

THE NEW AGE

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THERE seems to be little doubt that in a short time—to be reckoned, according to our present rate of progress, in the space of months—Englishmen will begin to realise what the French meant when they spoke of the Terror more than a century ago. If we have not yet reached the stage at which private individuals retire for the night without knowing whether their heads may not be rolling into the basket on the following morning, we are, at any rate, making rapid progress towards it. The Divisional Court and Appeal Court decisions in the Habeas Corpus case of *Rex v. Halliday* make it perfectly legitimate for any free-born Englishman to be arrested at a moment's notice and imprisoned indefinitely without even the privilege of communicating with his friends or his lawyers. The victim of this un-English usage has not even the small satisfaction afforded to his French counterpart of losing his life amid a blaze of hectic glory and public excitement. The more insidious form of pressure adopted towards him by a Coalition Cabinet is simply to clap him into gaol out of sight. A strict censorship, made known to the editors of daily newspapers by circulars from the Press Bureau, forbids any mention of such cases in the public prints; and even the Lord Chief Justice himself seeks to convey the impression that Parliament has altered its procedure in regard to these essential matters of our national life and our time-honoured Constitution.

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Despite the intellectual inferiority which has necessarily resulted from the application of capitalistic principles to education and social development, steadily enforced for a hundred years, there is among us a small public sufficiently learned and cultured to realise the degradation to which a policy of this kind ultimately leads; and it is surprising that this small nucleus of

enlightenment has not spoken to greater effect. Even those who are capable of understanding the points at issue do not appear to have followed with adequate care the remarkable decisions in the *Rex v. Halliday* case laid down on January 20 and February 10. To the spirit which produced the decisions we unhesitatingly attribute the existence of equally unhealthy factors in the State—the gross unfairness of many of the decisions given by the Tribunals appointed for the regulation of the Military Service Act, for instance; the officially announced proposal for preventing further increases in workmen's wages; the scandal of the rejected soldiers called up again in defiance of the law; the iniquity of discharging soldiers without a pension in consequence of diseases contracted while they were in the Army. In thus referring to defiance of the law we have mentioned the essential item of legitimate complaint. It used to be thought that the laws were made by Parliament and applied by the Executive, the judges standing between the ordinary citizen and the possible arbitrariness or unfairness of the Administration. If the judgments to which reference has been made are not upset, we shall have to remember in future that laws are now made by two parties—by Parliament on the one hand and by the Executive, through Orders in Council, on the other; and that the Executive is subject to no Parliamentary control when it alters a Parliamentary Act. In dealing with the Habeas Corpus case in *The New Age* of February 10, Mr. J. M. Kennedy thus touched incidentally upon a subject which merits very serious consideration.

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The dangers to the liberty of the subject arising from the unrestricted scope of the Defence of the Realm Acts led to the Defence of the Realm (Amendment) Act of March 16, 1915. This short Act was specifically intended to secure for a British subject the right of trial by jury in a civil court in cases where the original Act might have rendered him liable to summary jurisdiction. The material words in the Amending Act are:

Where a person, being a British subject, but not being a person subject to the Naval Discipline Act or to Military Law, is alleged to be guilty of an offence against any regulations made under the Defence of the Realm Consolidation Act, 1914, he shall be entitled, within six clear days

from the time when the general nature of the charge is communicated to him, to claim to be tried by a civil court with a jury instead of being tried by court-martial.

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This amendment, it would seem, was not to the liking of the Government, for it clearly lessened the power of the bureaucracy. On June 10, therefore, there was issued the now notorious Order in Council, under which it became expedient, "in view of the hostile origin or associations of any person," British subject or otherwise, that he should be subjected to certain restrictions, and "The Secretary of State may by order require the person forthwith to be interned." This Order in Council of June 10, issued by the bureaucracy, is specifically aimed at nullifying a right which the Act of Parliament of March 16 specifically confers. The Lord Chief Justice, Lord Justice Swinfen Eady, Sir F. E. Smith, and others, now seek to persuade us that Parliament has changed its practice, and that it is perfectly legal, perfectly equitable, for the Cabinet to pass laws on its own account, even though it may reverse considered Acts of Parliament in the process. We cannot, happily, call to mind a more flagrant instance of the violation of our Constitution. Judged by this standard Charles's arrest of the Five Members was a trifle, and James II was a model, almost, of constitutional propriety.

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It was not long before this new spirit was seen at work. When the unnecessary Compulsion Bill, now the Military Service (No. 2) Act, was being steered through the House of Commons, it was definitely promised that men rejected since August 14 last would not become liable under its terms. So, at any rate, Parliament decided. But the bureaucracy had a word to say. The bureaucracy determined that such men should become liable, and recruiting offices were informed accordingly. The consequence was a series of harsh steps whereby rejected men were deliberately tricked into neglecting the law of the land and induced to present themselves once more for attestation before the War Office would leave them in peace. In reply to Sir John Simon's exposure of this dishonesty—an exposure which was much more effective than his case against the Bill—Mr. Tennant could only say that the War Office had never thought of fraud, and that it was not proposed "to get men by trickery." We have no wish to doubt Mr. Tennant's word; but he is responsible for the acts of his subordinates. And his subordinates have undoubtedly tried to get men by trickery. Nor is this all. The Act provides that eligible unmarried men of military age shall be deemed to have attested, etc., on and after March 2, if they have not already joined or secured exemptions. The Act, in other words, admits the need of men, subject, as all such Acts are in all countries (even in time of war) to certain exceptional instances. The small business, the interests of export trade, men with dependents—particularly the only surviving sons of dependent widows—were to be exempted in instances where their enlistment would lead to severe hardship. Three classes of exemption were mentioned—absolute, conditional and temporary.

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Up to that point the Act was simple enough. But precisely here began bureaucratic interference with the finished work of Parliament. It was alleged that too many exemptions were being granted, particularly to conscientious objectors, whose scruples were carefully provided for in the Act. The result was the issue of a series of instructions from the War Office which Mr. Tennant has failed to produce in the House of Commons. In consequence of these instructions, a prominent member of the City Appeal Tribunal announced casually on the second or third day of the sitting that the City Tribunal did not propose to grant any total (or absolute) exemptions, and that even conditional exemp-

tion certificates would be issued in rare cases. This declaration had to be slightly modified at a succeeding session, but enough had been said to show the state of mind prevalent in the Tribunals. One of the military representatives at a Tribunal in the provinces asked the board to pass "everything that could walk." It has become a practice to pass conscientious objectors as fit for non-combatant service, though they may object to one arm of the service as much as another, while the less physically fit and a few of the "hard cases" are passed for "clerical work." The result is, we are informed, that the New Armies have at least ten times as much clerical assistance as they are ever likely to need, and that there are not sufficient non-combatant posts to go round. Is not this trickery and fraud? Of course it is; but it is more than that. It is a direct defiance of Parliament, an attempt by a Government Department to override the provisions of an official measure. Let it be clearly understood that Mr. Tennant had no right to issue instructions of any kind except such as were necessary for the proper application of the Act; and no pompous City magistrate has the least authority for announcing to all and sundry that his own particular Tribunal is not prepared to grant absolute exemption certificates. These certificates are provided by the Act, and they must be granted where cause is shown.

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We have taken these instances of law-breaking to indicate what powers may be arrogated by a Government Department in defiance of Parliament. In defence of the Department it may perhaps be pleaded that the circumstances are exceptional. So they were also at the time of the Napoleonic wars; but the exceptional measures devised to meet them at that time did not involve jugglery by the officials appointed and paid to carry out the designs of Parliament. Was not this because our Parliaments of a century ago had greater regard for the Common Law, and, consequently, for the liberty of the subject? For, let it be recalled, the liberty of the subject, as guaranteed under the Common Law, has always been our greatest safeguard against capitalist interference and domination; and it was with the growing predominance of capitalism that Common Law began to recede and statute law to take its place to a very great and disproportionate extent. Now we find statute law developed in such a manner that Acts of Parliament are either flouted or interpreted by the Executive—the result to the subject, in either case, being the diminution of his liberty. The Defence of the Realm Act, for example, was a skeleton when it was forced through a bewildered House of Commons; the bones and flesh were added in a series of Orders in Council—one Order in Council, as we have seen, being applied in spite of an Act passed specifically for the purpose of preventing it. Furthermore, this particular Order is held, by implication, to suspend the issue of the writ of Habeas Corpus.

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Consider the effect of a decision such as this. In the application for a writ of Habeas Corpus in the *Rex v. Halliday* case, counsel for the imprisoned man was interrupted at one point by Lord Justice Eldon Bankes, who observed: "You never had comparable conditions." With all respect to the learned judge, we certainly had comparable conditions; and it was precisely to secure the liberty of the subject under such conditions that the writ of Habeas Corpus was ordered to issue. The Habeas Corpus writ, let us recall, is different from the Habeas Corpus Act. The suspension of the Act authorises detention without trial when persons are suspected; but the writ—the formality of asking for "the body," has almost always run. Medley, Erskine, in fact all the authorities on the Constitution, emphasise this point. Again, on the few occasions when the Act was suspended—as by Pitt during the Napoleonic wars—the Cabinet came frankly to the House and made out its case, and the Ministers took steps to defend them-

selves against legal liabilities they might incur during the suspension. "For," as Medley puts it (Eng. Cons. Hist., ch. ix), "the withdrawal of the application of the writs to persons charged with certain crimes does not preclude persons falsely charged from redress at the hands of their accusers when the suspension has been removed." This led to the acts of indemnity, which retrospectively made lawful the illegal acts committed by the Executive itself in emergencies. But the Parliaments of 1801 and of 1817 were jealous of their rights, and Acts of Indemnity were not granted at hazard. Far from it—the state of public criticism in the England of that time rendered interference with the rights and powers of the subject impossible. No Minister careful of his neck would have dared to suspend the Habeas Corpus writ by a side-wind, as our Cabinet has tried to do.

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We say "tried" because there is still a possibility—though only one—that the bureaucratic plot against the individual may not succeed. If the judges in our lower courts are breaking away from all precedent by supporting the Executive against the citizen, instead of trying to safeguard the rights and powers of the citizen, we have some reason to hope that the Law Lords will take a different view of their functions if the *Rex v. Halliday* case should reach them for consideration. One incident may be mentioned in this connection. In the case of an appeal by a certain English company with alien enemy shareholders, heard before the Law Lords on February 21, Mr. Gore-Browne made reference to the Royal Proclamation of September 9, 1914, respecting the registering of companies and its relation to the Common Law. In the course of this argument Lord Halsbury said: "With the utmost respect to His Majesty's Proclamation, I fail to see how it can affect the Common Law of the land." It is noteworthy that this utterance was disregarded by nearly all the papers in their report of the case, but it is one of the most important pronouncements made in the last decade. If the Law Lords can estimate the Orders in Council, the Proclamations, and all the other items in the bag of tricks, at their proper value, we may yet hope that the Cabinet's deliberate attempt to make a definite breach in our traditions will be frustrated in the nick of time.

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That such a breach was sooner or later inevitable was made clear long ago by innumerable examples of the low intelligence of the administrators who owe their places to capitalist subsidies. In the course of the debates on the Military Service (No. 2) Bill, Mr. Asquith remarked that he did not care at all for the voluntary principle; he was guided by expediency. To abandon principles for expediency is usually regarded as an instance of political degeneration—honest men are inclined to hold the action in low esteem. Mr. Asquith, in fact, took pride in doing what he has consistently blamed our enemies for doing. If our Prime Minister abandons his principles—the condensed expression of our national traditions—for poor expediency, how shall we blame the Germans for abandoning their written guarantee and violating the neutrality of Belgium? On the contrary, it is our principles, our national principles as represented by the acting head of the State, which serve to distinguish us both from our friends and from our enemies. Not expediency but "the Common Law of the land" set England politically at the head of the world; not expediency, but law and conscience, led to her wonderful intellectual and spiritual development between the age of Elizabeth and the age of Napoleon. The fruits of expediency are seen in such matters as the Insurance Act, the suspension of the Habeas Corpus writ, the modified form of the Terror under which we now live. We can well afford to do without such expediency and the ministers who practise it; and we hope that if and when the *Rex v. Halliday* case comes before the Law Lords the verdict on this point will be decisive.

Current Cant.

"The prosperity of the company was due, in a large measure, to the increase in freight—a regrettable circumstance arising out of the war."—Sir FORTESCUE HANNERY, M.P., chairman Houlder Line.

"I don't mind a bit doing without rice pudding and porridge and dull things like that, but I simply couldn't live without shoe-ribbons, flowers, or taxis, now could I?"—EVE, in the "Tatler."

"The season that has just come to a close has banished the old party spirit which, with its bitterness and narrowness, threatened to become a danger to the country."—*Westminster Gazette*.

"It seems as if God is 'sitting on the fence.' . . . God has His politics. . . . We have now got to get God out of this dilemma and make it possible for Him to give us the victory."—The BISHOP of CHELMSFORD.

"Women in the factories will win the war."—"Daily News and Leader."

"Must Nature perish? asks Sir Oliver Lodge."—"Public Opinion."

"Why people do certain things is easier to discover than why they do not."—"Times."

"The newly awakened sense of God which people are deriving from their experiences on the fields of battle."—Rev. F. B. MEYER.

"There is something almost monotonous in the way Miss Horniman manages to present interesting plays."—"Daily Sketch."

"The possibility of a return to the pre-war hours of public-house opening is making it very difficult for some wives and mothers to pray that the war may soon end."—PREBENDARY E. GROSSE HODGE.

"It would be ungrateful not to recognise the promptitude with which the Government have responded to our suggestion. . . ."—"Times."

"It is beyond endurance, if not beyond endurance and reason, to deny to Shakespeare the full-blooded, out-and-out English patriotism, English Imperialism. . . ."—GEORGE A. B. DEWAR, in the "Morning Post."

"Whisky to win the war."—Sir THOMAS DEWAR.

"By the way, some of the girls are using green powder."—Lady QUILL in the "Weekly Dispatch."

"Sidelights on the war. . . . Foster Clark's Soups. 2d."—"Daily Chronicle."

"I wonder whether a queen in England has ever been so popular among the poor as our Queen Mary."—"Sunday Pictorial."

"In the days to come shall we not look back upon the Victorian age with delight?"—"Public Opinion."

"Every man should be working for British prosperity. . . . Trade is the great adventure. It is the romance of the world. There is a touch of Elizabethan beauty. . . ."—GORDON SELFRIDGE.

"It is a curious paradox that some girls who used to be considered pretty are now finding themselves to be quite plain."—SHIRLEY KELLOGG.

"Front page of the 'Daily Mail.' Oxo, Limited, patriotically gave up its right to the front page in last Tuesday's 'Daily Mail' in order that the Government might use it for an advertisement. We direct our readers' attention to the Oxo announcement on the front page to-day."—"Daily Mail."

"Women war-workers. Your skin needs 'Ven-Yusa' every day."—"Daily Mirror."

"Six jolly girls competition. Missing line competition."—"The Woman Worker."

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

OF all the neutral countries directly affected by the war, Switzerland has had to play one of the most delicate parts. I do not say difficult; but the delicate negotiations which the Swiss Federal Council had to undertake from time to time required the greatest care. The establishment of the Trust d'Importation may be mentioned as an example. The question was how to secure imports from overseas without making arrangements with the Allies which might have offended Germany; and, again, how to make arrangements with the Allies at all. This having been reasonably well accomplished, Germany had to be prevailed upon to remove her embargo on certain exports which Switzerland could not do without. It had then to be guaranteed that such exports should not find their way to any of the Allied countries. The inland position of Switzerland made her position extremely precarious; for a guarantee of neutrality does not necessarily carry with it a guarantee of economic as well as political independence.

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Again, the employment of the Swiss army—a body of men by no means contemptible—was not an easy matter to consider. Men were called up, released, and called up again. The strain on taxation was very heavy—perhaps even heavier, proportionately, than Holland has had to tolerate since the very beginning of the campaign. But it was usually believed that neither side would menace Swiss neutrality. At one stage, when the outside world had reason to suspect that the Germanophile elements in Switzerland had proved themselves to be the stronger party, an attack by the Germans on Italy via Switzerland was regarded as highly probable; and for a time Chiasso came into quite undeserved prominence as a pleasant frontier resort. This danger passed away; at any rate, so far as the pro-Germans in Switzerland were concerned. It is useless for the majority of the Swiss people to protest that they are simply Swiss and nothing more. No belligerent will believe them. The Germans will look to the Swiss-Germans for support; and, if they do not get money and commodities, they get, at least, sympathy. And now a greater danger than any is in store.

* * *

For several weeks, as the newspapers have reported, the Germans have been making a series of attacks on the French front. These attacks had, apparently, no particular purpose, though a well-known German war correspondent (Dr. Max Osborn, "Vossische Zeitung," February 19) affirms the contrary—as if the Germans had done anything in this war without a purpose! The result of the various attacks, according to Dr. Osborn, was to enable the enemy to strengthen his rear defences in the event of a retreat, and to secure several important vantage-points for a possible "phalanx" movement against the French lines. The French army was believed to be at its weakest at Belfort, that famous chain of forts on the south, near the Swiss border. Here attack after attack was made, but fruitlessly. The French lines were too strong; the trenches too stubbornly held. Baffled in their attempt to "break through" at Belfort, the Germans concentrated their attention—by no means for the first time—on the historic stronghold of Verdun, and there a series of contests is being waged as I write. Nevertheless, it is not to be assumed that Verdun is now the main objective, or that the Germans have given up all hope of securing Belfort.

