THE
NEW AGE
A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART.

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CONTENTS.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

IN so far as the Paris Conference confines itself to the means of fiscal war upon Germany during the present military war, we have nothing to say against it. Nor can objection be taken to the devising of common measures among the Allies for the protection of their own trade after the war, and for the maintenance, for some years at least, of their alliance. The case, however, is different when it is proposed to convert the Conference into a meeting for the settlement of the fiscal policy of this country for, perhaps, decades to come. The secret diplomacy of which it is alleged that this war is the outcome contained fewer menaces to the peace of the world than the secret fiscal policy which is now being urged upon the Paris Conference. To have our foreign policy conducted behind a veil of anonymous secrecy is bad enough; but to add to its inflammable material the still more inflammable matter of a secret trade policy is madness to permit. Moreover, it assumes certain conditions which we are by no means willing to allow to be likely to exist—the continuance after the present war of Germany's mad aspiration to the hegemony of Europe. Either the issue of the present war will put an end to that dream for ever—in which case a vindictive fiscal policy on our part would become simply provocative; or it will only scotch the snake, and not kill it. But in the latter event, it is not a fresh fiscal campaign that we shall need, but an immediate renewal of the military and naval campaign. Either, in fact, when peace is declared it should be peace in the fullest sense; or, we ought not to consent to any peace whatever. A mere cessation of military war cannot in these days be regarded as a satisfactory or a stable peace.

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What is legitimate without committing ourselves to a policy of revenge is, in the first place, the preservation in our own hands of such industries as are now known to be "key" or "master" industries; and, in the second place, national, international and imperial organisation between the Empire and the Allies. In both these directions we can advance without arousing in Germany any resentment and hence without giving her chauvinists ground for renewing their militarist propaganda. They are, indeed, measures that ought to have been taken long before the present war broke out, and as part of our duty to ourselves and to our friends. In both, moreover, the enemy to be encountered is not so much the German as the British profiteer; for it is a fact of common sense that but for the profiteering of our own people the key industries that were found to be in German hands would never have been sold; and, again, our national and international organisation, but for the same reason, would have been far more complete. What is it, after all, that differentiated German from British trade before the war? It was this, that whereas the German capitalist was wont to consider not only the personal, but the national, advantage to be derived from his enterprises, the British capitalist considered only his own advantage. That he might be weakening his nation by the course he took or that, by taking another course he might strengthen it more, were considerations entirely outside his range. He was just a business man with a private business man's interests; and the Empire and the nation were at liberty to look after themselves as best they could. This attitude, we may hope, has ceased to be possible with the discovery that the result of it has been to leave England wealthy but weak. Henceforward, perhaps, our business men will count the national gain as one at least of the ends to be pursued in industry. But this, once more, is not to involve ourselves in continued hostility to Germany; but in renewed and redoubled duty to our own country. Its purpose is not to keep Germany small, but to make England great. It is not to defeat Germany fiscally; but to put our own country beyond competition.

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With this will to excel Germany by fair competition after the war not only, as we say, can Germany have no quarrel; but neither can humanity have any quarrel with it. A world securely at peace would probably inaugurate an epoch of such competition, from the energy of which the wealth of the world would enjoy vast accessions. Increased production all round, together with the progressive efficiency of the means of production, would surely follow from the fair industrial emulation of one nation with another. The fiscal policy recommended by the Conservative Press of this

country would, on the other hand, produce the very contrary effects. Its object being to *prevent* production on a great scale in Germany, by so much reduction of output as it brought about the world as a whole would suffer. And, again, by hobbling our most formidable rival our own incentive to increased production would be eliminated, and thus once more the net productivity of the world would be diminished. But if, from the standpoint of a nation, the increase of productivity is the measure of economic well-being, no less is it true that from the standpoint of humanity the increase of the world's productivity is the measure of the world's economic progress. The more that is grown or made in any part of the world the more there is for a just system to distribute equitably. It is, in fact, in increased production everywhere, as much abroad as at home, that the citizen of the world is interested; and assuredly a wise national policy cannot run counter to a wise policy for the world in general. It follows that, having once convinced Germany that militarism is an obsolete weapon, the use of which is not to be tolerated among civilised Powers, we should then put no obstacles to her productivity. Let her produce as much as she can; and for our own part, let us see only that we produce more. That, and not revenge, is the business of peace.

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Say what they may, however, our business men are really afraid of Germany. Our soldiers and sailors may have met, as they have met, their German rivals with the utmost courage and confidence and established their superiority, man for man, over them; but our business men show a disposition to run away from the challenge of Germany's commercial system, or to take refuge in tricks of cunning. The reasons for this are two. In the first place, they realise that German commerce has been established on the interdependent co-operation of the German State and the German capitalists; a form of organisation that ill suits our millionaire-mongers, who care nothing for what happens to the State provided that they themselves swim. And, in the second place, they realise that to compete fairly with Germany, not only must the State be taken into partnership, but Labour as well. The characteristic feature of German industry, next to its State superintendence, is the care it bestows upon the technical education of its workmen; and it is precisely this feature that British business men feel themselves indisposed to copy. The handicap thereby imposed upon British industry is, however, considerable, for it amounts to a misuse or to a positive waste of one of the main elements in production. How can we expect to compete successfully with Germany if, while Germany exploits the potential skill of her workmen to the uttermost, we are content to rub along with the inadequate exploitation of our elementary and one or two technical schools? Education, in short, is a factor in production of which, so far, England has made little use; and for the reason that our business men are afraid to employ it lest it should mean increased power for the working classes. Fear of the working classes is, we should say, the chief obstacle to economic development in England at this moment. On the one hand, our capitalists need the education of the workmen if they are to hold their own in the world-market; but, on the other hand, they fear to provide it. And since, until now, their fear has been greater than their desire for efficiency, technical education in this country has been slow in development. Is this fear to be got over? Or is it to keep us backward in economics, and hence, under the necessity to wish to keep Germany and every rival country backward as well? For the alternatives are unmistakable; they are either to beat Germany at her own game of organisation and education, or to be prepared to deal her a great blow every time she seems likely to outstrip us. The latter cowardly policy is obviously in the minds of our business men who decline to take Labour into responsible partnership; the former, on the other hand, is the true economic policy. It remains to be seen whether there are brains enough in England to insist upon the true economic policy being pursued.

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The reception of the news of Lord Kitchener's death showed the British public at its best, and the London newspapers at their worst. The people bought up the papers giving the official communiqué on the subject, and went about their business. That there was genuine regret at the loss of a popular and trusted man we make no doubt; but it is not the habit of the English to weep on one another's necks in the street. We may leave that habit to be attributed to them by the Scots and Irish, who pretend to represent English opinion in the Press. But the papers, not content with recording the catastrophe, must needs ascribe it to the influence of the uninterned enemy aliens in the midst of us, "naturalised and unnaturalised." Espionage, it seems, must have been at work; Lord Kitchener's journey was made known to the enemy; and the ship bearing him and his staff to Russia was torpedoed by a submarine "from information received." If we wanted to quote an admirable example of recklessness in criticism, here is an instance ready to our hand. The theory advanced by practically every paper in the country failed to take account of the chain of coincidences which would have been necessary for the espionage case to be properly made out. The spy would have had to find out all about Lord Kitchener's movements—where he was going and by what route; by what boat; when; by what time he was to be expected at a certain point, and so on. Assuming any traitor to have been in possession of all these facts—which is wholly incredible—how were they to be conveyed to the "submarine" in time? The entire theory, of course, is ridiculous and utterly fantastic; but not more so than the recommendations in the newspapers. As we have been told officially over and over again, and as even the most illiterate of Cockney journalists might by this time understand, the nominal "enemy aliens" now at liberty are in almost every case men and women of subject German or Austrian nationalities, who are certainly as friendly to this country, and to the Allies generally, as the average neutral. Further, the nationality of spies already executed shows clearly enough that the German Government was not so foolish as to entrust its work in an enemy country to Germans in time of war. There are very few spies now at liberty; they are known to the authorities and closely watched; and they are one and all neutrals—chiefly Americans and Dutch. Most of the Belgian spies who came over from Antwerp in the midst of the rush have been shot or deported, and the few English spies who appeared are in gaol.

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And now for the reckless incident we had in mind. In the "Financial News" of June 8 appears a remarkable letter from Mr. W. R. Lawson, well known as a writer on financial subjects. Mr. Lawson begins: "The death—or, as many people consider it, the virtual murder—of Lord Kitchener brings to a head the country's complete loss of confidence in his Ministerial colleagues. . . It will now demand, in justice to his memory and his matchless public services, a prompt inquiry into the too credible rumours that he was betrayed by German spies in high places." The public, with a more instinctively just knowledge of the situation, has demanded nothing of the sort, especially since it has become known that the "Hampshire" struck one of our own mines which had broken loose owing to the severe gale, and drifted. But Mr. Lawson has a remedy to propose—in fact, he has several remedies, expressed so fluently, ignorantly, and recklessly that it is easy to discern the Harmsworth inspiration. The Coalition Government is to be ended, it appears (the fact that our Allies insist on its continuance makes no difference, of course—who are they that Mr. Lawson should consider them?) the Admiralty is to take charge of the blockade;

a Finance Council is to be appointed for the benefit of the Chancellor of the Exchequer—as if Mr. Hartley Withers' department did not exist; committees are to be co-ordinated; all Germans, naturalised or not, are to be interned, "in view of the probability of German spies having been concerned in the death of Lord Kitchener"; and an inquiry is to be made into the (alleged) leakage of Cabinet secrets. Mr. Lawson's second recommendation we have left to the last: "That an Imperial Council of, at most, three men be appointed in place of the present twenty-three Cabinet Ministers. Three names will at once suggest themselves—Mr. Lloyd George, Sir Edward Carson, and Mr. Hughes." This is the wisdom to which the "Financial News" lent its space on June 8, and the authority of its main leading article on June 9. Wrong in all his assertions, Mr. Lawson could not even give the correct number of Cabinet Ministers, unheeding the fact that it had been reduced by Mr. Birrell's resignation and by Lord Kitchener's death, not to speak of Mr. Runciman's breakdown and absence until the end of the summer.

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Apart from the fact that our Allies would never tolerate a humbug like Mr. Lloyd George as one-third of a dictatorship—his lying preface to his collected war speeches, "Through Terror to Triumph," has never been forgiven in Petrograd and Paris—this choice of names is as unfortunate as it could be. Mr. Hughes, put to a kindly though strict test, has had to admit that he knows nothing of English finance; and Sir Edward Carson has disappointed all his expectant supporters by firmly declining to have anything to do with power. Three Celts, with all the proverbial impetuousness and ill-balanced headpieces of the tribe, to conduct an English war! A war which, above all others we have ever engaged in, cannot be won without the old English virtues of patience, steadfastness, and sober courage! No German spy, it seems to us, could well do more damage than the "Financial News" has done by the publication of a silly letter and a sillier article to confirm it. Ill informed as Mr. Lawson is, he should know—and his editor, at any rate, should have known—that our Allies hold definite views of certain London newspaper heroes; and their opinion of the three names advanced as potential dictators is—well, let Mr. Lawson inquire at the Embassies when they are in intimate mood. And why this emphasis on a "prompt inquiry," may we ask? Has Mr. Lawson forgotten his last inquiry? Four short years ago Mr. Lawson was one of the first, if not the first, to start an agitation against Ministerial speculation in Marconi shares. Week after week, day after day, his organs boomed forth attacks on the Ministers responsible for Marconi deals—on Viscount Reading, then Sir Rufus Isaacs, but both then and now Mr. Lloyd George's most intimate friend and confidential adviser.

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Let us remind Mr. Lawson and our readers of the sad result. This great financial critic was the first witness to break down under the examination of Mr. J. Falconer, who was himself "puffed" by the Press as the greatest legal examiner of the age, but who was in reality a man of mediocre ability in this respect—we speak from experience. But it is the main actor in that rather sordid melodrama, the man upbraided most bitterly by Mr. Lawson himself, whom Mr. Lawson now recommends as our chief dictator. Further, a legal action arose out of the Marconi business; and a great lawyer, briefed by the Marconi interest, threw all his acknowledged ability into the Marconi scale. That lawyer was Sir Edward Carson, the second name in Mr. Lawson's trinity of June 8. Need we say more? Is it not disgraceful that a discredited and irresponsible financial journalist should be allowed to write of the Cabinet as he does, raising suspicions among our Allies and helping our most fanatical nobleman to soil our country's honour? Mr. Lawson himself must surely be a Celt.

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

IT is not unfair to assume that the unexpected visit of General Joffre, M. Briand, and other French officials at the end of last week was due to the situation at Verdun as much as to the preliminaries relating to the Economic Conference. Throughout the campaign our French allies have been as sparing of the lives of their men as the Germans have been prodigal; but even the most careful husbanding of human resources cannot last indefinitely, and the population of France is limited. We have heard a great deal about Verdun of late; and the fighting for the long, fortified position which still goes by the name of the town has been, perhaps, the most severe of the war. But Verdun, important though that area is, is still only one portion of the front held by the French troops; and fighting has been proceeding steadily all along that front, despite the Verdun attacks. It is true that the Germans have recently had to call on their 1918 class of troops, and that the French have not, as yet, anticipated the call of more than their 1917 class. Certainly, mere striplings are useless in the firing line. But the result is that the Germans have still a numerical superiority on the Western front. Verdun forms a most important salient; a jumping-off angle. One wishes, nevertheless, that it could become possible for our Allies to abandon the advanced positions at Verdun which they have held with such tenacity since the middle of February, when the determined struggle for the fortress began.

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So much may be said without prejudice to the Russian advance. To abandon the advanced Verdun positions now would necessarily be construed as only a temporary measure; for they would certainly be retaken, and more, when the Allies were in a position to move in the West; and the French positions behind the Verdun lines are so strong that the enemy could never advance beyond them. If the Russian advance continues satisfactorily, indeed, there is no reason why Verdun should not be held; for, in such a case, it seems to be almost inevitable that German troops should be withdrawn. No figures, of course, are available; but the Vienna paper, "Die Zeit," estimates that the Russians have begun their grand attack between the Pripet and Galicia with an army of not less than a million and a half; and, even if we regard this estimate as exaggerated with the object of shielding the Austrian army from ignominy, we must none the less admit that the Russians are probably nearly twice as strong as the Austrians and Germans on this front. It has recently been stated that Hindenburg was unable to resume his march towards Riga and Petrograd in the spring because the reserves he wanted for the purpose have been transferred to the Crown Prince at Verdun. Further, a steady advance by the Russians would have the effect on Roumania which has long been predicted.

