

THE NEW AGE

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART.

No. 1231] New Series. Vol. XVIII. No. 24. THURSDAY, APRIL 13, 1916. [Registered at G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] **SIXPENCE.**

CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
NOTES OF THE WEEK.	553	A SEVENTH TALE FOR MEN ONLY—V. By R. H. Congreve	567
FOREIGN AFFAIRS. By S. Verdad.	556	VIEWS AND REVIEWS : VOX POPULI. By A. E. R.	569
UNEDITED OPINIONS : THE CASE OF TURKEY.	557	REVIEWS	570
A PATHOLOGICAL VIEW OF THE UNITED STATES—(Concluded). By E. A. B.	558	PASTICHE. By James Stephens, Edward Moore, John Triboulet, P. Selver	571
CONSCIENCE AND THE WAR. By C. H. Norman	559	LETTERS TO THE EDITOR from R. B. Kerr, Marmaduke Pickthall, Simple Simon, Journalistic Dog, H. E. Hyde, Oscar Levy, Sir George Makgill, Ramiro de Maeztu, R. M., Dr. William A. Brend, Croft Hiller, Huntly Carter	572
MORE DISCONNECTED CONNECTIONS. By Ramiro de Maeztu.	561	PRESS CUTTINGS	576
SHEVCHENKO'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY. Trans. from the Ukrainian by P. Selver.	563		
MAN AND MANNERS : AN OCCASIONAL DIARY.	564		
SHAKESPEARE AS GROTESQUE—III. By Huntly Carter	565		
READERS AND WRITERS. By R. H. C.	566		

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

UNIVERSAL satisfaction has been expressed that as much as 509 millions out of a total Budget of 1,825 millions is to be raised by taxation in the current year. Certainly it is a large sum, and both the amount and the enthusiasm with which it has been received are proofs that the alleged penury of the country during the days of peace was only an excuse for legislative meanness. At the same time, however, in our opinion the amount of taxation is not nearly large enough. And it falls short of what it ought to be by exactly the amount that is to be raised by loan. What, you say, raise by taxation or by expropriation the whole 1,825 millions in a single year—a sum not very far short of our total national annual income? Yes, that is our proposition, and we will proceed to support it.

* * *

To begin with, we have pointed out many times that if the money exists to be borrowed it exists to be taken. The United Kingdom, we are often enough told, is the wealthiest country that has ever been seen. Nobody has been able to make more than the roughest estimate of our wealth; but there is no doubt whatever that 20,000 millions is well within the mark. The transfer, therefore, from private hands to the State of only 10 per cent. of this accumulated wealth would cover the whole of the present Budget, and a further 10 per cent. would abolish the existing National Debt. And why should not this simple means of paying for the war be adopted? If no sacrifice is too great for the nation to make in behalf of the present war, twenty per cent. of its accumulated resources is rather a bargain than an extortion. The victory of our civilisation ought to be regarded as dirt-cheap at the price. And, again, it ought never to be forgotten that these accumulations of wealth were socially permitted for the express reason that one day they might serve exactly this present pur-

pose. No other purpose can it be claimed they have served in the course and process of their accumulation; but, on the contrary, they have been made at the cost of the impoverishment of four-fifths of the population, and of the heathenisation of the remaining fifth. If, therefore, they are not to serve the only purpose for which socially they have the smallest justification in equity, then their accumulation has been one long crime unredeemed by any real motive of public service. That the money—or, rather, the wealth—exists nobody denies. That it is sufficient to discharge the whole cost of the war without strain upon itself is evident. The rich, we say, have only to return a percentage of their national trust-money to dispense the nation from any other war-taxation whatever. They have only to give what they are lending to save millions of this and the coming generation from debt.

* * *

Another reason for discharging the cost of the war out of existing capital instead of by mortgages upon future production is this: that the war is in no sense a national investment. If the nation were to make up its mind to spend a couple of thousand millions on canalising the Sahara or on harnessing to industry the power of the Pentland race, or on irrigating India, the cost of any of these might fairly be placed upon the future, since their productivity would provide the means of repayment, and posterity would profit by its expenditure. We should not even mind if a fairly high rate of interest were charged upon loans for these purposes, since it is certain that their yield would easily cover it. But the present war is for no productive purpose whatever. It is sheer loss. The restoration of a city destroyed by an earthquake would be more profitable than the prosecution of the present war, which, in effect, is the destruction of one earthquake by another. To charge its cost, therefore, upon future generations, as if future generations would profit by it, is to sacrifice the future to the present: it is to leave posterity with

a legacy of debt and with no better assets than our own to pay it with. What gratitude our descendants can feel towards us we should much like to know. *We* shall have had the glory, *they* will have the bill to pay. *We* shall have saved civilisation and all the rest of it, *they* will have to pay us an interest on it. *We* are much mistaken if posterity will feel it owes us thanks as well.

* * *

The point need not be laboured that the rich have not only the means of paying for the war without involving the nation in debt, but the obligation also. It is not denied, we suppose, that equity demands that in the event of a common national loss those should pay who have the means. Otherwise, all the talk of community and of being one nation is pitiable balderdash. But the obligation appears not a whit the less when it is remembered that the rich constitute the effective ruling classes of the country, and hence are and have been in exclusive control of the policy that has brought about the war. Allow, if you please (and as we do) that the people (meaning thereby the proletariat from the wage-earner to the salariat) have cordially endorsed the action of the governing classes, continuous approval of the policy of the governing classes has simply never been invited or expected of them. They are in at the death merely. It follows, therefore, that in the conduct of policy the rich governing classes have had it all their own way, with, surely, this corollary, that, having involved the country in a costly war, they ought to be manly and responsible enough—having, moreover, the means—to pay for it. There is, in fact, something morally disgusting in the spectacle of a wealthy oligarchy compelling its poor subjects to pay for its mistakes. And even if we suppose that the war was not brought about by our oligarchy's blunders, their eagerness to lay the cost on the proletariat does them no credit. Kings in olden times were wont to discharge the cost of their dynastic wars out of their private purse. Even the feudal nobles expected no more than the personal service of their villeins. But our plutocracy, with infinitely more money at its disposal and with far higher pretensions to social serviceability, engages in war of its own advice, and then seeks to throw the major part of the cost upon its serfs. The meanness is colossal, though we do not expect the average mind of to-day to realise it. Remote posterity, however, will justify the judgment we have just pronounced.

* * *

Still another reason why the cost of the war should be entirely defrayed by the rich is this: that as between the two classes of the Rich and the Poor—or, let us say, of Capital and Labour—the relative loss of Labour will, in any case, be much greater than the loss of Capital. Anybody can see for himself that the two immediate economic consequences of the war will be the dearness of Capital and the cheapness of Labour. Now, what does that mean? It means simply this: that after the war Capital, in consequence of its enhanced price or rate of interest, will be able to command a greater share of the total product than before the war. Labour, on the other hand, being relatively cheaper, will be able to command less. Suppose, for instance, that before the war our total national annual output was worth 2,400 millions, which was divided in the proportion of two-thirds to Capital and one-third to Labour. After the war, in consequence of the relative change of the two partners, the *share* of Capital will rise to something more than two-thirds, while the share of Labour will fall by the same amount to some-

thing less than one-third. This relative change of values is itself a present to Capital; and we estimate that it may need to be measured in tens of millions of pounds. Seeing, then, that Capital is likely to profit relatively by the war, is it not fair, on this score alone, that Capital should pay for the war? No honest economist can deny it.

* * *

To the objection that a levy upon accumulated capital would have the effect of discouraging saving it may be replied that a windfall of loss no more constitutes a *motive* than a windfall of gain. Business proceeds generally in this country upon calculable factors of greater or less stability; and neither the chance of a sudden fortune nor the chance of a sudden misfortune is taken into permanent account. A levy upon capital sufficient to cover the cost of the war would, therefore, have no real effect upon the disposition to save; unless, of course, an era of wars were anticipated. On the contrary, we believe that such a levy would have the effect of increasing rather than of diminishing the will to save; since it is pretty certain that our capitalists would do all in their power to replace the money so given away. Nor would its excellent effects cease with that stimulus. The writing off, as a bad debt, of the cost of the war would relieve actual industry of a dead-weight of what is tantamount to watered capital. Industry would breathe more freely for the removal of a useless burden of interest. Another good effect, pacifists in particular should note, would be the assumption by the wealthy of the real responsibility, as contrasted with the nominal responsibility, of foreign policy. If it were the established rule that the rich should always pay the money cost of war, their conduct of foreign policy might be expected to be a little more cautious if less glorious than it has been. Least, but not last, the relief of the poor of their present burden of taxes, over and above their burden of death and wounds, would be brought about if the wealthy paid for the war as they should.

* * *

All this, of course, is highfalutin common sense, and we are almost disposed to apologise for it. To be alone among a thousand intelligent, public-spirited, patriotic, high-minded journals in declaring the present Budget a stupid, mean, and unpatriotic piece of class legislation is not a pleasant experience, nor does familiarity accustom us to it. The price of standing alone is much the same as it always was! At the same time, not for the crown could we do anything else. As we think so must we write. That the wealthy should pay for a war of their own making; out of wealth accumulated by them for just such a national emergency; and in view of the fact that relatively to the poor they are bound to profit by it; seems to us so obvious that only fools can dispute it. Nevertheless, of course, disputed it is; or, rather, it is not so much as entertained to be disputed, it is wholly ignored. Discussion, on the other hand, has taken place, not upon the question above raised, *whether there should be any war-tax at all*, but upon pin-points, and these mostly in error. The "Times," as usual, opens the ball of folly with a burst of rhetoric. "Nothing could show more conclusively the readiness of our people to make any sacrifice in paying for the war" than the easy acceptance of 310 millions extra taxation. Oh, but we could think of much more conclusive proofs of sacrificial spirit than this—the payment, for example, of a thousand millions of extra taxation; a general voluntary levy in proportion to the gift of the King (one-tenth of his fortune!); the raising of loans without interest; the gift to the Treasury of gold trinkets, plate, etc. Any one of these would plainly demonstrate a will to sacrifice, whereas the present acquiescence in taxation *may* be no more than resignation to sacrifice. The "Times" likewise is responsible for the coldly comforting remark that the National Debt is, after all, only about five times the present national revenue. But if the revenue is not

devoted to paying off the debt in five years we do not see much point in the arithmetic. What is it intended that we should conclude: that in five years at our present rate of taxation we could discharge the National Debt? The suggestion is ridiculous. Even more absurd is another comment by the "Times" to the effect that the nation is still well within the municipal limits of loans, seeing that municipalities may borrow up to ten times their rateable value. But for what purposes? Would a municipality be empowered to borrow even up to five times its rateable value for purposes unproductive or destructive? A municipality does not go to war; and its loans are usually raised either to increase rateable values or to acquire property which becomes an asset of the community. As we have shown, our national war-expenditure, with which the "Times" compares municipal expenditure, is a sheer loss, a bad debt. Again, the "Times" raises an objection to the proportion of the present taxation falling directly as compared with the proportion falling indirectly, upon the tax-payers. As much as two-thirds of the total, the "Times" complains, is raised on income or by other direct means, leaving only a paltry third—about 150 millions—to be paid in enhanced prices indirectly. The interest on the loans, however, which the income-tax paying classes have made to the State, will almost cover their whole taxation; with the effect that, spread over years, the cost of the war will actually fall upon the non-income-tax-paying classes entirely.

* * *

One voice was raised in Parliament to regret that a tax has not been levied upon wages. It was the voice of a millionaire coal-owner, Sir Arthur Markham. We suppose that indecency must have lost its general significance to be unable to cover an exhibition of bad taste such as this. Like every other capitalist-employer, Sir Arthur Markham owes his wealth to the men who work for him; and now that he has made his pile and the pinch of a national war is felt, he coolly proposes to tax his men to help him to pay for it. The blind fool does not see, we suppose, that it is not even to his own personal advantage that his workers should be impoverished and reduced in their efficiency on his behalf. Let alone themselves, he would certainly suffer from a tax upon wages as much as a fly-proprietor would suffer from stealing his horses' oats. Nobody, on the other hand, raised the question of the super-tax or commented upon the absence of any increase in it. But if the country is to be as poor as the war ought to make us, not only ought the super-tax to have been increased, but it should be increased to extinguish all incomes over £5,000 a year. Nobody in the nation is worth more, functionally speaking, than the Prime Minister, who, nevertheless, discharges the greatest office in the world for a salary of five thousand pounds. If a Prime Minister can be obtained for that sum, assuredly every other office might be filled at the same salary. Moreover, such a limitation of income would put an end to profiteering as an inordinate greed. The taxation of all incomes over £5,000 down to £5,000 is desirable upon every ground. And with that we will leave the Budget for this week.

* * *

The "Spectator" is once more convinced that the trouble upon the Clyde is over. A little "firmness" on the part of the Government, and there you are, the thing is done. The "Times," on the other hand, is doubtful whether the trouble is really at an end, or even within a good prospect of ending. But, like the "Spectator," its method also is firmness. "The best tribunal for Clyde strikers and strike leaders," says the "Times," "would be a court-martial composed of their fellow-workmen serving in the Army, and presided over by a non-commissioned officer. . . . The mere existence of such a Court would send cold shivers down the backs of these men." We wonder that such stuff can be

written even by a "Times" special correspondent with a thrill to manufacture for the breakfast-table. For, assuredly, the Clyde workers would have nothing to fear from the judgment of their fellow-workmen in khaki, or out of it. The supposition that the Trade Unionists at the Front condemn the Trade Unionists in the munition factories is unwarranted by anything we have heard of their opinions. If the "Times" would like to know, we would inform it, indeed, that the prevalent opinion of the Trade Unionists in the trenches condemns the Trade Unionists of the benches, not for striking to abolish profiteering, but for striking unsuccessfully. The feebleness of the initial assault of the latter upon the profiteers, necessitating, as it has, a series of sputtering strikes of no moment or object, is much more the cause of indignation at the front than any display of real Trade Union strength. The "Daily Express," commenting upon our Notes of last week, observes that we forgot to mention the anti-war, pro-German, traitorous agitation which has been behind this "Clyde business." Otherwise, we are to presume, the "Daily Express" would still have been with us in the campaign to abolish the payment of blood-money to munition-manufacturers. We did not, however, "forget" these things, for there was none of them to remember. As the plain statement, elsewhere reprinted, shows, the immediate causes of the Clyde strike were workshop affairs which a little less zeal for profits on the part of the employers would easily have settled. But it suits people who wish to run with the hare and to hunt with the hounds to pretend that the hare is always at fault. The workman on strike is always wrong; and the employer on strike is called by another name.

* * *

However, a set of pretty problems is being prepared for the resumption of peace; and we do not envy the politicians who will have to deal with them. Their chief difficulty will arise from the disposition of the "best" opinion to urge upon them quack remedies rather than cures. Nothing will appear more obvious than that the lee-way of the war should be made up by imposing greater burdens upon Labour, in the hope that by thus over-working and under-paying Labour, Capital may be speedily renewed. But no course can, in fact, be more fatal to our national recovery. The very opposite course is, indeed, imperative. If during the war we have had to "dilute" Labour, and to press into industrial service women, children and old men; if, in addition, in order to make a little Labour go a long way, we have had to work over-time, treble shifts and at intense speed—the conditions of peace, releasing several million workers from the Army and closing down many specialised forms of industry, will require that we reverse the process of dilution, and squeeze the water out—yes, even more than we have put in. Remember that the problem after the war and until the world has recovered its capital will be the problem of unemployment. As the problem of war has been to find workmen, the problem of peace will be to find work. As a means to the un-dilution of Labour we suggest, as a start, the following; as practical ideas their value in our opinion cannot be over-estimated. (a) Immediately upon the declaration of peace, institute old age pensions of ten shillings a week to be optional for both sexes at the age of sixty. (b) Raise the school-age of boys and girls to sixteen, and set about providing higher-grade, continuation and technical schools to accommodate as many children as possible to the age of 21. (c) Statutorily, or in conjunction with the Trade Unions, reduce the working-day in all industries to six hours. (d) By the same means determine that the wages of women in industry shall be the same as for men doing the same work. We venture to say that if these suggestions were adopted, not only would there be no Labour trouble after the war, but the country would recover from its present wounds as if by miracle. The order of the day is the *Undilution of Labour*.

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

THE most recent Petrograd papers to reach London are full of odd statements with regard to the monk Rasputin, none of which appears to have been reproduced in the British Press. They may, of course, be untrue; I do not deny it. But some of them are sufficiently curious to be worth mention. One would like to know whether it is true that M. Chvostov, the recently appointed Minister of the Interior, had to resign suddenly because he had tried to secure Rasputin's assassination. The story hardly holds good when one considers it; but the "Frankfurter Zeitung" took care to reproduce it, and no denial followed from any section of the Russian Press. Further, to what extent, if any, is Rasputin responsible for the retirement of General Ivanoff from the command of the Southern Army? His successor, General Brusilov, is certainly a fine soldier; a man well known in military circles all over Europe. Still, it was General Ivanoff who was supposed to be taking steps to effect the forward movement in Galicia and the Bukovina; and he has undoubtedly been making great headway in his particular area since the beginning of the year. Now he has gone; and gone also is General Polivanov, the War Minister, after only a few weeks of office.

* * *

It might well be suggested to the Russian Government that some statement, even if only semi-official, ought now to be issued on the subject of Rasputin and his influence. No British commercial traveller returning from Russia but has a tale to tell of what he heard in Petrograd about Rasputin and the Empress and the Royal Family. In recent issues of THE NEW AGE Mr. C. E. Bechhöfer enlightened the public of Western Europe on this subject; but since his return the evil has not by any means ceased; and Rasputin has become more and more notorious in business and financial circles everywhere. It is ridiculous to think that soldiers and politicians of the front rank in Russia, from the Grand Duke Nicholas down, should be at the mercy of an illiterate peasant who wormed his way into the Church without possessing either character or faith, scholarship or wisdom. If it be true, as we are assured it is, that Rasputin cannot be removed because the Empress is under his influence and because the Tsar is unduly susceptible to his consort's whims—his consort being a German princess of notorious partiality—then it is high time for strong remonstrances to be made. Everybody who has been at the front with the Russian forces expresses the utmost admiration for their heroism and for their officers; but there seems to be little doubt that many losses would have been avoided if the efforts of the armies in the field had not been checked by the curse of Rasputin at home. These matters, as I have indicated, are now so well known to the public of Western Europe that it is time for us to have some definite statement from Petrograd.

