NOTES OF THE WEEK.

It would be a wearying and worthless task to attempt to follow the lies, half-truths, and utter fallacies for which Mr. Lloyd George has made himself responsible within the last few days. His speech in Parliament on May 4 and his additional speech at Conway on May 6 have been taken by our suborned Press as brilliant examples of the gospel of energy; and the indifference of individualism appears to reject competent criticism of the situation to an ill-informed populace which depends for compulsion is justifiable because taxes are compulsory. September and October. But under what conditions going to be银行 notes was issued on August 6 and 12 and September 3 and 30. The first bank for Mr. Lloyd George was at the Exchequer when the war broke out in August, 1914; and emergency financial legislation had to be introduced almost immediately. The proclamation regarding currency and financial matters, however long the war lasted, and that he had himself, when at the Exchequer, consulted financiers who assured him that this country could outstay Germany in financial matters, however long the war lasted, and that he had himself always taken the view that "this was going to be a long war." Let us check these statements. Mr. Lloyd George was at the Exchequer when the war broke out in August 4, 1914; and emergency financial legislation had to be introduced almost immediately. The proclamation regarding currency and bank notes was issued on August 6, and the proclama-

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upon by the Cabinet as a whoie. But this demand did not provide for the complete system of compulsion which Mr. Lloyd George, as he told his audience on Saturday, was demanding on his own account by the last September. The course then pursued by Mr. Lloyd George, we make bold to say, was typical of him. Having more or less agreed with his colleagues as to the compromise suggested, he went behind their backs to the Army Council, delivered a characteristic Welsh sermon to them, and pressed them to emulate the well-known hero of a Dickens novel. In consequence of a series of hurried intrigues and parleyings, the Army Council were induced to ask for more men than they ever hoped to get; and Lord Northcliffe, as was usual, in concert with his chairman, redoubled his efforts to secure the rejection of a compromise Bill. Hence the introduction of a measure which may do a good deal to make the war unpopular, and lead, consequently, to demands for a premature peace.

This matter of men and money, however, has already been dealt with by Mr. Lloyd George himself. When introducing his last Budget (May, 1915) he took care to tell us how thoroughly the questions at issue had to be considered:

What service can Britain best render to this great combination? She can keep the command of the sea for the Allies... That is the invaluable service which she is rendering to the Allies to-day, and it is of the utmost success of their arms, especially in a long war, because the longer the war the more does the command of the sea come to matter; and now, secondly, can she commit her Continental Powers have done. The third service Britain can render is the service she rendered in the Napoleonic Wars of bearing the main burden of financing the allied countries in their necessary purchases outside their own country, more especially for the purchase of munitions of war, and also the Allies with the manufacture and equipment of munitions of war. Britain can do the first and she can do the second. She can only do the second within limits if she has to do the first and last. I think that is important. We have raised enormous numbers of men in this country, but I say, speaking now purely from the point of view of finance, that the time has come when there should be discrimination, so that recruiting should not interfere with the output of munitions of war, and that it should interfere as much as possible with the output of those commodities which we export and which enable us to purchase munitions for ourselves and for our Allies.

There is Mr. Lloyd George answered out of his own mouth. Since he made that speech we have had the Derby scheme, of which he had anything but high encomiums, and we have had the Compulsion Act for single men. Between Mr. Lloyd George’s speech of May, 1915, and May, 1916, we have enlisted nearly three millions of men: we will vouch for our figures. What, then, becomes of the newer arguments which Mr. Lloyd George put forward for our unstinted munitions of war, and that it should interfere as little as possible with purchasing the products of munitions? Mr. Lloyd George would expect us to put into the field, in proportion to our population, an even greater number of men than Germany, with her wonderful organisation and infinitely smaller financial and other responsibilities. To state such an absurd proposition is, we take it, to answer it for all sensible men. Did Mr. Lloyd George answer it himself? Of course he did; for it is his habit to contradict himself to such an extent that the collateral of statements becomes almost monotonous. On Saturday, two days afterwards, he told his audience at Conway: “We cannot make the same contribution in men as France, because we have to supply her with steel, coal, material for explosives, and transports—a pretty list enough! We can well imagine the Chancellor of the Exchequer of May, 1915, furiously accusing the Minister of Munitions of May, 1916, of having called upon to make up for his financial deficit in the absence of necessary men.

In the third place, Labour. Towards the end of his speech on Thursday Mr. Lloyd George said there was something which he “had been waiting anxiously,” and he was “glad that it had not appeared.” This, it seemed, was the suggestion that, “if we took the only means which are essential to the purpose of successfully conducting this war there would be trouble among the labouring classes.” I never believed it.” Then followed a tribute to the patriotism of the working classes, in the midst of which we are astonished to read: “I object to and protest against this talk about the working classes as if they were not an essential part of our community... they would win more by liberty than any other class, and they knew that Prussian domination would hurt them more than any other class in the country. We will not weary readers, as we should assuredly weary ourselves, by repudiating the results which Mr. Lloyd George has himself gratuitously flung at the working classes during the war. Our recollection, we hope, is stronger than that of the Labour Members in the House of Commons, and we do not forget, if they have forgotten, the language used by the Minister of Munitions towards their constituents in the earlier stages of the war—language which earned for him a reception on the Clyde which he is long likely to remember. The workmen were slackers and drunkards: “We are fighting three enemies—Germany, Austria, and Drink; and the greatest of these is Drink.” In the face of language like this, it is not unamusing to find Mr. Lloyd George complaining, at Conway, that he has been subjected to a “cloudy discharge of poisonous gas,” apropos of Mr. Gardiner’s recent and rather belated criticism. Who more than Mr. Lloyd George himself has done more to poison the political atmosphere of England; to assail friend and enemy with light-minded abuse; to wheedle and curse alternately the working classes and the upper classes as if they were not an essential part of our community? Up to August, 1914, Mr. Lloyd George declared insincerely against the financiers, because it paid him to do so. Then he crawled to them on his hands and knees, begged to be forgiven, and urged them to help him to unravel his tangled schemes of taxation when the war began. Again, while he was thundering against the moneyed interests, Mr. Lloyd George thrust himself forward as the combined Moses and Joshua of Labour: he was not merely to lead Labour out of the House of Bondage, but he kept the poor up to his own level into the bargain. Twenty months ago the tune was changed: the financiers were now the saviours of Europe, and Labour was turned and rent as a pack of drunken rascals who could scarcely be induced to work even for overtime wages.

We are no friends to opportunists at the best of times; and we profess nothing but open enmity towards this Welsh Caesar who has waited for the outbreak of a world-wide war to turn every man over to the cause to which he formerly did lip-service, and to reveal himself, incidentally, in his natural character of an impatient and disloyal autocrat. His friends, as Mr. Gardiner said plaintively, had borne with him long; but we have borne with him longer still. We may claim for ourselves the barren honour of having discerned Mr. Lloyd
George's character even before the introduction of his Insurance Bill in 1911—a Bill admittedly drawn after a Prussian model. We cannot understand how anybody could reconcile this Bill, later an Act and a hated Act, with professions of liberty and democracy. "I am in favour of compulsion now as I was in favour of compulsory taxation," said its author, at Conway, "and, if I may say so, compulsory insurance." This was the beginning of the breaking point of Mr. Lloyd George's relations with Labour. The Insurance Act is still detested, and its author with it. The new industrial reserve, whereby, in practice, skilled workmen and soldiers will be interchangeable, as in France, is only the logical sequence to the control of the working classes postulated in the Insurance Act. To every such criticism as this Mr. Lloyd George has invariably responded with a burst of windy rhetoric that induces us to remind him of his descent. The later Druids, whose class is said to have included common wizards and magicians (we might now say spell-binders), made use of two chief symbols: they eat the mistletoe from the oak with a golden knife; and the gold, no less than their white robes, represented the purity of the performance. But they wore a talisman, as Pliny tells us, something known as a serpent's egg, "formed by the poisonous spittle of a great many serpents twined together, gathered at moonlight, and afterwards worn in the bosom." The manner of Mr. Lloyd George's eloquence is indeed gilt; but its substance is as the poison of asps.

Let us turn to a subject more agreeable than Welsh intrigues. The Sinn Fein rebellion is over and done with; and we need only remark, with regard to one aspect of it, that a responsible financial organ like the "Statist" (May 6) urges clemency towards the rebels in order that bitter feelings may be modified as far as practicable. We say rebellion for want of a better word; but the condemnation is ridiculous as contrasted with the actuality. Perhaps five thousand men, but hardly more, got out of hand for a week, chiefly in Dublin; and the whole affair, surely, is likely to arouse more sadness than indignation. Unquestionably, the leaders of the Sinn Fein movement were inspired by the noblest ideals, and they had a political programme which was, in the abstract, of some value. Of their economic programme less can be said. The movement aimed, apparently, at breaking off even trade relations between England and Ireland, and under its régime the railways and banks would have been nationalised. Into the subject of wagery schemes, drawn up in England, and a powerful system of co-operation for farmers organised in Ireland by Sir Horace Plunkett and Mr. G. W. Russell. The descendants of the landlord-shooters, no doubt, are enjoying the fruits, in an economic sphere, of the fathers' political activity. But the idealistic element was not satisfied with economic alone, and pursued the sentimental and purely political aim of an independent Ireland—the "independence," we fear, being but vaguely defined.

We hold, nevertheless, that the Castle—"we know well enough how some Irishmen feel after uttering the words—should have provided an outlet for this idealistic energy. It is a striking fact that the Indian Government has officially recognised the Moslem League and the National Congress—never mind if the recognition has had little practical result so far—but that the Irish Government has never taken official cognisance of an intellectual movement which has been conducting a powerful propaganda under its nose for these ten years. Newspaper correspondents have commented on the "well-set-up officers" who fed the insurgents, and on their "fearlessness and dignified bearing." It is lamentable to think that these qualities, as the result of the lack of the most moderate amount of recognition and prestige, have been lost to Sir Douglas Haig's Army in Flanders, is it not? Let not fanaticism be urged as a reason for the impossibility of enlisting these men. The case of India, discontented though India may be, stands as an example.

It is true that the leaders of this movement were unpractical. They did not realise that a wholly independent Ireland, in the present state of Europe and considering Ireland's geographical position, is politically impossible. There were not five thousand men who would have been willing to risk their lives, and the risk was not a single mean feature connected with their rising in Dublin and elsewhere. They risked their lives in a useless cause, and lost them nobly. A different criticism, unfortunately, has to be applied to some of the English landlords and landlords' agents in the 'eighties and early nineties. They were better poets, orators and politicians than economists. The generation that shot landlords and landlords' agents in command of Dublin, or Sir Edward Carson and his armed men in command, not of a single city, but of all Ulster, including Belfast, the commercial capital of Ireland? But, if we are talking of the lowering of dignity and prestige, we must hold that the dignity and prestige of the Empire have been lowered by men in even more responsible positions than Sir Edward Carson and the unfortunate Mr. MacDonagh. Unquestionably, as we know from every source of information at our disposal, the prestige of England and of the whole Empire has been all but destroyed by the infamous campaign carried on by one of our hereditary legislators, Lord Northcliffe. According to Lord Northcliffe's newspapers, scattered as they are in every direction, and circulating among all classes, England since the outbreak of war has shirked every duty which it was hers to fulfil. She has not, according to this authority, provided men, war material, or ships for the mercantile marine; she has always been late, dilatory and incompetent; and her affairs have been managed with criminal nonchalance. Views have been conveyed to all parts of the world; they have been quoted against us by our own Allies—and what could well be more humiliating than that?—they have been circulated in the United States; they have been used by pro-Germans in Bulgaria to induce Bulgaria to join the Central Powers; they have been used by pro-Germans in Greece and Roumania to keep those countries from joining the Allies—as they would, if left to themselves. Nor is Lord Northcliffe the only offender, though by far the most important one. From Hercules to his feet. Sir Luigi Giorgio Chiozza Money has been telling Englishmen how ill they have done in not furnishing the Allies with more men, and for at least six months has been publishing cunningly arranged statistics, hopelessly inaccurate, to show how we can provide unlimited men and yet go on with our trade. On this point, of course, all the technical evidence is against him. Nor should we omit Mr. Austic Harrison who, after telling us ("English Review," April) that he "knows little of economics," goes on to lay down dogmatic opinions on intricate economic questions relating to the war— all to show, of course, that the Government is wrong, incompetent, etc., etc. If men are to be shot for lowering the dignity and prestige of the country, we recommend these four gentlemen to be going on with. They poison the minds of neutrals and of our Allies, and so far they risk nothing.
Foreign Affairs.
By S. Verdad.

The essence of the German reply to the United States is that the commanders of submarines shall be ordered not to torpedo unarmed merchant ships at sight, as heretofore, on condition that President Wilson uses his influence to secure substantial modifications in the British blockade. Failing this, one is left to assume, the torpedoing of vessels, even the most innocent and those obviously neutral, will proceed as before; and nothing at all is said in the Note with regard to merchant ships armed for purely defensive purposes. It may be recalled that a definite assurance was given by Sir Cecil Spring-Rice on behalf of the British Government that our merchant vessels were armed for defensive purposes only, and not for purposes of offence, as the enemy alleged. To sum up the German reply in this way does not convey a clear conception of the extraordinary language in which it has been drafted. It is at once vague, and, in some cases, almost meaningless, but in practically every case arrogant and insulting. The tone of the Note has brought about a furious outcry against Germany in the American Press, with the exception of those newspapers which are owned or are conducted by German-Americans.