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Apart from the surprising luck and mishaps of war, there is only one way in which it would be possible for the invading army to reduce the forts at Belfort, and that way runs across Switzerland. Indeed, Switzerland is much more necessary for an attack on Belfort than Luxemburg was for the onslaught on Verdun. The

sudden call to the Swiss reservists last week shows that the Berne Government has clearly appreciated the situation, and the Swiss troops can certainly give a good account of themselves. Still, if the Germans decide to invade Switzerland for the purpose of being able to attack Belfort from a different and relatively undefended angle, it will require more than the Swiss army to stop them, no matter how willing the men may be to lay down their lives. It may be taken for granted that Belfort is now being fortified from the Swiss side. It is unlikely that the scandal of the north-eastern forts will be repeated, and that money voted for guns will be spent on electioneering literature.

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These attacks by the German troops are not merely a reply to the capture of Erzeroum—they began two or three weeks before it was definitely known that the Grand Duke's army was making for "the chief citadel of Armenia." They were meant particularly as a hint to Roumania, exactly as the extraordinary German efforts at Loos and Tahure in September were meant as a strong hint to Bulgaria. But there is an even more important object to serve; an object of a purely military kind. Despite eighteen months of hard fighting, the Germans have not yet gained a really decisive man-to-man victory against the French. There have been carefully executed strategic retreats, due for the most part to superior numbers and sometimes to superior strategy; but in actual fighting the French troops—infantry, artillery, and aviators, for cavalry have not been much to the fore—have proved themselves to be at least the equal of the Germans. This is an unpleasant fact which neutrals have noticed. The Germans have been brought up to believe in the invincibility of their army to such an extent that nothing will really content them but a sanguinary defeat of the French; for the French remain, to the Prussian mind at least, the most contemptible enemies of the Germanic race. The Berlin and Vienna Press is prepared to admit—indeed, has already admitted—the victory of the British Navy; and a defeat by the British Army, though unpalatable, could be lived down. Only a victory over the French—the defeat of at least one French Army in the field—will enable the Germans to make peace with a good conscience. The capture of Verdun or Belfort would be a fine military feat, and it would lose nothing of its magnificence when "written up" by the Wolff Telegraph Bureau. So, too, would be even the partial breaking of the French lines between Verdun and Belfort in such a degree as to cause some alarm in the capital.

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It is implied in the German newspapers that the attack on Belfort, followed by the attacks on Verdun, meant a desperate effort on the part of the German Army, though not necessarily the last throw of which we have heard so much. If these attacks fail, it is difficult to see what the German Government can hope to achieve by continuing the struggle. The failure of this latest effort should almost certainly bring Rumania over to us, especially as a German failure in the West would coincide with a series of Russian successes in the East. Of one thing we may be reasonably certain, and that is that the Anglo-French expedition to Salonika is now out of danger. It is admitted that in order to concentrate a vast force on Verdun the greater part of Mackensen's army had to be withdrawn from the Balkans; and the Bulgarians will not, unless they are forced by economic as well as military threats, risk their army against the fortifications around Salonika. They argue, with some force, that if the Central Powers eventually win, Salonika will fall to the Bulgarian people in any case, while if the Allies win Bulgaria will still be left with a strong army of defence. The advance of the Austrians on Durazzo will have no more than a local effect. I venture to think that both Verdun and Belfort will hold out—with the natural and inevitable sequence.

War Notes.

THE discussion last week was left at this point:—In reply to Mr. Russell's assumption that the opposition to pacifism springs from certain *impulses*, and that even where reasons are given they are only quasi-rational grounds for the indulgence of these impulses, I attempted to show that these reasons are *not* quasi-rational, and that the difference is not only superficially but fundamentally an ethical one. When Mr. Russell condemns war for reasons based on the unquestioned acceptance of a rationalist, utilitarian ethic, I reply by *denying* the validity of this ethic. This ethic, so unquestionably accepted, that it seems not merely an ethic but Ethics itself, is entirely subjective and false, the product of a certain historical tradition.

My object in this note is to make the real character of this difference evident and obvious. It is necessary to put the matter as bleakly and barely as possible that no pacifist may be unaware that the ethical difference really exists. They are able, as a rule, to ignore its existence, because it is mixed up and confused in the very complicated mass of possible arguments about war on very different planes. If the possible arguments about war refer to (a, b, c, etc.), then, as a rule, a reason about (a) draws a reply relevant only to (b). As this second reason seems to the man who urges it sufficient to settle the whole matter, he fails to notice that it may not settle (a). This is very evident in the proceedings of the Tribunals—which have provided the only example in our time of public disputation about abstract questions of ethics. They make very painful reading for anyone who realises how entirely unexpected for most men here must be the fate which they have suddenly to face (the whole thing is so obviously a sham that if I were a pacifist I should certainly refuse to appear at all); but if we can forget this for a moment, the proceedings are interesting as illustrating how entirely unaccustomed most of us are to thinking about ethics. Lacking tradition they are at present somewhat crude and formless; but if such public disputations were to continue, I suppose a ritual would be evolved which would make chairmen realise that abstract questions of right and wrong are not to be settled by investigations into psychology. It would become impossible to substitute for an ethical discussion, a psychological investigation into the state of mind of the applicant when faced by certain hypothetical outrages on his mother. I suppose they might justify themselves by saying that their business had nothing to do with abstract ethics, but was psychological—they had not to ascertain whether certain views were right, but whether the applicant really held them. It seems quite evident, however, that they think they settle the second question by dealing with the first; by proving such views absurd, they prove that the applicant cannot possibly hold them. But what you would do to protect your mother is a matter of *impulse*, and probably independent of what you thought you ought to do.

If the real character of this ethical difference about war is to be clearly seen, it must then be disentangled from the other differences about the same subject, with which it is generally confused. In particular—it must be realised that the discussion in this note has nothing whatever to do with:

(1) A justification of *this* war. I might as well say at once that the discussion here is in reference to this merely a side issue. All I urge here against Mr. Russell's ethical premises might be entirely true, and yet, at the same time, this war might be the most colossal stupidity in our history. It gives no positive justifications for this war, but only combats certain ethical condemnation of it.

(2) In a sense, the validity of certain pacifist arguments is untouched by this discussion. Granted the premises, a rationalist ethic, you may be led inevitably to a condemnation of war. This justification, at any

rate, can be given for pacifist propaganda—that many more people who are not now pacifists would be so if they were consistent in their beliefs. But, fortunately, their *blind* impulses lead them to better conclusions. What Mr. Russell said about *impulse* is, then, correct here, but only in so far as it applies to these people. It has no application to those who deny the premises from where the pacifist reasons start—the rationalist, humanitarian ethic.

The position, then, is this: I do not deny that your reasoning against war is accurate, if your premises are accepted; but I deny that your premises are sound. In this discussion, then, I am very far from giving any panegyric of war in general—that is a stupidity we may leave to the Germans; but I want to show that the *ideology*, the ethic, on which your condemnation of force rests, is not only false in itself, but leads you to such a distorted and ridiculous misconception of the real nature of war, that your propaganda is bound to be ineffective.

The question of this *ideology* and *ethic* which leads to pacifism, is extremely important; for it involves much more than a discussion about the war. The views expressed in Mr. Russell's other lectures, on marriage, maternity, etc., are sufficient to show how this rationalist, humanitarian ethic leads to false views of the nature of human relations. It is, moreover, generally, but quite erroneously, identified with democracy. I think it demonstrable that as long as the ethic prevails, no radical regeneration of society is likely to come about.

What, then, are the two opposed ethics? Very roughly:

(1) Rationalist, humanitarian; the fundamental values is *Life* and *Personality*, and everything has reference to that. It is almost universally, but, I suppose, not essentially, connected with the optimistic conception of human nature, and consequently with a belief in Progress. Mr. Russell talks of "ever widening horizons . . . shining vision of future . . . life and hope and joy." It first became widespread in the eighteenth century, and must be sharply distinguished from Christian ethics, with which it is often identified. I propose later to illustrate the absolute difference between the two by an analysis of Christian and humanitarian "love." As life is its fundamental value, it leads naturally to pacifism, and tends to regard conceptions like Honour, etc., as empty words, which cannot deceive the *emancipated*.

(2) The more heroic or tragic system of ethical values.—Values are not relative only to life, but are objective and absolute, and many of them are *above* life. This ethic is not, therefore, bound to condemn all sacrifice of life. In a sense it may be called *irrational*, if we give the word *rational* the narrow meaning given it by the first ethic, i.e., those values are rational which can be reasonably based on *life*. It is generally associated with a more pessimistic conception of man, and has no belief in Progress.

If the pacifists could only recognise the existence of this radical ethical difference, discussion would become much clearer; they might then recognise that if we differ from them, it is not because we are not intelligent or disinterested enough to follow their arguments.

The difficulty, however, about this, is that the rationalist ethic appears so *natural* and *inevitable* to them, they find it impossible to imagine that the other ethic can have any reality at all. They offer, instead, explanations of the ways in which men falsely come to believe in the empty words, which this ethic asserts to be values. Mr. Russell talks of "the quasi-rational grounds for the indulgence of impulse . . . the blindness of inherited instinct and the sinister influence of anti-social interests . . . the lust for blood." It is, then, first of all necessary to show the reality of the "heroic" ethic.

The principal feature about this ethic is the "irrationality" of certain values (i.e., the assertion that certain actions, though good, may involve sacrifice of life; a

sacrifice which it may be impossible to *rationalise*, by showing that it furthers life in other ways). We can conveniently call this *Heroism*, using the word in the widest possible sense. Now for this ethic this particular hierarchy among values is as *objective*, and absolute, as independent of the subjective feelings of particular men, as the laws of arithmetic. The rationalist will admit that men do feel these values as superior to the more rational values; but he explains the inner necessity men may feel about the matter, e.g., calling it an atavism—a survival from the “early stages, when a disposition to ferocity . . . was a biological advantage . . . now no longer economically advantageous, to invent imaginary reasons for the exercise of this instinct” (Russell). Such an explanation of the heroic values is on a level with Baen’s explanation of maternal affection. It seems to me quite untrue. In a moment, when a man, after much weighing of motives, suddenly brushing calculations on one side . . . sees clearly that this is an absolute value, and must be accepted as absolute, above calculation . . . and superior to values based on *life* and *personality* . . . then, I think it wrong to say that he has been moved by some underlying atavistic impulse which has suddenly come to the surface. On the contrary, I should say that he was understanding the nature of ethics for the first time. He is discovering the facts of ethics, as objective as the facts of geometry, by the only adequate method of apprehension. Even drums, then, may not blind a man’s eyes by rousing forgotten animal instincts, but rather enable him to see the real nature of an ethical value by breaking up the habits which hinder his perception of such facts in a calmer rational life.

* * *

I shall try to show later that this question of the nature of Heroism (taken in this wide sense) is the key to the whole question of the nature of ethics.

Although it was quite impossible that they should understand it fully, yet the rationalists seem in some curious way to have felt that this was the case. They seem to have known *instinctively* that this conception of heroism was the central *nerve* of the ethic they opposed; and have consequently always tried to disintegrate it by ridicule. The author of “Arms and the Man” thus reminds one of the wasps described by Fabre, who sting their prey in the central ganglia in order to paralyse it, thus acting as if they were both expert entomologists and expert surgeons, while, in reality, they can have no conscious knowledge of what they are doing.

I believe this to have been vaguely felt also, by many who instinctively rejected the rationalist utilitarian ethic, without being able to state clearly the real nature of the true ethic. Many of these people might have been called reactionary. There is no necessary connection of ideas here. How does it come about that we so often find it? For this reason probably: when we almost instinctively reject any idea, say (A), without clearly knowing why, and (m, n, o . . .) are *each* reasons, which, if true, would prove that (A) was false, then we tend to think that (m, n, o . . .) are themselves true. This is a very natural process; now reactionary principles would involve a rejection of this rationalist ethic, and this is the explanation, I think, of the motives of many intellectual reactionaries. The work of certain writers has lately made it much more possible to think clearly about ethics, and it is now possible to completely *dissociate* the reactionary spirit, and the rejection of a rationalist humanitarian ethic.

* * *

There are two senses in which the Heroic values are the key to a proper understanding of ethics.

(a) It is most probably only through a realisation of these values that the sceptic about ethics comes to see what there is that is *objective* and *absolute* in the subject.

(b) Any system of ethics establishes a hierarchy of values, the lower terms of which are founded upon the higher. In this sense it may be said that most of the commoner virtues *presuppose* and rest upon the heroic values; just as these rest (not as a matter of individual

psychology, but essentially) on the values given in religion.

* * *

(a) It must be very difficult for the writers on ethics (who seem to be more happily endowed than most of us) to realise how excessively difficult it is for the ordinary modern to realise that there is any *real* subject “Ethics” which can be at all compared with “Logic” or even with “Æsthetic.” It seems almost impossible for us to look on it as anything objective, everything seems to us arbitrary and human, and we should at a certain age no more think of reading a book on ethics than we should reading one on manners or astrology. There may even seem something ridiculous about the word “Virtue.” Why is this? It was not always so. The Greeks, the early Romans, and the men of the Middle Ages spoke of Virtue, as they might of Beauty, as something attractive and full of charm. To a certain extent, I suppose, because we are under the influence of a sceptical reaction against the pathetic apostrophes addressed to Virtue by the men of the eighteenth century; but much more, I think, on account of its narrow connection in our minds with sex; for this is almost the only ethical question the undergraduate, for example, is likely to come across—for he does not want to kill, or to steal either, when he can have credit. And in the matter of sexual ethic, for the most part, the question, as presented to him, contains not real ethical conceptions at all, but only taboo, expediency, custom, and good form; consequently, if he is honest with himself he cannot take ethics as a serious science. As he is intelligent to perceive that the only part of ethics he comes across has (as presented to him) nothing objective, or “binding,” he tends to think that the whole subject must be of like nature. At an age when, like the novelist George Moore, he may long “to see Elizabeth Hawkins naked,” he cannot honestly read his namesake’s “Principia Ethica”; with a prosperous life this may continue, until the necessity perhaps arrives one day of making a decision in the region of one of the heroic values. Then having felt for the first time something binding, something objective, which he felt himself, to his own surprise and against his inclination, bound to follow, he may suddenly realise for the first time, that there is such a thing as Ethics. For the first time the real nature of an ethical value is revealed to him. From that he may gradually proceed to realise that other virtues are really virtues, and not mere expediency or subject for ridicule. I am not describing any mere process of moral conversion or awakening in a man, who having always known the virtues, suddenly decides to practise them; but rather the psychology of the process by which many sceptics of the kind have suddenly realised that there was such a thing as ethics.

(b) More important, however, than this is a more speculative assertion about the heroic values; a statement this time, not about the psychology of the process by which we come to *understand* ethics, but about ethics *itself*.

I think it is possible to range the ethical values in a certain order or hierarchy; and this order, though it is concerned with “feelings,” is yet absolute, *not relative* to human life, and in certain respects a priori—a “logique du cœur” (those “feelings” which form part of the subject of ethics can only be studied as they occur in man, just as in the case of mathematical reasoning, yet there is nothing specifically human about them). In this hierarchy the “lower” are founded on, and are dependent on, the “higher” values. I think that a careful examination into many values more specifically concerned with life (*fidelity*, for example) as we feel these in ourselves will show that they owe their meaning almost, and certainly their truth, to the “higher” “heroic values” which are more absolute and quite independent of life. Virtues, like “fidelity” draw their meaning and *sustenance*, as it were, from these “heroic values.” While humanitarian ethic attaches ultimate value to *Life* and *Personality*, true ethic can only value Life as a “bearer” of certain higher values, which themselves are quite independent of any relation to life.

Holland and the World War.

By W. de Veer.

XI.

To A——, Barrister,
Rotterdam.

London, July 2, 1915.

DEAR OLD CHAP,—We can't go on for ever arguing as we have been doing! My conviction that Holland ought, in some way, to interfere remains unshaken. But so does yours, that she is doing the proper thing by allowing Germany, slowly but surely, to invade and absorb her, to bribe her people and poison them with lies. Signs of the times, apparently, like that interview with the Archbishop of Utrecht you refer to and the attitude of our leading paper vis-à-vis the "Lusitania" murders, fail to impress you as symptomatic. Nor does it seem to alarm you in the least that the violator of Belgium, both as a customer and as a friend, is more than welcome in our land—that these professional plotters and assassins, instead of being carefully shut out, or, at least, as carefully avoided, are invited to make themselves at home, are cordially listened to and shaken by the hand. To me it is as clear as daylight that this insidious process of Germanisation, tolerated or even encouraged by our Court, our nobility, our military circles (in so far as they exist), and by the commercial and industrial interests, is steadily leading us in one direction: an eventual swallowing up of the whole country by the Hun. Mark my words, when the fateful hour strikes, Holland will find herself strangely deprived of her boasted liberty of action. Can't you, or won't you, see that Germany is already turning all our territory into an advance-work, or at least a listening-post, to be used against England and the Allies? Don't you understand that we can only avoid contamination from the diseased German body by severing ourselves deliberately and completely from it? But what is the use of trying to drum these things into you? I started the debate—now I shall close it. I have better stuff to offer than a repetition ad nauseum of my arguments and protests. This final letter on the subject—for I will not discuss it with you any longer—will be more in the nature of a synopsis or condensed report of a recent happening, which I know will interest you. Not a bewildering, official compilation of unintelligible facts and figures, but a human document, setting forth a woman's point of view of the matter we have been endeavouring to thresh out. In our private clash of strongly held opinions intervention has already taken place! Joyce, my wife, is standing in the breach! Whether she is strictly impartial, or whether she inclines to your side or to mine, I must leave you to determine. I will only repeat almost verbatim what she says.

