little red book entitled "Views of Brighton."

"Ah, I like that!" exclaimed Lola. "Have you seen all this? Yes? Of course, you have! Look at these women sitting beside the men! Kunu, Kunu! tell Kunu to come and look." Kunu came up in her red trousers, shouldering her sword for a moment. She examined the Views, pursing her lips and lifting her dark, meeting eyebrows. "Do you think that we are any better off than these Christians?" she burst out jealously. "We are neither better nor worse! If the English come here, they will snatch your veil off and make you sit beside them like that. But I shall kill them first, like the Englishwomen kill our noble allies. I shall form a regiment of Kunus."

"Go away, bad girl," said Lola, indignantly. "Shamane, how did you get on among these people?"

"By always saying everything agreeable to them and everything disagreeable about them."

"But that is as it is here. What was your wanderer's vow, Shamane?"

"Never to know exactly where I was going; never to know what I should wear; never to be seen abroad by daylight. This was all very easy in England. The women of fashion there lead just such a life as mine was."

"And I always know where I am going, and what I shall wear; and I can only be seen abroad by daylight. I should be equally bored either way, Shamane. Is there really no pleasure anywhere? Why has Djavid gone to war?"

"For the pleasure of it."

"What a humbug he is! A while ago he suppressed the sale of drugs because they endangered a few people's health. Now, look, nothing but war, death, disease, famine, everywhere. I am weary of this world, Shamane. And so are these—the old mother there, those dice-players, those dancers, and Kunu herself, whom hate only gives an appearance of hope. What more resigned than that group of women playing with ruin for the mere colour of love? And you, my old fool! Fatima, my Wise Woman, you can invent me no more futures! Shamane has come to see me die."

The door at the far end of the room was opened, and there came in a resplendent eunuch followed by a slave carrying a bundle of silks on his shoulder and a box in one hand. He came forward, while the crowd jumped up and followed, pressing around him and chattering. In front of pale Lola's divan, he bowed low, knelt down, smiling, and opened the box and bundle. The box was full of jewels, and the crowd exclaimed greedily.

"From whom is this?" asked Lola; "who is the thief?"

"No thief, blessed one! The gentlemen bought, and wish to sell." Lola took a case on which was printed "Idealism, Berlin."

She clutched the necklace which lay inside and broke it, and threw the bits to the crowd. She tore the silks into ribbons. She beat the eunuch with the broken cases. "For your trade, lying cheap-jack, you steal my life. I die," she cried; "farewell, fools! Shamane, Shamane..."

"Take your time," said the stranger—"so many people are dying suddenly just now."

Lola laughed, and replied—"They went out shooting, and they never came back!"—and she died. Amid the

hullabaloo the stranger left. If she, off the spot, made no reflections or attempt to philosophise on the incalculable character of tag, rag, and bobtail, human thoughts, words, actions, and destinies—how should I on the spot, reflect or attempt to philosophise?

Alice Morning.

## Views and Reviews.

### The Quakers Quake.

THE appeal recently made by the Society of Friends to be allowed to hold its meetings in peace has more than one point of interest. In the first place, it demonstrates clearly the entire dependence of the pacifists on the tolerance of their fellows, and invalidates the application of their principles to international affairs. If they, in England, cannot freely exercise the right of speech, what hope has a nation of successfully maintaining itself by moral suasion? It used to be said that the possession of a revolver reduced all men to the same size; lacking the metaphorical revolver, the huge Chinese nation is at the mercy of the comparatively small Japanese nation, and America, for all her vastness, cannot get Europe to take her protests seriously. The Society of Friends, which is too proud (or is it too humble?) to fight, is at the mercy of the Pro-German Union even for the public expression of its principles; and wise as William Penn was to greet the Indians with a loving smile, he was a wiser man who said that "a smile and a stick will carry you round the world." General Baden-Powell believed in the efficacy of the smile, but his military experience taught him that the stick also had its uses. There are occasions when the smile is not immediately effective, but the appreciation of the stick will delay matters until the Larker-like grin can begin to do its deadly work. Niccolo Machiavelli has a wise word on this subject, as on so many others: "It is necessary, therefore, if we desire to discuss this matter thoroughly, to inquire whether these innovators can rely on themselves or have to depend on others; that is to say, whether, to consummate their enterprise, have they to use prayers or can they use force? In the first instance, they always succeed badly, and never compass anything; but when they can rely on themselves and use force, then they are rarely endangered. Hence it is that all armed prophets have conquered, and the unarmed ones have been destroyed." It is certain that if the Quakers wish to hold their meetings in peace, they will have to cast out the devils; and to do that they will have to cease to be pacifists and non-resisters and to use force. It ought to be possible for some of their able-bodied members to back-slide into the ways of the ungodly, and to be absolved by the community for the vigorous expression of their righteous indignation. I say nothing against the power of the Spirit when I remark that much may be done with the leg of a chair.

But the chairman prefers to appeal to an obsolete sentiment, the sentiment of British fairness. "In common with most Englishmen," he said, "we value the right to freedom of speech. Any encroachment on that right is regarded as unpatriotic, un-British, and contrary to the best traditions of the nation." The chief objection to this statement is that it ought to be expressed in the past tense. All the so-called rights, the liberty of the subject, the right to freedom of speech, of meeting, of discussion and publication, were suspended at the beginning of the war; we all exercise them now only on sufferance; and as long ago as October 22, 1914, THE NEW AGE declared that "this was a war not only against German culture, but against British criticism." It was determined then that only one side of the case should be stated, that freedom of speech, for example, was limited to the vigorous enunciation of the official case. Patriotism suddenly became very simple; and generally took the form of flushing of the neck and face, bulging of the eyes, and a pro-

gressive hoarsening of the voice as we shouted (that is, those of us who remembered our Shakespeare): "War! war! no peace! peace is to me a war!" We have now reached that stage when everyone who is not vociferous, clamorous in the clichés of foreign affairs, is suspect; he who is not a zealot is a "slacker," and although the one resembles the other in having "no stomach to this fight," the zealot is distinguished from the "slacker" by a voice that is megaphonic in volume, but not melodious in quality. Whatever "the right to freedom of speech" may have meant, it does not now mean the right of the Quakers to deliver lectures to the public; the Pro-German Union have monopolised patriotism, they alone are British, and preserve the best traditions of our nation.

For what is one of the clearest traditions of our nation is not what the chairman calls "the elementary right of free speech," but the elementary right to close an opponent's mouth. If what he says is not slander, it is probably blasphemy, or sedition, or an incitement to violence; and if the safety of the State is not endangered by his statements, at the very least, the King's peace is jeopardised. "You cannot speak of reason to the Dane, and lose your voice," said the King in "Hamlet"; but if you attempt to speak of reason to the Englishman in time of war, you are likely to lose your head. The only way out, as Mr. Lloyd George discovered during the Boer war, is by the back door, the only safe disguise is the uniform of a policeman, one who is charged with the preservation of the King's peace. Every Englishman knows at this moment that God never gave speech to man to enable him to dissent from the purposes of his Government; and by preventing those who differ from him to any extent from expressing their opinions, he is not really robbing them of freedom of speech, but is doing the will of God, is preserving the King's peace, and is, perhaps, saving the Quakers from sliding into treason.

The King's peace must be preserved; and it cannot be preserved if the Quakers continue to say to the British public: "Friends, be reasonable." The mere suggestion casts an aspersion on the state of the Englishman's mind, insults him in the very seat of his pride; for has it not been conclusively proved that the Englishman alone is reasonable? When the Friends ask "to be allowed to gather together and go on in their own way," they are revealing their fundamental difference from the Englishman. The request is obviously unreasonable, because it assumes that what is possible in a state of peace is possible in a state of war. It has been declared, on the highest authority, that none of us can go on in his own way; and the Quakers can only evade this by saying that they are not "of us," which would admit the Pro-German Union's case against them, and deprive their appeal to British tradition of its validity. We are all called upon to make sacrifices at this moment; I shudder to think of the number of pints of beer that the members of the Pro-German Union have to forgo every day; and the Quakers at least ought not to object to make a sacrifice of their accustomed gathering.