It should be recognised at once that the German reply has been ingeniously composed, and undoubtedly places President Wilson in a rather difficult position. A concession of sorts has been offered; and even newspapers and politicians friendly to the Allies have felt bound to urge the President to accept the main concession, such as it is, and to reject the conditions attaching to it. Clearly, it would be unprecedented for a country to give up its diplomatic independence to the extent of securing the fulfilment of a demand from another only at the cost of making a demand on a third. This is what some of the American jurists have very properly called “barter,” and the President could hardly consent to it. The blockade, as has often been admitted, has affected American traders greatly, but the negotiations regarding it between the United States and ourselves have been conducted without reference to any specific action of the enemy. Furthermore, the Americans have always pointed out—and how could they fail to do otherwise?—that the British blockade of Germany has never at any time jeopardised the lives of neutrals; and the German allegations that it has led to the starvation of women and children are simply monstrous. The murder and unexpected violence of German submarines is very different indeed from a food blockade. There is no remedy whatever for the former; but the remedy for the latter is surrender—on the assumption, of course, that the population of Germany is really starving.

As to the German food supply, it has undoubtedly been affected by the blockade, and luxuries have disappeared, according to the German papers, from all tables except those of the very wealthy. All the endeavours of the German Government in the last few months have been directed towards eking out the supplies of wheat and potatoes available in order to tide the country over until the next harvest. This, naturally, accounted for the efforts made to corner all the Romanian wheat supplies; efforts which were nullified by purchases of considerable quantities on behalf of the other countries and France. The dangerous condition of German agriculture, the scarcity of fodder, the difficulty of securing labour, and so on, have frequently been mentioned by speakers in positions of authority, as, for example, the Prussian Minister of Agriculture. In spite of the experiments of German chemists it seems to be impossible to get artificial manures, and vast quantities of potatoes which had been kept in store have been turned to the civilian population in the towns had to be used, with official sanction, for the feeding of cattle and horses. Food riots, despite attempts at conciliation, have become more and more frequent, and there appears to be greater and greater support for the Socialist minorities in the Reichstag; not so much on account of the unpopularity of the war as on account of the terrible rise in the cost of living. The last Board of Trade returns showed the rise in prices in Germany (Berlin) to be about 112 per cent., but in practice it is sure to be much more than this in the purely working-class districts. The Government, too, cannot allow the health of the army to deteriorate; and it follows, therefore, that the soldiers and sailors have the first claim to such food supplies as are available, a fact which is not likely to lessen the discontent among the civil population.

But this shortage of food, bad as it is, does not of itself justify the blockade. The British blockade is illegal only in the sense that it is not effective, juridically speaking, to the extent of covering the Baltic; but in every other respect the British Government have kept thoroughly within their legal rights so far as Germany is concerned. The American authorities have more than once stated that the blockade is illegal, as I have noted in these pages from time to time; but they have done so with a strict regard for American interests and without reference to the sufferings of the German civil population. From the point of view of international law nothing else could have been done. It would be unprecedented for any ruler to enter upon “diplomatic barter” of the kind suggested in the German reply; and any effort in this direction might well result in serious difficulty for all the Allies, and so on. The Admiralty has made it its business to lead President Wilson to discuss peace terms with Great Britain on behalf of our enemies while nominally discussing the conditions of the blockade. Undoubtedly, the German Government would be well pleased to come to terms now that the military efforts of the German, Austrian, Turkish, and Bulgarian armies have reached their climax. For all practical purposes we are dealing with Berlin, and Berlin now owns Belgium, part of France, Serbia, Poland, and a slice of Russian territory. But from this month those gains, with occasional backhanded compliments, have already come smaller and smaller as the resources of England and Russia increase. There may be a German dash at Russia, or at various points on the lines in the West; but the end is sure. I think I may say with confidence that this journal is not in favour of a premature peace.

One point should be noted. The Sinn Fein rising has decidedly changed the views of President Wilson's advisers with regard to active participation in the war. There are in the United States millions of Irish and German-Americans; and in many important areas these people predominate overwhelmingly. The Washington authorities have no wish to go to war only to find themselves taken in the flank by an unexpected rising on the part of the well-organised Germans and disaffected Irish. There is no guarantee that, given a declaration of war, such an attempt would not be made. Already the United States has had a touch of the enemy's quality—the blowing up of munition works, attempts to blow up bridges, attempts to dynamite liners and trains, and, lastly, the workings of the elaborate system of espionage organised by the German and Austrian Embassies. These are symptoms to which, after all, Berlin, the American Government is likely to devote considerable attention.
Uncited Opinions.

The Compulsion of Men Again.

You promised last week to enumerate some further objections to the establishment of the Conscription of Men without the concurrent establishment of the Conscription of Money. Will you begin?

Certainly. But, first, I must ask you to realise that the form of government under which we live is a plutocracy. The rich, merely because they are rich, rule the poor, merely because they are poor. Set aside every other consideration for the moment, such as the so-called democracy of the franchise, of the Press, and so on, the fundamental fact of our civilisation is that a comparatively small class of wealthy people, numbering at most only a fifth of the population, govern in every essential respect the comparatively large class of the poor, numbering four out of five of the population. Until you have realised this fact you have not understood the letter A of modern politics.

Well, I think I have realised it.

Good. Now the next thing for us to agree upon is that too much power in the hands of this small governing class is dangerous both to themselves and to the governed. This, of course, is elementary; but I prefer that we should make it explicit. Do you agree?

I see that it may be dangerous to the governed; but must it not also be dangerous to the governing class itself?

Perhaps not so obviously, but still unmistakably, I think; for not only is too much power demoralising, but, in the end, it's exercise provokes rebellion. Instability, in fact, is a necessary consequence of excessive power.

But what is the test of excessive power?

I should say that power becomes excessive at the moment when it ceases to be responsible; and this occurs when it can be exercised without danger to itself.

For instance?

Take the now classic case of Prussia. Prussia stands to Germany in much the same position in which the English wealthy classes stand to the English poor. By dint of crafty statesmanship on the one side, and native stupidity on the other side, Prussia absorbed into her own hands all the power of Germany, so that at any given moment within the last thirty years Germany could not, even had she had a mind for it, effectively disagree with Prussia. Prussia did not, with the will of Germany, could not, exercise power without the least fear that Germany might hold her to account for it or take it from her. Such power was plainly excessive. That this excessive power did not lead to rebellion in Germany, is merely a proof of its thoroughness; though I think that, given time, Germany would in the long run have rebelled. However, the initiation of the rebellion against the excessive power of Prussia had to come from within.

And you parallel the case of Prussia in Germany with the case of the wealthy and the poor in this country?

I do with the utmost confidence. Mind, however, that I am not saying that the wealthy in this country have yet reached the position Prussia arrived at in Germany. I merely intend to point out that they are well on the road to it. Until the Franco-German War of 1871 Prussia was still only the first among her equals in the German Confederation; it was after 1871 that Prussia became everything and the other German kingdoms nothing. Similarly, I would say that until the war the wealthy classes in England were still only the first among equals.

What leads you to forecast this consequence?

The fact that excessive power is being given to the governing classes who were already before the war quite powerful enough.

But what form does this give excessive power take?

The power we have accorded them to compel men to perform personal service, in the name of the nation.
Irish Nonsense About Ireland.

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[The following article was published in New York and Dublin on the eve of the Dublin rising. The author has since protested strongly against the shooting of the Dublin leaders, for whom he claims all the honours of a war of independence.]

I have come into my hands, from a quarter it was countrymen in Ireland, to offer America a piece of my maintains in its new home not only its Irish nationality, damaging the romantic Old Ireland up hill and down dale genuine Irishman of genius, St. John Ervine, in the though it is dated 1916, there is no internal evidence about half a dozen lines are allotted in the course of drama began to germinate, I enjoyed the new Irish trick as the most obsolete claptrap of the stage Irishmen might easily have become as tiresome and insincere a leadership of the Central Empires, made short work of national pride, of the spirit of independence, and of bitter memories of old hostilities in England, France, and Russia. These three ancient enemies, any of whom could have swallowed Ireland more easily than Ireland could swallow her own Blasket islands, had to pocket their nationalism and defend themselves by a combination of the British Fleet, the French Army, and the Russian steam roller. And even when these immense combinations were in the field one of them was glad to buy the help of moribund Turkey and immature little Bulgaria, and the other to offer Italy, in defiance of all nationalist principles, a lodgment in Dalmatia if she would come to the rescue.

In the face of these towering facts that blot out the heavens with smoke and pile the earth of Europe with dead I invite America to contemplate the spectacle of a few manifesto writing stalwarts from the decimated population of a tiny green island at the back of God-speed, claiming its national right to confront the world with its own army, its own fleet, its own tariff, and its own language, which not 5 percent of the population could speak or read, or write even if they wanted to. Unless the American climate has the power of totally destroying the intelligence of the Irish race its members will see that if Ireland were cut loose from the British fleet and army to-morrow she would have to make a present of herself the day after to the United States, or France, or Germany, or any big Power that would confess to accept her; England for preference.

Now let me not be supposed to have any lack of sympathy for the very natural desire of the Irish, expressed by "the clarion voice of the Bishop of Limerick," to keep out of this war if possible. If I were an Irish Bishop I should certainly tell my flock to till their fields and serve God in peace instead of slaughtering Germans who also ought to be tilling their fields and serving God in peace. If I were the Pope I should order every combatant in Europe, Asia Minor, and Africa to lay down his arms instantly on pain of excommunication. I should offer the Kaiser his choice between coming to Canossa and going to hell; and I should not hold out the least to America to maintain the principles of among other illustrious Americans—Abraham Lincoln! As Lincoln is the most famous Unionist known to history, the Separatist patriots could hardly have made a more unfortunate selection of a name to conjure with.

Now, as against all this, I venture to ask the Americans of Irish race, and even those Americans who have to blush for less glorious origins, to keep a firm grip of the following facts:—

It is now half a century since the most populous and productive States of North America, compared to the least of which Ireland is only a cabbage garden, and a barren one at that, renounced all idea of independence and isolation, and fought for compulsory combination with all the other States across the whole continent more desperately than the many Irish soldiers engaged in the conflict had ever fought for separation. During that half century no small nation has been able to maintain its independence single-handed: it has had to depend either on express guarantees from the great Powers (that is, the combinations), or on the intense jealousy between those Powers.

In the present war the attack of a huge army of men of different races, speaking half a dozen different languages, and estranged by memories of fierce feuds and persecutions and tyrannies, but combined under the leadership of the Central Empires, made short work of national pride, of the spirit of independence, and of bitter memories of old hostilities in England, France, and Russia. These three ancient enemies, any of whom could have swallowed Ireland more easily than Ireland could swallow her own Blasket islands, had to pocket their nationalism and defend themselves by a combination of the British Fleet, the French Army, and the Russian steam roller. And even when these immense combinations were in the field one of them was glad to buy the help of moribund Turkey and immature little Bulgaria, and the other to offer Italy, in defiance of all nationalist principles, a lodgment in Dalmatia if she would come to the rescue.

In the face of these towering facts that blot out the heavens with smoke and pile the earth of Europe with
hope to the President of the French Republic or the Kings of England and Italy that they had any greater claim in the eye of heaven to a verdict of justifiable homicide than that of the Kaiser.

But does any sane Irishman hope to persuade an American, of Irish or other race, that the French people were any less desirous to keep out of the trenches than the Irish? Is the Catholic of Bavaria any less entangled in the net of war than the Catholic of Connaught? On the contrary, he is enduring the much more; for he is not, like the Connaught Catholic, exempt from conscription. The English volunteer is a volunteer no longer: he is a pressed man; and if he has rushed to the colours more eagerly than the Irishman it is because the industrial slavery he endures is so much worse than any that the Irish peasant suffers, and the places he lives in are much uglier and more revolting to human instincts than the poorest Irish cabins that still survive the activities of the Irish Local Government Board, that the billet in St. Albans or Salisbury Plain, and the trip to the motor clause was an adventure as welcome to him as the separation allowance was to his wife, and—sometimes—the separation itself to both of them.

But you cannot knock into the head of the machine-made Irish patriot that either the grievances or the virtues of Ireland are to be found in other countries as well. There are no occasions on which Irish Trade Unionists have sent money to help French, Belgian, and other foreign workers in their strife for a living wage. Irish patriots send nothing but demands for unlimited sympathy, unlimited admiration, and unlimited Post Office orders. The money that Ireland has accepted from America without shame, and without perceptible gratitude, both in domestic remittances and political subscriptions, is incalculable.

We are the champion mendicants of the world; and when we at last provoke the inevitable hint that Ireland, like other countries, is expected to be self-supporting, not to say self-respecting, we shall rise up and denounce our benefactors as the parcellar exterminators of the Irish race. We have never seen the other side of any Irish question: to this day the protective duties by which England ruined our manufactures are denounced as an act of pure malignity, and the old notice "No Irish need apply" as an explosion of racial hatred, although every working class in the west of Europe is educated enough to know that men willing, as we Irish are, to take the jobs of other men at wages against which would be revolting, were not merely of the English, but of the human race.

