

THE NEW AGE

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART.

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
NOTES OF THE WEEK	73	IMPRESSIONS OF FRENCH PRONUNCIATION.—III. By	
FOREIGN AFFAIRS. By S. Verdad	75	Alice Morning	86
UNEDITED OPINIONS: THE REAL PACIFIST	76	VIEWS AND REVIEWS: THE OBJECTIVE WRONG. By	
THE GERMAN CASE AGAINST GERMANY. By G.		A. E. R.	88
Bernard Shaw	77	REVIEWS	89
WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS (<i>concluded</i>). By Verax	80	PASTICHE. By Ruth Pitter, A. M. A., C. E. B.,	
A MODERN DOCUMENT. Edited by Herbert Law-		V. A. Purcell	91
rence	82	LETTERS TO THE EDITOR from X, Henry Meulen,	
READERS AND WRITERS. By R. H. C.	84	Charles Roden Buxton, C. S. D., R. B. Kerr,	
TALES OF TO-DAY: THE COURT OF LITERARY		J. Catesby Holland, A. E. Zimmern, H. J.,	
JUDGMENT. By C. E. Bechhofer	85	C. S. J. D., G. Bernard Shaw	92
		PRESS CUTTINGS	96

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

As an example of the cowardly inconsistency of the Press it would be hard to find a better than the comment of the "Spectator" upon the prospects of Irish Home Rule to which recent events have brought us. Like most of his peers Mr. Strachey has during the war managed without much straining upon his part to swallow principles and prejudices which he had sworn never to accept or to abandon. The nationalisation of a score of industries from which in past days he prophesied with Lord Rosebery the downfall of the nation he has seen instituted without winking an eye. And even the Free Trade to which we believed the "Spectator" was lashed like a desperate sailor to a last spar, Mr. Strachey has cast off before even a serious demand has been made upon him for its surrender. These "sacrifices" having been made by him with such ease, it might have been thought that the sacrifice of his no greater "convictions" upon the subject of Home Rule would have been offered up at the command of events. Everybody else, it is clear, was disposed to believe that the problem was now riper for settlement than it had ever been before, and that the most recent events in particular had rather necessitated than made less urgent its immediate solution. Mr. Strachey, however, has chosen this very problem as the ground upon which he will turn at bay. Here upon this point he plants his lance, swearing that he will retreat no further. Back to common sense, says he, as if, now that he has once stayed his flight, he imagined that all his past surrenders have been due to panic. "Back to common sense" upon just this one subject of Ireland among the thousand in which "common sense" has been abandoned. "To try," he says, "to solve the whole Irish tangle [beautifully illustrated by the mixed metaphor!] now would be simply to divert brain-power [and we know how much we can afford to waste of that] from the war and play the German game. To suppose that what has

been insoluble for years can be solved in a few days or weeks now is a pure delusion." But why, we may ask, is it a delusion to believe that the problem of Home Rule, alone amidst the problems tossed into the war, resists melting into solubility? Upon other occasions and as regards other problems the "Spectator" rejoices that the war has changed everything. The hardest concretions of sentiments, the "Spectator" is proud to say, have been dissolved by the war from which, indeed, upon this very account the nation is to come out purified as by fire. Look, only for one instance, recorded with a smirk in the same issue of the "Spectator," at our glorious revolution of clock-time. In the days before the war, this boy-scouts' trick to deceive ourselves was met with so much opposition that continuance of the agitation for it was not warranted. (The argument is the "Spectator's.") Now, however, "we are heartily glad to see our old dream a reality." This can be brought about, thank God, oh thank God, for we are living in such miraculous days that it is a privilege to be alive. But the problem of Home Rule remains exactly where it was before the war. Mr. Strachey is "back to common sense."

* * *

A mean may very well be taken between the extreme views upon the subject, however. Upon the one side we have Mr. Strachey professing to regard the Sinn Féin revolt as of no more significance than a rabbit-poachers' affray that can be settled by the game-keepers and the local magistrates: an event that demands no surrender of "conviction" on the part of our country squires or any revision of their attitude towards Ireland. And upon the other side, we have, strange to say, the "Times," which appears to believe that not only is the problem of Ireland suddenly become ripe for settlement (which it is), but that it can be settled by a conference of politicians, including Sir Edward Carson and Mr. Redmond, at Westminster. If Mr. Strachey's

view is silly, the view of the "Times" is dangerous; for the truth is that the problem of Ireland cannot be settled in England even by Irishmen. The problem of Ireland, we agree with the "Spectator," is primarily an executive and an administrative problem. It is not any longer mainly political. It follows, therefore, that the "Times" is wrong in believing that it can be settled at Westminster by a conference of politicians; but it must be settled in Ireland itself by a council of executive administrators. Of whom this council should be composed and of what its immediate duties must consist are matters that are certainly within the range of the Westminster party-leaders. Their agreement to insist upon the co-operation of Sir Edward Carson with Mr. Redmond in the early establishment of Home Rule is, moreover, the condition upon which such a Council may meet with any hope of solving the Irish problem. But because an agreement at Westminster is a condition of an act of settlement in Ireland, it must not be concluded that when the first is arrived at the second is easy or certain. Ireland, we repeat, is the venue of its own problem; and in Ireland and mainly by Irishmen it must be solved. All we ask in the way of "diverting brain-power" from the war to Ireland is that such Irish leaders as Mr. Redmond and Sir Edward Carson shall be pressed into the national service of pacifying Ireland for us. Their service in this sphere is beyond any doubt the greatest they can perform towards winning the war; for a contented Ireland would be worth several army corps to us as well as much prestige.

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Glancing at THE NEW AGE, which, like most of our critics, he has not the courage to challenge openly, Mr. Wardle, in the "Railway Review," draws a lesson, dear brethren, from the action of the Sinn Feiners—a lesson for us. "There linger among us," he says, "many who think they can achieve salvation for British Trade Unionism by similar methods. They are wrong." Oh, how wrong they are it would draw tears to prove; but that they are wrong must be left in its naked obviousness. But who was a-denying of it, Betsy? We who are indicated as the Sinn Feiners of Trade Unionism have certainly never advocated the use of force. The popular use of force went out in our opinion with the advent of machine-guns. On the contrary, we have advocated the acquirement and use of economic power—which is a very different thing. A monopoly, whether of labour or of any other commodity necessary to industry, constitutes in itself, we say, a power even though it should not be actively or forcibly employed. A parallel may be made with the gold reserve of the Bank of England which is a power even when it is not actively engaged as a force. Are we wrong in wishing that the wage-earning classes should by means of their Trade Unions obtain this power? Or wrong in believing that, once obtained, its influence might be exercised peacefully and silently? The error of the Sinn Feiners, as we have often observed of young Irishmen, is their confusion of force with power, of politics with economics. We are not in the least disposed to make the same mistake, and Mr. Wardle's little side-sermon is therefore wasted upon us. But what of the lesson for himself and his colleagues in the Sinn Fein affair? We have had Mr. Redmond and others regretting that they had not formed a more accurate estimate of the aspirations and sincerity of the Sinn Feiners—regretting, in a word, that they had misunderstood their own left wing. Can Mr. Wardle hear that confession and not apply it to himself and his colleagues in relation to the left wing of Trade Unionism? For the left wing of Trade Unionism, while it has no method of force in its mind, has aspirations and sincerity which in time

will surprise in their effect the complacency of men who now fail to understand them.

* * *

If the Press had desired to make an end of profiteering during the war—a villainous practice that has rather thriven on war than been reduced by it—the "Times," instead of printing in small type the report of the speech by Alderman Philips, of Salford, would have set it out in headings that by their size would have impressed public opinion. "After paying," we are told, "a fine tribute to the miners who had enlisted, Alderman Philips asked why the workers who remained at home seemed only eager to increase their wages." "The answer," he thought, "was that the men were influenced by the action of the coal-owners who were accumulating as much wealth as possible, and by the action of the shippers who were asking enormous freights." The answer, it appears to us, is obvious; but is it obvious yet either to the politicians of the gutter (we mean the Press), or to the politicians of the Stock Exchange and the Banks (we mean Parliament)? On the contrary, these people appear to think that no communication exists between themselves and their doings and sayings, and the feelings and thinkings of the workmen of England: but that they can plot and plan and shift and scheme and propose to plunder and steal from the public in full hearing of the public and yet without the public's knowing anything about it. The illusion of separateness was never better illustrated than when in the same issue of the newspapers the reports of the increased profits of our business men appeared side by side with exhortations to workmen to forgo higher wages. What is thought of the workmen that these contradictions should be laid in front of their eyes in defiance of the conclusion they must draw from them? That they are too ignorant to read, too busy to think, too stupid to add two to two? Does the fact not show the gulf that divides the mutual comprehension of the economic classes? Nevertheless, something trickles across if only a feeling that becomes the spirit of unrest: and the greater part, if not the whole, of the resistance of Labour to the demands of the war, is the direct reflection of the greed of the profiteers who themselves have yielded nothing.

* * *

We hope that we can appreciate the point of view from which Mr. Henderson urged the shipworkers of Aberdeen last week to make up by concerted effort among themselves the deficiency of workers, numbering over thirty thousand. At such a time as this the State has, no doubt, the right to call upon us all for all that we can give; and since the need is of ships it is to the men skilled in shipbuilding that an appeal is properly made. But in view of the fact that every stroke of the workman's hammer means private profit to an employer as well as public debt to the State, it is ironical that the State should employ an ex-labour-leader to plead the cause of his old enemies. That both shipbuilders and shipowners are making enormous profits no attempt is made to conceal even in the interests of public decency. It is, in fact, with the story of fabulous profits for their employers in his hand that Mr. Henderson begs the workmen to increase their efforts to make more. Thinking of ships, as he is, he allows himself to forget that the employers are thinking of profits; and all the time he deplores the fact that workmen are thinking of wages. Is there no solution of the antinomy into which good men must fall when, on the one hand, they desire, as we all do, that the best and the maximum amount of work shall be done; and, on the other hand, must see that all their efforts in this direction end in profits to private employers? To accuse the Trade Unions, as so many people do, of conspiring against public interest to restrict their output, without inquiring what is the cause of the apparent perversity, is infallibly to bring public judgment into contempt among workmen. How can these respect a judgment that ignores the very ground

and condition of the action called up for judgment? If Mr. Henderson were an officer of the Army exhorting troops to increased exertions in the absence of reinforcements, the response of Englishmen would be undoubted. His appeal would multiply the numbers of his men by two and more. But in exhorting the slaves of private employers to concerted effort he is no longer a State officer only, but a tool as well of the profiteers. To national workmen, in a word, such an appeal can be fairly made; but to workmen engaged in making profits it is as unjust as it is plausible.

* * *

But not only has no vigorous or sustained effort been made by our Press to abolish profiteering even in the matter of war-work, but the taxation of excess war-profits has now, on the declaration of Mr. McKenna, reached its maximum. "Reluctant," as he admitted he had been, to raise the tax from fifty to sixty per cent., he could now assure the profiteers that he would go no further. His action, we may say, is the fruit of the economic power possessed by the capitalist classes; for there is no doubt whatever that had he persisted, as justice demanded, in taxing war-profits to extinction, long before he had reached the end, he and the Government would have been compelled to make peace with Germany. Let us not delude ourselves upon this point, or imagine that public opinion in this country, however set it may be upon the destruction of the militarism of Prussia, can persist in the war unless the capitalist classes are allowed to make their profit out of it. War-profits, in fact, are the bribe we must pay the profiteers for permission to win the war. Upon no lower terms than those just defined by Mr. McKenna are they disposed to permit England to win. And what terms they are! The profits of the White Star Line, for example, were in 1914 less than a million pounds. Last year they were two millions, *after the excess profits tax had been deducted*. Yet we suppose that the directors and shareholders of the White Star Line are patriots. Many of them, doubtless, are giving their sons to the Army, and are ready enough to give their own. Their money, however, is nearer to them than their life; and where they would think it a disgrace to withhold their lives, they think it no disgrace to steal or to withhold public money. This putting of money above life we have described before as the characteristic of a plutocracy; and *it is under this degraded form of Government that England has come.*

A RUSSIAN FOLK SONG.

(Translated from unrhymed original by C. E. B.)

Out of the trees, the darkest trees,
Out of the mountains, highest mountains,
Flew a flight of grey, grey geese
And a flight of white, white swans.
When the swans away had flown,
One white swan was left alone;
And that white, white swan approaches
To the flight of grey, grey geese.

"Do not squeak, ye geese so grey,
Not of my will came I hither;
But the weather carried me,
The noon-tide cold, cold weather,
The noon-tide weather carried me,
Weeping, weeping bitterly,
As was once the maiden brought
To the youth in his wide court.

"There she wept most bitterly.
All began to blame and scold
The weeping maiden; then said she:
'Do not scold, ye women old,
Do not scold me—that I'm young!
Not of my will came I here;
Me the horses tall and strong
Of the brave good youth did bear.'"

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

BEYOND the bare telegraphic version of the questions and answers in the Riksdag, hardly anything has appeared in the English Press with regard to the question of the Aaland Islands, which until a few days ago threatened to become serious. Probably more information on the relations between Sweden and Russia has appeared in THE NEW AGE than in any other paper; and it has been pointed out from time to time that several factors, among which the blockade was the most prominent and most contentious, were tending to make the task of the Allies even more difficult than it was. Briefly, the Aaland Islands lie at the entrance to the Gulf of Bothnia, and command not only the entrance to the Gulf, but practically the whole of the eastern coast of Sweden. It is easy to understand, therefore, that it is to the interest of Sweden to see the Aaland Islands unfortified if they are not actually in her possession, just as Russia would prefer to see them left unfortified if they were owned by Sweden. A bargain was struck between the two countries in 1856; and, though Sweden was not actually a party to the Treaty regulating the contract, it was agreed that Russia should own the Islands, but should respect Swedish scruples by leaving them unfortified.

* * *

Some little difficulty arose in connection with the Islands in 1908, which was overcome by the interposition of France and Great Britain. When the present war began the Russians were undoubtedly at a tactical disadvantage in view of the fact that they were legally under obligation to leave the Islands defenceless, and to refrain from establishing naval or military bases there. Nevertheless, no attempt was made to take advantage of their proximity to utilise them as a base; and it was hoped that the campaign might be brought to a close without the delicate question of the neutralisation of the Islands having to be raised at all. Unfortunately, the naval actions in the Baltic assumed what must be described as a rather remarkable character. The German warships, as is evident from comments published even in the Swedish Press from time to time, and as the Russian newspapers, naturally enough, have not been behindhand in pointing out, always took every advantage of Swedish territorial waters; and Gothenburg has been jokingly mentioned as a "German port." In these circumstances, the Russian Government decided that it would not be out of order in erecting temporary fortifications on the Aaland Islands, the defensive neutrality of which was jeopardised by the passive attitude adopted by the Swedish Government towards the German war vessels in Swedish waters.

* * *

Before defence works were begun the Swedish Government was notified; and full advantage was taken of this incident by the German agents in Stockholm and other large towns. It was represented that Swedish interests were endangered; that Russia was aiming at extending her territories through Northern Sweden; that now was the time for Finland to be recovered; that a strong Russia could not but be the deadly enemy of Sweden; and the like. The result of this so-called "Activist" propaganda was a political ferment in Sweden, fostered by the inevitable action of the British blockade in cutting off goods destined for Germany through Sweden. The retaliatory measures adopted by the Swedish Government have already been mentioned in these columns, and also, to some extent, in the ordinary Press—the complete stoppage of the export of wood-pulp and paper-making material generally, and a sudden cessation of deliveries of mail matter to or from Russia. A number of journalists, amongst whom the most notorious was Mr. Karl Hildebrand, lent their aid to the German propaganda, and a German sympathiser, Professor Steffen, who happens to be a member of the Riksdag, put down a question on the sub-

ject. In order to anticipate this question Mr. Persson, a Vice-President of the Assembly, asked the Minister for Foreign Affairs, Dr. Wallenberg, for a statement on Tuesday of last week. In his reply Dr. Wallenberg dealt particularly with the question of the Islands, saying:

Anybody who has followed the historical development of what is called the Aaland Islands question must know that it is of vital importance to Sweden. This was the view of the Government and the Riksdag in 1908; this is still the view of the Swedish Government in 1916, and I am convinced that it is also shared by the Swedish Parliament. That is why, as I have just said, I can assure the Chamber that the Government regards it as its duty to give its uninterrupted attention to this question, and that it will leave no stone unturned in order to safeguard the rights and interests of Sweden on this point, as on all others.

This answer was considered in Russia as extremely satisfactory; the more so as Dr. Wallenberg took pains in another part of his explanation to dissociate both himself personally and the Government in general from the pro-German propaganda of the "Activists." Furthermore, the subsequent comments of the Swedish newspapers clearly indicated that in the opinion of the country the course taken by the Government was the right one, and that nothing would be gained by an unnecessary war with Russia. The newspapers as well as the Minister for Foreign Affairs explicitly repudiated the propaganda of the Activists. But one further incident in this complication must have some reference made to it. When the Russians, in spite of the Treaty of 1856, were compelled to meet the German attacks by sending ships to the Aaland Islands, it was once more England and France (as in 1908) who undertook to give the necessary explanations to the Swedish Government on behalf of their Ally; and thanks to these explanations the incident may be regarded as having been satisfactorily settled. It is hoped that out of this may develop a better state of feeling between this country, in particular, and Sweden; and it is just possible that we may be able to get our wood-pulp again without allowing the enemy to have supplies in return for this concession by a neutral.

Little notice need be taken of the only other statement of this kind, namely, that delivered in the Greek Chamber a few days ago. The position of the Greek Government is admittedly difficult; and due attention has been given to its difficulties. But in Greece, as in the case of Sweden also, the tendency of the ruling classes, if not of the Government itself, has been to favour the German Empire in every possible way; and the use of certain Greek islands as coaling-stations on a small scale, and certainly as supply-bases for submarines, is only one of many items showing that where a point could be stretched in favour of the enemy it has been. In spite of the obligations which Greece was under to Serbia in consequence of the Greco-Serbian Treaty, it was impossible for the Allies to secure permission for the Serbian Army to be transported from Corfu to Salonika by rail. Advantage was taken of the discussions, however, to get the men round by sea, as the "Vossische Zeitung" rather disgustingly admitted last week. Here, again, it is not altogether just to reproach the Greek Government, though the part it has played has not been heroic. The reiterated determination of the Kaiser to visit his enemies with "frightfulness," and the example of Belgium, Serbia, and Poland, were factors sufficient to deter King Constantine's advisers from taking their stand definitely on the side of the Entente, even if we assume that the King himself might have been won over. Greece is not, for the moment, an appreciable quantity, if one may vary Mr. Asquith's phrase. The one country we have had to consider recently was Sweden; not so much on our own account as on account of Russia. The Swedish question, centring on the question of the Aaland Islands, may be regarded as settled.