Everything that is sacrificed helps us to victory; and if victory seems to be delayed, the reason is that we have not made sacrifices enough. God is in a dilemma, said the Bishop of Chelmsford recently; He wants to intervene on our side, and to give us the victory, but we are not yet worthy of it. We are still too self-indulgent, too fond of our own way, too fixed in our traditions; and surely there can be no clearer proof of this than the Quaker claim of freedom of speech and meeting. The more they prize these rights, the greater will be their sacrifice; and according to our sacrifices, be it unto us. When England has become a place not worth living in, we shall know that we are within measurable distance of victory; and we may begin to pack up our things for the great emigration that is already being prophesied, and leave this Paradise to the women.

A. E. R.

## REVIEWS

**With the Fleet in the Dardanelles.** By W. H. Price. (Melrose. 1s. 6d. net.)

This is a series of impressions of life on board H.M.S. "Triumph" written by the temporary chaplain. The author describes the procedure below deck during operations, and, on another occasion, describes a bombardment as witnessed from the foretop. Incidentally, he gives a most extraordinary description of the meaning of "muzzle velocity." "It gives some idea of the violence of heavy gunfire," he says, "when one realises the damage that can be done by the mere blast of air created by the discharge of its projectile. On one occasion, when the "Triumph's" men were summoned to action stations very hastily, a small ventilator on the quarter-deck was left uncovered. During the engagement it became necessary to fire the guns of the after-turret, trained right aft. The blast sucked out the air from the after-part of the ship, practically creating a vacuum. The damage thus caused was far more than we received that day from the enemy's guns. The cabins of the engineer commander and the paymaster appeared a total wreck. Washstands had come away from their fastenings, rivets were loosened, bulkheads bulged, electric-light fittings had fallen. Water-pipes burst with the strain, and in the contents of the bath-tanks which washed the decks fragments of wood and plaster floated. A ladder was shaken loose from its hinges and smashed." Perhaps the most interesting chapter of the book is "Ourselves As Others See Us," wherein the author quotes freely from the dispatch of the correspondent of the "Vossische Zeitung," which describes the effect of the bombardment. The author gives us an account of a concert in a gun-turret, under the title of "The Troglodytes," describes "Peace and War on a Sunday," and "A Day and Night on the Deep" (when the "Triumph" bombarded Smyrna), describes his "funk," when, at four o'clock in the morning, they heard that a ship lying near them had been torpedoed (it is admitted now that the bravest men experience "funk"), and then gives us a chapter on the "Healing Medicine of Mirth." Navy jokes are not too funny, and we seem to have heard this one before: "Fore-control officers 'Triumph' to ditto 'Swiftsure': Do you bob?" To which came the reply: "Fore-control 'Swiftsure' to ditto 'Triumph': No; we only bow." There is a description of a "make and mend," and a final chapter on the previous attempt to force the Dardanelles in 1807. The whole is a pleasant account of a memorable expedition, well illustrated by photographs whose frequent triviality of subject reveals the unprofessional interest of the layman.

**War and Civilisation.** By the Right Hon. J. M. Robertson, M.P. (George Allen and Unwin. 2s. 6d. net.)

Professor Steffen, the holder of a Chair of Social Science at Stockholm, has written a book entitled, "Krieg und Kultur." That book was presumably written in Swedish, for it was published in Sweden; and whether the book be good, bad, or indifferent, obviously it could have no effect upon English opinion. Its effect would be limited to the readers of Sweden, and the apprehended danger to the cause of the Allies could only be countered in that medium of expression and in that country. Mr. Robertson's reply ought to have been written in Swedish and published in Sweden; we wish it no worse fate than that. But what is the use of telling us about Belgium: we have heard all that before. Atrocities? The "Lusitania"? Armenian massacres? Yes, we know; Germany is a bad lot, and her Allies are worse. But why, oh why, keep telling us about it? Tell the Germans, tell the neutrals, inform the public opinion of the world that Germany has not even a case to state; but do it in some language other than English, say, Esperanto. We know that Right is Right, and Wrong is no man's Right; but even moral indignation palls when too frequently repeated without variation of facts or terms of abuse.

Surely we can give "Deutschland Ueber Alles" a rest for a while, and "The Crime Against Belgium"? Ten thousand times ten thousand have used these phrases until we almost know them by heart; yet they appear again as chapter headings in Mr. Robertson's book. What, after all, does it come to? Mr. Robertson's official defence agrees with Germany's case. We never wanted war; for that reason, the Germans despised us. We never prepared for war; for that reason, the Germans called us fools, and unfit to govern the world. Everything on which we pride ourselves coincides with the German indictment of us, and the war will prove whether we or Germany were right, or whether Germany was only premature in her judgment. But we knew all that before; and Mr. Robertson adds nothing to the case, not even an epithet.

**Europe in Arms.** By Everard Wyrall. (Wright and Co. Glasgow.)

This is the first volume of a history of the war in three volumes, which will be sold only in sets at the price of thirty shillings net. Frankly, we can find no justification for the publication of such a history at such a price. The history that Messrs. Nelson are publishing at a shilling a volume is incomparably more detailed, better documented, and written with more historical grip and insight than this. Mr. Wyrall begins at July 23, 1914, and writes a mere resumé of what happened then and thereafter until the battle of the Marne. Of the conflict of principles and policies which ended in the war, he says practically nothing; he contrasts great Austria with little Serbia, and sees nothing in the matter but a simple case of bullying. He gives us no indication of the military theories that were held at the beginning of the war, draws no deductions from the storming of the forts at Liège by infantry after artillery preparation, does nothing to prepare us for the great change from the war of manœuvres to the war of positions with which his next volume must deal; and what is even more fatal to his work as a history, it is written exclusively from the English point of view. It is as hard to believe that we have enemies as it is to believe that we have Allies, if we are to limit ourselves to Mr. Wyrall's work; for his consciousness is limited to the facts that England is at war, and that England is right, and he contents himself with the merest chronicle of events, enlivened with a few stories of our soldiers. The illustrations are superior to those in the "Times" history only because they are printed on better paper; some of them seem to be from the same photographs, if our memory does not mislead us, and there are far fewer of them. Neither in matter nor in illustrations can this history compete with the far cheaper histories of Messrs. Nelson and Northcliffe; and we are of opinion that the publisher will find his sets left on his hands. They are much more expensive than valuable; indeed, the price is preposterous.

**Evolution.** By J. A. S. Watson, B.Sc. (T. C. and E. C. Jack. 5s. net.)

This is the first volume of a new series called "Through the Eye" series, the chief idea of which is to elucidate the text by profuse illustrations. Evolution is a subject that is peculiarly suitable for such treatment; and we must confess that we have spent more time looking at the pictures than we have reading the text. Mr. Watson's exposition is quite elementary, and is confined to the evolution of organic life; but the pupils who have the good fortune to be presented with this book will "look and understand," as the publishers desire. The name of Messrs. Jack is a guarantee of the quality of the illustrations; but we suggest to them that Fig. 4 should have been arranged to give some idea of evolutionary order, or at least, that the numbering should have followed some simple plan. To find No. 1 between 4 and 12, No. 2 between 10 and 11, No. 3 between 7 and 8, and so on, is rather confusing; and pretty as the plate is, it ought to be clear also, to be in keeping with the object of the series.

## Current Cant.

"British commerce must never lag behind British courage in maintaining what is good and true. The Sun-light soap aim is good and true because the same characteristics which stamp the British Tommy as the cleanest fighter in the world have won equal repute for British goods."—"Essex Weekly News."

"It is brought to our notice that the Croydon Guardians have stopped old people's milk in tea at the workhouse as war economy."—"John Bull."

"Mainly for women, dogs, and babies."—"Sunday Pictorial."

"Women to fight Germans."—"Daily Mail."

"When a man smokes he ceases to be a man."—THOMAS J. BRADY.

"Class-feeling has been banished since the outbreak of war."—"Daily Graphic."

"Princess in an omnibus."—"Daily Mirror."

"It is good business as well as good patriotism to buy the Bonds of Victory."—GENERAL POST OFFICE.

