NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Mr. Hughes, the Australian Prime Minister, who has been recently delivering a series of speeches in this country, is a man of whom it may be said that his heart is in the right place. Of so many men, however, who are not Prime Ministers the same can be said that the quality is no particular distinction. But what else country, is a man of whom it may be said that his heart to any practical economists. To the credit of his heart we hundred thousand ordinary men who are the despair of may put, if we please, his conception of Imperialism as a Socialist Imperialist we confess we do not know; for upon every matter in which thought as well as heart is necessary he appears to us to be one of the ten or a hundred thousand ordinary men who are the despair of practical economists. To the credit of his heart we may put, if we please, his conception of Imperialism as "a community of spiritual ideas concerning justice, liberty and social progress"; and to the same account we willingly place his "feeling" that "every man should be paid such a wage as would enable him to marry and to bring up a family." But when we inquire what means Mr. Hughes proposes to bring about these excellent ends, not only do we draw a blank, but such positive ignorance flows out that we "feel" he should rather be lectured than lectured. In his pious interview with Mr. Harold Begbie of the "Daily Chronicle," he delivered himself, we must suppose, as fully as his mind permits—but with what result? First, he informed the world that "he would organise the Empire in such a way that poverty would become a crime; and so that every man should feel himself essential to the greatness and the goodness and the happiness of the whole." Yes, yes, Mr. Hughes, but by what means? The only means to our knowledge is to lift Labour out of the category of commodities—but of this Mr. Hughes did not even hint that he had the smallest notion. Next, he held up for our example the conduct of the Australian Socialist Labour Party, of which he has been from its commencement a leading member. In happy Australia, he said, the trade which could not afford to pay honourable wages to its workmen was not allowed to exist. Excellent again, but if we inquire with Mr. Begbie what terrible havoc such legislation makes of the rights of Capital, Mr. Hughes innocently replies that it makes no havoc at all. "He assured me," writes Mr. Begbie, "that Capital had increased considerably during the last ten years, and that many capitalists say that their greatest security lies in a healthy, moral and contented democracy." We have no doubt whatever that this is the case; but for the life of us we do not see why Mr. Hughes calls himself either a Socialist or a Labour man, when plainly he is simply a particularly far-seeing and subtle friend of Capital. For the assumption upon which he plainly proceeds is the assumption upon which enlightened Capitalists everywhere proceed, namely, that the more healthy, contented and moral workmen are, the more profit can be got out of them. Why, it is the discovery of modern times, and the whole secret of social reform. Social reform pays, because it ensures a class of workmen progressively skilful and at the same time progressively docile. But is it the work of devoted Socialists to maintain the capitalist system by oiling its parts? On the contrary, let the capitalists do it themselves.

Mr. Hughes was sufficiently up to date in another respect to denounce with the loudest of the "times" leader-writers the theories of Syndicalism on the ground that they contradicted Socialism. Socialism, he said, would make the individual subservient to the State, while Syndicalism (horrible to relate!) would make the State subservient to the individual. We agree that as well as being impossible the latter is undesirable; and we repeat that we are not Syndicalists. But is the so-called Socialist alternative that makes the individual subservient to the State any better than the doctrine that reduces the State to subservience to the individual? If the one is anarchy when carried to an extreme, surely the other is tyranny before it has got very far. And there are more numerous examples of the second than of the first! The resolution of the conflict of ideas,
bottom for trade, it is not to be expected that Germany would consent to a permanent trade disability without, at any rate, compelling her enemies to keep themselves well armed. As a matter of fact, we confidently prophesy an era of militarism as a necessary sequel to a trade-war upon Germany, and an era begun at home. Is the creation of gratuitous occasion for war the object of Mr. Hughes and his fellows? Do not the ordinary operations of mankind provide occasions enough for war without adding by deliberate design to their number?

Still further, we doubt even the possibility of the trade-war as defined by its extreme advocates. They, it appears, are under the impression that it would be comparatively easy for the Allies to agree not to trade with Germany after the war any more than during the war itself. But the conditions of peace, it ought to be unnecessary to point out, are not the conditions of war. A permanent blockade of Germany is impossible in peacetime even if each of the Allies desired to maintain it; and for this assumption there is and can be no reason and warrant. Suppose that Russia, say, desires certain goods that Germany can produce more cheaply, not only not Russian herself, but than the rest of the world. Russia nevertheless be forced to buy cheap in order to do one of two things: to create profit for her or for their Allies' profiteers? From the point of view of Germany's individual trade rivals in Allied countries nothing of course than the abolition of German competition; they might then, having a monopoly, charge what they pleased and make as few improvements in their goods as wealth without brains would suggest. But is it under the cover of patriotism that we desire to line the pockets of our Allies' profiteers? From the point of view of the present neutral countries to join with us in a trade-war? For at once, if it were attempted, Germany would stand as the ally against the trade exploiters both of herself and of consumers everywhere. Sooner or later the boycott would break down. Nor are either the prospects for us from a boycott of Germany so rosy, or her prospects from the same cause so black, that our action would be much better than spiting her face by cutting off our nose. We cannot expect to induce the present neutral countries to join with us in a trade-war if they have not joined with us in a military war. Germany's trade with them still, therefore, go on at least as well as before. Nay, it will go on, we will be concentrated. Moreover, we may expect that Germany will not sit and do nothing under our boycott. If we can organise the Allies against Germany, surely Germany can organise the neutrals against us. What prospect is there for our trade—shut out by our own act from commerce with Germany, and by Germany's act from commerce with neutrals? We should, indeed, need to become self-sufficient. And what, on the other side, is offered us by the policy? Preferential trade with the Dominions and with our present Allies, it is to be presumed. Very good; but our trade with Russia is still trifling in comparison with our old trade with Germany; and while the grass is growing the steel would be starving. Our trade with the Dominions is a poor second to our German trade; and the population of all our Dominions together is only about one-sixth of the population of the Central Powers. From our national point of view, therefore, the cost of the policy is much too high for the advantages to be derived from it. The Dominions undoubtedly would find their profit in it if we limited our purchases to their shops; but, in the meantime, since our production much exceeds their demand, we should be left, for want of a market, with goods upon our hands. But the essence of commerce is the market; and it stands to reason that the bigger the market the better. In the proposal to exclude Germany from our list of buyers (for, of course, Germany will not buy very much in necessaries), we see it would be an attempt under the cover of Imperialism and patriotism
and anti-Prussianism, to ensure this country a defeat in trade after our success in war.

All this, however, is not to say that we should not be wise to take some trade measures after the war. But a trade policy is not a trade-war; and it is a trade policy we would advocate. For instance, it has been discovered (though anybody might have known it before) that certain industries, essential to our national security, have been neglected in this country for no other reason than that they failed to make a financial profit. Being essential, however, it is desirable that, whether financially profitable or not, they should be maintained here; and their maintenance is thus a matter of policy. To represent this action as trade-war is both to conceal its economic character and to play into the hands at home of those who are trying to prove that the industries in question are of such a character that they must be maintained in our own hands; and to the latter we could say that, at any rate, no private profit would be made out of the high prices that must needs be charged. Failing national policy, to which the latter part could say that the industries in question are of such a character that they must be maintained in our own hands; and to the latter we could say that, at any rate, no private profit would be made out of the high prices that must needs be charged. Failing national policy, to which the latter part could say that the protection of such industries might be challenged on both grounds, on the ground that the act is one of war and not of policy, and on the ground that its secondary object is the enrichment of certain manufacturers at the national expense. We do not say that such a policy will not be possible. Any policy is possible for a parliament composed mainly of commercial men on the private make. But that there is anything national in it we deny. The only proof we have at hand to show that Protection is a national policy is the nationalisation of every protected industry. That admitted, we are the extremes of Protectionists. That denied, we remain in favour of Free Trade.

M. Egaroff, one of our Russian visitors, and the Foreign Editor of the "Novoye Vremya," has been permitted to address to this nation through the columns of the "Times" a warning against interfering in the internal affairs of Russia. "I will say quite frankly," he writes, "that any hint on the part of my English friends of interference in this [the constitutional] question of our domestic concerns would meet with a vigorous response." We are not in the least suggesting that this country should offer any advice to the people of Russia; but that M. Egaroff's English friends, private people like ourselves, presume, should be warned off comment upon Russia's constitutional problems is, we contend, an unwarrantable interference in our private affairs, and a reactionary piece of impertinence into the bargain. Still in the midst of a gigantic war, the object of which (if it has any) is the forcible annexation of some foreign country, it is a little inconsistent on the part of M. Egaroff to choose the present moment to tell us that Russia's constitutional question is no affair of ours. On the contrary, it is very much our affair, if not officially, at least nationally. How much better it would have been if we had all sat it out to-day if in the past we, as a nation, had taken a greater interest in the internal affairs of Germany. The world might then have been spared the present bloody interest. Would M. Egaroff have us take no intellectual interest in his country's affairs only, one of these days, to find ourselves compelled to take another sort of interest altogether? The doctrine he expounds is reactionary; and we would advise private persons, including our Press, to ignore it or to oppose it. The time is out of date for warning any nation in Europe that it has no concern with the springs of policy of every other nation.

That Mr. Asquith's pledge to the married men which involved this country in Compulsory service would involve us also in confusion we were among the journals to foresee; but how desperate the mudlark has become nobody could have guessed. The redemption of the pledge turned, it will be remembered, upon the number of single eligible men remaining untested, and upon the question whether the number was or was not a "negligible minority." The Compulsionists, on the one hand, more desirous of Compulsion than of men, made it their business to magnify the number until it became sufficient to break down Mr. Asquith's reluctance to abandon the Voluntary system. At the same time, without intending so, perhaps, caring about it, they led the attested married men to believe that, once Compulsory service was applied to single men, married men would never be called upon. The Voluntaryists, on the other hand, in the hope of a small numerical inferiority of the minority of the "slackers," were disposed to minimise their number and to challenge Lord Derby's figures as mere guess-work. Which of the two parties to the dispute has proved in the end more nearly right in its calculations may be seen from the fact, now everywhere being bitterly resented, that married men are being called up by the military authorities almost as if the 651,000 single men of Lord Derby's estimate had never existed. It will be still more plain from the following figure on good authority, which we have on good authority, appears to us that the protection of such industries might be challenged on both grounds, on the ground that the act is one of war and not of policy, and on the ground that its secondary object is the enrichment of certain manufacturers at the national expense. We do not say that such a policy will not be possible. Any policy is possible for a parliament composed mainly of commercial men on the private make. But that there is anything national in it we deny. The only proof we have at hand to show that Protection is a national policy is the nationalisation of every protected industry. That admitted, we are the extremes of Protectionists. That denied, we remain in favour of Free Trade.

FROM THE SPANISH.

(Anonymous. Sixteenth Century.)

When thou, confounding moth, aspired
To throw thyself into the flame,
What glory cheateth thee?

If thou desirest To emulate the Phoenix' fame
Thou werest fatal vanity.
When fire hath cherish'd thy pinions brent,
Ah! stay thy flight,

When thy look, thy fascinating, light
Thy beacon's excellence

If fire hath perish'd and the most
Thy breasts thou desirest

Thy perfumes, will they thrive?

From three natures will revive

The praise of chaste?

Cease, wanton, cease,

To tempt the harm!

Play not the gallant,

Nor declare

Thy beacon's excellence

Every wick and star.

Ah! stay thy flight,

Let me not plead in vain,

I see thy pinions brent,

And lo, thy fascinating, light

For sacrifice

Now threateth splendid pain.

Thy disdain or scorn not my advice;

Let me not plead in vain,

The life so soon in folly spent

Impossible 'tis to regain.

TROJAN.
DESCRIPTION of a large document with significant text, possibly from a newspaper article. The text discusses various topics including the blockade of Germany, trade with neutral countries, and the impact of the war on the countries involved. The article is titled "Foreign Affairs" by S. Verdad and appears in the March 23, 1916 issue of "The New Age." The text is rich with historical context and includes references to specific newspapers, government statements, and public opinion. The article is a detailed analysis of the blockade and its effects on neutral countries, as well as the reactions of various newspapers and officials. The language is formal and the tone is informative, with a focus on providing evidence and arguments to support the author's points.
Unedited Opinions.