And now we are told—as if it were something to be proud of—that "the heart of Ireland is not changed." It does not occur to the gentlemen who have made this announcement, which is fortunate, for it is true, in that case the sooner it is changed the better. "Deprived as Ireland is by the Defence of the Realm Act of the right to express any national opinion" is the beginning of their depressing declaration. Pray, is England any the less deprived of the rights of her people by this reckless Act? Has anything happened in Ireland since the war began, whether in suppressions of papers, arbitrary arrests, excessive sentences without trial, even secret executions, that can be compared for a moment to the abuses of the Act that have occurred in England? And can such abuses be restrained in any other way than either country than by the peoples of the two countries making common cause against them instead of, as this silly document does, accusing "the English" of guile, calumny, falsehood, cant, and what not, taunting them with the very worms which will have Englishmen for their breakfast by such headings as "Heroic Stand by the Dublin Fusiliers." The cry that "England's Difficulty is Ireland's Opportunity" is raised in the old senseless, spiteful way as a recommendation to stab England in the back when she is fighting someone else, and when she is down, instead of in the intelligent and large-minded modern way which sees in England's difficulty the opportunity of showing her what a friendly alliance with Ireland can do for her in return for the indispensable things it can do for Ireland.

In short, the war is a convincing demonstration of the futility of the notion that the Irish and English peoples are natural enemies, contrary, natural allies. The whole case for Home Rule stands on that truth, and the case against it, on the contrary, falsehood. If we are natural enemies England must either hold us down or be herself held down by us. If we are natural allies there is no more ground for denying self-government to us than to Australia. There is, of course, what the Germans call the Class War always with us; but that is a bond of union between the workers of all nations, and not a division. If the two countries were separate, the best care of Irish statesmen would be to fasten as many tentacles as possible on Great Britain by pooling the wider public services of the two countries, especially the military and naval services, which would crush Ireland to-day if they were a separate establishment. That is why it is part of the Home Rule bargain that the English Army and Fleet shall also be the Irish Army and Fleet. There may come a time when international law may be so well established that a small nation may be as safe by itself as a small man is already in the streets of a civilised capital. But that time can come only through remuneration of all the poisonous international hatreds of which the Irish hatred of England is a relic. There may even come a time when some development of the arts of self-defence, which are present in the armies equipped and trained men to hold their own against a thousand savages, may enable ten wise men to hold their own against a thousand fools. But that time has not come yet; and if it ever does it will be a bad job for the Irish patriot in his duty to defend his country to St. Patrick and Robert Emmet and the Manchester martyrs to be delivered from the wicked English.

As matters now stand this war is just as much Ireland's business as England's or France's. A mere victory for British navalism over Prussian militarism might be as great a misfortune as a victory for Prussian militarism over British navalism. But a victory of Western Democracy and Republicanism over Habsburgism and Hapsburgocracy, or a stalemate with the Prussian and Austrian legions held up hopeless by French and Irish Republican soldiers, even shoulder to shoulder with Britons who think that they never, never, never will be slaves because they have never been anything else, would be a triumph to which they are too much indebted. The United States the most important political combination in the world, and, through the United States, made the Home Rule movement possible in Ireland.

I am under no illusions as to the extent to which modern nominal democracy and republicanism are still burdened by the old tyrannies and the old intolerance. I have declared in season and out that the task before us is not so much the sweeping out of the last monarchs as the Herculean labour of making Democracy democratic and Republicanism republican. It was by devoting my political life to the solution of that problem that I learned to see more romantic nationalism in its essential obsolence and triviality. There is such a thing as Irish freedom, just as there is such a thing as Cork butter. But it was by studying foreign butter and tracing its excellence to its source in foreign co-operation that Sir Horace Purnell and George Russell, the only two noted Irishmen who have done anything fundamental for Ireland in my time, have kept Cork butter sweet. And it is from England and America that the Irishman will have to learn what freedom really means.

Ireland as a nation cannot keep out of the present conflict except on the plea of utter insignificance. It has yet to be seen whether America will succeed in keeping out of it. Be that as it may, the Irishman who produces the side for which he is fighting must learn what freedom really means.
clear to the Germans of America (since I can hardly reach the Germans of Germany) why it is that I do not take their side in this war, though they have taken my side very handsomely in my long conflict with Philistinism and barbarism. But if, as I have shown, the choice of sides does not now depend on national considerations, still less does it depend on personal ones. My present purpose is to show that the Irishmen who can see only Ireland and England, and see even them only as parties to a feud, can give no counsel worth attending to in this business.

Ireland, without the least regard to its squabbles with England, must group itself in a combination of which the real centre is Western republicanism and democratic intersystem. The aim of this combination to America would be stupid even if Ireland’s interest and traditions were those of Frederick the Great. But as Irish patriotism is by tradition republican, the appeal is quite beyond patience. The Irish patriot may demand in desperation whether he is to fight shoulder to shoulder with the English Unionists and Russian autocrats against the enemies of his “age-long oppressors”; but the reply is inexorably Yes. Adversity makes us acquainted with strange bedfellows. The Czar, when this war came upon him, must have exclaimed to M. Sazonoff, “Good Heavens! do you mean to tell me that I, an absolute Emperor and a Romanoff, am to fight against my imperial cousins the Hapsburgs and Hohenzollerns, who stand with me as the representatives of the principle of monarchy in Europe, on the side of this rabble of French and Irish republicans, this gang of Serbian regicides, this brace of kings who are so completely in the hands of Parliaments of middle-class lawyers that their own subjects call them India-rubber stamps?” If the Czar has to swallow that, even an Irish patriot must not be surprised at not having it all his own way. He must, therefore, console himself by considering that, in the words of a deservedly celebrated Irish dramatic poet, Fate drives us all to find our chiefest good in what we can, and not in what we would.

Where Ignorance Is Bliss.

I.
The English language, curiously enough, has no name for him, except a very narrow one that barely suffices to cover a limited portion of his large and many-sided personality. When he comes forward as a pretender to a government. It is no new revelation, but simply the repetition of an ancient and well-worn platitude, that the world has never known a government as extravagant a government as the Government of England. To prove this, it is not necessary to ransack the archives of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Ninety years ago Sydney Smith found to his amazement that English rulers not only refrained from practising economy, but actually despised it; and he pronounced that such an orgy of
prodigality must paralyse the industry and mar the fortunes of the most industrious people that ever existed. He calculated that war cost this country about £1,000 a minute, which works out at £144,000 a day. What would his feelings be were he alive to hear that it costs as much as that? For he has developed the improvidence of the rulers in indirect ratio to the industriousness of the ruled; and no private spendthrift can now compete with a public administrator in the science of making two shillings do the work of one.

The War Office authorities a few months ago evinced the greatest incredulity when a lady doctor informed them that she equipped a Red Cross unit at an outlay of £1,000. The thing was incredible, impossible—no, scandalous and improper: they never paid less than £2,000 for a unit. If one had the time to descend to picturesque details, one could tell of quantities of surplus bread and meat daily destroyed in military hospitals and camps—of flour produced at Edinburgh and destined for troops quartered at Leith sent thither via Southampton—of motor-vehicle drivers receiving a regular supply of nose-bags.

John Bull, compelled to retrench his household expenses, sees with indignation the increasing profusion of his public servants. They urge upon him to save his pence, while they make ducks and drakes of his pounds. Were they otherwise efficient, he could bear his load patiently. But the discontent engendered by extravagance is heightened by incompetence. It is notorious that military operations were long hampered by failure to provide the necessary ammunition, that successes were often missed and disasters incurred through pure absentmindedness, that bad plans were adopted in preference to good plans, that plans good in conception were wrecked by incapable execution, that at every turn the grit of the men was frustrated by their leaders want of grip, that misconception has been the cause of infinitely more calamities than misfortune.

John Bull would fain hold the Ministers accountable for these errors. The Ministers, in whose eyes their own credit is much more important than the lives of their fellow-countrymen, sometimes boldly deny that any errors were committed, at other times, when all the palty rags of sophistry and prevarication were rudely torn off by the force of facts and the truth stood forth in its brute nakedness, they expressed their naive "disappointment" at the miscarriage of their good intentions, and, in a word, instead of being more than ever responsible, shifted the burden of responsibility from those to whom it properly belonged—and who, naturally, found it rather cumbrous—on to the broad shoulders of ill-fortune.

It is painful for me to meddle in a quarrel between a master and his servants, and still more painful to appear in the remotest degree anxious to defend clients for whose character I have so little respect. But I should be false to my own name if I forbore to point out that, blamable as the servants are, the master is anything but free from blame.

In every private business in England, as in every other country on earth, it is accepted as a self-evident axiom that a certain amount of expert skill and specialisation is necessary to ensure success or, indeed, to escape disaster. No English merchant in his senses would engage a manage who had no knowledge of commerce or a landowner an agent ignorant of all acquaintance with agriculture, or a newspaper proprietor a hack who had never handled a pen. On the contrary, before he even thought of appointing the candidate to the post, the person concerned would demand, as a matter of course, that the candidate possessed the necessary qualifications for it. This is also the practical principle which guides John Bull in the choice of a butler, a cook, a solicitor, a tutor, a coachman, or a gardener. Likewise when in need of clothes he patronises a tailor, when in need of physic a chemist, and when in need of a coffin to undertake the proper management of which ultimately depends the very existence of everything he holds dear: his purse, his life, his freedom, his family—it is only then that he deliberately abandons his ordinary principles of selection. It was superfluous to remark that the various departments of the government of a country are far more complicated in their mechanism than the largest private concern can be; and that the amount of professional knowledge and skill they require is proportionately greater. But John Bull, who is so particular on those points where smaller interests are at stake, deems professional knowledge and skill in the government departments not only unnecessary but positively undesirable.

That the manager of a grocery should be an expert grocer, and the manager of a bank a banker, is in the nature of things; it is contrary to the nature of things that the Minister of War should be an expert soldier, or the head of the Board of Trade a merchant, or the Director of the Education Department a schoolmaster, or the Controller of the Exchequer an accountant.

To me this anomaly has always seemed such a superstition of folly as the annals of human asininity could not exceed; and once I ventured to approach John Bull for an explanation. After listening to my argument with that patient attention which covers such funds of obstinacy, he shook his head and said:

"That would never do—never! Professional knowledge and experience are very well for underlings. At the top we must have men with fresh minds, sir. Your professional man is apt to become too specialised—too groovey."

"So the less a man knows of a particular job the better qualified he is to boss it! What would you say to a steamship company that put me in command of one of its liners? As regards matters marine, I have a perfectly fresh mind. In fact, I may say, without vanity, that I hardly lift a finger from the stern of a boat."

"You are trifling, sir," he said severely, and after some reflection added, "You may be right as far as logic goes; but from a common sense point of view you are utterly wrong."

It is proper to state that I waive any advantage which could be derived to any argument from the force of logic as a thing distinct from common sense—and, indeed, to me, the distinction is quite incomprehensible. But, I confess, I should be able to sleep much more peacefully in a house built by an expert architect—however groovey its maker might be and however deficient his work in up-to-date comforts and appliances—than in a house built by a man picked up at haphazard, though I knew him for the most brilliant talker of the age.

(To be continued.)

MR. LLOYD GEORGE.

O Sophist, thou art victor for a while,
Thou hast usurped a nobler throne than yet
Was worthy of thy schemes; the sullen fret
Of an whole nation hast thou stilled with guile
So sedulous, so calous; and that smile
Jocose has conquered, and that buckster's set
Of master tricks to break the silver net
Of reason, till expediency run a mile.
Thou front of brass, while still the Muse in grace
Doth light responsive flame from our full clay
And would this world till the latter time,
Thou shalt be seen from each divergent face
For judgment, and the verdict sometime sway,
Till this poor sonnet shall thy skill sublime.
EDITOR'S INTRODUCTION.—When first I met Acton Reed, the writer of the following letters, my impression was of an incarnation of the problem of modern women. I had seen her but twice or thrice, and from the brief evasive conversations we had, chiefly in the presence of a mixed company, it was improbable that any other conclusion could have been drawn. Amiable, tolerant, easy in manners, and with a keen sense of humour, Acton Reed still gave me a profound impression of sadness. There was nothing, it appeared, that she would rather do than anything else; and this purposelessness, so alien to her equipment of health, self-consciousness is even more striking than that of humour, Acton Reed still gave me a profound impression of sadness. There was nothing, it appeared, that she would rather do than anything else; and this purposelessness, so alien to her equipment of health, beauty, and good spirits, coloured her whole appearance and gave it that melancholy which was characteristic of her. On the receipt of the first of her letters here published, however, I was led to turn my speculations in another direction. Since the writer was disposed to make me her confidant, that fact alone seemed to prove that she was not altogether without hope of making herself understood. What if the classification, ordinarily accepted, of modern women should fail to include her, and she should appear either unique or an example of a type too rare for common recognition? The first thing, however, to be done was to obtain her portrait of herself, as fully as she could persuade me to draw it. Until that was completed, judgment should be suspended. I therefore, as will be seen in the correspondence here following, set myself to play the part of the sympathetic listener and the judicious interlocutor, in the earnest hope that light might be shed upon the problem, both for my correspondent and for myself. What measure of success has attended my efforts I am pretty well assured. It has been not inconsiderable, and much more than could have been hoped. At the same time it would be foolish of me to pretend that the problem has been solved, since time alone can prove it. But that it has been here fairly stated, I have no doubt; and the statement of a case is half the reply.