"We ought to be thankful to know that the 'Times' and the 'Daily Mail' have been opening the eyes of the public in a very wonderful manner."—COUNCILLOR CAWLEY.

"We are fully awake to the disadvantages of narrowing, at this time of all others, the intellectual life of the nation."—"Times."

"More than three-quarters of the adult women of Great Britain are still unemployed. Until every available one of these is at work the wails about overtime are puerile."—FLORA ANNIE STEEL.

"The joy of killing a man you dislike is wonderful! The unfortunate thing is that in these days, when far from leading to the hangman it frequently leads to much kudos and a medal, so few of us have ever really had the opportunity."—"Daily Mail."

"Taffetas without a doubt will be in the front rank. Such a material has been used for the charming 18th-century gown which is to be worn by one concert favourite, Miss Marie Novello, a function which has the patronage of the Duchess of Sutherland, the Duchess of Westminster, and the Marchioness of Devonshire. Of blue taffetas, figured with pink roses, the skirt is draped over a netti-coat of lace, and the taffetas is arranged in panier puffings which end in points on the filmy lace. These charity concerts are made notable from a dress point of view."—"Daily Graphic."

"If there is one sort of property that ought to be conscribed, surely it is the extra wages of the working class. The Government are taxing the excess profits of one class! Let them tax those of the working class. The so-called wealthy classes almost to a man are giving away every penny. . . ."—SIR HERBERT RAPHAEL.

"Lord Northcliffe and the 'Daily Mail' are as much disliked by the Germans in Germany as by the pro-Germans in England."—"Daily Mail."

"Speed-up munition souvenir. Mr. Lloyd George's lucky mascot. The exact design approved by the Minister of Munitions, stocked by all jewellers and fancy goods dealers; 9-ct. gold, £1 is."—"Daily Sketch."

"Sir John Crichton-Stuart, Marquis of Bute, three times an earl, thrice a viscount, six times a baronet, a baronet of Nova Scotia, Hereditary Keeper of Rothesay Castle, Lord-Lieutenant of Bute, and ground landlord of a good deal of Cardiff, is now a private in the Devil's Own."—"Sunday Herald."

"I shall never forget my first visit to Glasgow."—SIR LEO CHIOZZA MONEY.

"I —, a revolutionary Socialist. I —, a democrat and a lover of civil liberty."—C. B. STANTON, M.P.

## A MARGINAL NOTE.

A . . . B . . . and . . . C, and then we have X, and the "abstract attitude (Y)."

How vivid thy flashes of truth, "T. E. H.," like lightnings out of the sky!

Yet though our "conception of sin" be put in a "pseudo-categoriee"

"We only are conscious of X and of (Y) and so very seldom of B."

Yet stay. When our wisers and betters rain down such enlightening dew for our good

Our "whole apparatus of categories" should ope like a flower, so it should.

And if we no more "fundament'ly diverge," their "ultimate values" to slight,

Then A, B, and C and possibly (Y) from darkness may coruscate light.

PHILIP T. KENWAY.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

### "A DANGEROUS PEACE."

Sir,—Really, the poor "Bystander"! The other day, some of the sentences quoted from the same article as that referred to by your correspondent "C. W. S." were stigmatised as "rank treason" by the "Times," and attributed to the Union of Democratic Control or some such "treacherous" organisation. Now your "C. W. S." discovers them to emanate from "the viler and more thoroughly worthless type of Tory." In using this expression he does not wish to be "unduly offensive." Oh, but this is a pity, for one would really like to know what he is like when he is offensive!

May I just correct "C. W. S.'s" impression? The "Bystander" does not—or did not until recently—represent any kind of Tory, or any kind of pacifist, but only the personality of its editor, Mr. Vivian Carter, who is not, by his various friends, associated with any undue love of wealth, or capitalism, or tyranny, or obscurantism. I believe he has as healthy a loathing for all forms of oppression as any man living. He is a quiet individual, who lives in a small country cottage, writes what he thinks—as nearly as possible—and damns consequences. Why—oh, why may not a man write just what he thinks without being placed by one insulting person into the category of pacifist-democrats and by another with vile and worthless Tories?

I understand Mr. Vivian Carter is so distressed with the apparent impossibility, in this country, of expressing an honest opinion that he is at present contemplating suicide.

ONE WHO HAPPENS TO KNOW.

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### THE FOREIGN EXCHANGE.

Sir,—Mr. Sinclair finds my statement that "the exchange reduces paper prices to their gold equivalent, and thus registers the extent of the depreciation of the currency," too much for him. To be frank, it covers a lot of ground in one leap, but the intervening space is the dry and arid region of foreign exchange theory. Still, if your readers are bored while Mr. Sinclair and I traverse this ground hand in hand, I must insist that it is not my fault.

In considering the balance of indebtedness between, say, Amsterdam and Berlin we shall disregard, for the sake of conciseness, all differences in prices in the two countries due to factors other than that of currency changes, and we shall first look at the effects of an inconvertible currency, and then at the combined effects of inconvertibility and depreciation.

The bill drawn by Amsterdam on Berlin, when accepted by Berlin, gives Amsterdam the right to payment of a certain number of marks at a certain date. If there has been an excess of exports by Holland to Germany there will be an excess of German bills in Amsterdam, and their price will fall. If the fall is considerable, the holders would normally instruct their German debtors to send gold—the only form of payment which is universally acceptable. Conversely, the price of Dutch bills in Berlin (representing claims by Berlin on Amsterdam) will rise to a point at which the German acceptor will find it cheaper to transmit gold. But what happens when, as at present, the Dutch creditor cannot demand gold, owing to the fact that Germany has prohibited the export of the metal? He will obviously be willing to make

much greater sacrifices in order to realise on his bill, and the only assignable limit to the fall in marks will be the competition of importers of goods from Germany to buy German bills to meet their obligations. Exports of gold are said to be made by Germany from time to time, but the chances of an individual creditor obtaining gold are, to put it mildly, diminished.

We are agreed that when the currency is depreciated on account of an excessive issue of inconvertible paper prices rise *ipso facto*. The prices of imported goods rise likewise, and the Dutch exporter can demand correspondingly higher prices (paper marks!) for his wares, but the German exporter cannot claim a similar advantage in regard to goods exported to Holland, where the currency is not inflated. The real balance of indebtedness (of goods against goods) is therefore weighted against Germany exactly in proportion as prices have risen on account of a depreciated paper—i.e., there is a correspondingly greater number of marks (paper) to be exchanged against guilders (gold). Q.E.D.

The foregoing, I hope, will have satisfactorily disposed of all Mr. Sinclair's questions except the last two. I really do not understand his statement that "we have probably created as great an amount of such credits and emergency notes as Germany has of notes only." The loans in this country have hitherto been actual savings diverted to war purposes—the amount of money or purchasing power functioning in the country has not been thereby increased, but the direction of its application has been changed. But, with the exception of the loan issued in 1914, Germany has financed the war by creating *new* purchasing power. The Darleheuskassen and similar institutions make advances to the public of legal tender notes on the security of every kind of property, and these notes are placed in the Government's other pocket (the Reichsbank) in payment for war stock. Apart from this, the note issue of the Reichsbank has increased from £94,000,000 to £322,000,000, while "bills discounted" (finance bills signed by the Minister and deposited with the Reichsbank) stand at £262,000,000. All these items represent actual increases of purchasing power which the State is enabled to utilise by means of its control over the currency and the banking system; but the disastrous effects will only be fully apparent when foreign trade is resumed.

Mr. Sinclair finally asks how we are to account for the rise in the Petrograd, Rome, and Paris exchanges on London, while our American exchange has fallen. The balance of indebtedness between New York and London is against us, but we hold a very favourable balance as between ourselves and our Allies. Further, their exchanges are unfavourable because their currencies are inflated—this is especially the case in regard to Russia and France.

E. A. PUTTICK.

#### ENGLAND AND TURKEY.

Sir,—Mr. A. H. Murray writes in your issue of February 10: "I can do nothing but accept Mr. Pickthall's apology when he assures your readers (after I had demonstrated the fact) that he is a poor advocate of a strong case. I will add, however, that in my opinion a strong case is a plausible case, but not necessarily a good case. There is not, in fact, a 'good case' for Turkey as compared with that of Russia and the Allies, and the better Mr. Pickthall's advocacy becomes the more plainly shall I be able to demonstrate that his case is really weak."