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Apart from the question of Roumanian participation in the war on the side of the Allies, an important step has been taken by the British and French Governments with regard to Greece. A naval patrol—not a blockade—has been instituted, and Greek shipping is being considerably restricted. Considering the surprising advance of the Bulgarians, which could not have been rendered possible, not to say safe, without Greek aid, there was nothing else to be done. The Bulgarians were obviously advancing towards Kavalla and Orphani, to the north-east of Salonika, and to Kitros on the south-west. In a few weeks, if the advance had continued, Salonika might well have been hemmed in by three enemy naval bases from which submarines might have operated at leisure in the task of cutting off the Anglo-French Balkan Armies from their bases of supplies. The surrender of Fort Ruppel to the Bulgarians, by the direct orders of the Government at

Athens to the commander, would, undoubtedly, have been considered as an act of war by our enemies if the positions had been reversed; and the Franco-British treaty rights relating to Greece fully justify the very mild step of instituting a naval patrol of Greek waters. It has been doubtful for some little time what the attitude of the Skouloudis Ministry was going to be, and the events of the last ten days or so have indicated clearly enough the ascendancy of German influences, due largely to the position taken up by the Court. But the endeavours of the Greeks to come to an understanding with Berlin and Sofia with regard to the partitioning of Serbia have been frustrated; and the success of the Russians on the Galician front is not likely to encourage the intriguers at Athens.

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Though this Russian advance is of the greatest importance at this stage of the campaign, it is not likely, for the time being, to have any great effect upon Germany; and the Russians themselves do not look upon it as the most important move they have undertaken. It is fully recognised in Petrograd, as it is recognised elsewhere, that the enemy of Europe is Prussia rather than the remaining German States—Austria and Hungary. An advance of the Allies on the Western front would result in severe discomfort and punishment being inflicted upon States which are almost as much spiritually opposed to Prussia as we are ourselves. But a Russian attack on East Prussia is as possible now as it was at the beginning of the war; and from what I hear the Russians will not be satisfied until they have again left their mark on these eastern provinces of Prussia proper. It would be useless to punish the majority of the States constituting the German Empire if Prussia were left unpunished. On the other hand, the short and swift punishment of Prussia would result in an all but immediate peace. Nobody pretends that an invasion of the eastern provinces of Prussia would yield as rapid results as the attacks in Galicia and in the Bukovina; but they would terrorise the German population of the districts affected, and might lead to large withdrawals of men from Verdun and other parts of the Western front. Troops have already been taken from the Italian front to meet the Russians in Galicia, and in all probability more will follow.

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One word of warning. These renewed attacks by the Russians at a time when our enemies imagined that the Russian offensive power was gone will inevitably lead to a German peace propaganda in the Press of neutral and enemy countries. Attempts, we may be sure, will be made to influence organs of opinion in Russia, France, Italy, and England in order to hasten peace while the Central Empires are still in possession of a large amount of captured territory. The Imperial Chancellor has already directed the attention of the world to the "war map," giving both belligerents and neutrals to understand that peace, if concluded now, would have to be concluded on the basis of the German possessions acquired by conquest and shown in black and white. It becomes pertinent to point out, therefore, that the "war map" includes the seas, on which the Germans have been decisively beaten; and that, further, it includes the economic side of the war—a side which depends on the control of the ocean highways, as many a German and Austrian manufacturer could tell the Chancellor. If the Germans are prepared to conclude peace on the basis of the present "war map," then one highly important feature of that must be pointed out to them—namely, that the map shows the Central Empires and their allies to have been defeated economically; for, as the map stands now, all the most important supplies of raw material desired by Germany and Austria are at the mercy of the British Fleet. No peace, no supplies! That is the lesson of the war map. Our jingo newspapers have diverted attention from economics and the sea to the land. The answer to the Chancellor's contentions, as I have indicated, lies elsewhere.

The "Round Table" and Others.

By Leighton J. Warnock.

VAGUE books and articles have been written about trade after the war; but two pronouncements have just been made which deserve more serious consideration than most. It is not that the "Round Table" group of writers merit, as such, close attention on the part of economists; or that Mr. H. E. Morgan has devoted so much attention to the study of economics that he can tell us a great deal that is new. It is rather the case that in England questions, vital and otherwise, tend to be solved by appeals to interests and by the standards of expediency rather than by discussions based on abstract principles.

The "Round Table" articles are entitled: "Labour During the War," "German Industrial Organisation and its Ideals," "Principles and Ideals of the British Labour Movement," and "Industrial Policy after the War." The first of these is a fairer summary, perhaps, than its writer realises; for, though it is clearly meant to be sympathetic to the working classes, it makes one or two admissions which could have come only from one whose feelings were really on the side of the employers. For instance, referring to the agreements of March, 1915, between the Government and the representatives of the engineering trade unions, the writer says: "It was found that the March agreement, although embodying the views of the vast majority of Trade Unionists, provided no means of controlling the minority. The difficulty could only be met by embodying the agreement in statutory form. Legislation was also felt to be needed to curtail the bargaining power of the workman and to restrict the rise of wages. The result of this was the Munitions Act." There it is, baldly. If the man who penned those words had been in the heart of the Labour movement with which he concerns himself, he would have written very differently, and we should not have heard so much about the bargaining power of the workman. The sweated labour in munition factories, let us recall, became at last such a scandal that news of it found its way even into the London daily newspapers, and in consequence of more than one outburst of anger remedies had to be adopted even by the Government themselves. Further, the "Round Table" discusses such items connected with this Act as the clause whereby it was made illegal for an employer to engage workmen within six weeks of their leaving a place, unless they could produce a certificate of discharge from their last employer; and it is sought to show that this and other apparent injustices in the Act were merely the result of misunderstandings on the part of the workpeople. Now, no workman is going to believe that the Government were not responsible for their own Act and for everything it implied. In the particular instance under discussion, to go no further, experience has been an excellent guide to the English working classes. However, it is satisfactory to read that: "Mr. Lloyd George paid visits to the Trade Union Congress at Bristol in September and to Glasgow at Christmas in an endeavour to improve matters, but was very unfortunate in his methods on both occasions." The Minister of Munitions will, no doubt, heartily agree. And this passage is also interesting, though it appeared in almost the same words in THE NEW AGE months ago: "The Ministers and the responsible Trade Union leaders concerned have not yet publicly acknowledged that in pledging themselves to restore pre-war conditions they pledged themselves to the impossible, and that a new policy must be devised to meet the new conditions."

After this the "Round Table" writer stumbles irritatingly in another direction, and insists that the workmen have not gained. The passage is an adequate summary of one aspect of the financial situation arising out of the war and may be worth giving in full:

Sir George Paish lately estimated that the national income, which before the war stood at £2,400,000,000, had been increased for the year 1915 to £3,000,000,000. This estimate makes no allowance for the rise in prices; but even with this deduction it is a remarkable tribute to the work of the civilian population. Moreover, of the extra values thus created, considerably the lesser proportion has found its way into working-class pockets. The Board of Trade returns record an addition of £45,000,000 to the wages bill in 1915; independent authorities, calculating for additional sources of increase not covered by the official figures, raise the sum to between £150,000,000 and £200,000,000, or even higher; but even this leaves some two-thirds of the extra value to the other factors in production. In other words, the working class, faced with a situation in which its bargaining power was greater than at any time since the Black Death, has not only had its own monopoly value curtailed by legal enactment, in the Compulsory Arbitration and leaving certificate clauses of the Munitions Act, but has acquiesced in a serious reduction of the rate of wages in comparison with prices.

This is an entire confirmation of THE NEW AGE case; and I have quoted the passage, not merely for its intrinsic value, but in order to show that even the academic writers of the "Round Table" group have begun to understand the point of view of the working classes. Mr. Morgan, on the other hand, makes hardly any attempt to put himself in the workman's place. He is concerned with trade after the war and with England's proportion of it. He demands better industrial organisation, better education, and more "publicity" for Imperial products; and some of his recommendations are such as not even Mr. Sidney Webb has ventured to suggest. For example, he emphasises the importance of technical education for boys just about to enter upon life; but this is a question with which he deals exclusively from the employer's standpoint. The school attendance age, he proposes, should be raised from fourteen to fifteen, "the last year to be spent in some form of training more or less directly related to a boy's probable future calling." Then comes the rub :—

> In conjunction with the "after-care" committees which have been formed in some districts, it might be feasible to develop this system further, and to provide that employers might, with the consent of the parents, "earmark" individual children on reaching the age of fourteen, who would then be trained during their remaining school year for those specific employments. In such cases employers might possibly, with adequate safeguards, be required to contribute towards the cost of this more specialised education of their future employees.

Mr. Morgan emphasises this point in the same chapter when he makes reference to boys and girls being physically at a disadvantage in attending night classes after a hard day's work :—

> If evening classes are to be continued on their present basis, some arrangement must be made with employers that children may attend them in the necessary condition of physical and mental alertness. But the employer will naturally expect in return to pay a lower wage, if he is to shorten the hours of his employees attending night-classes, unless he can be assured that he will obtain the full benefit of their training afterwards: so long as they are free to leave him at a week's notice, he will have no guarantee that they are not being trained at his expense for the benefit of another firm. One possible solution of the difficulty, therefore, may lie along some revival of the custom of apprenticeship. (Ch. iv.: "The Worker.")

The thought of entrusting this early preliminary preparation to the Trade Union does not seem to have entered Mr. Morgan's head. He does, true enough, devote a section of his book to Trade Unions; but his references are almost tragic. When the Army is disbanded, he says in substance, "a very large proportion of the young manhood of the nation . . . will have learnt, perhaps for the first time, the meaning of discipline—obedience to an order because it is an order, irrespective of such outside considerations as its propriety, its desirability, or its accuracy." What is coming? Only this: "It is this spirit of discipline which has been so hopelessly lacking hitherto in the relations of the worker, alike to the employer and to the officers of his own Trade Union, and which has led to so many pitiable exhibitions in the past." In plainer language, which Mr. Morgan charitably spares us, the worker has hitherto shown his independent spirit in throwing over his own Trade Union leaders after they have been, as the worker says, "nobbled," and have betrayed his interests. No need to recall names! I have often wondered how many Trade Union leaders' could have been accused of taking money under false pretences. All this, it seems, is to stop. Most of our unfortunate future workers will have learnt how to obey, "irrespective of outside considerations," and "this new spirit will very soon spread from the returning men to those who have remained in the workshops throughout the war. . . There will be no need to put our industrial workers under military law, as has been wildly suggested, for the ex-soldiers will themselves instil into their comrades, by peaceful penetration, the most valuable lesson that military law can teach—the importance of discipline." Decidedly, we may look forward to an employers' paradise in England after the war, if Mr. Morgan is to have any influence in the matter.

From these few extracts the general tone of the book may be judged. Mr. Morgan, let it not be denied, is most competent from his own narrow point of view. He wants profits; he wants to safeguard profits already made; and to that end he is prepared to hurl all our national traditions overboard and to reorganise everything in the country—in the Empire. He demands "State-owned or State-aided banks prepared to extend credit on moderate terms, and upon reasonable security, to all approved business men." Think of it—the aid to the exchange houses of August, 1914, all over again, and in permanent form, at the general expense. Above all, Mr. Morgan wants a National Trade Agency, the duty of which it shall be to promote British trade in every possible way—by publicity, exhibitions, supplementary consular services, and so forth. This Agency is to be "quasi-independent," and not "a mere Department of the Government." And because, in Parliament, "the readiest tongue can generally beat the best brain," it is essential that this Agency shall be "divorced from political and parliamentary control." Lastly, its members must be paid. To criticise these proposals is useless. Mr. Morgan and his innumerable supporters are at opposite poles from the people who look forward to a freer England, with adequate development for the working classes at the expense of firms paying thirty per cent. Let us cite, on this point, an independent witness—the "Morning Post" of June 6. I think I know the writer of the leading article from which I am about to quote; and I know he has never interested himself in the National Guild propaganda, or even heard of it. But his study of German conditions from early times to the present day has led him to write this:

> There are four factors in this national problem: the Government; the merchants; the manufacturers—including always the farmers, who are manufacturers of foodstuffs—and Labour. In Germany these four interests work in general harmony, because they are all agreed upon a policy of production. In this country there is no harmony because there is no common policy. . . . Now we have got to change all that if we are to survive, and the question arises—How is it to be done? We venture to say that the best of beginning is for our industries to organise themselves. In former times the City companies, which now exist for charities, schools, and dinners, were the fighting organisations of their respective industries. . . . If each industry is organised separately on the old lines, as Guilds, there should be a place for Labour as well as Capital in the organisation. In Germany the Guild system was revived by Bismarck, and was one of the chief sources of the general harmony between master and workman. When all the various industries are organised, they might meet on a common council, which would be like the Headquarters' Staff of an army.

No doubt Mr. Morgan will now cancel his subscription to the "Morning Post."

The Innocents Abroad.

II.

THUS equipped with fair blood, fine clothes, and indifferent brains (bene natus, bene vestitus, mediocriter doctus, runs the recognised formula), our sucking statesman sets forth, "to lie abroad for the good of his country" and his own credit. Association with men of other nations, other antecedents, and other traditions should enable him to learn a little and to forget much —correct the shortcomings of his birth and upbringing —make of him a man of quick perception, or clear insight, or broad outlook—fit him somewhat for his job. But, paradoxical though it may sound, to no Englishman are the epithets insular and provincial more applicable than to the Englishman who, in virtue of his occupation, might be expected to be the ideal citizen of the world. He is cosmopolitan merely in the sense in which a Jew is—in the sense that he has no national feeling; but, socially, he is as little emancipated from his inherited ideas of caste as the Jew is from the fetters of his creed. Only people who have had the misfortune to come into close contact with our representatives abroad would believe how little most of those august personages know about the countries in which they dwell, how quaint, artless, and altogether amusing are their views on the forces with which they have to deal, how apt they are to mistake the Court for the country, to let the palace and its gossip blot out of their vision the currents and cross-currents of popular opinion.