The Conditions of Peace.

You were saying last week that while the militarist hegemony of Prussia in Germany remains, a permanent peace is impossible. I suppose you have seen the peace conditions laid down by Mr. Asquith?

I have, of course; but I confess that I must be a fool or he must be a lawyer if they are really expressed, as he claims they were, in "clear, direct, explicit and emphatic language." On the contrary, I find much wanting in his terms to make them even passably full or passably intelligible. What, for instance, is meant exactly by Belgium's recovery of "all and more than all" she has sacrificed? You cannot "recover" more than all you have lost. What, again, is adequate security for France against the menace of aggression? What is an unassailable foundation for the rights of smaller nationalities? And, finally, what is implied in the whole and final destruction of the military domination of Prussia? Its military domination where? In Europe in general or in Germany in particular?

But do you think that the terms could have been more clearly stated? That they could have been no doubt. In fact, I would ask whether they could be less clearly stated. But whether it would be wise to state them more clearly is another matter. Probably not.

Not? But what reasons can there be against stating the terms as clearly, directly, explicitly and emphatically as language allows?

Well, in the first place, a margin for interpretation must be allowed for unforeseen circumstances. Too exactly particularised objects might change their character during the war; yet the parties would feel verbally bound by them. In the second place, it may be that the precise and official promulgation of our objects would either delay or help to defeat them; I rather think it would in the present instance. Why, what do you suppose is the object we dare not too explicitly avow?

A constitutional revolution in Germany itself. Is there any evidence that such, in fact, is the agreed object of the Allies?

Officially, perhaps, none, unless you assume that this is the proper interpretation of Mr. Asquith's clause regarding "the military domination of Prussia." And, in my view, this is its proper interpretation. But of other evidence there is sufficient to establish a reasonable probability, at any rate. Look, for example, at Lord Haldane's hint that the Allies might decline to treat with the Prussian General Staff. Is not that nearly explicit? I rely mainly, however, upon commonsense—upon the inconceivability of any other equally comprehensive and equally common Allied object.

But what precisely might be feared from its explicit publication?

Among other things; it would officially commit this country and its Allies to a policy which they have often repudiated, and which they may wish to repudiate again—the policy of interfering in the internal affairs of foreign countries. I do not myself approve of a self-imposed policy of non-interference. On the contrary, I believe that it is selfish and immoral; and, in the long run, impossible to maintain. Far from being of no concern to its neighbours (and communication has now made neighbours of all the nations of the world), the internal affairs of a particular, the nature of the sovereignty—of a people, are almost as much their business as their own affairs. On the other hand, I cannot deny that the doctrine of non-interference, though honoured in the breach, is sometimes convenient in the observance.

Well, pass that as one of the objections against announcing our object, though I agree with you that it is not decisive—what others are there?

There is a very delicate circumstance connected with one of our Allies that makes the avowal of our real object a little—shall I say?—difficult. I refer to Russia's autocracy. You realise, of course, that an Allied demand for a constitutional revolution in Germany might meet with the retort upon one of the physicians to heal himself first. The point would be, in my judgment, a debating point only. But the opinion of the world is composed of debating points.

Why do you think it is only a debating point? Because the Russian autocracy, however similar in some respects to that of Prussia, has not developed to the same extent the particular vice of militarism. Its militarist character is, therefore, still in the egg. And, again, I do not believe that it will ever hatch out.

What, you think Russia may become a constitutional Government?

Given certain conditions, involved in the present war, yes, and before very long. Note that the Tsar in person opened the Duma a few weeks ago with a Speech from the Throne. And there are other incidents, too, which indicate that Russia is at the cross-roads. I will, if you like, discuss the subject one day. Meanwhile, without undue optimism, I think that Germany's retort upon Russia, though awkward enough to be avoided if possible, is still unanswerable. We may even hope that the terms of settlement will include the constitutionalisation of Russia with that of Prussia. England, in fact, ought to insist upon it; and, perhaps, this concession is up our sleeve. I'm sure I hope it will come down if it is there.

Lastly, the chief objections, I fancy, to the official avowal of our constitutional designs upon Germany are the hardening of heart it might produce in the German people; and the handle it would lend the Prussians against their domestic constitutional reformers. For the announcement would imply that the German people have been wrong in consenting to the Prussian military domination; and, again, such Germans as were prepared to admit it might be accused of conniving with Germany's enemies. And we know from our own experience what forces national conceit engenders upon charges of treason.

On the whole, then, you think that Mr. Asquith's vagueness is wise in the circumstances?

I do.

But suppose that in consequence of not publishing these exact terms, thereby leading the world to conclude that the Allies have no vital common object, one or other of our Allies should retire from the Alliance with its particular object achieved and leave us with this secret common object unattained?

I do not believe for a moment, nor have I believed throughout the war, that a separate peace on the part of any of our Allies is even within probability. The reasons against such a course are too many and too good.

What reasons, for example?

Well, to begin with, it is not denied that each of the Allies has her own peculiar object for engaging in the war in addition to the common object; but what I would deny is that any of these peculiar objects can be securely obtained by any of the individual parties, without the attainment of the common object. The attainment of the common object is, in fact, the condition of attainment of the respective particular objects.

Is that really the case? Cannot it be conceived that France, say, or Russia or Italy, might be nationally satisfied by Germany without involving Germany's surrender on the constitutional question?

There is recent history to answer you in part, for you do not suppose that such offers have not been made. Why have they not been accepted? The reason, it appears to me, is that, besides merely obtaining their particular objects, each of the Allies desires to secure them; and security is impossible without the fulfilment of the common object. A treaty, in fact, between any one of the Allies and the Prussian General Staff, while it might concede the former everything she asked, would
be only a scrap of paper to be torn up by Prussia at the first convenient opportunity. The Allies are certainly capable of making this reflection themselves; and it appears to me to dispose entirely of the suggestion of a separate peace.

Have you formed any idea of the chances of Germany finally accepting this common condition of peace with the Allies? Surely under the most favourable circumstances her resistance will be prolonged; and under any less favourable circumstances than the most favourable may it not be prolonged to infinity? Is a conclusive peace upon these terms possible, let alone probable?

I do not know; but there are better grounds for hope than for despair. Let me enumerate a few of them. In the first place, it must be remembered that a constitutional revolution is (or, at any rate, was) as much an object of German reformers as it is now of the Allies. Before the war, indeed, the German reform party, all told, was as nearly as anything in a majority; and it was, I believe, only by a vote or two that the sword was cast against the ballot-box. Is it therefore beyond reasonable expectation that this party may renew its attempts and, with the powerful assistance of the Allies, will not this time successfully? The one fact to which I refer is, of course, the dissipation of the myth of Prussian military invincibility.

But had that myth really any strong hold upon the German mind? I believe it was an obsession of mediæval intensity. Catholics have never believed in the infallibility of the Pope more unquestioningly than the Germans believed in the invincibility of Prussia. We can, therefore, guess with what effect upon the edifice erected on it this myth is being destroyed. I confidently expect to see one day Prussia toppling down among the crumbling foundations of Germany's faith in her. Next, it is to be supposed that if none of the Allies singly will surrender even upon terms; all the Allies together will not conclude peace until their common term is conceded. The Reform party in Germany may therefore look forward to a long opportunity; and its motto need not be Now or Never, but Sooner or Later.

You think, then, that the Allies will hold out as well as together?

I cannot think otherwise. The effort required is enormous; and the internal adaptations of each of the nations to the external demands must needs be revolutionary. In short, to bring about a constitutional revolution in Germany the Allies must be prepared to accept an economic revolution in their own countries.

But are they so prepared?

Ah, there is my only fear. I fear that the resistance of the English plutocracy to the economic revolution necessary to victory may be even more prolonged than the resistance of Prussia to the political revolution of Germany. Absit omen!

Assuming that all goes well, how do you think that peace will be brought about, by what means will it be established, and what form will the Peace Conference take?

My opinion is that peace can be brought about only by the unconditional surrender of Prussia; that it must thereafter be established by the disestablishment of the Prussian military hegemony: and, finally, that it must be particularly defined in a Conference of all the Powers sitting, if need be, for as long as the war shall have lasted.

But will not that Conference be penal in character and, with Prussia as the guilty party, disposed to inflict harsh terms upon her surrender?

You suggest what must be feared; and hence a fresh reason for the prolongation of Prussia's resistance. With the prospect, indeed, of a penal Conference to follow an unconditional surrender, I myself and you and any of us would never give in while we could stand and see. But ought not exactly that threat to be removed?

By what means?

You may remember that Sir Edward Grey at the eleventh hour before war broke out offered Germany a European Conference for the reasonable and peaceful discussion of her problems. What is to prevent that offer from being repeated at the first interval of the war?

With no punishment for Germany, no revenge for her crimes against Europe, civilisation and international law?

But have we not assumed that Prussia and not Germany is the criminal; and will not the deposition of Prussia and her everlasting exile be revenge enough upon her? . . . But we will talk of this another day, if you like.

A Pathological View of the Hyphenated States.

III.

ANÆMIA.

Nor having achieved nationality, but rather, having had nationality thrust upon them, the Hyphenated States inevitably cut a poor figure in the present crisis of international (and therefore national) affairs. It is, however, either unjust—or naïve—to complain of the failure of American opinion to find adequate manifestation. The injustice consists in the belief, so frequently heard in Europe, that the States have not acted in a manner commensurate with their position as the greatest neutral Power. As has previously been pointed out in this place, the wavering ignominy of the American foreign policy is, so far from being inadequate, a perfect reflection of the state of public opinion and sentiment. The naiveté consists in our inability, or unwillingness, to recognise the specific peculiarities of the American position. We Europeans persist in regarding America, not as it is, but as an imaginary entity, to which we attribute certain qualities, and from which we then expect certain duties. Ignoring the hyphen—unless to use the term reproachfully against the German population—we profess to be astonished at the absence of any manifest national purpose. Indeed, the vast literature which has accumulated about the United States might well be termed, with apologies to Schopenhauer, "The New World as Will and Representation"—so uniform is the desire to depict appearances rather than realities.

As befits the child of premature birth, the constitution of this hyphenated community is far from robust. Certain organs are so weak as to be almost atrophied, others exhibit a puny strength, while the social being as a whole is markedly unbalanced and inharmonious in the arrangement of its members. Powerful of lung, its faculty of vociferation is far in excess of its capacity for direct and well-ordered action, physical or intellectual. The mental discipline involved by clear thinking is wholly repugnant to an organism which a priori rejects even the most benevolent doses of disciplinary medicine, and whose thinking is done by means of the belly and the nerves. The former has revolutionised the American policy towards Europe, the latter the policy towards Asia, while a combined effort of the two may be said to govern the action of the Republic in all other cases.

The Mexican question has furnished a very remarkable instance of this joint activity, where physical antipathy towards the "Greasers" was neutralised by financial hunger for still unexploited resources to be controlled, apparently, without the necessity of armed intervention. Mexico's misfortune is that she is the only field open to hyphenated imperialists, where the risk of direct conflict with the Powers of Europe and Asia is slight. Europe's difficulty is America's oppor-
tunity for the exercise of a peculiar talent, the repeated demonstration of the axiom: the dollar is mightier than the sword. The bloodless imperialism of the Hyphenated States is one of the most interesting examples of the native gift of concealing thoughts with words. The union with which the imperialistic policies of the United States are carried out by American prophets of democracy derives from a quite sincere conviction of moral superiority. While militaristic nations fight for territory and spheres of action, the peace-loving theorists of Pan-Americanism are too proud to sell. The time-honoured system of purchase, which has added so considerably to the area of the United States, is still the most natural policy to the American mind, which believes, to use its own jargon, in putting colonialism on a spot cash basis. The Spanish-American War was an unpleasant departure from the tradition, which was more clearly reflected when, on a previous occasion, £4,000,000 was fixed as a suitable price for the acquisition of Cuba. However, even that war was marked by a typical "cash" transaction, when the Philippines were obtained for the trifling sum of £4,000,000.