* * *

On March 14 (27) a discussion on the section of the Budget relating to the Foreign Ministry took place in the Duma, and M. Miliutin (Octobrist) attacked the foreign policy of the Government since the war. To the carelessness of M. Sasonoff and his colleagues he attributed Russia's loss of prestige in Persia, the failure to attract Bulgaria, the delay in regard to Roumania, and the feeling of irritation brought about in Norway, Sweden, and Denmark. It is a comprehensive complaint—we might almost be listening to the squeaks of some of our own small fry in the House of Commons: Mr. Ronald McNeill or Sir Arthur Markham. I mention this point partly to show some of our own busybodies that our own Foreign Office need not be saddled with the blame for everything that goes wrong.

There are no complaints of this nature in the Reichstag, though there may be within the next twelvemonth. It is not to bad diplomacy that we have to attribute certain unpleasant facts; but to the forty years' preparation for war made by the German Empire, and to the almost complete lack of preparation made by the Entente Powers as a counter-move. If it had not been for unwearied efforts spread over more than a generation the Germans would not have made such progress as they have made, and while the issue of the war appears to many minds to be still in doubt it is natural that the more nervous persons in the threatened or afflicted countries should be inclined to lay the blame on the most responsive quarter. You cannot touch the German Chancellor, but you may succeed in turning out Mr. Asquith. The latter may be as innocent as the former is guilty; but in the latter event something is done; something worth pointing to has taken place. This is the spirit of the minor critic; but M. Miliutin said one thing worth remembering: "The Erfurt programme showed clearly that Socialism was the fruit of the German mind; and the influence of Socialism prevails in all places where Germans live. But when Socialism, some ten years ago, began to assume a pronounced international aspect, the Germans at once began to nationalise their own Socialism." That is particularly well worth considering in view of the speaker's assertion that Russian Socialism "is in complete unity with the Monarchy." So far as one may judge from the proceedings of the Socialists and other advanced groups in the Duma, this view is perfectly sound; and there is a reason for it.

* * *

The reason is this: it has become particularly clear in Russia in the course of the last few days that unless the German armies are defeated Russia will be forced, willy-nilly, to suffer the imposition of the German bureaucratic and State system. Every Liberal element in the country, therefore, is doing its best to ward off what is naturally looked upon as a calamity by all but the extreme reactionaries. But these extreme reactionaries include Rasputin; and, although they do not include the Tsar himself, they can influence him through the Empress, who is browbeaten in turn by Rasputin. Now, here is something which is of very much greater moment for the cause of the Allies than conscription for all married men, the internment of enemy aliens, or any other of the silly little questions on which our newspapers like to lay such pronounced stress. The "Morning Post" can achieve no result by publishing untrue stories about the alleged ineffectiveness of our extremely effective blockade; but it might help towards the winning of the war (assuming that it wishes to do so) by turning its attention to the corruption in Russian official circles. By corruption I do not mean financial corruption by German agents, though there is a good deal of that; but rather the more subtle and cunning corruption that aims at securing a Russian defeat while outwardly pretending otherwise. I have, however, little hope of seeing the "Morning Post" and the "Mail" and the "Times" doing anything so sensible as this; for an examination of the circumstances would inevitably show them that the German bureaucratic and State system, which the Russian Liberals are trying to defeat, is precisely the system which they themselves wish to impose on the people of England—the system, indeed, which has been imposed on us to a great extent since the war began.

* * *

To revert to M. Miliutin's speech, that hint about national Socialism should be taken to heart in England. War develops, above all else, the spirit of nationality and weakens the spirit of internationalism. (I am not arguing whether this is a good thing or not.) In so far as Socialism is international it is now almost powerless, and is every day becoming more so. This fact has been recognised in Belgium, Germany, France, and Russia. It is time for it to be recognised here.

Unedited Opinions.

The Case of Turkey.

HAVE you formed any opinion of the rights and wrongs of the participation of Turkey in the war? I confess that the subject is too confused for me to disentangle.

And for me, unless by guess-work. For of all the parties to the struggle Turkey would seem to have had the best motives for staying outside. Not only that, but I think the Allies had excellent reasons for keeping her out.

Was it, then, do you think, the superior cunning of Germany that brought Turkey in?

If I could think so, I should be tolerably satisfied; for her support of Germany would then have been a mere defeat for our Foreign Office of which one more or less is of little concern. But, as it seems, the Allies, at least as much as Germany, actually desired her to join Germany.

Can that really be true?

Oh, I know that, as things have turned out, such a wish was next door to madness; for the enlistment of Turkey against us has cost us the Dardanelles Expedition, the Mesopotamian Expedition, and the defence of Egypt—all very costly affairs in men and money. Likewise it appears to have cost the Allies the tragedy of Serbia, not to mention, for England alone, the risk of stirring up Moslem feeling everywhere against us. But unlikely, on the face of it, as our provocation of Turkey into war against us would appear to be, the conclusion that we deliberately provoked her or, at any rate, took no steps to dissuade her, is difficult to resist.

You remember, however, that on the eve of her entry into the war the Allies guaranteed her integrity in return for her neutrality?

I do, but by that time the mischief—if it should prove ultimately to be mischief—had been done. We must go further back than to the moment before midnight.

How far—to the Turkish Revolution?

But that revolution was itself merely a symptom that Turkey had become a pivot of the European system. We ought to inquire what made it so; for as a pivot it is less Turkey itself that is to be considered than the forces that revolved about it.

Turkey, in fact, has only a geographical value for Europe?

So it seems to me. And here, if I may say so, our friend Mr. Pickthall has gone wrong. A lover of Turkey, he naturally sees the various Powers as enemies of Turkey in particular; but really, I think, they have no animosity against Turkey as Turkey: the contrary, in fact; but it is the strategic position that Turkey occupies that forms the ground of dispute. Had any other nation been there, even a Christian nation, the same policies would, I think, have been pursued.

But what exactly is the dispute?

Well, it is not altogether unintelligible: the question is who shall control the Dardanelles? You see the Dardanelles chances to be the bridge between Europe and Asia, and, at the same time, the bridge between Russia and the world. Its use by Germany would presumably settle for ever the hope of Russia of finding thereby a free outlet to the sea. On the other hand, its free use by Russia would necessarily mean an end to the German exploitation of Asia Minor. Thus at Constantinople two futures clashed, the future of Russia and the future of Germany: and since neither could be gratified without entailing consequences upon England, the choice was imposed upon England of supporting the one or the other. Turkey, you will see, was not in dispute. All that Turkey meant to the three Powers that met at that point was a bridge, and the sole question was who should hold the bridge.

Yes, that seems very clear.

Mr. Pickthall complains that long before the war began and while, I suppose, the three Powers were manœuvring for position in Turkey, Turkey herself offered (in 1913) to place her territories under the pro-

tectorate of England; and he cites the offer as a proof of Turkey's friendliness to us and of our shortsightedness. But, without assuming the omniscience of our Foreign Office, it may be doubted whether the offer was made spontaneously or rejected inconsiderately. In 1913 the Bagdad question may not have appeared ripe for solution. Again, it would have been difficult for England, after having accepted the protectorate of Turkey, to proceed to allot to Russia the freedom of the Dardanelles. Germany might have made it a ground for instant war; and her moral case would have appeared good. Mind, I am not saying that all this occurred as just related. My suggestion is simply that there may have been grounds for England's apparent coldness to Turkey.

But what of the steps that provoked Turkey into alliance with Germany?

You reminded me a minute or two ago that the Allies guaranteed the integrity of Turkey in return for her neutrality. Let me remind you of it now. Do you agree that the offer was seriously made?

Oh, yes.

Then why did not Turkey accept it?

Because, I suppose, she thought she had more to gain from Germany and war than from the Allies and neutrality.

Remember, then, that Mr. Pickthall must explain that fact. And it will be no use to urge that the offer was satirical or belated. Satirical you agree it was not; and belated it could never be, even though, as we know, until that moment Turkey had been under considerable provocation.

What do you think Turkey hoped from Germany or feared from the Allies?

From Germany and from a German victory I imagine that Turkey hoped to establish herself as the middleman between Germany and the Near East, particularly Asia Minor. She saw herself a still independent European Power with a growing importance from her situation on the new trade-route. From the Allies, on the other hand, she feared Russian control of the Dardanelles and, ultimately, either the dismemberment of her Euro-Asiatic Empire or a Russian protectorate over all.

And had either this hope or this fear any foundation?

Neither, I think; for it is pretty certain that a German victory would not have left Turkey standing very long; nor, I think, would the Allied victory have involved for a neutral Turkey either dismemberment or a Russian protectorate.

And now?

Well, we pass from hypothetics to prophecy. If we may assume a conclusive victory for the Allies one question will certainly be settled in the negative; Germany will not occupy the Turkish bridge into Asia Minor. The question then left is which of the two Powers, Russia or England, shall occupy it.

And which will it be, do you think?

I should like to say both; indeed, I would add the rest of the Allies and Turkey as well.

You think the occupation of the Dardanelles by Russia alone would be dangerous?

Unmistakably so to this country, not to mention Turkey. For assuredly the possession of the Dardanelles would appear to necessitate the Russian occupation of the hinterland on both sides—and how far a hinterland extends you know! And, again, as the greatest Moslem Power, England cannot safely allow an exclusively Russian occupation of the Moslem Holy Land. No, I think we must rule out Russia as a sole guardian of the Straits.

Then you would internationalise them?

Say rather guarantee them by the joint guarantees of all the Allies; to whom, as I said, I would add Turkey herself.

No punishment, then, for Turkey's desertion of neutrality?

Oh, no, but only the withdrawal of her power ever to desert again.

A Pathological View of the Hyphenated States.

VI.—THE DANGEROUS AGE.

An uneasy consciousness of the approach of a new epoch, wealthy in dangerous possibilities, is stirring in the Hyphenated States. As the new century approaches its first quarter the puritan veneer, which has done duty for an American Kultur, shows unmistakable signs of wear. Through the cracks in this surface disconcerting glimpses are obtained of the raw material underneath. The alarming discovery of unassimilated Germany was perhaps the most vigorous blow received by American complacency. The proverbially docile and racially unassertive German, whose readiness to submerge his national identity when abroad has been the despair of his imperialistic compatriots—that he should have escaped the benign process of Americanisation seemed incredible. The coloured helots, with their unwilling allies, the dark-skinned "dagos" of Latin Europe and the Levant, had become such a familiar spectacle that the presence of a large class of racial outcasts appeared to be a special dispensation of God for the preservation of white American "democracy." When a race of undoubted whiteness suddenly stood forth in all its nakedness of Americanism, it was clearly time to take seriously this factor of hyphenation.

The first and most natural form in which disappointment found an outlet was in a blind rage (tempered by fear) against Germany and the German-American. Thus a double purpose was served, for not only was a certain amour-propre satisfied by the attribution of a mythical heinousness to the un-Americanised German, but public attention was diverted from the real problem. With a fabulous assortment of German spies, secret agents, and propagandists to keep the newspapers cackling, the light of publicity did not shine impartially over the entire length and breadth of the problem. It might be thought that, as time went on, this original attitude of indignation would give way to a sane consideration of cause and effect. That the latter was demanded, and should have suggested itself, follows from what has been related in this place. But inquiry might more simply have been prompted by the striking fact that almost every German study of American conditions in recent years has deplored the recession of *Deutschum* before the ways of anglicisation. Yet no American critic of the German hyphenates has ever troubled to relate the phenomenon to any cause in the nature of the Republic.

Nevertheless, a subconscious feeling of national weakness has permeated the country, although vitiated and distorted by concentration upon the original Germanic occasion of its awakening. Inevitably the earliest to awaken from their dogmatic slumbers were those whose sense of propriety was most outraged, the political evangelists. These worthies, with characteristic zeal for formulæ, devised the scheme of Americanisation which was described some months ago in *THE NEW AGE*. To their anæmic minds the remedy for hyphenation presented itself in the form of patriotic verbiage and hocus-pocus. The institution of "Americanisation Day" was the mouse of which these mountains of righteousness were delivered. But the unkind persistence of facts, substantiated by deeds in the real world, outside the mission tent of republicanism, has had a depressing effect upon this exuberant fantasy. Flag-waving is encouraged spasmodically amongst the school children, but the limits of its efficacy have been recognised, even by the limited intelligencies from which the notion sprang. The professions of (obviously cupboard) love for America, which emanated from the hyphenated ranks, made it impossible to pretend that grateful emotion was identical with patriotism. Nobody stopped to inquire whether this variety of affection was not perhaps the only possible substitute

in the circumstances. Seeing its manifestations in Europe, the oracles decided that patriotism must be made of sterner stuff.

Accordingly, there was launched the agitation for "preparedness" which has almost driven the war from the principal news page of the daily Press, and is rapidly becoming the dominant issue of current politics. The test of patriotism is, therefore, more searching, for it involves consent to enormous expenditure on armaments, and even the possibility of compulsory military service. The decision to prepare for the contingencies of the next war was not reached without a display of all the familiar virtues of hyphenated democracy. The earnest preachments of Mr. William Jennings Bryan were heard at once, the theme being his familiar superstition of peace on earth, which has survived the most severe criticism of actual events. Mr. Bryan's middle-West clientele of agricultural Methodists rallied without difficulty to his pacific summons, and it looked as if the President would incur some risk, if he championed a cause so abhorrent to the weighty influences back of his henchman. However, partly because of the latter's acceptance of the Danaan gift of German-American friendship, and partly because of belligerent aggression in the field of neutral rights, the Rubicon of preparedness was eventually crossed by Dr. Wilson, without undue injury to his political stability.

The campaign for increased armaments having been born in dubious circumstances, the same malediction has attached to it as betrays the progress of so many American movements, conceived by a people in a state of intellectual sin. The genesis of preparedness seems most certainly to have been part of a scheme to exterminate the hyphen. Roosevelt, the pseudo-Zarathustra of the democratic superman, was the earliest evangel of American militarism, and his advocacy was sufficient to alienate the hyphenated minority, and to render suspicious the moderate pacifists. Consequently, when the club for beating German-Americans was suddenly transformed into the guiding staff of the Republic, its original victims remained sceptical of its magic qualities. Thus, a would-be national issue has failed to bridge over the fissures which mark the surface of hyphenation, and the loudest protests of anti-militarism come from the sons of militaristic Germany. Surely the country which can bring about these prodigies of national contrariness must lack some of the requisites of successful assimilation? It would seem as if every possible variation from type can be effected, except the essential mutation which brings re-birth. The snake of hyphenated Americanism may slough many skins, but the sinuous reality remains unchanged.

The fine shades of hyphenation, however, have also been brought out by the military test. Owing, undoubtedly, to the absence of genuine nationality (which would demand a national culture) the people are unmilitary, without being anti-militarists. In consequence, they are predisposed to resent calls upon their self-sacrifice, such as are demanded by the work of national defence. So ingrained is the conviction that America is a place in which to exploit (or be exploited) that the average citizen can hardly resign himself to the notion of duty towards the community. His indifference to the common weal is encouraged by the physical and political structure of the country. If the Englishman has for centuries felt remote from the wars which have convulsed Europe within comparatively few miles of his home, how much less perturbed must be the Californian by the possible invasion of the Eastern States? As a matter of fact, the New Yorker has consistently refused to excite himself over the Japanese nightmares, which haunt the dreams of the West Coast. The business men of the South, the Middle West and the West cannot be expected to share the enthusiasm for armaments of their steel-producing colleagues in the East.

The diversity of interests in controlling circles must

be multiplied several thousandfold, before one has an adequate picture of the conflicting conditions upon which American national policy must rest. These conditions are related not only to economic variations, but also to moral and intellectual differences. The New England view of negro-shooting differs sensibly from that adopted in the best circles of Kentucky. Magazines are made up in such a way as to enable the distributing agent to remove certain pages, when they are sent to States whose morality is not as that of other men. Certain areas are as sterile of civilisation as they are fecund in moral safeguards and religious enthusiasms. To pass from one State to another is frequently to change one's mental environment more abruptly than to exchange Vienna for Belfast—the experience being, however, more devastating, owing to the uniformly monotonous ugliness, and external similarity, of most American cities. One has but to imagine the vast intellectual wastes of America, controlled by the most primitive human beings admitted to civilised society, in order to visualise the monster, whose uncouth movements have to be interpreted to a politely credulous world. What a task for the anæmic verbalists! Is it surprising that they drift along loquaciously upon the tide of Big Business, acting solely when panic or profiteering dictates?

Once caught in the current of preparedness the Hyphenated States have been swirled about in the familiar purposeless fashion. Everybody who awoke from the dream of Americanisation found himself committed to a vague programme, which accurately reflected the inchoate mind that devised it. Some, remembering the scepticism of German-America, have attempted to persuade themselves and others that a fleet is required which will be equal to the combination of any number of first-class Powers. They have not succeeded in convincing many of the feasibility of this gigantic undertaking, but have delivered their cause into the hands of the internationalists. The latter have abandoned their pastime of whitewashing German Socialism, and are now in the throes of a revolt against the very name of nationalism—a pathetic picture of the fox who lost his tail. What do they know of nationalism who only the hyphen know? Meanwhile, American socialism is working at top pressure to save the Republic from Prussianisation.

The more practical spirits have preferred to put forward an ideal to which European example gives an air of plausibility. They argue that a two-Power standard would bring the Fleet up to the level demanded by the exigencies of America world-politics. Inasmuch as the two Powers obviously designed as the basis of comparison are Japan and Germany, this proposal again falls between two stools of divergent interests. It is hardly easier to find unity in hostility to Japan than in hostility to Germany, although, of course, the democratic pride of race is more susceptible in the former case. At all events, the linking of Germany with the traditional enemy, coupled with the natural scepticism felt outside California towards the Japanese "peril," tends to lessen the effectiveness of this bogey. Moreover, the two-Power solution is acceptable only on the understanding that, by alliances and ententes, no more numerous combination has to be met. Here the skeleton of the Munroe Doctrine seats itself once more at the political banquet.

The presence of this relic has had the effect of giving countenance to the political spirit-rappers, who have conjured up a most incredible spook, closely related to the cadaverous guest. Pan-Americanism, being the reverse of the medal whose inscription is "no European entanglements," much solace has been found in its contemplation by those who want alliances outside Europe. A union of all American countries is precisely the kind of doctrinaire idea which delights the minds of hyphenated statesmen. Failing to achieve union at home, they seek it abroad, and with the tolerant desire to let bygones be bygones which would characterise

rapprochement of wolf and lamb, they propose that South America shall help to protect the United States—Canada forming no part of this New World-embracing policy. When the relation of the two Americas are recalled, when one recollects that Spaniards, Portuguese, and especially the South Americans, are classified with Greeks and negroes as undesirables, the humour of the situation is apparent. Both American foreign policy and American social life are in such violent opposition to the spirit of Pan-American Union that the proposal need not be considered as anything more than the eternal recrudescence of democratic piety. Pan-Americanism is merely another name for Pan-hyphenation.