The explanation of this curious phenomenon is very simple. Go to Paris, to Rome, to Berlin, to Petrograd. In all the variety of countries and climates to your surprise you will scarcely find an English diplomatist who dares or cares to quit the narrow circle of the aristocracy and the corps diplomatique, to mix with the middle and lower classes which make up the bulk of the nation, to forget, be it only for an hour, that he is Somebody. When some accident brings our representatives into touch with those classes, how pathetic are their efforts to guard their dignity: one protects himself by exaggerated courtesy, and one by arctic frigidity, and one by downright rudeness—each hiding as best he can the morbid thinness of his skin and his hopeless incapacity for human intercourse. A person of this temperament may be as great a master of deportment as the immortal Mr. Turveydrop, his acquaintance with the rules of etiquette may be as overwhelming as that of any head butler, his vocabulary may be as refined as that of any lady's maid. But his sense of values being artificial and his knowledge of human nature negligible, he overestimates the accidental, misses the essential, and by leaving out of his calculations all psychological intangibilities constantly comes up against things that disconcert him and turns for which he made no allowance. Hence, I suppose, the hackneyed dictum, so dear to diplomatic lips, that in diplomacy it is always the unexpected that happens!

In spite of this self-imposed isolation, a diplomatist possessed of the average of faculties might by prolonged residence in one country end by mastering some of its least recondite idiosyncrasies. But such prolonged residence is denied him. The same imp of perversity that pushes our home administrators from department to department, allowing none of them to remain in any Government office long enough to discover its ills, far less to devise remedies, is busy keeping our diplomatists also in a state of perpetual motion and ignorance. The various posts are regarded merely as so many tiers in the hierarchical pyramid, the apex of which is an ambassadorship in one of the great European capitals, or a permanent under-secretaryship in London. No sooner has the young attaché, say to the Legation of Stockholm, begun grasping the elements of Scandinavian affairs, than he is transferred as third secretary to the Legation at Buenos Ayres. The moment he has begun to take an interest in Argentine affairs, he is transferred as second secretary to the Legation at Athens. And so on to the end of his career.

Only very rarely, and as the result of a fortuitous concurrence of favourable circumstances, does a diplomatist get the opportunity of staying in the field for which he has been fitted by his experience. Such was the case of Sir William White. This gentleman, born in Poland, had served for many years and with much distinction at Belgrade and Bucharest. He had made the study of the Southern Slavs his special subject. No other English diplomatist of his generation was so much at home in the maze of the Eastern Question. Yet Lord Granville, in 1884, conceived the happy thought of proposing that he should go, at the age of sixty, to Brazil. Sir William hesitated to accept so preposterous a promotion; at Rio, away from his beloved Poles, Roumans, Croats, Serbs, Slovenes, and Bulgars, he would have died of sheer boredom in three months. He preferred to wait, and, next year, as luck would have it, he found himself Ambassador ad interim to the Porte, until the arrival of Sir Edward Thornton, to whom that coveted plum had been officially allotted. But his own post still was that of Minister at Bucharest, and he was assured, on the highest authority, that he had not the slightest chance of obtaining the Constantinople appointment permanently: Sir Edward could not be set aside simply because Sir William happened to be infinitely better qualified for the business in hand. Lord Salisbury, therefore, anxious to recognise White's great services in Turkey without breaking through the traditional routine, offered him the post at Pekin! White again declined, and again luck stood him in better stead than his own merit. The officially appointed ambassador continued not to arrive, and when at last he reached Constantinople it was found best that the work, in the exceptionally delicate condition of Near Eastern affairs at the time should still be done by his temporary substitute, who, after a while, was permitted to replace him; and so, by the purest chance, this public servant was saved from throwing away in America the valuable experience he had acquired in Europe.

But White's whole career, like his character, was unique in the annals of modern British Diplomacy. He entered the Service at the unusual age of thirty-three, and not by the usual door, but by a Consular side-entrance—contrary to the modern practice of our Government which has fixed an impassable gulf between the patrician and the plebeian branches of the Foreign Service. So wide is this gulf, as a rule, that our splendidly qualified Consul in Crete was replaced, the moment the post was lifted to a semi-diplomatic rank, by a novice from the other end of the earth.

The dissipation of time, energy, and knowledge involved by this systematic vagabondage I will not attempt to compute. Some of our diplomatists waste their whole life flitting aimlessly from continent to continent, most of them waste much of it, and all of them waste some. The result is a very superficial acquaintance with the political problems peculiar to each country, and a total unacquaintance with the psychological conditions of any. The English diplomatist, everywhere and nowhere at home, pays heavily for his inability to comprehend the mentality of the people with whom he is negotiating—especially when he is met and opposed by other diplomatists better equipped than he.

In 1872 the rivalry between Great Britain and Russia in the East was culminating to a crisis. Russia was represented at Constantinople by Count Ignatieff—one of the astutest and most strenuous intriguers that the world has known. British interests were for the time being in charge of a Secretary whose official life so far had been spent entirely in the West. He was a diplomatist of the conventional pattern: well-born, well-dressed, a delightful causeur, and, in spite of his forty-odd years, still passionately fond of theatricals. Count

Ignatieff was not slow in realising the kind of antagonist he had to deal with, and laid his plans accordingly. He got one of the ladies of his Embassy to entice the English innocent into taking part in a dramatic performance under his roof. The Secretary, according to his own statement, had some misgivings as to the propriety of lending himself to anything of the sort in his actual exalted position, but allowed himself to be talked over, and was soon hard at work rehearsing the part of the husband in Octave Feuillet's "Peril en la Demeure."

Figure to yourself, my dear John Bull, your middle-aged Chargé d'Affaires, at a moment when the clouds were fast gathering over the Eastern sky, strutting up and down his room at Pera, spouting comic French banalities, and attitudinising before his mirror, while a few doors off Count Ignatieff rubbed his hands in secret glee! To my mind, there was nothing in the play itself to compare with this real scene. But the climax came when our amiable amateur, on reaching the footlights, saw the front row of seats occupied by high Turkish officials, including the Minister for Foreign Affairs! As he himself naïvely observes, "Given Turkish ideas, the sight of the British representative buffooning on the stage for the amusement of the dignitaries of the Porte was one scarcely calculated to improve his standing with the Ottoman Government."

His excuse is that he had been led into the trap by the assurance that the performance would be quite private, the audience being limited to a few colleagues and other friends. However that may be, I could cap the story with a personal experience where there was no wily Russian to set a trap, but our diplomatic representative, acting entirely on the promptings of his own genius, volunteered to entertain a solemn Oriental company, of which he was the honoured guest, with a display of parlour gymnastics.

The consequence of this lack of touch on the part of British diplomatists with the countries in which they reside were once more illustrated by our recent diplomatic exploits in Turkey—to say nothing of Bulgaria, Greece, Serbia, and Roumania. At the outset of the war the British Embassy at Constantinople had to compete with the German Embassy for political predominance. Germany was represented on the Bosphorus by an ambassador of great local knowledge, assisted by a superbly equipped staff. England was represented by an ambassador fresh from a Foreign Office stool—a man who, be his personal gifts what they might, had no previous experience of Ottoman affairs, and knew not a word of Turkish. The same innocence distinguished his three secretaries. Is it to be wondered at that we were at every point outmanœuvred and outwitted by our rivals?

In what measure the policy adopted by the Foreign Office was responsible for Turkey's defection and to what extent the diplomatic inefficiency of its agents on the spot contributed to the failure is a minor question the answer to which could only shift some of the blame from the circumference of the circle to the centre. But even if the whole culpability were laid at the door of the Chief, that would not do away with the fact that his subalterns were utterly unqualified for the task they were set to do. The most that could have been reasonably expected from an Embassy so constituted was that it might do no mischief. To say this is not to condemn the individuals that composed it; but the system to which they owed their existence. The Embassy at Constantinople was typical of the spirit which animates, or fails to animate, the whole diplomatic body from head to heel.

Thanks to the indefatigable labours of innumerable novelists the public by this time is thoroughly familiar with the portrait and the surroundings of the imaginary English diplomat. Well, in this respect, be it said without malice, real life is astonishingly like cheap fiction. It is a curious compound of stateliness and frivolity, of chicanery and simplicity—a busy, idle life, full of things immeasurably small; part of it taken up by dull, wearisome, mostly futile dispatch-writing and deciphering; the rest devoted to elegantly puerile amusements—dressing and dining, dancing and drivelling. In this life of toys and trinkets the ornamental takes precedence over the useful, a cynical blasé tone is cultivated as the quintessence of good breeding, and juggling with a polyglot jargon serves as a substitute for intelligent conversation. Ordinary men, dowered with a healthier sense of values and with a less stubborn impulse to inaction might shrink from this stagnant, soul-deadening air. But our diplomatic dandies, having taken surtout pas de zèle for their maxim, flourish in it as orchids in a hot-house.

And when we are beaten in the race for power, instead of manfully facing the real causes of our defeat, we hypocritically attribute it to the unscrupulousness of our competitors. Germany, we say now, as formerly we said Russia or France, has ousted us from the good graces of this government or that by bribery and corruption, by trickery, by an unprincipled disregard of moral means in the pursuit of political ends. We, thank God! are not like the Germans. We have an ethical code to obey. We have scruples. We cannot imitate the Germans. Englishmen are not apt disciples of Machiavelli. And so on and so forth. Who has not heard this Pharisaic strain again and again, and has not been made sick by its grotesque disingenuousness? It is not clear for whose benefit this nauseating stream of cant is poured out by our Press. Our enemies are not duped by it; our friends are pained by it; and disinterested neutrals simply laugh at us for it. So far as the world is concerned, we protest without convincing and play the hypocrite without deceiving.

Wherefore, then, all this expenditure of rhetorical unction? It must, I presume, be intended for our own self-delusion. But it is hard to ignore facts that stare one in the face. It was an English diplomatist of a more robust age who originated the pleasant definition of an ambassador as "an honest man sent to lie abroad for the good of his country." In the memoirs of another English diplomatist you will find the portrait of a later English ambassador drawn with exquisite frankness: "He had few strong convictions, and fewer prejudices, and was at times not over-scrupulous in the choice of a means to a right end. He had broken open a despatch box to save a dynasty." From contemporary evidence it would be possible to mention a prominent English ambassador who a few years ago invited to dinner a foreign colleague, made him drunk, and extracted from him certain information that he considered valuable "for the good of his country" and incidentally for his own credit. There are few diplomatic records which will bear to be scrutinised without disgust. I will spare the fastidious reader and myself any further quotations; for the subject is offensive, and we may easily have too much of it. But do not let us forget that in England, as in every other country, ancient, mediæval, or modern, there are two codes of honour: one for public and the other for private transactions. Politics and ethics never walk together. A diplomatist in his private capacity may be all that is honourable; in his public capacity he is an indescribable rogue. It is not his fault if he will break all the rules that bind a gentleman: if he will lie, steal, spy, abuse the laws of hospitality and so forth. It is the fault of the universal opinion which applauds in the government a standard of morality it would not tolerate in an individual, and justifies every breach of the decalogue by a government servant, provided it is made "for the good of his country." In the circumstances, to attribute a tender conscience to a diplomatist is as absurd as to attribute probity to a burglar or chastity to a harlot.

If, then, our diplomacy fails in the struggle for supremacy, the true cause of its failure is not that English diplomatists are too good, but that they are not good enough.

VERAX.

(To be continued).

The Confusions of Mr. Bernard Shaw.

By Ramiro de Maeztu.

MR. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW'S article, "The German Case Against Germany," published in THE NEW AGE of May 25, gives me an excellent opportunity of proving how necessary it is to din into the ears of the intellectuals propositions like "Right is Right," "Power is Power," "Man is Man," and so forth, which are really self-evident. For having said such things in these columns clever men have laughed at me with wit worthy of a better cause. But he laughs best who laughs last.

I believe that the intellectuals of the nineteenth century wasted most of their gifts in the bad work of confusing all ideas; that from this confusion of ideas resulted the confusion of all things; and that the first thing which their successors have to do is to devote themselves to purifying the ideas as a preliminary task in order that the things may afterwards be put in their proper place. The confusionism of the nineteenth century did not arise from the bad faith of its intellectuals, or from their lack of talent; but from the fact that all of them, or nearly all, set themselves the impossible task of reducing the multiplicity of the world to a single element. It is obvious that if you begin by postulating that the world is only spirit, or that the world is only matter, or that the world is only Life-Force, as Mr. Shaw says, the inevitable result is that you are bound to deduce that matter is spirit, or that spirit is matter, or that the ideas of truth and right are only expressions of the Life-Force. But against all this confusionism the thought of the twentieth century rises and says: "Gentlemen, the world is not composed of a single element, but of many elements. It is not a universe, but a multiverse. We cannot say that it has a purpose, but that in parts of it we discover a good purpose, in other parts a bad purpose, in others an indifferent purpose, and in yet others no purpose at all. Man himself is a heterogeneity, because he is made up of elements which are not reducible into one another. And the ideal, both in theory and in practice, is not unity, but harmony; not an impossible homogeneity, but the balance of elements, and their proper hierarchical placement; on top, the good—St. George; below the good, the indifferent—the horse; and at the bottom, the bad—the dragon.

Mr. Bernard Shaw states in his article that the German Government is not efficient. It was a patriotic article, and that is important; for Mr. Shaw deservedly enjoys world-wide fame, and it would be a moral blow for the Allies if he declared against them. But the reasons on which Mr. Shaw bases his attitude are false. Mr. Shaw says in his article that he does not side with the Allies because they are right, but because Germany is inefficient. The average normal man believes, on the contrary, that Germany is efficient, but that the Allies are right. I believe that the average normal man is telling the truth, and that the reasoning of Mr. Shaw typifies the confusionism of the nineteenth-century intellectuals. Hence the necessity of refuting it in detail.