Your correspondent is under various misapprehensions. I am not conscious of having offered an apology to him or anyone else when I admitted that I was a "poor advocate of a good cause"; and Mr. Murray, in his heckling letter, to which mine was a reply, certainly demonstrated nothing save the fact that he himself was every whit as inaccurate as he accused me of being. And what on earth does he mean by his talk about a "good case"? I wrote: "I am a poor advocate of a good cause." Can Mr. Murray, careful reader of my NEW AGE articles as he professes himself to be, really labour under the impression that I have given up so much time and devoted so much energy in the last three years merely to try and prove to NEW AGE readers that Turkey would have been a better ally for England than Russia, Italy, etc.? That is to accuse the editor of THE NEW AGE, no less than me, of imbecility, since he has given a great deal of his valuable space to my ideas. Politics must have some aim or ideal or they become utterly pernicious. And aimlessness is what I principally complain of in British international policy. This for some years past has had no aim beyond the present war. We have a mighty Empire, but its problems were made secondary to the enterprise of cornering Germany. We had ideals of human progress, we

had a great constructive and progressive Eastern policy; these were thrown away deliberately to secure a powerful ally; and the East suffers. The "good cause" of which I called myself the advocate is Muslim progress, a cause intimately bound up with England's treatment of progressive Turkey. There are nearly three hundred million Muslims in the world; at least two hundred million of them think as I do of the Turkish Empire. What is to be the future of these people? They are rising rapidly in the scale of civilisation, and they look on Turkey as their last hope of equal progress with the Europeans. Egypt, which our rulers have opposed to Turkey farcically, stands for Christian civilisation imposed upon a Muslim country, efficient, nearly perfect in material ways, but without any moral value for the people. Turkey stands for a civilisation just beginning, inefficient in a good many respects, far from perfect in its material aspects, but of inestimable moral value to the Muslim world. This Muslim civilisation desired peace with Europe, and especially with England; it has, instead, been mercilessly persecuted in accordance with the project of a partition of the Turkish Empire which had been discussed between the present Allies even before the Turkish revolution of July, 1908. Turkey has been treated as no Christian Power (one believes) could be treated in this century without arousing universal indignation. She was made to understand that her last hope was in the help of Germany. Our injustice towards the Porte has been intensely felt by all thinking Mohammedans, and it is as their advocate that I have devoted so much time to championing the cause of Turkey in the last three years. It is a vast question, fraught with tremendous future possibilities, for the Muslim East is rising, and its turn will come. Mr. Murray has assailed me on an important point in the spirit of the conscientious heckler who at street-corners persistently interrupts a preacher, who is talking of the world's redemption, with the stumping question: "Who was Cain's wife?" I know no better cause in the world than this of the progressive Muslims, and I defy Mr. Murray or anybody else to prove it bad or merely plausible. If I called myself "a poor advocate" it was in no spirit of apology, unless towards the Muslims for the English Government and people. A poor advocate is fully justified in standing forward, where no other is forthcoming, in a righteous cause.

MARMADUKE PICKTHALL.

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Sir,—I have followed with great interest the articles on the above subject by Mr. Marmaduke Pickthall. As an avowed Pan-Islamist who wrote a pamphlet on that subject in 1907 and warned the British Government to revert to the Beaconsfield policy, and as an Asiatic citizen of the British Empire, I think I can claim to know better than Mr. Murray and even Mr. Pickthall the workings of the minds of my co-religionists on one side and also that of the Asiatic portion of the British Empire on the other. Those people who saw the enthusiasm of the Mussulmans of the world to help Turkey during the Tripoli raid and the Balkan War, when even the women of India willingly parted with their ornaments, when men from India went to fight for the Turks in the Tripolitan desert, when at great expense Red Crescent missions were organised, cannot but agree with Mr. Pickthall that if Turkey in this war had been on the side of England the moral and material strength of England would have been overwhelmingly commanding. The answer to the question "Is the Turkish Empire a more valuable ally than the Russian Empire, Italy, Greece, Serbia and Montenegro together?" has already been answered by Germany. There is no doubt that Germans thought so, and Von Bernhardt's famous book clearly showed this. But this is not the question of the present day. What is done is done. It is no use quarrelling over "What might have been." We should look now to the present so as to shape a better future. For this war Turkey will now remain against England. But if precautions are taken, if wild speeches are not made from the platforms by responsible Ministers, if such threats as that of changing the Jommai Sophia into a church and of conquering the sacred city of Bagdad are not advanced, if the fight on both sides is conducted on proper lines, as a fight between two heroic nations should be—then, when the time of peace comes, Turkey and England might become greater friends than ever, and the designs of Germany against the British Empire may be shattered through an alliance between Turkey and England. Otherwise, England's troubles will not finish with this war.

SHAIKH M. H. KIDWAI.

### "HOLLAND AND THE WAR."

Sir,—By referring to the articles now appearing under this title as "Letters from Holland" Mr. Howard Ince has confused the issue. May I refer him to the fact that only *three* of the "apparently interminable series" (the end of which is in sight, as you and I know) come from Rotterdam? The rest were written in London. It was rather late before the other side—the Dutch national view—was given a hearing; perhaps if the Rotterdam barrister who represents it had replied sooner it would have been easier to realise that the reader's attention is invited for a dispute, a discussion. A discussion is, of course, two-sided, *pro et contra*. As to the nasty things Mr. Howard Ince suspects the defender of Dutch neutrality of, they are pure conjecture, and sufficiently contradicted, I hope, by both the tone and the wording of the letters from Rotterdam. They are not in the least hostile against England, and only reflecting what neutral countries have a perfect right to think.

This correspondence between two Dutchmen is made public in order to explain to the general intelligent reader why well-educated, "decent" people in Holland, neither war-profiteers nor secret friends of the Hun, in spite of their conviction that his victory would mean the downfall of their country's independence, still prefer to remain neutral, instead of boldly throwing in their lot with the Allies. In the London letters the urgent necessity of this course is constantly and unmercifully advocated, till at last the addressee, rushing into the ring, takes up the cudgels for Holland. Seeing the things that have been said to him, if he is angry who can blame him? If he shows himself as too sharp-sighted, it is because he thinks his friend is blind—for does he not range himself *unconditionally* on England's side and praise her to the skies? In the other's opinion this absolute confidence is not justified, and he points to the fact—as he sees it—that, though in the case of Belgium Germany committed an awful crime, England was at fault in not coming to the little kingdom's rescue in time. His "morale" is: Don't rely on others: keep out of it!

I would ask: Is it not desirable that the English public should be informed of the existence of doubts like these among a people otherwise so heartily in sympathy with this country and her cause as are the Dutch as a whole? "We do not want to hear what other people think of us, unless it be wholly favourable, and even then . . ." is not an attitude to be commended in circumstances especially when only better information and better understanding than thus far aimed at can keep the well-thinking portion of mankind together.

W. DE VEER.

Sir,—A word of thanks is, I think, due to you for the publication of the series of letters, the only reasoned and intelligent presentment of the points of view of Hollanders that I have seen in the English Press. Unlike Mr. Howard Ince, to me the series seems by no means too long.

ARTHUR F. HALLWOOD.

### "L'ACTION FRANÇAISE."

Sir,—In your issue of February 3 the French royalist paper, "L'Action Française," is once again brought before your readers by a correspondent. I remember that a rather hot controversy about that same daily paper took place in THE NEW AGE a few years ago. Once again you are asked to take up the cause of the "Action Française" writers and make them known to your few elect.

I have been an occasional reader of the Royalist paper since it was founded, and a careful reader of it for a long period after the beginning of the war. Now, your NEW AGE is the finest representative of Culture in England. And, by the test of culture, "L'Action Française" is unclean. Have nothing to do with it, Sir. "R. H. C.," in the "Readers and Writers" of January 3, gave your readers an exquisitely well-balanced idea of what French culture is at the present time. And the spirit of that culture is the very enemy of the spirit of "L'Action Française."

