**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 industries from which in past days he professed with Lord Rosebery the downfall of the nation he has now instituted without winking an eye. And even the Free Trade to which we believed the nationalisation of industries from which in past days he professed with Lord Rosebery the downfall of the nation he has now instituted without winking an eye. And even the Free Trade to which we believed 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 accelerated 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 at 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."

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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 Fein revolt as of so much more significance than a rabbit-pooners' 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 "Eden-Card" scheme is of little importance to the Irish Catholics. 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 capacity 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.

* * *

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 Ireland by their action. Are we wrong in wishing that the wage-earning classes should by means of their industry, constitute in itself, we say, a power even though it should not be actively or forcibly employed. The popular use of force went out in our opinion with the advent of machine-guns. On the contrary, we have advocated the acquisition 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 economies. We are not in the least disposed to make the same mistake, and Mr. Wardle's little side-sermon is therefore not made up to 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. Mr. Wardle, we suggest, in the spirit of confession and re-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.

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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 Phillips, of Salisbury, would have set it out in headings by their size would have impressed public opinion. "After paying," we are told, "a fine tribute to the miners who had enlisted, Alderman Phillips 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 shipmen who were asking enormous freights."

The answer, it appears to us, is obvious; but it is 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 that the politicians and the war-men 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 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.

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We hope that we can appreciate the point of view from which Mr. Henderson argued 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 is 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, and with the thought that Mr. Henderson bega
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 he 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 deduce 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 and a half times the excess and war 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 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 begun 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 gall and strong
Of the brave good youth did bear.'"

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.
By S. Verdah.

Bryson 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, and 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 have 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 their proximity to utilise them as a base; and 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 the columns of the German Press—and, to some extent, in the Press of the Empire,—the complete stoppage of the export of Swedish 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 as a pathfinder, Professor Steffen, who happens to be a member of the Riksdag, put down a question on the sub-
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 religion and politics. The pacifists themselves have always thought that the one 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 mean 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 find 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, is surely the case. 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 flat 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.

Do you deny it then, that religious explanation were sufficient (as I said before), it would be generally accepted.

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 to 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 an oracle in the matter of existence before August, 1914, should therefore be made-public.

A vow—what do you mean by that?

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 Nazaries; of medieval and of modern monks and nuns. In the history of these devotees you will discover that their virtue lies precisely in the making and 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 devotes or men under a vow in the old sense of the word?

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 must, of course, 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 birthplace 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 cost 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 inerrigible 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 Aeroplane to force Greece to relax her neutrality; we made it clear that we would, if necessary, batter our way into Salonica, 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 revived 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 my country was concerned we should have been conquered by 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 which 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 attitudes it 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, we 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, 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. I rate it as far superior to French civilisation, and I quite understand why English, the French, the Italians, and the Bulgarians.

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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. I rate it as far superior to French civilisation, and I quite understand why English, the French, the Italians, and the Bulgarians.
States, have paid the price of a revolution to get rid of the Rot 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 importunate the Reichstag is, and in the House of Commons speaks of the money the French minister paid either as dividends "exhibiting duties" 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, 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 Russia is a recent support based on the practical experience of the individual German that underlines with his friends, once the butt 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 and chance. Military efficiency is 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 etiquette 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 torpedo been a British one, launched by Mr. Churchill's order for the sake of prejudicing the cause of Germany and discrediting so plausible a story. But it is the weakness of class despotism that its credit and its strategy are only point out to him, in an insane fashion which not even the warnings of England or any other Power to come to the rescue of La Belle Spain.