Mr. Shaw says:

> What, then, is the case against Germany? It is, briefly, that all its organisation, all its education, all its respect for ideals, all its carefully nourished culture, have somehow failed to secure for it either a Government fit to be trusted with the tremendous mechanical power its organisation has produced, or even a military and naval staff either representative of high German civilisation or capable of effectively controlling its own officers. "The German system of training and selecting men seems far more thorough than ours; yet the men who secure the commanding posts are not those born to command." "Both England and France, like the United States, have paid the price of a revolution to get rid of the *Roi Soleil* system . . . Why do the Germans stand it? Certainly not out of love for Prussia and the Hohenzollerns," but because they believe "in Prussian military efficiency as the centre and model of all the rest." "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 diplomatic efficiency."

I have given all these quotations from the article because I do not wish to be justly accused of falsifying or misinterpreting Mr. Shaw's views if I say that his basic assertion is that the German Government is inefficient. But Mr. Shaw not only says that, but he reasons about it, and attributes the inefficiency of the German Government to the fact that a class oligarchic system must be inefficient, since it cannot dismiss those functionaries of its own class who blunder. Here are Mr. Shaw's own words:

> And it is the weakness of class despotism that its credit and its strategy are at the mercy of the most foolish of its recognised members and agents, because it must never admit that it is fallible at any point. It is no use for the Hohenzollern to be infallible if he cannot convey his infallibility to all its delegates. Once admit that a Prussian officer can err, and he drops at once to the prosaic level of General Joffre, the son of a cooper, and General Robertson, promoted from the ranks. The bigger his blunder, the more necessary to proclaim it a masterstroke.

From these words we may pick out three different assertions: (1) every class oligarchy is inefficient; (2) the Prussian class oligarchy is inefficient; (3) the cause of its inefficiency is that it has to cover up the blunders of its members. I shall deal afterwards with the first assertion, to me the most important. The second says that the German Government is inefficient. Well, efficiency is only a means to an end; and if the German Government has proposed to itself an impossible end, and fails in the attempt to reach it, that does not mean that the German Government is inefficient, but that the end was impossible. Let us assume that the Germans proposed to themselves the end of conquering the world, and that this end is historically impossible. The cause of the failure would not then be lack of efficiency, but the absurdity of the aim. But let us suppose that the objective of the German Government is more modest. Let us suppose that they have aimed only at the possession of the maximum possible military force. In this case it is no longer just to deny their efficiency, since Germany, with 69,000,000 inhabitants, plus 50,000,000 Austro-Hungarians, 20,000,000 Turks, and 4,000,000 Bulgarians—143,000,000 altogether—has not yet been vanquished, after two years of war, by 170,000,000 Russians, 3,500,000 Serbians, 8,000,000 Belgians, 40,000,000 French, 45,000,000 English, and 35,000,000 Italians—301,500,000 in all; and that apart altogether from the Japanese, the British Colonies, the French Colonies, and the help of neutrals in supplying war material.

On the other hand, it is completely false to assert that the German Government always covers its incompetent functionaries. No such thing occurs. Within the last few weeks Dr. Delbrück has been dismissed from the Ministry of the Interior on account of the food question. Prince Lichnowsky, the last German Ambassador in London, has been ostracised to his Silesian estate for failing to keep England out of the war. Who was the chief of the German General Staff at the beginning of the war? General Helmuth von Moltke. Notwithstanding the prestige of his family name, he was dismissed from his post as soon as it was realised that the plans for a rapid and crushing campaign had failed. Who was the most renowned German general at the beginning of the war? General Alexander von Kluck. Notwithstanding his reputation, he was condemned to silence and oblivion after his defeat at the Battle of the Marne, and he is now at his villa in Steglitz, Berlin. Who was the creator of the modern German Navy? Admiral von Tirpitz, "the Eternal," as he was called in Germany. But in spite of his eternity he was dismissed when his submarine campaign provoked the conflict with America. He was preceded in his fall by Admirals van Ingenohl, von

Behncke, and von Pohl. Have we forgotten the fall of Herr Dernburg, the "generalissimo" of the German propaganda in the United States? And now it is said that the Crown Prince is no longer in charge of the armies at Verdun. All of which is equivalent to saying that a family and class oligarchy may be, and sometimes is, as severe with its incompetents as a democracy. And with that Mr. Shaw's main proposition is destroyed.

Let us now come to the first proposition: "Every oligarchy is inefficient." Mr. Shaw does not formulate this in these words, but in the following: "It is the weakness of class despotism that its credit and its strategy are at the mercy of the most foolish of its recognised members and agents, because it must never admit that it is fallible at any point." Mr. Shaw may perhaps say that he did not wish to write what he has written, and that his sentence is only an attack on those Englishmen who seem to believe that efficiency is a natural result of class despotism, and that it is sufficient to transplant to England the Prussian system of government to obtain the same results. In this case Mr. Shaw would have told the truth. There is no reason to suppose that class despotism must always be more competent than democracy. When the Hohenzollern family has a competent man like Frederick the Great at its head the Hohenzollern regime is competent; and when not, not.

In this sense Mr. Shaw's article may serve as a reply to the late M. Faguet's book, "Le Régime de l'Incompétence," which asserted that democracy must be incompetent. In agreement with M. Faguet's ideas, but with another intention, it has been said recently that if Germany were a republic, and not a monarchy, she would soon lose her imperialistic aggressiveness and military efficiency. Possibly it might be so; possibly not. History presents us with the classical example of Rome. Rome acquired her empire by force of arms while she was a republic, kept it while her monarchy was more elective than hereditary, and lost it when her monarchy became hereditary. But that, again, does not mean that republics must be more militant and conquering than monarchies.

All these confusions are cleared away if we say that democracy is democracy and not anything else; oligarchy, oligarchy, and monarchy, monarchy—while imperialism is imperialism and efficiency is efficiency. Some democracies will be efficient, others not; some monarchies will be efficient, others not; some oligarchies will be efficient (and they will then deserve the name of aristocracies, if by aristocracy we mean government by the more efficient), and others not. When Mr. Shaw says that the German oligarchy is inefficient, we may reply that he deceives himself; for if that oligarchy proposed to itself the acquisition of a military force superior to that of the governments of peoples as numerous as the German, then it is incontestable that this purpose has been achieved. When Mr. Shaw declares that the reason why the Prussian oligarchy is inefficient is that it cannot dismiss its incompetent functionaries, he deceives himself twice over: (1) because it can dismiss them; (2) because it does actually dismiss them. And when Mr. Shaw says that an oligarchy cannot be competent he deceives himself much more; for his assertion is contradicted not only by the facts but also by logic. But if Mr. Shaw confines himself to saying that an oligarchy is not necessarily competent, we are bound to admit that he is right, and we must compliment him for having said so. The truth is that the concept of oligarchy neither includes nor excludes that of efficiency. And with this simple, but necessary, dissociation of ideas we spare ourselves all discussions based on the absurd attempts to fuse into the concepts of monarchy, oligarchy, and democracy other concepts heterogeneous to them, such as efficiency and inefficiency.

There is also another confusion implicit in Mr. Shaw's article: that of the concepts of efficiency and kindness: "I have admitted," says Mr. Shaw, "that German local government is very superior to English local government. BUT the infant mortality of Germany is higher than that of England. That is the damning answer to the claims of German Kultur. The famous Empress Augusta's House for Children in Berlin is a wonder; but the children would be far safer in a Connaught cabin." I suppose that what Mr. Shaw thinks is that the English treat their children more kindly than the Germans, and that this is the cause of the smaller mortality among English children. I admit the argument, and acknowledge that the kindness of mothers, nurses, and school-mistresses is one of the glories of England of which we foreigners are envious. But kindness is one virtue, efficiency another. Sometimes both agree; sometimes not. If the Germans want to save all the children, the vigorous as well as the weak, there is no doubt that in this respect the English are the more efficient. But if what the Germans want is to breed a vigorous generation, it is quite possible that this aim may be better attained by the birth of 125 children and the death of 25 of them, than by the birth of 100 children, all of whom live, since in the first case 100 vigorous children will remain alive, and in the second case likewise 100 children will survive, but only 80 of them may be vigorous and 20 weak. I do not say that it is so, for I am not familiar with the problem, but there is not a logical contradiction in my argument. What seems unanswerable is the assertion that efficiency is one thing and kindness another.

When I say this, I do not mean that Mr. Shaw cannot answer it. It is very possible that Mr. Shaw will not read this article; it is very probable that if he reads it he will not answer it—as much on account of the insignificance of the writer of it as on account of the difficulty of a polemic when the ground on which the adversaries are to fight has not been clearly determined beforehand; nor the rules to which both must submit. It is also possible that Mr. Shaw may reply in an article which will make us all clap our hands at the wit and vitality of the author. Great talent is necessary to give the appearance of verisimilitude to the thesis that Prussian oligarchy is not efficient, and to induce the public to doubt the evidences. But it is not in that way that talent is turned to the best advantage. Much more useful than the obscuring of evidences is the work of reducing to evidences confused and complex things. Mr. Shaw is quite capable of making his readers doubt that two and two are four, and that efficiency is different from right. His talents enable him to surpass the plane of the truths of fact and of the truths of reason, and to hold himself in a gallant posture. I believe that it is almost impossible to have more talent than Mr. Shaw. God does not give more. And nevertheless he has committed more blunders in a single article than the worst and most prolific of writers in all his life, if only God delivered him from pride.

And with that we have undone another confusion which is very frequent in modern times: that which includes in the concept of talent that of truth, and supposes that truth is a product of talent in the same way that urine is a secretion of the kidneys. And that is false. I am convinced that the personnel of the Fabian Society and the friends of THE NEW AGE have much more talent than the staff of the "Daily Mail." None the less, the staff of the "Daily Mail" saw much more clearly that England had to prepare to fight against Germany, and to devote all her energies to the war, than the Fabian Society.

This parenthesis leads us to discover another confusion in Mr. Shaw's article—the most fundamental. Mr. Shaw denies that support of the Allied cause can be founded on moral grounds. "It seems, then," he says, "that our striking of moral attitudes was a mistake, and that in unceremoniously upsetting the attitudinisers I was performing a public service." Here Mr. Shaw alludes to his pamphlet, "Common Sense about the War." It would be easy to show that the

last and beautiful phrase of the pamphlet contradicts and destroys all the rest. It is there said that Englishmen ought to fight to prove: "that war cannot conquer us, and that he who dares not appeal to our conscience has nothing to hope from our terrors." This is a good and manly saying. But it is not to "discard the filthy rags of our righteousness." That is, on the contrary, to unsheath the sword while wrapping oneself in the cloak of righteousness. Righteousness may be only "filthy rags" when it is mere hypocrisy. But in the present war righteousness is righteousness, even for Mr. Shaw; notwithstanding that he now says in his last article that this is not "a war of Virtue against Villainy."

I have never heard it said that this is "a war of Virtue against Villainy." All Germans are not villains any more than all Englishmen are virtuous; and the goodness or badness of the belligerents has nothing to do with the justice or injustice of their cause. What the world says is that the cause of the Allies is just and that of Germany unjust. It was in this belief that the Spanish intellectuals signed their first pro-Ally manifesto. Most of the signatories to that manifesto were men educated in Germany and fully aware of German efficiency—not only the efficiency of German science, industry, and local administration; but of the efficiency of the German Government. The reason why these men placed themselves by the side of the Allies was not that Germany was inefficient, but that she is wrong in the present war. When Austria threatened to invade Serbia in July, 1914, she committed an outrage. When Russia opposed this outrage she acted in defence of right. When Germany refused to allow the Serbian question to be settled by legal means she committed an outrage; another when she sent her ultimatum to Russia; another when she sent her ultimatum to France; and a still greater when she invaded Belgian territory. And the nations which rose up against these outrages are defending the cause of right.

Here we may perhaps find grounds for attributing to Mr. Shaw another confusion which may lead us to clear away his fundamental confusion. We have not yet arrived at it, but we are continually turning round and round it. As Mr. Shaw denies that the Allies have any right to "strike moral attitudes," because this is not "a war of Virtue against Villainy" but "a case of diamond cut diamond," we may infer that, according to Mr. Shaw, only Virtue can be right. But this is another confusion. Right is a property of certain actions, and is intrinsic in those actions. Virtue is only the habit of doing "right" actions; but it never comes to be intrinsic in men. The just man sins seven times a day, and his sins are none the less sins because they are committed by a just man. On the other hand, there is no man so bad that he does not frequently do a good deed. At the beginning of the war a very dear friend of mine asked me whether I believed that the "value England" was at the present time superior to the "value Germany." I replied that the question was impertinent; we are not discussing the "value Germany," but the action of Germany in declaring war and invading Belgium. If to-morrow Mr. Shaw said to me in the street: "Clean my boots, for I represent at the present moment the greatest intellectual, moral, and artistic values of a great country, while you are only a dirty foreigner," I should reply: "I recognise your omniform superiority, and my status of a dirty foreigner, but I refuse to clean your boots because you have no right to impose such a task on me." And if Mr. Shaw tried to bring me into court for my disobedience, his lawyer would say to him: "There is no doubt of your great merits, nor of Mr. Maeztu's status as a dirty foreigner; but you would commit an outrage if you tried to compel him by force to clean your boots."

Neither efficiency for war, nor efficiency for science, nor efficiency for industry gives Germany the right to compel other countries to submit to her unjust demands. Efficiency and power are very agreeable things for their possessors, but they do not make unjust actions just. And that is simply because right is right and might is might. And thus we arrive at Mr. Shaw's fundamental confusion. I believe that Mr. Shaw is a man of very strong moral sense, the sense of good and evil, and that this sense has placed him, fortunately, on the side of the Allies. But Mr. Shaw is at the same time the partisan of a philosophy in which there is no room for good or evil, because its world is composed only of Life-Force, and therefore the things that are not Life-Force cannot be, for this philosophy, anything but names without substance. And as he could not say that the cause of the Allies was good, since as an intellectual Mr. Shaw does not believe in the good, he said that Germany was inefficient—which, in the Shavian philosophy, is equivalent to saying that Germany is not on the side of the greater Life-Force.