To prove this we need only take the crucial question well sifted by "R. H. C." times and again: What judgment do we pass now upon the Great Germans? French Culture answered through M. Charles Adler: I feel grateful to "R. H. C." for bringing the name and the views of our respected Sorbonne master into your pages. The "Action Française's" view of German culture is that there is none. Day after day you can see that paper dragging into its manifold streams of abuse the great German names. The "Action Française" has only one idea in literature—namely, that everything which is not Roman Catholic and Royalist is bad. From that point

of view, literatures of other countries than France do not stand very high: English literature is hardly ever mentioned, as the Catholic-Royalist theory works not well therein. But Germany is the birthplace of Protestantism: hence Germany is damned.

Some great thinker of "L'Action Française" has evolved a curious theory which, I believe, is so far unknown in England, but Bainville and E. Daudet, or some of their kin, repeat it with joy several times a week. It is their great discovery; they wonder aloud why the world has not adopted it and been saved. Thus it runs: The Spirit of Luther produced Rousseau; that of Rousseau, Kant and Fichte; that of Fichte, Nietzsche. Therefore, down with all those thinkers and their stupid admirers, and long live the King of France!

It is a source of endless mirth to me to imagine the state of mind of Nietzsche, had he ever been forcibly brought to reflect on this intellectual genealogy of his. Nietzsche a product of Fichte! Rousseau! Luther! I need not add that for "L'Action Française" the spirit of Nietzsche is the deep cause of the war.

That is a sample of the thinking done in "L'Action Française." I do not deny all merit to the group. But theirs is the merit of the fighters, not of the thinkers. They are keen polemicists: for ever ignoring every fact opposed to their views. They have tried to rehabilitate our unmentionable Louis XV: was he not a king, forsooth? All their foreshouting about the coming of the war was just party politics, skilfully managed, and aided, let me own, by some real historical knowledge. They have been worse than your "Daily Mail," because they were much cleverer.

One thing they lack before all: intellectual honesty. They are blind to all outside their very narrow groove. Their criticism is only insult, their discussion is only abuse. They are clever, but base, even as their writing of French is. Have nothing to do with them, Sir. They do not belong to Culture, or to Literature. They are not of your brothers. Is not this the great crime against the Holy Spirit: to bring intelligence and knowledge into the services of meaner powers?

A FRENCH READER.

### WAR NOTE.

Sir,—Being a pacifist to whom the old-lady-at-the-garden-party remarks in this week's War Notes apply, will you permit me to say a few words in reply? I am astounded to see that by careful observation "North Staffs" has brought himself within an ace of understanding our attitude, and yet completely fails to do so. It is perhaps a little unkind that he should liken us to an old lady above all persons, but if he will allow that there is such a thing as a wise old lady his simile may yet amply demonstrate the point I wish to make. First of all, why does he omit to mention that the rest of that garden-party, almost to a man, consists of professed and enthusiastic big-game hunters? This being the case, what else would he have her do? Surely he does not expect an old lady to take part in a big-game hunt? Such expectation is particularly inapt when one considers that this old lady, unlike "North Staffs," who is content with merely italicising his *desire* for peace, believes in consistently working for it. All her life she has been trying to get her friends to see the unwisdom of this dangerous habit of keeping wild beasts about the place. Therefore when she sees no immediate danger to herself in sitting quietly where she is, she just sits tight and awaits a favourable opportunity for the part she has to play in the matter. On the return of the exhausted and blood-stained hunters she will endeavour to exemplify, by their recent tragic experience, what she has been trying to get them to see previous to the breaking loose of the wild beasts. Furthermore, she knows that they will return convinced that the only thing for them to do will be to increase their own jungle-stock! Such, then, is the position of the pacifist. He spends his time trying to get his fellow-men to see the folly of going about armed to the teeth with a view to keeping the peace. When the trouble, which is inevitable, breaks out and the panicky warriors clamour round him, he asks to be let alone in return for his refraining from interfering with their prosecution of the war. I hope "North Staffs" understands, as his simile would suggest, that the true pacifist has nothing whatever to do with mad-brained Stop-the-War tactics. I would suggest that he stands a much better chance of scoring off such gentry as these, and he might begin by likening them to a noisy bumble-bee which deliberately places itself in the path of a runaway traction-engine with a view to stopping it.

T. CONSTANTINIDES.

**A PERSONAL QUERY.**

Sir,—Will you permit an old and loyal reader to trouble you on a matter which appears personal but may have other significance?

I have for some years been representative for two firms—both Government contractors—and this week I receive from one the sack and from the other a form to fill up concerning attestation. I am married, but just within the limit for military service.

As one of the firms is in close touch with the powers that be, perhaps you could tell me what is the latest game. MAC.

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**MONISM AND MORALS.**

Sir,—Señor Maetzú's valuation of Jellinek in your issue of the 9th inst. is doubtless just and accurate, but why does he tack Jellinek on to Prof. Ostwald? The object of this *mésalliance* seems to be to impugn the monist philosophy, the philosophy of science. It is evident he misunderstands Ostwald, because he does not appreciate the meaning of monism.

All that a *postiori* monism—such as Ostwald's—stands for is not some new-fangled *Weltanschauung*, but just scientific truth carried into all departments of human cognisance. Science connotes the unification of knowledge—and all science is inevitably monistic.

Would-be critics who scent in monism something weird and uncanny do so because they have not taken the trouble to ascertain exactly what the term signifies. The "Monist," like the "Materialist," scarecrow is reared by those who themselves fear or despise science and wish to paint the universe the colour of their fears. Matter and Energy are not gods worshipped by scientific thinkers; they are phantoms conjured up by unscientific thinkers—and sometimes, perhaps, unthinking scientists.

The anti-monist, like the anti-materialist—of whom he is in fact but a later phase—seems always haunted by a dread lest science in its ultimate and complete development should leave no room for sentiment or even morality: that goodness and beauty may be resolved into terms of matter and energy. Hence these bogeys of "materialism" and "energetics."

But so far from ethical values being excluded by science, what has happened is that they have not yet been reached by science. That is to say, the scientific knowledge we possess in regard to other phenomena is lacking in the case of ethics. Therefore the extension of the ground covered by science to bring the ethical province within its scope remedies the defect of science in its less advanced stages. So that what may be imputed to science, as commonly understood, cannot be imputed to monism. For it is obvious that science alone can render possible the fullest social or societal appropriation of moral properties and forces—since scientific knowledge has proved so necessary for progress in other directions, it would be unreasonable to lack confidence of it in this. But, of course, we shall be reminded, science shows us that the natural universe is deficient in moral values; that Nature is neither moral nor immoral, but non-moral. Precisely, this is what natural science discloses. But it is the import of monism (or universal science, in contradistinction to merely natural science) that what less unified science fails to discover, i.e., the position of moral values in the material universe, will be reached by the extension of the scientific principle into every field of investigation; resulting in the substitution of exact knowledge for conjectural uncertainties in the extra-physical as in the physical world.

To say that monism negates the conception of right and wrong is absurd; and is to confuse principles with their application. It is a noteworthy absurdity, however, because it is the type of argument educed by that species of intellectual prudery which inspires eternal fear lest the sight of the naked truth should be hurtful to morals.

But we know Señor Maetzú is no intellectual prude. His attempt to belittle monism by magnifying the extent of its influence has a very obvious motive behind it. He would like us to imagine that monism is in some way related to German depravity. We know how Nietzsche has been exploited in this connection, and now that the Nietzsche myth has been exploded it seems as if Ostwald is to be dragged in. This is unfortunate, because it tends to distract attention from the main issues. (Ostwald, incidentally, is Livonian and not German; incidentally also, he is an ardent pacifist, as Señor Maetzú must know from the Monistic Sermons.) Monism clearly has no more to do with German megalomania than have the rings of Saturn. The Kaiserocracy and its cohorts are not monists; but orthodox of the orthodox. The small intellectual minority to whom Ostwald makes any real appeal—true,

no, doubt, he has at times been the topic of pot-house conversation, but this indicates nothing but a momentary flutter comparable to that caused by the "New Theology" in England—can no more be held responsible for the Bellicose Servile State than Señor Maetzú can be held responsible for the vagaries of the Bishop of London. Much has been made of the trifling fact that Haeckel, Carus, and a few other members of the Monistic League have signified their approval of the German attitude in the present war; but this is a much less surprising fact than that not a few Marxian Socialists should have prostituted their energies to a Capitalist State, and no one has yet said that Socialism is irrevocably damned on that account.