First of all you will be surprised to hear that for months and months she and I had practically stopped talking over the war at all. To touch for a moment on an intimate topic, you know how devoted we are to one another—she is everything to me, and on essential points we rarely differ. Yet it is the simple truth, that after various attempts I was obliged, for the sake of domestic peace, to keep my impressions to myself; although I am so much in sympathy with her country's cause that the mere idea that I should not see eye to eye with her regarding it seemed to me almost in the nature of a personal insult.

But she has become so sensitive, so intolerant in every item, no matter how remotely connected with the struggle, that the slightest deviation on my side from her own trend of thought, pre-occupations, and anxieties hurt her, there was no mistaking it. Though she could not have a more loyal ally than myself, every now and then she made me feel that in the genuineness of my fellow feeling there was something wanting. This, our relations otherwise remaining as they were, was not due

to the reserve inherent in her character which enables the British man and woman to impress emotional considerations much more deeply than is warranted by their other qualities. It was owing entirely to the war, and to the special way in which England's share in it affected her, as I am sure it affects a large number of her English sisters.

In the beginning, the unexpected development struck me so painfully that I tried to ignore it, persuading myself it must be purely accidental. But, no—the new atmosphere remained. Especially when little by little it grew plain that a speedy, sweeping victory of the Allies over Germany was not to be achieved, I had to be particularly careful. Joyce involuntarily showed me she neither desired my pity when anything went wrong, nor my praise when some heroic deed was recorded by the papers. Gradually, I realised she was not entirely "free" with me—that in her moods of exaltation, of momentary doubt, of daily and hourly tension a *compatriot's* silent participation was acceptable, where my most discreet whisper was too loud. Never had our Dutch national custom of criticising things and people without mercy met with less response. My analysis was not required; while for my inveterate habit of peeping into the Future and opening vistas of what might happen or be done—mostly conceived in a pessimistic spirit, I agree—I was soon given to understand there was no room, alongside the effort required to deal the immediate blow and bear up under torturing *present* anxiety. Even when I called the Kaiser names, I was only feebly encouraged. No names were bad enough; the most opprobrious terms fell flat, or assumed the aspect of a false sentiment, devoid of any patriotic value. All this, I say again, while for the rest there was no estrangement between us.

Slowly and by degrees the explanation dawned upon me: the war had automatically made me a *foreigner* in my English wife's eyes. What had never thrown the slightest obstacle in the way of our matrimonial adventure—what, taking it all round, had rather favoured than disturbed the even course of our relations, rose suddenly as a lion in the path, an objection wholly unforeseen in our "mixed" marriage. Some authority who would not be denied seemed calling out: "Stop! This is holy ground!" Without even looking back, Joyce had entered a privileged enclosure. What could I do but accept the situation?

I thought I knew her from A to Z. I had looked upon her as my other half—so entirely in the course of twenty years had her personality and mine been seemingly moulded into one. Now it came upon me as a shock that, in addition to this joint capital, she had a private fortune which she kept strictly to herself—her love of her own country. That hidden reserve had now been mobilised. I almost felt she had deserted me.

Had I been an Austrian, or, worse still, a German, I dare not think what would have happened. Even as a neutral my position was insecure. I had to play a certain rôle, which, compared with the way in which she availed herself of the privileges of a belligerent, made me feel awkward and almost insincere.

When, years ago, we came to England and settled here for good, I noticed some indications of the kind. She was back in her own land, with her own language in her ears. This slightly changed her status towards myself: as if she could call herself Lady Joyce So-and-so by right of birth, while I remained plain Mr. But it was the war that fully revealed to me—and perhaps to her—the existence of a secret bower within the park where we had walked hand in hand so long.

Marriage, they say, is something of a duel, a contest between two rival personalities. It is certainly a fact, that if the original balance be disturbed—should the husband rise to fame or the wife unexpectedly inherit a large sum of money—more than the ordinary affection will be needed to enable the couple to treat each other *exactly* as before. For the recipient of the unforeseen

good luck, especially, to behave as if nothing exceptional had occurred, would be almost superhuman.

I don't mean that the war has wrecked or even seriously disturbed our happiness. But I had flattered myself that our wedded bliss was more or less unique; and this discovery of a rift within the lute, however natural and temporary, was all the more bewildering. Were I a Britisher, our mutual patriotic ardour would perhaps have coalesced, and risen to something fine. As it was, at home I dropped the subject. I began to write to you. I had as much craving to be understood in a crisis that affected me so nearly as have any of the parties immediately involved. In one of my first letters I endeavoured to explain to you that my partisanship of the Allied forces had nothing to do with my surrogings—it is precisely to illustrate that statement that I am giving you these glimpses of our family affairs. Had I thought differently, Joyce's attitude was certainly not calculated to win me over to her side. It was *her* war—and, as regards myself, she was really jealous of it. Perhaps, in my subconsciousness, I was aware that, should Holland join the Allies, the estrangement between her and me would vanish instantly and, in a sense, when I attacked the Dutch neutrality it was my own cause that I was pleading. This does not mean, however, I am not honestly convinced that Holland has made a great mistake; nor does it lessen my indignation at the Government's pretence of upholding a noble principle, instead of admitting that their acts have been inspired by opportunism pure and simple.

To go back to Joyce and myself—she seemed gradually to realise I had a grievance. Events had not come up to her rosy anticipations—a failure here, a premature triumph there, brought her back to reality, and . . . me. It was evidently borne in upon her that I had been left somewhat in the cold. My aloofness began to make a visible impression. One day she startled me with the question: "Those endless letters you are always writing now to A—what are they all about?"

"The war, of course!" I said, and left it there, offering no further explanation. This was a month or two ago. Last week she came into my study, and, with a smile that quite disarmed me, asked if she might read what you had answered. "For you never say a word about him, or show me any of his letters like you used to" . . . "Better take the whole lot—mine, too," I said. "I have the carbon copies," and picking out the bundle from a drawer, I handed her the entire correspondence. The opportunity for a short speech was too good to be neglected.

"There you are! I have tried to make him see that the Dutch neutrality is a shame," I told her. "But my arguments seem to carry little weight. He says he approves of Holland's course of action; though, reading between the lines, it is easy enough to see she does not move because she cannot. She is practically at Germany's mercy."

Joyce said no more, but carried the bundle off to her own room. I let her go, for you know she reads Dutch as easily as English—my help would not be required. When I went in to lunch, I found her busy with your last epistle. I stopped and watched her unperceived. Now and then she frowned; then she chuckled to herself. All the same, when she had done, I expected something like an outburst. Nothing of the kind occurred.

"There is this to be said for the Dutch point of view—" I began, after we were seated, and still she had not spoken. I was interrupted.

"They seem to think in Holland they are between the devil and the deep sea—we being the deep sea, I suppose. Let them go to the devil, then! Who cares!"

It was my countrymen she was thus summarily dismissing, but I knew she did not mean to be unkind—it was only her vigorous way of expressing things. "Did you read my letters?" I put in. "Are you not very pleased that I, a non-Britisher, should be so whole-

heartedly pro-Ally? You don't take it for granted, surely, that I should plead England's cause like this against Holland, so to say? You *must* be glad I am convinced my own land should bear her fair share in this distressing business?"

"A conviction is a conviction—something stronger than oneself. Yours, I presume, is instinctive and inevitable. Are you so very proud of it?" was all I could get out of her.

When she answered, her words were no direct reply to mine.

"I believe A. is perfectly sincere in what he writes. Why should I mind because he takes his country's side—you were so rabid, he was sure to. As a matter of fact, I think he is sorry for the way things have gone in Holland—though from the practical point of view, if the majority is against a war with Germany, that settles the question, you *can't* make war these days without an overwhelming public opinion behind you. But don't let him imagine for a moment that, whether it is because she is forced or not, the part Holland is playing redounds to her credit, or will add to her reputation. However she may rub her hands and cheat herself into the belief that she is too clever to allow herself to be used as a cat's-paw to pull the chestnuts from the fire for us, the net result amounts to this: while *she* has sought a safe harbour for herself, *we* are fighting her inevitable battles for her. She profits at our expense, directly but also indirectly. It is all very fine and large to hold forth upon the arrogance of the big nations, and the superior airs they are so fond of assuming. So I dare say they are. But when the 'kids' themselves agree, the nursery is their only fitting place. I don't see how the attitude A. so bitterly complains of is to be avoided. Those small nations who deliberately choose to leave it to the bigger ones to decide upon the course we are all to follow and to divide the world between them, refusing to pay their share in blood, in money, in labour, in intellect, and so on, must not be astonished, now or later, when they are not consulted, and have to stand aside, safe but silly! . . . There is one other thing I should like to say to A. in answer to some of his remarks: as far as I know, England has never tried to persuade Holland to come in. Our allies must be in entire agreement with our aims and policy—without the most cordial confidence in us and in our objects, collaboration in such a struggle as this is proving would be impossible. If the Dutch were really neutral, we should not mind at all. We are quite able to win this war without them. What we think so unfair is the *so-called* neutrality which only serves to mask the enormous part they take in the furthering of German interests—sometimes unconsciously, maybe, but they do it all the same. Their endless protests about the 'inconveniences' they are made to suffer, the way in which their trade is tampered with, and their loud-voiced assertion of their 'right' to import what merchandise they please, make my blood boil—especially when one knows that by far the greater quantity of these—immensely swollen—imports goes through to Germany. Do these proud people (but not too proud to prostitute their country) imagine that people like ourselves, with everything worth living for at stake, straining every nerve for victory, are to be haunted by the pre-occupation as to whether *they* are still comfortable and at ease, with none of their accustomed luxuries or conveniences denied them? Did we bring this war over the world? Who is exempt of suffering, caused by Germany? But Holland is not to be annoyed—while Belgium and Poland lie ravished and swept bare, her demands to carry on 'as usual' must be met without delay! Monstrous, I call it. I should think the defeat of Germany will be an awkward development for all the people there who are branded for ever with the shame of having served the cause of slavery, instead of being on the side of Humanity and Freedom—selling their birth-right for a mess of pottage. And one thing I most sincerely hope: that those Dutchmen who have invested in

the German War Loans, thinking Germany was sure to triumph, and that they were on to a good thing, will lose every cent they have put in—though even this will not be punishment enough for those who subscribed to support, and thus practically themselves take part in, a scheme of robbery and murder, on the most gigantic scale it has ever been attempted."

That, as nearly as I can remember, is Joyce's message. I have nothing more to add. *Dixit*, and—as a fit ending to these last remarks on the topic—also *Dixi*!

Yours,

W.

[THE END.]

The German Heresy.

By Ramiro de Maeztu.

IV.—HEGEL AND THE STATE.

HEGEL is spoken of as a philosopher. Hegel is, in truth, the greatest heresiarch the world has produced since the days of Arius and Mahomet. His philosophy is a religion in which unitarianism and trinitarianism are fused into one. He is a unitarian in his pantheistic proposition: "All is one and the same." He is a trinitarian in so far as he discovers three moments in this great unity which is at once the world and God: the moment of position, that of negation, and that of the synthesis of position and negation. His all, which is "one and the same," proceeds by triads. This all, the Absolute, spirit and not matter, is of a dialectical nature, and is subject to perpetual becoming and eternal flux. "Gott ist in Werden"—God becomes. And he says that as if he had authority for knowing it. There was never agnostic so convinced as Hegel of having penetrated into the mysteries of the Divine Essence. Already when he began to study theology in the University of Tübingen his fellow-students called him "der alte Mann"—the old man. And this trembling respect is easily explained. Hegel's central position is blasphemous and unscientific. The spirit of truth has not been given to man to invent the world but to discover it. But no man ever made a greater attempt to draw the universe from his own head. And, just as Wagner's enemies never denied his wealth of exquisite phrases, neither can Hegel's enemies deny that no other man, with the exception of St. Paul and Pascal, has expressed the drama of human destinies in a greater number of lapidary sentences.

Everything in the world is becoming, says Hegel. Everywhere the Being is found surrounded by the No More, the Not Yet, and the Not Quite. Why? Because the Being is Becoming, Evolution. Hegel's Absolute is not a dead thing, or a unity in repose, like that of Schelling: "A night in which all cows are black"; but life, spirit, development, and, at the same time, reason or idea. The idea has three moments: that of position, in itself and for itself, which is dealt with by Logic; that of negation, in which the idea comes out of itself to be in something else (Nature) which is studied in Natural Philosophy; and that of the synthesis, in which the idea comes back to itself after having been in something else; and this is dealt with by the Philosophy of the Spirit. With that we have sketched the total triad of Hegel's system.

The logical moment is decomposed into another triad: (1) the pure being, without content; (2) the essence, in which the being seems reflected in itself; and (3) the concept, in which the particular appears as the phenomenon of the universal. The natural moment, in which the idea comes out of itself, has another three moments: (1) pure externality (space, time, movement, gravitation); (2) the externality animates itself into energy (cohesion, electricity, magnetism, chemical affinities); and (3) the animation converts itself into individual shapes and into life—stones, plants, and animals. With that we pass to the spiritual moment in which the idea comes back to itself. First, it asserts itself in man

(anthropology, phenomenology, and psychology), then it objectivises itself in action (law, morality, and "Sittlichkeit"—family, civil society, and State); and, finally, the spirit makes itself absolute in art, religion, and philosophy.

This last absolute moment does not interest us. What does interest us is that the objective spirit of Hegel begins in the moment of Law and culminates in the moment of the State. Subjective morality is nothing autonomous for Hegel, but a point of transit between legality and the State. The objective spirit is realised in the State. The individual must worship in the State the synthesis of the earthly and the heavenly. To the State, on the other hand, the destiny of the individual is indifferent. Its authority is unconditional. It is true that the State ought to be an organisation of freedom; but what is important for Hegel is the institution of hereditary monarchy, for there must be somebody "to dot the i's." In his "Philosophy of Law" he prints in large type the famous phrase: "What is rational is real; what is real is rational." His State, therefore, is the concrete State constituted by the monarchy and the bureaucracy of Prussia. Plato's "aristoi" are the bureaucrats of Prussia. And this State of Hegel is above all idea of contract. "None of the citizens belongs to himself, for they all belong to the State." It is, again, above all international morality, for: "War shows the omnipotence of the State in its individuality," and "everything real is rational."

When Hegel published his "Philosophy of Law" in 1821 he had witnessed the national reaction against Napoleon in the War of Liberation (1812); he had seen that the hold which the national State had on men's minds could not be explained by any idea of contract, and Hegel attributes it to the real and personal existence of the nation and the State, instead of attributing it, as he ought to have done, to the enthusiasm which every just cause excites in noble spirits aware of its justice. In 1818 he replaced Fichte in the Chair of Philosophy in Berlin University. Philosophy was then Germany's favourite science. It had then the same fascination for men's minds as religion in periods of theological crises. It was the religion of the day. A few years before there were forty teachers at the University of Jena, and sixteen of them lectured on philosophy. At the end of the second decade of the nineteenth century, Hegel was the foremost intellectual figure of Germany. The Minister von Altenstein realised that Hegel's philosophy, precisely because it raised the State to the category of a divinity, suited the interests of the Government, and he placed Hegelians in the philosophical Chairs of the Prussian Universities. Then the Hegelians were divided into Centre, Left, and Right. But Hegel's philosophy of law is still triumphant. Whether the State is considered as an "organism," as an "organ," as a "personality," as "the organic manifestation of a nation" (Savigny), as the "realisation of morality" (Tredeburg), as an "organisation of social compulsion" (Ihering), or as the "form of the instinct for order" (Rumelin): in every definition of the State by a German author one finds involved a positive moral valuation, as if the concept of the good were comprised in that of the State. And the hundred thousand schoolmasters in the German schools insist more on showing that goodness is immanent in the State than in trying to define what the State is.

Only in the course of the last few years, and then in consequence of the criticism of the Frenchman, Duguit, have a few specialists, such as Loening, discovered that the State is nothing but the juridical relation between rulers and ruled. Thus the State ceases to be an existence, to become a relation. It ceases, also, to possess a positive moral valuation. The State will be good when this relation is just, bad when unjust. It is no longer a super-individual or trans-individual agent. It can no longer "will itself," or justify its will in the fact of being the good in itself.

It has no will. Furthermore, it is not possible to speak seriously of a will that wills itself. The most selfish man in the world cannot will himself; he wills the things that please him. Every act of will is transcendental; it passes from a subject to an object which cannot be the same subject. But this kind of criticism is very recent in Germany. The German people is still actuated by the Hegelian conception which identifies the State with the good. Thoughts have frequently the queer property of not becoming motive feelings until they have faded away from one's consciousness. If you ask me to explain why such cultured men as Germans usually are let themselves be thrown like dumb stone against the Verdun trenches, without being stimulated by the conviction that they are fighting for a just cause, as they were in the war against Napoleon, I shall answer you in two words: Hegel's heresy.