While all the elements of hyphenated Americanism are seething, and the turmoil of misunderstood events engenders more confusion where order never reigned, it would be rash to prophesy. The New World is as surely in the process of disintegration as the Old, but the ultimate dissolvent has not yet been applied. Intelligent observers are increasingly conscious of impending fate, for they see how inconceivable it is that the chaos of American life, with its palpably ignoble corollary of ambiguous neutrality, should long survive in the new era upon which we are entering. Some hold that salvation will come with a sword, and that until the cataclysm of war is upon them the Hyphenated States will continue brutishly to accumulate wealth, their senses deadened by religious and political opiates. The constant spread of morbid puritanism, the onward march of physical degeneration, and the diminution of intellectual courage—these are the portents to which the prophets refer. They are the shameful witnesses to the moral and political failure of a great democratic experiment whose fatuousness was never so offensively revealed as in the hour of democracy's struggle for the mastery of the future.

E. A. B.

Conscience and the War.

By C. H. Norman.

THE existence of a minority against the participation of Great Britain in the European War is a fact which has never been officially admitted by the British Government, notwithstanding that the declaration of war on Germany was preceded by the resignation of Lord Morley and Mr. John Burns. The introduction of Conscription in Great Britain for the first time in the history of the country has brought the anti-war minority into prominence in the form of the conscientious objector. The Government imagined that the only class of conscientious objector necessary to be noticed by the legislature was the man who objected to the direct taking of human life by killing with his own weapons. The Military Service Act provided for the case of the man who had conscientious objection to taking part in combatant service; but entirely ignored the existence of the man who objected to rendering either combatant or non-combatant service under military or civil control which was calculated to assist in the prosecution of this war. The man who looks upon this war as a monstrous outrage upon humanity, and who believes that all the belligerent Governments are equally responsible for creating the situation that made the war a possibility, has not had his point of view represented in the exemption clause of the Military Service Act. The anti-militarist has not been recognised in any proper sense by the British Government.

Broadly speaking, in a community like Great Britain, in which the duty of every able-bodied citizen to defend in arms the country from a foreign enemy has never been admitted in any legislative enactment, there were bound to be a large number of people (1) who had convictions against killing men under the direction of the military machine; (2) who had convictions against taking any hand in the organisation for war; (3) who had a sincere belief that it was wicked to destroy the

life of another human being, no matter what the provocation or the circumstances. This last set of men would be a small number in any society; but it is a dishonest trick on the part of the military service tribunals to attempt to confuse this comparatively rare type with the other bodies of belief that have a large representation in Great Britain as in other civilised communities. The questions about mothers and sisters, though possibly relevant in the case of the third class indicated above, are wholly irrelevant as testing the sincerity of conviction of persons professing the first and second sets of belief. It is with these three divisions of anti-militarists that the Government is now on the brink of a conflict.

Shallow critics often remark about this minority that they are "sheltering themselves" behind the soldiers and sailors who are acting under the orders of the Government of the majority. The answer to this point of view is a simple one. All these three bodies of people can reply that it was not *their* will that their lives and property have been jeopardised by the act of the Government of the majority in engaging upon war. They do not seek to be defended by the majority; and it is a sham argument to contend that the majority, in upholding their *own* defence by force of arms, is conferring any benefit upon the anti-war minority. Then it is said that the minority should leave the country if it is not prepared to take a share in the war created by the action of the majority; but the answer to that is that "rebellion is the prerogative of the subject"; and any minority, if unduly harassed by the majority of the community, is entitled to resort to that prerogative of the subject against any tyranny which reaches the breaking point of intolerance. A society that claims that all persons who dissent from war should be divorced from any part in that society has never existed in any country; though it is true that the Puritans, the Huguenots, the Flemings and the Doukhobors abandoned the various communities that imposed upon them intolerable duties or wrongs.

It is plain beyond dispute that persons who are opposed to the Government entering upon a given war and are in favour of that war being stopped cannot be taunted with any fairness with a desire to save themselves at the expense of the fighting men. It is not they who wish their fellows to be slain on the battlefields or on the high seas; on the contrary, they repudiate the whole policy that has produced the state of things that has involved the slaughter of their own countrymen. In the mind of the conscientious opponent of war, its chief horror is that the flower of the belligerent communities is being ruthlessly and uselessly destroyed. It is really preposterous for the aged militarist politicians and journalists to reproach the conscientious objector with hiding behind the armaments of militarism.

Furthermore, Red Cross work and R.A.M.C. work are so closely connected with the whole organisation of war, and are only called into being by the creation of a state of war, that participation in that form of militarist activity would be as much a joining in the organisation of war as actually taking part in the fighting. It is ridiculous to confuse the issue by pretending that conscientious opponents of war are inhuman creatures who would leave their disabled fellows without assistance, or would not moderate suffering, because they refuse to join in anything that is solely called into being by the existence of the state of war. As a rule, the conscientious minority are better citizens than the loud-voiced militarist majority, as they are always trying to secure the passage of measures that are calculated to alleviate the unequal lot of mankind in the teeth of the opposition of the reactionary classes. This is specially the case in the present war when the minority largely consists of the rank and file of the Independent Labour Party, than whom there are no more devoted workers for social reform in the municipalities and in the State.

The clause in the Military Service Act providing for exemption from combatant service of those who are able to satisfy certain panic-stricken old men who have composed the personnel of the tribunals that they had a conscientious objection to taking life manifestly never met the position that has been here outlined. Already the National Committee of the No Conscription Fellowship has had reported to it accounts of the arrests of some nine anti-war men; while three suicides of conscripts who have resorted to self-destruction rather than submit to the bullying or cruelties of the military authorities have been recorded. The struggle between the Government and the opponents of the war has now reached a critical stage. Unless some *modus vivendi* is arrived at Great Britain is faced, in the midst of war, with a peculiar and terrible form of civil insurrection.

There is one method open to the Government, namely, to suspend the clauses in the Army Act and the Reserve Forces Act forbidding the employment of absentees or deserters; and to allow those conscientious objectors who are willing to make a statutory declaration that they have a conscientious objection to taking any part in this war to remain in their present occupations without interference by the military authorities. In other words, the Government should leave the conscientious opponent of the war to his own devices. It is impossible to *prove* a conscientious conviction, as conscience is incapable of proof, though in some cases material evidence corroborative of personal testimony might be available. Those who have had the duty cast upon them of dissenting from the war policy of the Government hitherto have conducted their agitation on strictly constitutional lines. But the Government cannot imagine that the course of political criticism alone will be pursued if the Government insists upon initiating a policy of persecution of its opponents. If the convinced opponents of the war and their supporters are to be condemned to the tender mercies of the military authorities, it is obvious that the strain on human nature will be more than can be satisfied by masterly inactivity or passive resistance. Does the Government seriously desire a conscientious objection to assisting in war to be demonstrated by a resistance to the representatives of law and order of a kind calculated to diminish the efficiency of his Majesty's Government, Army, or Police Force without in any way enrolling any recruits? The situation is rapidly becoming an uncontrollable one. The Government has brought about this impasse by assuming that there were no considerable numbers of men bitterly determined to resist being compelled to participate in the war. That error of judgment can be repaired by the Government amending the Military Service Act so that a statutory declaration of a conscientious objection to war would entitle the declarant to exemption. This may not be a very satisfactory plan from the point of view of the Carson-Lloyd-George-Northcliffe Party; but it might be accepted without much opposition if the alternative were understood to be something more than the vanishing trick into a military prison.

In the "Manual of Military Law," on page 721, there are set out the "Rules for Field Punishment" signed by Viscount Haldane, by which one may judge the kind of torture inflicted in the British Army for trivial offences. An offender (a) may be kept in irons, i.e., in fetters or handcuffs, or both fetters and handcuffs; and may be secured so as to prevent his escape. (b) When in irons he may be attached for a period or periods not exceeding two hours in any one day to a fixed object, but he must not be so attached during more than three out of four consecutive days, nor during more than twenty-one days in all. (c) Straps or ropes may be used for the purpose of these rules in lieu of irons." This is the basis of Captain Campbell's, M.P., remark to Mr. Outhwaite, M.P.: "If we could get you into our battalion we would string you up by the thumbs in half an hour." It is not astonishing that the subjecting of decent civilians to a discipline inspired by this sort of spirit has flooded the country with

scandal after scandal of the character revealed by the many courts-martial connected with the Hamilton and similar cases. The hushing-up process has now covered every form of social sore and military crime; but should the Government persist in its present course all one can say is that the inflammable material in the country will be set alight.

More Disconnected Connections.

By Ramiro de Maeztu.

THE JUSTICE OF COMPULSION.—Why is it just that military service should be compulsory, while another service such as shoe-blackening should not be? It won't do to reply that more soldiers are wanted than shoeblacks. That is a quantitative answer to a question of qualities. Neither more or less nor expediency can be criteria of justice. The reason is a different one. The service of a shoeblack is purely professional. And the professions of men ought to be determined not only by social necessity but by the fitness of the individual. The principle of social necessity requires that every individual shall fulfil one of the functions necessary for the maintenance of society. That of fitness demands that the vocation should be respected, provided that this vocation is not that of idleness. There is also a professional side to military service, which consists in the knowledge of the different techniques of war. In this professional side the voluntary principle must be respected as far as possible. But there is also a non-professional side, which consists in submission to discipline and the risking of life. The vocation here is no longer professional, but heroic. And it is not just to sacrifice the heroes alone. It is more just to sacrifice those who are not heroes, although this may be inexpedient from a strictly military point of view.

COMPULSION AND LIBERTY.—It is obvious that compulsion attacks personal liberty. But why should personal liberty be sacred? It was to this problem that Stuart Mill devoted his essay "On Liberty." He solved it by saying that personal liberty is sacred because it favours the progress of thought. If the answer were true, personal liberty would have to be respected; for, in fact, the progress of thought—that is, the acquisition of new truths and the maintenance of those already known—is really an absolute value, an end in itself. But is it true that personal liberty favours the intellectual progress of a country?

LIBERTY AND THOUGHT.—Both Stuart Mill and Buckle believed that liberty was enough to promote thought. Hence, the fervour of their Liberalism. This belief of theirs must have been based on another: on the belief that it was sufficient to permit individuals to think as they wished in order that truths might come spontaneously out of the heads of men. But they don't. And they don't because thought is only a spontaneous activity in thinkers by vocation. The vast majority of men hardly ever think. As a rule, a man only thinks when he is in trouble. During the rest of his life he either dreams or lets his ideas come together by chance. To concentrate on objective problems is something done spontaneously only by a handful of men in each generation. If there were in the world no other intellectual activity than the spontaneous, this would not even be enough to preserve actual knowledge, not to mention the increase of it. That is why Governments, except the very primitive ones, have at all times devoted a great part of their power to promoting thought, and even punishing ignorance, as they punish it in the laws providing for compulsory attendance at school. It is true that at other times Governments have devoted their power to crushing thought. But in that they were wrong. To employ power in promoting thought is good; to employ it in crushing thought is bad.

LUXURY AS AN EVIL.—The worst of capitalism is that it grants to private individuals the right to spend

as they like accumulated capital. A nobleman in the Middle Ages was as much bound to his land as his own serfs. He could not sell it; he could not spoil it, or give over arable land to pasturage and hunting. He was a functionary. But a modern rich man may spend in a few years, if it please him, the capital accumulated by three hard-working generations; and it is even possible for him to demoralise a fourth generation in the process of spending his money on luxuries and vices. But if this personal liberty is bad, the existence of capital is good. The savings of one generation are the tools of the next. Although capital may be in incompetent hands, its existence is preferable to its non-existence, because it is always possible for a Chancellor of the Exchequer to make it pass into better hands. The existence of capital enabled England to buy from other countries the munitions and food she needed for her great war. That shows us that Ruskin exaggerated when he said: "There is no wealth but life." This is one of those paradoxes which ought to be destroyed by the truism of "Wealth is wealth and life is life." Wealth is not life. Wealth is power, and power is an instrument for life; but not life. In the same way as in the individualistic societies of the past, socialistic societies of the future will have to devote part of their efforts to accumulating wealth for coming generations. Thrift will be a virtue in socialistic societies as it is now. The only truth in Ruskin's paradox is that wealth ought not to be accumulated at the expense of life, for human life is a higher value than wealth. Between thrift and life there is a permanent conflict which only wisdom can go on solving. But this does not mean that there is harmony between life and luxury. Luxury is precisely the destruction of wealth without profiting life. Luxury is, then, an evil. And not only so in this society, but in every conceivable society.

DEMOCRACY AND JUSTICE.—The real cause of the failure of Democracy is that it cares much more for happiness than justice. Democracy will not be saved until it is cured of its hedonism or ideal of pleasure. A perfect cure is impossible, for hedonism—its real name is lust—is one of the aspects of original sin, and, therefore, ineradicable in human nature. What can be done—what has been done for the last four thousand years, and what it will be necessary to do for the next ten thousand—is to refute its arguments.

CLASSICISM AND ROMANTICISM.—Classicism, like Romanticism, acknowledges that man is the king of creation. But Classicism adds that man is a servant—the servant of God; the highest good, the highest truth, the highest beauty. As king of creation, man is superior to all other things and to all other animals; but, on the other hand, he is inferior to the good, the true, and the beautiful. He may use things and animals for his satisfaction; he ought to serve absolute values. The consciousness of his superiority over things can help man to cure himself of lust. The consciousness of his inferiority with respect to absolute values can help him to cure himself of pride. Lust and pride are the two aspects of original sin. But that has already been said by Pascal, and, before Pascal, by the Fathers of the Church. Classicism is already very old; but for some centuries it was a class without intelligent pupils. Now Romanticism is dead; and there are curious souls returning to the class.

THE GUILDS AND THE WAR.—The Guild spirit can rise again in its entirety only if the consciousness of the solidarity of men in economic effort is strengthened and enlightened. Will the war help towards this? In my judgment yes, for these reasons: (1) The war has compelled nations to overcome all kinds of subjective rights which form barriers in the way of human solidarity. Among these subjective rights are, for instance, private property, and all rights arising from privilege and private contracts. The principle of "salus populi" is not the "suprema lex," but war makes it justly supreme over private property. (2) The war has revived the spirit of brotherhood in arms. There is no higher form

of peace than this spirit of brotherhood in a cause believed to be just. The idea of peace cannot be separated from that of war. The greeting, *Pax vobis* means Peace to you who are fighting against evil. Brotherhood in arms is peace in war. And peace without war is unthinkable. I do not say that it is not possible that in the future there may not be a war superior to this of defeating the Germans, although I believe that this is good enough for the time being. What I say is that war must be eternal, universal, and obligatory so long as evil lasts. (3) War enlightens the concept of solidarity. It does not create a direct solidarity among men, but solidarity in a thing, in a problem, in a common task, in the defence of the national life and territory against the enemy. (4) The great modern armies exemplify in themselves the spirit and the rules of the Guilds. What differentiates a Guild from an ordinary Trade Union? That in a Trade Union the solidarity of the members is direct; its object is purely mutual protection. But the members of a Guild are associated in one thing, in a function: railways, mercantile marine, mining, or agriculture. From this thing they receive, like the army from the national defence, their discipline, their dignity, and their internal rules of compulsory work, limitation of pay, and hierarchy of functions.

LAW AND THE GUILDS.—The spirit of solidarity is a vague thing. It cannot triumph if it is not expressed in a legal formula. But the legal formula of a new social system cannot be improvised. The declaration of the Rights of Man in 1789 would not have been possible if Rousseau had not published his "Social Contract" in 1762. Nor would it be possible to establish in the immediate future a society based on the principle of No function no rights, if this principle had not previously been formulated. But it has been formulated by Duguit. The difference between the eighteenth and the twentieth century is this: While in the eighteenth century, in spite of illiteracy, the books of Rousseau and of Tom Paine were read by the hundred thousand, there is no Syndicalist, so far as I know, who has read the books of the theorist Duguit. The multiplication of silly books and silly newspapers has stultified, among the general public, all sense of intellectual values.

THE BALANCE OF POWER.—The balance of power is as necessary for a good internal politics as for a good external politics. And the reason is this: As soon as a social class acquires absolute superiority over the others, it loses all stimulus to produce objective values. It only cares about maintaining its power or spending it in a life of pleasure, while the other social classes confine themselves either to admiring it or to hating it. When a given class predominates in a society over the others culture is impossible. Modern nations owe the culture they possess to the rivalry of different governing classes—the territorial capitalists, the shareholding classes, the bureaucracy, the politicians, and even the remains of the ecclesiastic hierarchy. The ideal is not a proletarian regime, but to convert the workmen into ruling classes. For every class tends, naturally, to hegemony. But only when the other classes combined are more powerful than the class or classes nearest to hegemony will they be able to oblige the latter to fulfil their functions, and to be content with the power necessary for these functions. A society of nations strong enough to dominate the most imperious; an organisation of social classes capable of acting likewise: that is the balance of power.

ETERNITY AND MUTABILITY.—In all propositions and dogmas there is an element of truth or falsity, unalterable, eternal, and independent of our will and of life. But the knowledge and interpretation of propositions and dogmas die and rise again. Eternity and mutability fuse together in propositions as in realities. The psychological moment is always death and resurrection. Eternity is extra-psychological.

DEATH AND RESURRECTION.—All that I have written may be summed up by saying that the principle of function is a better base of societies than the principles

of authority and liberty. It is better because it is more just. And when I say that it is more just, I assert in the principle of function a quality independent of the wills of men. It is more just whether they like it or not. But in order to triumph it is necessary that men should like it—all men; or at any rate the most powerful and influential. How can they be made to like it? The way will be prepared by the historians who study the present war. I myself have no doubt that the general belief is justified in attributing its honours to the fact that the world has fallen a prey to the two antagonistic and incompatible principles of authority and liberty. The war will have shown that the more unjust of these two principles—although the more efficient—is that of unlimited authority. It is the more unjust because no man has a subjective right to command others. It is the more efficient, provided that the authorities are not stupid, because it unifies the social forces in the direction prescribed by the authority, and because it implies a principle of order. The mere fact that a combination of half the world was necessary to defeat Germany is proof of its efficiency. The strength of the liberal principle lies in its respect for vocation. But in the liberal principle there is no efficiency, for there is no unity of direction. Nor is there justice in it, for it allows some individuals to invade the field of others. The idea of liberty leads men to act as if every letter printed in this article expanded right and left and tried to conquer the space occupied by the adjoining letters. The result of absolute liberty is universal confusion. But the reason why both these principles of authority and liberty should be rejected is the same for each: that both principles are founded on subjective rights. And these rights are false. Nobody has a subjective right to anything; neither rulers nor ruled.