The bigger his blunder, the more necessary to proclaim it a masterstroke. And the son of a cooper, and General Robertson, promoted from the ranks. The bigger his blunder, the more necessary to proclaim it a masterstroke. And General Joffre, the son of a cooper, and General Robertson, promoted from the ranks. Nothing but a reign of terror can protect that army. It was on the strength of that victory and 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 romantic worship 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 the German fleet and the training of the United States to meet 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 leadership with men, even in a square fight with her if he had waited for something more exact, and very determined to do their best; but what is the use of that without republican common sense behind it. It is perfectly correct to shoot Miss Cavell: she had committed what is by military law a capital offence, and a capital one. But would any commander 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. The whole case of Belgium. Every one who knows anything of war admits that when a country is invaded, and an army finds itself at a disadvantage, it should fight; but when the invasion is not only no crime but an act of patriotism, why 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 to any method, they shaming as they did, have been intoxicated with idolatry as to imagine that Western public opinion could be imposed on by the rhodonite of Timour the Tartar, have advertised this horrible necessity as the Prussian officers did? Were the pompous nobles whose proclamations the people 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 Bussels and Arwerp to the ground and killed every soul in them with less folly than these Joffre off-
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 luxury, the 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 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 bantling. 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 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 persons with whom medical science provids
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
partners by the score. The miserable creatures were
pitched out into the streets—though physically weak
and ill, though mothers of young children, though
to all 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. He was a Member of the House
of Commons, but his words were returned to him
by the Government. Hence comes that noble alacrity of English statesmen
which characterized the present war, several Ministers and Generals have
been relieved of their charge of the incompetence at the top." But John
Bull, it has been said, is logical and just. Resides, if
the country, exasperated by the expenditure 
which marked its progress, cursed the
disasters which marked its progress, cursed the
administrators established at the public cost. His efforts
were vain. The plunders, as their custom is, in
ailing into 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
reformatories established at the public cost. His efforts
were vain. The plunders, 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
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, 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
severs 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.

The fashion of impeachments has died out of Eng-
land together with the ideas of Ministerial utility and
responsibility which had begotten it. Nowadays,
English Ministers, no matter what they do or leave
undone, ride out the headwinds of their colleagues, emoluments, but only their reputations—a loss which
they can well afford to incur. Of course, there are ex-
ceptions to every rule. I will cite from Sir Henry Lucy
what he calls "an extreme case." In the Session of

1876 Sir Charles Adargerley, as President of the Board of
Trade, had charge of the Merchant Shipping Bill. Rarely had such unhappily
the results of the medicine he has administered to
the patient will be such as he promised? How else could
be he tell that what is medicine to him may not be poison
to the patient?

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's mismanagement of 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 con-
ception 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
the execution of it wretched." Not for the first
time has a similar panegyric been pronounced at the
obscurities 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 on the score of competency
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
the Session of II, 1902, came
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 easily 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 the craft and of discipline.' Remember two things: (1) Knowledge is not a Heavensent 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 cannot have no confidence in yourself, and the men can, and may, have no confidence in you. 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 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 which he depends for his livelihood, he, 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.

11.—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 own 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 me 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 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 funny? 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 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 schoolfellows 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, concentrating their 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 bouts of weakness, the school became divided against itself on the question of Oxford or Cambridge, I suppose I was the only Latdeican among six or seven hundred partisans. Since I had no brother at either university, and some of my relations had been to ope 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 adjusted all along. 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 up my mind. But if you have come to that conclusion, I think you will be wrong, and I myself to blame for it, and then contradicting it, and asking you to believe me with first stating a fact and asking you to believe that whereas in talking to her I certainly did feel the thrill of adventure and romance in smoking on the roof or in any school function, but that whereas I found 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 companion, the want of any subject of interest, in talking to the stablemen I found myself a little more at ease. Not that I talked much to them, for I had nothing 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 as one of themselves, and I enjoyed a number of their pleasures—that is to say I liked sailing a water-lag and un navigable boat, I liked hunting and shooting and fishing, I liked driving an unwilling tandem, I liked playing cricket with them, and there was a certain 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 desiring anything; I liked shooting, but I hated shooting anything; I liked playing games but I hated winning them. You will see, then, with your honours and fancies and liabilities and differences, what an unsatisfactory companion I made either for boy or for girls. I never felt truly 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 stigma 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 supposed 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 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 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 faith 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, it is not, to change as one grows up? The tombboy, 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. I 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 false from every point of view, will give you no reply. I hope, nevertheless, that without annoyance to you I may say "au revoir."