The opportunities for Mr. Gerald Stanley Lee's "inspired millionaires" are obvious, should they decide to collect islands instead of pictures and rare books. They might donate an empire instead of a museum to their grateful fellow-citizens. Their public spirit has not had occasion to develop, so absorbed are the energies of the philanthropic by the task of gratifying their personal vanity under pretext of importing culture, for the edification of people whose conditions of work are such as to preclude any hope of their benefiting by these importations. Meanwhile, the task of imperialism is left to the Government, which, encouraged by its success in San Domingo, has just added Hawaii to the list of American possessions. The American affection for business "deals," with the shedding of blood reduced to a minimum, can be best understood when related to the general anemia of the Hyphenated States. There is no country where the pale cast of respectability has given so astonishingly sickly a hue to the prevailing tone of social and intellectual life. Stranger than the illusion we have cherished of American nationality is the current notion that one has but to cross the Atlantic to find a people young and vigorous in their emancipation from ancient forms and superstitions. The American mind is often "shirt sleeved" to American diplomacy is perhaps the simplest expression of a general feeling with regard to the freedom of life in the United States. Until we realise that the Hyphenated States are largely peopled by Methodists, governed by revivalists, and nourished intellectually by old maids, we have no means of understanding that mythical nation to whom some of us appeal. The average visitor from Europe has little opportunity of coming in contact with the genuine fruits of hyphenation, unless he be so situated—as was Gorky—that the circumstances render it impossible for well-meaning cosmopolitan friends to conceal the skeleton in the American cupboard. As a rule, we are presented with the results of a brief tour through the more urban centres of European imitation, where a few pleasant buildings are erected in the democratic ease of American civilisation. We must beware of mistaking an unparalleled naivete for the task of quotation from the text: "The New Freedom," "When a Man Comes to Himself," "The First Christmas Tree," "The Old World and its Ways," "The Miracle of Right Thought," "Cheerfulness as a Life Power," "The Great Companion." One might compile a catalogue, without ever sounding the lower depths of pure evangelism, so rich is the lore associated with the names of men prominent in some department of American life. The Progressives and Socialists have helped to build up this monument of platitude which marks the resting-place of the American brain. If moral attitudinising were the special form of cant affected in the United States to the inevitable humbug of party politics, it might be possible to resign oneself to its preponderance. After all, every community must have its hobby. While our Horatio Bottomleys and Northcliffs profess "imperialism," and the German professors exalt militarism, it ill beseems a European to begrudge the hyphenated their pleasures. But the virtuosi of American virtue are worse than our gutter journalists and professors, for they add moral obfuscation to the already numerous...
ills afflicting the body politic. The translator of Schopenhauer and the author of "A Defence of Philosophic Doubt" may fail to convince us on some question of national policy, without utterly destroying our intellectual estimate of them. On the other hand, had Mr. Balfour written several volumes in emulation of "In His Steps: or What would Jesus do?" did Lord Haldane interpret the philosophy of "Guy Thorne" in terms of Moody and Sankey, then the situation would be very different. Yet that is precisely the predicament in which the stranger must find himself who listens to political argument in the Hyphenated States.

The sanctimonious breath of the "uplifter" tarnishes the currency of ideas in America. Books, reviews, magazines and newspapers are all conceived in the spirit of Little Bethel. So deep rooted is the revivalist tradition that the "dear friend" and "brother" frequently occur to complete the illusion. The average contributor to the serious periodicals is, when not a foreigner, a Sunday-school superintendent who has perhaps missed his vocation. The tone, where the subject excludes the pedantry of the professors, is intensely moral, and the more it is so the sooner one may be that the speaker is a colonel, a rear-admiral, or a civil officer of the State or Federal Government. The war has, of course, proved a veritable windfall to the professional moralists, as an examination of American periodical literature for the past eighteen months will reveal. It may be advisable to add that purely literary contributions are either imported or furnished by the president of some women's poetry society ... at worst, they may be supplied by the idlers of the latter, domestic and foreign.

Immatant or irreverent foreigners, who have voiced their disappointment or discontent with the diplomatic policy of Little America, should restrain their emotions or express them in a different form. The State Department at Washington has consistently held up the mirror to hyphenated human nature and we have seen the reflection, distorted only when that typical facet, William Jennings Bryan, was removed. These pages have already summarised the racial and political conditions which give so undaunted a movement to the trend of American foreign policy. But those broad factors which make for chaos must be related to others, less palatable, no doubt, but none the less important to those who seek to "slave" America in relation to the present dissolution of international affairs. There is a certain element of humour, for the initiated, in the appeals and reproaches of which the hyphenated are the recipients. How can Europe expect a gesture of energy from the amnesic body of an organism unable to digest anything more solid than intellectual pap? Having dollars where their backbone ought to be, the Hyphenated States must let invertebrate action follow pulill thought.

E. A. B.

SONNET
From the Spanish of Luis de Gongora (1561-1627).

Who hath enjoyment of that mouth divine
Where every sweetness, every grace reposeth,
Would be unenvious of the sacred wine
That Ganymede to heaven's banquet brings.

Yet press it not, for there Destruction wings.
Between those blossomed lips incandescent,
Love lurks, a serpent hidden under roses,
All lovers, armed with his envenomed spine.

Alas! these are not roses odorous,
Sweet blooms, imperish'd, that gladdens fealy soul
From bright Aurora's purple beam they fall.

But like the seething fruit of Tantalus
That tempts his soul and quickly flies away.
Do these, of love leave but the deadly gall.

TRIBOLET.

Little Epistles.

II.—TO A MUNITION WORKER AGED 45.
Dear Sir,—Your age disqualifies you from the fun and fury of active service; public sentiment, law and patriotism demand that you shall subject yourself to the continuous strain of the munition workshop. You are compelled to strives to your utmost in the grey whilst the younger men fight to their utmost in the purple. I am immensely curious to know what you feel about it. Sir Oliver Lodge quotes you as follows:—"I am not unpatriotic. I had two sons at the front, one of them is killed. I am willing to serve the Country; but I will not slave overtime, and seven days a week, to increase the profits of a blasted blood-sucking board of directors."

Did you really say that? It sounds to me like treason. Perhaps treason is too strong a word; let us call it unpatriotic. I want to reason with you, calmly, temperately, as one educated man to another.

Not educated, did you say? Please don't be absurd. You were born the year after Foster's Education Act became law. You cannot persuade me that this was not a most beneficent measure. Your masters, whose hearts beat in sympathy for the working men, taught you how to read and write and to put you in the way of learning—somewhere—in the 'eighties, I think.

—George Newnes brought out "Tit-Bits," a most compendious collection of interesting and instructive facts and fancies. Then came "Answers" and "Pearson's," and the "Popular Educator," and I don't know how many more publications, notably the Saturday edition of your favourite daily newspaper. Nor must I forget those lectures at the Mechanics' Institute and the political meetings which you sedulously attended.

I had almost forgotten Sunday School and the Adult School and endless variations of the Pleasant Sunday Afternoons, all designed to mix entertainment with instruction, and make you a cultured working man. You must not modestly disclaim your education: to do so savours of ingratitude. Particularly to the middle-classes, who are so experienced in fusing useful, but not dangerous, knowledge with social discipline. Had they not done this, you might have fallen a victim to the hares of agitators and the falsities of iconoclasts. Had this happened, how could we have maintained and developed that great industrial system, which is England's glory and strength? Undoubtedly, you are an educated man. Of course, your education has not been of the upper—or middle-class variety. If you reflect upon it, you will see that such an education and training would have been inappropriate in your case. Do you ask me why? Because, my dear sir, well—why don't you ask some sensible question?

It appears to me that when you speak of "a blasted blood-sucking board of directors" you betray an unseemly and cantankerous temper. I do not want to hurt your feelings—Heaven knows my only wish is to conciliate and help you—but will you kindly tell me how we are to get on—particularly in the present crisis—without our numerous boards of patriotic directors? Have you considered what would happen if we abolished all boards of directors? I am sure you haven't. It would mean the break-up of our system of limited joint stock investment. You surely would not render it more difficult for an unfortunate widow, perhaps with darling, curly-headed children, to put her little fortune into "a good thing"? You decline "to increase the
profits." That sounds curious. As though there were something nefarious or surreptitious about profits! Do you not know that without profits our capitalists would not invest their money—and where should we all be then? I do not draw wages every week! And double for overtime! Who pays you? Undoubtedly, the board of directors, who have patriotically assumed this great responsibility. They stand between you and starvation. I have heard directors, men of weight and honour, affirm this to be so. It is sometimes said that they do not save you from starvation when trade is bad. Probably; but I must point out to you that they do not hesitate to buy your labour when trade is good. Surely, it is reasonable to expect that, when trade is bad, you should fund for yourselves. It is really a vital element in your training and experience. Not only so; but bad trade means a break in your hard daily grind, and so opens the way for a short period of recreation. It affords a welcome opportunity to make the acquaintance of your family.

Of course, if you seriously object to profits and dividends (thereby betraying an ungrateful spirit towards the widows and orphans of our great middle-classes, from whom, next to God, our blessings flow), I can dimly realise why you occasion our energetic Minister of Munitions so much anxiety. There was a time when many of us thought that he was too much inclined to flirt with your class. In those days, some of his speeches sounded seductive. Imagine, then, how agreeably surprised I was, when the war broke out, to see him solidly ground himself upon those great institutions which are the foundation of our social system. Did he go to the Trade Unions for help and guidance? No; a thousand times no. He went straight to the bankers and financiers of our eternal city of London. Next, he interviewed chairmen and directors of those boards which you so short-sightedly decry. Finding himself on firm ground, he did not hesitate to tell the workmen precisely what he thought of them. I feel bound to tell you that I vastly admire Mr. Lloyd George. He has ceased to be a demagogue; he has become a statesman. Perhaps I do him an injustice; because I have recently ceased to be a demagogue; he has become a statesman. Perhaps I do him an injustice; because I have recently read his work with caution. Next, we must remember that business is impersonal: it takes no count of the person, and can, therefore, be personally controlled. The conclusion to my mind is irresistible. It is the patriotic duty of boards of directors and private employers to deal with the Government in a business spirit, for by business we as a nation exist; but it is the patriotic duty of the working man to add to the sacrifice of his children the loss of an enhanced wage, thereby strengthening the business community through whose activities we live. I am sure that if you wrote to Mr. Lloyd George, he would endorse my argument. It is, indeed, a commonplace amongst business men.

I gather that you take a narrow view of patriotism. You denote "profiteering" (where did you pick up such an omenze, I might almost say such an insulting term?) as unpatriotic. You declare that to exact increased profits out of the Government in its hour of need is rank treason. Personally, I cannot agree with you, although I recognise that too many unthinking people are of your opinion. Let me suggest one or two considerations, in the first place, war-contractors have repeatedly proved themselves to be good patriots. Mr. Balfour's grandfather was a war-contractor. Can you see any signs of decadence in the grandsons? Indeed, many of our great landed families were founded that way. Even more wicked, Voltaire was a war-contractor, accumulating a considerable fortune. I hold him to have been a great man, even though we should read his work with caution. Next, we must remember that when war is declared the Government must utilise already existing firms. Thirdly, it would be fatal, and, therefore, unpatriotic, to forgo the principle of profits. The war cannot last for ever; it is but a transitory, an evanescent, if terrible, phase of life; but buying and selling must continue until the millennium. It is the duty, then, of our manufacturers and merchants to hold fast to the permanent and essential factors in our economic life and bravely to endure the sneers of clever critics and agitators. Wellington once remarked that the Queen's Government must be carried on. I feel certain that Mr. Lloyd George, Lord Murray, Sir Rufus Isaacs, and our other industrial leaders and financiers would instantly assert that business is still business and must be carried on.