And perhaps I may also be permitted to point out that although a very natural repugnance is felt to anything made in Germany, science does not come under this ban. The business of science is solely to ascertain and enunciate the truth; and in scientific truth neither a national nor a personal element finds place.

C. R. PARRY.

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**RENAISSANCE IDEOLOGY.**

Sir,—The following extracts from E. Cavaignac's "Esquisse d'une histoire de France" (pp. 430-1) confirm Mr. T. E. Hulme's criticism of modern values. They illustrate the attitude of Continental Freemasons during the eighteenth century, and are translated from the original documents raided from Weishaupt, the founder of the *Illuminati of Bavaria* (1776-85):—

(1) "No, no, man is not so bad as arbitrary morality would make out; his badness is due to the perverting influence of Religions and Government. . . . Let us make Reason the religion of mankind, and the problem is solved."

So much for the doctrine of human Perfectibility.

(2) "Supposing [the intrigues of these apostles should involve a new] despotism, would that be dangerous with men whose programme consists in preaching education, liberty, and virtue?"

Here we have the essential of what Sorel defines as "optimism"—the childish belief in Utopia to be introduced with fine words plus a change of personnel, as distinct from a change of system (economic and moral). What miracles of efficiency and virtue—not to mention "liberty"—we should owe to a Business-Government!

(3) "Even if this kind of universal moral government should prove chimerical, would it not at any rate be worth the experiment?"

On our vile bodies, if you please. Hitherto those persons who have made a pastime of pestering the poor have at least had the decency of a utilitarian excuse; but here the itch for *interference for its own sake* (irrespective of resulting improvements) becomes exalted into a principle of action. Is there also a "Cult of Personality" among Vampires? H. W.

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**MEDIAEVALISM AND HUMANISM.**

Sir,—In default of anyone better equipped taking the matter in hand, may I be permitted to express emphatic dissent from "T. E. H.'s" analysis of the "Humanist" attitude to the nature of man, and, as I hold, his false antithesis between that and the "Religious" or Mediaeval standpoint? Granted that the latter, with its dogma of Original Sin, looked upon man as essentially evil—we are surely not to be asked to return to this attitude of horror to-day! But however that may be, to say that Humanism looks upon man as perfect betrays a fundamental misunderstanding of its attitude. As I understand it, the Humanist looks upon man as very far from perfect, but—and here surely he is reinforced by the whole conception of Evolution and its scientific confirmation—as capable of immense—I will not confuse matters by saying infinite—improvement, both intellectual and ethical; while the idea of Perfection, being essentially static, is left out of count as being unscientific and incompatible with modern thought. E. W. MORGAN.

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**SANGUINARY POSTERS.**

Sir,—We were informed, upon credible authority, at the beginning of this world-carnage, that it was the practice of the military authorities in Berlin (and it probably was the case in other of the Teuton headquarters also) to send their subordinate officers and the rank and file to the slaughter-houses to witness the butchery of the various victims in order that they might acquire entire insensibility and indifference to the sanguinary scenes of the battlefields. And certainly it must be admitted that a better school for teaching callousness (even to the most cruel and the most barbarous of the War-God slaves)

could not easily be imagined—if, at least, we attach any degree of belief to the assertions and admonitions of the (genuine) moralists, whether of antiquity or of modern days.

The actual spectacle of the slaughter-house, it is necessary to remind ourselves, is not the only means (whether purposed or not for such end) of accustoming the eyes to barbarous sights and of hardening the heart. As I passed the approach to a large town, near to which it is my lot to reside, the highly instructive fact to which I have referred above is too frequently brought to my consciousness. Upon the hoardings in the near neighbourhood of the railway station—and it is unnecessary to say that the disgusting advertisement in question is but one of pictures of the same sort which are presented to the public gaze throughout the country—are conspicuously the revolting (revolting by what can only and fittingly be termed their *cynical callousness*) scenes of bovine butchery *in petto*: the especial exhibition of callousness consisting in a huge coloured poster of the doomed victim of the so-designated Bovril and Oxo Companies, sometimes presented as being facetiously hailed by (as it appears) a railway guard or some other railway official and “complimented” upon his speedy conversion into the sanguinary composition dubbed by a barbarous hybrid linguistic authority, “Bovril”; sometimes, again, presented to the admiring public as voluntarily and even eagerly offering himself as a contribution to the coffers of the same so highly civilised and Christianly cultured enterprising company.

For myself, I can imagine nothing more calculated to foster the sanguinary and ferocious feeling which has its legitimate expression and outcome in the legalised murder denominated “war” than public exhibitions of this sort—excepting, indeed, the actual scenes of the slaughter-house, and in particular those of the so scandalously law-sanctioned *private dens of butchery*.

The moral of all which has been drawn (among other really “philosophic” teachers) by the satirist-poet, concisely but sufficiently illustrated as it is by this world-war:—

“The Fury Passions from that blood began,  
And turned on Man a fiercer savage man.”

H. W.

#### WOMEN IN INDUSTRY.

Sir,—I regret that the question of the entrance of women into industry should have reappeared in your pages, and still more that it should be regarded as a vital part of the National Guild propaganda. I beg, however, that you will allow another member of the League besides Mr. Kenney to state an opinion. Miss Smith quotes as the basis of the League the correct declaration of faith, prefaced by the statement that women should be cleared out of industry in order that men should obtain a labour monopoly. This impression she has gathered from Mr. Kenney, who, so far as I can discover, has no sort of official authority for such a statement, which represents only his own individual opinion.

It cannot be too clearly stated that the League, as a body, has no dogma with regard to the position of women. In the one authoritative pamphlet published by the executive there is no mention of sex, the worker, of whatever sex, being alone considered. I know of only one semi-official statement of opinion, in a basis made out by a number of members, that discusses the question. There, in the main report, it is very emphatically insisted that women workers are to be regarded in the same light as men workers, while the minority report, signed by four members (of whom Mr. Kenney is not one), states that the family unit should be preserved wherever desired, but economic independence and freedom of entry into any work must be maintained for women. These opinions, however, are no more essential for Guild League members than are those of Mr. Kenney. On this point Miss Smith differs only from Mr. Kenney, and not from the League as a whole. But her other point of difference is of quite a different kind. She is a Syndicalist, and in spite of Mr. Bertrand Russell's statement to the contrary, there is a fundamental difference between the Syndicalist point of view and that of the National Guilds League. Every individual who works is both consumer and producer, and either aspect will suffer from lack of representation. Freedom can only come from the action and reaction of the two sides of the community upon each other, as represented in different organisations. The State at present represents neither completely, but that is no reason for doubting that there can be no use for a State as a consumers' organisation. To take Miss Smith's own example, the Guild Congress, representing the producers, will have more important

things to do than to prevent any one guild from exploiting the community, while this will be only one of many useful functions of the State.

As regards Miss Smith's assumption that Guildsmen are mere theorists, I must add that my only excuse for writing is the fact that more capable members of the League are too fully occupied with practical problems to take part in such a controversy about an abstract subject, which is no essential part of Guild faith, and which, as Mrs. Townshend pointed out in your paper a few weeks ago, will find its solution in practice.

In conclusion, I would beg Miss Smith to study the pamphlet on National Guilds published by the League, and so build up her criticism upon an authoritative basis, and not upon the opinions of Mr. Kenney.

MARY BARKAS.