Yours sincerely,

ACTON REED.
I, with no other hope than that Freud would find himself checking 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 this 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 he ought to read on "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 interminability 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, however, what his art never 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 even 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 comparative neglect to the 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 they make 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 mud—and then there proceeds from it such a beamstalk 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 claim for admission. 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, spelt 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-
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. First, 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 any more than they may need for maybe or maybe for am Ende, or as a kind of trilled d, which 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 tramps 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 ganin=urchin say Penses-tu?=our slang, what do you think?—he seems to say something but the t. He exaggerates; but so will need to do any English tongue in order to fine off our natural n, which makes of the word rue, rowe=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, ouiuis, 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 sparking t (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, Tu me aïz=thou bested that, although, of course, it would sound rather queer on paper. We might 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 a does not open it in the least. The whole phrase will sound like the French rustics or common people, 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. The bound may be got at by using a sharp, the sharpest, a for oi, this ë which our Cockneys turn into e when they have to speak of their hat or their hand. You will not rather be centre for oi, or something like, a 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 faounde in order to correspond to the natural desire to pronounce this word found. I hesitate to give you more hints, since most English make a perfect double-you of æ; 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 you wish you had never mentioned it, after you had asked 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 e very pretty sound in French; remember the vowel, and followed this letter is with regard to the matter. The first is the least disagreeable if one must choose, but something between the two would be really inoffensive. A sharpened scharp is necessary; in chaleurs =castle, a quite sharp shat. Sharto is quite wrong, given the shortened French a, yet we may be, we must take for practice, such Cockneyisms as Novem-be, Decem-be, remembe...
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 utility. If the "values" are 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 good," 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 is the good," etc. Shakes that 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! 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 Mercelth 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's fate.

But we are not 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 talons, 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, and perhaps, a thousand and a thousand years, without any trouble of theirs," says Plutarch; the Helots, indeed, may be regarded as the agricultural Guild of the Laedemonians, 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 post 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 utility, "nay, even in his periods of leisure, he is without rights; for a function exists only in its per-
enumerate the subjective rights; anything, according to Senor de Maeztu. The Pauline principle which Senor de Maeztu has adopted as the only principle of law, “if any would not work, neither should he eat,” condemns all children 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 point the clear point that Senor 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 objective test is obviously the a posteriori one of success or failure. Senor 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, an emperor; and on Senor 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 Senor 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 Senor de Maeztu’s objective doctrine to be found in Bentham’s advocacy of utilitarianism; indeed, many of the consequences that Senor de Maeztu thinks flow from his functional principle Bentham asserted flowed from his principle of utility. Senor de Maeztu says that “the bankers in a functional society work, like the 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, to a certain extent, is the question—a principle which stands up, as the only right—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-therapeutists who repudiate the use of drugs, equally with the drug doctors who repudiate the use of psycho-therapeutists, 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-therapeutists), he will show those who are prodigal of their nervous energy how best to conserve it; and yet it is clear that 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 inapplicable 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 read side by side; Dr. Hollander wisely avoids the question-begging classifications of “neurasthenia” and psychasthenia; 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, appetite, memory, the sensations of hunger, nausea, 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 is that they may be read by those who are already dwelling too much on their troubles, does not apply to these books. If the patients can be induced to

Nervous Disorders of Men.

The Modern Psychological Conception of Their Causes, Effects, and Rational Treatment. By Bernard Hollander, M.D. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.)

The publication of these two volumes emphasizes 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. 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-therapeutists who repudiate the use of drugs, equally with the drug doctors who repudiate the use of psycho-therapeutists, 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-therapeutists), he will show those who are prodigal of their nervous energy how best to conserve it; and yet it is clear that 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 inapplicable 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 read side by side; Dr. Hollander wisely avoids the question-begging classifications of "neurasthenia" and psychasthenia; 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, appetite, memory, the sensations of hunger, nausea, 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 is that they may be read by those 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 acquire equal benefit from all the descriptions of all the cures that have been effected, and the chapter giving "directly logical analysis hints" 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 complaints, 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, and the beneficent 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 persistent proof that the counsel of perfection, "suit the education to the child," can usually be realized. "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 will, or in the more 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 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 be recommended to "parents, teachers, and medical officers of schools."

The Complete Gentleman. By Bobun Lynne. (Secker. 6s.)

This is a niggling little story of a niggling little man who was not a gentleman, 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 scorched 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, is not compatible with sanity. 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 justification not in the act of giving but in the act of telling its value, and stigmatising the one in indulgence, the other in speciousness, and made himself intolerable. His whole married life is detailed to show this, to show him as the "hermit and" in society; and when, at the end, his wife confesses that her daughter is not his child his isolation is complete 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. MacDowall Hay. (Constable. 3s. 6d. net.)