I told you that I am extremely curious to know what you feel about the present strenuous situation. It would be idle to deny that you feel the danger of discontent is abroad. I have a younger brother who calls me "a blasted blood-sucking boards of directors" makes me both suspicious and anxious. That is why I have been at such pains to discuss the situation in a thoroughly unbiased spirit. But we who would conserve the habits and customs of our beloved country have much to contend against. I have a younger brother who calls me "a bourgeois mug," and who is irreverent, even impious, both in thought and action. He told me the other day that a new form of trust or combination was in process of construction. I am naturally deeply interested in anything so important as value for their product. The fair price, I beg you to note. Now you have something to sell, to wit, your labour. It is essential to the security of the nation. It is like water or air. It should not be the subject of a bargain. It is (times of stress and danger, plain speech is best), but your class has been trying to raise the price of what you have to sell, when it was plainly your patriotic duty to sell your labour at the lowest possible price. Do I make you uneasy? because, unless one has acquired the business mind, the distinction between the finished product, which is non-human, and the labour commodity, which is human, may appear invidious or even fallacious. I hope, however, that you can see that whilst business is impersonal, and cannot, therefore, be personally controlled, labour is the person, and can, therefore, be personally controlled. The conclusion to my mind is irresistible. It is the patriotic duty of boards of directors and private employers to deal with the Government in a business spirit, for by business we as a nation exist; but it is the patriotic duty of the working man to add to the sacrifice of his children the loss of an enhanced wage, thereby strengthening the business community through whose activities we live. I am sure that if you wrote to Mr. Lloyd George, he would endorse my argument. It is, indeed, a commonplace amongst business men.
tion and church standing both alike demand circumspect conduct; but I fear that in a moment of desperation you and your fellow-workmen might attempt some revolutionary movement. I hope, however, that if you entertained any Utopian dreams such as a monopoly of labour or a national guild from which capitalists are excluded, this letter may give you pause and balance.

If I have failed to convince you on the intellectual plane, I have still in my armoury what the logicians call 'argumentum ad hominem.' Let me cite my own case. For many generations, my family has belonged to the middle-class. We have been traders and manufacturers. A cousin of mine was a knight, and my wife's uncle was a C.M.G. I was educated at the Blue Coat School, which is richly endowed by pious founders. The income of the school is largely derived from shrewd purchases of land and other gilt-edge securities. Should the workmen at any time decline to sell their labour at a price yielding a profit, this old foundation, and scores of others like it, would either come to a standstill, or the parents of the scholars be compelled to pay for their education. It is terrible to think what privations would ensue. My father left me £4,000, which I have increased to £7,000, owing to special knowledge acquired at the bank where I work. I am happily married, and am not ashamed to avow it. My wife looks to me as her sword and buckler, her protector, her lord. She is the daughter of the late Rev. Onslow Vere, who was a cadet of that great family. We have three children, and were it not that would swamp us were we not prepared. I may invoke the law against those who would destroy the plane, some must be at work at all night and retire early. My dear wife comes to breakfast each morning in a charming wrapper. When it is time to go to work, she accompanies me to the hat-rack, brushes my hat with a few dexterous strokes, finds my gloves and kisses my coat, and bade me good-bye. Should I die, all I can leave her is my £7,000. At 5 per cent. interest, this would yield about £300 a year, and so keep her in quiet and respectable comfort. But should no interest be forthcoming, I dread the consequences. Every year, bit by bit of her little capital would be chipped off, and, in her old age, she would be penniless. I mentioned this point to my wife's uncle was a C.M.G. I was educated at the Blue Coat School, which is richly endowed by pious founders. The income of the school is largely derived from shrewd purchases of land and other gilt-edge securities. Should the workmen at any time decline to sell their labour at a price yielding a profit, this old foundation, and scores of others like it, would either come to a standstill, or the parents of the scholars be compelled to pay for their education. It is terrible to think what privations would ensue. My father left me £4,000, which I have increased to £7,000, owing to special knowledge acquired at the bank where I work. I am happily married, and am not ashamed to avow it. My wife looks to me as her sword and buckler, her protector, her lord. She is the daughter of the late Rev. Onslow Vere, who was a cadet of that great family. We have three children, and were it not

The State and the Guilds.

We recently traced very briefly the connection between the rise of the modern State and the decay of the medieval guild system. We have seen how the new monarchy, military in its origin, intent on the increase of its own power, aiming in its domestic affairs at a unity which will give it strength in its foreign relations, came naturally into conflict with every other type of political or quasi-political organisation: and how, in the struggle which effected the transition from mediaeval to modern, the State, in every way victorious, destroying or absorbing or bringing into subjection every rival social organism.

It remains to point the moral and to apply the analogy.

Now, it is dangerous to insist overmuch on the analogy between the system which we, as national guildsmen, are seeking to establish, and the guild system of the Middle Ages. We do not want to become emotional mediavalists, politico-economical Pre-Raphaelites. We do not want to come under suspicion of believing, in defiance of the evidence, that the Middle Ages was the Golden Age; that the time when Johnstee rolled the tiller and danced around the maypoles of Merrie England: when the craftsmen of the towns, strong in the fellowship of the guild, expressed their inmost souls in subtle and beautiful handiwork: when men built mighty cathedrals for the glory of God and the joy of their own hearts; and when all men, free from the yet uninveted tyranny of the capitalist and his machines, saved their souls and found fullness of life in their daily toil.

It is a pleasant enough notion. Only, as Fabre once said to a brother entomologist—'It is a pity the insects won't adapt their habits to your theory.'

This, however, by the way. In the particular aspect we have been considering the historical parallel does in large measure hold good, and history can serve for another purpose than that of saving us from false analogies.

For the State which came into being in the 15th and 16th centuries is in all essential things the State of to-day. Only the accidents have altered. Despotism has given place to oligarchy posing as democracy. It is still true, as Bolingbroke complained, that the authority which was taken from the kings has passed into the hands of 'petty engrossers of delegated power.' Neither 1668, nor 1789, nor 1848 effected more than a change of masters. Autocracy, aristocracy, plutocracy are an unholy Trinity, not, perhaps, to be confounded in persons, but equally not to be divided in substance. And the modern quasi-democracy is but 'the ghost of the old monarchy sitting top-hatted on the grave thereof.'

All the stupendous claims of the kingship have been transmitted to its lawful heirs. The divine right of kings has given place to the divine rights of governments. The religion of the State, which is called patriotism, is the established, intolerant creed of every country. And its idol demands more obedience, more self-sacrifice, more submission to the blood-stained deities which men have worshipped. Moloch and Juggernaut were harmless fairies in comparison.

The ideals of the modern statesman are the ideals of the Renaissance king. The State which flourished under Henry VII who "bowed the policy of this realm from consideration of plenty to consideration of power" has never been undone. The Utilitarians talked of of 'the greatest good of the greatest number' as the ultimate end of politics. But their influence soon passed, and the Imperial revival brought back the old ideals. Today, even when the State is seemingly benevolent, it is with ulterior motives. The politician clamouring for rural land reform which shall re-establish a
stalwart peasantry on the land, has in his mind the argument of Bacon that peasants are the best material for an army. Ultimately, his proposals are aimed at increasing the national man-power, at piling up the human munitions. The problem of infant mortality is suddenly discovered to be doubly important in war time, because the national expenditure in lives has increased, and economy must be practised. "No man is poor who spends less than he receives," said the "Pall Mall Gazette," some few weeks ago. "And we rejoice to think that this sound principle of economy is being considered in its bearing upon the nation's wealth in human lives."

And so the State, intent upon the old monarchical ideal of military power, still seeks after national unity and its own omnipotence within. The lawyers have made the supremacy of the State the basis of all political thought. "Parliament," they declare, "can do anything except make a man or woman." And any challenge to its authority by passive resisters or suffragettes or South Wales miners is decried as the sin against the Holy Ghost.

In the name of unity and of State-supremacy the war against corporations still goes on. Local government becomes more and more subordinate to the central. The lawyers assert and emphasise its subordination. Professor Dicey will even have it that there is no difference in kind between the Parliaments of Australia and Canada and a railway company making by-laws. Each of them is a dependent body exercising its powers only by virtue of the authority delegated to it by an omnipotent Imperial Parliament. Education is a battle ground. The movement towards establishing State-control over all schools and universities goes steadily forward, despite the opposition of the bodies concerned. The war against Church-schools is inspired as much by jealousy of non-State control as by sectarian jealousies. The Socialist movement has degenerated into an effort to establish and increase the State-authority over all phases of social life. Government of the people by the State for the State is the guiding maxim of modern politics.

Now, it is of the essence of our policy that it aims at breaking this domination of the self-regarding State over the people whom it terms its subjects. We are aiming at a devolution, at a division and a balance of power. We are aiming at the self-regarding State because they set up against it the isolated individual. They accepted the crushing out of all other organisations. They accepted the philosophy and the system which left nothing between Man and the State. They identified the State with Society; and they failed accordingly.

We, learning from their failure, and seeing equally clearly the fatal consequences of collectivism organised by an omnipotent State, are working towards the revival of the mediaeval conception of a community of free communities—towards a devolution of our social organisation. We are seeking to establish an organic diversity in place of a mechanical unity. We are aiming at the revival of self-governing, self-existing corporations which shall be not servants but partners of the State. We are in their attack upon the State because they set up against it the isolated individual. They accepted the crushing out of all other organisations. They accepted the philosophy and the system which left nothing between Man and the State. They identified the State with Society; and they failed accordingly.

And the first lesson which the destruction of the mediaeval corporations holds for us is this: That the modern military State is bound of its very nature to be unreasoningly hostile to such a movement as ours. It cannot, unless it change its nature, tolerate for a moment such a conception as ours. We are threatening its sovereignty, its cherished ideals of unity and uniformity and external power. Its first task was to destroy the old corporations, its last will be to resist the new. There can be no compromise, because there is no common ground of values. And unless we recognise this, and are prepared for the contest, we must inevitably be beaten.

It was in the name of national power, of national unity, of patriotism, that the State won its victory four centuries ago. It was the national idea which destroyed the guild idea. If we are to revive the guild idea, we, in our turn, must destroy the national idea. We must effect a transvaluation of political values. We must "how the policy of modernisation of power." We must uncrown the State. We must attack the monarchical and military tradition. We must, as national guildsmen, be internationalists: for international conflicts necessitate entire national unity and entire State-sovereignty. The State-ideal and the capitalist system are our twin foes. We cannot hope to overthrow the second unless we destroy the first.

W. N. Ewer.

The Levy of the Advocate.

In a recent issue the "Daily Chronicle" (et tu, brute!) has ventured upon a detailed examination of the emoluments and pensions lavished upon our ruling caste. All the rapacious parasitisms of the past are eclipsed by these figures. We find 390 offices of the King's Justice" receiving the immense aggregate of £550,000 a year. But that is far from representing the grand total, because no salary is included under £1,000 a year. Moreover, large additions must be made of the sums extracted from the public in the form of fees. Under these two headings another £250,000 is a conservative estimate. We may take it, then, that the tribute levied by advocates amounts to £1,000,000 a year. The "Daily Mail" places it as high as £1,040,000. Our scale of emoluments is shown to be twice as high as that in the United States; and it is undoubtedly from four to five times as high as that ruling among our Continental neighbours.

Observe that this huge tribute is accurately described as the levy of the advocate, because the "call" to the Bar is an indispensable qualification for all participants. They must have been members of one of the Inns of Court. Consider the bearing of this monopoly conferred upon the four strongholds of medieval obscurantism. It is a concession which has no parallel in any other country. It enables the Benchers, as the managers of these Inns, to exercise despotic authority over the advocates of to-day and the judges of to-morrow. In contra-distinction to the rule in all other communities, the approach to the Bench in Anglo-Saxondom is only through the Bar. Consequently the future occupants of the Bench at the most susceptible period of their professional lives, when the generous impulses of youth in favour of progress and enlightenment make the most potent appeal, live under a discipline of the most hide-bound trade-union type. Its chief aim is to maintain fees and emoluments. The figures cited above are the measure of success achieved by unwearying efforts diametrically opposed to the interest of the laity. Thus we find that under a legal system where emoluments are from four to five times higher than among our neighbours, the expenses of legal procedure are increased in a still higher ratio; while the certainty of the rule of law among our neighbours is incomparably greater than in this country.