But the greatest heresy of Hegel is only the amplification, to the point of absurdity, of Kant's initial heresy. To Kant the action of the State is heteronomous, in contrast to the autonomous or free action of the individual. The reason is that Kant believed in the existence of things in themselves, and therefore the identity he establishes between the conditions of the knowing subject and those of the known object is only a relative one; for Kant believed not only in that which is known about things, but in the things themselves. Hence, in his ethics he distinguishes between the actions we carry out spontaneously and those which we carry out in obedience to social coercion or regulation. The latter are legal and the former moral. In Hegel's absolute idealism there are no things in themselves. That is why his ethics begins in legality and culminates in the State. In Hegel's idea everything is autonomous. Things are nothing but the position, or, rather, the negation, of the idea when it comes out of itself. But this concept of autonomy was not invented by Hegel, but by Kant himself, when he said that ethics was not based on the concept of the good, but on the autonomy of the will—or, in other words, when he identifies the liberty of the agent with goodness and tells us that every free action is good because it is free.

Both the ethics of Hegel and that of Kant are formalist in so far as they determine the goodness of an action, not by its content, good or evil, but by its agent. If the agent, whether the individual or the State, is autonomous, the action is good. Now, ethic formalism, with its cult of autonomy (self-government) has as a necessary consequence the cult of force. So far as I know, this accusation has never been brought against formal ethics. Nevertheless, it is irrefutable. Why? Because autonomy is the faculty of acting with spontaneity, and without giving way to impulses external to the agent. This faculty presupposes force. Formal ethics may be interpreted in an individualistic sense. In this case it will lead us to wish not that the individual shall serve the good, but that he shall be the master; that he shall possess strength. The practical result of this ethics will be a society in which each individual will take care only to increase his own strength; and, as this cannot be done without diminishing that of the others, we shall arrive, in this way, at the war of every one against every one, as Hobbes described the natural State. But, if we give to formal ethics the Hegelian interpretation, our ideal will be a State which, again, will not seek to serve the good, but only to be master, to assure its autonomy, and to increase its strength. And as the State has no existence or will, the practical result of this ideal will be a society in which the will of the rulers—who will appropriate to themselves the name of the State—will reign despotically over that of the ruled, since the ruled will not merely be subject in the material sense to the ruling machinery, but will, above all, be subject to it morally; for they will be convinced that the first social virtue is that of obedience to the State, which, in fact, means obedience to the rulers.

Now, a State based on the supreme autonomy of the rulers, which implies the absolute obedience of the

ruled, would end by destroying itself if it were alone in the world, for the masses of it would be crushed and annihilated by oppression; and once the masses were crushed the rulers would be left without any ruled to rule. Only by struggling with other States could such a State be saved, through the conquest and incorporation of other States; for, as it extended its boundaries, its governing class would increase at the same time—and by that means the oppressed could always feed upon the hope of themselves one day becoming oppressors. Such is the secret of Prussia. Her vitality depends on her successive expansion in concentric circles of domination, which opens to the worst-treated Prussians the prospect of converting themselves into the tyrants of newly conquered countries. Formal ethics contributes in its turn to the realisation of these ends and to increase the power of the State, in so far as it unites the ruled under the command of the rulers; and it is well known that union makes strength.

We have, then, face to face two possible interpretations of formal ethics: the authoritarian or "statist," and the liberal or individualistic. The first will produce societies which will think only of increasing the power of the State, that is to say, of the rulers; and the second societies which will think only of increasing the power of the individuals. In a conflict between both types of society victory will fall to the lot of the authoritarian and defeat to the individualistic, for the simple reason that the forces of the former will be united and those of the latter disunited. If it does not happen that the authoritarian societies are governed by fools, who try to dot the o's instead of the i's, there is no doubt that they must prevail over the individualistic societies; for in the latter, if individualism is absolute, there will be no union even for common defence; and even after such societies have seen their very existence threatened it is possible that there may be innumerable fools who, instead of hastening to defend them, will prefer to pride themselves on their pacifist convictions.

But an absolutely individualistic society has never existed, nor is it possible for one to exist. Formal ethics is false, for the goodness of man, be he ruler or ruled, does not consist in maintaining his autonomy but in realising the good. Man is not an end; he is a means to the good. God has given man a will, not as an end in itself, but to enable him to compel Nature, who has no will, to serve the good as far as possible. In this mission man finds the true basis of his associations. Placed between material and spiritual things, the isolated man is powerless either to manage the first or to realise the second. For this purpose men associate; but they associate in material things to realise the spiritual. No new mystic kind of will rises with the association. The association has no will. An association which wills itself cannot exist. When it is said that such a thing exists, what really does exist is a combination of rulers of the association who seek to increase their power. There is no other will than that of the individuals. A common will does not exist. What exists is the common thing willed by a plurality of wills. And when this common thing is good, the association is good. From this goodness of the common thing is derived the discipline of every association. Because the common thing is good those associated ought to serve it. And when this common thing is defence against unjust violence and aggression, this common thing ought to hold absolute sway over the arbitrariness of individuals. The sole legitimate authority is not that of the Pope or that of the emperor or the individual, but that of the good. Other authorities are only legitimate when they serve the good; and they cease to be so when they cease to serve it.

With this objectivisation of morality, every kind of subjectivism, individual or transindividual—and with it the whole of the German heresy—is overpowered. But it is an easy thing, and not urgent, to refute Germany in theory. What is important is to refute her in practice. And that can be done only by cannon-shots.

Shakespeare as Grotesque.

By Huntly Carter.

I.—THE GROTESQUE SPIRIT.

THE question: Is Shakespeare a grotesque? is a particular aspect of the very large question, What is the grotesque? which is about to come up for reply. The particular question deserves immediate answer. First, what is the meaning of the word grotesque? Skeat's etymological burrowing gives it as, "ludicrous, strange," Murray's words are:—"in popular language, figures or designs characterised by comic distortion, exaggeration, or unnatural combinations." Ruskin offers this useful definition:—"A fine grotesque is the expression, in a moment, by a series of symbols thrown together in bold and fearless connection, of truths which it would have taken a long time to express in a verbal way." Here Ruskin is dealing with effect, and seems to say that Nature, like the man of genius, makes sure of fame by straining itself into grotesques. Ruskin, in fact, expresses the idea of simultaneism, which, in art-expression, is the simultaneous representation of several instantaneous impressions. I think if we examine a grotesque work of art, we shall find it is so. Certainly, such a work does sum up in an extraordinary way many impressions fused in an instant of spontaneous perception, which it would be impossible to study separately and fuse in the same manner. This kind of representation, at its best, is only possible to a very highly sensitive mind capable of receiving, assimilating and transmitting several impressions at once. That this idea of simultaneism is essentially unnaturalistic is obvious; that natural objects, that is, objects possessing a low degree of sensibility, can receive, assimilate and transmit several impressions at once does not seem reasonable. But the fact to bear in mind is that the grotesque work of art is a synthesis of a particular spirit obtained through the highly developed senses of man. And the more highly developed man is, the more accessible he is to the finest touches of the grotesque spirit. In fact, regarding the grotesque spirit in this manner, it would not be impossible to prove that most great men are themselves grotesques. This does not mean that every grotesque expression is the work of a great man. It means that though a man of genius may express the grotesque, grotesque expression is not the cause of genius. For proof, there are the scribbles of our present-day bugbears, the Shaws, the Chestertons, the Arnold Bennetts, and the rest of the spavined and wind-galled crew. Such writers grotesque themselves, not the grotesque.

The reason why the magical faculty of grotesque expression is not reserved to genius is simply because it is a form of expression which may be polluted by persons incapable of high thought or noble emotion. So that, it may be said, there is both a noble and ignoble grotesque. To understand this, it is necessary to examine the nature and essence of the grotesque spirit. Then let me ask, What is the cause of the grotesque spirit? But I do not want to discuss metaphysics, and will only touch it in order to submit a reasonable ground for the assumption that Shakespeare was a highly refined instrument of expression, peculiarly adapted for receiving and transmitting a noble grotesque element. This element was, let me call it, the spirit of Life. I speak of Life here as a force or electrical current existing without human beings. So it was Life, not as we actually know it, but life intensified, exaggerated, or raised to a higher pressure than actuality. Life, in fact, at its maximum intensity. Such Life was concentrated in the man we call Shakespeare, and, of course, he was first of all actuated by this spirit, that is, the spirit of exaggeration. That is an important thing to bear in

mind; for it is the base of my contention that Shakespeare was a grotesque mainly concerned carving figures into grotesques. But what exactly is the nature of this intensified or exaggerated spirit? The answer can only be found in an examination of its manifestations. This means that the answer is not simple, because the manifestations are many and not simple. I think the outward or particular exaggeration, the one which most nearly resembles the inward or universal exaggeration, is what scientists now call play. Anyhow, for the purpose of simplifying my argument, I will assume that the great, free spirit which underlies phenomena does externalise itself in the play impulse. Now, within recent years, scientists, particularly psychologists, have practically re-discovered the play impulse and the behaviour of play. Owing to their study of the manifestations of the impulse in living beings and their careful analysis of its conspicuous features, we are beginning to realise the great difference between earnest and play, and the constructive value of their harmonious combination, and the destructive tendency of their complete separation. I fancy Ruskin had some such distinction in mind when he divided men broadly into four classes: "The men who play wisely: who play necessarily: who play inordinately: and who play not at all." Thus he ranges from soaring skylarks to burrowing worms. In literary circles the playless are known by the journals they affect. Such journals are the "Fortnightly," "Contemporary," "Sociological Review," and other tombs for crawlers. Furthermore, the researches into the play impulse have yielded certain theories and conclusions. There is, for instance, the play theory of the drama, according to which the drama is conceived of as a rehearsal of the higher forms of play. This theory might profitably be applied to the lighter plays of Shakespeare. The conclusions relate play, health, joy and the Infinite. Play is now held to be a spontaneous activity; it is of two kinds, muscular and mental, or low play peculiar to hooligans, and high play found in the play of soul, such as manifests itself in strict poetry, literature, the drama, and other forms of art expression. It may be that the higher play is confined to the sphere of spontaneous initiation, and converts its possessor in some mysterious way from novice to adept. But I am not concerned with the point here. What I am concerned with is that play is said to be a characteristic behaviour of joy—a joy which at first seems to come uninvited and without direction. And joy itself is conceived of as a grand emotional impulse driving all existence. In his "Foundations of Character" Alexander F. Shand expresses the conviction that the spirit of play not only "excludes fear and anger, as well as the appetites of hunger and sex," but is the invariable accompaniment of youth and health, is characterised by "good spirits," is accompanied by laughter, and is, therefore, a characteristic behaviour of the "system of joy." Joy, then, is the spirit of play, just as laughter exists for the sake of play. The conclusion to which I am now brought is that this exaggeration of Life—the Life spirit—is joy, which manifests itself in high spontaneous play, and that laughter is a characteristic manifestation of joy.

Now, anyone who carefully examines Shakespeare's plays, especially the lighter ones, can hardly doubt that play was the most characteristic behaviour of their author. And no one will deny the great laughter which accompanies it, or that it is a laughter arising from high spirits charged with great emotional intensity, swelling and surging through Shakespeare's whole individuality, causing his mind continually to flame up to an impulse, rapidly select a set of appropriate symbols and compose these into instantaneous vision. I call this moment of creative energy a grotesque moment. In these great uplifting emotions of joy is the stuff of noble grotesque. I do not think it will be difficult to grotesque Shakespeare on the evidence of such emotions, and to show that he has never yet been truly grotesqued, only falsely caricatured.

Poems from the Russian.

(Translated by P. Selver.)

VLADIMIR SERGEYEVITCH SOLOVYOV.

(1853-1900.)

I.

Friend beloved, dost thou see not
That whate'er our gaze embraces,
Is but a reflex, but a shadow
Of the things the eye ne'er traces?

Friend beloved, dost thou hear not
That the roar of earthly surging
Is naught but a distorted echo
Of harmonies in triumph merging?

Friend beloved, dost thou feel not
That the world but one thing holdeth—
What one heart unto another
With a mute acclaim unfoldeth?

II.

In the hazes of morning, with wavering pace
To secret and wonderful shores I did fare.
The daybreak strove with the last starry trace;
Dreams still were awing—and in their embrace,
To unknown godheads my soul offered prayer.

On a lonely road in the chill, white day,
In a region unknown, I fare as of old.
The hazes are rent and I clearly survey
How hard the path upward, how still far away,
How far away all, that my dreams could behold.

But at midnight hour, with unflinching pace,
E'en to my shores of desire shall I fare.
Yonder on high, 'neath a new starry trace,
With victorious fires to illumine the place,
Shall await me my temple which none shall impair.

III.

O mistress earth! Before thee have I knelt,
And through the fragrances that thee begird,
The glowing of a kindred heart I felt,
The throbbing of a living world I heard.
In noon-tide beams with such enraptured blaze
The blessing of the radiant skies was sent,
With whose still lustre the responsive lays
Of rippling streams and rustling woods were blent.
To me afresh the manifest secret shows
Earth's soul with the unearthly world unite,
And from the fire of love all earthly woes
Are borne away like passing smoke in flight.

DMITRI SERGEYEVITCH MEREZHKOVSKI.

(B. 1865.)

(I) NIRVANA.

And, as the day of first creation,
The azure skies are calm again,
As though the world knew not privation,
As though the heart knew naught of pain;
For love and fame my craving passes
Mid silence of the fields at morn
I breathe, as breathe these very grasses. . .
O'er days ago, and days unborn
I would not chafe, nor reckoning squander.
This only do I feel once more:
What gladness—ne'er again to ponder,
What bliss—to know all yearning o'er.

(II) THE SOWER.

Far above the stretch of hills
The east has flung its lustre round;
Moistened breath of night-time fills
Clods of plough-uprooted ground.

See, how with his measured pace
O'er the fields the sower goes;
Calm, as in God's holy place
On earth and in the heaven flows.

A sacred awe through all the land,
As of some secret thing is borne;
And with a gently sweeping hand
Far and wide he scatters corn.

And for the toiler must again
Out of the womb of earth be born
A harvest of the golden grain
That quickens from the perished corn.

Life out of death is rendered free
Before the glance of holy skies;
O, pray then, and believing, see
A wonder from a wonder rise.

VALER YAKOVLEVITCH BRYUSOV.

(B. 1873.)

DUSK.

Electrical moons are twinkling
On curving and delicate bands;
The telegraph wires are tinkling
In tender, invisible hands.

The clocks with their amber faces
By magic are lit o'er the crowd;
Of stillness the cooling traces
The thirst-ridden pavement enshroud.

'Neath a net that quivers enchanted,
The square lies hushed in the haze;
The evening has smilingly planted
A kiss on the harlots' gaze.

As music that soothingly quavers,
Is daytime's far-away roar. . .
O dusk! In your lulling favours
You steep my spirit once more.

CONSTANTINE DMITRIYEVITCH BALMONT.

(B. 1867.)

THE MAGIC WORLD.

Strait the passage, slender, long,
Reaching depths where visions throng.
Sinking down, you turn your eyes
Where an ice-wrought castle lies.

When from here you sink below,
Twinkling shafts of colour glow;
Someone's peeping eyes are seen—
Adamant and moonstone sheen.

There's the snowy opal; here
Budding emeralds appear.
Hearken—in these castles be
Flutes and lutes and dainty glee

Whose may be the feet that don
Crystal shoon you gaze upon?
Ice in pillars, lustre, snow,
Dainty, flaky, pearly glow.

Strait the passage, slender, long,
Reaching realms where splendours throng;
But to find the path you need,
You must set your foot with heed.

FEDOR KUZMITCH SOLOGUB.

(B. 1863.)

I.

Evil dragon, 'mid the zenith hotly burning,
Thou, who all about thee, fiery threads art turning,
With a stifling heat enkindling all the valley,—
Evil dragon, lo, too speedy is thy rapture
O'er thy victory: for, compassing thy capture,
From my dark, deep quiver, poisoned barbs will sally.

With my bow before thee shall I stand, nor falter,
Dauntless to fulfil the doom that none can alter;
Vengeance unforeseen, prophetic I cherish.
Taut, my bow shall fling its shaft with brazen droning.
To my challenge, thou shalt answer sorely moaning,—
Foul destroyer, thou shalt wane away and perish.

II.

O'er the river the hazes that flow
'Neath the moon in the lonesome night,—
They beset me with hate, and they bring me delight
For the stillness thereof and the woe.

Forgotten the beauty of day,
And thro' mist I stealthily pace,
A track scarce beheld, in my travail I trace
With my lonely despair on my way.

Readers and Writers.

To Mr. Shaw's recent appeal to intellectuals (whom otherwise he names hogs) to confer together for the establishment of their influence upon affairs, it may be replied, as Mr. de Maetzu has taught us, that men can only unite upon a common thing—such, for instance, as the maintenance of the purity of the language, which Swift proposed as the purpose of his Academy; or for the propaganda of an economic doctrine, such as gave a form to the Fabian Society. Even the Wise Men of the East did not come together for simple consultation with each other, but were drawn by a common cradle; and in general it will be found that literary men in particular are shy of each other's company until some object greater than their own personal object compels them. But what is it that Mr. Shaw suggests as the "thing" to bring together the intellectuals of to-day? Nothing whatever that I can gather, for the mere desire to exercise influence upon affairs is not properly a thing at all. The question to ask is in what particular direction we wish to influence affairs, what, in fact, we want to be done or not to be done. And this question Mr. Shaw never even raises. But he assumes that our desires alone are a sufficient bond when, in fact, as all experience shows, they are a source rather of division than of union.