This conclusion will be reached by historians and thinkers. But that is not enough. It is not enough for men to know that it is necessary to sacrifice personality in order to establish society on a firm basis of justice. Personality must be sacrificed. That is not only a theory, but action. The critique may refute authority and liberty as bases of society. But to the conviction that our true life consists in being functionaries of absolute values we arrive only by an act of faith, in which we deny that our ego is the centre of the world, and we make of it a servant of the good. This act of faith is a kind of suicide, but it is a death followed immediately by resurrection. What we lose as personalities we reconquer, multiplied, as functionaries. The man who asks for money for himself cannot ask for it with the same energy as he who asks for it in order to study a problem or to create social wealth. Here we establish society on a principle of order which is at the same time a principle of justice: the principle of function and the ideal of value. But what are the values? What is their hierarchy? We have replied that the absolute values are the good, the true, and the beautiful. The instrumental value par excellence is man, and the instrumental values of the instrumental man are the economic values. This hierarchy may be altered occasionally. It is possible that at a given moment there may be instrumental values more urgent than absolute values. It is certain that disputes will arise over the primacy of some values over others. But to quarrel over values is in itself to live a life a hundred times more intense than to quarrel over mere personalities. It is to live in the kingdom of eternal things. St. Paul says (I Cor. xv, 44) that in death "It is sown a natural body," but that in the resurrection, "It is raised a spiritual body." The doctrine of Death and Resurrection open also the way for the submission of man to higher things.

MOORE EPIGRAMS.

Moore: that bog, that mist you will not find
Among my books—they must be in your mind.

Moore: you snap at Yeats without avail;
To what foul master will you wag a tail?

JAMES STEPHENS.

Shevtchenko's Autobiography.

Being a letter to the Editor of "Narodnoe Chtenye"
(Reading for the People).

(Translated from the Ukrainian by P. Selver.)

I FULLY appreciate your wish to acquaint the readers of the N.C. with the biographies of those men who through their capabilities and achievements have worked their way upwards from the obscure and inarticulate ranks of the common people. Narratives of this kind—so it seems to me—might rouse many to a realisation of their human dignity, without which all chances of a general development among the lower classes in Russia appear to me impossible. My own destiny, presented in the light of truth, may lead to deeper contemplation, not only on the part of the common man, but also those from whom the masses are so completely dependent; and this should be of profit to both sides. Such, then, is the reason why I propose to reveal in public a few sad facts concerning my life. I should have desired to present them with the same completeness as that shown by the late S. T. Aksakov in his account of his childhood and youth—all the more so, since the history of my life forms, in part, the history of my native place. But I lack the enterprise to go into all the details. That could be accomplished only by a man who is in possession of inner calm and, as is usual with such men, has become reconciled with the external conditions of his life. All, however, that I can do now to fulfil your wish is to give a concise account of the actual course of my life. When you read these lines, then, I hope you will realise those feelings which oppress my heart and afflict my spirit.

I am the son of Grigor Shevtchenko, villager and serf. I was born on February 25, 1814, at Kerelovyetz, a village in the district of Zvenigorod, government of Kiev, upon the estate of a landed proprietor. In my eighth(?) year I lost father and mother, and found shelter with the parish sacristan as a servant-pupil. Such pupils bear the same relationship to the sacristans as the lads who have been apprenticed to craftsmen by their parents or some other authority do to their masters. The master's power over them has no definite limits—they are actually his slaves. They have to perform uncomplainingly all domestic duties, and fulfil every possible caprice on the part of the master himself and the members of his household. I leave it to your imagination to conjecture what a sacristan—a sorry drunkard, pray consider—could demand of me, and the things that with slavish humility I had to do, not possessing a single being in the world who troubled or could be expected to trouble about my condition. In spite of all this, in the course of two hard years in a so-called school, I had been through the grammar (spelling-primer), the sum-book, and, finally, the psalter. Towards the end of my school course, the sacristan used to send me to read the psalter in his stead, for the souls of departed serfs, and was so gracious as to reward me, by way of encouragement, with every tenth kopeck. My help made it possible for my harsh teacher to devote himself, in a higher degree than before, to his favourite occupation, in the company of his friend Jonas Limar, so that on my return from my exploits as preceptor I nearly always found the pair dead-drunk. My sacristan treated not only me, but also the rest of the pupils, with harshness, and we all hated him terribly. His senseless truculence caused us to be crafty and revengeful towards him. We used to deceive him on every occasion that offered, and did him all possible mischief. This was the first despot I ever met, and my whole life long he filled me with loathing and contempt for every kind of coercion practised by one man upon another. My childish heart was injured a thousand times by the products of such a despotical schooling, and I concluded, even as defenceless people are wont to conclude, when their patience is finally broken—with revenge and flight. When I came upon him one

day in a state of complete drunkenness I turned upon him his own weapon, the rod, and as far as my childish strength permitted I got even with him for all his cruelty. Among all the chattels of this drunken sacristan, the most precious thing always seemed to me a certain little book with pictures, that is, engravings, truly of wretched workmanship. Whether it was that I could not reckon it a sin, or whether I could not resist the temptation to purloin this rarity, I took it, and ran away by night to the township of Lesyanka.

There I found a new teacher in the person of a painter-deacon, who, as I very soon discovered, differed in his principles and habits very little from my former master. Three days I patiently dragged buckets of water uphill from the river Teketch, and crunched copper dye on an iron disc. On the fourth day I lost patience and ran away to the village of Tarasovka to a sacristan-painter who had gained renown in the locality by his effigies of the great martyrs Mikita and Ivan Voyin. To this Apelles I now turned with the firm resolution to overcome all the trials of destiny which at that time seemed to me inseparable from study. I fervently wished to acquire his skill, if only in a tiny degree. But, alas! Apelles observed my left hand attentively and refused my request point-blank. He informed me, to my bitter sorrow, that I had no aptitude for anything, not even for cobbling or coopering.

So I lost all hope of ever becoming even a medium painter, and with a saddened heart I returned to my native village. I had in view a modest destiny, which, however, my imagination endued with a certain artless bliss. I wished to become, as Homer puts it, the herdsman of stainless flocks, intending, as I roamed on behind the assembled drove, to read at leisure my beloved stolen picture-book. But in this, too, I was unlucky. My estate-owner, who had just come into his paternal heritage, needed a smart lad, and so the ragged scholar-vagrant, having donned just a twill jacket with trousers to match, became a full-blown page-boy.

The discovery of such page-boys is due to the Poles, the civilisers of the Ukraine beyond the Dnieper. The landed proprietors of other nationalities adopted, and still do adopt, from them these page-boys—undeniably an ingenious device. To train up a handy lackey from very childhood means as much in this whilom Cossack region as the subjugation to man's will of the swift-footed reindeer in Lapland. The Polish estate-owners of a former age kept these so-called "Kozatchki" not only as lackeys, but they made use of them also as musicians and dancers. . . . The modern representatives of the illustrious szlachta (Polish nobility), proudly conscious that they are thus enhancing culture, call this their patronage of the Ukrainian national spirit—a proceeding in which, so they allege, their ancestors always distinguished themselves. My master, being a Russianised German, looked at the affair in a more practical way, and patronised my national spirit in his own manner, by assigning me a post in the corner of the ante-chamber and enjoining me to motionless silence, until he should lift his voice and order me to hand him his pipe which stood quite close to him, or to fill a glass with water before his nose. Owing to my innate unruliness I transgressed my master's order by singing melancholy bandit songs in a barely audible voice, or on the sly copying the pictures in the old Russian style, with which my master's rooms were embellished.

My master was a restless man. He was continually travelling, now to Kiev, now to Vilna or St. Petersburg, and he always dragged me in his train, so that I might sit in the ante-chamber to hand him his pipe and other necessities. I cannot say that I then felt my position in life as burdensome to me; only now does it fill me with horror and appears to me like some wild, incoherent dream. Probably many of those who belong to the Russian nation will be disposed some day to regard my past life with my eyes. As I roved with my master from one house of call to another, I took advantage of every opportunity to filch a woodcut from the wall, and in this way I brought together a valuable collection. To my

particular favourites belong to the historical heroes such as Solovey Rozboynik, Kulnev, Platov the Cossack, and others. I should add that it was not the craze for collecting which led me to this, but the invincible desire to produce the most faithful copies possible of these drawings.

One day, at the time of our sojourn in Vilna, December 6, 1829, my master and his wife had gone to a ball at the so-called *ressources* (gatherings of the szlachta) to celebrate the name-day of His Majesty Nikolai Pavlovitch, now resting in God. The house was completely wrapped in slumber. I lit a candle in my solitary room, spread out my stolen treasures, and, selecting Platov the Cossack, began to copy with devotion. The time passed by unnoticed. I had just got to the Cossack offspring who romp about the mighty hoofs of the general's horse, when behind me the door opened, and my master, returning from the ball, entered. He seized me by the ears and gave me a few cuffs—not because of my artistic endeavours (no! to art he paid no attention), but because I might have set fire not only to the building, but to the whole town. On the next day he ordered the coachman Sidor to give me a sound hiding, and this was carried out with all due zeal.

In the spring of 1832 I completed my eighteenth year. As the hopes which my master had placed in my ability as a lackey had not been justified, he gave in to my unceasing requests and hired me by contract for a period of four years to a guild-master of painting, a certain Shiryayev in St. Petersburg. This Shiryayev united within himself the qualities of the Spartan sacristan, the painter-deacon, and the other sacristan, the cheiromant. Regardless of the pressure which proceeded from his threefold genius, I spent the clear spring nights in the Summer Garden (Lyetny Sad) at St. Petersburg, and made drawings of the statues which embellish that rectilinear structure of Peter the Great. At one of these seances I made the acquaintance of the artist Ivan Maximovitch Soshenko, with whom I still maintain the most sincerely fraternal relations. On the advice of Soshenko, I began to try my hand at water-colour studies from Nature. During my numerous early and smudgy attempts I had a model in the person of Ivan Netchyporenko, a Cossack, another fellow-countryman and friend of mine, and one of our estate-owner's farm-servants. One day the estate-owner noticed my work in Netchyporenko's possession, and it pleased him so much that he employed me to paint portraits of his mistresses, for which he now and then rewarded me with a whole silver rouble.

In 1837 Soshenko introduced me to V. I. Grigorovitch, secretary of the Academy of Fine Arts, begging him to liberate me from my unhappy lot. Grigorovitch conveyed this request to V. A. Zhukovsky,* the latter made provisional overtures to my master and commissioned K. P. Brulov to paint his portrait, with the object of making it the stakes in a private lottery. The great Brulov immediately expressed his readiness, and in no great length of time he had Zhukovsky's portrait ready. Zhukovsky, with the help of Count Velehorsky, organised a lottery to the amount of 2,500 roubles in coupons, and at this price my liberty was purchased on April 22, 1838.

From that day on, I began to attend the sessions at the Academy of Fine Arts, and soon became one of Brulov's favourite pupils and comrades. In 1844 I attained the dignity of a free artist.

Concerning my first literary attempts, I will merely say that they had their beginning on those clear moonlit nights in the Summer Garden. The stern Ukrainian muse long shunned my fancy, which had gone astray in the life at school, in my master's ante-chamber, in houses of call, and in town-lodgings. But when the breath of freedom restored to my sentiments the purity of my childhood spent beneath my father's humble roof,

she embraced and fondled me—all thanks to her!—in a foreign clime.

Of my early feeble attempts, written in the Summer Garden, only the ballad "Pritchinná" has been printed. When and how I wrote the subsequent verses I would now rather not discuss. The short history of my life which I have indited as a favour to you in the present disjointed narration has cost me more, I must confess, than I would have expected. What a succession of wasted years! And what have I, through my endeavours, redeemed from destiny? To survive with my bare life! Or, at the most, this terrible insight into my past. It is terrible, all the more terrible for me, since my own brothers and sisters—whom I could not bring it upon myself to mention in my narrative—have remained serfs to the present day. Yes, they are serfs to the present day. I remain, etc.,

February 18, 1860.

T. SHEVCHENKO.

Man and Manners.

AN OCCASIONAL DIARY.

FRIDAY.—I wonder which I prefer (for they are different)—the manners of the bachelor or the manners of the married man. The complete bachelor often appears a more interesting and perhaps more charming person than his married brother. He has had more time to devote to his personality, and the result is—I refer to the successful bachelor—a man of more accomplishments than the married man whose domestic duties often rob him of opportunities for self-development. From the woman's point of view, in particular, there are, moreover, possibilities in the bachelor, and a suggestion of romance about his singleness. The competent bachelor is thus sometimes a notable success in society; and being then mistaken for the rule instead of the exception he disposes people to over-value bachelorhood. But in truth few men can remain bachelors and human; for, under no diurnal necessity to exercise consideration and sympathy, the bachelor, more often than not, loses sensitiveness and becomes impenetrable to the ideas and feelings of others. The competent married man, on the other hand, under the continual necessity of sympathy with others, grows in a kind of clairvoyance; he becomes accessible to delicate impressions. He has plenty of practice. If, for example, his wife is moody, he has first to find the cause and then to discover a remedy. And a good deal of tact is necessary for both. Your bachelor, of course, has no need to exercise ingenuity in diagnosing diseases, or for concocting cures. There is a quicker remedy for dealing with the complaints of housekeepers than of relatives. And even sisters require less finesse in management than wives and mothers-in-law. No; summing up the cases, I shall give judgment in favour of the married man. Every-work-a-day virtues such as his—I refer, of course, to the competent married man who possesses them—are not acquired without much toil and tribulation, the equivalent of which you do not pass through in bachelorhood. And although its compensations may be many, the domestic life is the most difficult of all—both for men and women. But its virtues are beatific.

SATURDAY.—One of the æsthetic consequences of the war may be fewer ornaments worn by women. If so, and this should lead to the substitution of quality for quantity, what an advance in the art of personal decoration! Some women seem to think that so long as their gross total yield of jewellery (never mind the quality) exceeds that of their rivals they stand supreme. But let me delicately insinuate that ornamentation by quantity will never produce any effect but the wrong one. Women are not shop windows, nor yet, I trust, so devoid of natural charm that they must needs light themselves up like street-lamps for moths. Is a woman so valueless herself that she must supplement herself by as extensive a display of jewels as she has space to exploit? Oh, fine feathers! Overdoing jewellery is, of course, as vulgar as overdoing dress. The better the

* V. A. Zhukovsky (1783-1852), a prominent Russian poet of the Romantic period especially famous for his ballads. He was tutor to the future Tsar, Alexander II.

fewer is the rule for the proper wearing of ornaments (and the best ornaments of all are often those that are not there!). One or two good ornaments are usually sufficient; for it is the character of quality that it can dispense with quantity. Quality, in fact, can stand on its own legs. The line between quality and quantity is the Rubicon of the art of ornamentation. But another question is of the *right* ornament. Exquisite taste is needed to suit the ornament exactly to the person. Some hands, for instance, require rings, others simply cannot endure them. Some necks need a halter, rather than a scarf; there are faces which look well when cornered with earrings—and so on. It must be remembered that the wearing of ornaments is a barbaric custom which only rare taste can adapt to the values of culture.

MONDAY.—I have discovered that Elsie, who the other day said that any old dress would do for home wear, doesn't think her husband worth the pains of concealing the implied disrespect. At lunch to-day she excused him to her servant for knocking over a glass. Clumsy thing, she snapped, why don't you look where you're going? I should think Ellen is sick of washing out the cloths you spoil! From the quiet way he smiled Elsie's husband is accustomed to being "rowed" before servants. I fear Elsie is a bad case. But there are other women I know who are nearly as bad. They will humiliate their husbands before servants, and again before guests, by sulking, complaining, crying, being rude, nagging, correcting, criticising, ignoring, neglecting. Nor would it be fair to omit the other side of the case—the husbands who correct, tease, complain of, criticise, ignore, neglect their wives in public. It is very difficult to make such people, people, that is, to whom the practice is possible at all, mend their manners. But perhaps for their own sakes they would try to reform if they knew what others think of them. So let me tell them. Is she really so ill-bred? Is he really such a boor? There is no clause in the marriage vows that gives either husband or wife the right to humiliate the other in public, and the public has the good manners to resent being made spectator of so unmannerandunwomannerly an exhibition.

TUESDAY.—The first man to whom the modern form of hotel occurred may have thought he was going to do away with home life in offering people a home from home. Events have proved him wrong if ever he thought so. An hotel is not a home, or rather what it is is a kind of communal home in which everything is in common, and where the master of the house is the servant of all, or, say, like the father of a family with neither full right nor complete means to correct his charges. Bad hotel manners arise from carrying the habits of the home proper into the hotel. For, from its definition, it is wrong to treat an hotel as home, and to behave in it as you would behave in your own house. The proper standard of hotel manners can only be arrived at by a happy discrimination of the line between permissible freedom and aggravating licence. You can correct the waiter, for example, but you are not entitled to abuse him in public, for he is not *your* waiter, he is public property. You must not make a noise in the corridors of an hotel, for the rooms on either side are not your rooms. You mustn't absorb more than your share of service, for if you do there may not be enough to go round. You mustn't play the piano if by doing so you disturb someone else's peace. You mustn't—simply mustn't—stay an hour in a bathroom—it is not your bathroom—other people may want to use it. Fires, tennis balls, billiard cues, windows, armchairs, papers, ink, air—everything in an hotel is communal, and to consume more than your just share is a breach of hotel rules and good manners. Even the visitors themselves are "common," and it seems to me you must neither expect unacquainted people to talk to you nor yet resent their doing so; you must neither insist on talking to them nor yet refuse to do so. A home is a private house; an hotel is a public house, and visitors must adapt their private ways to its public laws.

Shakespeare as Grotesque.

By Huntly Carter.

III.—SHAKESPEARE GROTESQUED.

So far, I have been concerned with two points. (1) When truth is seen by the imagination in vivid moments of recreative play, and is expressed instantly as seen, it is grotesque. (2) Shakespeare's plays are a spontaneous and natural growth of (a) the pure grotesque spirit—a spirit characterised by play and laughter, and (b) the grotesque spirit touched with sorrow. These plays proceeded from a vision of actual life as a kind of comedy which Shakespeare staged in such a way that he raised the perception of the spectator to the level of his own. That is, the man in the stalls was Shakespeare.