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 Normaishire, whose frenzied genius merges into the practice of black magic. On the other hand, Benjamin Brocklehurst, nicknamed "Barnacles," was haunted by 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," a more fortunate Waldo. He has a goodness that disarms guilt, 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; the reader in right mood it rings truer than Dickens, truer than Barrie; it speaks the universal language of music, and 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, rather than 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 sweet, sweet truth that urges us to keep it safe, 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! I think he must have been in the same fight as my son! I suppose I didn't notice the other names."

"Gorringe went down, too, and Head and Repton."

"Repton? No! That was before. "Your dependable servitor, Hoad's father was an acquaintance of mine, and Gorringe, of course, I knew through Willie. I knew he was killed, but it was alter Willie. He was a fine fellow—could beat me hollow on Aztec remaining. 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 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 trenches at once, and lie went in last week. I do want to return to the trenches shortly. I wish it were all over soon. Good-bye, Williams. I suppose you don't know me."

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

"Cheer up, Williams. Poor old Gray, he's done. I couldn't tell him about Thorpe. But confound his Aztecs! They were savage. But Caesar himself, and Napoleon too. Fancy Thorpe... it does make a—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 attackers were frequent in Egypt, but am glad to say he is now quite better. I think I told you he is in the trenches at once, and he went in last week. I do want to see him so much! I go out like you did?"

"If only this war would cease and give us back those we love! It is... Good-bye!

Yours,

ANNIE SMITHSON.

APATHY.

Dear Kit,—Thanks for yours... Did I tell you, of course I wasn't quite decided to get married after the war? He is in Flanders now, having been drafted out of Egypt. It is... lovingly,

EDIE.

My dear Amy,—My poor Claude is almost deaf from an infection in his ear 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! The two's were sent to the trenches at once, and he went in last week. I do want to see him so much! I go out like you did?"

"If only this war would cease and give us back those we love! It is... Good-bye!

Yours affectionately,

MARION.

PATIENCE.

"What is the price of this hat?"

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

"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. Shall I say something simple and all black is quite in the style, of Mr. Wells's serial in the "Nation."

"In a hollow of which he is placed, and up the rise. He could get the lacuna. . . . 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.

"I dont seem to have caught your drift at all," said his guest was plainly nonplussed. "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 Listen. His mouth and nose are stiff, but close, while his ears are at work. His eyes, half-shut, visualise each stirring object, leaves, twigs, 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 PULLED THROUGH.

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

"Haven't you?" replied the wonderful Mr. Fidget, "P'r'aps he is, and Napoleon too. Fancy Thorpe... it does make a—a vacancy."

"I don't seem to have caught your drift at all," said his guest was plainly nonplussed. "What was it you were talking about your Aunt Jemima ever since!"

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

"I don't seem to have caught your drift at all," said his guest was plainly nonplussed. "What was it you were talking about your Aunt Jemima ever since!"

"Sorry, I have, though," he admitted afterwards. "Just in case of explanation like... Just to help cheer 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-knit woolen socks. With smart peedy fingers he made great endeavours to close the lacuna."

"O Jiggery!" he sighed, ruminatively. (To be continued for months.)
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 fair share of good grace, to life in the Army. From officers who possess and exercise a knowledge of psychology we have received advice that where possible, and in suitable circumstances, 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 objects 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 in-stance of what we mean. A soldier recently arrived in the ranks, I suppose, had no real objection to fighting. The officer concerned (whose words, in substance, I quote) is an ordinary Cambridge graduate, trained and interested in psychology. He had been in the trenches, and was, or had been, leading a very 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 particularly effective one. He had taken a very prominent part in the anti-war movements. He was employed before the war, and, incidentally, unusually when in the trenches, 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, but to permit him to remain in his uniform as he liked. This was Mr. So-and-So. He is not to be molested in any way, and any man who tries to annoy him will get no truck from me, and, I hope, from the others, as well. He is very keen about his uniform. I would advise you to keep him to your left, if you can, and not to allow him to be annoyed. He is a well-known conscientious objector, as I have said. His uniform is of no account to me. I have no objection to allowing him to wear it, as he likes. He is a well-known conscientious objector, as I have said. His uniform is of no account to me. I have no objection to allowing him to wear it, as he likes."

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 will find a way of handling him. I should advise that the institution with which this man had been connected was famous for its 'tense.' I had a friend walking along the road a few days after this man, who was very ostentation-ly put his hands in his pockets and strutted past. I stopped, looked round, and remarked at once:

"Ilminded, they aren't all like that; and some of them would rather be taken out and shot than wear 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, for they must be taken care of. We cannot afford to have them about."