Unedited Opinions.

The Real Pacifist.

I THINK I threatened you some weeks ago with my particular view of pacifists, did I not?

You did. You promised, I remember, to define the cult exactly.

That was undertaking too much, perhaps; but let me begin, at any rate. In the first place, I think we ought to separate pacifism (in which, by the way, must be included every form of conscientious objection) from things sometimes, in fact usually, associated with it: for example, religion, morality, and politics. To my mind, pacifism has no necessary relation with any of these.

Oh, but I understood that a conscientious objection must needs have a religious, a moral, or a political ground.

Exactly, that is the common theory; and, moreover, it is held by the pacifists themselves; but, all the same, I think they are wrong.

How do you make that out?

Well, to begin with, it is not the characteristic of a conscientious objection to be *derived* from a rational theory. Rather, if anything, a rational theory is created to support it. In other words, the theory follows, it does not precede, the decision of conscience. Next, I would have you observe that a theory is by its nature unstable and cannot therefore afford a stable foundation for so fixed a thing as a conscientious objection. Could we assume that a conscientious objection depended upon reasoning, reasoning might be expected to affect and perhaps to remove it—but, in fact, we see that no amount of reasoning makes any impression upon it. Lastly, it is obvious from the variety of reasons given for a conscientious objection that its real basis is in none of them. One man, for instance, professes to found his objection on religious grounds; another upon moral grounds; a third upon political grounds. But if there were any ground in reason at all it would be a single ground, and would be shared in common by all conscientious objectors.

But may not each objector have his own reason? I confess I do not see why he should not.

My point is that each objector *adopts* a reason to account to himself and to others for his conscientious objection; but that his objection does not arise out of it and from it. The very contrary, in fact.

Surely that is only an assumption. If the reason should turn out to be sufficient, might it not as well be supposed to precede and to be the cause of the objection as to follow and be the consequence of it?

If the reason should turn out to be sufficient—but, as a matter of fact, none has and none can. A fiat of conscience—such as we assume issues in a conscientious objection to war—is altogether too mystical, too super-rational, too wilful (if you like to say so) to require or even to look for and expect a sufficient reason. Itself is sufficient unto itself. That, however, is not to say that it may not condescend to find, if it can, plausible reasons—reasons which may commend the objection to others. But they are not sufficient reasons.

Is not the religious reason sufficient? It has, at any rate, been reckoned so by an Act of Parliament.

Ah, but not upon religious grounds, but upon grounds of expediency. Armed with a religious reason, men feel that they can safely defy the common authority. And, what is more, the common authority stands in some awe of a resistance that claims to be religious. But the rational sufficiency of the religious explanation is another matter.

You deny it, then?

Of course. If the religious explanation were sufficient (as I said before), it would be generally adopted. But, in fact, the doctors of divinity differ about it, and few objectors have indeed employed it. Christianity, in a word, speaks with much too uncertain a voice to

become an oracle in the matter of a conscientious objection to war. Equal authorities contend for contrary interpretations, which leaves the Christian objector where I said he stood—namely, upon his objection without sufficient reason.

The *moral* objection, then?

If Christianity palters with double tongue upon the subject, ethics speaks Babel. For every moral reason you can bring for a conscientious objection I could bring you one against a conscientious objection. Once again, therefore, the objector is left naked with his objection while his reasons are cancelled about him. And I need scarcely dwell upon his fate if he should depend upon *political* reasons . . . how many books have been written on either side of the war . . . I lost count after the first thousand! No, to discover our conscientious objector as he really is we must, as reason can, strip him of every adventitious reason derived from religion, morality, and political theory; and in the depths of his soul see in him a simple, unadorned, unreasoning negative. A conscientious objector is at bottom a conscientious objection.

You make him to appear, I must say, rather a victim than a master of his own will. If he can give no sufficient account of himself and yet must needs suffer for his unreasoning faith, is he not to be pitied?

So, I believe, the majority of our conscientious objectors are to be; and so, I believe, the majority of our fellow-countrymen regard them—with pity. For it is observable that, though they are both a nuisance and a danger, our conscientious objectors are, nevertheless, neither positively despised nor positively hated. "Pasty-faces"—a schoolboys' epithet—is the worst that has been said of them. A handful among them, however, are not victims and ought, therefore, not to be pitied. In these, what is the *whim* in others to object has become something much finer—a *vow* deliberately taken and to be deliberately kept.

A vow—what do you mean by that?

A resolution of the will which a man would rather die than not keep.

I suppose such vows are made, but they are not common.

No, and *perhaps* there are few among conscientious objectors whose objection is so rooted. But in past ages and in other countries such devotion has by no means been unknown. Call to mind the hundreds of examples of the making and keeping of vows—even of absurd vows—that India provides. Recall the vows of the Pythagorean and other ancient sodalities; of the Nazarites; of mediæval and of modern monks and nuns. In the history of these devotees you will discover that their virtue lies precisely in the making and the keeping of a vow. The nature of the vow itself is secondary to the vow. Its reasonableness consists not in its own reasonableness, but in the quality of devotion it involves and proceeds from. The making and the keeping of the vow are of infinitely more importance than the content of the vow itself.

Then you are really contending that some among our conscientious objectors are devotees or men under a vow in the old sense of the word?

Exactly.

And that therefore reason ought not to be addressed to them, nor ought we to demand reasons of them?

Exactly. And I would go further; if they offered reasons I should suspect them!

But do tell me, now, as a practical measure, how you would distinguish between objectors under a vow and objectors under a whim.

Supposing, you mean, that I were a tribunal-before whom they came? Well, I should assume that a vow as distinct from a whim could not have been arrived at merely in consequence of this war. Evidence of its existence before August, 1914, should therefore be forthcoming. I should lay the onus upon the applicant of proving by the testimony of friends or other means that before his mind could have been affected by this war his vow to object was made—public.

The German Case Against Germany.

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It is often rashly assumed that Germans who have left Germany are not only Germans, but pro-Germans. Now it would be much safer to assume that if they were pro-Germans they would have stayed in their fatherland. It is only the Irishman whose enthusiasm for his birth-place increases as the square of his distance from it. Germany is a very accessible country; and there is nothing to prevent a man who likes it, and can speak the language, from settling in it. If, under these circumstances, he chooses to remain in, for example, America, it is reasonable to conclude that he prefers American institutions, and will take the Republican side against the Imperial side when the two come into conflict.

But as war has the effect of throwing men back into their primitive phases, the reasoner who in peace may prefer the President to the Kaiser may in war time find himself exulting in a victorious charge of the Prussian Guard upon the Republican troops of France. Even as a reasoner he may think the Prussian system, though irksome to him personally, a capital thing for other people. Or he may think that, bad as it is, it is better than the Russian system. Or he may think that, good or bad, it is going to win. Or he may think that the English do not deserve to win, because they are Philistines and jobbers and muddlers, whilst the Germans stand for art and ideas and order. Or he may think that practically good local government is more important than theoretically good central government, and may therefore support the Germans on the ground that their local government is superior to anything of the kind in England or the United States. Or he may be exasperated by British command of the sea, with its glorious unconsciousness that any right-minded neutral shipowner or skipper could possibly object to be held up and mulcted in harbour dues, and then refused coal to take him home when he is going peacefully about his legitimate affairs, even when his cargo is not seized as contraband. There are, in short, dozens of considerations which may induce a German immigrant to overcome his dislike of Germany and become a pro-German.

I therefore venture to state the case against Germany as it might appeal to a German escaped from Germany, and even to a German still in the bondage of the Prussian system. I am fortunate enough to be able to do so without having to disclaim the electioneering and recruiting case put forward by the British Government, having made the Kaiser a handsome present of it before the war was four months old. I was very violently abused for doing so; but those who abused me have since gone to such frantic lengths in denouncing our conduct of the war that my criticisms and candours now read more like an apology for the British Cabinet and the British General Staff than an attack on them.

We hear no more about the sacredness of treaties, save from our incorrigible Foreign Secretary, who is still "as in 1914"; the cathedral of Rheims is not spoken of since we came within an ace of bombarding the Acropolis to force Greece to relax her neutrality; we made it as clear that we would, if necessary, batter our way into Salonika, as the Germans did that they would batter their way to Antwerp; we were glad that the Greeks had learned the lesson of German frightfulness too well to dare more than a formal protest; we

have reviled American neutrality and Bulgarian intervention in one breath; we have republished with loud boastings and "I told you so's" our own propaganda of war against Germany after abusing me for saying that as far as shaking the mailed fist went it was a case of six of one and half a dozen of the other; we have superseded the commanding officers who were the Cæsars and Napoleons of the beginning of the war, and broken up the Government which we were all to support as a united nation until the hour of victory; we have declared and proved that we were prepared to the last rope in the navy and the last button on the tunics of our promised expeditionary force for the fight which we swore had taken us utterly by surprise in a pastoral dream of peace: in short, there is not a rag left of the official case whose collapse I foresaw, and whose exposure I anticipated, whilst the real case against Germany stands exactly as I stated it, and is now the only case that anyone dares to plead on the side of the Allies.

It seems, then, that our striking of moral attitudes was a mistake, and that in unceremoniously upsetting the attitudinisers I was performing a public service, easy enough to anyone with some foresight, some self-possession, some student's knowledge of war, and some understanding of human nature. I neither expected nor received any gratitude from those I upset; but the outcry of pro-German raised against me at least enables me to address myself to the Germans without being suspected of classing them as genetically inferior to the English, the French, the Italians, and the Bulgarians.

Like all who have seen Germany with their own eyes, who are deeply interested in science and art, and who are constitutionally impatient of anarchy, muddle, and disorder, I rate German civilisation far above British civilisation at many points; and I quite understand why many Englishmen who know Germany, and whose social opinions are *echt* Junker opinions, hail this war as a means of forcing England to adopt the Prussian system, which they worship as no German, with his practical experience of it, can worship it. Such enthusiasms are not expressed in the newspapers, and do not prevent those who hold them from taking the most energetic part in the war; but they are quite freely expressed in private discussions of political ideals. Their exponents are under no illusion as to this being a war of Virtue against Villainy: they know it to be a case of diamond cut diamond; and their only fear is that the Prussian diamond may prove the harder. And I do not know a single person, and indeed doubt whether there exists west of the Carpathians a single native person who believes that the overthrow of German civilisation by Russian or Turkish or Serbian civilisation would be a step forward in social evolution.

What, then, is the case against Germany?

It is, briefly, that all its organisation, all its education, all its respect for ideas, all its carefully nourished culture, have somehow failed to secure for it either a government fit to be trusted with the tremendous mechanical power its organisation has produced, or even a military and naval staff either representative of high German civilisation or capable of effectively controlling its own officers.

What is the explanation of this and of other similar German paradoxes? I have admitted that German local government is very superior to English local government. Its organisation, its foresight, its public spirit, all due to its skilful combination of educated well-to-do municipal statesmanship with the primitive criticism of the poorer common vestryman, who knows where the shoe pinches, put us to shame. BUT the infant mortality of Germany is higher than that of England. That is the damning answer to the claims of the German professors for the superiority of German kultur. The famous Empress Augusta's House for children in Berlin is a wonder; but the children would be far safer in a Connaught cabin. And it is so in other departments. The German system of training and selecting men seems far more thorough than ours; yet the men who secure the commanding posts are not those born to command.

The truth is that a corrupt Government in control of

a highly organised system is much more dangerous than a corrupt Government muddling along with hardly any system. Now the German Government is frankly and hopelessly corrupt because it puts the power and reputation of a family, and of the class of which that family is the head, before every other consideration. It desires the good of the people provided that the good be wrought by the Hohenzollerns, and includes maintenance of the Hohenzollerns on the throne as the supreme good. It desires the efficiency of the army provided the army be officered by the Junker class, and be primarily efficient as a servile retinue for that class. It provides the best organised and equipped, the cheapest, and the most numerous universities in the world; but it orders a professor of history, on pain of dismissal, to write a treatise proving that it was the Kaiser's grandfather and not Bismarck who achieved the unity of Germany and outwitted and defeated Denmark, Austria, and France. The students are not instructed: they are infatuated.

If the University of Berlin appoints as *privat-docent* the ablest mathematician available, and the Kaiser drives him out because he is also a Social-Democrat, which means no more in Germany than that he holds opinions which are a matter of course to every American, not only the mathematical school of Berlin University, but every other school in it, will become second rate, owing to the impossibility of finding eminence in the liberal arts combined in the same person with idolatry of crowns and uniforms. If promotion is denied in the army to the officer who at the annual manœuvres either actually defeats the forces of the Kaiser or Crown Prince, or expresses his professional opinion that their tactics would in real warfare have involved the annihilation of an army corps, then there will be no Napoleons nor Lees in high command when real war breaks out. If officers are not only allowed to strike their men, but, when a terrified young soldier attempts to escape by flight on discovering that he has accidentally omitted a salute, may actually murder him on the spot without any heavier penalty than a few months' quite agreeable confinement in a fortress, with the prospect of receiving complimentary messages and a shortening of the sentence from the Kaiser, it is impossible that even the company officers should not be demoralised. If murderous duelling (not of the harmless French sort) is forced on officers and on men of their rank by the court, through a social boycott in which the women of the family are compelled to take part either as the victims or the executioners, no routine of schooling or endowment of art can possibly produce a real modern culture comparable to that of England or America.

Now, to the American, to the Britisher, to the Irishman, to the French Republican, all this is not merely barbarism: it is paranoiac insanity. It has developed, not from the needs of human society, but because at a certain stage of social integration the institution of standing armies gave monarchs the power to play at soldiers with living men instead of leaden figures, and unluckily a craze for such play was a symptom of the mental unsoundness of Peter the Great and Frederick the Great's father. This craze is the comparatively presentable end of a neurosis which cannot even be mentioned at the unrepresentable end. When you reach the point at which an omission to salute an officer is treated as an offence which all but justifies murder, whilst at the same time practices which in republican and democratic countries are regarded as too repulsive to discuss are officially tolerated and even encouraged, your culture has evidently taken a wrong turning, and must be headed back into the main human road with such violence as may be necessary.

Now let us not pretend that all these perversities are any more acceptable to a normal German than to a normal Englishman or American. Let us not deny that they are as rampant in England and France as the more democratic constitutions and consciences of those countries allow them to be. But that is just the difference. Both England and France, like the United

States, have paid the price of a revolution to get rid of the *Roi Soleil* system, or at least to bring the artificial sun god so completely under parliamentary control that English Mr. Asquith is unable to conceive how impotent the Reichstag is, and in the House of Commons speaks of Herr Bethmann-Hollweg addressing "his fellow deputies" as if the German Chancellor were an elected person. The Germans offered this price in 1848, but did not carry the transaction through; and the constitutional position of the Kaiser is accordingly nearer to that of Louis XIV and Charles I, or even Richard III, than of George V or President Poincaré.

Why do the Germans stand it? Certainly not out of love for Prussia and the Hohenzollerns: Prussia and its royal family are no more sentimentally popular in the other kingdoms of the German Empire than Dublin Castle is in the County Cork. Yet German unity is unassailable: the English publicists who think that the cohesion of the German kingdoms is as feeble as it was when Thackeray ridiculed the Court of Pumpernickel, and that the revived Holy Roman Empire will fall to pieces at the dictation of the Allies, are mistaken. The German support of Prussia is a recent support based on the practical experience of the individual German that under Prussian leadership the Germans, once the butts of Europe, have become the most feared and respected people in the world; that German commerce has made strides that have left even England gasping; and that wherever the German goes he finds employment more easily than the native, because it is assumed that he is a more competent man. Above all, he believes in Prussian military efficiency as the centre and model of all the rest; so that not even the German Social-Democrats have ever opposed compulsory military service, though every year in the Reichstag they have had to expose a sickening list of abuses of military discipline.

Yet I submit to the Germans that this war has proved that the Prussian system and the Hohenzollern idolatry do not make for either military efficiency or the diplomatic efficiency without which the control of a big military machine is as dangerous as a loaded pistol in the hands of a child or a fool. Let me illustrate my position by a few examples.

Take the case of the idiot who sank the *Lusitania*. His exploit would have paid the Allies very handsomely if they had bribed him with a million to do what he did gratuitously out of sheer folly. Indeed, had the Germans disclaimed the deed and maintained that the torpedo was a British one, launched by Mr. Churchill's order for the sake of prejudicing the cause of Germany with the United States, it would have been hard to discredit so plausible a story. But it is the weakness of class despotism that its credit and its strategy are at the mercy of the most foolish of its recognised members and agents, because it must never admit that it is fallible at any point. Whatever avalanche of obfuscation the Imperial Chancellor may have hurled down on the responsible offender in private, to have disowned him in public, or even withheld from the submarine captain the rewards of conspicuous service, would have implied that a Prussian official can be a blunderer of the first stupidity. Now it is no use for the Hohenzollern to be infallible if he cannot convey his infallibility to all his delegates. Once admit that a Prussian officer can err, and he drops at once to the prosaic level of General Joffre, the son of a cooper, and General Robertson, promoted from the ranks. The bigger his blunder, the more necessary to proclaim it a masterpiece. And as the silliest Junker officer has brains enough to discover that no matter what he does he will be backed up, provided it is too sensational to be concealed, he does sensational things which, even if successful, would gain from General Joffre the order of the boot.

Take again the monstrous diplomatic blunder which has put Germany so hopelessly in the wrong and hemmed her in with formidable enemies on every side. In 1870, when the European atmosphere was still overwhelmingly Liberal, and Barbarossa and Frederick the Great and the Holy Roman Empire were romantic

dreams of the past even to the King of Prussia, Bismarck not only conquered France, but contrived to do it in so correct a fashion that it was quite impossible for England or any other Power to come to the rescue of France without gross indecency. People say now that we should have thrown in our lot with France in 1870; but how could we? France had wantonly broken the peace of Europe by suddenly raising the frantic cry of "*a Berlin*," and attacking her neighbour without a pretence of having any ends to serve but those of the Bonaparte dynasty. Germany was victorious and had the sympathy of the world as well; and Bismarck said that the German Lieutenant was the wonder of the world. It was on the strength of that victory and sympathy that the present Kaiser, having got rid of Bismarck, substituted for his shrewd realism the idolatrous romance of Hohenzollernism, with the result that the wonderful German Lieutenant began to figure at Zabern and Wittenberg and elsewhere as a very common sort of blackguard; and in spite of the warnings of Bernhardt, the Kaiser landed the Central Empires in a ruinous war by repeating, not the success of Bismarck, but the blunder of Napoleon.