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Sir,—I should be glad if you would allow me a few words in reference to Miss Alice Smith's letter entitled “Women in Industry” in your last issue. I am not concerned to argue about her opinions in general (though I find myself in disagreement with most of what she says), but I think it important that facts should not be distorted. Miss Smith, in seeking to confirm her view that “pressure is the spur that drives men to more vigorous action,” asserts the following: “Throughout history we find that desperation—not ease—is the springboard of revolt.” I don't pretend to be in any sense a profound student of history, and even my amount of knowledge tells me how very difficult it is to arrive at the genuine historical “facts,” but I do feel fairly confident in stating, without fear of contradiction, that we find nothing “throughout history” to justify the statement I have quoted above. Let Miss Smith consider such movements as the French Revolution, the English Peasant Revolt of 1381, the Chartist Movement of 1848, the Peasant Revolt in Germany following on Luther's preaching, the great Dock Strike of 1911, the recent South Wales Miners' Strikes (you will see I have taken a few at random), and she will find in every instance that the revolters were *not* in a condition of desperation—at least the prime movers of revolt were certainly not, but rather in a state of *comparative* (of course, merely comparative) “ease.” I think it may be stated that *never* has a revolt been engineered successfully nor organised for any lasting results by persons who act merely from desperation. The revolting peasantry of 1381 (that wonderful epoch which gave us one of the rare, genuine *people's* movements in this country) were probably far better off physically and morally, far more in comparative “ease,” than at any time previous in the fourteenth century.

It is a pity, however eager one may be to get evidence on one's own side, to interpret evidence so negligently as Miss Smith appears to do.

BARBARA LOW.

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#### “GOVERNMENT BY NATURAL SELECTION.”

Sir,—I am sure your able reviewer does not wish to be guilty of even an unconscious injustice; yet that is the effect of the following sentence taken from his criticism of my book, “It is an historical fact that democracies do not survive; but what is the natural tendency which ensures their disappearance, what is the scientific description of that tendency? On this point Mr. Taylor is vague, if not altogether silent.” The whole of my final chapter is directed to show that democracies tend to disappear through disregard of the fact that the individual services of great men are necessary for national success. Secure the requisite conditions in the struggle for distinction (a perfectly feasible thing), and the relatively best will emerge even under an elective system. But this, your reviewer will say, is to render “the application of Darwinian principles to political evolution invalid.” My answer is that, though Darwinian principles are altered in outward appearance, the spirit of the original tendency is maintained if the State is politically healthy. That natural selection should be superseded by political selection is part of the process of political evolution. Nor have I anywhere asserted that “natural selection implies survival of the best.” During more than twenty years observation and reflection have convinced me of the futility of this dangerous Spencerian delusion. The term natural selection is used by me in the strictest Darwinian sense. In the struggle for distinction certain men emerge with certain characteristics, which also happen to be characteristics for the most part valuable in government, and the political assembly puts them to a public use and endeavours to correct deficiencies. Such a process is not the less a process of natural selection because a new influence in the shape of a social control

is brought to bear upon the product. Finally your reviewer acutely remarks, "A natural tendency that cannot achieve its own objects is surely not a determinate cause of progress." This criticism strikes home, but only because I have been compelled to divide my argument into two separate parts. The apparent difficulty is fully explained in my forthcoming work, "The Origin of Government," where it is attributed to the "conflict of laws" and "opposition of tendencies" which is an established phenomenon of social evolution.

HUGH TAYLOR.

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A THEATRE OF EFFECT.

Sir,—The first part of my answer to Mr. D. Escourt's question, "What improvement in the planning of theatres do I propose?" is contained in an "Unedited Opinion" in the issue of THE NEW AGE for February 15, 1912. I take the following from this article: "First let me explain in what respect the present theatre is deficient for the purpose of drama. With the stage placed as it is, the audience is not made to realise the identity of the persons of the play with itself. Actually, the stage is only the specially illuminated area in which the audience beholds, as in a vision, its own passions represented. They should conceive the actors as merely figures of their own subconscious selves. As at a successful Quaker meeting the spirit of the assembly seizes first one and then the other of its members and speaks through them so that the audience goes away understanding itself better—at a successful dramatic representation the audience regards the actors as acting and speaking for them. Well, the position of the modern stage makes this illusion difficult. The actors appear to speak and act to their audience, not for them. The wrong attitude on the part of both actors and audience is encouraged. But suppose that the stage were placed in the very midst of the audience—the theatre being round and the stage being its centre—the play would then appear more readily as the sub-conscious mind of the audience made visible. Intimacy would be established. . . . But Mr. Huntly Carter must explain the rest himself."

This explanation is founded upon the conviction that any new and profound drama and theatre research must be psychological research. Subsequently, I dealt with the question of a small round theatre and its probable formative influence on the drama. My words travelled to America in a book, and what the Americans made of them is not beyond discovery. Like an avalanche books on the subject of the new spirit in drama manifested in the European Theatre descended upon the Disunited States. America surrendered itself to the latest outburst in the star-spangled manner.

Within recent years, then, a definite spirit of theatrical reform has awakened in America. This spirit has manifested itself more particularly in a rapid growth of little theatres, and some of America's foremost theatrical scribblers are heartened thereat. One of them is under the impression that the little theatre offers a suitable medium through which the reformer can operate. But another detects elements of failure, and says so. "They (the little theatres) sprang up like Jack-in-the-boxes all over the country during the winter now past. Sprang up to squeak their little plays for a short time and then to have the long predacious claw of the box office shut down the lid mercilessly." This is getting near the truth. The truth is, the little theatre is a failure because the motives underlying its existence are merely box office motives. Simply, this tinsel understudy is another box office edition of the big theatre. And though from the spectator's point of view the little theatre offers better stage value than the big theatre, yet it is fundamentally so rotten that men of sense will readily disown it. Perhaps they will not thoroughly condemn the form of the theatre though they dare not recommend it.

In my recent article on the theatre I maintained that most of our ideas in the form of the theatre have come to us through the box office, and to-day, perhaps for the first time in our history, some, at least, of the men in the theatre are beginning to find it out. They are beginning to realise the great importance to the advance of the drama in substituting new constructive ideas for the old thoroughly dishonest ones which have resulted in such an abundant crop of poisonous fungi that owe their bloated proportions to the forcing capacity of the box office. I believe the general feeling of these reformers is that the prevailing form of theatre is clearly an abortion because it is not evolved by, and does not promote, the primary aim of the drama. But, unfortunately for the drama, not one of them appears to have a clear understanding of this aim. Actually, they are concerned with the drama, not with its aim, with the bellows, not with its effect. With-

out this clear understanding advance is impossible. Hence the blunderers and muddlers in the little theatre line. Now the primary and, indeed, the ultimate aim of the drama is to produce an effect. Authors may vary greatly in their ideas on the construction of a play, but if they are responsible authors they are agreed that the aim of all significant plays is to produce the greatest creative dramatic effect upon the spectator. To them the theatre exists solely as an Effect House. Rightly constructed, it assists the drama through effect to achieve its noblest end, namely, a mystical union between the author and the spectator. This is the plain and obvious meaning underlying the words which I quote at the beginning of my letter. Effect, then, is the constructive idea to be substituted for Paying Capacity. Effect carries its own principles of construction. Indeed, it is solely through effect that we can have any idea of the size and form of the theatre. And it should be said that the size and form are not determined by one or several peculiar qualities or properties of effect, but by the entire complex of the constituents which go to the building up of its efficiency.

So it comes to this, that all improvement in the planning of the theatre must be based upon effect. That is, the theatre is to be regarded as a framework or underlying form upon which the greatest creative dramatic effect to be produced upon the spectator is to be built. It would, no doubt, be of interest to build up on paper an effect theatre fully considered from all points, dramatic, architectural, æsthetic, economic, and so on. This the limited space of the correspondence columns does not permit. Perhaps it will be possible to return to the subject in a set article. I can only mention here certain conclusions derived from my own study, observations and experiments made and conducted during past months. These provide the second part of my answer, of which the first part is the said psychological or mystical excuse for the small round theatre.

The attainment of the greatest creative dramatic effect without the theatre is simply an act of genius. But the attainment of the same effect within the theatre is a harmonious solution of metaphysical, mathematical, æsthetic and mechanical problems.

The most appropriate effect theatre is a harmonious solution of a combination of problems presented by the author, actor and spectator to the architect.