An able reply to Mr. Shaw was published in last week's "New Statesman" over the initials of "C. R. A." I don't in the least know who "C. R. A." is, but he is at once right and wrong. He is right in his reply to Mr. Shaw, but he is utterly and dangerously wrong in believing that he has therewith disposed of the "intelligentsia." Intelligence, after all, does not depend absolutely upon Mr. Shaw! When, therefore, "C. R. A." says (with Mr. Shaw and his precise contemporaries—no more than five or six all told—in his mind) that "the specifically literary brain is, as a rule, a second-rate article, though not congenitally second-rate, but rendered so by habitual prostitution"; that "most successful literary men by the time they are successful have lost any faculty they ever possessed for hard and severe thought"; and that, as a consequence, our distinguished intellectuals have lost more prestige than any other class during the war—on all these counts, with the well-known names in mind, we must agree with "C. R. A." All these things, in fact, we have said in these columns many a time. But from a particular and a personal indictment to mount to a general charge, and to conclude from the failure of a single group of wealthy intellectual journalists the unimportance of intelligence and the corruption of all the intelligentsia is to pile Pelion upon a molehill. Freedom may have shrieked when Kosciuszko fell; but assuredly Intelligence needs not to shriek at the fall of the little group of men who have usurped the chair of intelligence and monopolised to themselves its publicity and profits during the last ten years. Quite the contrary, indeed.

But that "C. R. A." is under the impression that he has dealt a blow at Intelligence in slaying Mr. Shaw's group is clear from his insistence upon the supposedly necessary defects of the "literary" brain as an instrument of truth. For he discriminates between the handling of practical material things and the handling of words, as if the latter were necessarily "artificialities, the imperfect verbal representations of things." Needless to say (or perhaps it is not!) that in so far as words are properly used they do not, it is true, rank with things, nor are they even "imperfect representations of things," but they stand for the *relations between things*. Your practical, wordless brain deals ably enough, no doubt, with facts, and can relate fact to fact in a practical way. But a new kind of fact enters with the use of words, namely, the kind that consists not of material facts themselves, but of the relations between them. Words, that is, express the table of affini-

ties among facts exactly as a genealogical chart expresses the affinities among a group of people. Now, is there anything inherently defective in this function of intelligence to ensure its corruption? None in the least that I can see. On the other hand, not even "C. R. A." would deny that some men, at any rate, have discharged this function conscientiously and usefully all the days of their life. The greatest names in literature are there to prove it. But I would not deny, either, that second-rate brains do fail at it and fall easily into corruption—and chiefly for these reasons. In the first place, so honourable is the function when it is properly performed that hundreds rush to exercise it with a view to its honours alone. In no other profession are the unfit so proportionately many as in literature. In the second place, so difficult is it to test (as regards the truth of its generalisations) that almost any fool may hope to pass muster with the crowd for a generalisation (or a relating of facts) that is not, properly speaking, a true generalisation at all. In the third place, and consequently upon the last, the prizes and profits of false generalisations are usually so much greater than of the true that the second-rate mind is seduced to *their* easy production rather than to the labour of true production. And, finally, as "C. R. A." himself admits, it does not pay to think! Here's a pretty kettle of fish, however, to pour over intelligence. It does not pay to think; it *does* pay to appear to think; and hence, because the war has shown that the pseudo-thinkers are empty windbags, real thinkers and real thought are discredited! On the contrary, what is discredited is quite as much the judgment of the public that has made successes of the second-rate, as the second-rate themselves.

This dismissal of honest intelligence along with profiteering intelligence, at the same time that it implies the confusion of mind which is likely to lead to still more false intellectualism, is dangerous in another way; for it brings into contempt the science and art of the use of words. Practical men in a practical time such as the present are naturally disposed to turn upon men of words and to revenge themselves for their habitual subordination by contrasting their present indispensability with the assumed superfluity of mere men of letters. But not only will this mood pass, but it rests upon assumptions which could only be true if men were nothing more than accomplished animals. I respect the engineer and the shipbuilder—every good workman of one trade respects the good workmen of every other trade—but, at the end of it all, what more is an engineer than a marvellous beaver? To discover, not more and more things, but more and more the truth or the real relations of things, is, on the other hand, what distinguishes men from animals. Man, in short, is the truth-seeking creature; and any material function, however ingeniously discharged, is properly subordinate to this, his unique research. But words, say what "C. R. A." pleases, are the tools of this trade. Words are to truth what raw materials are to any industry—the substance upon which and with which the directing mind must work. True enough that they are most readily susceptible of error, and that few minds can deal with them with precision. But the effort must not be given up on that account. Rather, indeed, it behoves us to be a thousand times more critical. And, again, it is not as if we can ever dispense with words, good, bad, or indifferent. A democracy is governed by words: all human government, in fact, is logocracy. To the extent, therefore, that the use of words is properly understood, government, even in the most practical affairs, is itself good. What, for instance, have practical men not had to pay for the failure of our intelligentsia to impress upon the public the distinction between Equality and Identity, Liberty and Doing as One Pleases, Impartiality and Neutrality? To belittle the right use of words, with the results of their wrong use before our eyes, is to invite still worse practical confusion. The only cure for intellectual dishonesty is intellectual honesty.

R. H. C.

Man and Manners.

AN OCCASIONAL DIARY.

FRIDAY.—Folk's manners is getting worse; the more you does fur 'em, the more you may do, with never a please or a thank you, said my 'bus conductor, turning away a soft question with an answer of wrath—which proves my contention that bad manners usually provoke worse. Of course I don't expect the final judgment from a 'bus conductor, nor do I accept his as such, but there's no doubting that these officials in popular places could a tale unfold of the public's manners. I believe the average man comes into the official world prepared to be civil and obliging; but when a 'bus passenger's only method of address is at the point of the umbrella, and a laden lady presumes on her gentler sex to plant an out-size travelling trunk on a conductor's foot without a "May I, please?" or "Would you mind?"—well, even a 'bus conductor will skid. Look at some women's behaviour to shop-assistants. (What an example to set to a class they would certainly consider beneath their tea-service!) No wonder if a girl turns the counters on the next meek customer, and is rude without having been rude to—Sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. You may persuade but you will never frighten people into good manners. Persuasion works wonders. I've known even a telephone girl listen when spoken to pleasantly! Sometimes, of course, the positions are reversed, an instance being the case of the taxi-driver. His bad manners are an aboriginal sin. They are undoubtedly responsible for the bad manners to which the public is beginning to treat him.

Monday.—One can't often luxuriate in selfishness and service at the same time, I told Elsie this morning. But dress, my dear, supplies the opportunity. Making the best of one's appearance is a public duty as well as a personal pleasure.

It's about time some one did scold Elsie. She was buying an evening frock all by herself, when, if I had my way, she should never go within buying distance of a shop alone. She's read all Shaw, but (I mean and), when it comes to dress, her ideas and taste are those of a schoolboy.

I only want something cheap, she said. It's just for concerts and theatres and things. Really doesn't matter a bit what it looks like.

Of course it matters, said I; if not to yourself, to others.

Others! (scornfully). Which others, if you please?

Well me, and the public in general. We are your ideal spectators, and you ought to play up to us.

Public—ideal? Something's disagreed with you, my dear!

Something has! And so it would with you if you had the giftie! Fancy you, fair—

Fat, and time's my friend—all right, go on!

Well, but what do you expect to look like in a light check coat and skirt, red hat and heavy brown boots and gloves? Checks are all right for tall women, red hats for dark ones, and those boots for your brother, but—

My dear, remember Nietzsche—Women's genius for dress indicates their instinct for the secondary rôle. Now squeal!

Well, better the secondary than the ridiculous, anyhow!

But if I choose to tie a can to my own tail—I mean tailor—

Elsie, you're hopeless! You a sociologist, and do not see that proper dressing is a debt one owes to society (as well as one's dressmaker!). I'll lecture you stiff! Dressing should be a compromise between pleasing yourself and pleasing others, and the secret of pleasing others is not to attract attention by being either in advance or arrears of fashion. Make a note of that, Sister Ann!

Which am I, please?

You? Oh, the word fashion simply doesn't apply to light checks with red fat—I mean, hat. Dress should be a kind of music for the eyes; well, you're a piece of ragtime. Reckitt's blue! the look of your collar fills me with starch!

Poor child, it seems to! But, meanwhile, it happens to keep me warm!

Warm! Wasn't it your Nietzsche who said that no woman ever catches cold if she knows she is well-dressed?

Well-dressed—furs and satins and furbelows. No thanks!

Not at all, I said. There's a line somewhere; and, anyhow, negligence in dress is as criminal as sumptuousness.

"A sweet disorder in the dress," began Elsie.

Sweet!

Well, can't accuse me of sour grapes, anyway!

Wish I could! Well, come and buy a sweet little evening frock—black—or black and white, if you like.

Quoted Elsie—

For me I neither know nor care

Whether a person ought to wear

A black dress or a white dress.

Black, indeed! I want it for dinners, not funerals.

So I thought, said I, and in black you won't be the oblect to mourn over. Black is comely.

Black is dowdy if you like, and expensive into the bargain, which, by the way, you never get in black.

Either dowdy or expensive, but never both together, I said. Your cheap black, I own, looks worse than any colour as a rule, but good black looks better than most things. The prejudice against black is really against bad black.

What a fuss about a silly little dress, which I shall probably only wear at home after all!

All right, Elsie, only I'm telling you what Shaw can't—the woman who thinks any old dress will do for her husband will soon find any other woman will do for him!

I s'pose you'd like me to dress like Freda.

Freda? Well, it's a pin to choose between you. Freda is outrageous by design, you by neglect. Dress to her is a competition, the prize in which goes to the startling exception. To you it's just a blue-stocking out of a rag-bag. Freda aims at creating the impression of a beetling individuality—which is all wrong, I tell her. For either she's an individuality or she isn't, an' there's an end of it. No amount of hat will put or crown what isn't there. The business of dress isn't to display individuality, but to indicate decent society—

Yes, put in Elsie, and look at the pitiful pretensions of those who don't belong to it!

Exactly! Oh, I admit overdoing dress is as offensive as underdoing it. And, another thing, a young woman shouldn't wear an old woman's clothes.

No danger of Freda's doing that, my word!

Ah, that was for you, my dear. For the rest (make another note) the best taste is the conventional taste, the taste of the moderate fashion—

Moderate—oh, thanks for a crumb at last!

Of course, moderate, said I, and simple, too. Brummell (you've heard of Brummell?) used the severest simplicity in dress. Only the most ignorant nations still wear picturesque national costume. The most civilised and intellectual people, on the contrary, are conspicuous for their inconspicuous attire. Your exotics and hangers-on of a profession adopt characteristic and fanciful garbs. Dress, like a perfume, should steal into the senses without violence.

Oh, wise young judge, how you do bore me!

Tuesday.—Anyone would have thought that with the stage, the supposed fashion-plate of manners, before them, theatre-goers would have been kings and queens of etiquette. Lo and behold, however, the behaviour of a theatre-audience is at a discount in the manners-market. Take, for an example, the way people will talk quite audibly in the very mouth of a play; and will laugh aloud in mid-act if it suits them. When a

soldier gets out of step, he doesn't draw attention to his mother's son by nudging his companion. He rights himself as privately as possible. And surely when we are isolated in an ill-timed desire to chatter and giggle, the proper thing is to nip our monkeys in the bud. Another monkey-trick is surreptitious sweet-nibbling. Sweets, like fans, are permissible diversions for an interval, if you have had nothing since tea, but during the play itself both should be kept at bay, since neither can be wielded unseen or unheard, to the annoyance of our neighbours. Love-making, again, is never a proper public spectacle off the stage itself. That man at the theatre last night!—arm round girl, cheek-by-jowl the whole evening. Making love in public is as bad as quarrelling, and even more ridiculous. It's such behaviour that brings love into the comic papers. Isn't love too personal a reality to have its banners flung out like clothes on a line? Intimate relations are for home service only. The surprising thing is that if the manners of the audience were imitated by the actors, the originals would be the first to guffaw.

After the End.

By Ivor Brown.

It is, perhaps, conceivable that the European war, gigantic cataclysm though it be, may have no very marked effect upon the social and economic aspects of European society.

It is possible, indeed, that, just as a severe attack of small-pox may pass entirely away and leave the victim's face unpitted and unscarred, so Europe, too, may within a few years show to the world a countenance free from its present pox and blemishes.

It is possible, but it is not likely. Small-pox more often leaves its traces behind, and Europe may bear the wounds of war for a century. In that case, it is obvious that the institution known as capitalism, or the wage-system, must be affected in some distinct and definite way. If it is affected in any large degree, it must either gain strength or lose strength, either tighten or release its grip upon mankind. And for those who see in the wage-system the most powerful force for the corruption of human nature and the degradation of fine activities, it is, naturally, an engrossing question whether a war for political liberty, to give it its best name, may not end in the institution of an economic tyranny so bitter and so complete that the death of human freedom may be irrevocably announced.

The answer to that question depends upon two factors, the material and the spiritual. By the spiritual factor I mean the outlook, endurance, and ideals of the present combatants. Should the British soldiery return from the struggle determined at all costs to maintain their economic freedom, aware of the machinations of the Servile Staters and the Harmsworth Press, uncorrupted by the disgraceful slanders on their fellow-workers circulated by the governing classes to shield their own incompetence, and eager to stand by their fellows against high rents, low wages, and the capitalistic attacks on Trade Unionism, then it is possible that the battle will be theirs. But should the soldiery return with their democratic instincts blunted by militarism and their whole outlook apathetic, should the spiritual factor be wanting, then, without a doubt, the wage-system will strengthen its roots and flourish exceedingly.

For the material factors are entirely on its side. The economics of the wage-system are simple, as simple as war. Two rival Powers face each other, striving for the monopoly which they know brings victory: Capital and Labour. The value of each depends upon scarcity, whether that scarcity be natural or artificial. The war has used up capital and made it scarce. It has taken wealth and blown it into the air. It has diverted every form of activity from productive to sterile purposes. It

is an orgy of waste. And, consequently, money which could be hired at 3 per cent. now costs 5 per cent. By the end of the war it may cost seven or eight.

Labour, on the other hand, has been dislocated and disorganised. Its protective associations have been assaulted and sorely battered. Unskilled men and women have poured in to do the work of skilled, and thus to rob skill of its scarcity-value. And though war-bonuses have raised the price of labour-power in some cases, the rise in the price of labour has never kept pace with the rise of the price of commodities.

At the end of the war the war industries will cease and munition factories stand idle: war-workers will be turned everywhere adrift. On to this confusion will be grafted the demobilisation of three or four million men. There will be little new capital to float fresh companies and start new industries, and what capital there may be will not be put out except at rates of interest so high that wages must inevitably suffer.

In fact, we shall have the exact conditions necessary for a complete triumph of capitalism. Capital will be scarce and organised: labour plentiful and unorganised. That statement is a generalisation and nothing more. It is true that the Triple Alliance may be a sign of great determination in the coal and transport industries. It is true that certain occupations may be safe against invasion. But it is also true that in the engineering industry chaos prevails: that the employers have learned the joys of "diluting labour" and "making labour mobile," and have found those processes cheap and profitable.

It is true that the masters have learned, under the Munitions Act, to adopt the Prussian attitude of ownership of men, and the men have in their turn been schooled in the workshops of slavery. And it is lamentably true that in the engineering industry Trade Unions compete and overlap, and, by their struggles, give power to their foes. And what of all the manifold and important occupations that lie around and about the Triple Alliance, what of the unskilled workers, what of the enormous host of the unorganised? Now, if ever, would seem to be the time for schooling them eternally in the chains of economic bondage.

It is perfectly true that monetarily and for the moment the capitalist class may lose by this war. Many industries have been hard hit, while others have piled up prodigious profits. And taxes on investments are already high, and will probably soar yet higher. The number of rich men who have been made richer by the war is almost certainly not as great as the number of rich men who have been made poorer. But the problem cannot be regarded from so simple a point of view. What matters is not the mere incomes of certain individuals for the years 1914-1920, but the status of a certain class from 1914-2000. We have not to examine the present pass-books of Cowdray and Macara and Dewar, but to consider the future of Cowdrayism. And our conclusion need not involve any complexities.

In so far as the material forces are concerned, the wage-system had never chances so bright. Capital will be scarce at the end of the war and Labour plentiful. On that one fundamental fact, knowing as we do that the whole root of economic power is monopoly, we may conclude that the trumps are nearly all in one hand. Moreover, if the political direction of demobilisation and the reorganisation of British society on an industrial as opposed to a military basis has much power in deciding the future, that future will be decided according to the tastes of the rich. For the rich control the parties and the Cabinet.

So much is calculable, so much is known. What we do not know is the power of the spiritual factor. We do not know what will be the temper of the returning armies, or the attitude of the Trade Unionists to that crystallisation of servility that seems so probable. At present, the gag of "Remember your brothers in the trenches," and "We must win at all costs" silences the

grievances of the workshop. Some day that gag will be removed—and then?

Revolution is alien to the British temperament. So, too, we hope, is slavery. The discernible material factors point all one way. It is on the incalculable spiritual factor that the ultimate choice of paths depends.

Conquering the Passions.