He could, as events have since proved, have beaten Russia in a square fight with her if he had waited for her attack. Had France then struck him in the back—an outrage to which it would have been hard to reconcile French public opinion—at least England, America, and Italy must have remained neutral and sympathetic. At worst he would have had to fight two first-rate Powers; yet he not only contrived to bring four into the field against him, but played his hand with America, which contained some trumps which I must not point out to him, in an insane fashion which not only makes it impossible for the United States to take his part, but might have led to their joining the Allies in spite of the ingrained British junkerism of Sir Edward Grey (who should long ago have offered President Wilson guarantees against the danger that is most likely to make America hesitate), but for the reaction which has followed the shooting of the republican prisoners in Dublin.

Now, all this blundering is not military efficiency, but quite the opposite. The Prussian Junkers, like all stupid Junkers who are not rich, are very industrious, very exact, and very determined to do their best; so when they come in conflict with British Junker stupidity, which, being much too rich, has neither industry nor method, they shine as organisers. But what is the use of that without republican common sense behind it. It was perfectly correct to shoot Miss Cavell: she had committed what is by military law a capital offence, and a flagrant instance of it at that; and she seems to have had her case carefully tried and her complicity proved. But would any commandant with the brains of a rabbit have outraged neutral popular sentiment by having her shot, instead of locking her up until the end of the war, after passing a formal sentence of imprisonment for life? Even General Maxwell had more sense than to shoot the Countess Markievicz. Take the whole case of Belgium. Every one who knows anything of war admits that when a country is invaded, and an army finds itself amid a people to whom the killing of an invader is not only no crime but an act of patriotism, nothing but a reign of terror can protect that army. It has always been so: Roberts in Afghanistan and South Africa was no more able to avoid it than the conquerors of Louvain. But would any commanders responsible to democracy, or any General Staff not so intoxicated with idolatry as to imagine that Western public opinion could be imposed on by the rhodomontade of Timour the Tartar, have advertised this horrible necessity as the Prussian officers did? Were the pompous noodles whose proclamations that men who refused to touch their hats to German subalterns must be treated as mad dogs are treated in any sense efficient? Really efficient officers might have burned Brussels and Antwerp to the ground and killed every soul in them with less obloquy than these Junker offi-

cers incurred for Germany by burning a few streets in Louvain.

There are places of which not one stone has been left on another by our guns; but nobody has been made indignant about it. I raise no question of humanity: war suspends humanity except as a political element that must be considered when the belligerents are surrounded by a precarious neutrality that may at any moment become an active hostility. But efficiency, which is the supreme military consideration, includes a very vigilant and direct regard for that political element, and a careful study of the narrow limits within which reprisals do less harm than good. And it seems to me a mere flying in the face of notorious facts to maintain that Hohenzollernism has produced this vital kind of efficiency in a greater degree than the French Republican system. Prussian efficiency is the efficiency of organised mechanical destructiveness, of big battalions and recklessness of their lives, of high explosives and recklessness of their effects, of blind duty and unreasoning idolatry of King and country, and of the industry that leaves men too tired to think and too confident of having earned gratitude to notice that they may not have deserved it. But there is no lack of this sort of efficiency in the French Army; and there will be no lack of it in the American Army when America has an army. In fact you will have more of it than the Prussians have; for the more democratic your army is the more ruthlessly are officers "turned down" for inefficiency. If the Crown Prince were simply a French or American citizen soldier, he would have incentives to efficiency that do not exist for him at present. The guns that smashed Liège were good guns; but they were late; and the delay probably lost the war for Germany.

I must not labour the point further. I submit that there is no case for the alleged superlative military efficiency of the Prussian system, and a very strong one against it. I submit that it is necessarily an anti-German system because it is an anti-human system. I submit that whilst the pretensions of German culture and civilisation are respectable and to a great extent sound, the pretensions of the Hohenzollern family and of the Junker caste are humbug, and that by putting the humbug before the civilisation the civilisation has been imperilled and must finally become itself a humbug. I am perfectly aware that monarchical principles are more completely realised by the Government of Germany than republican principles are by the Governments of France and America, and that the Kaiser might with some justification ask me whether I believe that there is really more humbug about his divine right than about political liberty, equality, and fraternity, as they are now practised. I can reply only that it is possible to make France, America, and even England, into real republics, but that it is eternally impossible to make every male Hohenzollern in the direct line a god, or even to guarantee that he would be capable of rising above the rank of a private or managing a wheel stall successfully if he were plain Pitou or Jack or Jonathan.

When the republics of the earth rise up and their Presidents take counsel together the Kings will have to go: that much would be plain even if the question were only one of common humanity; for I know nothing, short of Chinese monster-making, so cruel as bringing up a child to be a King. And I conclude that, as the German emigrants must agree with me or they would not have emigrated, they are, by just so much as they are cleverer than a mere benighted American or Britisher, more eager than we are to see the downfall of what we loosely call Prussian militarism, though it is really only a lazy, romantic, and rather sheepish idolatry of a not very strong-headed family who would never dream of being better than their neighbours if they had not been perversely brought up to that sort of somnambulism among a people naturally the least military in Europe.

Where Ignorance Is Bliss

III.

THE absence of competence at the top which has yielded such bitter fruit during the War is equally fruitful in the less sensational days of peace. If it attracts less notice, it is because its effects are not so immediately felt. And here, again, the main responsibility lies not with the servants, but with the master. John Bull has not yet forgotten the epoch when government was a euphemism for tyranny; and the limitation of its activity the ideal of liberty. Times have changed, and the power has passed from the rulers to the ruled; but the obsolete feeling of distrust still lingers in the obscure corners of his consciousness, with the result that, while he pays a lot of men for governing him, he would rather resent any too ostentatious attempt on their part to earn their salaries. Although he might be shocked if one was to tell him so in as many words, the truth is that John Bull would vastly prefer a government that did not govern at all. But as that is obviously impossible, he puts up with the next best thing: a government that governs as little as possible.

As was to be expected, the servants are only too delighted to humour their whimsical employer. The business of government in England resolves itself mostly into a placid acquiescence in things as they are. Only when the old building is on the point of becoming totally uninhabitable, the political plumbers and decorators set to work to patch up the pipes and to paper over the cracks. Nobody ever dreams of such a thing as a thorough reform in any direction. Everybody is content with this superficial, happy-go-lucky, hand-to-mouth, from-day-to-day sort of existence. It is a simple existence. It requires no forethought, it entails no disturbance of the familiar routine, and, if it proves in the long run wasteful, it has the compensation of providing John Bull with a perennial excuse for grumbling.

And so it comes about that the curiosity in legislation which is called, appropriately enough, a Bill, is a masterpiece of empiric tinkering. The amateur author of the measure starts with no clear notion of where he wants to get. In his anxiety to please the greatest possible number of electors, he introduces into it the greatest possible number of self-contradictions. In his no less lively anxiety to conciliate the greatest possible number of critics, he admits the greatest possible number of amendments. By the time the misbegotten bantling has passed through the ordeal of the parliamentary font, it has lost every pretension it may ever have had to a living organism: it is an inert amorphous mass of heterogeneous and mutually destructive elements. Some little while ago an East-End woman got into difficulties with the authorities over the treatment of her boy. Compulsion was attempted, she resisted, and the matter came before the Magistrate. His Honour, after going carefully through the Act, discovered, to his own and everyone else's astonishment, that it made no provision for such a contingency. The Act had been in force for over forty years.

Sometimes the Act may be more or less complete, more or less consistent with itself. Then the sole question is whether it will achieve the object for which it was framed, or the exact opposite. The author of the Act, having but the vaguest second-hand acquaintance with the facts, hopes for the best. His critics fear

the worst. Both agree to wait and see. Then comes the only arbiter available in the circumstances: Time. How else could an amateur doctor tell whether the results of the medicine he has administered to the patient will be such as he promised? How else could he tell that what is medicine to him may not be poison to the patient?

I will give one concrete case to illustrate my point. On January 1, 1902, came into force the Licensing Act, some clauses of which dealt with habitual inebriates, and, owing to ignorance of the facts, it classed under that name the sort of women for which medical science provides quite another designation. But that was not the worst. The Act also dealt with a class of really drunken women, but in a manner more drastic than intelligent. It empowered magistrates to grant to husbands separation orders on account of their wives' bibulosity. Husbands hastened to get rid of antiquated partners by the score. The miserable creatures were pitched out into the streets—though physically weak and ill, though mothers of young children, though decent in other ways, they were not allowed one chance of reformation, they were not for one moment thought worthy of treatment equal to that given to the demented and the abandoned. There was one man in London who could, and did, tell the Home Office quacks what the consequences of their prescription would be—Mr. Thomas Holmes, who had lived for twenty years in the London underworld, gathering sad, first-hand, invaluable experience. When the Bill was before Parliament, he spent some weeks in the endeavour to prevent some of its worst features from passing into Law. He agitated in the Press, he circularised the Members of both Houses, pointing out the enormity and the absurdity of putting women on the streets. He pleaded, he begged, with heart, voice, and pen, for just one chance to be given the wretches in the inebriate reformatories established at the public cost. His efforts were vain. The plumbers, as their custom is, in attempting to stop one hole, had opened a hundred.

It is quite just and logical that, since he does not demand competence from his servants, John Bull should not punish incompetence. In Russia, during the present war, several Ministers and Generals have been brought to book for their blunders. In England, only some subordinate officers, such as those who had charge of the Suvla Bay fiasco, were relieved of their commands quietly, but even they were tenderly spared a public humiliation. "The country," shrieked some excited newspapers, "has a right to demand a ruthless scrapping of the incompetence at the top." But John Bull, it has been said, is logical and just. Besides, if he began to probe incompetence at the top, is there any likelihood of his ever getting to the bottom? He very much doubts it. English administrative incompetence is a bottomless pit. The very immensity of its volume secures its immunity. Like the Atlantic Ocean, it is beyond the reach of human vengeance—no matter how many victims it may engulf in its lethal depths.

Hence comes that noble alacrity of English statesmen to confess, without reservation or shame, the sins they cannot conceal, or even voluntarily to bear weaker brethren's burdens: "If anybody is responsible for the initiation of this enterprise in the Dardanelles, nobody is more responsible than I!" magnanimously avowed the Prime Amateur in the House of Commons; and John Bull, not to be outdone in chivalry, gave him not only plenary absolution but also an ovation.

The fashion of impeachments has died out of England together with the ideas of Ministerial utility and responsibility which had begotten it. Nowadays, English Ministers, no matter what they do or leave undone, risk neither their heads nor even their financial emoluments, but only their reputations—a loss which they can well afford to incur. Of course, there are exceptions to every rule. I will cite from Sir Henry Lucy what he calls "an extreme case." In the Session of

1876 Sir Charles Adderley, as President of the Board of Trade, had charge of the Merchant Shipping Bill. Rarely had such a muddle been seen since Parliament began. After that, poor Sir Charles Adderley was obviously impossible. Still, the Premier scrupulously refrained from any overt act of suspension. Two other Ministers were told off to sit, one on either side of him, through the long night when the Bill was in Committee. With their aid, the Bill, wholly transformed, passed through the House, and as soon as possible, having due regard to decency, Sir Charles Adderley was made a Peer.

Whether the punishment was adequate to the offence, I cannot say; but, at all events, it was not inappropriate—an empty coronet for an empty head.

It must not be supposed that, while pleading for the expert, I am blind to his defects. But in this world—and, indeed, probably in any other—we cannot have everything. Life is a choice between disadvantages; and he is the best off who strikes the shrewdest balance. If an empty bag won't stand up, a full one won't bend. Professional rigidity is not a myth. Every specialist becomes in time a convert to the doctrine of precedents. He is prone to think that whatever has been repeatedly done in the past in a certain way must be done always in the same way in the future. But, surely, is it excess of revolutionism or of conservatism that the Government of this country suffers from? Our amateurs are as rigid as any hidebound bureaucrats ever were, and without the same excuse. Are not most of our politicians lawyers? And is there any species of animal more passionately fond of precedent? Napoleon said: "If you want to pass a wise law, you will always have to count on the opposition of the lawyers." And, mind you, Napoleon spoke of French lawyers.

Nor am I insensible to the amateur's merits. An amateur, thanks to his very ignorance, will often rush in where the expert fears to tread; but the advantages of such headlong, blind rushes are open to question. The way to the Bankruptcy Court is paved with the tombstones of intrepid speculators. Yes, an amateur may conceive a bold idea—there is no reason why he should not, seeing that the only requisite for such conception is imagination; and imagination loves to make its boldest flights in the emptiest spaces. But through want of knowledge, he will as often as not fail in the execution of his bold idea. Napoleon again said: "For high command intelligence is more necessary than courage. Little can be done with men who have not received a good education. They may be quick and capable of clever intuitions, but they analyse nothing, and when face to face with novel conditions they go from blunder to blunder." Napoleon might have written this as a comment on our Gallipoli adventure: an enterprise described by the adventurer himself, with unblushing terminological exactitude, as a "gamble." The German critics have admitted that "the idea was good; the execution of it wretched." Not for the first time has a similar panegyric been pronounced at the obsequies of English action.

There are at this hour thousands of Englishmen who, disgusted by the Government's mismanagement of the war, scream: "A must go! B must go! C must go!" I cordially sympathise with the sentiment which prompts the cry; but I feel unable to join in it. I hate waste, even if it is only waste of wind. Suppose A, B, and C went, what would be the good of it? Their places would be promptly taken by D, E, and F—persons who, like their predecessors, would be selected not for their competence as administrators, but simply because of their prominence as politicians.

If you wish to be convinced of the utter futility of changing persons and not principles, glance at the past. During our war with the United Provinces under Charles II the country, exasperated by the expenditure which it unnecessarily entailed, and by the many avoidable disasters which marked its progress, cursed the bunglers who had so grossly abused the confidence

reposed in them. Great multitudes of people, as Macaulay tells us, assembled in the streets of London, crying out that England was bought and sold. The houses and carriages of the Ministers were attacked by the populace; and it seemed likely that the Government would have to deal at once with an invasion and with an insurrection. A hundred years later, during the unfortunate American War under George III, the public once more screamed loudly against His Majesty's Ministers, to whose ignorance and incapacity every failure was charged. After a hard and prolonged struggle to hang on to office, Lord North, either worn out by fatigue or dispirited by the decreasing number of his followers, came down to the House and announced that His Majesty had decided to change his Ministers. Who was the better for it? Again, during the Napoleonic War Addington's Ministry, and during the Crimean War Aberdeen's, were similarly told to go; and they went—to make room for men like themselves. And so it goes on. While the cult of the Fresh Mind endures, an amateur will an amateur succeed in England as inevitably as an Amurath an Amurath succeeded in Old Turkey.

To sum up, it is not dearth of good ideas and clever intuitions that we are afflicted with. It is trained intelligence: a clear perception and a correct appreciation of an extensive range of relevant facts, on one word, KNOWLEDGE—that is what John Bull's "men at the top" need sorely, more sorely than any administrators, save the Turkish, have ever needed since Government was invented. And how can these qualifications be expected from a layman? His very designation is a negation of such qualities. If you open your dictionary, you will find that our word "idiot" is derived from the Greek *idiotes*: "one who has no professional knowledge whether of politics or any other subject; as we say, a layman."

It wanted the costly and tardy experience of war to teach us that the persons who are responsible for the leading of soldiers to battle must be masters of their craft. In an address given the other day to young English officers serving in France, these gentlemen were told: "To bear your responsibilities successfully, you must acquire, first KNOWLEDGE. You must know what to do, and how to do it, in order to lead your men with success and honour, and protect them from destruction or loss, which will be suffered if you are ignorant of your work and of your profession. . . . Remember two things: (1) Knowledge is not a Heaven-sent gift; it is the outcome of study, hard work and thought. (2) It is an absolute necessity to you as an officer. It is the foundation of your own character, for without it you cannot gain self-confidence. You must know your job. If you do not, you can have no confidence in yourself, and the men can, and will, have no confidence in you either. Knowledge is, therefore, the first great essential for your capacity to command your men."

If that is the first great essential to a leader of soldiers in war, so it is to a leader of citizens in peace. How can they govern successfully who have not learnt the alphabet of government? What, then, shall we say of a nation which has elevated persons devoid of this indispensable attribute to such a level of authority?

The truth of the matter is that John Bull has never brought his common sense to bear on the question at all. He has allowed himself to be duped and exploited in his public business in a manner that he would never have tolerated in his private affairs. If he conducted the latter on the principle on which he conducts the former, it is absolutely certain that he would never make a living. No ship manned as the English ship of State would ever arrive in port. That this ship has so long kept afloat under such management must be considered as one of those divine miscarriages of justice which some people ascribe to the direct intervention of their patron saints. But there are limits even to saintly patience.

VERAX.

A Modern Document.

Edited by Herbert Lawrence.

II.—From *Acton Reed*.