Obviously, then, such a system cannot escape the charge of parasitism, inasmuch as it is not mainly conducive to the public welfare, but, on the contrary, a grievous handicap. Nor is its huge cost its worst feature. It is the centre of demoralisation in the most vital province, that of the administration of justice. Barristers' fees on a continually enhanced scale render Justice more and more inaccessible to those who have most need of its protection. The high salaries paid to our Judges make it impossible to possess a complete High Court outfit in all large towns—a boon which our Continental neighbours enjoy. The drawback to the circuit system is that accused persons suffer long terms of confinement before trial, The advantage to
the Judges is that they receive £7 10s. a day when on circuit. Thus at every point we find the interest of the laity sacrificed to that of the ruling caste.

It is nothing short of astounding how strictly this rule obtains along the whole line. We find a triumph of parasitical organisation from within outwards. High fees and emoluments are justified because of the expense of gaining admission to the Bar, and the long period of uncertainty before briefs are secured.

There can be no better illustration of special pleading. The young barrister is not permitted to accept whatever fee the circumstances suggest. No: the sufficient fee is fixed and it has been raised fifty per cent. in thirty years. Consequently the beginner has to “devil,” that is, to work for nothing, in the chambers of a Senior, and generally to pay for the privilege. That system is not what it means—is the open sesame to the highest legal zenith. At the Lord Mayor’s banquet there was a toast, “Let the Senior Bar receive fees moderate terms. It is, therefore, in effect, one form of parasitism super-imposed upon another, the public expenses and emoluments are justified because of the cost of gaining admission to the Bar, and the long period of uncertainty before briefs are secured.

And yet, despite its series of successes, signs are not really serious; it seems incredible that men of letters can really believe that the protagonists they create for us do justice to our cause. So readily do some of my countrymen lay the flatteringunction to their souls that anything English is superior to everything German that I find it difficult to believe that a popular patriotic play is not intended to be a subtle satire on popular patriotism. If it is not, we can only pray: “Britannia, forgive them; for they know not what they do.”

Mr. Rolf Besier’s “Kultur at Home,” recently produced at the Court Theatre, makes one feel ashamed, both by its appeal and by its reception. Think of it! The theme is the utter bankruptcy of advocacy when brought to the test of stern reality in the domain of politics dominated the proceedings. The laymen are aware that the Empire itself would have been part of the levy of the Bar, and the long period of uncertainty before briefs are secured.

And yet, despite its series of successes, signs are not wanting that advocacy in this country has passed its zenith. At the Lord Mayor’s banquet there was a remarkable lowering of tone in the exchange of compliments between Bench and Bar. The consciousness of the utter bankruptcy of advocacy when brought to the test of stern reality in the domain of politics dominated the proceedings. The laity are aware that the Empire itself would have been part of the levy of the Bar, and the long period of uncertainty before briefs are secured. The laity perceive that as a custodian of Justice the advocate’s fiasco is not less complete than as a Custodian of Empire?

W. DURRAN.
pleasure." Then what is she there for, what justification of her existence has she got? Her clothes are paid for by her god-mother, the home depends on the same beautiful lie, she has nothing to pay; and apparently she exists for no other purpose than to offend the Germans, or make herself misunderstood by them, in every particular. I am not sure whether it is her delicacy or her independence that is exemplified by the fact that Lord Lushingtong holds her ankles while she stands on a pair of steps to hang pictures; certainly, it is a most impractical way of securing her support, and not only a German husband would doubt the propriety of it. There can be no doubt that she is, as Lord Lushingtong says in the last act, a perfectly bewildering wife to a Prussian lieutenant.

At last she comes into conflict with the spirit of the regiment. The colonel's wife tells her, briefly, that far from being a refinement, she is a corruption; all her English good form is really a bad example. She dresses extravagantly and, according to German ideas, improperly; her informal invitations to officers have already created scandal, and have laid her god-mother to insult; in fact, according to German ideas, she is really behaving as though she were an immoral woman. She is reminded that she is the wife of a Prussian lieutenant, and that her English manners and customs, however proper they may be in England, are here not only unpatriotic, destructive of the discipline of the regiment, but are also prejudicial to the career of her husband. It is suggested (and coming from such a source, the suggestion is a command) that she shall dress herself like the wife of a Prussian officer, that she shall conform to the customs into which she has married, that her salon shall be German and not English, and that the portrait of the Kaiser shall be restored to its place of honour. I grant that the woman is overbearing; disciplinarians usually are; but surely English civilisation has some better answer to the challenge of corporate spirit than mere temper, and having the suggestion is a command) that she shall dress herself as an immoral woman. She is reminded that she is the wife of a Prussian lieutenant, and that her English manners and customs, however proper they may be in England, are here not only unpatriotic, destructive of the discipline of the regiment, but are also prejudicial to the career of her husband. It is suggested (and coming from such a source, the suggestion is a command) that she shall dress herself like the wife of a Prussian officer, that she shall conform to the customs into which she has married, that her salon shall be German and not English, and that the portrait of the Kaiser shall be restored to its place of honour. I grant that the woman is overbearing; disciplinarians usually are; but surely English civilisation has some better answer to the challenge of corporate spirit than mere temper, and having the colonel's wife shown out. That is all that Margaret Tinworth does; and when her husband first plies, then commands, and finally threatens, in his attempt to make her apologise, I must confess to a considerable sympathy with him. "She had eyes, and chose him"; and if she cared nothing for Germany, or the Kaiser, or the regiment, he had a right to expect that she cared sufficiently for him not to jeopardise his career. Her answer to this quite natural demand is flight.

Almost I am persuaded to be a Pro-German. These people at least mean something, and are capable. If the servitude of their women seems appalling to us (after all, similar types can be found in England), their servitude is not without a justification and an ideal, and is probably more apparent than real. For the men have the same ideal, and respond very similarly to it; and servitude shocks the moral sense only when it is unwilling. It is truer to regard them as worshippers than as servants, not of their men but of the German which their men have made formidable and in many respects admirable. Against these capable women, excellent housewives, queenly and ready to sacrifice their loves to duty, Tinworth, as he shows as the incompetent and supercilious duffer she really is; and so far as her marital relations are concerned, she seems to be hardly human. The German women sigh and sob when their husbands desert them for other women. Tinworth sighs and sobs because her husband prefers her before all other women, and yet resents the idea as an indignity that he should even think of another woman. Apparently, to her mind, marriage should be the death of desire, sex an inanity, face of life that should be ignored as an indecency; but then, what did she expect him to do? She meant nothing but an inexhaustible appetite for admiration of her ornamental qualities, enhanced by, if not actually established on, the beautiful dresses paid for by her god-mother. If English civilisation means no more than this, it is dead already.

Readers and Writers.

Mr. Belloc once remarked in my hearing that he cheerfully expected the whole of his prose works to die with him, but he hoped one or two of his lyrics would survive in the English anthology of poetry. This modest opinion of his prose is not shared by the two young writers, Mr. Mundell and Mr. Edward Shanks (both of whom, by the way, were cradled in The New Age), who have just collaborated in a study of Mr. Belloc. They say, indeed, of Mr. Belloc's prose that it is the best that has been written since Dryden. Usually, of course, these superlatives applied to living writers both appear to be the result of bias; moreover, they bring their subject into undeserved ridicule as well. But I confess that my first impression when I came upon this judgment was not one of instant incredulity, but rather of doubt. Was it or was it not true, I asked myself. The question was, at any rate, worth thinking about. Resorting to my collection of Mr. Belloc's prose works, I turned it over and over to remind myself of the qualities his style contains. He undoubtedly possesses lucidity, strength, simplicity and charm—the four-square foundation of all great writing. But was his prose therefore great? Might it not, for all these excellent qualities, contain others that, if they did not cancel, at least counteracted them? And I believe, on reflection, that this is the case. To begin with, I do not discover any real originality in Mr. Belloc's style. Its simplicity and other above-mentioned qualities apart, in which he is in the great tradition of English writing, there remain certain qualities, not absolutely English, but borrowed from English writers. The best English style is original in the sense that it devices of his own which themselves are adaptations of the devices or, let us say, the manuums) of other writers. * * *

As examples take the following passages which I have numbered for later reference:

(1) Every man who has written a song can be certain he has done good work. But a man who has continually sung them can be certain he has lived and has communicated life to others. It is the best of all trades to make songs, and the second best to sing them.

(2) The silence of the interior wood was enhanced by a rare drip of water from the boughs that stood out straight and tautened I knew. I was rendered more tremendous by the half-light and lowering of the sky which the ceiling of branches concealed. Height, stillness, and a sort of expectancy controlled the memories of the place, and I passed silently and lightly between the high columns of the trees from night (as it seemed), through a kind of twilight, forward to a new night beyond. On every side the perspective of these bare, immovable, standing apart in order, purple and fragrant, merged into recesses of distances where all light disappeared, yet as I advancing the slight silencing sound surrounded me, as did the stillness framed in the drip of water, and beneath my feet was the low carpet of the pine needles, deadening and making distant every tiny noise.

(3) When a man weighs anchor in a little ship or a large one he does a jolly thing! He casts himself off, and he starts for freedom and for the changed things.

(4) Now a woman's wrath is a fearful thing, and all men fear it, for according to her love so will her vengeance be; and their love and their hate come quickly, but their hate lives longer than their love; and they will make play with love but not with hate.
Let us consider these passages—they are, of course, selected purely for the odd phrase—consecutive in English by, I think, Macaulay. You will observe that the cumulative method and of the dichotomous method are employed in translation from Old French. It professes by its air to be "slight" of its subject, but it is not. Number two is undistinguishable at first sight from its opposite, but when you have come to know it by heart, you will be able to distinguish it from the others. It is a sort of "trick" that is at first sight unexceptionable, but when you know it by heart, you will be able to distinguish it from the others.

Depressed to serve the purposes of party polemics it becomes the child's rattle of the Press. Its defect as a rattle is its simplicity; and the three remaining phrases are trivial in comparison. The trope is then complete. How common the trick is seen in current journalism, where it pervades all space. Raised to the greatest height of which it is capable and where it becomes a literary grotesque, it marks (and mars) the work of Mr. G. K. Chesterton. Depressed to serve the purposes of party polemics it becomes the child's rattle of the Press. Its defect as English prose is obvious; it is not born but made. It is not natural to the language, but an exotic transplanted from the text-books of pedantic rhetoric. Number two is undistinguishable at first sight from Stevenson. His "Travels with a Donkey" are largely written in this style. Other turns suggest Conrad. But note some defects which none of these writers would have passed: the accidental meaningless assonances of "ceiling" and "concealed," "light" and "light"; the repetition of "a sort of" and "a kind of"; the pleonasm of "deadening every tiny noise." Number Three is an example of the adaptation of the mechanically cumulative method and of the dichotomous method singularised in English by, I think, Macaulay. You will observe that the cumulative method and of the dichotomous method are employed in translation from Old French. It professes by its air to be "slight" of its subject, but it is not. Number two is undistinguishable at first sight from its opposite, but when you have come to know it by heart, you will be able to distinguish it from the others. It is a sort of "trick" that is at first sight unexceptionable, but when you know it by heart, you will be able to distinguish it from the others.

AN OCCASIONAL DIARY.