Mr. So-and-So—"I should now say Private So-and-so."

INTERNATIONAL ARBITRATION.
Sir,—I consider it my duty to draw attention to the importance 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 wonder at the sincerity of my regard for the principle of individual liberty (not faint-hearted); but the names "Harold" and "A. E. R."'s) are to the best of my knowledge, unknown, except to the small circle of international arbitrators. 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 begetter of the barrack system, with its attendant stern-rollering 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 service which will make us unwarlike. Civil wars and internationals are 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 shatter up half a town as well as the villa Jones. Now, however, and with the same problem to international affairs. Imagine German Braun opposed to British Jones, and each nation at once suspects that, if its man is not flouted, the other nation will imagine that it can do for Braun and Jones what the national Arbitration Court has done for Brown and Jones. And just here arises my main point of discussion with "A. E. R."

"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 are such as to place it in the position of an armistice, having the power of compelling every liberty of development to individual States, excluding the liberty to arm for independent warfare. I know that the problem is difficult; but a government that has been able to do this with the aid of the Arbitration Court 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 to neglect.

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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 inclined to support 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.

Peace by Negotiation.

Sir,—May I call the attention of your readers to the memorial to the Prime Minister in favour of negotiation? It is worth while, so will minorities in the new class. It is hard to believe that the American capital is fighting a desperate battle, and knows itself. "To let things take their course. "To let things take their course.

PEACE BY NEGOTIATION.

**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 in England. Here are some of the examples offered: English beef, 1s. 6d. per lb.; German beef, 3s. 6d. per lb.; English pork, 1s. 6d. per lb.; German pork, 4s. ad. per lb.; English chicken, 1s. 6d.; a German chicken, 1s. 6d.; English margarine, 1s. 6d.; German margarine, 3s. per lb.; English butter, 10s. per lb.; German butter, 10s. 6d. per lb.

From these figures it would appear that the proportion between German and English food prices is (roughly) as 3 to 1. 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 impressing nor egress, practically cut off from the world, is little more than twice as badly off as in respect of food supplies as England was before the war. We 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 that prices in Germany should be about four times higher as prices in England (or, rather, prices in England should be one quarter the prices in Germany). Thanks to our profits, we are not, however, 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 Déc 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. 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. Like 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 conflict. 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 expected to be very strict in sexual morality. The American Sunday is far more pleasant than the English; in California, Sunday is devoted to theatrical performances, and not to churches. Evangelicalism and the singing of Moody and Sankey's hymns are considered more respectable than in England; immorality is considered more respectable than in the United States and Canada. They have been less successful in the 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, Krafft-Ebing and Forcl as "the vade mecum of the truly emancipated," is so deliciously honest I hope the New York Radicals will not miss it. The Radicals themselves have used far more useful writers than these. "My Century Plant," by Lois Wijsbrocker, contains more really valuable facts about sex than any other book in existence, and "The Child and the New Idem," by E. R. Fuodubesh, although it possesses a title which has since become hackneyed, is a good piece of argumentation. In the matter of Mrs. Ivers, Miss Emma Goldman is the best propagandist in the world to-day, as Ingersoll was the best in his day.
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 philosophical thought at the disposal of True New Age might be covering the causes? By the medium 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 the problem of how to live together without destroying ourselves, the danger of being strangled in its infancy by Capitalism, hope, rather than despair, would be the correct note to strike. If ever there was a people or nation that seemed to possess the way to avoid the worst, surely it is the English people and the British nation.

In addition to the 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 period 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 reminding me that "he or she is a citizen of the State and lives in daily pursuit of the newspapers is to supply news. I think that for this reason few of us who try to think, and realise our impotence, welcome a paper such as yours, 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 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 needlessly a section 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 exasperating love they entertain for Charles Dickens may be a tacit admission of the ineptitude of Mr. Bernard Shaw's suggestion for the organisation of the intelligensia of England.

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in them that the views there expressed were modified in several points 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, fifteen feet long, which was 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 smashed the windows. Mr. Figgis, to allow me to get to my room, placed his back against the door. 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 light, no fire, and apart from his orders, was as decent as could be. No fight, no fire, and a cell 14 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, borne home his attentions to their particular side. The rising was a complete surprise to us, and beyond rumours we were absolutely cut off from outside news for ten days.