The confusion of right with might is very old. Already Pascal showed its genesis in unforgettable words: "Justice is subject to dispute; might is easily recognised and is not disputed. Thus it is not possible to attribute might to justice, because might has often contradicted justice and said that itself was just. And thus, not being able to make what was just strong, what was strong has been made just." From this identification of might and right arises the opposite, in which it is said of evil that it is only weakness or inefficiency. In this last confusion it is said that the devil is a pure negation: "Ich bin der Geist der stets verneint"—I am the spirit that always denies—says the Mephistopheles of Goethe as he appears on the stage. And from Goethe's Mephisto arises the poor devil of "Man and Superman," a miserable creature without "powers of hard work or endurance." The real truth is that the devil may be strong at some times and weak at others; because the connection between evil and power is not intrinsic, but extrinsic; not essential, but accidental; not natural, but historical—neither more nor less than the connection between right and efficiency.

Let us, finally, repeat that right is one thing and might another. "We know it already," some of my readers will reply, putting their fingers to their ears. And it is a fact that most men know this. But many modern intellectuals do not know it—not because they lack gifts for learning it, but because they are obsessed with a unitary conception of the world which obliges them to confuse some things with others. And the proof that they do not know these things is seen in Mr. Shaw's article, in which he tells us that oligarchy is inefficiency, and that there is no other right than efficiency.

BALLADE.

Tho' Jeshurun kicks and grows fatter and fatter,
And chinks in his pockets the gold of his gain,
Yet up in the gables the young sparrows chatter,
The cornfields are rich with the promise of grain,
The hedges are yellow, and (balm to the brain!)
Their pink and white blossoms the cherry trees scatter—
The blossoming orchards of England remain.

Long lines of our soldiers swing by with a clatter,
To die in their thousands by river and plain,
In lands where dark torrents in gathering batter,
They heap the hills high with heroical slain—
But far in the weald how the misty moons wane!
And deep in a silence no anger can shatter
The blossoming orchards of England remain.

The world is a fool and as mad as a hatter—
And poets and lovers were sent her for bane—
Yet theirs are the ears which can catch the first patter,
The prophet of all God's abundance of rain,
The smell of earth earthy and wholesome again;
And from the drenched ground where the spent bullets spatter
The blossoming orchards of England remain!

L'ENVOI.

Princes and potentates, ye whom men flatter,
Harken a moment to this my refrain—
You shall pass as a dream, and it will not much matter—
The blossoming orchards of England remain!

THEODORE MAYNARD.

Notes on Economic Terms.

WEALTH. As the index of the prosperity of a hive of bees is the amount of honey the hive is capable of accumulating, Economics looks upon society as a hive the measure of whose well-being is its wealth. Other sciences and philosophies measure the well-being of society by other standards: the happiness of the greatest number, numbers themselves, the state of religion, the state of art, etc. With these criteria Economics has no quarrel; nor need they have any quarrel with it. As an artistic or religious view of society must needs set up an artistic or religious standard: and neither is of necessity antagonistic to the other—that is to say, religion and art may well flourish together—so an economic view of society properly sets up for itself an economic standard with which, again, other standards are not necessarily inconsistent. An efficient economic society, that is to say, may be at the same time an artistic and a religious society. For it is not the fault of economics that it dominates, if it does, other aspects of society: but *their* fault. The predominance of economics, in short, is due to the poverty of spirit of the religious, the artistic, the humane, and so on. Wealth in the economic sense exists in two forms: actually existing goods and the capacity for making goods. Of these, the former is less important than the latter; since by means of the latter the former can be reproduced. Suppose, for example, that a savage tribe were by chance to become possessed of a whole year's output of English industry—the wealth of the tribe would be considerable; but since capacity to produce would not be included in the windfall of produce, the tribe would sink back into poverty as fast as the goods were consumed. Another example is possibly that of the neutral countries now benefiting by the war. They are in one sense getting rich very quickly; but, in another sense, unless at the same time they are accumulating capacity, they are actually becoming no richer permanently. The main question for economics is, therefore, capacity of wealth-production; and in this are included many things—the skill and content of the people, its power of organisation, its character, its geographical situation, etc. All these compose that ground of national wealth of which the visible wealth is the seasonal crop.

LABOUR MARKET. A market we have defined as a general disposition to buy and sell. There need be no geographical centre. For instance, there is a market for rare stamps; but its transactions are carried on mainly through the post. The labour market similarly is everywhere. Where there exists a man disposed to sell his labour, and another man disposed to hire it, agreement between them constitutes a transaction of the universal labour market. But why do men offer their labour in the market for sale? And why, again, do buyers come and buy it? To the first question the reply is that, save by selling their labour-power, the majority of men have no means of getting a living. Even, therefore, though the sale of their labour involves the hiring-out of their person—which is tantamount to a contractual slavery—they must needs sell their labour or starve. Necessity it is, then, that drives the workman to market himself. To the second question the reply is that the buyers of labour-power are the owners of tools which, without human labour, are useless. Having acquired possession of the tools, employers must then hire men to operate them—men being, from the employers' point of view, operating tools themselves. With what, we may now ask, does the employer pay? He pays with a credit note upon the product of his men's labour-power applied to tools. This can be clearly shown by an example. Suppose a ship containing grain stranded upon a desert island. The captain, being the proprietor too, has it in his legal power to refuse the use of the grain to his men except upon his own terms. Roughly, he may act as follows: In consideration of the men undertaking to crush and prepare the grain for food, he may give them a note entitling them to a certain share of the flour, etc., *they produce*. This note is their wage; and it is obviously paid out of their labour upon the grain. Finally, we may ask what determines the share the wage-earner receives of his own labour-production. The answer is, that his share is determined by the supply and the demand of labourers like himself. If, in the foregoing instance, the captain would himself starve but for the skill of *one* of his men, that man has an equal power with the captain and could command equal control over the product. If there are two men they are together (unless they combine) only equal to the captain. If there are three, each of the three is one-third of the captain. And so on. Without combination, in short, all the men employed by an employer are together only equal to him—and that is under the conditions just mentioned. When, as happens in society, men never combine effectively, they are not even the equal of the employer: but must take the lowest share that any man existing within reach of the employer is willing to accept. In a free labour market, the labourer's price approximates to that of the cheapest of his fellows.

VALUE AND PRICE. These two terms are the objects of a great deal of jugglery in economic discussions; and a considerable mystery has been created about them. The truth, however, can be simply expressed: Demand creates Value; Supply determines Price. Let us look at them separately. The VALUE of a thing is the USE it is to me; and the amount of value it possesses is determined by the degree of its use to me, and consequently by the intensity of my demand for it. The scale of my needs and wants is, therefore, the determinant of the scale of values; the greater my need the greater the value of the article that alone can satisfy it, the less the less. For example, water is a need, bread is a need, fire is a need. Without them we should die. Water, bread and fire have, therefore, the highest values of all things. Beer is only a want, truffles are only a desire, and a pagoda is only a luxury. Hence beer, truffles and a pagoda have a less *value* than water, bread and fire. And note that, in general, values do not change. Water, bread and fire are always and everywhere of the same value because they are prime necessities. Values, in short, are as fixed as human needs and wants. They are the register of our demands. Coming now to Price, the first difference from Value it presents is its variability. It is, moreover, true that, though no article has a Price that has not also a Value, the Price has no relation to the Value. For instance, we have seen that water is a permanent value for mankind: its value (that is, its utility) is the same everywhere and always. But its price varies from nothing to rubies. Where it can be got for the taking, its price is nothing. Where it can be procured from a main its price is something. In a desert its price may be a king's ransom. What accounts for these variations of price since the value of water is constant? Not Demand, but Supply. In the first case the Supply is unlimited and hence the price is nothing. In the second, the Supply is not unlimited, and, therefore, the price is something. In the third, the Supply is very limited, and hence the price is a great deal. Given, we may say, an unlimited Supply of everything, nothing would have a price whatever its value. The *degree* of the Supply determines Price. Taking advantage of this double phenomenon that the greater the supply the lower the price, and the less the supply the greater the price, the object of the *consumer* of objects of value is to increase the supply; and the object of the *producer* is to limit the supply. Values remain constant; but the consumer and the producer each seek out many inventions, the one to make Supply without price and the other to make Supply priceless.

Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

THE Pioneer Players recently tried to live up to their name by producing a play dealing with the exploration of the Antarctic. It was written by a lady, "Michael Orme," who about two years ago showed us, at the St. James' Theatre, a man in the tropics dying of fever. Why Mrs. J. T. Grein should always send Englishmen to die in the ends of the earth is a problem that the more recondite students of dramatic inspiration may be left to solve; probably it is an expression of the new Imperialism in art. We must find some way of avoiding the description of "The Eternal Snows" as "an everlasting 'frost' "; but to talk about a "play in the Ibsen manner with a touch of Henry Arthur Jones," as one critic did, is really too elaborate a circumlocution. Besides, it is unfair to Ibsen and to Mrs. J. T. Grein. Her matter may be familiar, but her manner is original; there has never been anything like it before. I believe that only a woman would dare to show why men go to the Antarctic, what they really talk about when they find the South Pole. The urchin, in Esmond's "One Summer's Day," summed up his philosophy in one word, "Gals"; but I always supposed that this was a joke. Sir Geoffrey Brandon went to discover the South Pole because he thought that his wife was in love with Trevor Curtis; Trevor Curtis accompanied him because he had always loved Brandon's wife, and she, him; and their relations were in danger of becoming scandalous. So the two men walked out of the first into the second act, sat on the South Pole and talked about love and Lady Brandon. It was such a cosy talk, in a very small tent supplied by Miss Edith Craig; and there were no interruptions during the forty-five minutes that it lasted. Ah! how eloquent men become when talking of their beloved. The tent was too small for them to fight in, and it was supposed to be too cold for them to go outside; and, to make quite sure that they would not fight, the author had afflicted one of Brandon's feet with frostbite and had reduced him physically to the last extremity. That is how a woman manages men when she insists on having her own way, and making them talk of what she wishes to hear. She actually put the words into their mouths!

All the time there was that dear woman in England (in the green-room) waiting for both of them, prepared to go on loving her lover and doing her duty to her husband; a woman's work is never done. That natural sympathy with her own sex made Mrs. Grein seek to find some way to lessen the labours of her heroine. Already, in the first act, Lady Brandon had developed headaches and other nervous symptoms as a consequence of overwork of the emotions; and if both these men were to return to her it would be impossible for her to avoid a breakdown. As at the day of judgment, one must be taken and the other left; besides, these men could not be allowed to talk for ever about love; already they had talked for forty-five minutes, and there was no sign of slackening. Now what really happened at the Antarctic? Did not Captain Oates, that "very gallant gentleman," walk out of the tent to certain death in the blizzard? So far as we know, that sacrifice was made for no other purpose than the increase of the chances of life for his fellows; how much nobler it would be, in the opinion of Mrs. Grein, if such a sacrifice were made for a woman's sake to make a loved one happy! Ah! The only question would be: Which one? Find the woman; ask her. It is an old saying that it is better to live with the devil you do know than it is to live with the devil you don't know; so Curtis was made to suggest that he should sacrifice himself. But no; Brandon was a Benthamite of a kind, and sought the greatest happiness of the greatest woman on God's earth. His wife had never loved him he knew, and the author had very nearly killed him; let Curtis go back and have a try. "Ye Gods, annihilate but Space and Time and make two lovers happy"; Swift tells us that this was the modest request of a poet of his day. Brandon was better than a god, he was a Navy man; so he left his rations, his scientific observations, and his wife to Curtis and walked out of the tent. That "men have died from time to time, but not for love," is plainly only one of Shakespeare's slanders of his own sex.

But love is not a legacy, and if it be bequeathed the testator should revoke all previous documents. Brandon ought to have taken his diary with him and left it at the South Pole as an explanation and a memento of his visit; the South Pole might have been interested. But he had left it at home to please Mrs. Grein and help her to fill out a third act with a revelation of a woman's way. First she will and then she won't—a woman is always a mystery to a man, and only a woman can explain a woman. A mere man would have been satisfied to bring Curtis back alive, fling him into the arms of Lady Brandon, and hurry both of them off to church; the residuary legatee would simply enter into possession. The mere man would forget that the modern woman is educated and can read, not only between the lines, but the lines themselves; and he would not give her the opportunity of displaying this accomplishment in public. Mrs. Grein, by the simple device of producing the diary, enables the audience to see that her heroine is educated and also to make the man wait for his happiness. He must be made to appreciate the treasure he has gained; first he must be made unhappy, then happy; he must lose her before he can find her. It is just like the parable of the prodigal son.

So Jessica read the diary without any errors of pronunciation, and her lover and herself discovered, for the first time, that Brandon had known of their love all the time. All her headaches and his hesitations had not deceived the husband; the poor, silly, fat-headed man had observed what only women observe, the flag and sign of love in others. Who would have thought that a mere man had such insight? Why, Lady Brandon lied to him, found most convincing explanations of strange behaviour on the spur of the moment, such as headaches, and didn't want to do what her husband wanted her to do, and so on. Any ordinary man would have concluded from these facts that his wife was not in love with anybody else; but ordinary men do not talk of love at the South Pole. Brandon was no ordinary man, and his wife would have done better if she had saved her lies for her lover; they did not deceive her husband. He had not sacrificed his life for the sake of Curtis, nor for the sake of science, but for her sake, for her happiness, as the diary proved. Being a woman, she refused the sacrifice; always, she averred, her husband's spirit would come between her and her love. Farewell to happiness; we must part, etc., at great length.

There we see that love's labour is lost again; but this would never do. No woman could ever believe that love, true love, could come to naught. What is the use of men talking of love, sacrificing their lives for it at the South Pole, if a mere woman's whim about spirits is to frustrate the plot. Dead husbands have no spirits, or, at least, none with power to forbid a wedding desired by a lady author. When a man is foolish we call in the police; when a woman is foolish we call in her aunt; the effect is the same in both cases, the person sees reason. The old aunt, being a maiden lady, knew exactly what to say to a widow to make her accept her happiness; and Lady Brandon's attempt to make the word of God (which is Love) of none effect was frustrated. Even God condescends to accept human sacrifices, particularly of broken and contrite hearts; and by accepting her husband's sacrifice as it was meant Lady Brandon becomes divine. Curtis, who so lately was alive and well, is now married.

Readers and Writers.