SUNDAY.—Was it the spectre of the bad manners of the good man, I wonder, that drove me to deal lightly with a few weeks ago? I wouldn't be surprised; it is enough to stimulate a prejudice against goodness to see good men robbing vice to pay virtue. For what but a form of vice are the disagreeable manners that so frequently accompany merit? And how often do they account for the arrows drawn at virtue? But there are wrong as well as right ways of saving even your own soul; and since there is no necessity in Nature why virtue should not be agreeable, to make it disagreeable must needs be wrong. Some of the errors of the good man in the worst sense of the word (the phrase, unfortunately, is not mine) arise from the fact that he cannot discriminate between good and bad pleasures. Pleasure in the lump is bad! He forgets that the pursuit of innocent pleasures is one of the legitimate activities of life; some have even said the only pursuit! Dancing, theatre-going, smoking, joking—he condemns them every one for everybody. He is disagreeably democratic. And the way he does it! I recall an incident on a journey to Switzerland. Two young men, one of whom asked the only girl in the carriage if she objected to their smoking—full train—no chance of a seat in a smoker. Of course I don't mind, she replied. But I do!
now it’s coming—then squeals of uneasy laughter—night after night the same farce. Now, which part of
the programme is the affectation and which the real
taste? Why—in the one case—do what honestly
speak with such pious fervour against what delights
you in secret? As it is, to tell a person that a thing
 isn’t fit to see is almost a guarantee that he will sneak
off to see it. But why? Do most people find things
in good taste—only fails to please but succeed in
positive annoyance. I do not speak of the present that
is a commercial transaction—the business present that
only lacks a label to make a traveller’s sample of it.
I refer to the presents that pass between relations and
friends for the supposed purpose of pleasing. To give
pleasure a present must be adapted to the unique taste
or need of the presentee, and great insight and art are
demanded for the discovery. You must put yourseIf
in his place—a difficult psychological Teat. What would
you like if his profession, hobby or tastes were yours?
Has he already got this book, or that piece of furni-
ture?—and so on. Have you never heard of the kind
 lady who presented a piano to a Home for the Incur-
ably Deaf? Or of the writer who had a book of his
own poems sent to him—not by an enemy!
Only this morning I witnessed the opening of a birthday
parcel which turned out to contain a pair of beaded
carpet slippers!—this the ridiculous gift of a wealthy
sister-in-law to a man whose age should still have
ensured the compliment of leather. For a discreet
question would have revealed the fact that the brother-
in-law was already possessed of four pairs of pet
slippers, including beads laid up in lavender against
retirement! Why do people make these mistakes?
It can only be through carelessness, surely, since
presents are interminable to give, yet a little consider-
ation would usually divine the need of the presentee.
The only interpretation to be put on an unsuitable
present is that the sender hasn’t reckoned his own
wealth or his thought. Donors ought to remember that
the duty of a present does not end with giving the recipient a surprise—the surprise must be a
delightful one if the present is to be perfect. Also the
manner of giving should be such as to make the presentee feel himself distinguished. But who could
distinguish himself by the gift of a brace of pet
dogs bearing their death-certificate round their necks—Shot
August 12—one brace of a hundred or so? I admit,
however, that this instance has custom and reason on
its side. But what about the Christmas present, say,
that comes, you can see, suggested and packed by the
shopman, with the donor’s visiting-card enclosed—bear-
ing no word in his own writing, mind you? Does such
a manner of giving entitle the recipient to feel distin-
guished in any way? On the contrary. You are, you
tell yourself, just one of the two thousand and
one thousand and two thousand who has thought it would look well to humiliate with his patronage.
This is not only giving presents by
machinery, but is turning the trade into a wholesale
rather than retail business! The remedy? Don’t give
a present at all if you haven’t time or inclination to
make it acceptable.

A Seventh Tale for Men Only.

By R. H. Congreve.

II.

It had been arranged that at the following meeting of our circle I should open the discussion with a paper;
and I was meditating the subject one day when Barringer, who had introduced Doran to us, called upon
me. My dear Congreve, he said, I want your advice about Doran. But, in the first place, tell me what you
think of him. Oh, he is all right, I said, but in danger of becoming egg-bound. That theory of his that
he must accept conditions sequential upon his first
choice is showing signs of hardening; but I hope we
shall be able to stop it calculating. I’m glad, said Bar-
inge, that you like him; for I have something to
tell you. I was dining out with some friends last
evening and, after dinner, as one or two of them were
from the country, our host invited us all to the Pamirs
—you know the place—to show off London’s pastoral
revels. Who do you think was there? No other than
Doran, and with one of the strangest women creatures
imaginable: a girl more like an orchid than a woman,
and an orchid upon a particularly repulsive plant. I
don’t mean to say that she was physically unbeautiful,
not even that she was vulgar in manners. On the
contrary, everything about her had a certain charm.
But never in my life have I seen anybody who struck me
so forcibly as having been bred and brought up in
moonlight. The moment I saw her I thought of every-
thing tradition and poetry have said of the moon.
There is also Shelley’s phrase about “the moonlight-coloured
may.” She had colour, but it was not a colour got in
the sun. She had vigour and an appearance of health,
but both seemed to depend upon sap drawn by night.
In a word, she was through and through etiolated.
Doran was sitting at a table with her—she had some books
in front of him when I entered; and, on seeing me, he
came across to shake hands. He expressed no surprise
to find me there, nor did he show any sign of expecting
me to be surprised to find him there. Come over, he
said, if you can and talk to me for a while. As soon
as I had got my party settled I joined Doran and the
girl and we sat and chatted for about a quarter of an
hour. My stars, Congreve, the girl! No sooner had
I sat down than she began to make advances to me
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ing, he remarked: a strange creature, Barringer! She is all the women of the world in one! Strangely charming, I commented, and then left off, thinking that if more was to be said, Doran should invite it. After a moment or two's silence, he asked if I was at all puzzled at finding him there and in her company. Well, yes, I said, it seems odd he was there. He had good reasons for it. If not good reasons, he replied, at least reasons; I should like to talk about it one day—are you free at any time during the day? I offered this morning, and he accepted. I have just come from spending the whole morning recounting his story as follows—

Doran, it seems, he said, was born and brought up in an out-of-the-way village in Cambridgeshire, where, as a boy, he had the advantage of the personal education of the bachelor vicar and the eldest son of the squire. He was exposed to distinction from the boys of the village but from boys of any usual type, and, under their influence, he developed all the subtler powers of his mind, so that at twenty-one, as he says, without boasting, he felt himself to be at once outside and above the rest of the human kind of his type, and, under their influence, he developed all the subtler powers of his mind, so that at twenty-one, as he says, without boasting, he felt himself to be at once outside and above the rest of the human kind of his generation. Habitually absorbed in a kind of inarticulate meditation, he learned to pay no attention to the common life of the world, though he was by no means contemplative of it. Simply it did not affect him as deep as his active mind. I gather that he was un

sociable, that he joined in games, and that he mixed with people; but all those things he did vegetatively rather than with self-conscious appetite. The normal world, in fact, passed as a dream in which he himself was a figure. All that occurred he remembers as if it were a tale that had been told; but of the feelings he presumes he must have had he remembers nothing. When he was twenty-one the vicar died, and the squire's son was married; and then it was that he came to town on a small stipend left by the former, apt to take up a position of a private library to be a friend of the squire. In coming to London, he says, for the first time, he felt literally that he was for the first time being born upon earth. His years in the village, while they were in no sense a preparation for life, had, nevertheless, accomplished for him the apparent miracle of postponing his actual birth until he had reached his majority. At twenty-one, with much of the knowledge of an adult of forty, he was, nevertheless, an infant in the world. You can understand, Congreve—of all men—

—the experiences through which he passed during the first months of the couple of years he has now been in London. You were saying, I remember, the other day, that in the "Mahabharata" heroes were frequently born full-grown, and you suggested some psychological presuming he must have had he remembers nothing. Likewise, he discovered that he himself was occasionally so moved. He was no longer wholly as automaton in all a moral and intellectual sense of appetites, but in some respects the automaton itself. But I must leave the fuller account of his experiences to be given one day by himself, and come to the account of what he calls his three critical decisions. The first of these, which he made within a month of his arrival, was the resolution to understand human life at all costs to his feelings, his tastes, and his predilections. The next was to avoid no society, and to seek none. The third was to accept the first guide that offered itself. In these three decisions, you will see, of course, the trait of the Fatalism with which you are disposed to charge him; for all three are acts of submission. The first submits his native directions to the overlordship of Chance; he deliberately closes the compass of his instinctive preferences, and abandons the steering-wheel to allow his vessel to be blown about at the mercy of the winds. The second is a particular application of the same doctrine; and the third invites anarchy to incarnate itself and guide him. Anarchy came in the form of the girl I have described. Doran had told me a good deal about her; but, once more, I must leave you to guess the details, or to hear them from him. The essential facts are these. One day he was at a gallery examining some of the pictures of the newest school, when a party of people, of whom the girl was one, came in. He was at once struck by her moon-pale appearance, but he paid no further attention to her. Suddenly, as he stood looking at a particularly noisy canvas, the party came up, and the girl, who was obviously the spoiled child of it, caught his arm, and whispered, without the least warning, you may kiss me. She said it without the least roguery, and in all apparent seriousness. Doran thought for a moment that he was really an infant among infants, and his first instinct was to complain to his nurse. Then, realising that the scene was real, and that the girl was expecting a reply, he kissed her in the sight of the company, and with her own seriousness. Nobody, it seems, was surprised in the girl's party; and she passed on with them as if she had done no more than pause to gather a flower. But, before going, she said to Doran: Be here to-morrow at the same time. As per resolution therefore, Doran, it appears, was there. As usual, there was no girl alone. They talked for a while, and then they adjourned to a café for tea. After tea, they dined together. And, after dinner, at the girl's suggestion, they went to her flat. What happened I need not recount; but the conclusion was that Doran should go to live with her. He is living with her still. 

(To be continued.)
Reformation.

The magnificent protest that is being made by attested married men against voluntary military service is a fact worthy of some notice. It has gone so far, in one case, that a gamekeeper, deserting his position as a mere voluntary recruit, has murdered his wife and committed suicide. Compare this example of domestic devotion issuing in self-immolation with the shameful disclosure from which we have not yet recovered, that of the first three millions of men recruited only two millions were single men, and the superior spiritual status of married men must be immediately apparent. Indeed, it is not too much to say that, if all the married men had been single at the beginning of the war, the whole three millions would have been drawn from their ranks. The capacity for self-sacrifice is very imperfectly developed in bachelors, with the consequence that one million married men have already shown the selfish bachelors the way to the service of their country; and have, reluctantly, we know, first shamed and at last compelled the bachelors to do their duty. We know the many devices that have been adopted by the bachelors to avoid military service; when Mr. Lloyd George called for hundreds of thousands of munition workers, the married men refused to hide themselves from the recruiting officers in munition factories. It was the bachelors who hid themselves in coal-mines, who developed chronic diseases (imaginary, of course), who would even have invented imaginary widowed mothers if the Tribunals had not allowed them, and who, last and most shameful of all, attempted to escape from military service by pretending to a conscientious objection to warfare. Every married man knows that a bachelor has no conscience, that conscience is merely an excuse for cowardice. Did not Hamlet, a bachelor, say that "conscience makes cowards of us all," that is, of bachelors? It is true that St. Paul said: "He that is unmarred careth for the things that belong to the Lord, how may please the Lord. But he that is married careth for the things that are of the world, how he may please his wife." But St. Paul was a bachelor, and prejudiced. He needed the refining influence of a good woman exercised in the most intimate of all relations, sanctified by the most glorious of all sacraments, in all the other activities of life, women (inspired by Patriotism, of course) are revealing their superiority. War is the touchstone of love; the married men are more bellicose than ever they were. They all want to fight now, to prove themselves worthy of their wives. It is that all they all want to march together shows us how well they have been trained in military exercises; and the little difficulty about their "obligations" is only an expression of their ardent devotion to their wives. It is a revelation of the tender heart of the bachelors, this devotion, that their wives shall not suffer by the exigencies of the war. "Here is the slave that pays," said Pistol, and our married men are neither base nor enslaved. The State, neither expression can be used; the State must pay, and now, as in 1596, "the wife of every Englishman be counted blest."

It is clear that mere men are now unnecessary, except for the Army. Husbands are required, but only to give women a recognised status; and in all the other activities of life, women (inspired by Patriotism, of course) are revealing their superiority. War is the touchstone of truth; and the women are discovering that men did not tell the truth about their work. It was always supposed that ploughing, for example, required not only skill but strength; yet slight, frail women, without previous practice, are reported to have surpassed the farmers of Lincolnshire by the ease with which they manipulated the plough. It was a man who said: "The ploughman homeward plods his weary way"; women self-ploughing "is a rest-cure." This exposure of man's inhumanity to women, of his retention of the choicest task under the pretence of the necessity of superior strength and skill, will rank as the great revelation of the war; and it is one more proof of the refining influence of Love that the married men are now insisting that they shall serve the State, and leave the harder task of life to the women. Like the marriage service, it leaves us in amazement; for it is too good to be true.