There is, then, only one way to represent Shakespeare. Every spectator must be made to realise that he is Shakespeare. He must feel that he is seated in a world of Reality, equipped with high spirits, dandling tenderly and humorously the endless procession of figures whom folly, hypocrisy or insatiable ambition converts into clowns, mountebanks, buffoons, merry Andrews, indeed, all who, in Shakespeare's hands, make fun of the serious material business of life. But, it will be asked, how can Shakespeare possibly impart his joyous inspiration to the present-day spectator? Look at the immense difficulties to be overcome. Consider that the playgoer has neither a Shakespearean sensibility nor nerves left. He is no more fit to receive the currents from a pure and gracious soul than the old boosey gods were to receive the embraces of Venus. Thanks to the spades of archæologists and pens of prigs, to the mass of impudent guessing and assumption poured forth by technical specialists, literary and dramatic critics, producers and players, both theoreticians and practitioners, he has been smitten with a drain-like and unholy blindness. What else could he expect from the sight of a deformed monster with the ears of a Midas, the snout of a Hog, and the bull-throat of a prize-fighter? For this is what the united efforts of Shakespearean interpreters has really produced. In fact, they have been so busy interring the real Shakespeare, that if asked what might be the nature of their effort, they could reasonably reply, "We come to bury Shakespeare, not to praise him." Of course, to praise Shakespeare is the proper way to serve him. I know of only one recent interpreter who has served him in this manner. Mr. William Poel has praised Shakespeare as Ruskin praised Turner, and Turner praised Nature. As for Mr. Poel's contemporaries they have almost without exception been sketching their own portraits, and trying to fit Shakespeare's cap to their swollen heads. Look, for example, at Mr. Frank Harris's lascivious capers with Shakespeare which left the latter looking like a Silenus dancing his ways into plays on a nasty sexual tarantula. Then take the silly Fabian capers of Mr. Bernard Shaw. We know how Mr. Shaw's attempt to murder Shakespeare ended. After comparing his own grotesqueness with Shakespeare's, he slunk away revolted with himself.

It is the same with Shakespearean producers. Apparently, a new kind of Shakespeare has been called into existence for their sole benefit. Instead of being the personification of a noble grotesque, he is simply the embodiment of their own ignorance, delusion or supercilious disdain of whatever has no marketable value. As a foremost sample of the queer weeds raised in this garden of spiritual indifference, there is Mr. Granville Barker's non-stop Shakespeare, which we now know was not a natural growth produced by spirit calling unto spirit, but a trade novelty manufactured for Mr. Barker, the editor, by Mr. Barker, the producer.

As for the players, I think their unremarkable silliness is due to actor's mania. When applied to the interpretation of Shakespeare, this mania manifests itself in various forms. This means that, in each case, a Shake-

speare is produced minutely, answering to the leading player's dominating vanity. Thus, if a squint-eyed actor plays Shakespeare, and he is in love with his squint, he will do his utmost to set Shakespeare squinting towards the spectator. Here are some good examples of the vanity in action. Irving was an indifferent actor, extremely artificial, and possessed of an atrocious voice and worse mannerisms. But he had a strong personality with which he was insanely in love. He used this personality very successfully to cut, season and stage the great poet. Sir Herbert Tree, Irving's "spiritual" descendant, is even worse as an actor and speaker than Irving. But he has an overwhelming selfishness with which he is in love. He is, in fact, the most selfish actor on the stage. Mr. Israel Zangwill once objected to have a passage of his play cut. Sir Herbert's comment was, "That is why I like Shakespeare. He is dead. I can do what I like with him." He did what he liked with "Othello," for instance. He cut it first to Falstaff his own part, secondly to fatten the "pageantry." Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson, another Irving offshoot, has little to recommend him beyond laziness, artificiality and extreme effeminacy. This little is a good bass voice which of recent years has travelled to the falsetto. He is in love with his voice. It is, in fact, the beginning and end of him as an actor. His voice is the crocodile that eats poor Shakespeare up. And when the serious spectator demands him back he gets a voice and merely dialogue—much of it preserved for the sake of exploiting "Forby's" famous crocodilean voice and manner. The younger players are no better. Mr. Oscar Asche has a single instrument of expression with which he is in love. It is a union of physique and animal spirits. One remembers how it made Othello snap and bark and bite, and, more recently, how it led Petruchio to give an unexampled exhibition of horse-taming. Indeed, in the latter case it cut Shakespeare down for physical force curtains, deprived him of all subtle humour, including that large slice, the Induction, loaded his carcass with adipose tissue, and tossed him in the midst of offensive realistic scenery. Actually, the "Taming of the Shrew" was Oscar Hash, not Shakespeare. In fine, the playgoer asks for a Shakespearean feast and receives a sight of a clown pledging himself in a loving-cup of egregious vanity. It is a pretty base thing to deform the face of a large soul with the mask of a frog-like vanity. Yet this is what some of the creatures who play Shakespeare are doing.

If the foregoing are the obstacles to Shakespeare being grotesqued, what are the remedies? That some are forthcoming is suggested by Ruskin, who says, "Yet, observe, it by no means follows that because the grotesque does not appear in the art of a nation, the sense of it does not exist in the national mind. Except in the form of caricature, it is hardly traceable in the English work of the present day; but the minds of our workmen are full of it, if we would only allow them to give it shape." To-day I believe the mind of the nation is full of it, and would find the utmost relief in giving it shape. It should be the work of Shakespeare to quicken this spirit and so rescue the nation from the horrible gloom which is settling upon it. Of course this is no time for organising a big Shakespearean movement by forming intelligent committees to take the control of Shakespearean representation out of incompetent hands. But something might be done towards adapting suitable theatres to the requirements of grotesque representation, towards interpreting the plays in a holiday spirit, towards extracting the grotesque key of each play, and towards employing grotesque objects and agents of expression. Included in the latter would be spontaneous grotesque acting and spontaneous grotesque scenery to suit the requirements of the acting. This would be disappearing scenery, which I hope to discuss another time. In these ways the ground might be cleared for appropriately grotesquing Shakespeare after the War.

Readers and Writers.

I HAVE never attached any importance to the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy. If critics can be so uncertain of literary values as even to have a doubt whether Bacon wrote the Shakespearean plays, their opinion is worth nothing. Bacon could no more have written the plays than I could. On the other hand, the defenders of Shakespeare as the author have themselves to thank for the lodgments for absurd speculations they have left in Shakespearean criticism. Shakespearean criticism in this, and, indeed, in every country, is a disgrace to men of letters. That excellent work has been done upon the text, and that excellent commentaries have been written upon the meanings of the plays, I do not, of course, deny; but upon the plays as a whole, as the work of a single man, and manifesting, presumably, his developing personality, not only has little been written that will stand criticism, but almost every variety of opinion and conjecture continues to pass current. Sir Sidney Lee, who is for no better reason than his industry allowed to be our prince of Shakespearean authorities, remarks upon the "steady and orderly growth of Shakespeare's poetic faculty"; but when it comes to the simple question of fixing the actual chronological succession of Shakespeare's works, Sir Sidney Lee is confessedly involved, save from external sources, in something rather worse than guess-work. But if the development of Shakespeare's faculty is so steady and orderly, surely some evidence, based upon some more spiritual criterion than the chance circumstances of external history, should be offered us. In fact, however, nothing more solid is adduced than the evidence of Shakespeare's use of prose and his manipulation of the metre of blank verse, both of which, as measuring rods of development, break in the hands of every critic who rigorously applies them to the plays. Take, for instance, the criterion of prose. It is predicated that Shakespeare's employment of prose affords an indication of data as witnessing to his progressive mastery of the double medium and his gradual self-deliverance from the conventional employment of metre. But Sir Sidney Lee himself supplies the material for disposing of the value of this prose-criterion. For on his analysis the plays fall into groups of relatively much and relatively little prose without any deference to the obligations of their historical chronology. For example, one of the earliest plays, "Love's Labour Lost," is one-third prose. Prose, again, makes a large part of "Hamlet" and "King Lear," these being two of Shakespeare's later plays. And the interval was fairly evenly divided between plays with a great deal, and plays with very little, prose; among the former being "Henry IV," "Henry V," "Twelfth Night," "As You Like It," and "Much Ado About Nothing"; and among the latter "Julius Cæsar," "Antony and Cleopatra," "Macbeth" and "Othello." Nothing, I think, can be made of a test so fallible. The criterion of metrical construction is perhaps a little more certain; but even with this the most bewildering results are given. In the earlier plays are constructions that ought in theory to appear only in the later plays; and in the later plays are constructions that in theory Shakespeare had long abandoned. Nor is there any better criterion that anybody has yet suggested. The best are bad, and there are no others. Under the circumstances what is to be done but to re-state the problem; and to begin by admitting, if only as a hypothesis, that perhaps more than one author was responsible for the plays? As a matter of fact, the hypothesis is not in the least far-fetched. There are not only apocryphal Shakespearean plays, plays, that is, once attributed to Shakespeare and now denied to him. But it is known that considerable portions of even the canonical plays are apocryphally Shakespearean, having been written or, at least, drafted, by one or other of half-a-dozen of Shakespeare's known collaborators. Is it unreasonable to move a step further,

and to suppose the whole body of plays the work of several hands, re-written, over-written or edited by, perhaps, a single hand? Such a hypothesis would, I believe, make sense of a lot that is now nonsense in Shakespearean criticism.

* * *

One of the puzzles of the Shakespearean works is the apparent fortuity of their first appearance in print. Seventeen of the thirty-seven plays had appeared before the First Folio edition of 1623 in unauthorised quartos; as many as twenty made their first published appearance seven years after Shakespeare's death. Among the latter was "Twelfth Night," which, by common consent, is not only the purest of the three romantic comedies, and the most popular in Shakespeare's lifetime, but, by strange chance, the only one of them to be unpublished by his contemporary thieves and publishers. In the "Australasian" edition of this play, which has just been issued by the Lothian Book Publishing Company, of Melbourne (2s.), under the editorship of Professor Wallace, of the Melbourne University, this fact is recorded, but no comment of any value is made upon it. Yet it would seem significant if the hypothesis were entertained that perhaps the works of Shakespeare, gathered together in the First Folio, were an anthology of plays singly edited, rather than the work of a single man. Other facts likewise are set out in Professor Wallace's notes and introduction of which better use should have been made in an edition presumably representative of the new Australasian culture. For instance, Professor Wallace ventures to question (on good evidence, I think) Furness' assumption that Shakespeare had never read Riche's adaptation of the Italian play "Gi' Ingannati," on the story of which "Twelfth Night" was founded; but he does not follow up his own clue to the postulation, surely well enough warranted, and, incidentally, long ago suggested by Arden, that between all these sources and "Twelfth Night" itself, some other play, written by another hand, had probably been written. The notion, however, of Shakespeare, the poet and actor, making a recension of half a score of adaptations and translations of an Italian play, and borrowing this and changing that and adding the other, is utterly alien to my conception of the manner in which a creative mind would set to work. Surely all this spade-work could have been done by somebody else; and, in fact, I believe, was. Professor Wallace's evidence, therefore, that "Twelfth Night" contains recollections of Riche ought to have suggested to him the theory above sketched. The more numerous the "sources" of Shakespeare the less likely he was to have collected his material himself.

* * *

But the fact is that in spite of the Australasian claim to an edition of Shakespeare of its own, Professor Wallace, like the professors of the old world, is in a groove from which neither he nor they can escape. Having, as they think, caught their "Shakespeare the Man" they do not mean to let him go, for all the difficulties and inconsistencies in which he involves them. From the Baconian attack they have, it is true, emerged with as much triumph as victory in such a combat could bring; but they conclude from it that their case for Shakespeare is now unchallengeable. Let 'em beware! I cannot refrain from insinuating that their method is now well known to some of us, and illustrating it by one example, which shall be from the play under discussion. Why, I ask, does Sir Sidney Lee attribute the song "O mistress mine" to Shakespeare and deny to him the other songs sung or begun in the same play? All the songs, including this, appeared in a popular anthology of ditties and all anonymous, some time during 1600, the very year in which Shakespeare wrote "Twelfth Night." Sir Sidney Lee's only ground for supposing that this song, and not the rest, was Shakespeare's is that it is beautiful while they are feeble. Now we can see how Shakespeare is made!

R. H. C.

A Seventh Tale for Men Only.

By R. H. Congreve.

V.

ON the evening of the reading of my paper on Fate and before the meeting Barringer sent me a note to say that he had invited Doran to meet me in his rooms after the discussion. The discussion for this reason, perhaps, was brief, and Doran took no part in it. Early, therefore, we adjourned to Barringer's rooms with the feeling, in my mind at any rate, that important business was on hand. If anybody should think at this confession of mine that I was simply curious about Doran's affairs and wished to nose into his secrets; or, if, again, it should be thought that there was something indecent in the prospective discussion amongst friends of the feminine complications of one of them; I will only say that modern individualism has brought friendship to a strange and ignoble pass. In earlier days, it is certain, knights of the same order knew each other's affairs down to the smallest detail; their experiences, in fact, like everything else that was susceptible of communication, were held in common. And in days only a little later the custom of inviting the judgment of tried friends upon matters of love was only less common than nowadays it is to consult them about money. Be absent, then, the vulgar notion that in meeting Doran for an intimate talk we or he were transgressing the rules either of friendship or of chivalry. For assuredly it was friendship to listen to him, and to offer him our best advice; as it was not unchivalrous to take the girl into sober and serious account as well.

Doran was very frank in his statement of the case; and, having assured himself that Barringer, as already described, had reported him to me correctly, he opened the sequential problems in the following order. First, he said, let me say that I am much indebted to Congreve for his paper of this evening. In particular, I have been enlightened on the relation of the Will to Destiny. For some years now, as Barringer has told you, I have been under the conviction that Fate future is determined by Fate past without the intervention of the Will. I omitted to note that the very consequences of Fate past are only consequences in so far as they are willed from moment to moment. That is a great burden off my mind. But, at the same time, it involves a fresh responsibility. For if, in fact, the Fate future is, for all we know to the contrary, the willed continuation of Fate past, it is either in our hands to make it what we choose; or, at least, we ought to behave as if it were. It is just at this point, however, that the difficulty arises. In regard to my personal problem, I have now for the first time to make up my mind whether, in fact, my conduct is due to Fate, or whether it is my will; and this, in particular, as regards the future. Do I will to continue now that I know I am not fated to continue? Or was my attribution of Fate to events a mere blind for the exercise of my will in a direction contrary to my judgment? Candidly, I do not know at this moment. I should like to consider it.

Shall Barringer and I reply as you go along? I asked. Or would you prefer to talk yourself clear? By all means, he said, reply au courant. It may save all of us a good deal of obscurity. Then, said I, forgive me for saying so, but in your last remarks you appear to me to have put as a single problem a number of distinct problems that ought to be separated. You say that you are in doubt, now you are convinced that Fate future is no other than your own will, whether, in fact, your will is not identical with Fate. In short, you doubt whether you ought not to stay in your present situation, because it is your will to do so, and in spite of the fact that it appears to be fate as well. But is it really your will to remain there? For, if so, the further questions must be asked: what do you expect to gain

by it? or, in the alternative, what do you hope to avoid by it? To be perfectly truthful, it is my opinion that one or the other is involved for you, or, perhaps, both. You will to remain as you are, that is, either because you hope to gain something, or because you wish to avoid something, or both. Is that not the case?

Doran meditated for a moment or two, and then he said: I think you are right. I *do* expect, in a vague way, to gain something; and I *do* hope, in a perfectly definite way, to avoid something. The second you can probably guess, or, at least, Barringer can. The first, however, I will tell you. I expect, I suppose, to gain experience.

Ah, now, I said, we are back on the subject of our earlier meeting. You remember, perhaps, that I said to you that Stoicism is of two varieties. (Oh, I remarked and remembered that, he interjected.) But, similarly, I went on, it appears to me that experience is of two kinds. What are they, he asked? The desirable and the undesirable, I said. But is not all experience desirable, he asked? If knowledge is the end of life, and experience is the condition of knowledge, is not all experience necessary? Knowledge, I replied, is not the aim of life in our philosophy; nor has it been, I believe, in the best philosophies of the world. Like experience, indeed, knowledge also is of two sorts: the desirable and the undesirable; and the right discrimination of these is Wisdom. But how, he asked, are they to be discriminated? What is the criterion of good and bad experience, or good and bad knowledge? I can hardly lay down an infallible rule, I replied, but I will put my best mind into the attempt. The criterion, it seems to me, is a dual affair, consisting, on the one side, of an a priori standard, and, on the other, of results a posteriori. For instance, if before incarnating upon this planet (I assume you believe that man is a soul disguised as an animal? Doran nodded assent) you had been asked whether your choice was to experience the actuality of the Good, the True and the Beautiful, undoubtedly you would have said that it was. And equally if you had then been offered the experience of their contraries you would, if you could, have rejected it. But does this not establish on one leg, at least, the criterion we are seeking to set up? For, by easy admission, we all agree that, given an absolute choice in the matter, our vote would have been for the experience alone of the Good, the True and the Beautiful. And this is confirmed, I think, by our common conduct in general. For, as a matter of fact, nobody intentionally pursues the contraries of these; and only pursues them unintentionally when he mistakes them for their positive opposites.

I agree, said Doran, and now set up the other leg. The other leg, I replied, is a deduction from experience itself. Is it, or is it not a fact, in your experience, that all knowledge or all experience is equally conducive to the realisation of the Good, the True and the Beautiful? Certainly not, he said. But there are, on the other hand, distinctly different consequences flowing from the different kinds of knowledge and experience? Yes, Doran agreed. Some knowledge and experience, then, while not ceasing to be knowledge and experience, nevertheless do not lead to desirable consequences (I mean the realisation of the trinity referred to), while other knowledge and experience do? For instance, is it not plain that an associate of animals, or of certain kinds of business men, or of the worsor sort of parson, or of inferior people generally, acquires both knowledge and experience which yet bring him no wisdom? And, on the other hand, is it not equally plain that a total ignorance of these things is compatible with wisdom? Doran once more agreed. Can we not, then, distinguish the consequence of one sort of experience from the consequence of the other sort by names, and call the fruit of evil knowledge cunning, and the fruit of good knowledge wisdom?

An excellent distinction, said Doran. Well, if you agree about that, I concluded, nothing more is to be

said. For experience in general is no longer desirable in general; but we ought to distinguish and to choose between the experience that leads to cunning and the experience that leads to wisdom. There is no doubt what your choice will be.

I am much obliged to you, Congreve, Doran said sincerely; and I confess that I was much gratified by his compliments. God knows, I may have talked nonsense; but God knows it was not my wish to do so. At least, I hope that when I come to be conversed with in any trouble of my own, my friend will spare as few pains as I did.

There now remained for our consideration the second motive of Doran's will—the will to avoid something. And since he had assumed that Barringer might guess the occasion, I left the subject in the latter's hands. And very capably he conducted his case, as the following account will prove.