WHEN you have passed through Damascus and left behind the dogs and the trains, you come to the fruit gardens; and beyond the fruit gardens to unspeakable spots where refuge all the villains of the town; and again beyond these to horrid hills and rocks and caves, scenes of amazing rapines and assassinations. And far beyond all this is the desert. If you do not care much where you go, and if you have uncommon means of travel, say, an aeroplane, or a pair of green silk wings, you may pass indifferently and deep into the desert in an hour or two; and you will come to a hermitage in a rocky oasis beside a tiny fountain which dries up often and needs to be dug patiently out of the sand. Syd Hadji lives at the hermitage; and if a mortal might quench its thirst with its own tears, Syd Hadji would have no need to live beside a fountain. You might suppose that a good man who had done seven times the pilgrimage to Mecca would be as happy as virtuous. Not at all! A mortal who has been to Mecca is no more sure of happiness than one who has merely been to the Moulin Rouge at Paris.

Really, though, you might suppose that a devotee of Mecca would be more moved at sudden sight of a lady very much décolletée, or, let us admit, completely so, than a devotee of the Moulin Rouge. Not at all!

"Well?" said Syd Hadji, glancing up from his sunset devotions like the other might at dawn have glanced up from his first edition of "Le Matin"; and he continued, calmly, quite as it might have been on the Boulevard Clichy. "Fair Young Demon, what do you want?"

"Water and bread," replied the Young Demon.

"Nonsense!" retorted Syd Hadji. "You mean raki and roast adder. Help yourself." And he bowed himself once more upon his mat.

"Water!" gasped the Young Demon, bursting into tears.

Syd Hadji repeated, "Help yourself." The Young Demon staggered away from the door, and looked all about, went around to the back, found the fountain—drank and fainted. As she did not return, Syd Hadji presently, when he had finished his prayers, went to see what had become of her, and he beheld her lying in a very natural attitude to a mortal overcome with heat and thirst. He, however, was about to give thanks to Allah for the defeat of the demon, properly slain by pure water, when she stirred, raised herself on her elbow and greedily drank again.

"God have mercy on my folly!" implored Syd Hadji, beginning to weep. And he picked up the Young Demon, carried her into his hermitage, laid her on a mat, lit a torch, and took water to bathe her temples. She smiled at him patiently, and bespread her limbs with her long fair hair.

"You have been robbed," said Syd Hadji; "robbers have attacked your caravan." He threw a blanket over her.

The Young Demon nodded. He gave her some dried dates to eat.

"Whose lady are you, thus abandoned on the route from Damascus?"

"This morning I was the wife of Ismael of Damascus. Now I am his sole surviving widow, for Ismael is dead, murdered by robbers, he, his father, his sons, and his other eleven wives. Wai! Wai!"

"The will of Allah be done!" piously rejoined Syd Hadji, and then his curiosity returned. "But how did you escape? The robbers quarrelled?"

The Young Demon nodded: "While they quarrelled I escaped."

It really was the only probable story, wherefore, and besides since Syd Hadji had himself suggested it to the Young Demon, and would not have accepted any other, she may scarcely be blamed for re-suggesting it to him, even although it was not quite true.

"Hadji," asked the Young Demon, "where is the end of the Desert?"

The Hermit wept. "Child, there is no end. One goes to Mecca only to return. One returns to Mecca only to come back. On a day, soon or late, one dies in the desert. Death is the end of life; but the desert has no end."

"But these great rich caravans which start away—where do they go?"

"They go into the desert and, by God's will, they return to return again, or they never return—but the day comes when Death strikes them. And all men die alone in the desert." He wept.

"And you live alone. Are you not afraid? Suppose those robbers should seek me here?"

"Calm yourself. Bad men fear one who lives alone. I fear only the good and the great. My fate in youth was to run, a dupe from king to king; my fate in middle age was to run, a dupe from imaum to imaum; now that I am old and only set upon the conquest of my vices, I am not the less mocked of grandee and devotee. Every caravan which passes here brings me invitations and presents from those who would smile in their beards if I were to go."

"How this world is alike everywhere!" exclaimed the Young Demon.

"What do you know of the world?"

"Ah, true, I only know what a slave may learn from a succession of masters. Before I became the wife of Ismael I passed from hand to hand. I won grace from my first mistress by my sweet singing. A brutal old man obtained me next; him I conquered by flattery. Next I was in the power of haughty grandees whom I subdued by getting wind of their family secret. Next a young prince wished to take possession of me; he let me go for fear lest desire for me should overpower him. Next I was at the service of a lady who could not profit by me from pining to death because her husband preferred the charms of war to her own. Next—but enough. My life on earth has been a struggle to escape domination, and it seems to me that all which mortals seek, or which they seek to avoid, is domination—while each pretends to love nothing so much as liberty. You, for instance, you, although you pity me, would not allow me to abide here if I wished to do so."

Syd Hadji frowned for the first time in twenty years. Then he went out into the desert, for the hour of prayer was come round again.

La illa la illa la! La illa la illa la! La illa la illa la!

"Old humbug!" thought the Young Demon; "he tells himself that his life is one of self-domination, but he knows that by staying and praying apart he wangles those who would wangle him. Nothing but pride of domination keeps him from rushing back to the city, for he is weary and weeps." She laughed aloud.

"You are ill, woman!"

The Young Woman appeared in the act of awakening from a drowse. "Hadji," she said, "I dreamed of a Sultan, a Judge, a Sheikh, a Soldier, a Donkey-Driver, a Peacock, and a Hermit who all laughed."

"At what?"

"At nothing."

Syd Hadji burst out squeakily laughing!

It was a laughter which expressed very natural contempt of his kind, including himself, and it was prolonged. The Young Demon smiled behind her hand. "Ho, ho!" roared Syd Hadji, suddenly seizing her; "now let the thorns crackle under the pot!" He spat upon her. He beat her with a stick the while she laughed. He forgot to beat her and satisfied his heart by dancing and whirling and shouting bon mots loudly out of his mouth, while she grinned at his witticisms.

Then he fell upon her again, calling her by the names of sultans, kings, imaums, and others of his ancient flatterers and spites. He foamed and raged and tore his beard and beat his breast, and, in fact, did everything which Providence has suggested to the instinct of man as likely to assuage his feelings. Only when he grew so far reasonable as to take a knife to finish once and for all with the enemy did the Young Demon think it about time to abandon her forced and impromptu rôle of personating his pet aversions. She ran out into the awakening desert and flew away.

The sun rose upon the hermitage and Syd Hadji leaning against a rock with a knife in his hand. He looked down at himself and seemed about to weep; instead, he braced up and shook the knife in the direction of his departed guest. "I have vanquished the devil!" cried Syd Hadji. But half an hour later he was dutifully giving the glory to Allah, who no doubt has an indulgent limbo for imaginations which are opposed to truth. And, after all, he had let it off against a personage very capable of defence, whereas the rest of us . . .

ALICE MORNING.

Views and Reviews.

The New Religion.

WE have become so used to the description of Christianity as the religion of love that Mr. Wood's elaborate but rather superficial demonstration* of the limitations of Christianity, and of the need for a religion of love, has the effect of paradox. It surprises us momentarily into the recognition of the fact that there are people who condemn Christianity because they are more Christian than the Christians. Nietzsche has told us that "what makes man revolt against suffering is not suffering as such, but the senselessness of suffering; neither for the Christian, however, who interpreted into suffering a complete system of secret machinery of salvation, nor for the naïve man of still earlier times, who contrived to interpret all suffering with a view to the spectator and the begetter of suffering, did this senseless suffering exist." It is at this point that the Rev. Mr. Wood parts company with Christianity; he will not admit that suffering is inherent in the scheme of things, he counts it blasphemy to God, Who is Love, to believe that there is a principle of evil in the universe of whose activities the outcome is suffering. He sees suffering not as the product of evil, but of wrong, not as an eternal necessity, but as a finite mistake; he attributes it to the defects of man's intelligence, not to the inscrutable wisdom of the Creator. He traces each form of suffering with which he deals to what he calls a "customal wrong"; drunkenness to the drinking custom, prostitution to the customary ideas of the subjection of women, and so on. The new religion would taboo alcoholic liquor and tobacco, flesh food, war, poverty, prostitution, divorce, and many other things; and as Christianity nowhere bans these things, but seems to bless some of them (such as wine), and to leave the rest to be judged by the individual conscience, Christianity must be superseded. "Christianity has not the power to put an end to the world's suffering—has not the power, that is to say, to put an end to the ideas, habits and interests; the customs, conventions, and institutions which are its cause." In short, Christianity is an individual religion, a bond between man and God, and an assertion of the spiritual equality of all men; and Mr. Wood wants a social religion, with political and economical equality of all men and both sexes, a humanitarian religion which will not allow animals to be killed for food, a religion of Peace, Goodwill, and Grape-nuts.

We may credit Mr. Wood with a very tender conscience, and yet dissent from the presentation of his case. Let us grant for the sake of argument that the

suffering he here reveals and condemns is senseless, need not be; he has made the fatal mistake of encouraging a form of useless suffering. He asks us to believe that the things he enumerates are forms of suffering, but all that is certain is that he suffers when he contemplates them. The effect of his teaching would be a quickened perception of pain, a more intense suffering not of sympathy, but of imagination, the production of a morbid type obsessed with the pain of civilisation. It is true that he does not advocate this, that he pleads for the positive expression of love for the overcoming of suffering; but man cannot contemplate suffering without becoming callous or morbidly sympathetic. When, for example, criminals were executed in public, the sight of their suffering touched few to pity; even Christ was reviled when on the Cross, and the mob of Paris became more blood-thirsty as the guillotine did its work in public during the Terror. The "awful consequences" argument always fails, because men are so constituted that they must either faint or flee at the sight of them. Usually they flee, as though they accepted the teaching that "what does not kill one, strengthens one"; indeed, the same doctrine probably explains the development of the morbidly sympathetic type, for its capacity for suffering is enlarged with every experience to the detriment of its helpfulness. Such people come to pity not the suffering they observe, but the suffering they feel, to condole not with the fallen woman but with their own horror at her spiritual condition; and in both cases the suffering persists.

I am assuming all this time that Mr. Wood is right in attributing his own feelings to the things he contemplates; but it is extremely doubtful whether this is a legitimate process for anyone but a poet. It is a fact that there is suffering in civilisation, but who are the sufferers? Probably not those to whose misery Mr. Wood directs attention, but those to whom he appeals. "The curve of man's receptivity for pain," says Nietzsche, "seems to undergo an uncommonly rapid and almost sudden lowering, as soon as the upper ten-thousand or ten-million of over-civilisation are once left behind, and I, for my part, do not doubt that, compared with one single painful night of one single, hysterical, dainty woman of culture, the sufferings of all animals so far questioned, knife in hand, with a view to scientific answers, simply fall out of consideration." We might almost say that civilisation proceeds to its own destruction not by the suffering caused by its customs and habits, but by its cultivation of the sensitiveness to pain, real or imaginary. "A too great sensibility of this kind," says Macdougall, "is even adverse to the higher kind of conduct that seeks to relieve pain and to promote happiness; for the sufferer's expression of pain may induce so lively a distress in the onlooker as to incapacitate him from giving help. Thus, in any case of personal accident, or where surgical procedure is necessary, many a woman is rendered quite useless by her sympathetic distress."

Let us remember that most suffering is worse to contemplate than to endure, and Mr. Wood's argument that suffering is due to "customal wrong," and can be abolished by a change of habits, is plainly invalid. The suffering cannot be attributed to the custom, but to a sensitiveness which would not be diminished if all the "customal wrongs" were to be rectified; and the prohibitions of the new religion would certainly not be effective unless they were enforced by something more powerful than Mr. Wood's vague belief in the goodness of God. For society, civilisation is fundamentally a terrible thing; the whole of Nietzsche's second essay in "The Genealogy of Morals" is an illustration of this. For every new morality there must be a new torture; "in order to make a thing stay, it must be burned into memory; only that which never ceases to hurt remains fixed in memory. . . . The poorer the memory of mankind, the more terrible the aspect which its customs present. The rigour of the penal laws, especially, furnishes us with a standard for the trouble it had to

* "Suffering and Wrong." By the Rev. Francis Wood. (Bell. 4s. 6d. net.)

take in mastering forgetfulness and in keeping present a few primitive requirements of social life to these fickle-minded slaves of emotion and desire." And if we have become reasonable, we should never forget the process; "alas, reason, earnestness, the mastery over the emotions, the entire, dreary affair called reflection, all these privileges and pageants of man, how dearly they have ultimately been paid for! how much blood and horror is at the bottom of all 'good things'!" There is, from this point of view, no such thing as senseless suffering; the things that we prize and hope for arise from it. To condemn war as a customary wrong, for example, is not to be morally superior to the militarist; if out of the sordid strife, the dreary horror of Europe, arises a society even as imperfectly social as any of the States engaged, we shall have established a European memory, and branded it upon our minds by the most infernal torture known to history. But to contemplate the suffering, and to ignore the social memory that it creates, is to distort the problem; and that is the defect of Mr. Wood's work. A. E. R.

REVIEWS

Hindenburg's March Into London. Translated from the German by L. G. Redmond-Howard. (John Long. 2s. 6d. net.)

If it is good to see ourselves as others see us, this translation ought to help us to understand that our history may be misunderstood and our character misrepresented by a nation that is morally inferior to ourselves. Mr. Redmond-Howard is an Irishman, and, therefore, has no qualms in admitting the truth of the German indictment of England, as revealed in this book (perhaps he would not have been so generous of admission if the story had dealt with a German invasion of Ireland); but he is kind enough to argue that the Kaiser has really saved England from being all that this book says she is by rousing us from our moral sloth and spiritual lethargy. England, it seems, is now awake, alert, resplendent, heroic, "she is now enthroned over all as the champion of outraged right and nationality" (think of Belgium and Serbia, and now China relies on our honour to save her from Japan); indeed, if the Kaiser had not gone mad we should never have become magnificent. So we can afford to look down on this trash written by an unknown German poet as the mere befouling of our moral character by the malice of a cowardly, barbarous, and envious foe. This author would filch from us our good name, and that must never be. England, which was about to die, is now about to live for ever; and she will take as long over the one process as she took over the other. Indeed, we ought to be grateful to the Kaiser for showing us what fine fellows we are; and even this unknown author pays a tribute to at least one Englishman. If ever we are allowed to acknowledge our indebtedness to the Kaiser, let us not say what Mr. Redmond-Howard says in his dedication: "He saved the British Empire from the Barbarian Invasion described in this book by one of his countrymen": let us say with that simplicity, dignity, and moral profundity that so becomes us: "He saved our souls." It is unfortunate that after eighteen months of war we should still require "the book that will rouse the whole Empire to arms"; but we do require it, oh, we do! England must never sleep again, she must cultivate insomnia: "Wake up, England!" our King said years ago, and we are only just beginning to wake up. But we are awake, to some extent; and that is why the invasion here described will never take place, never, never, never, never, as Shakespeare said. This may be regretted, because we shall never have the opportunity of proving that the accusations made against us are untrue; but we shall persevere in our rectitude, and live the blameless lives that already excite the admiration of the world.

A Frenchman's Notes on the War. By Claire de Pratz. (Constable.)

The author deals chiefly with the effect of the war upon the people of France, and tells us continually that the world has been surprised to discover that the French people are not really frivolous, but are very sober, serious, and capable. Exactly how the world came to make the mistake we do not know; probably the constant repetition of the phrase, "gay Paris," misled it. But there is no doubt now that France is sober, serious, and capable; and the author shows us that this is due to the fact that war means invasion to France. Every man there is directly defending his hearth, his home, his women, his children, and, above all, his country (which the author calls *La Patrie*); and to defend these requires all the sobriety, seriousness, and capability that is possible. "In the French character," we are told, "apparently conflicting and opposing qualities exist. In one sense, the French are emotional and undisciplined and talkative, and in another sense they are silent, reserved, and calm. And it is the quality of the emotion which dominates them that decides their attitude. With them, the deeper the feeling the more silent is its manifestation. It is only their lighter excitement which finds its outlet in immediate expression and vociferous gesticulations. The noisier characteristics are but superficial. The inner emotion of the soul is profound and mute." We know that the French are born psychologists, but we never expected this. The author has much to say about the efficiency of the French women; indeed, she conveys the impression that every Frenchman is in the Army, so zealously does she describe how well France can get on without male labour. She says bluntly that there are only two occupations in which women have not become expert: coal-heaving and furniture removing; and we expect that they have hopes even of these. As a result of the war, she expects a decline of the excessive individualism of the Frenchman, an extension of the democratic spirit, more understanding between the classes, more Republicanism, more Catholicism, less Socialism, but much more Feminism. The Frenchwoman of this period will be known to history as "the woman who did"; and no Frenchman who is really polite will ever dare to intrude into his own home again. The work of civilisation may safely be left to women, while men retain a monopoly of fighting, until the women oust them from that occupation by their superior efficiency. A pretty picture of the future!

The Coming Scrap of Paper. By Edward W. Edsall. (George Allen & Unwin. 2s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Edsall has stated a case, unnecessarily elementary in its exposition, for the abolition of the gold standard and the creation of a national paper currency. He recalls the fact that, before the war, 92 per cent. of the exchanges in this country were effected without the use of money (i.e., of legal tender gold); and he draws particular attention to the fact (a triumphant vindication of his argument) that, at the beginning of the war, the banks could only discharge their obligations to their depositors by paying out paper issued on the credit of the Government. He emphasises the fact that, by maintaining the gold standard, we give foreign traders the option of being paid in gold or in goods; and he reminds us that, prior to the war, Germany elected to be paid in gold, and incorrectly says that she "was actually in the process of depleting this country of its currency, and nearly effected her purpose." Mr. Edsall should know that bullion, not currency, is exported in such a case; but the defect of detail does not invalidate his argument. But the difficulty we have in following his proposals is primarily due to the consideration of foreign trade. Gold flows from one country to another to correct an adverse balance of trade; how is that balance to be corrected if gold is not exported? If, over a period of years, Germany's exports to England are greater than her imports from England, it is obvious that we cannot force her to accept our goods to redress the balance.