DEAR MR. LAWRENCE,—Your interest is very flattering, and since I neither desired nor sought it, nor intended in any way to practise upon your feelings, it seems that my letter must have won your attention fairly—on its chance merits, I mean, rather than by design of the writer. You are very wise: doubtless it would be good for me to write about myself, and if, at the same time, I could please you, why, then, two excellent purposes would be served. Indeed, so acceptable is your proposal, that only the fear of failing to explain myself should I try has kept my pen idle this last hour. However, since whether I shall find it possible to interpret myself, and thus whether you will find what I write intelligible are matters which the effort alone will reveal, I have decided to make it—Are you ready? Well, to begin with, you ask if I came early or late to this conclusion about myself—the conclusion that I was neither man nor woman—and my reply, which is early, demands some account, I suppose, of ways and thoughts and prejudices peculiar, I believe, to me as a child, many of which I remember so clearly as to leave no doubt as to the truth of them. From all reports I was an exceptional baby. I have been told that during the first two or three years of my life I scarcely cried, but would lie for hours with eyes wide open without making a sound. A strange contrast to this picture, however, is the earliest recollection I have of myself which is of a child in a state of constant tears, the cause of which I can only define as an indefinable trouble. Governesses, I remember, found it impossible to comfort me, for since there was no apparent disease there was naturally no apparent remedy. In spite of toys and games and comforts that would have made life a joy for the average child I must have been miserable. Writing of toys, by the way, reminds me of my horror of dolls. I am not exaggerating, for my aversion to them cannot truthfully be let off as mere dislike. I never myself remember touching a doll, and I am told that I was never seen by anybody else to touch one; the sight of my sisters playing with dolls always caused me the greatest wonder, and again and again made me ask myself—why can't I play with them? (Not why *don't* I, you will observe.) Another of my childhood's prejudices was laid against children's parties. I dreaded them. I was never at ease with children of my own age; not that I disliked them; indeed, now I come to think of it, I neither disliked nor liked them; what I felt was that I had no relation to them: I felt isolated in their company, for which I blamed myself rather than them, for they were prepared to be friendly, and treated me in a manner that must have won some response from me had I had any to give. Alas that it was not in my power to pay them in kind! As it was, I only joined in a game because not to do so would have drawn more attention to me than doing so, and even then I played in continual fear lest one of my companions should mark me out for ridicule. Just look at her—in imagination I constructed a whole chorus shouting and pointing at me—doesn't she play funnily? Not a bit like us! And when the game finished without my fears being realised I felt as thankful but exhausted as the criminal who has run for his life and escaped by a hair's breadth. From this single idiosyncrasy—my

uneasiness in the company of other children—you will understand that I could not be and was not happy at school where of all places a child's peculiarities are most out of place, where the capacity for reciprocal friendship and the enjoyment of common pleasures are necessary, and where an ability, or, at any rate, any manifest inclination to stand alone, is viewed askance. Just, then, as the sight of my sisters playing with dolls had been the cause of much wonder to me in my nursery days, so now I found my school-fellows doing things I simply could not do, and which, therefore, I remarked with interest but to my own disparagement. I found "juniors," for example, copying the fashion of blouse worn by an adored prefect; adopting an entirely unsuitable style of plait-and-ribbon to match the coiffure of a hockey captain, and, all the girls alike, conceiving shy affections for certain mistresses, bringing them flowers in term-time, and sending them Christmas cards and writing letters to them while on holiday. When, during boatrace week, the school became divided against itself on the question of Oxford or Cambridge, I suppose I was the only Laodicean among six or seven hundred partisans. Since I had no brother at either university, and some of my relations had been to one place and others to the other, I could not see, I said, why I should have any particular interest in the fortunes of either. But it is only a question of making up your mind, I was adjured on all sides. It was just this, however, that I could not do. I could not make up my mind on a question in which my mind had no particle of interest, and for me the matter was only settled by recourse to a penny. This story of myself (and I am sure if I paused to think I could recall others like it) may dispose you to conclude that I was indecisive in opinion, did not know my own mind and could not make it up. But if you have come to that conclusion I think you will be wrong, and I myself to blame for the misrepresentation of my case. To make up my mind that I had no interest in either of the alternatives put by my schoolfellows does not, I think, imply that I could not make up my mind, but rather that I recognised a third course which they did not perceive and decided for that. At worst it appears to me like decisive indecision—if there can be such a thing. I decided not to decide. The Greeks, I believe, allowed that an act could not always be defined as complete or incomplete (continuing or completed), but that it might be an act without any such definition—and that they called the undefined or *aorist*. Isn't that so? But perhaps this example is not sufficiently significant to take this aspect of my character into court. It was certainly not intended to serve as an illustration of either my decision or my lack of it, but simply as another instance of the many ways in which I differed from my schoolfellows. Plague that I am! My peculiarities would fill Pandora's box! Here is another. To have disliked wearing pretty clothes! But when I ask you not to deduce therefrom that I preferred ugly clothes to pretty ones you may very naturally charge me with first stating a fact and asking you to believe it, and then contradicting it, and asking you to believe that. What, however, I intend you to infer is that while I liked to see other girls in pretty frocks because pretty frocks and other girls suited one another, I rejected them for myself as unsuitable. And indeed they were—or would have been had I worn them. My taste still says so. But acquit me, I pray you, of any desire to imitate masculine fashions. For, far from pleasing me, the knowledge that pretty clothes did not suit me disturbed me painfully. I wished it had not been so. Why didn't they suit me? Why was the idea of the pretty inharmonious and incongruous with me? But the fact that a severely simple style of dress which

would have been so unsuited to my sisters as to attract attention to them was so entirely suited to me that no one even remarked that it was remarkable, proved me right in my unspoken contention that wearing pretty clothes would, only by their very unsuitableness to me, have drawn notice to yet another way in which I differed from the average girl. Why did I differ, I kept asking myself. Why am I different? Why have I not the instinct to feel as other girls feel about things, to behave as they behave with mistresses and each other? I quite expected of course to be not only unpopular but disliked, and that, as I am told, I was neither is a tribute to my schoolfellows, who, having nicknamed me *The Missing Link*, treated me, I must say, with the distinguished consideration due to one! Perhaps, however, I should tell you, since you certainly will have no reason to think otherwise unless I do, that while I was reserved and moody, I think I was by no means a sulky or bad-tempered child. It is true I never suggested joining in a game or in any school function, but I never, on the other hand, refused an invitation to do so. Though I neither initiated friendships nor yet sought to keep them, I think I never rebuffed the little gracious indications of them on the part of others. Indeed my sole desire was to be like my schoolfellows, a desire which, however, I felt I should never realise unless by a miracle I should change my ego. My efforts to be like them, and my despair at finding that my efforts were vain, kept me in a state of constant self-criticism, the effect of which was that I could never give more than half my attention either to work or to play. This pre-occupied state of mind resulted, as you may imagine, in some incidents which raised a laugh in the form—and myself in the esteem of my schoolfellows. They gave me the credit of wit and fearlessness for remarks and answers which were, in truth, the product of absence rather than of presence of mind. But though my distress at finding myself radically unlike other girls was never, I do believe, out of my mind one minute in the whole day and often in the whole night as well, I do not want you to think that I was never cheerful. On the contrary I was very often so, and nearly always so when I was riding. I loved horses. I remember Mother used to tell me she thought I liked being in the stables better than being with her, and I have to confess that whereas in talking to her I certainly did feel the lack of any common understanding or subject of interest, in talking to the stablemen I found both. Not that I talked much to them, for I had no liking for them personally, but our common interest made talking unnecessary. We understood each other without saying much, and such a relief it was to find that I shared at any rate one interest with others, that I see no cause to wonder at the comparative content I experienced in such company. But I would not have you conclude therefrom that this was the only company I enjoyed. Since, unhappily, I had none of my sisters' interests—which, so far as I recollect, were chiefly clothes and needlework and amusements—the happiest alternative was to assume that mine must be those of my brothers. My brothers indeed accepted me very graciously as one of themselves, and I enjoyed a number of their pleasures—that is to say I liked sailing a water-logged and un-navigable boat, I liked hunting and shooting and ratting, I liked driving an unwilling tandem, I liked playing cricket with them, and there was certainly a thrill of adventure and romance in smoking on the roof and in playing nap in the summer-house, all which things I found agreeable in that they took my thoughts from myself. But my delight in them was never, or rarely, whole-hearted like that of my brothers. I liked hunting, but I hated hunting anything: I liked shooting, but I hated shooting anything: I liked playing games but I hated winning them. You will see, then, with my humours and fancies and inabilities and differences, what an unsatisfactory companion I made either for boys or for girls. I never felt really at ease with either, and, worse still, neither, I was sure, ever felt

so completely at ease with me as they felt with anyone but me. The feeling of being at ease, you see, by no means depends upon or implies a feeling of liking: that is the strange quality of it. You may like someone and not feel at ease with him, or you may feel at ease with someone you do not like. But who, who could feel at ease with a query-mark? It was the feeling of not being "at ease" which no doubt accounted for the pleasure I took in a punishment dreaded, I believe, by most children—solitary confinement. I loved being sent up to sit alone in my room. But then, since being with other children only reminded me how different I was from them, I suppose it was only natural that I should have liked being alone. For I had tried putting my faith in my elders no less than in people of my own age. Indeed while I was quite a youngster I remember cheating myself with the hope (even then I didn't believe it, you see) that when I was older and able to go about amongst men and women and to listen to the wonderful things they no doubt said to each other I should be happy. How I was always to be disappointed, as I felt I should be, is only another story of my despair of myself and would be out of place here. As a matter of fact disillusion came very early from friends of my parents. They would ask that I might be allowed to go to tea or on the river with them: no other children, in fact no one else at all, should be asked, they promised me; and off I would go, hoping against hope for miracles of wisdom to be displayed in a tête-à-tête with a real man or grown-up woman. I wish I could recall what I talked to them about on those occasions, for telling myself that at last I was with someone who would understand me, I remember I talked a good deal. But while I clearly recollect the feeling that the replies were not at all what I had hoped for, I unfortunately cannot be sure of the kind of questions they were intended to answer. I am certainly disposed to believe, however, that the questions I asked then were the questions I shall ask again if ever I meet the man or woman with whom I can walk by sight as in those days I walked by faith. For my troubles then are my troubles now. Of that I am sure. They and I have never varied; though it is customary, is it not, to change as one grows up? The tomboy, for instance, often makes an admirable wife: family bereavement or trouble will change the careless school-girl into a considerate woman in the twinkling of an eye: the boy who would be an engine-driver becomes, by later choice, a clergyman. Is it not, I mean, unusual for a character to be fixed in childhood? Yet that mine was, I am certain. Had I at the age of six kept a diary of my thoughts, ideas, likes, dislikes, hopes and fears and fancies, I believe sincerely that in spite of appearances I should find they tallied with those that have been mine from that time till this. I say in spite of appearances, for very often, in despairing efforts to appear ordinary, I have pretended that I thought as my companions thought, believed what they believed, liked what they liked, hoped and feared as they hoped and feared. I have done violence to my own judgment a hundred times a hundred rather than draw attention to myself by not complying with that which I was told was proper to be done. Anything to appear ordinary I have cried again and again. In despair of myself, in hopelessness of ever solving the enigma I presented to myself, I have tried to turn my thoughts outward from myself by distraction after distraction. Anything to stop thinking—But there, this account of my peculiarities as a child, though far from complete, will give you sufficient reason, I am sure, to agree with me that it was not without cause that I came early to the conclusion that I was neither man nor woman nor child. That I have written entirely about myself is likewise, I fear, reason for believing that I have written little or nothing worth your reading. You know, however, that I expect no reply. I hope, nevertheless, that without annoyance to you I may say "au revoir."

Yours sincerely,

ACTON REED.

Readers and Writers.

IN the current "Fortnightly Review" appear two hitherto unpublished critical essays by Swinburne: one upon Marlowe and some of his contemporaries, and the other upon the Elizabethan Peele. Marlowe, "the father of English tragedy and the creator of English blank verse," it was Swinburne's mission to put in his proper place. Thanks to Swinburne, people who can neither read nor write do now attribute some initiations of literature to Marlowe; but I doubt whether many have been warmed to reading him by all that Swinburne wrote. Swinburne was such a noisy polemist in literary criticism that the still small voice of his subject was usually quite forgotten. Instead of putting himself out of the way and allowing his subject to exhibit himself in the light of a friendly and critical mind, Swinburne played gladiator for him, and by his own display of verbosity completely hid him. I venture to say that few readers remember after a course of Swinburne what Swinburne's subjects meant to Swinburne; all most of us can recall is the fine rage Swinburne worked himself into. This, of course, is to say that he was a rhetorician rather than a critic; a bellicose person rather than a fighter. Here is an example. He is writing of poor Peele, a minor but clever contemporary of Shakespeare, and a man against whom he took a spite. Prepare your breath for a long sentence. "The community in platitudes of metre, baseness of spirit, and brutality of dulness between the detestable scenes which do their bestial and futile utmost to pollute such names as Joan of Arc and Eleanor of Castile, may not suffice as thoroughly as we wish that they might suffice to establish the infamous identity of the author of 'Edward I' with the author of the fourth scene of the fifth act of 'The First Part of King Henry VI'; but at least it goes very far to confirm all rational English readers in their confidence that this villainy is the branding badge of but one minor poet—not of two curs, but of one cur." Who would suppose that the subject of this diatribe is literature? In vocabulary, style, and mood it is political, and somewhat third-rate even as political invective. Later on he says that Lamb is "the greatest and surest critic that ever wrote, or ever will write." What a superlatively shrill voice! It reminds me of the cheap-Jack of the market place.

* * *

I wonder how many of my readers have turned to the scene above mentioned in "King Henry VI" to see for themselves what Swinburne had in mind. One in ten, I should guess, since, but for the pleasure of saying so, I should not have looked it up myself. The scene, it is true, is disgraceful in taste, but not more so than many being enacted before our eyes by the most illustrious persons of our day. Witness Lord Rosebery's introduction (Lord Rosebery's!) to a book upon German vices! But enough. Shakespeare, at any rate, was in my judgment quite capable of passing such a scene, if not of actually writing it; and there is evidence, I believe, that he cheerfully played in the piece without protest.

* * *

Shakespeare. That reminds me once more of "Hamlet" and of my need to be shriven. Oh, what a fall I got and deserved for my trespassing in provinces placarded with my own warnings. Here was I, who had sworn that no other than literary criticism should pass my pen, calling in the aid of a mere doctor, a member of the Manchester Playgoers' Club, to approve my interpretation of "Hamlet." "Male hysteria," says he; and "male hysteria" said

I, with no other hope than that Freud would find himself checked upon his own ground; for when doctors fall out, honest literary criticism might come by its rights. And it now appears that male hysteria is the young of Freudism! A farewell to medicine-men after this. I will have no more of them. But stay—one of the illuminati of the theory and practice told me something the other evening that consoles me. The reduction of all psychic phenomena to terms of sex is comparable, he said, to the mineralogical analysis of Cologne Cathedral. Minerals are the material of building, but their analysis throws no light upon architecture. You see now whence my comfort in the matter of "Hamlet" is derived; and how herewith I triumph over—well, no matter whom. "Hamlet" is architecture; Freud is a mineralogist.

* * *

In the "Edinburgh Review" Mr. Havelock Ellis has an article which everybody should read upon "The English Character." At such generalisations Mr. Ellis is unsurpassable. He has a positive genius for making them, and I would employ him at nothing else. With how much agreement, however, we accompany him to the conclusion that "Robinson Crusoe is the complete Englishman" I leave over to be said. My first thought is that it would be more true to say that every Englishman has a Robinson Crusoe in him.

* * *

The intermittency of my remarks upon the art of Henry James has provoked some of my readers to request me to do what Matthew Arnold said Gray never did—speak out! To speak out about Henry James is precisely, however, what his art does not allow us for the present. Even Swinburne, I am sure, could have written nothing about him. "He gave way," Henry James makes one of his characters say—and it might certainly be said of himself—"he gave way to notions recommended by their not committing him to a positive approach." Well, there you have it. The method of Henry James is never to make a positive approach to the subject with which he is dealing; it is always by the circuitous route of his own impressions that he leads you to the contemplation of his object. The effect of this is almost to transform actuality, or, rather, to concentrate attention upon its intellectual counterpart to the comparative neglect of actuality itself. Consider his characters, for example, their doings and sayings. It is true that they are realistic, in the sense that such people really exist and do and say the things he makes them do and say; but how thin the material part of them appears—their minds are almost visible through their frames. Henry James was essentially interested in the borderland between the physical and the psychic worlds. With one foot firmly planted in the former, he was always taking a step with the other into the latter. Ghosts, for this reason, interested him; and so, too, did all those characters—artists, children, certain kinds of women—whose lives were passed rather in imagination than in common reality. And how excellently adapted was his style to his subject. On the one hand, nobody could be more colloquial without being vulgar than Henry James. He delighted in using words of the most simple and homely speech. But, on the other hand, the giddy analysis of reflection he built upon them, like castles in the air with their base upon the earth, are as far as thought can climb from the ordinary. I confess I delight now and again to wander in his imaginative structures. Like Jack, he plants his bean in our garden right enough—usually well down in the mud—and then there proceeds from it such a beanstalk as tempts me to climb into the world where everything is at once new and old. But you must cease to observe, when you get there, anything that is external, objective, or material. What you behold is the play of minds in images.—There, I have still said nothing of Henry James.

R. H. C.

Tales of To-day.

By C. E. Bechhofer.

THE COURT OF LITERARY JUDGMENT.

THE court-room was crowded with members of the Intellectual Guild. Five senior members, masked, sat on the bench.

It had been announced that the case of Mr. Richard Aldington was to be heard. He was accused of riotous behaviour, of breach of guild order and privilege.

The Guild Prosecutor said he would not conceal from the court that this was a very serious case. Defendant's behaviour was likely seriously to prejudice the position and aims of the Guild and utterly to destroy its discipline. The charge was divided into several main counts. The chief were these: first, the defendant, being only an apprentice in the craft, had had the audacity publicly to claim the rank and title of poet, which, of course, was the exclusive privilege of master-craftsmen in verse. The defendant had never been admitted among the master-craftsmen, nor even had he put forward a proper application for election. So far as was known, he had not yet finished anything which could be held to represent an apprentice's prize-work, nor had any such work been submitted to the Guild. In short, though no more than an apprentice, he had usurped the title of a master-craftsman. The second count was that he had thought fit to publish over his signature work which by the standards and traditions of the craft was unfit for publication. The publisher of the verses to which reference was made would be charged at the termination of this case. Thirdly, Mr. Aldington had refused to answer or accept criticism decently, duly and honestly set against him in a qualified quarter. The Prosecutor then gave details of the offences alleged against the prisoner, and sat down.

The judges now called the defendant by name: "Apprentice in the Intellectual Guild Richard Aldington, a charge has been brought against you by the Guild Prosecutor before a Court duly assembled by Guild authority. If you are present and wish to defend yourself, you are at liberty to speak in answer to the charge."

At this, Mr. Aldington cast a long black cape around him, stroked his small imperial, and stalked majestically into the box. His appearance was received with a ripple of laughter, which the judges suppressed—but not before the defendant had swiftly dropped his fine gestures.

The Chief Judge rose. "Apprentice Aldington," he said, "do you acknowledge the authority of this Court?"

"I do," said Mr. Aldington solemnly, and was invited to clear himself of the charges.

In respect of the first, he submitted that he had been writing poetry—yes, he meant verse—he had been writing verse for several years, during which time he had lived among poets—er—writers of verse—who had told him that he was a poet. He had read their works, despised the profane herd, worn his hair long, lived in an attic, spelled it with a "k," and had seen a statue in Nineveh. Pressed for the identity of the verse-writers who had told him he was a poet, prisoner admitted that they also were apprentices and had never been elected masters in the craft.