§1. Before entering upon any discussion of the particular case represented by these letters, it may be as well to summarise the views current at this moment concerning what is called the modern woman. Like most men who profess an interest in contemporary sociology, I confess to a particular concern, dating from the days of Ibsen, in the psychology of women. Ibsen, it may be remembered, believed that the salvation of the world lay in the hands of workmen and women; each of which classes (if one may so name them) had, among all classes of the community, alone an unpredictable future before it. What, given their rise to self-consciousness, the workmen might do for modern civilisation was and still is a question for optimists to speculate upon. Half the hope of the world, at any rate, is in their keeping. But equally it is true (or it appears so to many of us) that the other half is in the keeping of women whose contemporary rise into self-consciousness is even more striking than that of the workmen. On the other hand, I must confess, unlike many men who have written upon the subject, that my speculations upon women, and, indeed, the speculations of all men upon women, appear to me to be gropings after truth rather than researches in truth itself. Large discounts must therefore, in my opinion, be made from the conclusions of any of us. At worst they are an impertinence, since sooner or later such speculations must needs be made by the subjects themselves—and much better than men can possibly make them. And at best they must await confirmation by women, who alone can assure us whether our guesses partake of truth.

§2. The largest generalisation applicable to modern women is that of their industrialism. To meditative economists the phenomenon of the insur- gence of women into industry must needs have raised questions concerning both its causes and its effects. How far, it might be asked, was the industrialisation of women preceded by a decline, due to the other causes, in what we were accustomed to regard as the fundamental instincts of women—the instincts of home-making? And, however, was again, was this decline of instinct to be accelerated by women’s diversion into industry? From a philosophical point of view it might already have appeared to the prophetic eye of Ibsen that the same movement that was predisposing men to the intensification of industrialism would, though in a lesser degree, predispose women also. In other words, the capitalist tragedy was preparing its victims, women as well as men, long before it had occasion to make actual use of them. But from another point of view the whole movement of women into industry is no more than an unpremeditated and unprepared-for accident. The wages of the man having fallen in consequence of his competition with machinery, he was no longer able by himself to support a family, but the woman went in too, and earned as well as himself. This latter explanation, it is obvious, involves of itself no profound change in the nature of women. They remain under industrialism exactly what they essentially were in the days before industrialism.

§3. My own reading of the case is that each of the foregoing theories contains an aspect of the truth. I believe that it is true that certain predispositions, rather than of mind, however, than of nature, were created in women by the approach of the latest phase of Capitalism. But I believe that it is no less true that women in industry are of much the same nature as women out of it. The transformation of women’s nature under Capitalism is, in short, in my opinion, a myth. What, however, has given ground for such speculations is the fact that arithmetically and socially the status of men, relatively but not absolutely, has definitely changed within the last fifty years. Consider, in the first place, the reactions that must certainly arise from the existence in a community of many more women than men. Without in the least changing the nature of women or of men, this arithmetical and social dilution of two otherwise equal entities has raised to a number of problems any one of which might be regarded as pointing to some fundamental change in one or the other sex. But any such indication might, in fact, mislead. Or consider, again, the reactions necessarily arising from the fact of the modern education of women. Are not these enough to disturb the former balance of the two sexes, especially when it is remembered that the advance in men’s education has by no means kept pace with the advance in women’s education? Such relative changes, I hold, are quite enough to account for the emergence of women’s problems without resorting to far-fetched theories of fundamental and absolute change. Nor does their existence necessarily involve any such fundamental change in the future. What we may hope to see is the multiplication and increasing definition of types of women such as have always existed. It is not, therefore, to new types that we must look; but to the clearer recognition of types hitherto latent or only occasionally represented by some one or other of the categories of women.

§4. That the writer of the following letters belonged to one or other of the categories of women just indicated—the relatively superfluous or the relatively over-educated—was, as I have said, my first impression. But the letters themselves, from the earliest of them, convinced me that I was wrong. I then thought I will agree with me. Of the superfluous woman—the woman, in short, who wishes to marry and cannot—
the characteristics, often most cruelly caricatured in novels and upon the stage, are familiar. Of not one of them had Acton Reed the smallest trace. In the presence of men she was at her ease without affectation and without forfeiting her own modesty or men's respect for her as a woman. That characteristic, absent from the superfluous woman, I recalled of Acton Reed most vividly when I came to reflect upon her. Moreover, she was in men's eyes most marriageable, and might, I believe, have had her choice of a thousand men. Nor was it the case that she was what is called a blue-stocking wanting more absurdly unthinking could be said of her. Though well educated, of native good parts, cultivated by reading and study, neither her own opinion of herself, nor her opinion of the men she met, ever encouraged her to compare herself favourably with any of them. This invariable modesty in them had Acton Reed the smallest trace. In the credit men with concealing their superiority or, at least, with numbering among themselves, though outside of her acquaintance, men vastly superior to even the most intellectual of women, she was always disposed to regard to her own ability disposes of the hypothesis that she belonged to the type of the over-educated women of to-day.

§ 5. Then did she belong to the Marie Bashkirtseff type? No less decisively than the former was this theory shattered by the letters I received. In his "Quintessence of Ibsenism," Mr. Bernard Shaw has defined Marie Bashkirtseff as a supreme example of "the womanly woman" (and there are millions of them), though, perhaps, entertaining as far as the writer of the famous diary is to make conjectures as to existence, no more, at any rate, than all of them, nothing more absurdly unfitting could be than the view of Ibsen's women as a ravening mania is distinguished from a healthy appetite. To compare the writer of these letters with the writer of the famous diary is to make a comparison of the writer of the letters, though, perhaps, entertaining as far as Acton Reed was capable of inapplicable, might more truly be said not to exist at all; and the imagination of which an imaginative girl is supposed to be capable appeared to be unable to conjure up before her mind anything that she could reach out for with much desire.

§ 6. As will be found, the letters themselves contain references to Ibsen's women; and very acutely are they there discussed. Let it be the moment with the person with whom we are dealing reveals nothing of—nothing more, at any rate, than all of us who are human experience from time to time. When she is alone and out of the mood of comparison she is content. It is only when the comparison of herself with others is forced upon her that she is moved to discontent, and then with herself alone. I conclude, therefore, that not only were my first impressions of her wrong, but that no less inapplicable were the common classes in which popular research has divided the types of the modern woman.

§ 7. It may be imagined that before coming to my present conclusion I did not leave untried the hypotheses of perverseness in its varied forms. With all of theory, if I may say so, my studies had made me familiar; and one by one, considerable misgivings of their inappropriateness notwithstanding, I compared their characteristics with those of Acton Reed. It is not to be denied by the reader of the following letters that certain features of perverseness there are, but a closer study of the text will dissipate every suspicion that might be built upon them. Perverseness, where it exists, manifests itself by positive acts or at least by positive thoughts. These letters, though as frank as letters can be, have no sign of one or the other. Quite as confidently would I discard the theories suggested by certain modern writers who imagine picturesquely that souls are by nature masculine or feminine, and may by chance find themselves incarnated in bodies of the opposite sex, or the theories, equally untenable, of androgynous natures and of dual personality. Of the signs to be expected from the presence of one or other of these phenomena none or only insignificant traces were to be found in the personality of the writer of these letters. From any such compounded nature might be anticipated interior disharmony no less than exterior disharmony; and it is to be observed that the person with whom we are dealing reveals as little of the one as she does a great deal of the other. Interior disharmony—by which I mean incompatibility with oneself by one and the same Acton Reed—nothing of—that is, at any rate, than all of us who are human experience from time to time. When she is alone and out of the mood of comparison she is content. It is only when the comparison of herself with others is forced upon her that she is moved to discontent, and then with herself alone. I conclude, therefore, that not only were my first impressions of her wrong, but that no less inapplicable were the common classes in which popular research has divided the types of the modern woman.

§ 8. There remains to be considered a theory upon which, for many reasons, most of them discreditable to modern thought, nothing of importance has been said for many years. Plato, it is well known, gave his name to a relation between the sexes which, while retaining and intensifying the proper emotions of love— the celestial Venus—excluded the emotions of the vulgar Venus. Platonic love has been the subject of ridicule whenever it has been mentioned in public; but I am still under the impression that Plato was not playing with a mere fancy when he imagined that men and women could be lovers without sacrificing to Venus Pandemos; and, secondly, that, if they dared own it, many men and many women, even in the present civilization, are secretly and by nature members of this with herself as an object of comparative interest than with herself as the object of highest value in the world. Look over, however, the women of Ibsen and see in what respects they differ from the type (if type it be) here portrayed. Womanly every one of them at heart in the ordinary sense of womanliness, their problem is to find the man with whom she can be unselfishly. Their problem, if you like, is that of the relatively over-educated women; or, say, rather, of the women whose nature has become richer and deeper than that of the men of their acquaintance. The writer of these letters, on the other hand, appears not to be looking for a man for salvation. Unsatisfying as they may be to her, she imputes neither blame to them nor fault necessarily in herself. True, she wishes that she were like other women and could like men as they do; but it is in no spirit of men that she goes about the world, and it is from no conscious lack of the right kind of men that, unlike Ibsen's women, she remains uncontent. Ibsen's women, in a word, would find the solution of their problem in a better man than they had had the fortune to meet. For the problem of the writer of these letters no man would be a solution.

§ 9. It may be supposed, of course, that by the writer of these letters is meant some one woman, and yet, as I am still under the impression that Plato was not playing with a mere fancy when he imagined that men and women could be lovers without sacrificing to Venus Pandemos; and, secondly, that, if they dared own it, many men and many women, even in the present civilization, are secretly and by nature members of this

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Platonic order. In the face of the historic existence of whole communities (what matters it that they disguised their choice in a religious garb?) dedicated to pure friendship, in the face of examples of sex-friendship recorded in history, bearing all the signs of passion, in the face, again, of the most intimate experience of some lovers now and at any time—it is a simple piece of tyranny to deny to the affirmation of the reality of Platonic love at least the respect due to a sincere belief. And, what is more, it is my conviction that, sooner or later, as women in particular become more articulate, Platonic love at least the respect due to a sincere belief.

§9. As the correspondence hereinafter printed passed between Acton Reed and myself, one by one, as I have said, all the matters upon which the old familiar theories upon which my studies had been carried on broke down under me; and I was left at the end, as I believe its readers will be, with only the theory of a Platonic nature to choose. Phrases in the letters occur, whole incidents are mentioned, which on a hasty glance seem to dispose of this, and to leave the mind a blank for a solution of the problem; but a more penetrating view, a view that separates essentials from accidentals, the nature of the Platonic order. In the face of the historic existence of whole communities, is, at the same time, one of the most.

§10. There are works of art to which might not unjustly be assigned a place among the products of Nature; they are so sovereignly right and true. A shell or a flower is not more perfect. A bird, a bee, a fish, a toad, a creature happily formed for speed like a gazelle, or a creature happily formed for repose like a tortoise, possess not an elegance of form more sober and discreet. Works expressively beautiful!—the marvels of Chinese ceramics, the paintings of Velasquez, the Fables of La Fontaine, the pastels of Degas, the sonnets of Heredia.

The artist, who, in practising his art, excludes almost more than he admits from among the abundance of the materials he deals with, who scatters his pies sensually and chooses his facts, or his words and colours, does not, therefore, fall short in true reverence of Nature, or unfaithfully depart from her ways. On the contrary, he may be said for this very reason to be treading the more closely in her footsteps. Nature herself is continually practising selection. In no other manner than by an agelong process of selection and rejection, constantly maintained, has been built up and has arisen, bit by bit, the stupendous fabric of the existing world.

Whatever is eminently well done, either in art or in literature, creates, as it were, the necessity for its existence. Not the magnitude of a task, but the rightness of it, leads it on. In the eyes of the true artist a thing is vain and frivolous in proportion to the extent in which it lacks short of perfection. A cameo he may rate more highly than St. Paul's.

Whatever Art is capable of dealing with, it ennobles. That is its merit. Art, in this respect, resembles the kindly godmother, who, with a stroke of her magic wand, transformed the kitchen-wench into a silver-slippered maiden. And this surprising miracle, this wonderful transformation, Art for the most part accomplishes not by falsifying, not by changing, not by denying the true and proper character of the object she deals with, but by bestowing upon it the utmost beauty of form and of expression that it is capable of, and that, as may be said, it is in a manner justly calls for and is patiently awaiting to receive, by due and natural right.

I am embledoned to say a bold thing. The true artist is the most modest, the least visionary, the most practical-minded, and the most sober of men. Nothing he can do can be well otherwise; and for this reason: he, over and above all men, desires and seeks after beauty. For the cult of beauty, intelligently pursued, teaches modesty. It teaches the artist to know precisely what he can and what he cannot do. It teaches him to know that out of the vast abundance of things that the world offers to his delighted apprehension, there exists but very little that either he or any other man is fitted to put his hand to, and, at the same time, deal with successfully. He is taught accordingly, out of his love of beauty, to confine himself with wise humility to just such things as he can deal with really well, with natural
Saltikov’s “Fairy-Tale of a Peasant and Two Generals.”

(Translated from the Russian by C. E. Beichler)

[Michael Saltikov, the satirist, was the forerunner of Chóchkó and Evréïnov in Russian literature. He is also known as “Shéchédrin.”]

Once upon a time there were two generals. They were both light-minded, and so, presto! by a wave of my wand I carried them off to a desert island.