IN a recent article in the "New Witness" Mr. Belloc set himself to the somewhat overdone work of scourging the "intellectuals." I have never been quite able to define this class or, at least, to put any names to them. The man in the street would doubtless include Mr. Belloc himself among the intellectuals; and to the same vague category would certainly be assigned Mr. G. K. Chesterton, Mr. Wells, and Mr. Shaw. But it happens that with the doubtful exception of Mr. Shaw, who remains on very good terms with the remaining three of his quartette, all of them are definitely anti-German and support the war. Why, then, should Mr. Belloc pick a quarrel with the "intellectuals," for their supposed opposition to the war? Who are the people he has in mind? If they are not the four already mentioned, neither are they the dons of Oxford and Cambridge who, with few exceptions, have supported the war with more than all their intellect. He cannot be thinking of the two or three men like Mr. Bertrand Russell and Mr. J. A. Hobson, and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald. Though the last named is the intellect of the Labour Party, he cannot be ranked as an English intellectual; and what is there to prevent Mr. Belloc from naming Mr. Russell as the intellectual he has in view if Mr. Russell is the unique specimen of the class?

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With the errors and follies of Mr. Bertrand Russell—the only "intellectual" I can think of who opposes the war—I am not concerned. What distresses me is the folly of the "intellectuals" who *do* support the war. The folly, however, of his intellectualist colleagues Mr. Belloc seems to have no censure for; but, provided they support the war, they may talk and write unmitigated rubbish without a single rebuke from him. I am afraid my disposition is the very contrary. With the errors of my enemy I am rather pleased than annoyed; but the errors of my friends are intolerable. It was, for example, with little patience that I could read the manifesto of Mr. G. K. Chesterton against the Prussians. God in heaven, I said to myself, if this is the tone of our prosecuting intellectuals, what a case we must have! Is *that* all there is to be said for us? And did it require to be thumped upon the table in such a manner? Mr. Shaw's speech in our defence was even more against my taste. At one time he seemed to be apologising for our virtues; at another he was applauding the vices of the German nation; and throughout his his whole harangue his attitude was one of self-display rather than of presenting an unanswerable case. But what has finally convinced me that the "intellectuals" who support the war are as full of errors as the intellectual who opposes it is my re-reading of the work by Mr. Wells entitled, "The War that will end War." Written in October of 1914, two months after the war had begun, it contains forecasts, prophecies and affirmations which only an "intellectual" of the deepest dye would have ventured upon; and every one of which has been falsified. Every one, I say; for I cannot discover a word of prophecy that has not already been falsified or that is not being falsified under our eyes. Let us look at some of them. "I venture to prophesy that within three months from now [October, 1914] the French Tricolour will be over the Rhine" (p. 16). "All these issues will be more or less definitely decided within the next two or three months. By that time I believe German Imperialism will be shattered" (p. 19). "There will be pestilence . . . their financial crash cannot be staved off . . . the German State machine stands exhausted" (p. 56). Now, is the support of a man who could write in this cocksure way of things that events have proved him to have known nothing of really useful in the cause of the war? Does demonstrated ignorance combined with overweening conceit really *count* when it chances to be on the right side of the war? Are the "saved intellectuals" in Mr. Belloc's ark like saved Calvinists, men who can do no wrong? For my part I could wish such a mind and temper on the other side of the war. He would do our cause less harm as an enemy and open critic.

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It is not the prophecies alone, however, that disfigure Mr. Wells' presentation of our case. They show him to have been merely as ignorant as most of us, though without the grace to know it. His cant is upon the same exaggerated scale. For instance, he writes the following sentence in wilful suppression of the fact known to all the world beside that we have our own Kruppism in this country. "Near the Kaiser," he says, "stands the firm of Krupp, a second head to the State; on the steps of the throne is the armament trust, that organised scoundrelism which has, in its relentless propaganda for profit, mined all the security of civilisation, bought up and dominated a Press, ruled a national literature, and corrupted universities" (p. 10). Again, in plain violation of the known truth, he contrasts German and English publicity in the matter of the nature of war, and says: "We English have not had things kept from us. We know what war is; we have no delusions" (p. 12). I need not spend words in refuting Mr. Wells upon this point; he has refuted himself. Of another kind of error, however, are his forecasts of what we English would or would not do during the war. We were, it seems, going to be models of propriety and never never should we listen to the vile counsels of "Mr. Maximillian Craft"—an imaginary person typifying for Mr. Wells the counsel of the German devil in our national psychology. Among the things that Mr. Craft would advise, but which we should repudiate with cold contempt, were Tariff Reform, universal military service, the policy of starving Germany, and war against German trade. These, I think, have all been now adopted, and I do not remember that Mr. Wells has protested against the success of his Mr. Craft. In his essay addressed to America he commits himself even more unnecessarily. "It is possible," he writes (p. 78), "for a neutral power like America to pour a stream of food supplies and war material by way of Holland almost into the hands of the German combatant line. . . We shall suffer it; it is within the rights of Holland to victual the Germans in this way, and we cannot prevent it without committing just such another outrage upon the laws of nations as Germany was guilty of in invading Belgium." Well, we have done it, and now what has Mr. Wells to say about it? Does he think Mr. Maximillian Craft has now won—or, as is more probable, has Mr. Wells forgotten all that he ever said on the subject? I could continue the catalogue of Mr. Wells' follies—but to what purpose? His book was pro-Ally, it was written, it went into several editions, and Mr. Wells was confirmed in his role of prophet by the making of it. But of its value to anybody upon earth, save to Mr. Wells himself, there is obviously no doubt. It has none.

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What, however, the foregoing may serve to point out is the absurdity of imagining that by changing sides a leopard changes his spots. Mr. Wells, we all know, was before the war a light-minded effervescent sort of talented intellectual who could never give himself the pains to rock-bottom anything. Essentially he was an impressionist, who from a hint could deduce a volume whose value was no more than the hint from which it was drawn. Mr. Wells during the war is the same Mr. Wells, and not all his pro-Allyism will make him what he was not and can never become—a man of balance, weight and measure. "Intellect," he somewhere says, "without faith is the devil." Well, intellect without common sense is Mr. Wells. I should like to add that in overlooking the follies of the intellectuals upon our own side Mr. Belloc does not appear to me to be effectively attacking intellectualism. My party right or wrong is not a motto for a man of his political propaganda.

R. H. C.

A Modern Document.

Edited by Herbert Lawrence.

IV.—*From Acton Reed.*

DEAR MR. LAWRENCE,—I have been resuming in melancholy imagination my life in Fleet Street. I have decided that if you are to understand any part of it I must preface it with an apologia. You will see, for instance, that as a journalist I made what, had I been a man, would be called a rake's progress; and it is in relation to this pose of rakishness (which I had assumed occasionally even before going into Fleet Street) that I feel I must say a word or two. That it was only a pose or a series of poses I must ask you to believe on my word of honour. Why, in fact, should I deceive you? With the importance of pose in psychology you are, no doubt, familiar by study. I have only learned it by experience. Pose, I really believe, is the word for a good deal more than half our lives. Its contrary, spontaneity springing from nature, is comparatively rare. And why should I, chiefest of all, escape from this snare of the mind, since my nature was the very secret of which I was in search? I will, therefore, do myself the justice I think I deserve, and say that nothing less than the haunting presence of my enigma would have driven me to the things I am about to describe and to the poses they both assumed and necessitated. That I never even enjoyed them I can certainly say; nor did I start on them in the expectation of enjoyment. My pursuit was a flight. It was in order if possible to forget myself. Remember, please, the vain efforts I had made again and again to forget myself in better advised ways—in music, social work, riding, and so on; and understand, if you will, that it was in derision of myself for my failure to be ordinary, and not in derision of the ordinary, that I turned where I did. I would like to insist on this point, even under shadow of the proverb Qui s'excuse s'accuse, for there are, doubtless, people who would tell you from what they saw of me that I rather admired rakes and their ways and despised ordinary people and theirs. They might even add for verisimilitude that nothing less than a champagne supper could amuse me and that my idea of Paradise was a whisky sour. I do not blame them for their conclusion; it was a natural one; but I pray you believe me when I say that it is wrong. Never have I admired rakes or despised their opposites. On the contrary, it was just to be ordinary that was always my hopeless ambition. I would have sacrificed gladly every sensation of rakishness to be ordinary for life. What may have confirmed the reverse opinion of me is the way during the last three or four years I have avoided ordinary people. But that is because I became certain of my inability to be one of them. Was it surprising that I avoided them after I learned that their company only kept in perpetual recollection my unwilling but irremediable differences from them? And was it surprising that instead of doing what I now see I should have done—live remotely alone out of comparison's way—I went from bad to worse, from people with whom I regretted I did not feel at ease to people with whom I never wanted to be at ease? It was all a kind of self-inflicted punishment, in fact, decreed on me to spite myself for having failed to be ordinary. That was my penal pose. Another evidence of the simulation I practised in Bohemia is that while, if only intermittently, I had persevered in the ordinary until now when I was twenty-three, I stayed scarcely two years in Fleet Street and left it, moreover, of my free will and after my own judgment that it was no life for me. Excluded from the former by Fate, I left the latter of my own accord. The will to pose, in short, had come to an end. Well, there I think I must leave it. Judge now what you will of me. But would I had the tongue of a Socrates to persuade you as I am persuaded of the truth of my apologia.

I had two hopes in going into Fleet Street—journalism and journalists. In journalism I hoped to find a self-distracting occupation for my mind, and in journalists I hoped to find people with whom I could feel at ease—My old quest you see! I had no fancy notions of what journalism would be like—no precise notions, in fact, at all. That it involved writing of some sort was the extent of my imagination on the subject; and it is sufficient guarantee of my interest in writing that had I been asked what I would like to be I should nearly always have answered a writer. It was a buried ambition, however, for the few attempts I had made to write had received so little encouragement that I had already crossed writing off from my calendar of possible careers. But from the point of view of writing I got, as you will imagine, little pleasure from journalism. Journalism and writing are as widely separated as bees and honey. Your duty to your paper does not consist in writing for it but in putting down the news as noisily as possible. The pleasure, however, I did get was of a wholly different and unexpected kind. It was from the feeling that I *counted*. Never before had I been engaged in anything the doing or not doing of which mattered one iota to anyone else. Though I went to a music lesson without having practised, the roof of the Academy didn't collapse. Though I took an afternoon off church work Christianity didn't fall. However I might have wished to flatter myself that I was needed anywhere I had only to leave to find that I was of no significance to anybody but myself. My number was everywhere a cipher. But now, while a failure on my part did not stop the paper (nothing, alas, can do that!) the result of any day's catch was at least sufficiently important to bring either blessings or cursings from those in high places. It actually provoked a real response; and that sense of counting was new and pleasant. Journalism, moreover, was, I found, the master-key to all the doors in Bohemia—that land I had once before descried in the distance. As a journalist you have the freedom of artistic Chelsea, of night-clubs, the cafés, and so on. Being in journalism is like standing in Piccadilly. If you stay there long enough you see all the world pass by. To the journalist every path of life is sooner or later his for the exploring. When, by the way, I talk of journalists, you must understand that I refer to the hotchpot of characters that made up the staff of the London daily on which my not exalted position was that of reporter. I know nothing by experience of the lives of the superior sort of journalists such as Shaw who float like clouds above Fleet Street. The journalists I knew were divided into two classes. There was the suburban type and the Bohemian—the former usually resident in Wimbledon or some such place, the latter again divided into self-conscious clubmen with a flat in Victoria Street, and vagrants with a room or two it didn't matter where. (I speak in the past tense. Fleet Street may have changed its spots, and I would not have you hang the beast to-day for the name I gave it almost a year ago.) It was with the latter class—these Bohemians of Bohemians—that I now threw in my lot. It was among them that I set out to spite myself. A failure has this advantage over a success; he has nothing to fear. Having nothing of any known value in myself I should travel light in these unknown places. I might see life unsteadily, but, I told myself, I would see it whole, or at least all. Particularly I would see whether there were not anywhere in it either the person or thing to suit me. Only when I had raked it through should I know. I had, as you will remember, tried the ordinary and found myself wanting. I had tried to think of others: they got on better when I didn't. I had explored many paths of life only to find each a blind alley. I had turned and tossed about in my sleep-walking, and yet never had anything or anybody really caused me to come awake and to discover myself in my own world. Now here was Bohemia—the former Mecca of my hopes—the land of promise I had set out to discover when Fate directed me to the Suburbia of the Academy. In for a lamb, in for a sheep.

Tales of To-day.

By C. E. Bechhofer.

VII.—THE SHAW-WELLS MINISTRY.

ALL Little Easton, Dunmow Glebe, was in excitement. Mr. H. G. Wells, the local celebrity, had received at breakfast a telegram from Downing Street, informing him that he had been appointed to a place in a new Cabinet. In ten minutes Little Easton had heard the happy news, and Mr. Wells had run off to the station to order a special train. At ten he reached Whitehall, and, asking to be taken to the Prime Minister, was ushered into the presence of—Mr. Bernard Shaw.

When Mr. Wells realised that Mr. Shaw was his chief, his first inclination was to resign and write to the "Times" about it. Mr. Shaw, perceiving and understanding his surprise, quickly informed him that he himself had only that morning received a communication similar to the one sent to Mr. Wells, telling him that he was to be Premier. For the honour of Intelligence he appealed to Mr. Wells to prefer the national interest to any private pique. "The existence, the safety, the hopes of England and of English thought," said he, "rest in our sole charge!" Mr. Wells' eyes nearly flew out of his head with gratification, and he replied, "Let me be War Minister!"—"With pleasure," said Mr. Shaw.—"With the right of resigning whenever I choose, and of taking over control of any other Government department?" "By all means," said Mr. Shaw, "any except mine. I intend to take the Irish Chief Secretaryship." "H'm, that's rather a pity," said Mr. Wells, half to himself, "I should have liked to be Chief Secretary. Still, never mind!—I must make do. But, tell me, who are to be the other Ministers?" "Well," said Mr. Shaw, "I did think of Titterton as Home Secretary—he's a real genius, you know—or young Julius Rappoport West." "Yes," said Mr. Wells, "or there's George Meek, the bath-chairman. He's a genius, too. But, to tell the truth, I'd rather like to be Home Secretary."

The two Ministers soon decided that they would see how they got through the day by themselves, without appointing any other members of the Cabinet, and, an official entering, Mr. Wells went off with him to attend to some urgent military affairs. No sooner had he left Mr. Shaw's presence than he whispered hastily to the official, "Send at once for the interviewers!" He then entered his department, and, after dispatching a telegram of unprecedented importance (of which more afterwards), became absorbed in a large map of Europe which hung on the wall.