On the second charge Mr. Aldington submitted that free rhythm was a perfectly legitimate form of versification. The Court reminded him that, as an appren-

tice, he was forbidden by Guild discipline to publish work in any but the traditional forms. He was not charged with making the verses, which was a matter within his own discretion, but with publishing them, which was a breach of Guild authority. Mr. Aldington explained that he had thought himself entitled, for the reasons he had already given, to the privileges of a master-craftsman. Yes, he knew that apprentices' work was under closer restrictions.

Replying to the third charge, the defendant said that his friends had always made a rule of taking notice only of favourable comment on their works. Such criticism as wounded their pride and thus reduced their output they had always attributed to personal spite. He thought this reasoning perfectly sound. Alternatively, he pleaded that, at the time of the offences, the Intellectual Guild had not come officially into existence, and that he was therefore not liable before the Court.

Delivering judgment, the judges said that it was clear the defendant had been deliberately masquerading as a poet. He had claimed that, at the time of the offence, there had been no rule to the contrary nor penalty for breaking it. But this, in their opinion, was no excuse for defendant's conduct, for it was unreasonable to suppose that defendant was acting in ignorance of the traditions of his craft. Besides, as they all knew, there had been literary criticism at the time of the offences that had been based on the craft traditions; the defendant had admitted as much, and it was one of the charges against him that he had disregarded that criticism. The Guild gazette would contain the announcement that the apprentice Richard Aldington had been found guilty of the breach of discipline alleged against him. Judgment would be as follows: Although the defendant had spent five years in the craft, his application for promotion to the higher grade of apprentices was not to be admitted. It would be postponed for two years, after which time he would be allowed to present his attempts in different branches of versification and to take papers in the theory of the craft. He might be very thankful that the postponement had not been made much longer, but the judges had taken the merits of his earliest work into consideration.

The next case called was that of Mr. Harold Monro. The Prosecutor said the defendant was charged with publishing, contrary to the rules and traditions of the craft, various books of verse written by apprentices, which had never passed the authorities of the Guild for publication. The defendant was himself an apprentice.

Mr. Monro, replying to the charge, said he acknowledged the authority of the Guild; nevertheless, the works he had published of Mr. Aldington and others were fit for publication in his judgment. He himself wrote anapaests as a rule, but he admired free rhythm and thought Mr. Aldington a master of it.

The judges said that Mr. Monro's judgment was not evidence, as it was the judgment of an apprentice.

The defendant said that, under such circumstances, he had nothing else to say. He wished to point out, however, that his action in keeping and furnishing the "Poetry Book-Shop" had not been commercial; he had endeavoured to find a sale for the work of young poets to encourage them.

The judges said that, however excellent the defendant's motives might be, they were an apprentice's motives, and the Court was not concerned to examine them. A clique of lower-grade apprentices had attempted to defy the discipline of the Guild—they had just disposed of one of them—and the defendant's enterprise had formed a convenient centre for the offence. The defendant was bound over not to sell any books other than those bearing the stamp of the Guild, and his stock was to be submitted for examination within three days. If he were not satisfied to abide by the decision of the Court, representations would be made to have him removed from the roll of licensed booksellers.

Impressions of French Pronunciation.

III.

Que veux-tu? = what wantest thou? said to children, servants, and intimates; to others one says "you" = *que voulez-vous?* We may take two or three hints from this phrase. Firstly, the *t* in *tu*. The average over-forced English *t* is a shrill, almost spitting, letter; the French *t* is so softened as to verge upon *d*. The French do not pronounce it *d* any more than they say *mahje* for *mange*, or *awglais* for *anglais*; but what we have to aim at is not to be taken for Frenchmen—I have never heard any foreigner of however long residence who could be taken for a Frenchman—but to try what tricks will best accommodate our tongue to that in which we wish to be understood.

It cost me forty francs to find out how, approximately, to get this French *t*; that is, I took eight lessons and learned nothing new but this! The usual teacher of languages knows no more than a savage how tones are produced. You will produce this French *t* by placing the tip of the tongue behind the front lower teeth. Say our *d* as it should be said, with the mouth lightly rounded, you will find the tongue quietly adhering to the teeth; now say *t* there on the verge of the *d* without any effort, and you have conquered the spitting sound.

* * *

The *u* is extremely fine. I once saw the pronunciation *rée* given for *rue* = street, and it is hardly, if any, too sharp. Hear a *gamin* = urchin say *Penses-tu?* = our slang, what do you think?—he seems to say nothing but the *t*. He exaggerates; but so will need to do any English tongue in order to fine off our natural *u*, which makes of the word *rue*, *roue* = wheel. Even in French words containing the rounder combination *oui*, the sound is much sharper than we English ordinarily make it; we are reputed to say *oui* = yes quite like the baby Apaches, *ou-ais*, who are said to find relief for their ultra-independence in this doubling of the syllable of affirmation. *Oui* should be tried with all attention given to the sparkling *i* (ée) and none to the *o*.

The popular tendency is to fine off the *u* to nothing at all. In the streets one hears most frequently, *T'aimé ça?* = thou likest that, although, of course, it would sound on our part rather like putting on side. We must imitate, on the contrary, the declaimers; and to hear *Que veux-tu?* well pronounced is to hear some of the gentlest and smoothest sounds imaginable. The *e* is very small and dull and the *u* does not open it in the least. The whole phrase may be said without moving the lips and with the tongue lying low. The aim is of smoothness. There is a good deal of "prunes and prisms" in the French tone. Our English voice with its octaves of tones may make French sound charmingly if the voice itself is wonderfully beautiful, and just so long as the enunciation of the foreign words is modestly slow; but once rapidity is essayed, jump and jerk are horrible.

* * *

Moi is another of the words which our round English makes us pronounce like the French rustics or common people, *mouah*, although we out-do them, according to the comedians. *Oi* should be very light and short in all combinations: *oiseau* = bird, *moindre* = least, *oisif* = idle. The sound may be got at by using a sharp, the sharpest, *ā* for *oi*, this *ā* which our Cockneys turn into *e* when they have to speak of their hat or their hand. You will not do badly to imitate this vanishing *ā* for *oi*: just as the French, in order to approach our *found*, *round*, and so on, need to exaggerate their tone like a Cockney or their own rustics and say *faounnde* in order to correct their natural desire to pronounce this word *foond*. I hesitate to give *mwā* for *moi*, since most English make a perfect double-you of *w*: but don't, as Punch said. Say it finely.

Donnez-moi un verre d'eau = give me a glass of water. Would you not believe that you could ask for this without being asked to repeat your phrase? *Donnez-moi un verre d'o*, you say, and the waiter looks puzzled. "Pardon?" *D'o* is so wrong as to make the majority of waiters suppose that you are asking for some foreign liquid. The word must be slightly rounded to include a suggestion of the *u*. The French say the whole three letters with incredible rapidity, the dull *e*, dull *a*, and dull *u*; but as we shall never arrive at this, our best-directed effort will be to concentrate on the *au*, which we fancy to hear the French pronounce *o*, but to which we must give a hint of the *u* in order to be understood.

J'ai besoin d'un chapeau = I have need of (want) a hat. English pronunciations of *chapeau* are assorted from *shepoo* to *sharpo*. The first is the least disagreeable if one must choose, but something between the two would be really inoffensive. A sharpish *shap* is necessary; in *château*=castle, a quite sharp *shat*. *Sharto* is quite wrong, given the shortened French *â*, yet we know from our touring friends how this word of delightful associations is dragged along.

Be-soin, not *bes-oïn*; a very dull *e*. There is no compassing this sound in English except by the entirely foreign *ber*, *r*, of course, silent. As there is no English word beginning with *ber* except *berth*, and as *berth* is very open and long-drawn, whereas *be-soin* is about as dull and short as may be, we must take for practice such Cockneyisms as *Novem-be*, *Decembe*, *remembe* = *be-soin*, *ve-nir*. *Veux-tu venir*? = Wilt come? *Prenez ma mesure*=take my measure. *Je reviendrai demain* = I will-come-back-to-morrow.

Eur, as in *fleur*=flower, *coiffeur*=barber, *pudeur*=modesty, *pleurnicheur*=whimperer, must not be neglected as to the *u*, although to introduce it gently enough will be a feat for most English tongues. In many difficulties as to pronouncing French vowels, "round the lips" is a magical formula, as "firmness" is with regard to the *m*'s and *r*'s and *t*'s at endings. *Eur* is a very pretty sound in French; remember the *r*. *Jeurs* (*s* silent) and *eure* are nearly like our *eur* to the ear, although practice will soon detect the *e* ending *eure*, as in *heure*=hour, *supérieure*=superior, *meilleure*=best.

Ille is pronounced in two ways: *eele*, the dull *e*, firm and short (not *e-ul*, as we used to say it in Sussex) *eele*; and *eeye*. Precisely when to say *eele* or *eeye* cannot be stated here. Roughly, *ille* preceded by a vowel, as *bataille*=battle, *abeille*=bee, *grenouille*=frog, *feuille*=leaf, is said *eeye*; *bat-a-eeeye*, *a-be-eeeye*, *grenou-eeeye*, *feu-eeeye*. But *Lille* is *Lille*, *mille*=thousand is *mille* (*meele*); and *fille*=daughter is *feeye*, *famille*=family is *fameeye*: the distinctions can only be made by practice.

In *olle*, *folle*=silly; *ulle*, *nulle*=no, none; *ole*, *école*=school; and, in fact, in all endings of dull *e*, this letter must be thoroughly well enunciated. It is no use saying lazily *ol*, *fol*, *nul*, because these are masculine, whereas, *folle*, *nulle*, are feminine; the *e* matters.

M preceded by a vowel and followed by a consonant is rendered like *n*; that is to say, it is hardly rendered at all, or as with a cold, although a cold perhaps a few days further towards recovery than when it was grappling with *n*.

Simple, *ample*, *temple*, *compte*, *exempte* present almost the same sound as though they were spelt with an *n* instead of an *m*. I'm getting tired of this. I never thought it would be such a bore to tell it all. Languages are like everything else, the moment you get them nicely systematised they change, or they die. And what I really want to be up and doing is to wonder what drives Mr. Shaw and Mr. Chesterton to want still to systematise each other? It is quite right, of course, to systematise everything so long as you can, and when it comes to a battle of systems as between poets'

English and the Spellers' jargon it is fine because all the cards are on the table. But both Chaw and Shester-ton seem to have a card up their sleeve. The fact is that they both know and could say a deal more about the other than the law of conviviality permits, not to mention libel. What I am waiting for is to hear Mr. Chesterton admit that he has seen Mr. Shaw gloriously drunk at a Fabian meeting, and to hear Mr. Shaw riposte that he has full evidence of Mr. Chesterton's irregularities with his neighbours' tills. However, I secretly hope they never may, for they are most agreeable creatures when they are fighting, and we shall have a job to replace them once they are systematised. Which brings me to—

—*éen*, *galiléen* and all jolly things that tolerate weddings and wine and erring wives and petites femmes, but are ground down by a Pharisaical world and made to serve its ends. If you say *galilane* you shall be damned! and more so if you say *galilay-ong*. I have taught you how to say *en*. Nearly all the words ending in *éen* are exotics, the life of which has been accidentally systematised out of them; the modern words with this ending are troublously few—*lycéen*=public-school-boy, poor wretch, is about the only one I can remember.

Ien, as in *Fabien*, *musicien*, *électricien*, is as in *bien*.

Bon-soir. Don't say *bong-swah*, will you? We've had *bon*, and, also, *oi* as in *moi*. *Soir* is said very airily with a sympathetic little roll of the *r*.

ALICE MORNING.

P.S.—Having assured myself that I really can leave off whenever I please, this pedagogic outburst being quite spontaneous and not "commanded," I feel an intense desire to go on. There are heaps more sounds which intrigue me, *aie*, for example, and *sche*, and *ère*, and *oq*.

THE THORN.

Down the dim wood, and in the dreaming ways,
High on the mountain mead and heathy hill,
Dwellet the holy thorn, beloved of fays,
Fit shelter for their calm, eternal days.

And all his aspect is so wondrous still,
That he might be a threaded tapestry,
Wove part by ladies', part by fairies' skill,
To music of a slow and marish rill.

In his small blossoms greatest beauties be:
Five moonlit leaves, and tinct anon with red,
Likest in hue to syrens of the sea,
Whose limbs are rose, and polished ivory.

Perfumed is he, as fits a fairy's bed,
And honeyed for a fairy's sustenance.
All night he watches fays: when night is dead,
Holy he keeps the ground whence they have fled.

Tend the tall thorn, and so avoid mischance.
High hedges and close bowers make ye of him,
That spirits may thy spirit's good enhance.
And fairy fend from ye the charging lance.

Within thy chapel walls, with incense dim,
Suffer his leaf and flowery stem to throw,
Upon the altar, and the carved font's rim,
So that wild fays may hear thy living hymn.

And when by autumn thickets thou dost go,
And seest his ruby fruit, bethink ye well,
"Even a spirit hath his proper woe,
Which I by these his heart's drops do know.

What is his woe, is proof to woeen spell?
What grief is never cured of singing lays?"
Not to thy mortal ear may spirits tell
The woe which ringeth them eternal knell,

And makes of their strange eyes perpetual pain,
Which dieth not, as ours, to live again,
But ever sighs upon the summer breeze,
And groaneth in the trees:
Fair though thou be, thou art an herb forlorn,
Beloved thorn!

RUTH PITTER.

Views and Reviews.

THE OBJECTIVE WRONG.

FOR a principle that he has proclaimed as "new, strangely new," Señor de Maeztu's objective doctrine of law is very familiar. By the admission that this doctrine is "not bound to any particular table of values," Señor de Maeztu has thrown away the last pretence of an objective ethics, and has established law on the basis of human will. If one set of values is as good as another for the purposes of the objective doctrine of law, obviously, there is no absolute right or wrong; and Señor de Maeztu is revealed as a Nietzschean. "Formula of my happiness: A Yea, a Nay, a straight line, a goal," said Nietzsche; and Señor de Maeztu's demonstration that there is no such thing as happiness only robs him of the reward of making his purposes clear to himself. It is true that he pretends that the supreme values are the true, the good, and the beautiful; although how they can be supreme when their very definition depends upon man, is one of those questions concerning which no answer is forthcoming. Señor de Maeztu's trick of tautology is not really illuminating: "the good is the good is the good is the good," ad infinitum, will not help us to judge man by the "supreme" values. Keats may reasonably be supposed to have known something about beauty, and he told us that "Beauty is Truth, Truth Beauty": the great Goethe, in like manner, said: "The Beautiful is higher than the Good: the Beautiful includes in it the Good." And Nietzsche tells us a delightful story: "What was it that that diplomatist warned of, when speaking to his fellows? 'Messieurs,' he said, 'above all let us mistrust our first emotions! They are nearly always good.' In like manner every modern psychologist should speak to his fellows." These instances will suffice to show that the good, the true, the beautiful, are merely names very readily applicable to this or that; indeed, there is on record in THE NEW AGE of July 1, 1915, a famous saying of Señor de Maeztu which confirms this. "I object to beauty in articles of use on the same ground that Meredith resented the intrusion of style in a book of science. It is out of place"; in other words, it is not beautiful in the opinion of Señor de Maeztu. The "supreme" values are subjective; beauty lies in the eye of the beholder, the good is "good for me, for my purposes"; and the true? Did not Christ say: "I am the Truth"; and identify the "supreme" value with man? So much for the "things" that Señor de Maeztu asserts "govern" man.

But when we come to his principle of objective right, we must be delighted to recognise a very old friend. What is this basing of rights on functions, but a less forcible statement of Napoleon's maxim, *la carrière ouverte aux talents*, concerning which Carlyle said: "that great, true Message, which has yet to articulate and fulfil itself everywhere, he left in a most inarticulate state." But the message dates back far beyond Napoleon to the mother of Alfred the Great: "He shall have the book who can read it," said that lady about a thousand years before Señor de Maeztu discovered the novelty of the principle. Shall we go back to Sparta, and observe that the Helots had a well-defined function, and no rights other than those appertaining to the function? "The Helots tilled their ground for them, and paid them yearly in kind the appointed quantity, without any trouble of theirs," says Plutarch; the Helots, indeed, may be regarded as the agricultural Guild of the Lacedæmonians, and, like all slaves, had the rights appertaining to their function. The very definition of slavery is that the rights of man do not appertain to the slave; his functional value alone is regarded.

I admit the value of having a definite aim for all attempts at reform; but I think that that value was recognised before Señor de Maeztu wrote. Certainly,

Sir Henry Maine wrote in 1861: "It is impossible to overrate the importance to a nation or a profession of having a distinct object to aim at in the pursuit of improvement. The secret of Bentham's immense influence in England during the past thirty years is his success in placing such an object before the country. He gave us a clear rule of reform. . . . Bentham made the good of the community take precedence of every other object, and thus gave escape to a current which had long been trying to find its way outwards." Bentham's clear rule of reform was the maxim that he found in Priestley, who seems to have read it in Beccaria. "The greatest happiness of the greatest number," is neither the good, the true, nor the beautiful: Señor de Maeztu has proved to his own satisfaction that it is an impossible basis of law reform; but more law reform followed the application of that principle than is likely to follow from the objective doctrine of law. It is too often forgotten that "nearly all the great reforms of the first half of nineteenth-century England were originated by Bentham"; and if it is permissible to attach more importance to one part of his work than to another, we may say that his reforms of legal procedure constitute his greatest claim to fame. "In nothing did Bentham more markedly display his logical consistency and his sagacity as a reformer than in the supreme importance which he attached to providing the means for the easy enforcement of every man's rights," says Dicey. "A right which an individual cannot enforce is to him no right at all; the dilatoriness of legal proceedings, and their exorbitant cost, or the want of an easily accessible Court, work greater and far more frequent injustice than the formal denial of a man's due rights. The passion for amending procedure was only one side of Bentham's desire to protect individual freedom, and this passion, stirred up by Bentham, has now for more than seventy years led to constant attempts for improving the machinery of the law which have, on the whole, been crowned with marked success." It may be, as Señor de Maeztu has argued, that there is no such thing as happiness; but the attempt to provide it for the greatest number of people has had the most fruitful results in law and procedure.