May I guess the cause, he began, to be a matter of persons—you wish to avoid hurting somebody? Right you are, said Doran, I thought you could guess. You are afraid, in fact, Barringer continued, that if you change your present situation of your own accord you will bring a good deal of trouble upon the girl? Yes. And you think she is the weaker? I'm afraid I do. And, therefore, you would rather the separation were of her bringing about than of yours, though you would wish it were brought about? Quite right, said Doran. But suppose, Barringer asked, that the girl left of her own accord and came to grief for want of some provision on your part—would you blame yourself? Not, I think, if she really left of her own free will, Doran replied. But you would if she left of yours alone? I should. Then the trouble with you is not what becomes of the girl, but your responsibility in the matter? Of course. Suppose, however, that after separating from her, you discovered that she was better off for it, would you be sorry? On the contrary, said Doran, I should be delighted. But you dare not take the chance that this will ensue from your deliberate act? That is what I feel. Well, suppose, again, that you would be convinced that your association with the girl is not only bad for you, but worse for her—would you then find it difficult to take the plunge? No, returned Doran, but I should take some convincing. Undoubtedly, said Barringer, and may I begin? Certainly. You promise not to be angry if I speak my mind? Congreve, I may say, gave me a dressing down once upon a time. I am not over it yet. At least, I promise, said Doran, to be angry with myself first. All's well, then, said Barringer. Here beginneth.

(To be continued.)

EPIGRAMS.

TO JOHN MASEFIELD.

Masefield, my thanks for rhythmic oath and curse—
Most needed when I criticise your verse!

TO JAMES STEPHENS.

When some wan bog-light's taken for a star,
Straight Stephens hitches on his low-backed car.

TO JACK LONDON.

True strength does not in puncher's patter speak;
Your themes are mighty, but your style is weak.
What though your pen spurt slang and curses vile?
Strong language, London, is not strength of style.

TO SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE.

Great were the toils of Holmes! He, many a time,
Found the solution of some abstruse crime.
Yet oft I feel my task must greater be,
To find (consummate Doyle!)—the mystery!

TO HAROLD BEGBIE.

Begbie, the heavenly favour is a rod!
No sense of due proportion has your God.
Just think that, after pondering awhile,
He saved your soul (just that!) and damned your style!

EDWARD MOORE.

Views and Reviews.

Vox Populi.

AN article in the current issue of the "Nation," entitled "The Power of the Written Word," reminds us that modern democrats are beginning to conform to the historical type; they are becoming disappointed with democracy. They profess to believe that the voice of the people is the voice of God, but they refuse to accept as a fiat of divinity what the voice says; they always want it to say something other than it does say, and no disappointment can shake their faith that the voice will say the right thing if—, and then follows a new delusion. Disappointment is always a confession of failure to understand properly and to forecast accurately; and the democrats are so constantly disappointed with democracy that we must conclude that they are the only people who do not understand it. The opponents of democracy have always said that the voice of the people was only the voice of the people, that democracy was not divinity; and even Rousseau, while insisting that democracy was a perfect form of government, insisted with no less emphasis that it was impossible for men. But the democrats will not forgo their delusion; they insist not only that the voice will, but that it does, say the right thing—the difficulty is to hear it. The writer of the article says, indeed, that "no one is able to hear it"; but that, let us hope, is an exaggeration.

It is possible, of course, that the voice of the people speaks a language of its own; its will, we know, seldom agrees with that of its interpreters. For example, the clergy were sure that the will of God was that the people should humble themselves in prayer; but they have confessed with dismay that the people preferred hilarity to humility, and turned to Charlie Chaplin. The democrat, identifying the two voices, ought to conclude that Charlie Chaplin is God, and that laughter is the new religion; indeed, G. K. C. used to argue that laughter was the secret of the otherwise serious Christ, and, if that be so, the popularity of the cinematograph may be really a revival of Christianity. It was a false psychology that divorced laughter from religion, and from war; Lycurgus dedicated a little statue of Laughter in the military State of Sparta, and the experience of this war has confirmed the wisdom of that dedication. Another article in the "Nation" makes this statement: "Whenever you are in the firing trenches," said a General in Gallipoli to the present writer, "Laugh! Laugh like hell!" The will of the people was plainly manifest in its choice of Charlie Chaplin, and it seems to have been in general agreement with the wisdom of the ages and the necessity of the times.

But the particular matter to which the writer of the article in the "Nation" referred was journalism. The will of the people has declared that Northcliffe's journalism is the best by the simple device of buying most of it; it is, therefore, not without reason that the other journalists declare that they cannot hear the voice of the people. It is absurd to pretend that the voice of the people cannot be heard when it calls for the "Daily Mail" or the "Evening News"; newspapers are not written for mystical entities, nor is effective demand for them a negligible factor. If the will of the people is the supreme law, then giving the public what it wants (and it will take nothing else) is the really democratic thing to do; and Lord Northcliffe is really the most convinced democrat. Whoso does not like him does not like democracy; indeed, the charges that are made against him are the charges that have always been made against democracy. The writer in the "Nation," speaking of the City State, says: "Their instrument of government was the mass meeting,

clumsy, fickle, passionate, liable to all the ugly tempers and quick reactions of a human being, yet infinitely simple." The description coincides so exactly with the condemnation of Lord Northcliffe's journalism that it reveals him as of all democrats the most democratic. If there was genuine democracy in the City State, there is genuine democracy in the Northcliffe Press; and no one really likes it except Lord Northcliffe and his readers.

But the writer of the article in the "Nation" believes, like the Chartists, that something called "education" will save democracy from itself. A nation of college pass-men seems to be the ideal, a people with a critical temper and a sane scepticism, well-read, well-tutored, and good debaters. But however well-educated the people may be, the political difficulty will always be the same; on many questions there is no popular will to be expressed, and on many others it is practically impossible to state the questions properly, or to get the right questions stated. As long ago as 1872 Bagehot stated the duty of the statesman; and if the statesman has been superseded by the pressman, the duty devolves on him. "The common ordinary mind is quite unfit to fix for itself what political question it shall attend to; it is as much as it can do to judge decently of the questions which drift down to it, and are brought before it; it almost never settles its topics; it can only decide upon the issues of these topics. And in settling what these questions shall be, statesmen have now especially a great responsibility if they raise questions which will excite the lower orders of mankind; if they raise questions on which those orders are likely to be wrong; if they raise questions on which the interest of those orders is not identical with, or is antagonistic to, the whole interest of the State, they will have done the greatest harm they can do. The future of this country depends on the happy working of a delicate experiment, and they will have done what they could to vitiate that experiment. Just when it is desirable that ignorant men, new to politics, should have good issues, and only good issues, put before them, these statesmen will have suggested bad issues."

We all admit the duty; the difficulty is to get the leaders of public opinion to perform it, and no amount of "education," however extensive, will ensure that the right topics will be brought before the people. The further difficulty is really insuperable, that those who have the most complete and constant hold on public attention are the real statesmen. If a politician is elected by the will of the people, so is a newspaper; and the power of raising issues passes naturally to the journalist, who has to interest his public every day. That the results of the exercise of this power are not always commendable, does not destroy its democratic character; indeed, democrats have so cheerfully thrown overboard the idea of good government in favour of self-government that they have no real ground of criticism left. Nor have they any remedy except appeal to that same public opinion that has already rejected them; and with the perception of that fact they may begin to doubt the validity of their theory of democracy.

A. E. R.

EPIGRAMS.

TO PATRICK MACGILL, NAVY-POET.

Sure, Patrick, ne'er were style and matter knit
More trim than yours: here is the proof of it.
Your theme's a navy posing in a hovel,
And 'tis quite clear you scribble with a shovel.

TO MAURICE HEWLETT.

Your maidens freeze, your villains rage and burn.
This likeness mark, when to your books we turn.
Your tales are, as your villains, hot and bold,
And, when we read, we're, as your women, cold.

"THE ENGLISH REVIEW."

To sum the hybrid, shameless rag in few,
It is not English, neither a review.

EDWARD MOORE.

REVIEWS

The Life and Times of Queen Adelaide. By Mary F. Sandars. (Stanley Paul. 16s. net.)

Queen Adelaide was nearly forgotten, and it is difficult to discover any good reason why she should be remembered. A German she was born, and a German she died; and although she was for seven years Queen Consort of England, she never understood the English; indeed, she never really made an attempt to do so. She opposed the passage of the Reform Bill, and brought England to the verge of the revolution that she feared; and that cardinal instance of political stupidity sufficiently explains the unpopularity of her life and the obscurity that followed her death. Historically, she was important only as she affected the political development of the country; and a politically minded people like the English naturally condemned her unintelligent interference. Miss Sandars tries to correct the verdict of history by insisting on her human qualities. She protests that Queen Adelaide was a much-maligned woman, and emphasises her domestic difficulties and enlarges on her domestic virtues. She certainly was a faithful wife and an affectionate and loyal friend; she certainly kept William IV sane, when it might have been better for the country if he had become hopelessly insane. She certainly helped to reform the morals of the Court, which were in need of reformation, and made her drawing-room as dull as a Dorcas meeting. She seems to have had a certain charm for some people; Greville was never affected by it, her lack of physical beauty obscuring, for him, any perception of qualities of character; but others, usually foreigners, were susceptible to her charm and dithered about it in the usual fashion. All this is demonstrated by Miss Sandars, and may be admitted without altering the historical verdict. Byron could allow Satan to admit the "neutral virtues" of George III, could "grant him all the kindest could accord," could mark the difference between him and his "heirs on many thrones to all his vices, without what begot Compassion for him—his tame virtues." All these domestic virtues could be granted, but the political judgment, endorsed by history, none the less remained. Like George III, Queen Adelaide was a foe to what Englishmen in those days called "Liberty"; she opposed the Reform Bill because she was afraid of the French Revolution, as though the demand for the representation in Parliament of a few manufacturing towns bore any resemblance to the Republican idealism of the French! She was politically an idiot; and all Miss Sandars' gush about her woman's heart, her long-suffering, her tact, her charm, in fact, her whole feminine equipment, cannot disguise the fact. Luckily there was not much to record about Queen Adelaide, and Miss Sandars was compelled to fill up with some delightful caricatures and accounts of the satirical temper of the times. We may regret the reformation of Royalty when we observe that it is no longer possible to write such delightful quatrains as this addressed to Queen Caroline:

Most gracious Queen, we thee implore
To go away and sin no more;
But, if that task should be too great,
To go away, at any rate.

A Queen who could provoke such an appeal from a popular rhymester was worth having; but the age of chivalry is gone. Our Royal Family is no longer like Falstaff, the cause that wit is in other men; our King sets a good example to the nation by abstaining from alcohol, our Queen is asked to lead the women in a campaign against extravagance, to show them how to save money by selling dripping, and things of that sort. However, Miss Sandars has written very brightly about the times of Queen Adelaide; she also quotes copiously, and with some disapproval, from "The Times" of that period; but what a Life! The volume is excellently illustrated, and is produced in the luxurious style that characterises Mr. Stanley Paul's biographies.

A Dominie's Log. By A. S. Neill. (Herbert Jenkins. 2s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Neill is not entirely unknown to THE NEW AGE (we published last February one of his sketches entitled "The Lunatic"), and we opened this, his first book, with some hope. Let us say the most damaging thing at once: his heart is in the right place, but where, oh where, is his head? He writes his criticisms of elementary education in the firm belief that "they will be mostly original; there has been no real authority on education, and I do not know of any book from which I can crib." We advise him to begin with Rousseau, work through Pestalozzi and Froebel, read Montessori (and be in the fashion), write to, or better still visit, Mr. Caldwell Cook at the Perse School, Cambridge, and study attentively the description of Mrs. Fairhope's school given in Professor Dewey's "Schools of To-morrow," recently published by Dent. He will then discover that if he is "a wild ass alone by himself," it is because he is trying to make a merit of mere revolt, instead of reforming the methods of education. It is true that school children ought to be happy in school: everybody ought to be happy, if only as a prophylactic against epidemic diseases; but being happy is only the first condition of successful education. The questions are "What does Mr. Neill want to teach?" and: "How is he going to teach it?"

It is really useless to talk about re-writing school-books, or examination papers, because both those ideas imply exactly the same method of teaching and the same ideal of education. Mr. Neill, like the Board of Education, regards the child as a little adult, and wants to give it the ideas of some adults; he differs only in his choice of ideas. But the fact proclaimed by Rousseau, that child life is different not only in degree, but in kind, from adult life, is being dinned into our ears now not only by teachers, but by practical psychologists; and even Mr. Neill's amendments of the curriculum will not alter the fact that he is not developing the child by careful encouragement of its own processes, but is imposing upon it (and therefore compelling it to some repression of its own impulses) a set of values and ideas that are not native or proper to its age. If it is a valid objection to the present system that it turns out little wage-slaves, it is a no less valid objection to Mr. Neill's amendments that it would turn out little Socialists, disgruntled from the desk. But the ideal education is that which enables the child to live out its childhood, and to arrive at adolescence with a real desire to develop the new faculties that then become operative. Luckily, Mr. Neill has more sympathy than theory; and his conception of the teacher's duty, of the necessity of his trying to be a child among children, certainly leads in the right direction. But there is no real reason why his new-found sympathy with children should be made offensive to adults; and Mr. Neill must be told not to prejudice his case by an apparent preference for anarchy. We all know what he means when he objects to discipline; but why should he go to the other extreme and say: "Dignity is a thing I abominate"? His children do not abominate real dignity; he is himself regarded by them as chief among them, and a more dignified position than that of a chief cannot be imagined. What he really objects to is the aloofness of the ordinary teacher, which can only inspire fear in children; but if Mr. Neill were really without dignity, he would be ridiculous to his children; and that he is not. We may warn Mr. Neill, also, against a too excessive admiration for "advanced" writers; Ibsen, Shaw, Wells, Galsworthy, etc., are in this connection mere revolters, and children particularly cannot thrive on a constant process of re-action from things as they are. They can only learn positively, by doing the things that they want to do; and Mr. Neill would be well advised to turn his attention to positive education and cease his merely negative re-action to what he thinks is orthodox. He is not quite alone in the world, and there is no

good reason why he should appear before it in deliberate deshabille of style and thought.

Violence and the Labour Movement. By Robert Hunter. (Routledge. 2s. 6d. net.)

Syndicalism had at least this merit, that it set a philosopher and an historian to work. Perhaps if M. Sorel had dealt with violence not in the abstract, but in the concrete, he might not have discovered the potentiality of lofty moral convictions surviving in the idea of a revolutionary struggle. The history of Bakunin and his "boy," Nechayeff, as recorded by Mr. Hunter, has its own irony; for the ethics that they had jointly evolved made friendship impossible between them. When Nechayeff acted according to the new ethic, a quite objective ethic, Bakunin complained against his "Jesuitical manœuvres, his lies and his thefts," and warned his friends against Nechayeff. Principles that cannot be logically applied are not of philosophic value; and when we are inclined to be dazzled by the splendour of the revolutionary ethic, it is as well to remember Nechayeff who not only believed, but lived it. The trouble with the whole of the revolutionary school, as portrayed by Mr. Hunter, was that they saw institutions where there are really nothing but legalised psychological processes; and that they followed the apparently easy way of destroying institutions instead of the more difficult one of changing psychological processes. The conflict as staged by Mr. Hunter is rather unreal; for he assumes always against the extravagances of the terrorists, that Socialism is committed to political action, that is, to a modification by legislation of the economic structure of society. That is, of course, a hopeless dream; the legislation will follow and ratify the alteration of the economic structure of society. It is apparent that Mr. Hunter has never read "National Guilds," and it is a fact that he never mentions the book; and there is this excuse for him, that, in America, the Socialist movement must rehabilitate itself in the esteem of the public as a moral factor of national life. Violence has certainly discredited the revolutionary movement in America; and in an astounding chapter Mr. Hunter shows that it has been inspired by the police and the agents provocateurs of the employers for no other purpose than the discrediting of the movement. He reminds us of similar action taken in England and Ireland, as well as Russia and other Continental countries; and we can understand why Socialists should suspect police plots in all advocacy of violent methods. But we are not thereby obliged to sit down quietly and vote for Socialist candidates for Parliament; and this assumption mars an otherwise excellent and interesting treatise of the history of violence in the Labour movement.

Moll Davis. By Bernard Capes. (George Allen and Unwin. 6s.)

This is a story of the time of Charles II with some modern touches; for example, the heroine makes her first appearance after picking a lock with a hair-pin. The story, of course, deals with the attempt of a gallant to debauch a lady; and part of his plan was to intensify the existing coldness between the lady and her husband by introducing Mrs. Moll Davis, who wanted to be a King's mistress, into the household. The plan failed, of course; in this "Saturnalia, which was as unblushing as it was universal," there was one virtuous woman, and her name was Lady Chesterfield, and in spite of all the intrigues, in which the Duke of York took part (for he had an eye on Lady Chesterfield), she at last walked off with her husband "like reconciled lovers." Mrs. Moll Davis, also, forewent for the time her desire to be a King's mistress, and reverted to her lawful husband, who, since she had left him, had made a reputation and a fortune as a harpist. The book is hardly witty enough for the period, and the language frequently becomes very stilted; but, as it is a novel about, and not of, the Restoration period, we must forgo the literary excellences for the sake of the very proper conclusion to which Mr. Capes brings his rather sordid tale.

Pastiche.

TIPS TO THE PRESENT ADMINISTRATION.

I understand that you propose to hang Northcliffe. Do not be so foolish. A democratic government can never be absolute, wielding the full power of a tyranny, without admitting freedom of abuse. Stendhal remarked that railery was not known under the reined despotism of Italy. It is otherwise in a democracy. Licence of abuse matters the multitude, and weakens everything but the Defence of the Realm Act. No, don't hang Northcliffe: a democratic government is not divorced from its wife, a democratic nation. Let *your* wife talk; 'tis a liberty that swallows up the rest.

Don't imprison disobedient conscripts; shoot them dead on their own door-steps. A nation fed on picture papers and cinemas can only understand the sensational. "Le merveilleux est la raison du peuple," said Voltaire, and what is more marvellous than a government with determination?

Look not beyond the war. Image no problems. The universal change of heart is enough. Every plutocrat hath good-will and every dicky bird hymns humanity. All that is needed to avert post-war revolution is this. Let the bishops and subordinates offer prayer in every factory at the commencement of travail. Let them bless spokeshaves and lathes as they bless regimental colours, but do not forget to increase their salaries to compensate them for their early rising. Develop the notion, it is only a notion, that, without organic change, all industrial work is as national as military work. Reform commercial terms, and invent new names for profit and wages. The nation's heart has strange finger-eyes. How it recognised the realisation of democracy when a few generations ago John Smith was entitled to the MISTER! Keep the nation's heart changing lest some revolutionaries change its head.