Briefly, the theatre of effect differs from the usual arrangements of the theatre in these respects. It is merely a framework for effect. It consists of a stage at the bottom divided into actor-place and spectator-place. The actor-place consists of a simple circular area made to sink. The spectator-place consists of circular rows of seats arranged for the purpose of seeing the stage clearly, and all being of an equal view-point value, and therefore of an equal money value if payment is demanded. There is no pit or gallery, no tiers of boxes or circles, no need of corridors to give access to the boxes and circles, no elaborate safety arrangements, which, in the conventional theatre, usually occupy the attention of the nerve-stricken spectator to the exclusion of the play. The sinking stage would carry the actor to the dressing rooms arranged beneath the stage-auditorium. In this lower area musicians would be accommodated also. A theatre could be built on this plan at a very small cost, and run at an equally small cost, thus promoting the idea I have in view, namely, the establishing of free theatres.

Of course, it will be objected that a theatre of this type cannot possibly accommodate every species of play. I have no desire that it should. I do not propose to exalt bad and stupid plays to the spiritual level of this theatre. Most existing plays have got the theatre they thoroughly deserve. The particular theatre I have in mind will accommodate an entirely new form of drama which I see arising from the terrible experience quickened by the war. This is my sole concern.

HUNTLY CARTER.

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## Press Cuttings.

"Mr. Asquith has informed us that what has decided the Ministry to introduce their Compulsory Enlistment Bill for Bachelors is that the total of unattested single men under the Derby Scheme is 650,000, and that with the 'largest possible deductions' which may be made from that figure they are unable to treat the absentees 'as anything except substantial and considerable.' As the father of an alleged slacker, I shall perhaps be excused for saying that I have a great deal of pity for that much-maligned and very ill-defined specimen of the British species. I have yet to learn that a young man brought into the world through no fault or wish of his own ought to be derided because the Lord never made him for a fighter, because he is of delicate constitution, and because he feels and knows that his enlistment as a soldier would add nothing to the strength of his country's arms; nor do I know that his parents, loving him because he is their son, and often their only son, do wrong in troubling their hearts and minds that such a one should be torn from them to placate the 'Daily Mail,' and find after a few weeks' training an early grave or a life-long physical incapacity through hardships which Nature herself demands he should not be called upon to endure. . . . The Government have recruited in fits and starts, gasps and spasms, and at every step they have made confusion worse confounded. A Derby Scheme twelve months ago would have left no room to-day for the absurdity of compulsion for unattested single men in order to rope in the attested married men."—A FATHER, in "John Bull."

"These were my first impressions of Berlin one evening in last December. Unter den Linden is lifeless and empty, in spite of the brightly lit entrances to cinematographs and various 'cabarets' which, in obedience to the new police regulations, open not at 11 o'clock, as before, but at 9, and close, like all places of amusement in Berlin, at midnight. It goes without saying that all 'Tanz-Lokale' and similar places of nightly amusement, where before life, merriment and debauchery ruled till morning, are now shut and, for the most part, used as hospitals. At the two chief Berlin cafés, famous to foreigners, the Café Bauer and the Café Victoria (at opposite corners of the Unter den Linden and Friedrich Strasse), where once between 10 and 11 at night you had to wait half an hour for a seat, now you see no more than a dozen customers, engrossed in their papers. Customers ask loudly for the 'Daily Liar,' and are handed the London 'Daily Mail'! The crowd of attendants has disappeared. One or two respectable, elderly waiters remain and a few 'piccolo' urchins. I went in and asked for coffee. Instead of cream I was given some thin milk, obviously diluted with water, and, instead of cakes, some microscopic biscuits. I passed on to one of the big Beer-Restaurants. It showed the same desolating emptiness. Instead of the usual waiters in white, there were waitresses. Forgetting that it was Tuesday, I ordered some meat, and the waitress, glancing contemptuously at me, reminded me that to-day was a 'no-meat day.' I ordered an omelette and a sort of dish of potatoes. The bread-card I had been given when I engaged my room at the hotel now commenced its career. Two squares (each for 25 grammes) were torn off, and I was given, in a parchment bag inscribed, '50 gr. Brot, nur gegen Aufgabe von Brotkarte,' a tiny roll, about half the size of what ordinarily goes by that name. It was just as grey, moist and tasteless as the bread I had received in the train. The beer was as it always had been (in the provinces, as I afterwards discovered, it had become inferior), but had gone up a half in price. When I went out into the street, it was about eleven o'clock. The streets were quite empty and the cafés, restaurants and automatic bars were beginning to shut up. I turned into my hotel and found another novelty. Instead of the usual 'lift-boy,' there was now a woman, 'Hisse-Frau'; both the boy and the hated English word had been removed. I looked at the list of guests. Only thirty rooms were taken out of the 500 in the Central Hotel, and this in the very Christmas week, when usually Berlin was full of visitors, especially from the provinces! But even in the comparatively empty streets, in the day-time, one seems to see nobody but cripples and hunchbacks. They were always there, mingled with the other passers-by, but you only now begin to notice them, in the complete

absence of healthy men between twenty and forty years of age, except in khaki."—M. LYKIARDOPULO, in the "Utro Rossiy," Moscow.

"If the extraordinary rise in freights has done nothing else it has brought immense profits to the shipowner whose vessels do not happen to have been commandeered by the Admiralty. The net earnings in the trade are estimated to have risen from 20 millions in 1913 to 250 millions in 1916. The profits are so great that a steamer is reported to pay for her entire cost in two voyages. At the same time, and, in part, because of this rise in freights, the price of many necessities in this country has advanced greatly. . . . No patriotic man can desire to make money out of his country's misfortune and suffering, and now that freights have advanced to yet more fantastic figures the tax should be correspondingly raised to 75 or 80 per cent. of the surplus profits and used to pay for the war."—"Daily Mail."

"After the war there will be a superabundance of man power; so abundant will this man power be, that unless a proper outlet is afforded for the energy that will be roaming about, it may well be that outlets will be found by forcible action of an unpleasant character. It can never be that either the workers who have been at home during the war, or those who return from the war, will simply allow matters to drift, with armies of unemployed getting deeper into misery born of poverty, and those in work having repeated reductions in wages, which is certainly what will happen, unless the organised workers tackle the problem without delay."—TOM MANN in the "Trade Unionist."

"The war, indeed, has shown how vain were the optimistic illusions of the writers and thinkers of a society mainly occupied, as Britain was between 1815 and 1899, with peaceful industry and expanding commerce, chequered only by remote and secondary campaigns. In that period it was easy to believe that the bells were ringing out the thousand years of war and striking the note for a thousand years of peace. The historians who were Spencer's contemporaries might have found reason to question some of the confident inferences they had drawn from their studies. They would have perceived that the will to Power in peoples, no less than in Governments, was still a mighty force in human affairs; that the tendency to growth, expansion, competitive self-assertion, had not been quenched either by commercialism or by democracy; that the imperialism which some of them ignored and others denounced was a living impulsive to action; that nations were still dependent for their safety, and even for their existence, on the vigour of their diplomacy and the completeness of their armament. They would have learnt, as their successors are learning, that the teaching of history must include many things besides the study of social changes and political systems. Such things as the rise and fall of empires, the wars, conquests and alliances of the past, the great international movements and relationships, the methods by which nations have maintained their independence or increased their power when menaced by armed rivals. They would have understood, as we have to understand, that the quiet pool into which they had drifted, ruffled only by the bloodless contests of the polling-booth and the platform, was no more than a resting-place in that epic of recurring struggles and clashing ambitions which is the story of mankind."—SIDNEY LOW in the "Fortnightly Review."

"The Clyde District Committee of the Federation of Shipbuilding and Engineering Trades have now issued their manifesto on behalf of 21 Trade Unions, explaining why they refused to meet Mr. Lloyd George at Glasgow on Christmas Day. Their abstention was made as a protest against the action of the Minister of Munitions in postponing the conference from the evening of December 23 to the morning of December 25 without consulting the Unions. The manifesto states the postponement of the conference meant the loss of 24,000 hours of working time on the part of those who attended and an expenditure of £1,200 by the Ministry of Munitions as compensation to the workmen for lost time. The manifesto states that 'the delay in issuing this explanation is due to the manuscript having been in the possession of the military authorities.'"—"P. J. D." in "The Herald."