Let us turn once again to Señor de Maeztu's rule of reform. Señor de Maeztu only desires to convince "political men, professors, and publicists"; and it is characteristic that he should only try to prove that his rule is just and expedient, not that it is practicable. "The principle of objective right simply says that rights ought only to be granted to men or associations of men in virtue of the function they fulfil, and not on any pretences of a subjective character." At one sweep, all the common law rights are abolished: "it is for the Legislature to determine the hierarchy, numbers, powers, and pay of the different functions. It is for the examining courts to designate the individuals who may be judged fit for the fulfilment of the different functions." This is the most curious suggestion of law reform that I have ever heard; the only approximation to it in practice that I can think of is the Tribunals under the Military Service Act. What the Army thinks of the result may be gathered from the instructions recently issued by the Local Government Board to Medical Officers of Health, calling upon them to communicate to the Army Council the names and addresses of all men of military age who have been notified as tuberculous since 1913. The function of Courts of Law is the judgment of cases in conformity with the law, not the choice of men, as Señor de Maeztu vainly supposes.

But another curious consequence follows from this principle of objective right. If "nobody has a subjective right to anything," and no other principle of law is introduced, then so soon as a person ceases to perform his function he becomes an outlaw. In sickness and in old age, nay, even in his periods of leisure, he is without rights; for a function exists only in its per-

formance, and the rights which attach to it must lapse with its cessation. What of childhood? "What is the use of a baby?" asked Franklin. There is no answer to the question; a baby has no function that can be legally defined, and therefore has no right to anything, according to Señor de Maeztu. The Pauline principle which Señor de Maeztu has adopted as the only principle of law, "if any would not work, neither should he eat," condemns all children to be starved to death. But English law recognises a fundamental right, a right to be born, six months before the child is born; it is a crime to procure abortion during that period. English law recognises a child's right to live, and will punish certain forms of culpable negligence which result in the child's death. But I need not enumerate the subjective rights; I only want to make the point clear that Señor de Maeztu, by degrading man to a function, makes it impossible logically to secure the continuance of the race.

But it is not fair to talk of logic in connection with a man whose great charm is his inconsistency. He asserts that "subjective rights fail because they are, in their very essence, unlimited"; objective rights will succeed, of course, because they are limited by the function. But all rights succeed only to the extent that they are enforced; the only objective test is obviously the a posteriori one of success or failure. Señor de Maeztu, who asserts that a man's fitness for a function can be determined by an examining court, is inconsistent with himself; a priori judgment is actually opposed to the principle, "the implements to him who can handle them." It is impossible for a man to demonstrate his financial competence unless he handles sums of money; it is impossible for a man to prove that he "has the aptitudes necessary for fulfilling the functions of an emperor" unless he is an emperor; and on Señor de Maeztu's principles, if Germany can govern Europe or the world she has the right to do it. But he says that she is wrong to try; and objective right and wrong, like his supreme values, are merely words that he applies in accordance with his own whims. But his crowning inconsistency is his assertion that "those who destroy existing values are criminals who deserve punishment"; for values are purely mental, and every reformer of ideas, including Señor de Maeztu, is therefore a criminal. This is certainly not a new idea; it dates back to the Dark Ages.

All that is valuable in Señor de Maeztu's objective doctrine of law is to be found in Bentham's advocacy of utilitarianism; indeed, many of the consequences that Señor de Maeztu thinks flow from his functional principle Bentham asserted flowed from his principle of utility. Señor de Maeztu says that "the bankers in a functional society will work for fixed pay, like those post-office employees who at present carry out several banking functions." Most of them do now; if, by bankers, Señor de Maeztu means the equivalent of post-office clerks; but let that pass. The same idea of limitation of pay and privileges is to be found in Bentham's reply to Wedderburn's assertion that "this principle of utility is a dangerous principle." Bentham said: "Saying so, Wedderburn said that which, to a certain extent, is strictly true; a principle which lays down, as the only right and justifiable end of Government, the greatest happiness of the greatest number—how can it be denied to be a dangerous one? Dangerous it unquestionably is to every Government which has for its actual end or object the greatest happiness of a certain one, with or without the addition of some comparatively small number of others, whom it is a matter of pleasure or accommodation to him to admit, each of them, to a share in the concern on the footing of so many junior partners. Dangerous it therefore really was to the interest—the sinister interest—of all those functionaries, himself included, whose interest it was to maximise delay, vexation, and expense, in judicial and other modes of procedure for the sake of the profit extractable out of the expense. In a Government which had for its end in view the greatest happiness of the greatest number,

Alexander Wedderburn might have been Attorney-General and then Chancellor; but he would not have been Attorney-General with £15,000 a year, nor Chancellor, with a peerage with a veto on all justice, with £25,000 a year, and with 500 sinecures at his disposal, under the name of Ecclesiastical Benefices, besides et ceteras." Señor de Maeztu is a good Benthamite in principle; but in practice he has no idea of law reform.

A. E. R.

REVIEWS

Nervous Disorders of Men.

Nervous Disorders of Women.

The Modern Psychological Conception of Their Causes, Effects, and Rational Treatment. By Bernard Hollander, M.D. (Kegan Paul. 3s. 6d. net each.)

The publication of these two volumes emphasises the trend towards a more human conception of human beings. The merely mechanical conception could not allow of the recognition of sufficient difference between the nervous disorders of men and women to justify their description in different volumes; and if Dr. Hollander were other than what he is, a skilled practitioner of the treatment of these disorders, he might have been content simply to describe "disorders of the nervous system: their cause and cure." But although there are marked symptomatic resemblances between the nervous disorders of the sexes, the fundamental difference of sex not only varies the causation but necessitates frequently a variation of the treatment. In no branch of therapeutics is the recognition of the individual so necessary to success as it is in psycho-therapeutics; and Dr. Hollander insists that "we must treat the patient, not only his disorder." It is this recognition of the supreme importance of the recognition of the individual that prevents Dr. Hollander from pinning his faith to any one method, and that makes him so successful in his treatment of these disorders. There is no specific treatment for nervous disorders; the "faith-healers" and the psycho-therapists who repudiate the use of drugs, equally with the drug doctors who repudiate the use of psycho-therapeutics, limit their usefulness to their patients by their fanaticism. Dr. Hollander will use drugs, or psycho-analysis, or the rest-cure, or electricity, or his famous "suggestion" treatment, or any other method, with equal cheerfulness and confidence, according to the characteristics revealed by his elaborate diagnosis; he will train the warped mind to think properly (the process is called "re-education" by psycho-therapists), he will show those who are prodigal of their nervous energy how best to conserve it and utilise it—the two processes are frequently the same. "We must treat the patient—and cure him," is his motto in full; and as most people wander into ill-health by a road of their own, they have usually to be led back by an equally private way. Dr. Hollander insists again and again that there is no one method that can be infallibly prescribed, that treatment must vary with the individual; and he quotes enough evidence of success in these two books to justify his eclectic faith. The two books are not intended to be text-books, and Dr. Hollander wisely avoids the question-begging classifications of "neurasthenia" and "psychosthenia"; but he covers, in non-technical language, practically the whole ground of those disorders in which the mental or nervous factor predominates, not only describes but gives practical advice concerning such general ailments as loss of mental energy, memory, and will-power, fits of depression, and the more specific troubles of insomnia, nervous dyspepsia, nervous disorders of the heart, circulation, and respiration, headaches, neuralgia, nervous tremors and muscular spasms, mental instability, the drink and drug habits, the changes of life in both men and women. The usual objection to works on this subject, that they may be read by patients who are already dwelling too much on their troubles, does not apply to these books. If the patients can be induced to

read to the end, they may suffer temporarily from all the symptoms of all the disorders described (which is what nervous patients usually do), but they should derive equal benefit from all the descriptions of all the cures that have been effected, and the chapter giving "directions for auto-suggestion" should help them considerably to help themselves. Practitioners should find these books a considerable help in general practice, for they indicate with remarkable clearness the growing importance of the mental and nervous factors in obstinate functional derangements, and the necessity of varying treatment accordingly.

Abnormal Children: Nervous, Mischievous, Precocious, and Backward. By Bernard Hollander, M.D. (Kegan Paul. 3s. 6d. net.)

The facts that are coming to light concerning the prevalence of mental defect among young people (about one in 127 seems to be the proportion), and the further fact that over 3,000 cases of insanity occur every year among young people under the age of twenty, and the Lunacy Commissioners' report that insanity at this age is on the increase, suffice to show the value of such a book as this. For Dr. Hollander has had extensive professional experience of the various nervous and mental defects of children, and has had remarkable success in treating them. Much of his book is occupied with a criticism of current educational methods, the baneful effects of competitive examinations, for example, being better known to the doctor than to the teacher. But the chief value of the book is its insistent proof that the counsel of perfection, "suit the education to the child," can usually be realised. "There is no science as yet existing which would enable us to predict with certainty the future of the young; but physiological research into the functions of the brain, pathological observation, anthropometrical investigation, and psychological analysis have furnished enough data to enable the diagnosis of the mental and moral capabilities and defects of children to be made with tolerable accuracy, and to render possible safe advice being given as to the methods of training that should be adopted." Discoverable mental defect is practically a privilege, for in the special schools the child is trained to do what he can, and is not bothered to learn that for which he has neither taste nor capacity. But far more serious is the nervous defect, the hereditary or acquired nervous instability, which may be revealed as faults of temper, faults of will, or in the even more dangerous form of precocious cleverness; for, in this case, the child is subjected to the mechanical rigours of "normal" education, and the defect is intensified by punishment or encouragement. It is particularly with regard to this type that Dr. Hollander establishes his contention that the co-operation of the medical psychologist in education is necessary; and he adds to the value of his description of the causes and symptoms of the varieties of this type by publishing photographs of them. The success that attends the "suggestion" treatment, with which the name of Dr. Hollander is becoming identified, gives his advice peculiar authority. The two tables that he publishes, of the average mental development of an infant and of the cranial measurements to show the increase of size, are of practical value both to parents and practitioners. The book provides a practical basis for the reform of educational methods, which must be determined by the capacity of the child (and not by any ideal of what a child ought to know) if the labour of teachers is not to be wasted and the health of the children injured. It is absurd that we should apply sane methods of education only to those children who are not quite sane; and Dr. Hollander demonstrates not only the absurdity but the cruelty of a system that ignores the individual differences of capacity and of intensity. The book covers the whole field: idiocy and imbecility, feeble-mindedness, backwardness, character defects, moral weak-mindedness (a chapter of peculiar interest when we are confronted with an increase in juvenile crime), nervous and precocious children, the

nervous disorders of childhood, insanity in childhood and adolescence. There is a chapter of extraordinary interest and importance on the abnormal heads of children and their significance, and much good advice in the two chapters on the education of children. But its chief value is its hopefulness, its demonstrations that something can be done in most cases of abnormality to minimise, sometimes to eradicate, the defect, and to point the way to a system of education that will not reap its success at the cost of physiological failure. The book may confidently be recommended to "parents, teachers, and medical officers of schools."

The Complete Gentleman. By Bohun Lynch. (Secker. 6s.)

This is a niggling little story of a niggling little man who was not a gentleman, in spite of his birth, but a bourgeois. He did not set a standard, he adopted one; he had no other test of his position than a material and an external test. His innate vice was love of security, which naturally took the form of love of money. Believing that the things really worth having had to be paid for in money, he scorned all pleasures that cost nothing; and stifled his soul with a starched shirt. That he nearly went mad was only to be expected; too much repression, the vice of the mannered man, like too much expression, the vice of the artist, leads directly to insanity. But worse than this was his irritating habit of valuing things according to their price; he could not give a present without desiring to be asked what it cost, and he found his gratification not in the act of giving but in the act of telling its cost. He confused value with expensiveness, and made himself intolerable. His whole married life is detailed to show this, to show him as the "hermit mind" in society; and when, at the end, his wife confesses that her daughter is not his child his isolation is made manifest to him. "An Englishman of fashion is like one of those souvenirs, bound in gold vellum, enriched with delicate engravings, on thick, hot-pressed paper, fit for the hands of ladies and of princes, but with nothing in it worth reading or remembering."

Barnacles. By J. Macdougall Hay. (Constable. 6s.)

Mr. Hay has presented in violent contrast two types of artist, the one who had a devil and the one who had, if not a God, a gentle soul within him. It is difficult to remember a more diabolical figure than that of Ganson Normanshire, whose frenzied genius merges into the practice of black magic. On the other hand, Benjamin Brocklehurst, nicknamed "Barnacles," wavers between mystical simplicity and sentimentality; but, on the whole, plays well his complicated part of Orpheus, Pan, Christ, and the subject of the elegy in the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah. His most modern fellow is Waldo, in Olive Schreiner's "Story of An African Farm"—he is a more fortunate Waldo. He has a goodness that disarms guile, and the releasing touch of a true spirit makes him a formidable knight-errant. There are many passages of pure pathos in the book, when the mellow music of the narrative finds an echo in the spirit. It is emphatically not a story for everyone or for every mood; "he that hath no music in his soul" would scorn it as Scotch sentimentality. Read in the right mood it rings truer than Dickens, truer than Barrie; it speaks the universal language of music, by means of which the gods communicate one with the other.

The Church Pulpit. By the Rev. Canon Argles, M.A. (Stockwell.)

A sample: "Ah, and how it should instruct and encourage us, to read in the same breath [we cannot] that he prospered whithersoever he went; that he rebelled against the King of Assyria, and that he smote the Philistines. Yes, it instructs and encourages us; for it tells the old, old story that is reiterated with wholesome but needful frequency in every page of Scripture—the story and the truth that well-doing always brings with it safety, strength and happiness." That passage occupies the third of a page, and there are 168 pages in the book. We congratulate ourselves that we are not usually in the line of fire of this Canon of York.

Pastiche.

By A. M. A.

DESPAIR.

"Have you heard from Langford lately?"

"Langford! Don't you know? He was killed at Loos last month."

"Loos! Then he must have been in the same fight as my son! I suppose I didn't notice the other names."

"Gorrington went down, too, and Hoad and Repton."

"Repton? No, I don't know Repton. Hoad's father was an acquaintance of mine, and Gorrington, of course, I knew through Willie. I knew he was killed, but it was after Willie. He was a fine head—could beat me hollow on Aztec remains. The Aztecs are gone, and we shall be gone."

"Cheer up. We have a lot to do yet. Think of modern science! We shan't go snuff out like the Aztecs."

"The Aztecs knew things and were modern in their day. They are all gone. My son used to chaff me about the Aztecs, my lad—I can see him now chaffing Gorrington and me. They are both dead. And Langford! Langford, too! He was a crack on . . . but what's the use? He's as dead as Caesar himself. They'll be all strangers in the army soon. Good-bye, Williams. I suppose you don't know anything about that other friend of Willie's, young Thorpe?"

"Er—oh; Thorpe? Yes, Thorpe—he's all right."

"I heard he was missing. Thank God, someone's alive! Good-bye."

Williams: Poor old Gray, he's done. I couldn't tell him about Thorpe. But confound his Aztecs! They were savages. . . . But Caesar . . . and Napoleon too . . . Fancy Thorpe . . . it does make a—vacancy. . . .

NUMBNESS.

Dear Mrs. Hatch,—Do you know I cannot remember whether I answered your last letter or not. I have been so busy. My husband was wounded in the head while attacking in Egypt, but am glad to say he is now quite better. I think I told you he is in the —'s. They finished in Egypt a month ago and arrived in France two weeks since. I was hoping with all my heart he would get some leave, but no sign of any yet! The —'s were sent to the trenches at once, and he went in last week. I do want to see him so much! How are you? . . . If only this war would cease and give us back those we love! It is. . . . Good-bye!

Yours,

ANNIE SMITHSON.

Dear Kit,—Thanks for yours. . . . Did I tell you, of course I didn't, that Ben and I have quite decided to get married after the war? He is in Flanders now, having been drafted on from Egypt. It is. . . .

Lovingly,

EDIE.

My dear Amy,—My poor Claude is almost deaf from an abus. I expected to have him home, but alas! no leave yet. He is much better, he writes, these last days and is returning to the trenches shortly. I wish it were all over and our sons back home! Poor young Clarke, one of Claude's school-friends, was killed. I shall be very relieved to have Claude safely back. It is. . . .

Yours affectionately,

MARION.

APATHY.

"What is the price of this hat?"

"Twenty-five shillings, madam. The osprey is real."

"I don't think one ought to wear ospreys during the war. Show me something simple and all black, not crape, of course, I'm not in mourning, thank God; something with a silk crown and fine straw brim. That one; yes, this will do. Yes—P.O.D. Good morning. . . . Let us go on to Selfridge's, Winifred. We can lunch there, and I want to telephone to Mrs. Foster. She has lost her husband—isn't this war awful?—and I'm almost an old friend of hers, so I'm going down to dine with her this evening. I want to know if anyone else will be there—if so, I shan't go. I shouldn't feel easy if she were alone, but there's no need to go if she has someone else. She's very cheerful, considering; but one even gets used to being a widow. One gets used to everything. There's a woman with an osprey! I wonder if they are being worn after all? Look at these skirts; there must be six yards in them. I don't intend to buy another single thing this summer. What does it matter what one wears in a time like this! Mrs. Foster had just got a new outfit. I helped her choose most. And now she has had to dye it all! I'm starving. I'll telephone after lunch. How strange to lunch and dine and all that while this awful. . . .

CANT.

POETIC: Civilisation, thou diest on the battlefield! See there the duke's son giving his last cup of cold water to the cook's son. When men drink the cup of blood together they awaken to brotherhood. O rich reward of pain, arousing man to. . . .

PROSAIC: And after this world-wide cataclysm, progress will leap forward. Capital and Labour, the allied troops of commerce, will unite on the field of peace, shoulder to shoulder, against Prussian greed. Without one drop of bloodshed we, the Allies, in unity, can put it out of Germany's power over again to attack us. Shoulder to shoulder. . . .

COURAGE.

The patrol now out of sight and hearing, his terror returns. For a few minutes he dare not even slacken his attitude of attention. On a sudden he vomits, almost too suddenly to lean forward. The effect is a certain steadiness. His head feels less insanely stiff. But the sounds begin again, the rustlings, the cracklings, the thuddings. His heart thumps, and he mistakes its beat for a muffled footfall. He stares over the wet grass of the ditch bank, in a hollow off which he is placed, and up the rise. He commands the rise with his rifle: any rifle over the rise equally commands his head. Before they could get at him, he would hear the crack of other rifles, those of the outposts.

"What a coward I am!" he thinks, and his mind hurries on—"What an amount of energy I am using up in fear. This is my own energy. I could use the same energy to be courageous. It is mine. I have got all this force, and it's being wasted."