Debts must be paid in a manner acceptable to the creditor; and as the indebtedness arises from our inability to pay in goods, what means have we of discharging the obligation if the legal tender of gold is abolished? Promises to pay in goods obviously will not meet the case. We admit that our free gold market is dangerous to us, not only by the possibility of raiding our gold reserves but by the restriction of trade credit that follows the attempt. The case for the abolition of gold as legal tender within the country is, we think, unanswerable, but we are by no means clear about the possibility of abolishing its international function. Nor are we quite convinced of the validity of Mr. Edsall's proposal for the issue of paper money. That the function of money is to effect exchanges, and that the medium of exchange should itself be valueless, are familiar propositions; but it is obvious that if the amount of money in circulation is greater than is required for the number of exchanges to be effected, the function of money as the medium of exchange is likely to be imperfectly performed. If assets can be liquidated too freely, not only does possession become difficult but production tends to decrease; on the other hand, a reckless issue of currency may practically stop exchanges. Mr. Edsall says: "To issue paper currency 'against wheat,' or any other national asset, such as houses, manufacturers' stocks, etc., as is at present so freely advocated, would be disastrous to the ultimate national well-being, for it can only be the forerunner of a rise in general prices, and in effect destroys the very function of currency. [Remember, for example, the cab-driver who demanded 3,000 francs in assignats as his fare during the French Revolution.] This function is essentially to effect exchanges, which predicates that something must be parted with. But if the entire nation's assets can be put into a state of unlimited pawn by issuing currency notes against them, nothing is parted with, no exchange takes place. The man with a house could have both it and currency." But the difficulty always is to find a practical standard for the issue of currency. Mr. Edsall suggests that the average price of wheat should be taken as such a standard. The average consumption can easily be estimated, and the average price ascertained; when the price of wheat falls, more currency should be issued; when it rises, further issues should be suspended until the price falls. But which price we are to take as the standard, that of English or foreign wheat, he does not tell us; and as we import about five times as much as we produce, we cannot afford any uncertainty on this point. The fact that Mr. Edsall has to demand something very like nationalisation of the land ("But with the currency once regulated, it would be possible for the Government to ensure to the food-producers absolute freedom to produce the greatest possible surplus of food by enacting that the land shall be rented with fixity of tenure, fixity of rent, and with the right to sublet at a profit rental") suggests that a currency regulated by the price of wheat will not automatically stimulate home production. That "right to sub-let at a profit rental" would, we think, affect the average price considerably; for, if it were exercised at all freely, the cost of production would be materially increased. If, as Mr. Kitson argues, gold is impossible as a standard of value because itself fluctuates in value, surely it is better to turn at once to an "Ideal Unit" of value than to try to maintain an average price of wheat by issues of currency, and at the same time take steps to increase the cost of production of wheat? Mr. Edsall should, we think, consider the problem more nearly.

Arbitration and Conciliation in Australasia. By Mary F. Rankin, M.A. With an Introduction by Prof. J. Shield Nicholson. (George Allen and Unwin. 5s. net.)

Professor Nicholson explains that this work is issued by the Carnegie Trust for the Scottish Universities, and is the work of a research scholar under that trust. The book is a minute study of documents, usually official documents, relating to Victoria and New Zealand; and

it is valuable for its references. The study is very confusing, largely because these Boards had no fixed principles to work from, and because the original motive for their existence has been obscured, if not forgotten. That the results of this legislation differ from the confident anticipations of its promoters Miss Rankin does make clear; if the Minimum Wage, for instance, is fixed too high, it is evaded by employers and employees alike, for only those who can earn the wage at market rates can get it. That this was known before, and that Miss Rankin reaches no other practical conclusion that is memorable, but this: "It is *prima facie* evident that the most useful function of the State in relation to Collective Bargaining is to eliminate as much as possible all considerations which are not mainly economic," suffice to show that the interest of the study is purely academic. Miss Rankin has studied the subject, but has not learned much from it.

Sons of Tumult and Children of Light. By Spencer Arden. (Dent. 2s. 6d. net.)

The philosophers and preachers seem to be discovering all the "wills" that used to be lost in melodramas. Mr. Spencer Arden has unearthed, in the story of Balaam and Balak, the "Will of Existence," which, we hope, will receive Christian baptism and burial. Balaam, it seems, was not an ass, although he sometimes spoke; he was a professional prophet, who had a monopoly of knowledge of the Will of Existence. This monopoly enabled him to charge what he liked, but did not always enable him to get what he charged; for the Will of Existence did not always flatter his clients, and, as they really wanted spiritual comfort, they went to those who supplied it. But the Will of Existence was not the only one that operated through Balaam, there was also the Will to Live; and it seems that Mrs. Balaam, as well as the ass, had a mouth which could only be muffled by food. All lawyers know that two wills are worse than one, except for the lawyers; the difficulty of interpretation is practically insuperable until the estate has been dissipated, and Balaam suffered much until his ass spoke the last word. Then the Will of Existence made him, "a Matthew Arnold among Barbarians," bless the children of light, alias Hebrew culture, and curse the sons of tumult, the Barbarians of Moab and Midian. The Will of Existence had triumphed, and Balaam cursed fluently. Baa, baa, Balaam, have you any wool?

Mornings in the College Chapel. Two vols. 2s. net each.

Afternoons in the College Chapel. 2s. net.

Sunday Evenings in the College Chapel. 2s. net. By Francis Greenwood Peabody. (Constable.)

These sets of sermons delivered at Harvard differ mainly in length: Mornings three minutes. Thursday Afternoons, ten minutes. Sunday Evening, full length sermons—Eternity. They are characteristically American; they manifest no ecclesiastical or theological bias; they combine a practical commonsense with a sometimes dubious interpretation of Scripture. They make St. Paul agree not only with Christ but with himself, a difficult feat which would have been impossible to perform at greater length; but the essence of all their teaching is not the Divinity but the humanity of Christ. They tend to demonstrate that Christ did not come to reveal God unto man but to teach another way of life, the way of the gentle-man. This conception of Christ as one of "Nature's noblemen," who preached against the doctrine of all work and no play, and had something to say that was peculiarly applicable to the freshmen of Harvard, is one that we cannot adopt and dare not reject; for Harvard needs talking to, if only by an undenominational Jew peripatetic who encouraged deep breathing and democracy, among other things. However, young men who want to do as well in life as Jews usually do may be recommended to read these adaptations of Hebrew wisdom to American conditions.

Pastiche.

WAR DIARIES.

I.—FRANZ DOPPELWUNDER.

Monday.—Assisted in Zeppelin flight over England. Dropped three bombs in North Sea, thus jeopardising British naval control. Soaring as we do in the wastes of the air, are we not as angels winging through the firmament to bring new light to the weary earth?

Tuesday.—Dropped bomb on Herne Bay pier, bringing destruction of British naval supremacy to sensational completion. Thanked God by Whose grace we have conquered the earth, the sea and the air.

Wednesday.—Dropped bomb in Hyde Park. It did not explode, but rush of air caused immediate collapse of Houses of Parliament, Bank of England, Dogger Bank, and Manchester Ship Canal, all of which are situated in precincts of the park. British politics and industries lie in ruins. The proud structure of the Plantagenets bows before the God-inspired world-might of invincible Germania. God be with us! God IS with us!

Thursday.—"Suctonius" torpedoed, thus completing conquest of America.

Friday.—Received double bread-card and butter-card, and permission to eat meat six times a week, as particular mark of esteem of grateful and triumphant Government. Wolff reports Australia taken by storm and German flag hoisted on all Australian Government buildings, especially at Cape Town.

Saturday.—Government reports Boers and Indians joined in Holy War against Church of England. The whole world conquered, but Russian advance reported in Galicia.

Sunday.—Returned thanks to God and guaranteed His neutrality against British aggression.

II.—LORD NORTHCLIFFE.

Monday.—In spite of week-end, woke up in best of spirits. However, remembered duty to country and developed decent melancholy. Heard from X.X. that Y.Y. spoke of me at club with disrespect. Y.Y. at Home Office.

Went to "Times" in afternoon. "Evening News" warned readers of possible Cabinet changes. Tried to induce first secretary not to bite nails.

Tuesday.—"Times" said, "All departments of State must take an equal share in the organisation necessary for the successful outcome of the war." "Evening News" reprints "Times" paragraph, and letters of three anonymous correspondents drawing attention to Home Office extravagance and waste.

Wednesday.—"Daily Mail" reprints portion of "Evening News" article and correspondence, and says condition of Home Office has long been realised by "Daily Mail" to be dangerous both to efficiency and economy. "Evening News" quotes "Daily Mail" and issues poster: Y.Y.?

YAH!

Thursday.—"Times" says that a growing desire has made itself felt in the country in respect of wasteful and extravagant procedure of Home Office. "Daily Mail" asks: "Mr. Y.Y. or England?" proving retention of both impossible. "Evening News" says Mr. Y.Y. Must Go, and reports that Lord Northcliffe was seen talking four years ago at Bayreuth to the "Man Who Watched the Kaiser Eat."

Friday.—"Times" says the nation has a right to know whether, in face of popular clamour, Mr. Y.Y. is to remain in office. "Daily Mail" acknowledges receipt of 113,720,926 letters suggesting that Lord Northcliffe should be appointed Home Minister, but announces that he feels himself unequal to the task. Almost decided to-day to make my maiden speech in House of Lords, but, at last moment, natural timidity prevented. Instead, read long speech on building a rabbit-hutch (quoting from own unforgettable articles in "Tit-Bits" and "Answers") to staff of Fleetway House. All highly impressed. Taught secretaries to pronounce their "h's."

Saturday.—Attended for special reason at "Times" office. Three gentlemen offered plans for new type of anti-aircraft gun. Listened sternly but sympathetically, regretted inability to adopt or press suggestion, bowed gentlemen out, and instructed "Times" leader-writer to make same suggestion as emanating from me. Told him he might mention my name, if he found it necessary.

"Times" announced Mr. Y.Y.'s resignation and points out that it had long ago forecasted it in the light of national necessity. "Daily Mail" congratulates "Times" on having secured this resignation in the public interest, and publishes letters from unknown "Patriot" asking

why Lord Northcliffe, as one of the nobility, is not made heir to the Throne. "Evening News" informs public that its readers' patriotic campaign against Mr. Y.Y. was immeasurably assisted by "Times" and "Daily Mail," both, it seems, controlled by Lord Northcliffe.

Sunday.—Discovered that I was misinformed about Y.Y. Not he, but X.X. made disparaging reference to me and Lady N.; Y.Y., on the other hand, took our part. X.X. at Foreign Office; gave orders by telephone to Printing House Square to adumbrate campaign against unpatriotic and inefficient methods of Foreign Office. Told editor of "Evening News" that I thoroughly agreed with him that Y.Y. should be restored to Home Office.

Decided to sleep nightly on a Union Jack pillow. What responsibilities we patriots have to bear!

III.—DR. DILLON.

Monday.—Arranged treaty at Bombay between Austria and Russia, offering both parties clear exposition of cause of the present conflict. Both ambassadors confessed themselves so confused by the plainness of my statements that they had no option but to accept my terms. This is the 314th secret treaty I have negotiated since last Wednesday week.

Tuesday.—Travelled from Bombay to Buckarest, interviewing important personages on the way.

Wednesday.—Wrote eight articles for the "Daily Telegraph," three for the "Fortnightly," and six (suitably saddened) for Lord Northcliffe's brother's "Sunday Pictorial," promising to explain them all as soon as possible. Warned them all to watch a certain western power in relation to a certain northern power, especially in the matter of a certain southern power: very secret and urgent!

Thursday.—Arranged treaty between Austria and Borneo, and declared state of war between Sweden and Mexico. Memo.—Re Ireland, am watching developments.

Friday.—Wrote explanatory article on origins of present war for the "Telegraph," transforming what had previously been thick fog to a fine mist. Had tea at Bagdad.

Saturday.—Drew attention to attitude of Poland. Wrote eight historical articles to explain recent diplomatic developments in Constantinople. Memo.—What did happen? Must find out.

Sunday.—Took Erzerum.

C. E. B.

PREFACE AND SYNOPSIS

Of an Entirely Unpretentious Satire on Intellectual Obesity, with reference rather to the Mind than to the Body, as shown in the later works of a certain school of self-analytical Authors.

By S. DIK-CUNNINGHAM.

PREFACE.

The Argument against the Pre-Natal existence of Fools, Weaklings, and Soulful Hypocrites as expounded on the occasion of the first meeting between an Ancient Mariner and an Eminent Chiropodist in an A. B. C. tea-shop in Hackney. Concerning what the Ancient Mariner told the Eminent Chiropodist, and how the Eminent Chiropodist confuted the Ancient Mariner with Worldly Argument.

Explaining also how, at a crucial moment in the Argument, a Brilliant Author with a Red Beard and Spiritual Eyes came in and interrupted them by relating how he had found his Sub-Conscious Self in the middle of the night, right in the midst of the Great Cosmic Materialism, which he affirmed was on its Last Legs. How the Eminent Chiropodist showed his superiority over the Ancient Mariner by explaining that the Sub-Conscious Self was the same thing as Letting Yourself Go, unrestrained either by A Priori or A Fortiori reasoning. How the Ancient Mariner looked Small, but beat back the Brilliant Author in confusion by asking him what was the difference in Effect between finding his Sub-Conscious Self and Getting Drunk? But that he supposed that the Brilliant Author had not the Guts to get drunk. At which the Brilliant Author retired, thinking of the Gross Indecency of Quite Material People, and wondering whether he should confute all Ancient Mariners in his Great Philosophy (which was too Good to be Published).

Also how a Pretty Waitress threw herself into the Serpentine that same night, because she had thought the Two Great Men had referred to her when they had said that the Pretty Women of this Generation were bound to bring forth Idiots; but that these Idiots would be so like the Men that the world had been used to that their Idiocy and Weakness would not be discovered until their Death, when it would be found that instead of Hearts they had Lumps of Mud, attached to their Brains, which were Lumps of Clay, by strings of Astral Sea-weed.

All of which shall be explained to the Enlightened Reader in a properly complicated manner, so that it shall pass his Understanding as to How or Why it was written since it has bearing neither on Common-Sense nor Philosophy (which is the refuge of the mentally disappointed or the result of a Great Nausea of all Unimportant Things), but rather appeals to that Inner sense of humour in all Intelligent Persons which derives much Unhealthy Amusement from the realisation of the Enormous Futility of Anything at All; and also to that sense of the Absurd in some Perverted Persons which is greatly attracted by the fact that there is no Beauty in Anything at all but the Perfectly Obvious. All of which will make the Enlightened Reader very angry, and Righteously Indignant at the Perversity of the Author in insisting on showing him the Absurd Impotence of his Ideals to become Attainable Facts, and for holding up his Soul as a Scarecrow for little jeering lumps to throw dirt at. To this the Author good-humouredly replies in the fashion of his Childhood that the Enlightened Reader is a Perfect Fool, and entitled to no consideration at all. And that he is only saved from the punishment of his Folly by his realisation of his total Unimportance and Utter Uselessness to the Human Race. These two Facts the Author admits as applying to Himself, but refuses to admit that He is such a Complete Ass as the Enlightened Reader, since He does not take Himself in the least Seriously. Also, unlike the Enlightened Reader, the Author is not in the least impressed by the great Beauty of the Setting Sun or of the Full Moon, both of which He thinks even more Futile than the Futility of His own Existence, since they cannot control their own Inclinations as to General Appearance, but are at the Mercy of Passing Clouds, while He has made it one of His many Unhealthy Principles to do exactly as He likes, and to cheat the Devil of his Chief Consolation, which is that Men and Women become Benevolent only through their Impotence to understand that they are the only people who matter to themselves and that no one else cares a Damn for them.

All of which it is very Boring for the Author to explain in full, as He should do, for He is Quite Certain that the Enlightened Reader will not have the Faintest Idea of what He is talking about. And this is very pleasant for the Author, since He need not read the Criticisms of His work, being quite certain that the Absolute Idiocy of the Enlightened Reader will ascribe His work to a Harmless Madman with a Perverted sense of humour.

Which is the End of the Preface as far as the Author is concerned, and He hopes that no Benevolent Person will fail to read it for his own Good, even though it may deter him from reading the work which it Prefaces.

A SONG FOR THE LEADERS.

We are the heart that speeds the world,
We are compact in heavenly frame;
Eternal is our clarion Name,
And our broad vans so bright unfurled
Lift ye above that clay from whence ye came.

All truth that in the mind may dwell
Is mirrored in our countenance.
Even by virtue of our glance
We raise ye from your nether hell,
And by our ghostly power we save ye from
mischance.

Bright as brown bracken is our hair,
Our bodies marble that is not hard.
No fairness sung of any bard
Can tell ye of our foreheads fair,
Nor of that living love in our serene regard.

Our eyes be as blue as heaven,
And our still feet as clear as snow.
There is no lore we do not know,
We are your salt, and mighty leaven,
O what ails all of ye, to spurn our wisdom so?

For every summer leaf ye see
Is written with our joyful word.
And every little chanting bird
Singeth aloud our life to ye,
And by the ocean sands our kingly voice is heard.