A. E. R.
psycho-physiological parallelism, denying that the two gratuitously multiplies entities" metaphysical hypotheses of parallelism" demonstrate the possibility of psychology as... his chief method of introspection, he insists, must be the method of the psychologist, but abnormal psychology enables him to correct his results by objective observation. All experimental science, he shows, depends upon the creation of an abnormal, all progress in science dates from the study of the abnormal; "only under highly artificial or abnormal conditions was it possible to discover the constituents that go to make up the compound water," he reminds us. Next to introspection, therefore, study of the abnormal must be undertaken by the psychologist. "which is only possible by the function of thought that we can learn something about the factors and nature of mental life. We cannot possibly learn about the nature of a process unless we disturb it artificially, or unless we try to study cases in which we can find the process in the absence of stages or degrees; here one factor is missing, there another is exaggerated, and so on. From such cases it is easy to analyse the constituent factors and their correlations." He discusses the spiritualistic and materialistic hypotheses with considerable acuteness, and dismisses both as unnecessary and cumbersome, and, indeed, as being metaphysical and not psychological in their purpose; dismisses the "faculty" hypothesis as "spiritualism many times over"; discusses the "transmission" hypothesis of James, and concludes that it "only assumes an additional world of disembodied consciousness and thus gratuitously multiplies entities"; he considers the "metaphysical hypotheses of parallelism"; and the "unitary experience of voluntarism," and concludes that "psychological, not philosophical, is the causally connected, the causal necessity can only be followed along its concomitant physical or physiological series. He reaches the conclusion that there can be "no psychology without physiology. The psychophysiological hypothesis is both inductive and deductively the sine qua non of the science of psychology." He then states the postulates of psychology, and from them proceeds over very familiar ground, such as mental synthesis, theories, and proceeds to show that their parts and proceeds to a description of types and moment threshold, deals with moments in organised aggregate, explaining the growth and function of the moment, exhibits the relation of the moment to the environment, describes the process of the assimilation of the moment in normal states, and in abnormal states, in short, develops in detail his conception of the moment-consciousness up to that real consciousness. He thus agrees with James that consciousness as an entity does not exist, what does exist is a function of knowing which is presented with its content and cannot be separated from it. In an appendix, he differs from those who, like McDougall, define psychology as the science of behaviour, and in another appendix draws attention to the parallelism of his theory of the moment-consciousness with Robertson's bio-chemical theory. But although Dr. Sidis has clearly demonstrated the possibility of psychology as a science, he has not shown us the purpose that the science will serve. Obviously, it cannot help the physician, nor the metaphysician, for it leaves to the latter the determination of all questions concerning the real nature of consciousness; it is useless to sociology, which plainly must take most of its postulates from biology; and as he repudiates with scorn all the practical applications of psychology to business, it is difficult to see what use Dr. Sidis' great exercise for himself and his readers. For the acuteness of his mind we have nothing but admiration; but we must confess that..."
in the sense that he studies military science, but also in the sense that he studies and trains his men. But Stelikorski only appears for the review, and to receive without influence on the rest of the regiment.

The contrasts are so violent, the persons are so impossible, wild-cats. Sober, they are idiots; drunk, they are beasts of prey; never, never are they human, and their brutality. These howling maniacs have not even the confirmed drunkard; and he is at the other extreme in clichés of novelettes. His only friend, and the tearful thanks of the General; and he is entirely brutish. To you, who have treacherously assailed my nation, covetous dotard, Brutish, overweening! To you, on the brink of the grave, Arrogant bastard of Roman emperors and conquering Germans.

To you, dotard, blinded by vainglory, I chant the infatuate song of a barbarian, aroused by the snifting of hools.

With metallic buffetings Scornfully I smite your enwrinkled visage, To you, dotard, blinded by vainglory, I smite, your shrivelled temples I smite, your turgid Neronic lips I smite, Covered with loaming of impotent fury!

Was this the “reason” you discovered amid the ruins of Rome,

Which now seeks to lay in store of flesh for the slaughter-house,

And to shatter the brains of manacled and vanquished victims?

For your unified imperium to humiliate bondsmen in hordes,

Whom gladly you viewed trampled upon in triumphal arrays,

Humiliated by Roman Caesars, the bondsmen in hordes,

Meet to be fashioned into saleable myrmidons to enrol for the imperium?

Arrogant spokesman of slavery!

Do you behold naught else but the blossoming peaks of Rome,

You hankered to enslave what of Europe remained,

For the imperium, your insatiate imperium,

Rut even as once, long ago

For the imperium, your insatiate imperium,

Begetting children with God-abiding spouses,

Reformer purveying peace unto contentedly fattened

And stifling freedom,

It is enkindled nut by sorrow of us, nor of all humanity

And therefore, brutish dotard,

From whose relentless wisdom are hidden the mysteries

And their uncouth tread?

Now, after battle-triumphs of your imperium,

You hankered to enslave what of Europe remained,

To enslave, to enslave, wofully to enslave,

Bondsmen predestined for seizure, dung for enriching of soil,

Bondsmen destined for seizure, dung for enriching of soil.

Bondsmen destined for seizure, dung for enriching of soil,

Beasts to be yoked to the chariot of triumph,

And from them you deemed barbarians, to break in levies

For the imperium, your insatiate imperium.

But even as once, long ago

We flouted the flabby wisdom of your Luther,

Reformer purveying peace unto contentedly fattened townsfolk,

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Reformer purveying peace unto contentedly fattened townsfolk.
What avail you now your lore and your revered gray hairs?
Your sorry wisdom has conceived not the light of righteousness,
Nor the gladness of youthful nations in their own destining;
Has conceived not that an ancient culture durst not enslave,
Would it warm and illumine,
And be not in a changing and burdensome
Moisture marble about the neck of a galley-slave!
What avail you revered gray hairs, since you bubble senile saws,
O dotard, tottering on the brink of the grave;
Since you have forgotten to proclaim unison and humane,
Destruction of tyrannies and hatred;
Since you have forgotten to reconcile the word and its frail being,
And to utter a prayer for all-accomplishing compassion?
What avail you revered gray hairs, since you drudge-for darkness,
In an age when a myriad slaves hunger with an all-human suffering
And clamour at the portals of retrieval!
Since through the causeways of ancient cities range spirits of anarchy,
Scorning at your kaiserdom;
Since from downtrodden bondsmen of all castes and all nations
Flicker the first torches of humanity,
Even as from amid the barbarians impaled upon stakes by Nero,
Blazed forth the lustre of Christendom?
Over your grave, that our grandson shall forget not,
They will glimmer, torches ablaze, unto your sightless eyes,
And will lay bare your words, wherein is sealed the downfall
What avail you revered gray hairs, since you drudge-for darkness,
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BALLADE OF OLD WOMEN.
There was an old woman topped up one day,
All in a basket, fifteen times and three,
Higher than the moon. "0 whither now away?"
I cried, "and why that brow you bear so free?"
"To sweep the cobwebs off the sky," said she.
"May I come with thee then, thou woman old?"
"Thou shall come by-and-by, young sit, with me."
Full many an Old Wives' Tale have I been told.
And one there was whom, as he dying lay,
Her husband thus addressed: "I leave to thee
This shoe for dwelling, and thine age to stay,
Children as many as the sands of the sea."
Perplexed she was, but gave the progeny
Porridge sons bread, and whipped them, though no scold,
And so to bed bid them all packing be.
Full many an Old Wives' Tale have I been told.
There was another yet, as I've heard say,
Who went to market in the North Country:
She fell asleep beside the King's Highway,
Whom slumbering Pedlar Stout did chance to see.
He cut her petticoats up to her knee
And deemed herself transformed by fairie.
Full many an Old Wives' Tale have I been told.

Envoy.
Prince, many another gentle history
Of ancient women I could well unfold,
But time serve not nor do my rhymes agree:
Full many an Old Wives' Tale have I been told.

H. D.

Current Cant.

But what did these great statesmen call me when I told them these things more than twenty years ago? And what did they call me when I warned them of this war? And they are still governing this country, and they intend to go on drawing their salaries. I will ask my old friend Thompson to have a smile with me.—ROBERT FLEETWOOD.

How a woman would win the war. A free hand for the Army.—BERTHA RUCK.

Reunion after death... Let no one ask me how I know. I do know.—REV. R. J. CAMPBELL.

People are no longer buying luxuries.—GORDON SELFRIDGE.

Maxim Gorky and Romain Rolland and H. G. Wells know more of the real needs of civilisation than all the governments of Europe.—GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.

If, as we think necessary, the income-tax is used as the chief instrument of this emergency finance, it should be applied rigorously to include those working-class incomes which, owing to a rise of wages, temporarily attain the two-pound a week level.—"Nation."

God was. Women will be.—F. J. GOULD.

The people of England is a new, up-to-date, thinking public. —"New Days."

War-Time Hat Fashions. Striking Pictures in the "Daily Sketch."—"Sunday Herald."

To deny the work of the Rev. R. J. Campbell in his former ministry would be for me the commission of an unpardonable sin against the Holy Ghost.—Canon ANDERLEY.

The new conductor-girl, warmly uniformed, braves the elements, but first says good-bye to the Derby man whose place she has taken.—"Daily Sketch."

You always save money at Lipton's.—"Essex Weekly News."

The clergy are exempted because they have another "work" given them—to awaken and put grit and activity into the moral and spiritual forces that are lying dormant in the people.—The Archbishop of CANTERBURY.

Links in Britain's chain of war—Pears' Soap.—"Nation."

I expect that as I get older I am throwing back to some aristocratic kink in my ancestry.—HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

Newman Flower's book, "Is God Dead?" which recently caused some little stir in religious circles, is to be on the films within a very few weeks.—"Weekly Dispatch."

Mr. James Douglas discoursed to me the other day on the virtues of hot milk. This drink is, he tells me, his great stand-by, and he nearly always takes a glass before sitting down to write.—"Mr. Mayfair Dispatch."

It is beyond dispute that Nature is improving her methods.—MAURICE MAETERLINCK.

The airmen, like the sailor, want the qualities of the man who rides well to hounds.—"Times."

When a big business man is thinking of retiring, a Minister ought to send for him, and point out to him that his services are of extreme value to the State.—GORDON SELFRIDGE.

Last night, in a dream, I remembered some idle verses I wrote on, "Falling Stars." These be they...—FLORA ANNE STEEL.

King George — social reformer. — "Everybody's Weekly."
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE AUSTRALIAN PREMIER.

Sir,—The "Daily Chronicle" of March 15 reports an interview with H.E. the Australian Premier, Mr. W. H. Hughes, and it is instructive to read again the chapter in "National Guilds" on Democratic Wage System after reading this report. With your permission I shall quote from it:

First the book: In all the political democracies there are two classes of citizen— the active and the passive. The active, the Servile State, to which end the Labour Party also works, for listen: We feel that every man must come to the conclusion that something is wrong. That the political sequel is passive civic passiveness, if they remain such. The existence or a laborer towards political Labour Party may add that he has been bluffed, but I wished to prove to my readers that in politics he is nothing else than a Turkish chauvinist. Before I came to point out the essential false foundation of Mr. Pickthall's whole propaganda, I showed you how inaccurate he has been. It must not be forgotten that the contract is for a year only, and you can renew it or not at the end of that time as you think fit. This does not apply to any form of service in the army.

I asked if Capital in Australia trembled as a result of the strike. He said Capitul that depends on wages, or a wage-slab, may hab not. The Central Medical War Committee will do all that a professional body can to protect your interests while you are in the army. It must not be forgotten that the contract is for one year only, and you can renew it or not at the end of that time as you think fit. This does not apply to any form of service in the army.