His breath takes full, and his heart rises above his knees and comes back into place as if mechanically. He listens. His mouth and nostrils no longer start open, but close, while his ears are at work. His eyes, half-shut, visualise each stirring object, leaves, twig, rolling stone. He practises, as it were, at standing well over his terror.

Soon he observes that, by interlacing two branches of bush on the bank, he may pass for part of the foliage without in the least obscuring his own view of the horizon.

MR. FIDGET PIFFLES THROUGH.

(In the style of Mr. Wells's serial in the "Nation.")

Volume I.

Part I.

Book II.

Chapter I.

§ 1.

"My Aunt Jemima? . . . O Jiggery!" repeated Mr. Fidget, ruefully. . . .

His guest was plainly nonplussed. "If you hadn't promised to be serious, Mr. Fidget," he said, "I should really think you were joking."

"O Jiggery!" said Mr. Fidget again, fretfully. . . .

"I don't seem to have caught your drift at all," said the other.

"Haven't you?" replied the wonderful Mr. Fidget, with a comic air of melancholy. . . . "O Jiggery!" he said again. . . . tenaciously. . . .

"Whatever has your Aunt Jemima to do with the Great War?" again expostulated the other. "You were going to give me your considered opinion on the causes of the War. . . . And all that sort of thing. . . . But you've been talking about your Aunt Jemima ever since! . . ."

"Talking about her! . . . O Jiggery!" said Mr. Fidget, almost plaintively. . . .

"P'raps I have, though," he admitted afterwards. "Just in course of explanation like! . . . Just to help clear things up like! . . . And all that sort of thing. . . . I do wander like, sometimes. . . ."

Mr. Fidget now became immensely absorbed in a hole he had only just observed in one of his ridiculously ill-knitted woollen socks. With unapt podgy fingers he made great endeavours to close the lacuna. . . .

Unsuccessfully. . . .

"O Jiggery!" he sighed, ruminatively. . . .

(To be continued for months.)

C. E. B.

FRAGMENT DISCOVERED IN THE LAND OF FREEDOM.

We feel the patriot's desire
To brave the foe, to "man" the gun;
We'd walk right up against hell fire,
But we are over forty-one.

The signatures to this fragment are somewhat faint

(not faint-hearted); but the names "Harold" and "Austin" seem to be clear enough; there is also a word like Rob— I don't know whether it might be read as Robert or simply Rob. Could this have been Robert Burns?
V. A. PURCELL.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

A BETTER WAY WITH CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTORS.

Sir,—It has become common knowledge that many conscientious objectors have settled down, with a fairly good grace, to lie in the Army. From officers who possess and exercise a knowledge of psychology we have received accounts of instances which show that in some instances, where the objector was drafted into a line regiment without even the alternative of non-combatant service, the objection, though sincere up to a point, was frequently based on nothing more substantial than nervousness and a vague horror of imaginary discomforts. In these cases officers of the type we have mentioned have frequently been able to turn the conscientious objectors into good and willing soldiers—not through the imposition of harsh penalties, but by the use of tact, sympathy, and understanding. We will give one instance which appears to us to be particularly illuminating. The officer concerned (whose words, in substance, I quote) is an ordinary Cambridge graduate, trained as a private and officer in the Territorials before the war began, and holding a responsible position in business. The private with whom he was dealing in the particular instance which has been brought to our attention was a well-known conscientious objector, though not a man who had taken a very prominent part in the anti-war movements. He was employed before the war, and, indeed, until quite recently, when he was sent into a line regiment, in a famous public institution where he was held responsible for the good behaviour of many youths and young men.

"This man," said the officer, "turned up with his escort, and announced forthwith that he would not wear his khaki uniform. I said at once that we should not ask him to do so; and, turning to the sergeant, I directed that Mr. So-and-So (I would not call him private without his uniform) should be provided with regulation under-clothing and boots, but no uniform. The C.O. made no objection to donning his undergarments and boots, and his uniform was left for him, and he was told where he could get it when he wanted it. Then I had his squad paraded, and I said to the men: 'This is Mr. So-and-So, a conscientious objector. He is not to be molested in any way, and any man who ill-treats or annoys him will get into trouble.' The result was, as you might expect, that So-and-So was cut dead. The soldiers didn't care to speak to him at all, in case they should say something that might lead to cells, and they waved him away like a leper when he approached them. The next stage was when the sergeant asked the man if he would drill. No, he wouldn't drill. When he was brought in to see me, he repeated his refusal. 'All right,' I said; 'of course, we shan't ask you to drill, but you must keep fit. This is a pleasant neighbourhood; go for walks or something, but keep fit.' Mr. So-and-So thanked me and withdrew; but he couldn't go for walks in a pair of pants and a shirt, so, after about a couple of days, he was seen to put on his uniform rather shamefacedly.

"Well, there were one or two more stages in his development. He wore his uniform, but he refused to salute his officers. Patience, I said to my friends, we'll find a way out of it. So we did. I should add that the institution with which this man had been connected was famous for its 'tone.' I and a friend were walking along the road a few days afterwards and we met this man, who very ostentatiously put his hands in his pockets and strutted past. I stopped, looked round, and remarked at once: 'Damned bad manners they have at H—, what?' My friend made some suitable comment, also loud enough to be heard. Would you believe it, but the fact is that very afternoon this conscientious objector sought out the sergeant and after a lesson or two made a point of going about and saluting every officer he could see, and he was quite proud, proud as a peacock, when his salutes were returned. That's about all. The man came to his senses, as I should put it, within three weeks, just because we were tactful and kind without pandering to views of his which we didn't pretend to share. He is now a very good trench-digger and an excellent shot, and he drills with the best of 'em.

"Mind you, they aren't all like that; and some of them would rather be taken out and shot than wear even an Army boot. There are not many such; and I speak from experience. When you come across one of that type you might as well let them go. There is just a chance that some of them will help the State by paying income tax, and in any case, if you keep them in the Army they make more trouble than they're worth. Nobody benefits when they are put in prison. But that type is rare, I assure you; and in most cases the conscientious objector will make a good enough soldier when treated as I treated Mr. So-and-So—I should now say Private So-and-So."

"X."

* * *

INTERNATIONAL ARBITRATION.

Sir,—I conceive no discussion to be of more importance in these days than that concerning the question of the establishment of an international Arbitration Court. May I therefore beg that you grant me space to criticise the remarks of "A. E. R." on this subject in the issue dated the 18th inst. of your journal.

You who know my leanings towards Manchester in economics will not doubt the sincerity of my regard for the principle of individual liberty and variation. It is precisely because I am strongly impressed with the truth of the dictum of the Manchester School to the effect that the fear of war is the parent of militarism, and is therefore the undoubted begetter of the barrack system, with its attendant steam-rolling of human variation, that I work for the establishment of the Arbitration Court.

I do not shrink from investing this Court with power to enforce its decisions. I have before me now my article printed in your issue of May 15, 1913, wherein I especially advocated this. Moreover I said then, and I say it again, that it cannot be expected that such an International Court will end war; we must be satisfied if it renders armed conflict as rare as civil war in these days. And just here arises my main point of discussion with "A. E. R." I agree with him that for many generations men will probably continue to differ with each other to the point of armed conflict; but I maintain that the existing division of Europe into independent armed camps causes men to fight devastating wars for trivial ends. Civil wars are almost invariably concerned with much more important matters. This is a point worthy of consideration. If, in national affairs, the quarrel of family Brown with family Jones is of relatively small concern to the nation at large, the nation does well not to permit Brown to batter at Jones with artillery that may smash up half a town as well as the villa Jones. Now, however, extend the same problem to international affairs. Imagine German Braun opposed to British Jones, and each nation at once suspects that, if its man is flouted, the other nation will imagine that it can "do what it likes." And since there is no superior power to do for Braun and Jones what the national Law Court does for Brown and Jones, and since each nation has it in its power to inflict crushing injury on the other, each nation naturally suspects the other of the most aggressive intentions, and the two nations are likely to be thrown into war over a quarrel that would otherwise interest only the smallest minority in either country.

Now (I am afraid this is a long letter; but bear with me; the subject deserves it), remembering how frequently differences of the Braun and Jones variety arise, the nation arms, and its entire economy must in the last resort be directed towards military fitness. Do we wish to spend money in national experiments? Nay; the money is needed for armament. Do we wish to diet or live experimentally? Nay; the military doctor declares that it will make us unfit; and whilst the experiment might be permitted if we ourselves as individuals were alone concerned, the safety of the nation against military aggression depends upon our physical fitness; the experiment is too dangerous.

"A. E. R." protests that Europe is not an entity as a nation is an entity. Firstly we reply that the powers accorded to the new tribunal must be severely restricted, with the aim of permitting every liberty of development to individual States, excluding the liberty to arm for independent warfare. I know that the problem is difficult; but does not the federation of the United States give us hope? The immense colonies of Britons, Germans, Italians, Poles, and Russians in U.S.A. present almost the spectacle of a completed United States of Europe. I recommend a study of the U.S.A. Constitution. Secondly, just as the discomfort of even a casually armed rebellion on the part of a minority is sufficient

to cause an overwhelming majority in a nation to consider very seriously if the enforcement of the majority will is worth while, so will minorities in the new constitution be respected. This, also, is the guarantee for small States.

The question of the inclusion of the Asiatic and Oriental peoples in the new Federation is more difficult. Personally I should be satisfied for the present with a Federation of the so-called "civilised" States—at all events, until one or two economic problems are settled; but this question deserves separate treatment.

HENRY MEULEN.

PEACE BY NEGOTIATION.

Sir,—May I call the attention of your readers to the memorial to the Prime Minister in favour of negotiation? It seems to me that to obtain signatures for this memorial is the best thing we can do at the present time, if we have in view the establishment of a lasting peace. The memorial is eminently statesmanlike. It does not ask for peace at any price. It simply asks for negotiation in order that we may find out what terms could be obtained, i.e., whether the war could now be terminated on lines satisfactory to the Allies. It may be that this would result in securing such terms as those recently put forward in America (May 10) in the "New York Tribune" as being terms which Germany would accept, including the restoration of Belgium, France, and Serbia, no indemnities, and no attempt to hold alien peoples in subjection. If such terms as these were possible, it would clearly be a monstrous crime to continue the war. On the other hand, it may be that we should find that Germany was not yet in a mood to make such concessions as these, and that something was still left of the aggressive designs of Prussian Militarism. If this was so, the negotiations could be broken off.

All we ask is that an attempt should be made to find out how matters stand. It is hardly believable that the statesmen should not see the force of this demand. Yet we know that, as a matter of fact, there are many reasons which make them hang back and hesitate, and drift, and let things take their course. "To let things take their course in war is to let war feed upon and perpetuate itself." So said the Duke of Argyll in the Crimean War. It is just here that the value of the memorial comes in. It supplies the necessary spur to those who are inclined to drift, while at the same time it affords support and encouragement to those who are disposed to move.

The Rev. Herbert Dunnico, of 47, New Broad Street, London, E.C., is honorary secretary of the Peace Negotiations Committee, and he will be pleased to answer all inquiries.

CHARLES RODEN BUXTON.

FOOD PRICES IN GERMANY.

Sir,—At one of the "large stores" in Liverpool this week (if I may use this cliché of modern commercialism), a window is devoted to a comparison of food prices in Germany and England. Here are some of the examples offered:—English beef, 1s. 3d. per lb.; German beef, 3s. 9d. per lb.; English pork, 1s. 5d. per lb.; German pork, 4s. 2d. per lb.; an English chicken, 3s. 6d.; a German chicken, 11s. 4d.; English margarine, 1s. per lb.; German margarine, 3s. per lb.; English butter, 1s. 8d. per lb.; German butter, 3s. 10d. per lb.

From these figures it would appear that the proportion between German and English food prices is (roughly) as 3 to 1. But as the population of Germany is to the population of Great Britain as 3 to 2, the proportion of prices must be reduced to 2 to 1. In other words, after twenty months of war Germany, with neither means of ingress nor egress, practically cut off from the world, is little more than twice as badly off (in respect of food supplies) as England, whose trade routes have been kept perfectly clear, and who has carried on during the war "Business as usual." If this were really the case the war might go on for an indefinite period; but we know very well that prices in Germany *should* be about four times as high as prices in England (or, rather, prices in England should be one quarter the prices in Germany). Thanks to our profiteers, however, we are paying for our food half as much as our enemies are.

C. S. D.

AMERICA.

Sir,—The American articles by "E. A. B." which have appeared in your columns possess considerable descriptive value. Like the famous Duc de St. Simon, your correspondent shines more as a describer than as a philosopher. Moreover, his point of view is essentially a New York one;

and I can hardly suppose that he has lived much more than five years in America. With these limitations, however, his articles are undoubtedly good, and give by no means a bad idea of American life.

I think your correspondent is mistaken in attaching much importance to the mixture of nationalities in the United States. Even in the present war the hyphenation has had little influence, except to make the argument more lively. Like all the other neutrals, the United States has simply followed her own immediate interests; and she would have done the same if she had been purely Anglo-Saxon. Had there been no political tie between Great Britain and her Colonies, it is not likely that any of them would have taken part in the war. The French political leaders in Quebec have shown very little sympathy with Canadian participation in the war, although almost every inhabitant of Quebec sympathises entirely with France.

As for American puritanism, American deficiency in literature, and the lack of a highly intellectual class in America, these things have certainly not been made worse by the mixture of races. Everything written by "E. A. B." would apply quite as well to New Zealand or Tasmania, which are not hyphenated. In fact, a mixture of races has always had a liberalising influence.

On the whole, "E. A. B." overestimates the strength of American puritanism. A country where divorces are as easily and frequently obtained as they are in the United States can hardly be considered very strict in sexual matters. The American Sunday is far more pleasant than the English one; in California, Sunday is devoted to theatre-going and football matches. It is true, of course, that Evangelicalism and the singing of Moody and Sankey's hymns are considered more respectable than in England; that is inevitable in a community dominated by the middle class. The intensity of evangelical feeling has been much mitigated in America, however. God is an object of familiarity more than reverence, and the sacred and secular are divided by a narrow line. An American girl singing at the piano will see no unfitness in sandwiching "Safe in the arms of Jesus" between "Hold me tight," and "Papa won't buy me a bow-wow."

The essential peculiarity of American puritanism is that it is getting systematically developed along commercial lines. The American capitalist is ready to put his money into any movement that will make his men teetotallers and non-smokers, send them early to bed, and keep them under the influence of the church and the Y.M.C.A., instead of allowing them to associate with agitators and strike-mongers. Puritanism which does not definitely promise dividends to capitalists does not now count for much in America.

"E. A. B.'s" remarks on American "Radicalism" are very like those of any outsider about a movement with which he is not in sympathy. The Radicals, however, have shown much sagacity in their choice of subjects. At one time they were mainly interested in Secularism, and under Ingersoll they waged triumphant warfare against the belief in Hell. They have long been active in discussing the sex question, and the remarkably easy divorce system speaks for their effectiveness. All the Catholics and many Protestants have opposed easy divorce inch by inch, and nobody but the Radicals ever advocated it openly: yet there it is to-day. The Radicals have always favoured Single Tax more than any other economic change; and Single Tax has been widely adopted both in the United States and Canada. They have been less successful in their forty years' struggle for Neo-Malthusianism, but they are winning at last. It must not be forgotten that far more is involved than in Europe. In America there is such intimacy between the sexes that the only barrier at all is the one which Neo-Malthusianism would remove. Moreover, some Radicals, like Miss Emma Goldman for example, insist on describing Neo-Malthusian devices to audiences of two or three thousand people. Thus the conservative element is fighting a desperate battle, and knows very well what it means. It can justly be said that the American Radicals have had a great history.

"E. A. B.'s" description of Havelock Ellis, Kraft-Ebbing and Forel as "the vade mecum of the truly emancipated," is so delicious that I hope the New York Radicals will not miss it. The Radicals themselves have produced far more useful writers than these. "My Century Plant," by Lois Waisbrooker, contains more really valuable facts about sex than any other book in existence, and "The Old and the New Ideal," by E. F. Ruedebusch, although it possesses a title which has since become hackneyed, is a grand piece of argumentation. It is fair to add that Miss Emma Goldman is the best propagandist in the world to-day, as Ingersoll was the best in his day.

R. B. KERR.

ON DEMOCRACY.

Sir,—The pessimistic view in regard to Democracy observable in some of your contributors confirms me in my intention to address you. Surely the literary talent and philosophic thought at the disposal of THE NEW AGE might be better employed in discovering the causes rather than in dilating upon the fact of the failure of Democracy. The latter we all know and are oppressed by; the former we do not know and desire to know. I venture, in spite of my inability to claim any knowledge of philosophy or history, to suggest that if we could apply ourselves with the same diligence as did Leonardo da Vinci to perspective in drawing to perspective in the history of Humanity, hope, rather than despair, would be the correct note to strike. If ever there was a people or nation that seemed to point the way to a successful form of Democratic Government, surely it is the English people and the British nation?

I hope some more able pen than mine will be emboldened to expound this view of the matter. Meantime, I venture to send you the following, written before my perusal of your issue of February 24 last, in which "A. E. R.'s" condemnation of Democracy pleads so eloquently and logically for a return to government by a tyrant, and as a friend of mine from Australia is constantly saying—a bloody tyrant. Here in South Africa THE NEW AGE has a considerable following, probably because we have no press run for the benefit of the public, the bulk of whom is, of course, still under the illusion that the function of the newspapers is to supply news. I think that for this reason the few of us who do try to think, and realise our impotence, welcome a paper such as yours, which, whether we agree with all you tell us or not, does help us to think.

Your views on National Guilds are attractive to many of us, but I for one sometimes wonder whence the impelling human motive needful to a general acceptance of these views is to come.

I observe that you do not regard with disfavour Mr. Bernard Shaw's suggestion for the organisation of the intelligensia of England. Has not the intelligensia of the world been preaching in vain for over two thousand years? It seems to me that what is needed is the happy combination of intelligensia and stupidity which for the sake of politeness I will call Humanism, and that there is one way only of reaching the mind of John Bull, and that is through his heart. "Tell me what a man likes and I will tell you what sort of man he is." Applying this to the people of England, has it ever occurred to you that the extraordinary love they entertain for Charles Dickens may be taken as an indication that what, beyond mere sentiment, appeals to them is a real love for Humanity? From beginning to end Dickens' works are saturated with Humanism. No matter what phase of life he depicts, it is the equality of all men from the point of view of humanity which even in the criminal is so lovingly dwelt on. Who else has so clearly depicted the beauty of poverty and hideousness of wealth? Or preached the doctrine that love not money, heart not head, should rule the world? Looking at the matter from a national point of view, what other nation has systematically shown such a passion for liberty and freedom even for those it has conquered by the sword?