With all speed enfranchise women and politically stamp the economic progress of those who have advanced from chattel slavery in homes to freedom on fourteen shillings per week for shell making. If you want to be popular with the industriously matured of the sex in the next decade, abolish skirts and give them breeches and armlets by authority of the Defence of the Realm Act. Accidentally, as a contribution to our collections for natural history, put, ere the decade finish, a few specimens of the man-monkey in the Zoo.

Prosper in power, by making your political past a political philosophy. Of human vices, enthusiasm and greed are the most easily transferable from the individual to the nation. Conduct them and you conduct the majority. Think of the nation as of an auction room. Let your dogma be that in every man there is "something on the make": that men snatch for bargains as lizards snatch for flies. "Ninepence for fourpence" is the foundation of Capitalism. Don't appeal to the nation's good qualities. Jupiter appealed to the wagoner to exert his mortal power, but the wagoner only learned to do without the god when his wheel fell again in a rut. You destroyed the voluntary system, but you may yet slip. Politicians study vice and prosper, virtue is wholly masculine.

You need not doubt to find a continuation of popularity. The nation, according to the politician, is divided like Ancient Gaul into three parts. There are the men who, as Montaigne said, cannot make a flea but can make dozens of gods. There are those who cannot make gods but can worship them, and those who cannot make gods but fleas, which they, as saints, revolutionaries and prospective bridegrooms like Panurge, put in their own ears, or which they, as poets, artists, and philosophers, set up as monuments for elephants. Such is the world to the political eye, and there is some truth in the view. Oh, you political men, smile amicably on god-makers. Even Blatchford, why, even Raphael Tuck—think of what the picture post-card did for our generals and Winston Churchill.

Never end the war. If you project a Dardanelles expedition weekly and lose every one of them, don't bother about an excuse so long as you have given the military journalists time to predict the success of each expedition. They will put it right with the public by explaining the strange, unprecedented "accidents" that spoiled their calculations. Never make a peace while the class that can protest profits, and the class that loses patiently bears loss. No industrial invention in the history of Capitalism has been so profitable as national crises, real or feigned. "Secret Peoples," such as Mr. Chesterton sang, kick like dead horses. Encourage the sentimentalism that believes that nationality is not the effect of morals, learning and

intelligence, diet, complexion, and power of private and social combinations, but is an electrical fluid of the same nature as that which God created in order to fill Leyden jars and to ring telephones. While these sentimentalists play with the sparking plug of nationality, and kindle their little revolutions, go you quietly and order the casting of good, solid cage-bars. Don't be afraid of the Englishman's passion for Liberty. "Libertas" is a word only suitable for a new insect powder. Englishmen have loved beer better than liberty, and as long as they fought for their beer they might have fought for liberty, but when they don't fight for their beer, how can they—?

JOHN TRIBOULET.

CAFE ROYAL: A DISQUISITION.

'Tis very true; the atmosphere is thick.
'Tis very true; odd gentry loiter here.
'Tis very true; the coffee makes you sick.
'Tis very true; they tap outrageous beer.
'Tis very true; that waiter needs a kick.
'Tis very true; that woman's ways are queer.
'Tis very true; there's many another spot
Whither to wend us—yet I'd rather not.

Yea, we will linger in this mirrored sty
And loll upon the tawdry crimson plush.
You will sip aromatic mud, and I
Will coax strange liquors up a straw—but tush,
A truce to parleying; you ask me why—
Why should we tarry in this greasy crush?
Gaze yonder: Eli Peck and Clarence Fripp,
The Lords of Metre and the Wordy Lip.

Behold the gay mosaic of the scene;
The poet shares a table with the crook.
The Not-Yet hob-nobs with the Might-Have-Been
And plans a never-to-be-published book.
On an Adonis, bibulous and mean,
A faded Venus wastes the melting look.
And chinless boobies joust at dominees,
While peaceful brawlers nearly come to blows.

And hearken: "His technique is poor; he—,"
"What,
I says to 'im; a quid. Why—," "Her? Lord, NO,
xxx'x xxx xxx xxx!" "All highfalutin rot,
These Guilds. Now Chesterton—," " 'Ere, 'arf
a mo,
I says to 'im. You—," "Eh? Why, rather not,
Old chap. Haw, haw!" "Whatever next, leave go!"
"I says to 'im, if—," "Lemon squash, you chump,
Not ginger ale, I said," "That awful frump?!"

"Who is the bearded joker, humming scales,
Whose shirt-front glistens with a dazzling gaze?
"Who is the nymph who greets unnumbered males,
The roving sprite with such uncanny ways?
"Who is the youth of sixty odd, that hails
A battered virgin with a pining gaze?
"Who is the—?" "Soft! You know not what you ask.
For to give answer here is to unmask.

The Wherefore and its answering Because
Of those who sojourn here could be enshrined
Within a tractate, were the English laws
Less fussy over matters of the kind.
For under some or other paltry clause
We should offend them, and they'd have us fined.
Comrade, I scarce can murmur in your ear
Epitomes of His or Her career.

But, comrade, I dislike the acid dregs
That thickly ooze and curdle in my glass.
And, comrade, you, as sure as eggs are eggs,
Crave that your agonising cup may pass.
There is a something in your eye that begs
Even as pants the hart. Your brow, alas,
Hath blanched: 'tis haply my narrations jar,
Or the rank vapours of a groat cigar.

And, comrade mine, the light is waxing dim,
And all betake them to their several lairs.
Hark, the importunate behest of Him
Who bids us join the tide of jostling pairs.
For Time, with pace notoriously grim,
Hath not been idle while we hugged our chairs.
And blear-eyed midnight tarries at the door
Ready to strike again a dozen more.

The stars are much about the same, I see.
The sky preserves its wonted aspect still.
Adieu; or yonder omnibus will flee,
Hurling away, one short, to Brixton Hill.
(The last before the morn) While, as for me,
I yield unto the Bakerloo's harsh will.
So on the morrow safely we again
Shall ply our ledgerdom in Mincing Lane.

P. SILVER.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE UNITED STATES.

Sir,—From the articles of Mr. S. Verdad in your issues of February 3 and 10 I gather that there is some timidity in England as to the possibility of getting into a war with the United States over neutral commerce. I think Mr. Verdad hardly realises what a change there has been in the United States since he was at school in California. It is true that there is still considerable dislike of England among the American multitude. That has nothing to do with international politics, but is caused by the manners of Englishmen. The English are regarded by Americans as more overbearing, exclusive, and undemocratic than any other people. Germans of whatever class are more affable and sociable than the English. Consequently among the multitude, who know nothing of great political issues, there are a great many who would like to see the pride of the English taken down, and who feel that they have no quarrel with the Germans.

The people who count, however, look at things in an altogether different way. They are at present desperately afraid for their skins. They have suddenly realised that it would be a dreadful thing for the United States if one nation were to become dominant in Europe. Europe has over four hundred millions of people, while the United States has only a quarter of that number; consequently, a Europe combined under one great Power could crush the United States like a fly, and would simply laugh at the Monroe Doctrine. All educated Americans know that Germany is fighting to consolidate Europe, while the Allies are fighting for a Europe divided into many nations and maintained in equilibrium by a balance of power. Thus all the influential people are on the side of the Allies, with the exception of mere demagogues like Hearst. Wall Street is rabid for the Allies. New York is the place of real importance in the United States, and almost every New York newspaper and every prominent man in New York wants the Allies to win.

Many of the papers have put the situation very lucidly and concisely. "Life" remarked, the other day, that the Monroe Doctrine is "a scrap of paper endorsed by England, and good while the endorsement lasts." It was the same paper that said at the beginning of the war, "England owns the earth, and Germany wants it." The American frogs have sense enough to prefer King Log to King Stork. In a recent issue the "Saturday Evening Post," of Philadelphia pointed out that "a balanced arrangement" in Europe is essential to the security of the United States.

Thus there is not the slightest danger that the United States will do anything to assist King Stork. If the Americans can get any money by bluffing the Allies, they will certainly get it; but they are too anxious about their own security to go beyond bluffing.

R. B. KERR.

* * *

TURKEY AND ENGLAND.

Sir,—In his letter in your last issue, addressed to another correspondent, but concerning me, Mr. A. H. Murray writes:—

"I have endeavoured to examine every defence which Mr. Pickthall has offered and have always given chapter and verse for my attack. I have discovered and shown him to be indifferent to consistency and to my exposures of his inconsistency. To take one instance, I showed how in his endeavours to be right after the event, he had at one time expressed his opposition to the dispatch of a British expedition to Serbia."

My remark that our turning Germany out of Belgium would tell more in our favour in the Balkans than bribes and threats, is thus construed by your correspondent—"then, a little later, said it should have been dispatched and in greater force, and then, later still, turned again and said it ought never to have been sent"—which is not quite in accord with Mr. Murray's own quotation of my words in his letter of January 27—"What was Mr. Pickthall's explanation to your readers for this inconsistency?"

He told us that he wrote his article at fever heat without blue books at his elbow."

Turning to my letter of February 3, I find that my "explanation" reads as follows:—"I admit that Mr. Murray has caught me out in a piece of inconsistency by comparing passages from two different articles with regard to Serbia; I only wonder that, in so careful a research, he had not found more faults in writing which was mostly done at fever heat and without the proper journalistic reference to Blue Books and the Encyclopædia Britannica." Obviously the "explanation" refers to my articles as a whole—I have not counted them, but I imagine they would fill a good-sized book—and not to the particular question of an expedition to Serbia, about which neither Blue Books nor the Encyclopædia could afford information; and why, when quoting it, does Mr. Murray fail to mention my admission, which was surely frank enough, and disposes of the charge that I have been "indifferent to his exposures of my inconsistency."

Referring to the proposals, amounting to the offer of a virtual protectorate of the whole Ottoman Empire, made to England by the Turkish Government in 1913, he writes:—"Had we been so badly advised as to accept the offer which Mr. Pickthall says was made, not only should we have precipitated the war, but on Mr. Pickthall's own showing the friendliness of Turkey would have meant for us the hostility of Russia, Italy, Serbia and Montenegro of our present Allies, and of Greece among the neutrals."

Mr. Murray is here wrestling with a phantom of his own brain. If he will do me the honour of referring to the various occasions of my mentioning this offer, I think that he will find that I have never said that England ought to have accepted it. I have adduced it only in order to repute a lying statement to the effect that the Young Turks have always from the outset been pro-German. I wish that England could have entertained those proposals, but I am perfectly aware that, having reversed her traditional policy, it was quite impossible for her to do so. My quarrel is with the policy itself, not its individual features, though some of these have been extremely ugly. In my last pro-Turkish article in these columns, written about the time of our retirement from the Dardanelles, I wrote:—"Is Russia a more valuable ally than Turkey? Who chose aright, Disraeli or Sir Edward Grey? If we had had the Turks on our side, as we could so easily have done, could we ever have been in our present ludicrous position?"

Lest Mr. Murray, with his gift for misconstruction, should see in this some reference to the protectorate proposals, let me explain that the first two questions refer to the policy associated with the name of Sir Edward Grey, as a whole; and that the third contains, in the dependent clause, a reference to the rebuffs which Turkey suffered at our hands preliminary to the European war. We could not "easily" have assumed a virtual protectorate of the Ottoman dominions, but we could easily have paid money down for those two Turkish battleships, and we could easily have been more tactful in the case of Egypt. In reply to Mr. Murray's cool assertion that, on my own showing, "the friendliness of Turkey would have meant for us the hostility of Russia, Italy, Serbia and Montenegro, of our present Allies, and of Greece at least among the neutrals," I ask for chapter and verse. In my letter of February 3 I find the following:—

"And supposing England had supported Turkey from the Revolution of 1908, would Greece or Italy have been against the Porte? It needed only that support (expected and desired by the Young Turks) to have made Turkey popular with her smaller neighbours and her Christian subjects. These watched the attitude of France and England, seeking the word of command; and the word of command was hostile to progressive Turkey. Without England's connivance, would the Tripoli raid have taken place? Without our understanding with Russia would the Balkan War, arranged under Russian auspices, as is now well known, have taken place? I do not think so; but such questions are, of course, debatable. I think that the misunderstanding between Mr. Murray and myself arises from the fact that I am thinking of the problem as a whole, while he is thinking of some momentary little detail."

And after more than two months of correspondence, I find Mr. Murray contending against something which I never thought and never stated, as if it were the essence of my "pro-Turkish case"! My "propaganda" is not based upon a single diplomatic incident. I deplore the whole recent policy of Great Britain in relation to the East, because it is opposed to Eastern progress, because it is an insult to the Muslims in the British Empire who deserved a better treatment at our hands, and

because it is opposed to the spirit of our great traditions and our national honour.

MARMADUKE PICKTHALL.

* * *
PROFITEERS, O PROFITEERS!

Sir,—If there ever was anyone who said that our profiteers lack the manners and grace of courteous knights, let him take heed of the following and be humbled:—

It may be remembered that, at an inquest held upon some unhappy victims of the "Sussex" outrage, an American witness alleged that some of the ship's boats were defective. Immediately after this the managing director of the London-Brighton Railway wrote to the Press that his company had some time before transferred the "Sussex" to the French Government, who ought, therefore, to be held responsible for—the gallant conduct of the crew!
SIMPLE SIMON.

* * *
FEED THE BRUTE!

Sir,—In support of your suggestion that a far-sighted and self-sacrificing patriot should keep Sir Edward Carson in law-cases for five years or the duration of the war, to provide him with a profitable alternative to making speeches in Parliament, might I suggest that he should be briefed on behalf of the Clyde Workers' Committee and its members deported without trial? By being thus bound he would be barred by the precedent he and Sir F. E. Smith established in the Marconi-Isaacs escapade, from discussing the subject in public at all.

JOURNALISTIC DOG.

* * *
INTERNATIONAL GOVERNMENT.

Sir,—Your review of my book, "The Two Roads," strikes me as unjust. I did not suggest that international government should be formed to enforce arbitration. What I did suggest was that international law should be enforced by means of international government. Your reviewer thinks it an impossible task to devise a scheme of representation of all the nations in proportion to their status and importance. I would draw his attention to a "scale of voting strength" for an "International Council" drawn up by the Fabian Research Department and published in a special supplement to the "New Statesman," July 17, 1915. The nations are there divided into first-, second-, and third-class States—a first-class State to have 20 votes, a second 12 votes, a third 9, and so on. I did not draw up a scale myself as I thought that was obviously a matter for an international conference. Of course, if the States went to the conference in the spirit that your reviewer evidently thinks they would no arrangement would be possible. But if statesmen hold a conference at all, surely they intend to agree.

Your reviewer wonders who would set in motion the force necessary to suppress the strongest. In the first place, no State, however strong, would need to be suppressed unless it had offended against the laws of the International Government. In the second place, that Government, in full control, as I have suggested, of all armaments and the manufacture of armaments, should be able to cope with even the strongest of rebellious States.

H. E. HYDE.

* * *
"THE WORLD IS MAKING PROGRESS."

Sir,—Mr. W. N. Ewer, in his admirable article "The States and the Guilds" (March 23 of THE NEW AGE), writes: "Neither 1688 nor 1789 nor 1848 effected more than a change of masters. Autocracy, aristocracy, plutocracy are an unholy trinity. . . . And the modern quasi-democracy is but the ghost of the old monarchy sitting top-hatted on the grave thereof."

I quite agree. There is no true change anywhere. Only a certain well-known line has changed:—

"Uneasy sleeps the head that wears the—top-hat."
Geneva. OSCAR LEVY.

* * *
THE U.D.C.

Sir,—Will you allow me to point out to Mrs. King that I made no insinuations against the Union of Democratic Control? I made certain definite statements.

I said that certain of its prominent members had taken up a "pro-German and disloyal attitude." For substantiation of that charge I would refer Mrs. King to their articles in the "Labour Leader," to their speeches and writings especially during the early months of the war, and to their other activities. Also to the flattering comments of the German Press on their exertions.

As to the origin of the U.D.C. in the "private" circular with the clause objecting to the "humiliation" of the defeated nation, the subsequent withdrawal of that clause,

and the appearance of the phrase about "prosecuting the war to victory," the shamefully broken promise not to carry on an agitation while the country was in danger—I did not tell the story in detail because it has been told so very often and its truth is admitted; while the generally pro-German attitude of Mr. Morel in the past can be gathered without difficulty from his own published writings.

The British Empire Union,
346, Strand, W.C.

GEORGE MARGILL,
Secretary.

THE PRIMACY OF THINGS.

Sir,—What is wrong with the attacks occasionally made on me by "A. E. R." is that he has the generosity of crediting me with too much talent. This accusation of generosity has probably never been made against "A. E. R." And yet is true. Temper, manners, and adjectives amount to very little in comparison with the value of the things that "A. E. R." attributes to me. It will not do for him to call me a dull ass if at the same time he attributes to me the discovery of universal gravitation. That I am an ass I admit with pleasure. That I have not the honour of being Sir Charles Chaplin I admit also, although with sorrow. What I do not admit is the paternity of universal gravitation. Its discoverer was Newton.

But does "A. E. R." really credit me with the discovery of universal gravitation? Not far from it. He accuses me, for instance, of having "twisted the phrase of "the economic interpretation of history" into that of "the historical interpretation of economics." But this conversion is the work of the whole historical school—that is to say, of all the economists who have denied the validity of economic laws to affirm the existence of an economic side, which can be nominally distinguished but not really separated, in historical facts. And to this school belong a thousand economists.

"A. E. R." also accuses me of having "credited relations with reality, while the persons related are, if not ignored, at least materially reduced in importance." But this accusation, in which the relation "friendship" is a thing distinct from the men united in it, ought to be addressed to the whole neo-realist school—Moore, Bertrand Russell, Holt, Marvin, Montague, Perry, Pitkin, and Spalding—who believe in the reality of relations independently of the members related, like the realists of the Middle Ages and Plato before them.

He attributes to me also the idea that "The Jesus of history had to arise out of the Christ of faith." But this is an idea of the "Higher Criticism," and particularly of Loisy in his polemic against Harnack. And the difference between Loisy and Harnack, as it might be stated in the terminology of "A. E. R.," consists in the fact that Loisy is a French plebeian and Harnack a German aristocrat; or in the other fact that Loisy has talent and Harnack has none. I prefer to say that Loisy is right and Harnack wrong.