ENGLAND AND TURKEY.

Sir,—I regret that Mr. Pickthall has not yet understood my purpose in this correspondence. I never hoped to convince him that he has been bluffing, but I wished to prove to my readers that in politics he is nothing else than a Turkish chauvinist. Before I came to point out the essential false foundations of the Labour Party's aim, I showed you how inaccurate he has been. It must not be forgotten that the contract is for a year only, and you can renew it or not at the end of that time as you think fit. This does not apply to any form of service in the army.

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FOR TRADE UNIONISTS.

Sir,—Had the wildered widows of the Trade Union Movement courteously called "The Leaders" been interviewed at the time this war commenced, England would have been saved the insult of Conscription. But alas! the employers' people have had it so. And all the time (when giving the Enrolment Scheme a new spring) the President of the Guild has been working in their midst. Proof? The following extracts from a circular of the Central Medical War Committee of the British Medical Association (dated 10 March) will show that:-(1) No one can say how long the war may last and therefore how many doctors may be required in the future, but it is the duty of the profession to be prepared for any calls that may be made upon it. (2) The credit of the whole profession is at stake in making the Enrolment Scheme a success and unless improvement is made upon the present system of enrolment the profession will be able, as far as the supply of medical men is concerned, to see the war through without any compulsion or official interference.

The pay amounts to £500 per annum—namely, 24s. a day and a gratuity of 6s. at the end of the year. There is in addition either a daily allowance in lieu of rations, and £50 for uniform. Your Local Medical War Committee will do all that a professional body can to protect your interests while you are in the army. It must not be forgotten that the contract is for one year only, and you can renew it or not at the end of that time as you think fit. This does not apply to any form of service in the army.

G. O. KAYE.

GREAT SOUTH AFRICANS.

Sir,—Sir Abe Bailey, K.C.M.G., has visited the British Army in Flanders, "as the guest of Sir Douglas Haig," and was much touched by the "high spirit of the troops," whose cheerfulness was the most marked in close proximity to the enemy. Sir Abe—Partner Abe, as he is often called in the land of his birth—is quite certain of complete victory; although we must not be present at the final achievement, we shall make heavy sacrifices to achieve it. He favours a policy of "happens to know for certain" that England was offered the protectorate of Turkey in 1913. Not only does Mr. Pickthall happen to know for certain, but—but he happens to know that he does not. He will, I suppose, reprint, as usual, portions of Dr. Blunt, sir, bluff, and a vain attempt to create prejudice.

We came at last, then, to Mr. Pickthall's main dogma. He "happens to know for certain" that England was offered the protectorate of Turkey in 1913. Not only does Mr. Pickthall happen to know for certain, but—but he happens to know that he does not. He will, I suppose, reprint, as usual, portions of Dr. Blunt, sir, bluff, and a vain attempt to create prejudice.

A. H. MURRAY.
matters appertaining to the fiscal policy of the Empire. His estimate of the military situation is also valuable, for he served with distinction in the Boer war, and was gazetted as a colonel in the army which General Botha led to its brilliant campaign against Lieut.-Colonel Francé's forces in South-West Africa. Quite recently, Sir Abe, with the assistance of his old friend Sir Sigismund Neumann, has done an excellent signal service for the cause of freedom by financing a scheme to amalgamate, and bring to the producing stage, the properties of the Cloverfield and Weldegacht mining companies, showing how keenly he appreciates the need for the production of silver, or, more accurately, golden, bullets, if that gigantic struggle upon which British aid is engaged is to be turned to a successful issue. It is true that the war may, as we all hope, end before the amalgamated companies are even in a position to show their profit. But Sir Abe probably feels, with Sir Sigismund, that an increased output from the mines of the Witwatersrand will be essential to the reconstruction of civilisation on the conclusion of the Armistice.

I draw your attention to the above facts, not because I hold a brief for Sir Abe Bailey, but because there are certain important or dramatic events which have dispelled the romantic misconception of the public, as to which the services which the wealthy men of the sub-continent have been privileged to render the great commonwealth of the nations we call the British Empire. Yet it is urgent to point out that the financial and military security of the Allied Powers is mainly due to the beneficent enterprise of such men as Sir Abe Bailey, Sir Sigismund Neumann, the Albu brothers, and Mr. Louis Bergasbach. Although in times of national stress the value of such men is, perhaps, the most conspicuous, yet even in times we all owe them much. The great gold industry they have built up does, directly or indirectly, afford an honourable and useful livelihood to thousands of Europeans and coloured subjects of His Majesty, in addition to many refugees from the cold tyranny of the Tsars. More than one of the despised "magnates" contributed to "the sport of kings" by keeping, at their own cost, an extensive stud of racehorses, thus being a very real help in maintaining the quality of our cavalry horses, of which the presence is so amply demonstrated to be the need. I may also, I trust, be permitted to add what the thoughtless are too prone to overlook, namely, that several of our celebrated South African millionaires have been selected for the honour of their King. Some of these have, unfortunately, been taken from us—I allude to Sir Julius Wernher and Sir George Parzar—but others, happily, are still with us. We have the increasing pleasure of the society of Mr. George Phillips, a partner in the firm of Breitmeyer and Co., and of Mr. Phillips, a patron of art, and husband of the authoress of "A Friendly Dragon." "Villa Arcadia" of Sir Lionel Phillips. He has also read the charm of society.

"Willa Arcadia" of Sir Lionel Phillips. He has also read the charm of society.

The Union

SIR,—I observe that in the March "Contemporary" there is an article on the Ukraine by Mr. Bedwin Phillips (alias Mr. Georges Raffalovich). It is, of course, his stock essay on the subject, but I notice one little mishap. In "The Ukraine," by "Bedwin Phillips," we poor innocents were interned under Regulation of the Defence of the Realm Act, 1914. Perhaps we are to be that their zeal and foresight have made them rich. As a conclusive testimony to the real disposition of the public towards them, I need only remind you of the thrill of horror and indignation which swept through South Africa when it became known that a dastardly attempt had been made on the life of Sir Lionel Phillips by a wretch he had befriended. Numerous leading articles were written discussing the matter in all the most important journals in the sub-continent; and a daily bulletin, to satisfy the public anxiety, for long took precedence of all other news. Disgust at the outrage, and sympathy with the wounded baronet, was expressed in the City of London. His Excellency Lord Buxton was among the first to send a note of condolence and wishes for a speedy recovery to health, for his Majesty's representatives, asMAXEPP, no one disdained, his influence in newspapers which bear comparison with the leading journals of the Homeland, they help to foster a respect for law and order, and guide the destiny of a young and impulsive nation along sober paths.

A better acquaintance with the record and achievement of the great men of South Africa should restrain the adverse criticisms levelled against them by well-meaning publicists and less scrupulous people. Success always begets enemies, as inevitably as talent insures success. None the less, it is worthy of note that no one in South Africa has yet found a few facts and a few words which those who are interested in the welfare of the people, and politicians, has had the temerity publicly to assail the reputation, or motives, of men whose only offence appears to be that their zeal and foresight have made them rich. As a conclusive testimony to the real disposition of the public towards them, I need only remind you of the thrill of horror and indignation which swept through South Africa when it became known that a dastardly attempt had been made on the life of Sir Lionel Phillips by a wretch he had befriended. Numerous leading articles were written discussing the matter in all the most important journals in the sub-continent; and a daily bulletin, to satisfy the public anxiety, for long took precedence of all other news. Disgust at the outrage, and sympathy with the wounded baronet, was expressed in the City of London. His Excellency Lord Buxton was among the first to send a note of condolence and wishes for a speedy recovery to health, for his Majesty's representatives in the Union of South Africa have been even more proud to show their esteem for the big men of the Witwatersrand, whose presence at the Vereenigel entertainments has contributed not a little to the gaiety and tone of a function which, however necessary and expedient, is frequently considered dull by persons whose prescription with business has blinded the charm of society.

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apparent possibility of giving it an explanation staining the honour of Peter Petroff and therefore of our Party to which he belongs has been sufficient for him to declare a hunger strike, determined to face death itself, thus putting the question of Socialism before his life; and is sufficient for me to declare that myself and, I am certain, all my party-comrades, emphatically protest against this attempt to discredit through an insinuation a political opponent, and to cast a slur upon the whole Russian Social Democratic movement, whether Russian, British, or German. But for the difficulties of communication and also for the fact that time presses, an equally emphatic declaration would have been made by numbers of prominent workers of the Russian Labour movement.

Secretary of The Central Bureau of the Groups Abroad of the Social Democratic Labour Party of Russia.

* * *

THE FRENCH PROPHETS AND THE WAR.

Sir,—I am much obliged to Mr. Kempston for his courtesy in returning me to the number of the New Age that disapproved of my sentiments and in giving me the opportunity to explain these to the public, and must apologize for my extreme youth, which evidently regards as fair game. Of course, I cannot keep my views to myself. I am certain that Mr. Kempston's letter I find very curious. He resents my suggestion that the New Age might deal with an important group of foreign thinkers, and jubilantly puts the honour of Socialism before his life; and is apparent possibility of giving it an explanation staining attempts to discredit through an insinuation a political opponent, and to cast a slur upon the whole Russian Social movement. G. TCHITCHERINE.

* * *

THE CASE OF A SERBIAN FIELD HOSPITAL.

Sir,—I regret that your correspondent "R. O." whose answer to my letter I have before me, once more calls for correction. He congratulates himself on being mistaken for The New Age in toto, but I am afraid he cannot deny this flattering reaction to his soul. If you, and he, will kindly refer to my previous letter, you will see that I wrote: "While the tendency of the new age (not The New Age) towards gratuitous impertinence, if your printers, not I, are responsible for the capital letters. At the same time I am glad to know that your correspondent contemplates taking lessons in manners; there may be hope for him yet."

CLAUDIE ASKEW.

[Our Correspondent, "R. O.", replies: Mr. Askew wriggles in the manner born, but I am the early bird. For surely we need not believe he used such simple words as the new age with no double entente. Advertisers such as Mrs. and Mr. Askew, who write up Gethsemane to the Daily Express, would never be content to call an age an age. Has he, true to the language they are addicted to, deployed the tendency of the ascendant dispensation, there could, of course, have been no misunderstanding them.]*

CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTION.

Sir,—I still maintain that "C. E. M. J." is bothering himself with minor details, and now add that in doing so he is partly responsible for only the minor details of our case receiving recognition. He admits the irrelevancy of the "conscientious" qualification, but what I want him to see is also the irrelevancy of "objection" merely. It is not an objection to military service that acts us, it is our belief in the efficacy of pacific methods as the only possible way of achieving the object of the war, viz., the prevention of war in the future. If we raise a question of objection merely, it is only natural that we should be treated merely as "objectors." But the description "C. E. M. J." gives as the Tribunal's designation of the objectors to military service. T. C.

* * *

LEITH HILL WOODS.

Sir,—Can any of your readers tell me who is responsible for the present destruction of large portions of these woods? Thousands of trees have been felled and, so far as I know, the work of cleaning them is still in progress. Mrs. and Mr. Askew, who write up Gethsemane to the Local Government Board. The Rev. G. W. Ackroyd supported his statement concerning his convictions. He said that there were two views as to how war could be overcome. One was by taking part in it, the other was by refusing absolutely to take part in it. He was quite sure that the death sentence was imposed Mr. Collier would be prepared to go through with it. Mr. Collier had told him that he intended to end his life. The Tribunal granted exemption. The Rev. G. W. Ackroyd said that he did not wish to associate himself with Mr. Collier's views.

* * *

A DISCLAIMER.

Sir,—The ways of publishers are unfathomable. Messrs. Kegan Paul have informed the admiring world that I served in the Russian cavalry and lost an eye at the beginning of this war. Both these facts, if they were true, would, of course, show an expert in Russian economics and politics, with which my book deals, but they are not.

* * *

A CORRECTION.

Sir,—I really write "writing" ? 'Twas "writhing" I meant! And your printers' wrong rendering rendered me wroth! (Was it naive, or a proof of their humorous bent?}

A. PRYTIE.

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