"By Jiggery," he cried, at last, "I've been mixing up Bosnia with Borneo!"

A Cabinet meeting had been fixed for half-past four in the afternoon. Mr. Wells, although he was pleased with his day's work, and did not doubt that he would astonish his chief with his executive ability, started off to the meeting with a feeling of considerable irritation. The reason was this. Half an hour after he had sent for the reporters, he inquired if they had not arrived, receiving the unexpected reply, "Yes, but Mr. Shaw has taken them into his room." Even this by itself would not have been so bad, had Mr. Wells not found himself obliged five times in as many hours to send a message to his chief: "If you please, Mr. Wells presents his compliments, and have you finished with the Press?"—each time in vain.

However, by the time Mr. Wells reached Mr. Shaw's room, he comforted himself with the thought that to-morrow's papers, anyhow, would record his administrative achievements in detail and reward him with the publicity and esteem he merited. He discovered Mr. Shaw smilingly listening to a perplexed and irritated official. "My dear sir," the man was saying, "I am afraid I cannot hope to picture to you the extraordinary position the Irish executive finds itself in. We have followed out your instructions to the best of our ability. We have put the clock back an hour instead of putting it on an hour. We have read through all your recently published articles and adopted whatever reforms we can find in them. For example, sir, we have applied the Compulsion Act to Ireland——"

"Excellent," said Mr. Shaw.

"But, of course, sir, we have made its provisions voluntary, thus instituting the Free Conscription you advocate."

"Quite right."

"At the same time we have abolished the barrack system. As a result, we estimate that most of the regiments will be able to parade from noon till three daily, except in the case of those men who live at a great distance. We have also issued an order instituting Equality of Income, but as yet we have not been able to find a means of enforcing it."

"No matter," said Mr. Shaw. "All excellent, excellent!"

"Then, sir," continued the official, "we have done our utmost to carry out the second part of your instructions. You ordered us to rescind all the Government measures in Ireland for the last ten years, and to issue new orders to precisely the opposite effect."

"Just so," smiled Mr. Shaw.

"Well, sir," said the other, "this is the situation we find ourselves in. We have discovered that so many of the orders applying to Ireland in recent years are mutually contradictory in effect, that their opposites are bound to be equally contradictory. And when we tried to get guidance from the recent articles of yours I have already mentioned, we found to our astonishment that these also were full of self-contradictions, if you will pardon my saying so. The result, indeed, has been that we have been unable to establish any clear line of policy."

"My dear sir," said Mr. Shaw, very seriously, "it is time you knew that my aim and practice are not to establish but to disestablish, not to do but to undo. Kindly carry out my instructions in the spirit in which they are given, to the best ability of yourself and your staff. I am competent to criticise myself quite well without outside interference; you will find in this evening's papers more complete and destructive criticisms of my policy than any that you can suggest. I wrote them myself." The official bowed silently and left the room.

"Oh, Shaw; oh, Shaw," cried Mr. Wells, who had been listening with all his ears, "what a wonderful Government we shall make! Why, we're complementary! Just think of it; you are a genius for undoing, I am a genius for doing! Listen to what I have done to-day.

"When I left you this morning, I went straight to the War Office, and sent this wireless to Berlin: 'Mackensen, General Staff, Berlin. I challenge you to play with me at toy soldiers, the loser to surrender real armies. Wells, War Minister, Whitehall.' An hour later I received an answer, in English. It was: 'Wells, War Office, Whitehall. Go and play with your own contemptible little army.' When I read this, it seemed to me I had done all that could be expected of me at the War Office. I did not think I ought to devote all my time to one department and neglect the others. So I resigned the Ministry of War and took over the Home Office."

"And what did you do there?" asked Mr. Shaw, with interest.

"I found the country writhing in the throes of economic civil war. I cured that, resigned, and went to the——"

"Excuse my interrupting," said Mr. Shaw, "but, how did you affect the cure?"

"I telephoned to all the political and revolutionary associations in the country," said Mr. Wells, "and signed all their manifestoes as fast as they reached me."

"Excellent," said Mr. Shaw, "and then?"

"From the Home Office it was but a step to the Board of Trade. I resigned from the one and became President of the other."

"And what did you do?"

"I made a clean sweep of all the unemployed in London and sent them to a little place I know, called Dunmow Glebe, to work on the motor roads."

"Indeed?"

"Yes, and that disposed of the unemployed problem; so I resigned and became Foreign Minister. In that capacity I found work suited to my ability. In less than two hours I had patched up a separate peace with Russia."

"With Russia!" cried Mr. Shaw. "But we're not fighting Russia! She's our ally."

"Well, I never!" exclaimed Mr. Wells. "Do you know, Shaw, I thought at the time the matter had been arranged very easily!"

"What did you do then?" asked Mr. Shaw.

Mr. Wells was a little flabbergasted at what had occurred at the Foreign Office, but he hurriedly ran over his work as Blockade Minister, Under-Secretary for India, Minister of Munitions, Air Minister, and so on.

"But to tell really the honest truth," he concluded, "I have always had a kind of desire to settle the Irish question. I feel as if I were exceptionally well equipped to carry out the task. Do not think me egoistic; but can you not imagine how galling it must be to me to find myself, after my successes in all the other departments, barred from the one post most fitted to my capabilities? I do not wish to express a personal ambition; yet, my dear Shaw, if, without doing violence to your own feelings, you could see your way to let me take your place as Irish Secretary, I am convinced that I——"

Here he was interrupted by the entrance of the official whom he had previously found in conversation with Mr. Shaw.

"Sir," cried the man, "Ireland is in flames! We established Free Conscription, and nobody enlisted; we abolished the barrack system, and all the soldiers have gone home and won't either come back or tell us where they have gone to; all the officers have mutinied and are marching on Dublin! In the matter of equality of income——"

"All trifles," smiled Mr. Shaw. "As for the soldiers, let them go—no, invite them back to officer their former officers, and reduce those to the ranks."

"Impossible, sir; we have no force with which to compel them."

"In that case," said Mr. Shaw, "as Mr. Wells here wishes to take over the Chief Secretaryship, you will, starting from to-morrow, take your instructions from him."

"Good heavens, sir," cried the official, "has Mr. Wells told you what he has been doing in England to-day?"

"He has," said Mr. Shaw.

"Can you not guess the effect, sir?"

"I can," said Mr. Shaw, coolly. "Red revolution, I should imagine. What surprises me is that his head is still on his shoulders."

"Oh, sir, it won't be so very much longer," cried the official. "The mob is surrounding the building already."

"Then," said Mr. Shaw, "I bow to the voice of the people, and instantly resign!"

"So do I," cried Mr. Wells, "this very moment!"

The official bowed in silent acquiescence as the Cabinet dissolved before his very eyes.

"We must fly, Shaw, we must fly," cried Mr. Wells.

"We can't," answered Mr. Shaw, grimly. "You told me yourself you had scrapped every single one of our aeroplanes as useless."

"I meant we must flee," cried Mr. Wells. "Quick! Isn't there a quiet way out somewhere?"

Guided by the permanent official, permanent still, the fallen Premier and his colleague left the building by a side door.

"I'm just going to my publishers," said Mr. Shaw. "This ought to mean a boom! Are you coming, Wells?"

"No, no, no," cried Mr. Wells. "What if the mob recognises me! I'm so well known!"

"Come," said Mr. Shaw, "let us see first from which direction the crowd is coming."

The two crept cautiously into Whitehall. Not a sign of any unusual crowd was to be seen! Only an urchin with an armful of newspapers rushed past them, shouting unintelligibly. They stopped him and bought a paper. These are the headings they saw:—

Mr. Bernard Shaw and Mr. H. G. Wells Hoaxed by Permanent Officials. The Biters Bit! Sham Cabinet Formed at Whitehall. The Practical Joke of the Century. Full Details of "Reforms." . . .

Mr. Shaw and Mr. Wells dropped the paper and looked at each other sadly. They did not read further—nor, dear reader, need you.

The Enemy in the House.

SOMEONE, a correspondent to some journal, recently described the general state of mind as one of "impotent horror." Is this the general state of mind? It is certainly threatening. The apparent rout of every ideal one ever held about civilisation leaves us the prey of confusion and despair. No matter what one sets about to try and keep the spirit steady—one's mental eyes tend to shut with heavy, motionless panic on the unbearable vision of the present day. Never may one, for a single instant, turn into some blessed quiet spot and feel at ease. The vision is upon one's shoulder. And there is more than a single aspect of the vision. One of its aspects is corruption, and another is ferocious folly.

There are some who seem to live without fear, simple souls who think of the Germans as wild animals, rats, rather—every one killed so much to the good, every reverse for them an unmitigated good for us, victory one day nearer home. I cannot think like this. Men are being slaughtered, and for me the attitude of satisfaction over dead men, German or any other, is impossible. Thus, to begin with, *impotent horror* gains when the soul repudiates the natural savage joy over the fallen enemy, and sees no instant way out of his death.

It used to be a stand-by to remind oneself that *they* began it. When we heard of them lying in heaps dead, horror belonged mostly to our rage that our men who did not begin it were dead too; also the masculine delight in the adventure of war influenced us—this was something which we did not understand, but we accepted the fact: also, we had no notion of modern war, for the first account of the use of poisonous gas struck upon an unprepared world, and even then few thought of liquid flame as coming among weapons. War was horrible, but not an absolute horror. Men were off out to fight, but so they always had gone off to fight. In the average English mind, the fight immediately was to free Belgium and France from a great bully, and there was no way but fighting; it would be short and sharp, and another step to Peace. God only knows how lightly we took the war, thinking romantically of the good which was to come out of evil. Good never does come out of evil.

Well, there is no more stand-by in all that. The German youth now being thrown away at Verdun did not "begin it"; their fate horrifies even the French, and even while the battle is undecided and the French also are falling in great numbers. Whatever may have been the character of the original combatants, the present ones are fighting because they must; they are all caught in the battle and can dare nothing but fight their way out. A looker-on has no shadow of excuse

to hate them. Then as to Ideals, blessed Freedom and Peace. Ireland! Connolly, nursed to his legs for shooting! Horror was certainly impotent when that could have been done, done days after the events, and done when the appalling mistake of shooting Sheehy-Skeffington was known. There already the Finger had written "Enough" on the wall. Impotent horror let Connolly be nursed up and shot. No foreigner but understands what doubtless all Ireland understands—why Connolly was so determinedly shot. No journal probably throughout the world but signed to its readers—for whatever reason!—his fate as "leader of the Dublin strikes." Many lives have paid for those Dublin strikes, and lives will pay for these recent executions. Ferocious folly is master of the world, corruption reckless.

There is what further induces the impotence of horror—not solely ferocity, but ferocity allied to folly, not solely slaughter, but corruption. Those who dare such things may conceivably confound and enslave the rest of us. We seem able neither to reason with nor fight them. They pass all bounds we know of. In time they will stick at nothing. In proportion as the master madmen of Germany have become more reckless in ferocity, so the master madmen of England have dared more and more against the rest of us. We are on the way to being hypnotised by their daring. Once we would never have believed the shipping scandal possible. Once we would never have believed that a Quaker might lie in English irons. What would we now believe impossible?

Our masters try to prevent women from speaking against conscription. Conscription means forced assassination. In striking at men who do not wish to shed blood, the master madmen of the world are striking at civilisation, but in menacing women on this matter they are striking at Nature. It is in Nature that a woman turned from pity is worse than a man. And the perversion of Nature works a long way on from its source. In countries where the women mingle with the fighting, men soon lose sight of reason and become atrocious.

Women should have no employment in war. They are a confusion there. The case of Miss Cavell blinded half England to the possible consequences to the wounded in future wars of the Red Cross becoming suspect. The English Red Cross Society is mad never to have repudiated her action. Had they done so when she was arrested, while urging all that was to be said, it is probable that the Germans might have spared her life. Women should have nothing to do with war but to speak against it! Helping in any way, they not merely help, but they positively aggravate war. They confuse and corrupt the reasonings why war should cease. But I do not expect anyone to listen to me. Yet how any mother can nowadays hold her tongue against war beats me! It is wonderful enough that some of us who have no son at stake should be so far influenced by the men's courage as to forget momentarily that our courage *for them* has no true force in it. If they understood, our cheerfulness would give them gooseflesh.

I remember Mr. Shaw's warning that to such a civilisation as we are manufacturing not a Superman might arrive—but a Supersnake. It looks as though it has arrived and as though it may yet take the entire world in its coils. For what will remain indestructible if we let horror turn us impotent? What but horror inpotent stopped the international voices of the great neutral Powers when Germany invaded Belgium? How may horror henceforth react when Germany, back to the wall, will break every restraint? Reaction now would convulse the last corners of the earth. They are not wise who think that America, for instance, should move now. Let her deplore her past opportunity—but keep still! That will need her greatest moral courage.

The right thing for whole nations is not necessarily the right thing for individuals. It is good ethic, for example, that no one has the right to make private grief of a national calamity. There are always individuals in advance of nations. The true pacifist everywhere is in advance of his nation. The right thing for him is resistance to war from beginning to end. The more awful war becomes the clearer becomes his right of resistance to war.

We see now the folly of supposing that any combination of Powers may prevent war. The pacifist is justified before the facts. There is no such thing as Armed Peace. This "peace" is only the necessary mortal interval between two wars. As sure as nations are armed, they will eventually fight. People demand more and more armaments. They will get them, and what armament is for—war. No combination of Powers may prevent war. No diplomatic treaty may be depended upon. The only security for Peace is universal disarmament. It is not in man to will his own destruction. He will come to reason, but not in our wretched day, alas!

Meanwhile, unless we are to become impotent with horror, we must affirm the ideas which this war seems to deny: international peace; the self-responsibility of Labour; the endowment of women, whose existence is necessary although unmarketable; the freedom of children from examiners, labour-masters, and magistrates (the access of juvenile turbulence and hysteria noted in most countries is not due solely to the absence of men, as the Germans say; no pity has been extended to school-children, with their little brains inflamed by the atmosphere of war, and yet worked as usual—few men in the whole world are working intellectually as usual! It is women's business to be diverting these young minds and steadying them, not to be themselves frantically "helping the war." On the subject of women in munitions, there are said to be three or four hundred thousand officers' servants, orderlies, and odd men militarised out of England. Not objectionable this in itself: welcome be the faintest of resemblances to the old chivalric way of warfare! But what an objectionable farce to use women to fill shells, shortage of men pretended!).