The generals had served all their lives in a government department; they said they had bred and grown old in it; consequently they did not understand anything. They hardly even knew any words except, “Accept the assurance of our best respects.” The department was dissolved as superfluous, and the generals were relieved of their own free will from the civil list, they settled down in Petersburg in the same street; each had a cook and drew a pension. But suddenly they arrived on a desert island, woke up and saw they were both lying under one cover. Of course, at first they did not understand anything, but began to converse as if nothing had happened.

“I had a queer dream this morning, your excellency,” said one general, “I dreamed I was on a desert island.”

He said this, and suddenly gave a start. And the other general, who besides the department, had also been a chief of staff, continued: “Very well, begin,” answered the other.

“How nice it would be to have coffee now!” said one general, but, remembering the incredible thing that had happened to them, kept a second time. “Whatever shall we do?” he continued through his tears. If we were to write a report about it—but what good would that do?

“Look here, your excellency,” said the second general, “you go to the east and I’ll go to the west, and to-night we’ll meet again here. Perhaps we shall discover something.” They began to look on the east and the west. They remembered how a Chief of Staff had once said: “If you want to find the east, stand facing the north, and you get it on your right hand.”

They began to look for the north; they stood so, and so, tried all the quarters of the earth, but, as they had served all their lives in the department, they did not find anything.

“Look here, your excellency: you go to the right and I’ll go to the left; that will be better,” said one general, who, besides the department, had also been a writing-master in a school for soldiers’ sons, and was consequently of superior intelligence. No sooner said than done. One general went to the right, and saw trees and all sorts of fruit growing on them. He wanted to get just one apple, but they were all too high. He tried to climb the tree—in vain! He only tore his nightshirt. He came to a river and saw fishes swarming and swarming in it. “If only there were fish like that at home!” he thought, and his very face changed with appetite.

He went into the woods, and there were woodcocks there whistling and grouse honking and hares running about. “Heaven’s! Dinner! dinner!” said the general, beginning about the hunger.

There was nothing to be done; he had to return to the rendezvous with empty hands. He arrived, and the other general was waiting already.

“Well, your excellency, have you got anything?” “I’ve found an old number of the Moscow Gazette,* that’s all.”

The two generals lay down again, but they could not sleep for empty stomachs. One began to worry about who would draw their pensions; the other remembered all he had seen in the day—the fruit, the fish, the woodcocks, grouse and hares.

“Your excellency,” said he, “whoever would have thought that dinner before it’s cooked flies and swims and grows on trees?” “Yes,” answered the other, “I must confess, always thought rolls were born looking just as they come in with the morning coffee.” “For instance, it looks as if to eat a partridge you’d have to catch it first and kill it, and skin it and roast it. But however do you do it?” “However do you do it?” repeated the other general, like an echo.

But hunger decisively drove sleep away. Woodcocks, turkeys, sucking pigs danced before their eyes, juicy, lightly browned, with salad and pickled cucumbers.

“I could eat my boots now, I believe,” said one general.

“Gloves must be nice, too, when they’ve been worn a long time,” sighed the other general.

Suddenly both generals looked at each other; in their eyes shone an ominous fire, their teeth chattered, a dull roar rose from their chests. Slowly they began to creep towards one another, and in the twinkling of an eye the two fell into a frenzy. Fragments flew, shrieks and sighs resounded; the general that had been a writing-master bit off his companion’s medal and swallowed it at a gulp. Then the sight of the flowing blood brought them to their senses.

“The power of the Cross be upon us!” they cried together, “If we go on like this, we shall eat one another.”

“However did we get here? Who is the villain that has played this trick on us?”

“Your excellency, we must divert ourselves with some kind of conversation, or there’ll be murder done,” said one general. “Very well, begin,” answered the other. “Why is it, do you think, that the sun first rises, and then sets, and not the other way about?” “You’re a queer fellow, your excellency. Don’t you get up first, then go to the department and have dinner there, and then go to bed?” “But don’t I first go to bed and dream, and then get up in the morning?” “H’m, yes. But, well, when I was in the department, I always put it this way: Now it’s morning, afterwards there’ll be the afternoon, then we’ll have supper, and then it’ll be time for bed.” The memory of supper threw them both into low spirits and cut short that conversation at the very commencement.

One of them began again. “A doctor told me once that a man could live for a long time on his own juices.”

“How’s that?” “Like this: Your own juices produce other juices: these in their turn produce other juices, and so on, till the juices come to an end.”

“Then you have to take other food.”

“I could eat my boots now, I believe,” said one general.

* The principal reactionary organ beloved of all bureaucrats and generals.—Translator.

BISHOP.

May 11, 1916 The New Age 37
countries had, as it were, arranged a rendezvous at this wonderful feast. There was sturgeon from the Volga, and that denizen of the Caucasian wilds, the pike, and, a rare dish in the north in February, fish stuffed with fowls. All day passed and the general was never wholly lost!"

"And I suppose there was really the Flood too?"

"Of course, because what other explanation is there of the existence of antediluvian animals? All the more as the 'Moscow Gazette' said—'Shall we have another look at the paper?'"

They found the issue, sat down in the shade, and read it from cover to cover, what was eaten at Moscow, what was fish, and what was meat."

"And there they were—" did you eat them?"

"I'll tell you—"—that one of the old inhabitants of the town has invented a piece of parsley in its mouth. Doctor P., who was on duty for the day, carved it carefully, and, snatching away the paper in his turn, he took an eel and flays it alive, and when, from the agony, its liver swells—"

"Of course, because what other explanation is there of the existence of different languages in the world?"

"And a piece of parsley in its mouth. Doctor P., who was on duty for the day, carved it carefully, and, snatching away the paper in his turn, he took an eel and flays it alive, and when, from the agony, its liver swells—"

"Yes, yes, an ordinary peasant, like any other peasant! He'd give us a loaf at once, and catch us woodcocked fish from it; he took two pieces of wood, rubbed them together, and lit a fire. Then he made a net of his own and a piece of parsley in its mouth. Doctor P., who was on duty for the day, carved it carefully, and, snatching away the paper in his turn, he took an eel and flays it alive, and when, from the agony, its liver swells—"

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Readers and Writers.

In the current "Yale Review," which remains the best magazine published in America, Professor Hugh Walker, in an article upon "Men who have passed for Fools," hesitates to add to the names of Steele, Goldsmith, and Boswell the name of Lamb. Lamb, it is true, never passed for a fool even with his personal acquaintances; but as a gentle creature, next door among men to a fool, he was certainly ranked by them and is so by many undiscerning critics to this day. Professor Hugh Walker's advocacy—as I have observed before, I think—of the claims of Lamb as a great critic is not, therefore, by any means superficial. The just appreciation of writers is, indeed, the end of literary criticism. Lamb, in particular, offers some difficulty to that company they keep, and will continue to do so until they are published separately. A judge of literature cannot afford to indulge in witticisms.

For Lamb at his best as a critic, I should choose his essay upon Garrick, which has just been republished with sixteen other essays upon Poetry in the Oxford Edition of the World's Classics. ("English Critical Essays." Oxford Press. 1s. 3d.) Struck, as we all must have been, by the ham-handedness of the equal association of Garrick with Shakespeare upon Garrick's tomb in Westminster Abbey—"Shakespeare and Garrick, like twin-stars, shall shine"—Lamb set himself to expressing what we must all feel, the real inequality of the arts of acting and writing. Nobody, I suppose, seriously considers the actor the equal of the writer; and it was probably only upon a wave of journalistic emotion that Garrick got into the Abbey at all. As well honour the executant of Beethoven with Beethoven himself, as Garrick with Shakespeare. The one was for but a few nights, the other is for all time. Lamb goes further, however, than to dissociate the two in value. He would dissociate them from pure English in the direction of the ornate, and the uneducated in the direction of the bare and the grotesque. The writer aiming at perfection will choose the middle way, checking both the ornate and the naive by the single standard from which both diverge. And observation, he concludes, is of less value for this work than meditation. There, I think, he distinguishes himself from Wordsworth by leagues of thought and rises to the highest rank of literary criticism ever reached in this country. It is not without significance that Coleridge wrote "Aids to Reflection," and Wordsworth "The Excursion." The one was fundamentally a thinker, the other fundamentally an observer. One descended from thought to things; the other ascended from things to thought. Which of them in practice was right may be seen in the result. Wordsworth has not the empirical revery of Coleridge in his poetry. All his flights are within sight of earth. And, save for its context, his prose is unreadable, while that of Coleridge is at moments unsurpassed in English.

An observation occurs to me, and it shall go down. In the last section of "Man and Manners" it was suggested that the perfect manner reveals the man and nothing else. His class, his circumstances, and his profession, in a word, his temporal personality, are all concealed by the absence from his manners of any mark derived from them or distinguishing them. Similarly I would say that a pure style in writing reveals nothing but the thoughts and the pure individuality of the writer. His idiosyncrasies, his class, his education, his reading should all be kept out of sight. You should be able to guess at nothing concerning his temporal affairs that he does not mean to tell you. Pure style is pure mind; it is for this reason that meditation is a sure way to it than observation.

The mention of Steele in a foregoing note reminds me that I have been re-reading Thackeray's "English Humourists." Thackeray was no critic, but he was a considerable sentimentalist; and the pathos of Steele's character and fortunes naturally draws from him the "snivels" he despised when they were the subject of a cheerful successful person like Sterne. "Poor Dick Steele," he says, in an apologia for which Steele would not have thanked him, "stumbled and got up again, and got into jail and out again, and lived and died, scores of years ago. Peace be with him!" Do you feel the tears of patronising pity begin to flow for a man who probably enjoyed himself as much as any of us, and had the satisfaction of writing better than Thackeray? Contrast this judgment of Steele with Thackeray's judgment of Sterne—a man whom he could not patronise. He writes to Mr. Gibbs of Sterne's pecadilloes: "However, on the day Sterne was writing to Lady P—- he was dying in —-, his Journal to the Brahmine, can't eat, can't eat the doctor and is in a dreadful way. He wasn't dying but living, I'm afraid. God help him—a falser and wickeder man it's difficult to read of." Save us if we are to be judged by our suggestions of sentimentality. Save Thackeray first.

R. H. C.
II.—IN DEFENCE OF SMALL NATIONALITIES.

Mr. Raffalovich reached the room early, but found Mr. Pickthall already waiting. Very soon afterwards came Mr. Selver.

Mr. Norman delivered the presidential address.

"Gentlemen," he said, "as I said in my letter to the Sultan on the 3rd of April, 1066, the whole aim of the present corrupt and discredited Government has been to arrogate the rights of small nationalities. Had my advice been followed in 1670 there would have been no Fire of London. Had Mr. Justice Jameson allowed my appeal in Chancery (A. m. XVIII, Edw. V, 3. b. ii., re Norman v. the World) there would never have come into being the present situation and state of affairs. Gentlemen, I think we may say, as I said in my letter to Oliver Cromwell three days before his birth, that Sir Edward Grey and his French cook are entirely responsible for the unwaranted and propositive hostility England has shown towards Germany, both before and after the beginning of the present war. "Our object, I take it, is sufficiently well known to all of us to make it unnecessary for me to enlarge upon it here. We stand for the right of small nationalities." (Hear, hear!)

Mr. George Raffalovich now rose to speak. Outlining his ancestry on both sides for twenty-two generations, he went on to speak as follows—

"Actually, gentlemen, my ancestors come eventually from Ukrainian stock. It would be very extraordinary if they did not, for, as I hope to show, Turkey; Mr. Pickthall, representing the Ukrainians; Mr. Selver, representing the Czechs—" (Cries of "Shame!") Yes, gentlemen, it is a shame, a burning, icy shame. I demand that England shall immediately call upon Russia to acknowledge herself not, as she pretends to be, mistress of the Ukraine, but its slave, as all the world knows she really is. I say this in the spirit of my colleague, Mr. Pickthall, to whose memory I am dedicating these lines—" (Cries of "Bosh!") Yes, gentlemen. It is a shame to have to admit that England had not acted with its traditional dishonesty and duplicity, it might have stood at the head of a pan-Moslem, pan-human combination which had been formed under Young Turk auspices in 1912 to oppose the machinations of Russia in Siam. He need hardly say that a common hatred of Russia was his link with Mr. Raffalovich, which, with the new spirit of co-operation and union which has recently developed, allowed them to cooperate with Mr. Selver and the Croats and Sloujians, who, as everybody in the know knew, were, as philosophers and fighting-men, inferior only to the Turks and the Ukrainians. A common realisation also that it was England, and England alone, who was to blame to all the evil that had ever happened in Europe since the beginning of time—or, rather, since the most glorious day in civilised history, 1454—was the bond which particularly united them both with the Chairman and Mr. Connegh Og.

"It was," concluded Mr. Pickthall, "a vast mistake to suppose that Turkey was a small nation. On the contrary, it was the finest, largest, noblest, happiest, cleansest, soberest, jolliest, sweetest, and dearest nation in all the world, and all of the world lived in fear and trembling of it." (Loud applause.)

Mr. Selver proved that it was a poor quirk of fortune to suppose the Czechs or the Slovaks or the Serbs or the Croats, or, for that matter, the Croats, were in any wise inferior to the so-called great nations of Europe. To no ill-timed spirit of mirth could he add that no other national literature had ever produced such goodly lyrics about stars and violins as had those mighty Slav nationalities he had so often made translations from. "Not even," he said, "does the Turkish language (which I cannot con) hold such masterpieces as those.