We are triumphant in the dawn:
Our majesty is the wood,
And in the vast, resistless flood:
Arise, for ye are yet unborn!
Ye do not know a tithe of what is fair and good.

RUTH PITTER.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE FOREIGN EXCHANGE.

Sir,—The gist of Mr. Puttick's contention is that as an excessive paper issue will raise prices, including those of imported goods, the tendency is for the total value of such imported goods to increase without there being any corresponding increase in the total value of exported goods; hence, there will be a further decrease in the exchange rate due to these paper issues. I would ask whether it is a fact that as prices have risen in this country *therefore* Americans are able to sell their goods in America to our importers at a higher price, for if the enhanced price be due to increased freights, commissions, insurance and profits payable to Britishers such increased price does not affect the American exchange rate; at least such is my understanding of the matter.

Further, Mr. Puttick sees Germany's sins in the matter of creation of paper money, but closes his eyes to our sins in the matter of creation of credit money. In the first nine months of the war the total "deposits" increased from about £1,150,000,000 to about £1,400,000,000; a big increase in the purchasing power, and this was prior to the last war loan. I have not much faith in the statements of our bankers and financiers, but listen to Sir Edward Holden in his annual address to the shareholders of the London City and Midland Bank:—

"We must recognise the great economic changes which have taken place since the beginning of the war, the greatest and most important of which has been the large increase of credit. . . . This extended credit consists principally of national loans . . . if applicants for the loans borrow from their bankers, they create credit. If the Bank of England makes loans to our Allies or to others, it increases credit. But all these credits, created by loans or other borrowings, find their way ultimately to a great extent to the Joint Stock Banks, and thus we see the large increases which have taken place in the deposits of these banks since the beginning of the war." He gives that single bank's increase as being, from June, 1914, the sum of £95,000,000 to £147,700,000 in December, 1915: if we assume a proportionate increase in the deposits of all our banks we find an increase of £630,000,000; a truly colossal increase in purchasing power, approximately 54 per cent. No wonder prices have risen, though our paper issues are relatively small.

F. B. SINCLAIR.

WAR WORK.

Sir,—Your reference to the system of "limited profits" as a Guild principle and as part cause of the order prevailing in munition works is, I suspect, no more than a slip made in an unguarded moment. I have not time to hunt through the Notes of recent weeks to discover signs that you appreciate the true situation.

Any way, the fact is that, under this precious system, profits are allowed in proportion, not to output, but to expenditure. So that the manager's concern is not to secure as large an output as possible, but to show the biggest expense account (wages bill, etc.) possible. That is why the idleness prevalent in Government dockyards is equalled by the idleness in the big private yards. That is why the munition tribunals witness the amazing spectacle of managers fighting tooth and nail to retain the services of utterly worthless employees.

The application of Guild principles to the Government's own dockyards would, I believe, bring about the end of the shameful slackness which now obtains there. The Government's plan was different. The Admiralty sent round the yards certain costly experts to discover what speeding-up might be done. The experts were shown round by the local officials whose management they were to find fault with. Information as to when and where they were to be expected was sent through the descending grades of officials down to the men, who were warned to be on their guard. You may guess what good resulted from the visits of the experts.

Of all these matters you may hear more anon.

MUNITION WORKER.

ENGLAND AND TURKEY.

Sir,—Your correspondent Mr. A. H. Murray writes: "It is unnecessary for Mr. Pickthall to recapitulate his pro-Turkish propaganda of the last three years."

On the contrary, it is necessary, in the case of Mr. Murray, who has evidently misunderstood the nature of that propaganda, and has missed its more important points, and I am grateful to him for affording me the

opportunity of reiterating truths which cannot be too often stated.

"It is difficult to understand how Mr. Pickthall can still maintain his assertions that England has so often been offered the control of Turkey's affairs, when we now know the duration and extent of German financial influence in Turkey."

That British protection was in a general sense desired by the Young Turks at the time of the revolution, and till England made it clear that she would not, or could not, extend such protection, is a fact of common knowledge. That England was offered a virtual protectorate of the whole Ottoman Empire in 1913 I happen to know for certain. And I see no reason why I should not "still maintain" assertions which I know to be correct.

Mr. Murray continues: "There are some things beyond the power of politicians, even in the best organised countries; revolutionary countries dare not run counter to economic forces."

I dispute the accuracy of this statement upon general grounds. Surely it is the best organised countries which are most subservient to economic forces; and as to what revolutionaries dare or dare not undertake, he is a bold man who thus dogmatizes. In any case, the statement has no bearing on the case of Turkey, because at the time of the revolution the German financial influence was not absolute, nor great enough to constitute a compelling economic force. Other powerful financial influences were still in conflict with it, and it required, in fact, a veritable financial boycott of the Turkish Government by the Entente Powers to force the new regime in Turkey to accept the German influence.

Mr. Murray proceeds to give an example of my gift for "terminological inexactitudes" in the allegation that I have persistently asserted "that Lord Hardinge is unpopular as a Russophil." I do not remember ever to have used the word unpopular in connection with Lord Hardinge. I fancy that I made all due allowance for his charm of manner. Let me quote from one of the letters to which Mr. Murray here alludes, to illustrate my real views on the Indian situation:

"It is true" (I wrote in THE NEW AGE, July 8, 1915) "that I distrust professional diplomatists, especially as rulers in the East. My reason is that the diplomatist, by training, is subservient to every fad of the Home Government. He is an absolute opportunist, incapable of defending his charge from an unwise demand if this should emanate from what he calls authority. He may be personally guileless; the guile is pretty sure to be provided by the Imperial Government, which often needs a stout opponent in the Viceroy, as we have seen in this unhappy business of the Caliphate. Orientals do not readily distinguish guile from opportunism; nor, I must confess, do I. Fixed principles, strong character, and scrupulous honesty are the qualities which they expect from Englishmen; and in these the Anglo-Egyptian officials are not lacking. Personally, I have found their manner disagreeable; they may be all reactionaries, as alleged by S. Verdad; but they do, as a class, know India; many of them have a true affection for the country; and, generally speaking, they enjoy the respect and confidence of the masses of the population. The Imperial Government, upon the other hand, does not know India, has no love for it, and takes a very superficial view of Indian feeling and requirements. The distrust of Russia felt by Indians, the result in some degree of our instructions in the past, is real, let S. Verdad believe me."

It is clear, I think, from the above, that I was not attempting to show that Lord Hardinge was personally unpopular, but that the Russian policy which he, as the servant of the Imperial Government, in opposition to the general sentiment of Anglo-Indian officialdom, represented, was unpopular in India. It was and is. In reply to Mr. Murray's claim: "I have been an Anglo-Indian, and I know," I might quote S. Verdad upon the subject of Anglo-Indian intelligence. But I say no more than "Non sequitur." Not every Anglo-Indian knows, by any means. Was Mr. Murray perchance a political officer?

MARMADUKE PICKTHALL.

AS IT WAS IN THE BEGINNING, ETC.

Sir,—I am not an official, and therefore in India am rightly regarded by officials as an unreliable person who has not learnt to keep step with the regulated gait of bureaucracy. But measured on a standard other than that of bureaucracy, I am not too hopelessly inefficient to be able to do my microscopical bit. Therefore, though possessing a proper appreciation of my outcasted inferiority, I was bold enough to offer to take some little trifling weight

off the overburdened junior shoulders of the important people. My offer led to a correspondence, if such term can be applied to the passage of letters travelling in one direction only. I wrote, I think, in all seven times, but in spite of this correspondence my bit remained to be done. Lately, however, the port where at present I am living was aroused from its over-activity by the announcement that some hundreds of wounded were going to arrive, to be transferred to various base hospitals. For one duty there was not an available organiser, and in a casual conversation I was asked, not officially, but as an accidental overflow of a troubled brain: "Who would be able to do the job?" I mentioned that I could, and the conversation came to an effective close.

Presumably there succeeded a period of rumination, in which the presumption of the outcast and the difficulty of getting the order from above carried out were duly balanced. But as days passed the matter became more urgent, and eventually I received a summons, and was told that there was only a day or two left, and I must get to work instantly. There was, indeed, a considerable flurry. I had to get fifty, a hundred, two hundred men, if possible, and teach them stretcher drill, so that they should be prepared to carry the wounded from ship to train. I asked when the transports would arrive. That was unknown. When, what, how, all unknown. We must be prepared for a Government spring. There are no submarines in these waters, nevertheless this secrecy was understandable. How many stretchers were obtainable? This was also unknown. No doubt this fact had unavoidably become involved in the general fog. I was given the names of some officials who could help me to get men. I said I would begin at once. I would telephone and make immediate appointments. I was told that I could not telephone. "Why not?" I saw the telephone downstairs," I remonstrated. "The telephone is not in my department," was the answer. It was a military telephone, not a medical-military telephone. I considered the matter. I am not an official. I was not likely to be put against a wall and shot. I risked it, and thereby did my microscopical bit. I telephoned for the next half-hour. Several officials passed the while, but asked no questions. I presumed that this specific telephone was not in their departments.

I telephoned first to the hospital to ask how many stretchers were lodged there. I was answered by a captain, whose colour, of course, I could not ascertain through the telephone. He told me he knew, but he would not tell me without an order from some colonel. I could not resort to my authority in the building, for fear my trespass upon the telephone would be disclosed. So I asked the colonel's name, and, having got it concisely, I said, "Why, he himself told me to find out!" The number of stretchers were then given to me, but I had run another risk—I had added another microscopical bit. I then made my appointments. There were two volunteer drill halls and grounds where I could get my men together. I went to the chief of the first. He conveyed to me his willingness to lend me his precincts, provided I did not apply to No. 2. I agreed to this, and said I would ask No. 2's men to come to his grounds. This he declared to be impossible. He was not on speaking terms with No. 2. Both men being the heads of associations designed to serve the country were united by the bond of blood. But they and their associates lived in the same place and comparisons had been made. The question as to which of the two associations was the superior had not been definitely settled, so a state of tension still prevailed. There was nothing for it but to give the required assurances. A time was arranged that evening, and men were promised. We parted cordially.

I then went to No. 2. The same scene was enacted, the same assurances given. I arranged a time immediately following that for No. 1. I trusted there would in this way not be a sufficient interval in which the value of my assurances would be discovered. I realised as I got outside how right the officials were not to use men of my calibre unless the direst urgency arose.

My next visit was to the local secretary of the S.Y.A.A. Here I was met with a further difficulty. It appeared that the S.Y.A.A. of another Indian and rival port had carried out the work which I was attempting to organise, without outside help. The prestige of our S.Y.A.A. was at stake, and I was told that I was to only make use of men with first-aid certificates. I quite understood, I sympathised, but I wanted to get the wounded men off the boats, and the men with certificates were insufficient in number. "I propose to use certificated men as guides to the others," I said, by some fortunate intuition. "In that case I will get you the men," was the reply;

"but the others you use must be drilled according to regulations." Now, I had no time to drill these divided groups—for there were others besides those I have mentioned—if the wounded arrived in 48 hours. But I had time to show them how to lift men on to the stretcher, to carry them, and to lift them off again. In my heart, then, I intended to omit such directions as "Each bearer in turn lays hold of the handle at the head end of the stretcher, raises it to the perpendicular position in front of him with the left hand," etc. So I took the necessary steps according to the regulation gait and departed with men promised and time arranged.

My next visit was perhaps superfluous. I thought I would get the ladies to have a refreshment stall at the landing place, in case there was long delay and the wounded required warm drinks or simple food. I attended upon a lofty lady for this purpose. Here I was met in a forcible way by the fact that there were two associations in the place—a patriotic league and an ambulance association branch. I opened my request by saying, "Madam, knowing the excellent work your league has done—" The lady here met me with wild eyes of defiance. I realised my mistake. She belonged to the association. She was most gracious, however; but that original look had escaped her, and I realised that this side issue of the project could not be pushed through with the time at my disposal. So I left her in a state of ambiguity, promising to write. After all, stretchers were more important than warm drinks, so I went and gathered together all the available stretchers. In the allotted time we were ready for the call with stretchers and with bearers who had acquired the necessary, if not the full, official knowledge.

I have not consciously exaggerated the above facts, which I have brought forward to bear out a contention I maintained in a recent article in *THE NEW AGE*—namely, that men and women are not radically changed by a condition of war, and in the mass are unable to take a profounder view of life in war time than that which they take in peace.

* * *

CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTORS.

Sir,—I have read C. E. M. J.'s letter on Conscientious Objectors, and am inclined to think that like many others he is bothering himself with minor details. If we take the accepted rendering of Conscience it means that which a man merely *believes* to be right or wrong. The literal rendering on the other hand, viz., *conscience*, means that which a man *knows* to be right or wrong. But whether it is a question of faith, intellectual conviction, or even taste—which personally I think can have no place in the present tragic emergency—what does it matter? In times like the present, no man's life is his own, and he has only to decide the point of view for which he is prepared to lay it down if circumstances enforce it. At the present moment there is one common cause to be upheld and two points of view as to the best method of attaining it. The cause is the abolition of war. The two points of view as to the best method of attaining it are (1) Engaging in war-like activities, with its consequent dangers, and (2) A resolute refusal to do so, *whatever the consequences*. Both are a matter of life or death. What, then, does it matter whether you only *believe* or you actually *know* to be right the course you adopt? The thing that matters is the determination and courage to stick to it.

T.C.

MEN AT WAR.

Sir,—Your contributor "B" is working the same old stunt which has amused the infantryman since the beginning of the war. The example of the Dublin Fusilier and of the young soldier who was clubbed will naturally be regarded as typical of the attitude of wounded men. As an infantryman who has seen nearly twelve months' active service, I deny the assertion that the fascination of "this life with the regiment" is strong enough to induce cravings for the trenches. Instances do occur, but they are very rare; and when they are picked out as representing the many thousands, they give an entirely false impression.

"B" may be writing in good faith—no doubt he is. He forgets, however, that while he is studying the psychology of the Tommy (I hate using that word!), the latter has already summed him up completely and categorically. When the wounded man meets a susceptible and sentimental M.O., he knows that by reiterating his desire to go back to the trenches, he stands a good chance of being marked for the hospital ship. Some doctors like the truth; they all think they get it if it gratifies their conception of the human mind. If "B" were to spend a few days up to

his knees in mud in an enfiladed trench under heavy shell fire, he would regard with suspicion statements of this kind.

ANDRÉ B.

* * *

"PRO CHRISTO ET ECCLESIA."

Sir,—It is a rare thing to catch "R. H. C." napping. Most of his readers had come to regard him as the possessor of a sleepless eye (*ἀπύρνα ὀφθαλμῶν τέλη*). But sad it is to relate that he is wrong, quite wrong, about "Pro Christo et Ecclesia." If he will take the trouble to read again this essay he will see by internal evidence that the author is an authoress! Therefore the suggestion in his comments falls to the ground. Here we have no "professional theologian," nor does the language smell of "the pulpit," though it may of "the study." A further reading of the book will make clear to "R. H. C." why it is that the language of the book does not persuade him "that the author is himself such a hail-fellow-well-met with the world as his master." For the fact is that the authorship belongs to a lady, and a novelist to boot—and no inconsiderable one at that. The secret is well buried in "Who's Who."

I should like to know if "R. H. C." is prepared to read again and recant. For the book is one which all parsons and "professional theologians" should read at least once a year for their soul's health.

In regard to Walter Bagehot, whom "R. H. C." and myself so much admire, I cannot but think that both *THE NEW AGE* and "R. H. C." would do well to lay to heart the lesson which Bagehot never forgot, viz.: The necessity to allow for and calculate upon the ever present bulk of popular stupidity in the English race, upon which stratum of our national soil philosophers, priests, prophets and statesmen—to say nothing of reformers—have so often shattered themselves. It may be that upon this not negligible quantity both National Guilds and *THE NEW AGE* may dash themselves in pieces. May I say that, if so, I hope to be among the pieces?

C. E. SEAMER.

* * *

THE U.D.C. AND THE ANTI-GERMAN UNION.

Sir,—In view of the fact that the Union of Democratic Control is the Anti-German Union's special object of attack, may I crave the hospitality of your columns to bring the following information before your readers.

The Hammersmith Branch of the Union of Democratic Control has made repeated efforts to obtain a speaker from the Anti-German Union to explain their policy. The refusal is based on the ground that many of the U.D.C. members are "disloyal" and "pro-German." The curious thing about this is that Sir George Makgill did not discover this at the beginning of the correspondence.

When I first wrote for a speaker he replied that, if I would state terms of debate, he would "gladly go further into the matter." It was *after* I stated terms of discussion and debate—all favourable to the Anti-German Union—that Sir George Makgill discovered we were so disloyal he could not let us have a speaker.

Now, if the Anti-German Union is honestly desirous of converting people to what they consider loyalty, they will not do it simply by charging their opponents with disloyalty. They must show to them their errors. It cannot be that they are afraid lest their speaker should be corrupted by the U.D.C.

There seem to me to be only two reasons for their curious attitude. Either they are not sincere in their propaganda, or they do not think their case sufficiently strong to stand the test of a critical U.D.C. audience.

It is needless to state in a paper like yours that there is absolutely no foundation for the charges of disloyalty and pro-Germanism levelled at us by these people who refuse to meet us in discussion. Of course, they have a perfect right not to discuss with us, but it is very significant.

BEATRICE L. KING,

Hon. Sec., Hammersmith Branch.

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SKETCH FOR A PICTURE: VILLAGE DRAMA.

By AUGUSTUS JOHN.