It has occurred to me, and evidently to many others far better able to judge, that salvation must come through a correct understanding of the meaning and value of Citizenship. Personally, I cannot see how any real progress along the path of Humanity can be possible unless and until every man and woman comes to realise to the full that he or she is a citizen of the State and lives in daily consciousness of the need to perform the duties of a citizen, recognising the interdependence of mankind, and that he or she is a unit of the whole body politic, with a duty to others as well as self. Further, it occurs to me that this is in effect the teaching of the greatest intelligensia the world has ever known—the School of Plato and Aristotle. And still further does it occur to my mind that the idiosyncrasy of the British people lends itself more than any other I wot of in History to development along these lines. Our Democracy is so pitifully young, and so crude, that it has not yet shaped itself. Though in danger of being strangled in its infancy by Capitalism, yet it lives and struggles for freedom. The struggle may be painful and long, but just as the first Citizen Army ever raised in England discovered that "it is a long, long way to Tipperary," so I venture to opine it is about to discover that for Democracy as a whole the ultimate destination is equally long, but the determination to arrive

there will be the same. I ask you, is the outlook not hopeful that in grasping the true meaning and value of Citizenship the Democracy of the British Isles, combined with that of its Colonial possession, may shape itself along the lines of Humanism? And if so, how naturally will flow the springs in favour of Guilds?

I can neither help believing nor hoping that many things are combining to make the preaching and teaching of true Citizenship, based on Humanism, practical.

Serious doubts are assailing mankind, and he is considering, as he has never done before, whether he has reached finality in his conception of the great scheme of the Universe, and what he has been pleased to call the Divine. Inevitably he is being borne to the brink of necessity for devising some new scheme for self realisation and social service. Like a faint breeze stirring some mighty pool, conscience, an awakened and intelligent conscience, is stirring the calm surface of settled conviction and self-satisfaction, and man is beginning to ask himself: Is the object of existence, as I have been taught to believe, SELF? Am I entitled to devote all my energies and all my powers of control over nature to SELF advancement? What does it advantage me if I gain the whole world and lose my Soul? What is my Soul? May I not find it and happiness by so living that what of value emanates from my life during a transitory existence may remain as a guide, a light, a help, a blessed heritage to those who come after me? Is not the Kingdom of Heaven here on earth right now? And is not that Kingdom to be reached through the consciousness of having, at any rate, honestly endeavoured to leave this world a little better than I found it? And may not Eternity consist in the perpetuation of the emanation of my spirit or soul throughout Creation? And so, finally, is mankind not rightfully coming to the new conclusion that the will and power to do good to his fellow-man, fellowship, community of interest, conscious interdependence, the one on the other, and action regulated by reason through such consciousness, do in fact constitute the only ground of his superiority over the rest of Creation? And from pondering on this truth and its realisation may he not make the very practical deduction that "the demarcation of sacred and secular is fatal to both"?

And, having arrived thus far, what is to prevent him from further concluding that Humanism can reconcile the two ideals, "Making a man and a Citizen, or both, at once"? So after wandering for two thousand years in the shadows of Judaism he may return to the paths of sanity and wisdom pointed out by Plato and Aristotle, "who perfectly expounded that there is no individual perfection save in and through the State, and no perfecting of the State except through the freedom of those individuals who, by education (in the art and duties of Citizenship) are made capable of it."

Nor is it as if the ground for this teaching had not been prepared. Are not those of Ruskin precisely on these lines? It is inconceivable that the eternal truths so perfectly expounded with such beauty, precision, and mastery of language can be lost to the world just because when first uttered we were wallowing in the mud of materialism to an unprecedented degree. We shall all, I hope, as the result of Armageddon, feel the pinch and learn the value of poverty, and turning our faces from the hideous materialistic doctrines of Adam Smith, John Stuart Mill, and others, count our values in human souls and the appropriateness of each man to carry out faithfully his duties to himself and his neighbours as an integral and necessary factor in the State. It is, I venture to think, under the influence of such views as these that Democracy may acquire the art of Government, and you will best gain disciples to your doctrine of Guilds, from which will follow as a consequence the natural and automatic decentralisation of the present unwieldy, inelastic form of State.

Johannesburg.

J. CATESBY HOLLAND.

"PRESS CUTTINGS."

Sir,—My attention has been drawn to a page in your issue of May 11, where, under the heading of 'Press Cuttings,' you print a memorandum drawn up by me for a discussion meeting at Birmingham in February last. The memorandum in question was not written or intended for publication, and I am at a loss to understand how it found a place in your columns. As the document states, the suggestions contained in it were put forward tentatively as a basis for discussion, and it is only fair to explain to anyone who may be interested

in them that the views there expressed were modified in several particulars as a result of their discussion.

I should be glad if you could find a place for this in your next issue. A. E. ZIMMERN.

* * *

THE CASE OF MR. DARREL FIGGIS.

Sir,—I should be much obliged if you would kindly find room for the following letter which I have received from Mrs. Darrel Figgis. H. J.

Standard Hotel, Harcourt Street, Dublin,
May 15, 1916.

Dear Mr. Holbrook Jackson,—Mr. Figgis wished me to write to you and give a few particulars which might be of interest to you. As you will no doubt have heard, he is unable to do so himself, as he has been arrested.

On Thursday last, at 4.40 a.m., we were roused from our beds by a force of police, armed with rifles, pistols, and short swords, who demanded admittance. Mr. Figgis went to the front door and told them that they would be admitted as soon as we had some clothes on, and that no resistance would be offered. He had barely finished speaking before a violent battering at the door began; with a large rock taken from our garden they smashed the door in, breaking a very strong lock and two bolts which were on the door. As I was standing just as I rose from my bed, Mr. Figgis, to allow me to get to my room, placed his back against the door. At this they rushed to the back door, and with a plank, four inches, fifteen feet in length, using it as a battering ram, they smashed the door to splinters. Then they poured into the house, ransacked every corner, taking all papers, manuscripts, etc. They tore down curtains and expectorated about my house as though it were a taproom.

No charge was made, no warrant shown, not even an explanation. They took Mr. Figgis with a strong armed guard and lodged him in the Castletown Gaol.

There he was treated like a criminal, being allowed no visitors, correspondence, or even the necessary sleeping suit. The governor received special instructions, and, apart from his orders, was as decent as could be. No light, no fire, and a cell 14 feet by 6 for 22 hours in the 24.

To-day he was removed, with a Mr. Pat Noris, editor of the "Mayo News," under armed guard to Dublin. There they would have marched them both through the streets like criminals, except that my husband and Mr. Noris hired two vehicles which saved them this indignity.

They can have no charge against my husband, as he has not been connected with the Volunteers since the split. Both sides publicly disowned Mr. Figgis in the papers, because he refused to confine his attentions to their particular side. The rising was a complete surprise to us, and beyond rumours we were absolutely cut off from definite news for ten days.

Mr. Figgis has barely been out of Achill Island for more than seven months.

As for conspiring by post, it is absolutely impossible. We have not had a letter or bill that has not been censored since we came to Achill.

When the alarming rumours came through, Mr. Figgis was the means of keeping the people quiet.

They are now saying, "We should have done better to have given fight." They have been arrested in dozens from their beds, for nothing whatever. People of all shades of opinion are taken, whose opinions are the very antithesis of Sinn Fein. As for Mr. P. Noris, while his opposition paper was getting out special editions containing the wildest and most exciting rumours, he published nothing, explaining to his public that, as there was no definite news, he preferred to wait. His rival was not arrested, being supported by the party. He waited, and was subsequently arrested! If you wish any further particulars, I would be most glad to furnish them.

Meanwhile, if you could do anything to give publicity to this amazing state of things, I should be grateful.—Very sincerely, MILLIE FIGGIS.

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SHAKESPEARE AS GROTESQUE.

Sir,—Mr. Carter starts by uttering a truism that neither I nor any sane man would wish to contradict, and then accuses me of calling Shakespeare "a very mediocre sort of writer." Really, it is humorous. Cannot Mr. Carter see that it is himself, and himself alone, that is reducing Shakespeare to the mediocre by trying to invent an unnatural explanation to account for the natural genius of Shakespeare? Mr. Carter has certainly

given us a very interesting history of the rise of free libraries in England; but what on earth this has to do with either Shakespeare or the Grotesque I do not know. Personally, I have never belonged to a "Carnegie Canned Literature Store" (whatever this may be); but how the fact of my gleaning my information from a free library would make Mr. Carter's theory valid I am at a loss to understand. That Voltaire spoke of Shakespeare's plays as "the monstrous farces which are called tragedies," and that my quotations from Le Blanc and Coleridge are taken verbatim from these authors' works, Mr. Carter cannot deny, and it does not matter to him or anyone else where I got them from. But I apologise. Voltaire is a "discredited critic." I agree. But who, more than any other man, made him so? Coleridge, whom Mr. Carter, in a puerile pun, is pleased to rank with "Cerebos." He then tells me that I shall probably recommend him to go to Freud and to Sir J. Bland Sutton.

I charged him with the murder of Tragedy. He is afraid of the word; it is not in his vocabulary. Blushless, he still sings of a universal spirit of Joy, as if Joy is something unrelated to Happiness, as if Happiness is unrelated to Pleasure—in short, as if Joy is felt by nobody but Mr. Carter and the great geniuses he patronises. More than a three-lettered word is needed upon which to build a theory beyond tragedy and comedy. I suspect Mr. Carter is trying to find a modern Repertory Theatre term for the Sublime, upon which Longinus wrote a treatise, wherein he backed up the word by more than a repetition, for he gave many examples.

The illiterate, says Mr. Carter, believe that the Grotesque is the grotesque, and our Apostle of Joy, with no hesitation, with no apology, repeats his most horrible barbarism, the Noble Grotesque. Is it Pope's grotto or the Rocky Mountains? But we can examine Mr. Carter on this matter since he is landed in the net through snapping at the bait I took from "Macbeth." Although Mr. Carter says the poet failed, Shakespeare did intend to write a tragedy when he wrote "Macbeth." The "vaulting ambition which o'erleaps itself" is a joyless phenomenon seen in human nature. This ambition must be limited if it overleaps itself. There is a known limitation to Macbeth's will, but to his will and the greater will of his wife a barrier is set, which reaches through the infinite, fixed by Fate, Chance, Providence, or whatever one's religion calls the power. The tragedy is of a man who goes against and not with this unknown superiority, who in the midst of his inevitable disaster sees Life as an idiot's dream, a walking shadow. The universal tragedy here portrayed is that man can see nothing beyond this horror which he himself makes, and that he persists, without illumination, with increasing bitterness and spiteful, raging fear, in a struggle with a higher power.

Mr. Carter snatched my bait, and his ignorance is understood. According to his theory, the poet is filled with Joy at his discovery that Life is an idiot's dream. Only good things can be abused, and laughter is on the wrong side of the face when it can be expressed at such a time. This Grotesque Shakespeare, we are told by the man who resuscitated Shakespeare, was fully aware of the emptiness of Life and he laughed at everything. The True Shakespeare laughed at the fullness of life with Falstaff and his crew. Are emptiness and fullness the same thing?

In conclusion I commend a re-perusal of my first letter, where Mr. Carter might see that my reason for quoting the opinions of the French critics was to show that other men had seen the Grotesque in Shakespeare long before Mr. Carter, and that he (Mr. Carter) has not disproved those opinions of the Grotesque that they held. He would also find if he read Coleridge that he was one of the first English critics to attack those writers, and to show the value of Shakespeare's introduction of the Grotesque (or, as I prefer it, the comic) into his tragedies. Again, Mr. Carter might learn by reading Coleridge (what he apparently does not know, and therefore speaks of a "dead-and-gone distinction between tragedy and comedy") the real meanings of tragedy and comedy. C. S. J. D.

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JAMES STEPHENS AND BERNARD SHAW.

Sir,—I must not let Mr. Stephens' generous letter pass without assuring him publicly that it is very gratifying to me, and that I did not misunderstand the inevitable misunderstanding that is now cleared up between us.

G. BERNARD SHAW.

Press Cuttings.

The difficulty which will confront British shipbuilders when the pressure of Government work is relaxed will be to make the change over from war to peace trading without an industrial revolution. All those who are familiar with what is happening in the great shipyards of the Clyde and the North-East and North-West Coasts know that the insistent demands of the Admiralty for rapid delivery has raised wages and all the other costs of construction to levels never previously recorded. The wrench of parting with inflated wages—apart from other considerations—may easily cause a serious split between capital and labour, and precipitate an industrial crisis at the very moment when in the national interest it will be essential that a combined effort should be made to win back the trade surrendered to neutral countries. It is a situation which will have to be faced with resolution, and it will be nothing less than a national disaster if at the right moment steps are not taken to secure industrial peace in the period following the war.—“The Times Annual Financial and Commercial Review.”

Miss Lilian Barker (Lady Superintendent, Woolwich Arsenal), lecturing at Bedford College yesterday, on the hygienic effects and defects of women's munition work, said the national crisis made it absolutely necessary for married women to work in order to support their children, and this ought to lead to the institution of national creches to take the place of the nursery of the better-class households.

Creches should be the means of employing what was now an almost unemployed class—the woman who was getting on in life. The long hours that had to be worked now might unfortunately result in a lesser birth rate and a loss of family life, but in peace times both of these should be remedied. Creches should create a less harassed and, therefore, happier mother for the times of leisure.

If only the Government would grasp the opportunity, the large army of women skilled in the use of machinery should be one of the greatest weapons available for use against German industry in peace times.—“Observer.”

With woman invading every department of both public and private activity, a number of far-sighted men and leaders of thought have come forward to declare that what is a necessity at present, owing to the war, must under no consideration become the rule after the war.

Brieux, of the Academie Française, is very outspoken. “I have already declared, and I now repeat,” he says, “that a time will come when humanity will be as much ashamed at having ever allowed woman to work as to have tolerated slavery years ago.”

But, while agreeing that a woman's place is at home, he points out that it is first essential to provide a home for her.—“Pall Mall Gazette.”

A meeting of the West Suffolk Appeal Tribunal took place at the Shire Hall, Bury St. Edmunds, on Monday, when Lord Bristol presided. In respect to a man aged 19, his employer (a blacksmith) applied for absolute exemption for him. The chairman said the time was approaching when the Government would take steps to organise industrial conscription. To say it was impossible to get a man to do blacksmith's work was about as bad as to say that a man of 19 could not be found to fight for the Army. It was pointed out to the appellant that a blacksmith under 25 was not now in a certified occupation. The appeal was dismissed.—“Bury Free Press.”

It is not difficult to estimate the fortunes made by owners at Liverpool and other shipping centres. That these ghouls should be permitted to make these vast fortunes out of the War and to wring their profits from the necessities of the people is one of the most discreditable things done by the Government. It is insufferable that at a time when the people of England have to pay 6d. a pound for sugar, and 1s. 4d. for bacon, while frozen meat of the coarsest kind fetches from 8d. to 10d. a pound, these shipping companies should be permitted to raise the price of freights without any interference. That the price of food would never have risen to its present figure,

and that freights could have been kept at a much lower rate had Mr. Runciman done what he ought to have done, is common knowledge. We have already shown in these columns how, in defiance of the people's needs, he deliberately refrained from commandeering certain shipping lines, and by his failure to do his duty ensured those lines stupendous profits.—“New Witness.”

There is only one way to get anything like Equality of Sacrifice in the defence of the country, and that is by National Service; to which, it seems probable, we are rapidly hastening. Not, we hasten to say, the National Service that the conscriptionists talk about, but a really universal summons of every person over 18, whatever the sex or rank or age or circumstances, to present himself or herself for such work, within his or her capacity, as may be prescribed. This is what is implied in Mr. Anderson's Bill for the Conscription of Income, which, with other private Members' Bills, still awaits the permission of the Government even to get printed. We ought, all of us, in this national crisis, to find our incomes (other than wages or salaries) automatically diverted to the Public Trustee; and those of us who are earning nothing would have to show cause why we should be granted allowances for maintenance, and what “work of national importance” we were doing or were capable of doing.—“New Statesman.”

It would greatly simplify Labour questions if we could eliminate the cost of living from the market value of labour, and consider it separately. When Parliament fixed a minimum wage it was, in fact, intended to be a living wage; a fair equivalent in money for food, clothing, and cover. This minimum wage was not expressed in terms of money, because the value of money is in a state of constant change. It was, therefore, left to district committees of employers to revise it from time to time, according to varying conditions in different parts of the country. There would be no difficulty in fixing a living wage to be based upon the returns of the Board of Trade for the previous twelve months, with a different scale for town and country. If this living wage cannot be paid then a business so impoverished had better close down. . . . This would disentangle the reasonable share of labour in gross profit from the cost of bare living, for the fluctuations in food do not always keep pace with variations in trade. . . . It would certainly simplify trade disputes if they could be dealt with purely upon their merits, and it would make easy the adoption of a scale of pay dependent upon profits if the cost of living were dissociated from such a scale.—Sir J. COMPTON RICKETT.

We have frequently pointed out that in the majority of instances disputes between Capital and Labour referred to “arbitration” work out in favour of Capital. For this reason the workmen of this country have always had a wholesome distrust of such form of settlement, preferring to rely on the weapon of the strike. Capitalists, however, are all believers in arbitration—provided always that the award is made in their favour! The British Motor Cab Company is a case in point. A dispute arose between the company and the taxi-drivers on the question of the price of petrol. The company desired to supply the men with petrol of eighteen miles capacity instead of twenty miles at the same price of 8d. per gallon, which meant a reduction of 1s. 6d. per week from the men's commission. The taxi-drivers refused to accede to the terms, but agreed to the company's suggestion that the matter should be referred to arbitration. The arbitrators in question were Lord Balfour of Burleigh, Sir Herbert Bartlett and Mr. J. Clynes, M.P. They found in favour of the men, which meant that the price of the petrol remained unchanged. The company, however, have refused to abide by the decision of the Court they themselves evoked, and the men have accordingly come out on strike. We wish good luck to them—for in this case there can be no pretence that the strike is “unpatriotic,” since it is the employers and not they who have refused an equitable settlement. Once the War is over and the necessity for the abrogation of Trade Unionism is at an end we have little doubt that workmen will return to the most effective way of fighting the profiteers. And we say this, despite the fact that Mr. George, at the behest of the wealthy employers of labour whom he serves, is doing his utmost to force industrial conscription on the country during and after the war.—“New Witness.”