Mr. Connegh Og said (and was happy to hear him) that, speaking as a man of ordinary common sense, it seemed to him that this meeting had somewhat under-estimated its purpose. He thought that, far from representing small and weak nationalities, all the gentlemen present represented nations of such enormous power and vitality that the world was intimidated by them. Speaking for himself, he said that not only was England conquered three centuries ago by Scotland, but at this moment it remained a Scottish principality. Parliament, the Civil Service, the Army, the Navy, the Bench, the Bar, medicine, teaching, distilling, temperance, and all other branches of national service and commerce were in the hands of Scotchmen, but England still had the ignorance to claim superiority over Scotland. It was, he gathered, a similar state of affairs to that obtaining in the other parts of the world to which the other gentlemen present had drawn attention. According to Mr. Raffalovich, for example, Russia, Poland, Austria, America, and Canada were really only portions of the Ukrainian Empire. Similarly, Mr. Pickthall had shown that all Europe, Asia and Africa were deceivingly striving to wriggle off the beneficent rule of Turkey. What Mr. Selver, too, had said about the Slovaks and the Croats had gone to his heart, and he hoped he might call them the Czechs—" (Cries of "Jakcins!") Yes, and the Turks—he hoped he might call them the serbs—" (Cries of "Jahckins!") To his mind, it did not matter how often the delegates present contradicted themselves and each other, so long as they never wavered in their partisanship of the nations they stood for and remained constant in an insinuative common hatred of England as at present constituted.

The following resolutions were then put to the meeting and unanimously approved:

(I) England shall immediately call upon the rest of Europe publicly to acknowledge itself the joint dependency of the Ukrainians, Turkey, the Southern Slavs, and Scotland, and shall be prepared to follow up the request by force of arms if necessary.
Impressions of French Pronunciation.

The phonetic world may as well retire before these impressions: I shall not give way to a single argument in phonetics. The pre-war battle against the New Spellers saw on their side some of the Greatest Phoneticians in the World. And all they came to was the open confession that they could not pronounce English as finely as can a thousand odd of our actors and actresses; for they heard no difference between as and at, tail and tale, and so on, not to mention words like young or almighty or soul, which require both natural feeling and trained intelligence to produce.

Good pronunciation of even one’s own language is largely a question of race. As your race is pure, pronounce badly, but they transmit superbly. Anyway, can a thousand odd of our actors and actresses; for it has very little natural magic. The English heard in a hotel or shop or restaurant is mostly middle-class and it is mere snobbery to write as though all English readers know French. For instance, the French language is very smoothly spoken as a rule, and strong emphasis on nouns and adjectives or any word following which begins with a vowel or a silent h is really nearer to the French than one as in come, as I have tested by persistent pestering of my French friends. The flattest pronunciation of homme as um, m firm, will be leagues nearer to the French than on. Here is an example for practice. I will discuss the intermediate words later.

We are men who eat apples.

We are of the men who eat of the apples.

Nous sommes des hommes qui mangent des pommes.

Nous sum dasum kee mahzh de pum.

Not as in you; not noo—there is no such sound in French.

sum: m firm.

dasum: des as in day; the final s in French is carried on, hard, as in vinage, to any word following which is prolonged, however. But this word later. Never say mange on any account! da: as in day, said very shortly.

pum: m firm.

Nous sommes des hommes qui mangent des pommes.

Nous sum dasum quee mahzh de pum.

Just indicating other words of this tone, like bonne=maid, done=then, donne=give; bonhomme (bunum)=old fellow; bonne (bunny)=decent; let us consider the manner in which the French speak a sentence. The French language is very smoothly spoken as a rule, almost on one note. There is no tonic accent as there is chez nous (shay now) with us. They do not say as we do before we know better:

Nous sommes des hommes qui mangent des pommes.

It is all run together as it were.

The best way for us English, with our naturally strong emphasis on nouns and adjectives or any important word, to get at the French tone is to practise sentences in French accented deliberately just those little words which we should naturally glide over. If we say:

Nous sommes des hommes qui mangent des pommes

we shall by such practice become infinitely more intelligible and tolerable to our irritable neighbours. Listen to the news-vendors crying their journals. They cry:

"La Liberté, La Presse, Le Bonnet Rouge!"

In a restaurant you will hear:

Donnez-moi la carte. (Give me the bill-of-fare.)

Voulez-vous de la viande? (Will you of the meat?)

Of course the French say it all so rapidly that we, at first, do not notice how. We only hear how, how slovenly our own attempts sound: Donny-moi la carte. Vou- vous de la viande? Avez-vous le journal? Say, avez-vous le journal?

Prennez-vous du café? Do you take coffee?

Un sou de pain. One sou of bread.

(I can’t help here telling a story which is going about about a certain artist suddenly successful and invited to dinner in the grand world. Looking over his shoulder he and called mendiant=beggars?). We settled back to the gateau de ris (cake of rice, our common rice pudding with custard) crufs au lait = eggs and milk. Mr. Raymond Duncan hove in sight. "Voila un om!" exclaimed an Englishwoman—not me—and everyone glanced galvanically away from Mr. Raymond Duncan, and at her.

Homme means (h silent), if pronounced um, as in rum, the m very firm, is as near as we English shall easily get to this very French word and all of its order. Um as in rum is really nearer to the French than one as in come, as I have tested by persistent pestering of my French friends. The flattest pronunciation of homme as um, m firm, will be leagues nearer to the French than on. Here is an example for practice. I will discuss the intermediate words later.

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Prennez-vous du café? Do you take coffee?

Un sou de pain. One sou of bread.

(I can’t help here telling a story which is going about about a certain artist suddenly successful and invited to dinner in the grand world. Looking over his shoulder he
ordered of the footman, or whatever they call him, ‘‘Un sou de pain.’’

It is true that the average Frenchman permits himself to say ‘‘Un sou de pain.’’ But, then, you see, he is not a very chie person or he wouldn’t be ordering a half-pennworth of bread. He never, however, says ‘‘Un sou de pain.’’ Vous me donnez une sardine, une soupe, un rôti de veau, une pommes frites, un fromage et un café.

You to-me will give a sardine, a soup, a roast of veal, a fried potato, a cheese, and a coffee. (The French, at a restaurant, ask for ‘‘a sardine, a roast veal,’’ meaning of course, ‘‘a portion of.’’)

Avez-vous déjé? Have you hunted?

Vous aimez le bitteck bien cuit? You like the steak well done?

Prenez-vous une autre tasse de thé? Take you another cup of tea?

Je bois de la bière. I drink the beer.

J’aime mieux le vin. I like better the wine.

Je n’ai pas payé l’addition. I have not yet paid the bill.

***

After homme, femme = woman, wife may perhaps he mentioned. This extremely difficult word is pronounced fem, the v very firm. There are only about half a dozen French words which rhyme by letter with femme, and not one by sound. The helpless phoneticians place it with flamme and telegramme, but try asking for your fare anywhere they won’t bring you anything like it. It is, of course, not quite firm either, but if you say la fem, in firm, with a generously open mouth, as though you would like to eat her, everyone will know that you are talking about lovely woman. I assure you that fem will surely get you disliked. I have heard an Englishman say it as though it were spelt veal, meaning of course, ‘‘a portion of.’’

Au restaurant, take a half-a-dozen French words which rhyme by letter with femme, and not one by sound. The helpless phoneticians place it with flamme and telegramme, but try asking for your fare anywhere they won’t bring you anything like it. It is, of course, not quite firm either, but if you say la fem, in firm, with a generously open mouth, as though you would like to eat her, everyone will know that you are talking about lovely woman. I assure you that fem will surely get you disliked. I have heard an Englishman say it as though it were spelt veal, meaning of course, ‘‘a portion of.’’

J’aime mieux l’ambidextrous, able to fight on both sides. It would be safer to trace the war right back to Lucifer, and to see in his rebellion against God the original objection to the reign of universal law.

After the touch of Shakespearean prejudice against Machiavelli, Mr. Dickinson gives, and outlines, the history of the European anarchists. He shows that the two conflicting ideas are Empire and the Balance of Power, and that both of them really arise from the idea of State Sovereignty which Machiavelli is erroneously supposed to have invented. He contends that Europe, as an aggregation of Sovereign States, is living in a state of Nature; and he examines the available evidence to show that the fear and suspicion which issue in conflict are common to all the belligerent parties. He relies to a great extent on the dispatches of Belgian Ambassadors, who record the feeling of their Governments, how the same action is differently viewed by the persons affected by it. It is a very wise choice, for Belgium, as a neutral country, was likely to adopt an impartial attitude towards the activities of the Great Powers; and the Belgian reports from Berlin, from Paris, and from London agree that the menace did not appear on one side only. I need not quote any of the dispatches given in Mr. Dickinson’s book; they do justify his contention that the fear and suspicion, ambition, pride, and jealousy affected all Governments and all nations, and were fostered by conditions for which all alike were responsible.

The argument is very familiar, although much of the evidence is new; but the question is, ‘‘What does it prove?’’ Mr. Dickinson thinks that it proves the need for a European system in place of what he calls the European anarchie. But what is to be the purpose of this European system? The substitution of law for force in the settlement of disputes, he says, is an anachronism, we know; that is why half the civilised world jumped at the chance of waging it. The peoples preferred peace in Europe—for forty years; the peoples always do prefer peace and law and order. Look at Dublin! Mr. Dickinson, who retells the story of how the growth of national feeling in various countries during the last few years, ought also to have noticed another phenomenon, a decline in respect for law. Dicey has remarked, in his ‘‘Law of the Constitution’’: ‘‘Within the last thirty years, there has grown up in England, independently of many other civilised countries, a new doctrine as to lawlessness. This novel phenomenon, which perplexes moralists and statesmen, is that large classes of otherwise respectable persons now hold the belief and act on the conviction that it is not only allowable, but even highly praiseworthy, to break the law of the land if the law-breaker is pursuing some end which to him or to her seems to be just and desirable. This view is not confined to any one class. Many of the English clergy (a class of men well entitled to respect) have themselves shown to great hesitation in thwarting and breaking laws which they held to be opposed to the law of the Church. Passive resisters do not scruple to resist taxes imposed for object which they condemn. Conscientious objectors are doing a great deal to render ineffective the vaccination laws. The militant suffragettes glorify lawlessness; the nobleness of their aim justifies in their eyes the hopeless and perverse illegality of the means by which they hope to obtain votes for women.’’

It is this phenomenon, a general decline of respect for the rule of law, that should enlighten the pacifists to their error. There is not manifest a general trend of opinion in favour of law opposed to force; and even if we imagine that the proposed European system will be, proportionately to any one or any combination of its members, as powerful to enforce its law as the Sovereign State is against its subjects, we can derive no assurance of perpetual peace from the assumption. The difficulty of all vast associations (as the history of the
Labour movement shows; see, for instance, the history of the Knights of Labour in America, and of Industrial Unionism generally) to secure loyalty; and an extension of Sovereignty from the State to the Continent would only tend to make International Law more remote and less imperative than is the general agreement between Allies. Where Empire fails, federation is not likely to succeed, and Barke, in an admirable passage, has defined the law of Empire. "Who are you that should fret and rage, and bite the chains of nature? Nothing worse happens to you, than does to all nations who have extensive empire; and it happens in all the forms into which empire can be thrown. In large bodies, the circulation of power must be less vigorous at the extremities. Nature has said it. The Turk cannot govern Egypt, and Arabia, and Kurdistan, as he governs Thrace; nor has he the same dominion in the Crimea and in Algiers which he has at Bomsa and Smyrna. Despotism itself is obliged to truck and huckster. The Sultan gets such obedience as he can. He governs with a loose rein, that he may govern at all; and the whole of the force and vigour of his authority in the centre is derived from a prudent relaxation in all his borders. Spain, in her provinces, is, perhaps, not so well obeyed as you are in yours. She compiles, too; she submits, she watches times. This is the immutable condition of extensive and detached empire." That problem of government remains to perplex all those who wish to extend the rule of law; International Law, like domestic law, is easily enunciated, but is not so easily enforced. On the analogy of domestic law, International Law could only be successfully enforced when Europe was disarmed; and we are not yet within hailing distance of the Millennium.

The Little White Thought: A Fantastic Scrap.

By Miles Malleson. (Henderson. 7d net.)

This little piece was played at Wyndham's Theatre in March, 1915, by some students of the Academy of Dramatic Art. The scene is supposed to be inside the mind of a bank-clerk; the dramatic personae are the thoughts that are supposed to pass through his mind from 12.45 to 1.00 oclock, just before he goes out to lunch. The Thought of Somebody Else's Wealth runs up and down the stairs industriously,uttering figures as it does so, and marking columns by shifting sideways at each return to the bottom. The Thought of the Actual Present begins to bother about lunch, while the Thought of Turning Out the Wicked Thoughts when they invade the upper Chamber. Then the Thought of Beauty begins to rhapsodise about the weather, the Thought of the Actual Present decides to eat its sandwiches in the park, the Thought of the Girl He Loves wonders if he will see her to-day, and the Day Dreams Thought expatiates on the joyful consequences of such a lucky accident. The debate continues even after he has gone to the park, the Thought of Traditional Beliefs expatiating on everything, the Thought of Other People's Suffering making appropriate remarks about the tramps; until, at last, everything fades into a riot of colour, and the Thought of the Girl He Loves says: "Oh, my love, my love, my love!" After that, darkness.