"A. E. R." imagines that he is fighting against me. In reality he is up in arms against four-fifths of the classics of humanity. For my part, I regard myself as dead and buried for good. The classics also are dead and buried for all people who do not want to study them—but not for good, like myself. They have the curious habit of rising again when curious souls reverently approach the graves of their books. I apologise for having said truisms such as that two and two are four, right is right, and might is might. I could not help it. When gifted men say that "The Golden Rule is that there is no Golden Rule," or that "Such things are true that are perpetually enforced," or that the good is not the good, but man, I cannot resist the temptation of replying that truth is truth and force is force and good is good and man is man. Thus, when Heraclitus said: "What is, becomes," Parmenides had to reply: "What is, is." And by so doing he created the possibility of the knowledge of truth. So long as paradoxes only try to amuse us there is no need to reply to them; but when they pretend to convince us we must shatter them with truisms.

If "A. E. R." also tried to set down a truism he would not tell us that the "Cotton lords of Lancashire at the beginning of last century held this 'objective' theory; man to them was only an instrument for the production of 'things.'" The cotton lords of Lancashire were not "objectivist," but "subjectivist." They did not care for things, but for the satisfaction of their human—their very human—ambitions. Nor would he credit me with asserting that "The Church is undoubtedly a thing." The Church is not a thing. The Church is the people of God (St. Augustine). And people are not things. Nor would he credit me with this vicious circle: "Christ was born

of Christianity, which was manufactured by the Church, which was founded on Christianity." No, sir; Christ was not born of Christianity. The Second Person in the Blessed Trinity is Eternal. Christianity is faith in Christ. And Christianity was not manufactured by the Church. The proper order is: first, Christ; second, Christianity; and third, the Church; and this order cannot be altered. Faith in Christ is no more a manufacture than the faith of "A. E. R." in a Spanish writer, the author of this letter. "A. E. R." believes that I have written this letter, whether he likes it or not. All the Kaiser's guns cannot alter the truth of this assertion. And this truth is independent of the physiology of "A. E. R."

"A. E. R." says: "Morality, we know, is based on physiology." His affirmation reminds me of a lecture at which a professor of medicine showed on the blackboard the different organs that, according to his materialist theories, produced the different mental values. He tried to trace the origin of these values even in the embryo. The man had drawn two concentric circles which represented a cell—nucleus, plasm, and membrane. In the interior circle of the nucleus he drew a curvilinear angle, and exclaimed theatrically: "And this little horn is justice."

When "A. E. R." says that "the desire for justice afflicts Señor de Maeztu like a perennial thirst" he is kind enough to believe that this little horn of justice is, in me, abnormally developed. I will try to see it in the looking-glass. But, meanwhile, let me say that justice, like the number 3 or beauty or truth or like relations, is one of the many things which possess reality, although they cannot be placed in time or space. Man can discover them if he tries hard enough; and as he discovers them he acquires his dignity. What he cannot do is to invent them, or create them, or extract them from his liver or his grey matter. They are heterogeneous and alien to his physiology. They come from another world: they are another world. RAMIRO DE MAEZTU.

MEN AND THINGS.

Sir,—The excellent series of articles you have published from the pen of Mr. de Maeztu are one of the few bright spots in modern journalism, and I congratulate both him and you upon their appearance in the midst of the general gloom. It has been gradually, however, borne in upon some of us that, powerfully as the case for the primacy of things over men has been presented, it is no more the whole truth than the doctrine opposed to it of the primacy of men over things; but both are necessary as complementary aspects of a single but unseizable reality. "A. E. R." in your last issue, undertakes to point out some of the defects of Mr. de Maeztu's doctrines considered as absolute truth; and I think that he must be admitted to have put his finger upon some weaknesses. But he has fallen, I think, into the very error he criticises when he allows himself to conclude that, because the primacy of things is not absolutely true, the primacy of men must needs therefore be. Let it be granted that, as he says, the moral sense of mankind has long ago repudiated Mr. de Maeztu's doctrine as leading to the degradation of man; and in this he is confirmed by Mr. de Maeztu's own deductions, who, we see, would establish a very humiliating compulsion for everybody. The weakness of the opposite case none the less remains, since "A. E. R." cannot answer the question: How is a man's value to be known except by his effect upon things? Here, I think, Mr. de Maeztu nonplusses "A. E. R." as unmistakably as the latter nonplusses the former when he asks what value things have apart from their effect upon men. But surely the two points of view, though in necessarily absolute opposition as ideas, can be reconciled in a reciprocal relationship. Instead of elevating the one over the other and making a golden rule of it, we can, that is, make a golden rule of having no golden rule in the matter, but elevate the one or the other as the circumstances suggest. Some things at some time, I should say, are of more importance than some men. But at other times some men are more important than some things. Everything depends upon time, place, and circumstance; and there is no rule that can be absolutely applied. What we need, therefore, is a balanced judgment to know, in any given case, whether things or men are of the greater value. To assume beforehand that either is always to be preferred is to abdicate the office of moral judgment and to put ourselves in a kind of mortmain to an authoritarian theory. Men must be tested by things, things must be tested by men; for neither can be measured, as to their value, in *their own terms*.

Upon the subject of value Mr. de Maeztu, perhaps, has

not completed the presentation of his views. At any rate, I find them inadequate as a foundation for his general doctrine. For he requires, to establish the primacy of things, that things shall be measurable in terms of things and independently of men. But where has he attempted this? As difficult, it seems to me, will he find it to measure the value of things without reference to men, as "A. E. R." will find it to measure the value of men without reference to things; and each for the same reason, that neither men nor things are absolute. But I shall wait, nevertheless, with considerable interest for the attempt to be made.

May I add a query of doubt concerning the somewhat bellicose doctrine several of your contributors—perhaps led by Mr. de Maetzu and "T. E. H."—are endeavouring to put into currency: the doctrine that principles must be fought for? To use theological language, a principle, presumably, is a truth for which God fights; and if it is of God, how can men either defeat or support it? To prove the need of such support it has to be assumed that God is not really all-powerful, but requires the help of man to maintain and to carry out His Will. I need not say how inconsistent this belittling of God is with the belittling of Man, which, apparently, your writers have repudiated the Renaissance to establish. God and Men are all weak together!

R. M.

* * *
DEATHS FROM VIOLENCE.

Sir,—Your reviewer says that my conclusions relating to deaths from overlying are vitiated by Mr. Oddie's statement of fact regarding post-mortems in his district. He has apparently not appreciated that Mr. Oddie's letter to the Literary Supplement of the "Times" was not a reply to a statement in my book, but to a review of my book in the "Times" in which I was represented as saying something I never did say. In my book I point out that the late Mr. Troutbeck required practically all his post-mortems to be made by expert pathologists. Mr. Oddie, in his letter, stated that his post-mortems on infants had been made "by expert pathologists attached to the teaching staffs of the London hospitals, or by experienced and trustworthy divisional surgeons and general practitioners." This is the ordinary practice of the London coroners. It is quite clear, therefore, that Mr. Oddie does not follow the practice of his predecessor, and when your reviewer charges me with making a blunder he shows that either he has not read my book carefully or is incapable of appreciating the difference between the anti-theses, post-mortem or no post-mortem, and performance of post-mortem by expert or non-expert.

Your reviewer has devoted the bulk of his space to a single point over which a misunderstanding arose owing to the careless wording of the "Times" review, and has ignored all my other evidence, such as the contrast between Mr. Troutbeck's experience and that of his contemporaries, the anomalous distribution of mortality from overlying, the absence of a consistent relation with overcrowding, the seasonal variation in the mortality rate, rising and falling exactly with deaths from those natural causes which present post-mortem appearances indistinguishable from those of overlying, and the rarity of these deaths in France and Germany, where all medico-legal post-mortems are performed by pathologists. If your reviewer chooses to inquire among pathologists, either in this country or in Scotland, where a different system of investigation prevails, he will find the greatest scepticism now exists as to the reality of this cause in the great bulk of deaths ascribed to it.

WILLIAM A. BREND.

* * *
THE LEGAL PROFESSION.

Sir,—One fundamental characteristic of the law is that it is encouragement to lying by solicitors and barristers. The barrister flourishes as a bribed, vicarious liar. The solicitor flourishes by utilising the barrister as a vicarious liar. This ensues from what is technically called "privilege," giving a solicitor practical carte blanche to embody lies in affidavits and giving the barrister similar immunity for propagating the lies in advocating his case. Here is an example for which I can vouch.

A man and his wife adopted two infants and put them forward for many years as legal issue of the marriage, certifying the children as such in birth certificates and other documents. The couple did this to defraud legatees under a will. The imposition was carried on for about 20 years, until the death of the wife. Shortly after her death, the husband confessed to the fraud by swearing statutory declarations. After doing this, he went to a solicitor, who, after being made aware of the birth falsifi-

cations and to promote litigation, induced the man to swear affidavits that the children were legally his own. The matter was decided by an action in which the man, in the witness-box, forswore the affidavits by swearing that he had never had a child by his wife. The solicitor who had induced the man to swear the affidavits evaded responsibility by keeping out of the witness-box. Later, there was another action, in which the affidavits would be important as evidence against the solicitor and his client. Scrutiny was again burked on the ground of "privilege."

Now, as to the barrister. In this later action, a barrister, retained by the same solicitor for the same client as defendant, stated in court that certain important letters adverse to the defendant had been first sent to him by the plaintiff and then copied by the defendant and posted to plaintiff as being originated by the defendant. This was known to be a flat lie by the solicitor and the defendant.

In legal text-books this system of chartered lying is said to be in the public interest. The most obvious interest it serves is that of legal scoundrels and their clients.

CROFT HILLER.

* * *
SHAKESPEARE AS GROTESQUE.

Sir,—On looking through my last article on Shakespeare I find I have made an important misstatement of my conception of the ending of "Lear." I say that the universal and refining spirit of Love, as represented by Cordelia, finally eludes Lear. But this is not so. I conceive "Lear" to be, like all great plays, a play of unfolding and initiation. I have not seen this conception stated before, and possibly it is a new one. But I have seen the statement that "Lear" is a Divine Comedy, one, I dare say, as magnificent in its way as that of Dante, who, like Shakespeare, possessed the supreme gift of divine laughter. As a Divine Comedy it is said to be concerned with the reconciliation of Lear and Cordelia (Lear's spiritual side), whose business it is to refine the old man's material nature, and to achieve that union which can only come with their deaths. This is the kind of ending which my conception yields. The plot I have in mind is similar to that stated by A. W. Schlegel. An infatuated father is blind towards his well-disposed child, and the unnatural children whom he prefers requite him by the ruin of all his happiness. Balzac's "Père Goriot" has a similar theme. Now the well-disposed child I conceive to represent spiritual love, while the unnatural children represent the profane love of material possessions. Let me return for a moment to Schlegel, according to whom the action of "Lear" "is concerned with a fall from the highest elevation into the deepest abyss of misery, where humanity is stripped of all external and internal advantages, and given up a prey to naked helplessness." Furthermore, Schlegel reminds us that Lear is found in the end reduced to mental and physical beggary beyond recovery, and possessing nothing but an infinite capacity of loving. It is easy to convert this action into the grotesque action. First, imagine Lear's eyes bandaged by his infatuation for the two material sisters, thus rendering him blind to the presence of that supreme love—a factor of noble grotesque—as represented by Cordelia. Then would come the descent into the inferno of material madness, culminating, in the play, in the overpowering Heath Scene. And then would follow the ascent and attainment of divine love in death—that is, the deaths of Lear and Cordelia. It is worthy of note that this death-reconciliation motive is largely used by Ibsen. Underlying his most significant plays is the hypothesis that Death is really the great thing, for it sets souls free to harmonious unison and the supreme life. Perhaps it is an hypothesis inseparable from all significant minds. One word more. There are two plots in "Lear," as in "Hamlet." Of course, I have been dealing with the old "fable" of Lear and his daughters, rather than with the story of Gloster and his sons. I believe it was Mr. J. M. Robertson, M.P., who first exhaustively examined the theory that "Hamlet" consists of two distinct plays. In any case, I remember, he said that Shakespeare, when writing "Hamlet," was preoccupied with "the purpose of turning the old tragedy of blood into a tragedy of the spirit." I am inclined to believe this was Shakespeare's main occupation. Whatever he took and touched-up and re-informed—old fables, stories, plays, or what not—he transmuted it into comedy of the spirit. This comedy of the spirit resides in all of Shakespeare's plays. It is the thing that really matters. It is the thing to be sought. For it is Shakespeare himself.

HUNTLY CARTER.

Press Cuttings.

MANIFESTO FROM PARKHEAD FORGE ENGINEERS TO THEIR FELLOW WORKERS.

Fellow Workers,—We stopped work on Friday, March 17, and have been on strike since.

During the eighteen months of war our shop stewards have given every possible assistance towards increasing the output. The convener, Bro. David Kirkwood, has been specially active in this respect, having, with the approval of the management, used all his influence in removing every cause of friction and even in finding the ever-necessary additional labour. While labour was scarce and no chance of reducing our status existed, our employers granted facilities to Bro. Kirkwood to visit the various engineering departments where in the interest of the workers or the joint interest of workers and employers his service as chief shop steward was temporarily required. The utmost harmony prevailed, and the management expressed gratification with such friendly relations.

About two months ago the Commissioners appointed by the Government to introduce the scheme for the dilution of labour to the Clyde area visited Parkhead. We received them in the most cordial manner, and an agreement was made by which the employers pledged themselves not to use this scheme for the purpose of introducing cheap labour and also to give a committee appointed by the skilled workers an opportunity of seeing that this pledge was kept. But immediately after our consent to the scheme was obtained a new spirit was felt in the workshops. Soldiers, mostly Englishmen, were brought in, and these refused to join a trade union.

An agreement existed to the effect that all men employed must be trade unionists, but in the case of the soldiers the foremen did not apply this rule, as they did with other tradesmen engaged, and we had no means of enforcing compliance with it. In one shop, known as the 15-inch shell shop, over 100 men were put to work at lathes turning these shells and at horizontal boring machines boring these shells at a rate of sixpence per hour. Machines of this type have always been manned by tradesmen who received the standard rate of wages for engineers in the district. In another shop, known as the howitzer shop, women were introduced, and on our shop stewards visiting this shop to ascertain the conditions of female labour the management strongly protested and contended that Bro. Kirkwood or any other shop steward had no right to discuss the question of wages or conditions with the women workers. Previously our chief shop steward had perfect freedom to visit this shop if he felt it necessary to do so.

Next came instructions to our chief shop steward, Bro. Kirkwood, that on no account was he to leave his bench without permission from the management during working hours. All these things and various smaller changes made it obvious to us that our trade union representatives were to be bound and blindfolded while the trade by which our means of life are obtained was being reduced in the interest of capitalists to the level of the most lowly occupation.

We feel that during the period when unskilled labour is engaged in our industry more than ordinary freedom is required by our shop stewards to ensure that under the cloak of patriotism greedy employers are not allowed to ruin our trade. This would be a very modest demand on our employers in view of the concessions we have made, but, instead of being granted the greater facilities necessary, we are being deprived, as already stated, of the limited freedom we enjoyed.

In reply to the question as to why we did not act through official channels, we wish to state that we submitted our grievance about the introduction of non-union soldiers to the Board of Trade, but, so far as we know, our complaint was not noticed. We directed the attention of our paid officials to the cheap labour in the shell shop, but they have failed to protect us. Therefore, when the restriction was imposed on our shop stewards, we felt that our only hope lay in drastic action by ourselves.

Fellow workers, we are fighting the battle of all workers. If they smash us they will smash you. Our victory will be your victory. Unite with us in demanding that during the present crisis our shop stewards in every workshop where dilution is in force shall have the fullest liberty to investigate the conditions under

which the new class labour is employed, so that this may not be used to reduce us all to a lower standard of life.

In a community where everybody was in an exactly similar position and of exactly similar wealth the effect of a State loan of 1,000 millions and of State taxes to that amount would (except in respect of costs of collection) be practically identical. No doubt, under the loan method, interest would be paid in the future and under the tax method it would not. But the interest itself would have to be raised by new taxes, so that, if all members of the community were in the same position, the interest that each of them got would be, in effect, paid out of a new tax of equivalent amount levied on himself. A man who had lent 1,000 pounds to the State would get, say, fifty pounds a year interest on it; but in order to provide that interest he would himself have to pay fifty pounds a year in extra taxes. If he had paid his 1,000 pounds to the State as a tax he would get no interest on it, but neither would he have to pay future taxes with which to provide the interest. All this is plain enough. But, of course, this country does not, in fact, consist of a number of people of exactly similar wealth and in exactly similar situations. It consists of some very rich people, some moderately rich, some poor, and some very poor. In view of this fact the effect of a State loan of 1,000 millions and of State taxes of 1,000 millions are emphatically not identical. That is the point which has now to be made clear.—Professor. A. C. PIGOU, "Finance of the War."

What, then, is the difference between the effects of raising 1,000 millions from the better-to-do classes by means of progressive taxation and by means of war loans, which will, as a matter of fact, be subscribed in a progressive sense? As regards immediate effects, there is no difference. These people provide the money more or less in the same proportion whichever plan is adopted. But, as regards aggregate effects, there is a very great difference. Under the tax method the rich and moderately rich really shoulder the whole burden of the charge that is laid upon them. Under the loan method they do not do this, because they are compensated afterwards through taxes laid for that purpose partly on themselves but partly also on other and poorer sections of the community. Under the tax method a great deal of money is obtained from the very rich and the rich of this generation without compensation. Under the loan method the same amount of money is obtained from them, but a contract is appended to the effect that the poorer classes in future generations shall pay money to their descendants as a reward for their present patriotic conduct. That is the vital difference between the two methods.—Professor A. C. PIGOU, "Finance of the War."

The consumption and leisure enjoyed by the poor, since it reacts on their efficiency, is itself an investment of capital. Furthermore, there is reason to believe that it is an investment which, in the long run, will prove more productive than investments in the material capital of machinery and plant. If, in the face of an urgent need, we quadruple the objective burden imposed upon the rich, we shall impoverish the equipment of our factories; but, if we quadruple the burden imposed upon the poor, we shall accomplish the much more serious injury of draining away the vital sources of the nation's strength. It follows that, when the aggregate amount of the Government's need is greatly increased, the objective burden involved in satisfying it ought not to be increased equally in respect of all classes, but ought to be increased more largely in respect of the rich than in respect of the poor.—Professor A. C. PIGOU, "Finance of the War."

These proposals cannot be combated by a mere negation. They have passion behind them. They come with the sweep of a wide constructive idea. If Free Traders are content to answer them with the familiar reasoning about the little loaf we shall be swept aside for lack of a positive and inspiring idea. Resisting Conscription to-day and Protection to-morrow, we may be manoeuvred into the position of a Conservative Party. The best strategy in politics, as in warfare, is always the aggressive. We, too, must draw our fiscal lessons from this war.—H. N. BRAILSFORD.