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

As far as I know, 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. He was not arrested, and this was a surprise to 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.

SHAKESPEARE AS GROTESQUE.

Sir,—Mr. Carter starts by uttering a truism that neither 1 nor any sane man would wish to contradict, and then accuses me of calling Shakespeare a "very mediocre sort of writer." Really, it is an annoyance. Cannot one 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 "Carne- negie Canned Literature Store" (whatever this may be); but how the fact of my not being in one free library would make Mr. Carter’s theory valid I am at a loss to understand. That Voltaire spoke of Shakespeare’s plays in the same terms which are called tragedies, and that my quotations from Le Blaise 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. Voltaire is an "anonymous" or "credited 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 "Cerberus." He then tells me that I shall probably recommend him to go to Freud and to Sir J. Blund 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 patronizes. 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, which he attempts to 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 grand and noble Apostle of Joy, with no hesitation, with no apology, reports 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 intended to write a tragedy when he wrote “Macbeth.” The vaunting ambition which o’erleaps itself is a joyless phenomenon seen in human nature. It must be limited if it overlaps itself. There is a known limitation to Macbeth’s will, but to his will and the greater will of his wife a barriety 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 hand which he holds, 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 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 French critics. Mr. Carter might 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 "devotional-committal distinction between tragedy and comedy") the real meanings of tragedy and comedy.

C. S. J. D.

JAMES STEPHENS AND BERNARD SHAW.

Sir,—I must not let Mr. Stephens’s 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 interval, and those who are faced with what is happening in the great shipyards of the Clyde and the North-East and North-West Coasts know that the insistence of demands on the Admiralty for rapid delivery has made the whole situation more pressing and the cost of conscription to levels never previously recorded. The wreck of putting in wages apart from other considerations may easily cause the employers to ask for a capital sum to help, 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 wind 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 a generally devalued class of women who were 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 if in the future they should be remedied. Creches should create a less harassed and, therefore, happier mother for the times of future.

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 Francaise, 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 of having ever allowed women to work as to have tolerated slavery years ago.

But, while agreeing that a woman's place is at home, the appeal was dismissed.—"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 conciliation. 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.—"Thurley Free Press."

It is not difficult to estimate the fortunes made by owners at Liverpool and other shipping centres. That these should be permitted to make these vast fortunes out of the necessities of the people is one of the most discreditful things done by the Government. It is inconsiderate that at a time when the nation's life is in peril, we should be asked to pay £1 a pound for sugar, and 1s. 4d. for bacon, while frozen meat fetches from 8d. to a pound, the coarsest kind fetches from 8d. to a pound, and that the price of food would never have risen to its present figure, and that freight charges 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, which, it seems, is rapidly hastening. Not, we hasten to say, the National Service that the conservatists talk about, but a really universal summons of every person over 18, whatever the sex or rank or age or circumstances, to present himself 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 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 as a cost of production. If this minimum wage was, in fact, intended to be a living wage, a fair equivalent in money for food, clothing, and shelter, this would be a necessary condition. But, it is pointed out to the appellant, if this minimum wage is not expressed in terms of money, because the value of money is in a state of constant change. It was, therefore, left to the district committees of employers to fix the amount of pay, both in town and country, to vary with the 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 would be forced to close down. The whole of 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.

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 endeavoured to fix this minimum wage at a living wage, a fair equivalent in money for food, clothing, and shelter. This minimum wage would be expressed in terms of money, because the value of money is in a state of constant change. It was, therefore, left to the district committees of employers to fix the amount of pay, both in town and country, to vary with the 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 would be forced to close down. The whole of 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.

Lord Balfour of Burleigh, Sir Herbert Bartlett and Mr. J. Clynes, M.P. They found in favour of the men, which Mr. Runciman did not do. The company desired to supply the men with petrol of eighteen miles capacity instead of twenty miles of petrol. For this reason the workmen endeavoured to fix this minimum wage at a living wage, a fair equivalent in money for food, clothing, and shelter. This minimum wage would be expressed in terms of money, because the value of money is in a state of constant change. It was, therefore, left to the district committees of employers to fix the amount of pay, both in town and country, to vary with the 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 would be forced to close down. The whole of 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.