A History of Political Economy.

By John Kells Ingram. (A. and C. Black.)

This is a new and revised edition of Dr. Ingram's famous work, published last year. It is a supplementary chapter written by Dr. Richard T. Ely. Ingram's chief service to economics was the making human what had been a very dismal science; as a Comitist, he insisted that there is one great science of Sociology, in which Economics is only a chapter. The study of wealth, he held, could not be isolated, except temporarily and provisionally, from the other social phenomena; it was essential to keep in view the connections and interactions of the several sides of human life. All this is very familiar to us now, because Ingram's work to that end has been successful; he was certainly one of those who helped to bring about the "Great thaw" that melted the economic man into humanity. "He pleaded the exception of labour," insisted, as long ago as 1886, that labour was not a commodity like corn or cotton, told the Trade Union Congress at Dublin in that year that "what is really important for working men is not that a few should rise out of their class—but this sometimes injures the class by depriving it of its more energetic members. The truly vital interest is that the whole class should rise in material comfort and security, and still more in intellectual attainments." All good, sound, and sentimental, which the Labour movement may still take to heart; but, unfortunately, he does not seem to have understood the part played by the wage-system in the production of the phenomena he deplored. It was a defect that in his work he was not acquainted with the Principles of Political Economy, he directed his studies to it as the end, A. E. R.
concluded even this volume with the phrase: "in a word, directing all our resources to the one great end of the conservation and development of Humanity."

The present volume is, of course, not a history of economic facts, but of economic theory, beginning "ancient times" and ending in a criticism of the unscientific character of the political economy of his own day. It is to be regretted that Prof. Scott's supplementary chapter does not indicate the progress of the idea of humanity in political theory since his character is really only a very learned bibliography of economic literature up to date.

Human Concerns. By Claude C. H. Williamson. (Stockwell.)

This is a volume of essays dedicated "To Mother With Love." We are glad to hear that Mr. Williamson has a mother, and that he loves her; and we hope that she will like these essays. An author ought to have one admiring reader; but usually it is a man's foes who are of his own household. He begins with an essay on Mr. G. K. Chesterton, and tells us a number of unadmirable truths. For example, he says that "the thinnest ice carries him without a crack." It does not; nor even if it be pretended that the ice is only a figure of speech, it will never be possible to reduce G. K. C. to a similar state of insubstantiality. Yet Mr. Williamson is evidently determined to make little of much, for he subsequently calls G. K. C. "the Boovil of the logician"; and two sentences later says: "In spite of his durable solidity, he seems like the great Gothic Cathedrals of Cologne or Amiens to absorb into the individuality of the architect." Within the compass of one short paragraph Mr. Williamson proves that G. K. C. realized the idea of contractual civil marriage, by substituting the idea of contractual dissolution. The other essays are of equal merit; for instance, the author calls Venice "Queen of the Mediterranean Sea." We recommend these essays to the person to whom they are dedicated.

Divorce As It Might Be. By E. S. P. Haynes. (Heffer. 2s. net.)

It must be nearly thirty years since Shaw, in the most brilliant of his propagandist works, argued that marriage could only be perpetuated by the extension of divorce. The conception of indissoluble marriage was allied with the sacramental idea; and the institution of civil marriage, by substituting the idea of contractual for the idea of sacramental union, was probably the most potent force of modern times for the destruction of the idea of indissoluble marriage. Marriage by mutual consent entails as its corollary divorce by mutual consent; and the freedom in this respect now enjoyed admits; and devotes most of his pamphlet to the question of the distinctive rights of the child against its parents, and of the parents against each other.

The Dear Departing. By Leonid Andreyev. Translated by Julius West. (Henderson. 7s.)

This is a welcome addition to Mr. Henderson's "Plays Worth Reading" series. The little squib is certainly worth reading; although it is not worth producing; and it comes as a pleasant relief to the miserable melodramatic interest in Russian literature that has unhatched. We hope that this is not the only comedy in Russian dramatic literature, and that Mr. Henderson will collect whatever else there may be of equal or greater merit.

Pastiche. By A. M. A.

MODERN PRAYER.

Holy and, as yet, invisible One, I salute Thee! Thou maddest Man very badly, but I could not have made him at all. Since I, Thy creature, am not wholly a fool, I believe that Thou art far less so. Witness, my Maker, that I am not superstitious, even about Thee. Thou art in a great multitude, but we may pull through together, provided that Thou dost not get tired of the attempt. Sometimes I myself believe that I shall give it all up, and, as I cannot suppose my brain capable of thinking a thought which does not emanate from Thine, it is reasonable to conclude that Thou hast moments of doubt about things being worth while. Whatever may happen, the responsibility rests with Thee: I do not concern myself therewith. Do as seemeth best! I am sufficiently interested in Thy works—or, I should say, in Thy methods—to thank Thee for the wonderful brain which enables me to explain not a few of Thy apparent miracles. No doubt they are all within my province, for why should anything which concerns me be outside my province? In fact, I draw Thy Board Meeting today, where a new Marconi invention is to be discussed. May we secure it, and may it soon be installed in every Transatlantic liner, and Thine be the Glory!

VICE.

Half-past eleven! I am alone with a sentimental lie and the shriek of the train. I am absolutely she is of her Age! I only am of the Past. I am finished. I am old. I want around me things which all men have always felt. No one feels nowadays, save animals and old men. I will kill her when she enters.

I hate her. She dares too much. Once I was daring. They used to call me "Don't Care" and say that "Don't Care was hung." "I don't care," was all my reply.

Now I am old. I hate her.

Shall I burn her, her, me, house and all, while she sleeps?

How I hate!

Swine! Pearl! Swine! Pearl! She is coming. I hear her at the door. Why does she trouble ever to an old man's house?

SUSSEX.

I wanted a servant, and the Master of the Union had asked me to take one of the women from there; so I went up the dull road and chose one, who came next day. She was a wretched creature, and said that she was thirty-two, though her pursed lips and restless round eyes gave her the look of a perpetually surprised child.

What is your name?

"Anne, miss."

"Oh, I can't call you Anne because my sister's name is Anne, and it would be awkward!"

She laughed a vast laugh, throwing her body almost to the floor.

"Fancy that, now—and us living so near! Me other name's Sussex. They called me that in me last place, where a' were household. My word, it do remind me! The lady used to scatter in a little dry tea in the pot and send it in to us from her table. It were that weak, so one day I goes' an' helps meelf. She talks in 'er head, an' there 'er. Wael, neither of us spoke then, but the next marning 'a named it to 'er. For meself, 'a says, it would a bin unbenchmark, but the other servants jes do grumble. Wael an' 'eal-I turned a ladder in-and there was one. Sussex do 'a robber ye could a turned a carriage-and-pair in that dorain-room. But 'a's takin' yer toime, miss, though ye ain't loike me other young lady. She didn't look me. She could countenin's me, but that were ari. Ye're burnin' papar's eumphant candles," says she."

Anne, who is a retch when she is not an angel, threw a dusty shoe at Sussex next day. Sussex picked it up serenely and wiped it on her apron.

She was clearly born for our house!

ALICE IN WONDERLAND.

"Do 33s. in money."

Thirty-three pence, two and ninepence. Thirty-three thirds, eleven pence. Forty-three pence.

"No, no! Take it away and put it down in figures; that will be clearer."
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

ON PAYING FOR THE WAR.
Sir,—In "Notes of the Week" (April 13) I find the following passages:—"To begin with, there have been many times that, if the money exists to be borrowed, it exists to be taken." Nobody has been able to make more than the roughest guess at the present moment of what that amount is, so is doubt whatever that 20,000,000,000 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 year's charges, and 20 per cent. would abolish the existing National Debt.

The real cost of the war is not to be stated or reckoned in money. It consists of munitions of war, food, and clothing for those engaged in destroying; of the sustenance of the people engaged in transporting these materials. That is the real cost of the war.

At the end of the war there will be no less money in the world than there was at the beginning—none of it will have been destroyed. But there will have been much food consumed unproductively, much iron, steel, copper, and cloth destroyed or dispersed, much life destroyed, and much compensation—pensions and the like—to be a permanent charge upon the industry of the nation.

Let us consider how the war is financed. Having by usage and by law made gold the only real money, national and international, it never enters our hands or the hands of our rulers that labour and its products can be obtained otherwise than by buying it for gold. Of course, there is not real gold enough for the purpose, but the bankers have persuaded us that our promises are just as good as gold, and we are purchasing precisely the same thing as gold itself, so that there is an almost unlimited supply of "money" to be had for a consideration. Government therefore borrows this money,—that is, these promises of the banks, these orders on the banks, to pay gold, and with them pay the manufacturers and merchants for the goods they supply. In return, Government gives to the lenders its promises to repay, with interest, the amount borrowed, depending upon its power of taxation to enable it to do so.

Thus the Government obtains that which will purchase goods, and the lenders obtain securities upon which they can raise capital, if they desire, to lend again to the Government.

So easily and comfortably are things managed upon the established system. But how would Government proceed to obtain the money by taxation merely? The total income of the country is estimated by statisticians to be about 2,000,000,000 pounds. In many respects it is a foolish calculation, meaning whatever you may wish it to mean, but it will serve for the present purpose. Obviously, if Government were to tax the nation to this amount, it would take all the years of the nation's income, and would also have to starve to death. But the present system is not to the present situation. To confiscate this amount of the capital of the country. But capital consists of railways, ships, factories, warehouses, houses, land, and all manner of materials. It consists also of mortgages on these, of shares in foreign and colonial undertakings. Is Government to appropriate a tenth of these things, or to demand the value of the money? Obviously the latter; in which case the land, factories, and other capital have to be sold or mortgaged. Where are the buyers, the lenders, to come from? Will the banks create money for such a purpose? An amount equal to the total year's income being taken, how is interest to be paid on any advances the banks might be disposed to make? Further, what would be the increase in the price of supplies to the Government under such circumstances?

Picture to yourself a landlord with property valued at £20,000, bringing him in £1,000 a year, confronted with a demand for £2,000, with the probability of a similar demand next year. Who will buy the property he has to sell? Will he have to sell at least £4,000 worth in order to obtain £2,000? Who will lend him the money, and at what rate of interest? Picture the manufacturers in a similar plight. What portion of his plant—which is his capital—must he sell, suspecting he can find a customer?

Government might conceivably confiscate all capital, but to confiscate a part only must throw the whole country into confusion.

This, however, is not to say that Government could not, if it wished, have defrayed the cost of the war without borrowing, or with a little difficulty. Why, even the "Times" has allowed that every war must be paid for as it goes on! Really, there is no point at which the right fight with guns that are made next year but one,
with shells the supply of which is to be spread over twenty years! They must be there now, and, if they are not there, all the money, real and fictitious, in the world cannot supply them. Should the money have been made ready, then they have been made, and the maker has been paid for them—that is to say, he has been fed, clothed, and housed—and it is more convenient for practically nothing. It is not at an end due to the fact that our Government has thought it necessary to mortgage the future labour of the workmen, instead of paying them outright.

But how paid and how borrowed the money? They could have made the money.

As a matter of fact, they have made a hundred millions in the form of currency notes. Why? Why is there no redemption fund at all, when the Government has the power to withdraw and cancel them all by taxation? To which all the reply that can be made here, just at present, is: Ask the banks.

But suppose we had a Government of patriots, the members of which had the knowledge, the sincerity, and the courage necessary for conducting the war (and affairs generally) for the public benefit, and not for the benefit of a part of the public first; how would they have proceeded? They would have engraved and printed currency notes, and put them in circulation through the banks. This is the last thing in the world they would have done. They would have paid them to speculators and merchants in settlement of their accounts, and they would have been paid for outright, and the money taken in "securities." Why? Why any redemption fund at all, when the Government has the power to impose a tax on its creditors? The knowledge of this money, which costs them practically nothing, would not have had any redemption fund at all; but the operative effect would have been to keep the currency notes in circulation, and maintain their value.

But I hope I have shown that the means to meet the war expenses is not to attempt to confiscate capital, but to manufacture exchange and taxation money.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE.

Sir.—What race is Davis Lloyd George? And, given a "Celtic" race, or even a racial name which to us connotes a people possessed of certain marks of temperament, culture, conduct, should one dip his brush in Llanystumdwy and paint the Celtic race with the streaky disfigurement?

Anthropologists tend to doubt what they call the "Celtic Myth," holding that that term stands for no race that they can discover, nor that they themselves are not sure what they mean by "race."

In the absence of a sufficient number of bones and flints of the right kind in the right place—these being essential data to the anthropologists—we may seek among the living for evidence.

There are two types of living men in Wales to-day, widely separated in their nature and mentality as their physical appearance is dissimilar.

There is the fair, often reddish, tall type we call Celtic; and there is the short, dark type which, for the want of another name, and in the absence of sufficient evidence against the existence of such a race, we call Iberian. The former, the "Celt," is generally of a courageous, frank, most disconcerting temper. The latter, the Iberian, in constant temporalentamental, and often actual, antagonism to the former, sneaky, quiet, deceitful. Anyone knowing the Welsh people at all intimately can recall the hundred instances in which he has seen these types, the Iberians, fighting against the existence of such a race, we call Iberian. The former, the "Celt," is generally of a courageous, frank, most disconcerting temper. The latter, the Iberian, in constant temporalentamental, and often actual, antagonism to the former, sneaky, quiet, deceitful. Anyone knowing the Welsh people at all intimately can recall the hundred instances in which he has seen these types, the Iberians, fighting against the existence of such a race, we call Iberian. The former, the "Celt," is generally of a courageous, frank, most disconcerting temper. The latter, the Iberian, in constant temporalentamental, and often actual, antagonism to the former, sneaky, quiet, deceitful. Anyone knowing the Welsh people at all intimately can recall the hundred instances in which he has seen these types, the Iberians, fighting against the existence of such a race, we call Iberian. The former, the "Celt," is generally of a courageous, frank, most disconcerting temper. The latter, the Iberian, in constant temporalentental, and often actual, antagonism to the former, sneaky, quiet, deceitful. Anyone knowing the Welsh people at all intimately can recall the hundred instances in which he has seen these types, the Iberians, fighting against the existence of such a race, we call Iberian. The former, the "Celt," is generally of a courageous, frank, most disconcerting temper. The latter, the Iberian, in constant temporalentamental, and often actual, antagonism to the former, sneaky, quiet, deceitful. Anyone knowing the Welsh people at all intimately can recall the hundred instances in which he has seen these types, the Iberians, fighting against the existence of such a race, we call Iberian. The former, the "Celt," is generally of a courageous, frank, most disconcerting temper. The latter, the Iberian, in constant temp
THE LARGER LUNACY.

Sir,—It is almost too late in the day, I fear, to object to the onward march of the "Insurencet" and "New Methods" brigade, as typified by your contributor "Jonathan," but I am persuaded to lift up my one small gratuitous attentions, and, worse still, it has been known to me of Hamlet's mystery that fits all the facts. The other question, as the inquisitive critic in Shakespeare or Elizabethan literature, are irrelevant to the case; "Hamlet" is a rare play turning upon an unexplored mystery that has been the subject of only general sarcastic critics for two centuries, but Hamlet himself. It is Hamlet who talks of his "mystery," it is Hamlet who punishes and wonder over his own failure to execute a purpose that he nowhere criticises but everywhere accepts as his bounden duty; it is Hamlet who is tortured by his dictatorial behaviour, who cannot understand what has changed him, in whose soul is played out the tragedy of conflicting motives. "Spiritual soliloquy" or "male hysteria" that "R. H. C." now claims in support of his Hamlet's state as pathological; they do not define the specific cause of the specific aboulia from which Hamlet suffered. It is one of the ironies of criticism that "R. H. C." in his attempts to escape from a sexual explanation of Hamlet's mystery, should first make his opponent, Mr. Parker, a proponent of conventional and general sexual explanation that he has read, instead of the more definite and precise explanation offered by Freud and his conferees. Dr. Somers, of the Blackheath Playgoers' Club, says that Hamlet suffered from "male hysteria," and "R. H. C." quotes this in support of his case. It is really curious that Freud also said that Hamlet suffered from male hysteria. I have not inquired how "innovators of Dreams" handly, so "R. H. C." must content himself with this reference from Dr. Jones' lecture. Dealing with the first soliloquy, he concludes: "The patient has devoted much time to the study of such conditions, the self-description given here by Hamlet will be recognized as a wonderful and extremely accurate diagnosis of an intellectual state that is often and incorrectly classified under the name of mania. Hamlet's state is more accurately and more appropriately described by the name of neurasthenia. Hamlet's state of mind more closely resembles the general state of mind to the particular inhibition that distresses him, his conscious."

But what is hysteria? We know that the word is derived from the Greek "hystera"—the womb—and the sexual origin of the trouble is affirmed in the very name of it. Dr. Hollander, in his "First Signs of Insanity," says: "Although it is probably true that hysteria has a sexual basis, I am much more inclined to attribute it to suppression of the instinct in girls of the human nature which, on account of their inaneritable nature, have been repressed from the subject's consciousness. Therefore, if Hamlet has been plunged into this abnormal state by the news of his brother's second marriage, it must be because the news has awakened the dreamy nature, which is so painful that it may not become conscious."

Sir,—Mr. J. Bulver Schwartz is very welcome to all the thrall he can get out of "Disraeli," but my sensory organs having been aesthetic youth, I regret I can not be thrilled so cheaply. I have no quarrel with Mr. Parker's theme, though I do not for a moment subscribe to its "immensity." I am concerned with its treatment, and when Mr. Schwartz says that Mr. Parker has succeeded in "reviving the great incidents in history," I can only reply that instead of reviving them, Mr. Parker has so grotesquely falsified them that it became necessary to issue an explanatory leaflet for the benefit of the more educated portion of the audience.

Further, Mr. Schwartz states: "His characters interest us highly and are amusing by their wit, which he has absolutely collaborated (the italics are mine). Now the odious collusion of other people's wit may be admirable and praiseworthy, and since Mr. Parker has done it very well, he is fully entitled to whatever praise his assiduity merits. But we are talking of Dramatic Art and something more than the painstaking collection of bon-mots is surely necessary to the making of a great play. Mr. Schwartz seems to be in the error of supposing that because a man is an excellent writer of plays, he is therefore a writer of excellent plays. He is therefor a writer of excellent plays.

MR. PARKER'S CAPTURE.

Sir,—Mr. F. H. Auger. ***

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MR. PARKER'S CAPTURE.

SIR,—When "R. H. C." is able to write about Hamlet without reference to my remarks, he shall be the record holder. He cannot reasonably claim a victory without accepting a contest, and I do not intend to present him with a victory. I have one reason, and one only, for supporting Mr. Schwartz in his opposition to Freud's thesis; it is this: that it is only the explanation known to me of Hamlet's mystery that fits all the facts. As such the genuine motive in Shakespearean or Elizabethan literature, are irrelevant to the case; "Hamlet" is a rare play turning upon an unexplored mystery that has been the subject of only general sarcastic critics for two centuries, but Hamlet himself. It is Hamlet who talks of his "mystery," it is Hamlet who punishes and wonder over his own failure to execute a purpose that he nowhere criticises but everywhere accepts as his bounden duty; it is Hamlet who is tortured by his dictatorial behaviour, who cannot understand what has changed him, in whose soul is played out the tragedy of conflicting motives. "Spiritual soliloquy" or "male hysteria" that "R. H. C." now claims in support of his Hamlet's state as pathological; they do not define the specific cause of the specific aboulia from which Hamlet suffered. It is one of the ironies of criticism that "R. H. C." in his attempts to escape from a sexual explanation of Hamlet's mystery, should first make his opponent, Mr. Parker, a proponent of conventional and general sexual explanation that he has read, instead of the more definite and precise explanation offered by Freud and his conferees. Dr. Somers, of the Blackheath Playgoers' Club, says that Hamlet suffered from "male hysteria," and "R. H. C." quotes this in support of his case. It is really curious that Freud also said that Hamlet suffered from male hysteria. I have not inquired how "innovators of Dreams" handly, so "R. H. C." must content himself with this reference from Dr. Jones' lecture. Dealing with the first soliloquy, he concludes: "To those who have devoted much time to the study of such conditions, the self-description given here by Hamlet will be recognized as a wonderful and extremely accurate diagnosis of an intellectual state that is often and incorrectly classified under the name of mania. Hamlet's state is more accurately and more appropriately described by the name of neurasthenia. Hamlet's state of mind more closely resembles the general state of mind to the particular inhibition that distresses him, his conscious."

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"R. H. C." in accepting male hysteria as the explanation of Hamlet's "mystery," is in effect supposing that the acceptance of Freud's more precise, complete, and fundamental diagnosis of the cause of the specific aboulia of Hamlet.

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THE BIRMINGHAM WORKERS' EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

MEMORANDUM of the chief points raised by Mr. Zimmermann in the latter part of his address to the W.E.A. Conference on "War and Labour," held on January 15, issued as a suggestion for the advantage of discussion, to be held in the University, Edmund Street.

It is unthinkably that we can or ought to return to "pre-war conditions". The only element in the old order, "Balanced Power" in industry, with armaments, piled up by Capital and Labour on either side, to neutralise the other. "Militarism" and "Prussianism" are as bad in industrial life as in international relations. The solution for industry, as for international relations, lies in a Concert, or Partnership.

There are three partners to be considered: (1) Labour; (2) the directing or managing element; (3) The working capital needed for carrying on the business.

Ultimately, the question of industrial government will be settled, like the question of political government, in progressive countries, on lines of self-government: the workers in the industry will control the directorate and employ the capital. At present Labour does not possess the knowledge or experience to do this, nor is it prepared to shoulder the full pecuniary risks involved. The next step of immediate advance lies in introducing the principle of self-government within a limited area, where Labour has special experience—in the workshop. This workshop control would be exercised, not by the men employed in the shop by Labour's natural organ of democratic government—the Trade Unions.

Unless this arrangement there would be a charter or agreement drawn up between the representatives of the management of the firm or industry, of the shareholders, and of the Trade Union or Unions concerned.

What would this charter contain? What does Trade Union control in the workshop imply? The following six points among others:

1. Mutual agreement between Trade Unions, cessation of civil war within the Labour movement. The management must hand over authority to a small recognised authority in each case.

2. Responsibility for the weaker, more helpless and indifferent workers, including women and unskilled. This involves compulsory Trade Unions. "Free" (i.e., unorganised) Labour would be eliminated, as in the professions. The charter, which would be enforced by the State, would make it illegal to employ a non-unionist.

3. Responsibility for discipline: If present methods of discipline are old-fashioned, it would be necessary to evolve new ones. There would be a new and better method of securing the output—hours of work. The methods of securing the output—hours of work, etc.—would be left to the Trade Union.

4. Responsibility for output: The Trade Union would come to an agreement with the management as to the reasonable output from a given piece of machinery, or the reasonable number of men required for a given piece of work. The methods of securing the output—hours of labour, etc.—would be left to the Trade Union.

5. Responsibility for workmanship: The Trade Union as the responsible authority would have to deal with questions of craft or industrial education, as the lawyers and doctors do. Certain "shops" might be set aside as training schools.

6. Financial responsibility: At present the worker is a hired servant or "wage-slave": he bears none of the financial responsibility of the work in which he is employed. It is the shareholder, or capitalist, who bears the risk of losses, and consequently feels justified in demanding corresponding profits. It is suggested that the risk should be divided between the management and the Trade Union, and that it should be given security by the State in the person of a fixed rate of interest (according to the condition of the money market). The remainder of the product would be divided in proportion between the management and the Trade Union, the latter having their own accountant and free access to the books. The Trade Union would then distribute pay (not wages) among its members, on whatever principle, and making allowances for unemployment or relative insufficiency, it thought best.

The above suggestions are put forward tentatively as a basis for serious discussion. If such an arrangement were adopted by agreement in one or two highly organised industries, and were successful, it would spread rapidly to the other industries.

It is based on the root principle:—

1. That industry is a form of co-operative national service, not a "game of grab." 2. That the most important element in industry is the human element, but the capital is needed for carrying on the business.

"Militarism" and "Prussianism" are as bad in industrial life as in international relations. The solution for industry, as for international relations, lies in a Concert, or Partnership.

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A number of vigorous speeches were delivered on the following resolution demanding the Conscription of Wealth:—"In view of the fact that a large part of the expenditure of the Government that it intends to meet the cost of the war largely by loans, and so placing on the next generation the burden of paying the debt incurred by the present owners of wealth, this Conference protests against this injustice, and affirms that as the Government has not hesitated to conscript the lives and bodies of men, so they ought to have no hesitation about conscripting wealth to pay for the war. We therefore urge our I.L.P. Members of Parliament to press for measures to be taken to meet our liabilities at once by a graduated tax on capital, a surcharge on large incomes, earnings unearned, and the increasing of the death duties. The Conference instructs the N.A.C. to at once commence a campaign in the country in advocacy of the conscription of wealth as the only equitable means of meeting the financial situation created by the war."

Mr. Beresford, who moved it, said the Party must enter the field of reconstruction. Poverty must not be saddled with the terrible burden of a colossal debt. The present owners of wealth lacked nothing in luxury whilst they were war profiteers. They ought to have no hesitation about conscripting wealth to pay for the war. In its summer campaign the I.L.P. should carry the cry "Conscript the wealth" to the public, and make the public realise who are its real enemies. The way of reconstruction lay in conscripting the great resources and industries, and wealth owned by the rich.

Mr. A. W. Havock (Stockport), in seconding, said the demand to conscript wealth would strike the weakest point in the Jingoes' armour. There should be a scheme for the taxation of wealth, and I.L.P. canvassers should go to the homes of the rich and ask how much they were prepared to give. (Applause.)

Mr. R. C. Wallhead, in an impassioned speech which aroused the Conference to high enthusiasm, said his son had been called to the colours next Saturday. The men who took the lives of their sons not only begged on to their wealth, they had constantly used their power to exploit the working class still further. (Loud cheers.) These were the people who demanded the conscription of working-class bodies and talked of fighting until the last drop of blood had been spilled and the last shilling had been spent! Whose blood? Whose shillings? Ours! If we were wise we should undertake a campaign for the repudiation of the national debt. (Loud cheers.) Since the ruling classes of this country, with the ruling classes of other countries, were responsible for the war, there was no reason, he said, for lending their money free of interest. Let us say to these people, "If you are going to take our blood, by heaven we will have your money." (Loud applause.)—"Labour Leader" Report of I.L.P. Conference.