Everyone who had any ideal before the war should affirm it. Even the affirmation of a fad may stave off the impotence of horror in non-combatants. I wrote some weeks ago a paragraph on Paris amusing itself which read doubtfully. I did not mean to condemn *this* Paris as hypocritical and likely to persecute anyone who wrote the facts. The *hypocrites I had in* mind are those who apparently would prefer the awful hysteria of last year to the comparative sanity of this; those who provide "food for the mind" of the provincial permissionaires who want, above all things, a little physical gaiety; those who worry the wives of conscripts and forbid them in this stifling weather to take their refreshment outside the cafés unless they have a man with them! Where are they legitimately to get a man? These "sergeants of charity," the terror of permissionaire and refugee—these are my hypocrites, for they wish the world to suppose that they are rolling it beautifully, and they take the outside amusements of Paris as an unmentionable insult to their sickening concerts and "dry" banquets by organising which they hope to be able to pull strings. There is one good organisation for permissionaires which gives them a little money, perfect freedom day and night, meals when they like—but, of course, this organisation is always rather hard up.

Let non-combatants keep their sanity and their energy in whatever way they may—the strongest way being to continue in point of idea and ideal as they were before the war. This is a war against ideas. In England the war seems to be gaining against all ideas which are against war. But after the Governments which have made the war shall have proclaimed a peace we shall have to live by the ideas which are against war, or be soon hurled into another. To save ourselves we shall need horror, but horror potent. Let us practise in affirmation betimes, insisting that war shall not possess our minds.

ALICE MORNING.

An Artist's Note Book.

You aspire after beauty, you say. Then beware of deliberately seeking after it. Beauty eludes the seeker. Let your aim be truth of expression, the lucid presentment of your thoughts and sentiments, and be sure that they are entirely yours. In no other way will you reach the goal of beauty.

* * *

It is not from want of talent among us that good art is rare. Talent is plentiful. What is wanting is an honest mind. Simple integrity.

* * *

The painter, as a rule, must take a personal delight in the subject he deals with if he wishes to succeed in his art. Otherwise, he wields but a languid brush; his colours are dead; his line is lacking in grace and life; it neither leaps, nor laughs, nor soars, nor sings, nor pirouettes, nor dances: his work is stillborn. With a poet, a man of letters, the case is different. He not unfrequently derives his happiest inspiration from what he most cordially hates.

* * *

Ah, how lucky is a skilled man of letters! He enjoys a marked advantage over a painter or a sculptor, or any of his brother craftsmen in the arts. His pen, the wily instrument of his craft, he may employ in the service of his passions. His spite, his envy, his rancour, or whatever evil spirit may seize upon him, vex his mind, poison his soul, and convert the sweet milk of human kindness into gall, he is able at one and the same time to deliver himself of and turn to literary account. A pen, an inkpot, and a sheet of paper are all he requires.

* * *

Grand as was the soul of Milton—infinitely grand—it must yet be confessed that there was but little of heaven in his composition. He was chiefly sublime as a poet when he was least a saint. With sorrowful ease he descended into the dark heart of Lucifer; the pains and torments of the damned, their spiritual anguish, he clearly divined and made his own. But, as a Singer of Heaven, who sought to enter into the mind of Divine Wisdom, and to speak in the mild accents of Divine Love, Milton, the Singer of Hell, scarcely rose above the spiritual level of a harsh and narrow sectary. Not love, not charity, fed their soft fires upon the poet's heart, but in it flamed anger and hatred, fierce scorn and yet fiercer pride. Passions of the deep!—passions that in words sad, mournful, of undying savour, found out a way, speak in his verse.

* * *

It is reported of Pope that, for a brief period in his youth, he quitted his pen for the brush. He had thoughts of becoming a painter. Nothing, however, came of this youthful whim. Which was fortunate; it was fortunate both for the poet and for posterity. Our stock of masterpieces, our immortal poems and pictures, are none so considerable that we can lightly contemplate the loss of any of those we are now privileged to possess; and, surely, among productions of this kind may be reckoned Pope's "Epistles and Satires"; yet these we should not only never have had if Pope had persisted in the career of painter, but, as I conceive, we should have had from his hand nothing of equivalent value in the shape of a painting. His spirit, being what it was, it would have been impossible for him to express with effect in any medium but that precisely of words. He was born to wield a pen. Other souls might take on, fitly clothe themselves with a vesture of bright colour, or work in severe line, or speak in the language of pure music—but Pope, no. What was his spirit? Look at his "Epistles and Satires" and you will see. It is a spirit of spite, a spite of malignity, a spirit of exacerbated vanity. A reprehensible spirit, you say. That may be so; but the point is, it has found for itself in verse a suitable and adequate mode of expression, and it could not have found for itself a suitable and adequate mode of expression in colour or in line; it would have failed to find any expression at all. The thoughts and sentiments that agitated the poet, and that, as now happens, in his "Epistles and Satires," sparkle and glitter in a thousand-and-one imperishable lines with the brightness and sharpness of a clear-cut diamond, would have lain choked and stifled in his breast, and the "Epistles and Satires" would never have been written. O supreme glory of literature! Sole art truly catholic!—truly universal! Man's first achievement! his solace, his delight! In all the world there is nothing, no, nothing that can be known, or thought, or experienced,—nothing either good or base, noble or mean, wise or foolish,—nothing strange, hidden, and undivulged,—nothing that may descend from the bright heaven above or arise from the dark hell within,—nothing that was, is, or will be,—but, as a stream gushes out of the rough earth limpid and pure—stream at which we slake our thirst—issues forth in felicitous words—words joyous, bright, and true,—a fountain of perpetual delight.

* * *

The true artist may be likened to Saul. As Saul, in seeking his father's asses, found a kingdom, so the artist, in seeking to express his thoughts and sentiments, discovers the kingdom of beauty.

HENRY BISHOP.

Views and Reviews.

HAMLET AGAIN.

THE discussion concerning the mystery of Hamlet promises to be everlasting, unless I can separate the essential from the accidental points of difference; and in this task I can expect no help from "R. H. C." He repudiates the psycho-analytic explanation (which he does not understand) because he asserts that literary criticism is adequate to solve the problem (although it has never done so); and offers as an example of literary criticism his "spiritual shock" hypothesis. Whatever else "spiritual shock" may be, it is not literary criticism; it is quite plainly scientific, for it expresses a conflict of forces, and in its present amorphous state the hypothesis seems to me to be a very crude psychological one. I have said before that "R. H. C." has never developed his phrase into an argument, has never applied it in detail to the play of "Hamlet"; and far from complimenting him on the ingenuity of it, I complimented him on his "ingenuity in avoiding the obvious conclusion from a complete diagnosis." The phrase is, as I have said so often, meaningless to me, and I have never been able to induce "R. H. C." to explain it. As I understand the word "spirit," it cannot be shocked; it is that primal substance that Haeckel agreed with Spinoza is energy, and the only sense in which I can attach the word "shock" to it is as a result of its activity. "It is the spirit that quickeneth"; and what quickens will shock, if it be carelessly applied. If Hamlet were shocked, it could not be in the spirit; and if "R. H. C." means that he was shocked by the spirit, it is his task to show that the marriage of Gertrude and Claudius was a spiritual event. I wish him joy of the task; but he will certainly not succeed in solving the mystery of Hamlet while he fails to state the problem properly. "Spiritual shock arising from the discovery that his idealised mother had knowingly married the murderer of his idolised father" is a phrase that contains as many mistakes as can possibly be made. There is nothing to show that Hamlet "idealised" his mother; and he was "shocked" (whatever that means) before he knew that his father had been murdered. Dr. Furnivall, in his introduction to the "Leopold" Shakespeare, says: "One must insist on this, that before any revelation of his father's murder is made to Hamlet, before any burden of revenging that murder is laid upon him, he thinks of suicide as a welcome means of escape from this fair world of God's,

made abominable to his diseased and weak imagination by his mother's lust, and the dishonour done by her to his father's memory." It is not the murder of his father, but his mother's second marriage, that makes him think of suicide; and if "R. H. C." will call a marriage with a deceased husband's brother "spiritual," I beg rather to agree with Hamlet, and call it a posting "with such dexterity to incestuous sheets." I repeat that "spiritual shock" means nothing to me, and is not literary criticism; it is a derivative of the "nervous shock" theory of hysteria that was popular, particularly in England, until Freud's work, originally inspired by it, demonstrated its inadequacy.

I differ from "R. H. C." concerning not only the adequacy but the intelligibility of the "spiritual shock" hypothesis; I differ also concerning his statement of the psycho-analytic theory of Hamlet. Psycho-analysis does not translate "spiritual shock" into "suppressed incestuous desires": that is "R. H. C.'s" translation; nor does it stop with the demonstration that Hamlet was in the grip of an unconscious conflict. "R. H. C." misrepresents it when he uses Jung's analogy of architecture and mineralogical analysis. Jung uses this figure on two occasions, once correctly and once incorrectly. When he complains that it is impossible to understand the structure of the mind by studying the structure of the brain, he uses the figure correctly. But Freud is not a physiologist, and the psychological analysis of a psychological conflict is not correctly described by this figure. Besides, Jung never used this figure concerning "Hamlet"; he used it of "Faust," particularly the second part. The passage is of importance, and I quote it: "We should be thankful for a commentary upon 'Faust' which traced back all the diverse material of Part II to its historical sources, or for a psychological analysis of Part I, which pointed out how the dramatic conflict corresponds to a personal conflict in the soul of the poet; we should be glad of an exposition which pointed out how this subjective conflict is itself based upon those ultimate and universal things which are no wise foreign to us, since we all carry the seeds of them in our hearts. Nevertheless, we should be a little disappointed. We do not read 'Faust' just in order to discover that also we are, in all things, 'human, all too human.' Alas, we know that but too well already. Let anyone who has not yet learned it go for a little while out into the world and look at it without preconceptions and with open eyes. He will turn back from the might and power of the 'too human,' hungrily he will pick up his 'Faust,' not to find again what he has just left, but to learn how a man like Goethe shakes off these elemental things and finds freedom for his soul." It is for this reason that Jung insists that "the direction along which the patient develops his morbid thoughts has to be accepted seriously, and followed out to its end; the investigator thus places himself at the standpoint of the psychosis." Jung interprets the product, whether it be dream, delusion, or drama, as an attempt at adaptation, as an attempt at resolution of the conflict by a new adjustment to reality. With all of this, I most cordially agree.

But all this has nothing to do with "Hamlet." From the beginning to the end of the play, Hamlet fails to make any adaptation to the new situation that has arisen; it is because he does not, as Goethe did, "shake off these elemental things and find freedom for his soul" that the play issues in tragedy. The psycho-analytic explanation of "Hamlet" is not "R. H. C.'s" phrase, "suppressed incestuous desires"; indeed, I distrust all brief descriptions of it. It is safer to say, with Dr. Jones: "It is as though Shakespeare had read the previous story, and realised that had he been placed in a similar situation he would not have found the path of action so obvious as was supposed, but on the contrary would have been torn in a conflict which was all the more intense for the fact that he could not explain its nature. In this transformation Shakespeare exactly reversed the plot of the tragedy, for, whereas in the saga this consisted in the overcoming of external difficulties and dangers by a single-hearted hero, in the play these are removed, and the plot lies in the fateful unrolling of the consequences that result from an internal conflict in the hero's soul. From the struggles of the hero issue dangers, which did not at first exist, but which, as the effect of his untoward essays, loom increasingly portentous until at the end they close and involve him in final destruction. More than this, every action he so reluctantly engages in for the fulfilment of his obvious task seems half-wittingly to be disposed in such a way as to provoke destiny, in that, by arousing the suspicion and hostility of his enemy, it defeats its own object and helps to encompass his own ruin. The conflict in his soul is to him insoluble, and the only steps he can make are those that inexorably draw him nearer and nearer to his doom. In him, as in every victim of a powerful unconscious conflict, the Will to Death is fundamentally stronger than the Will to Life, and his struggle is at heart one long, despairing fight against suicide, the least intolerable solution of the problem. Being unable to free himself from the ascendancy of his past, he is necessarily impelled by Fate along the only path he can travel—to Death. In thus vividly exhibiting the desperate but unavailing struggle of a strong man against Fate, Shakespeare achieved the very essence of the Greek conception of tragedy." That is, I submit, sound literary criticism and the result of sound psychological analysis; to pretend that it is only science, as though that were derogatory, and that the phrase "spiritual shock" is literary criticism, is art concerned with "outcomes," and is, therefore, superior to mere "science," is, I think, to make a claim not substantiated by the facts.

My third point of difference from "R. H. C." concerns the value of psycho-analysis to art. "R. H. C.," knowing little about it, relegates it to the psychological clinic, he asserts that "it has as much to do with art and literature as stethoscopic observation has to do with the love-lyrics of English poetry." There is, again, that confusion of ideas, of the material with the psychological. Psycho-analysis does not investigate the body, but the mind; and in the case of artistic creation, it demonstrates that the source of inspiration is to be found in forgotten, but active, processes of thought and feeling. Literary critics habitually speak of the "child-like" mind of the poet, for example; there are few poets like Browning, who invite: "Grow old along with me"; most of them invite us to remain young with them, to see the world with the eyes of a child, and to react to reality with infantile simplicity. It is the Peter Pans of this world who do most of its artistic work, and provide the psycho-therapeutist with most of his patients. On this point, Jung says that "the neurotic has in him the soul of a child that can but ill endure arbitrary limitations of which it does not see the meaning; it tries to adopt the moral standard, but thereby only falls into deeper disunion and distress within itself. On the one hand it tries to suppress itself, and on the other to free itself—this is the struggle that is called Neurosis." Freud's argument that a neurosis is an attempt at self-cure applies with equal strength to works of art; and it is only the artist who really purges himself in his work, who triumphs over his own difficulties (like Beethoven in his Fifth Symphony), who is really of value to his fellows. Tragedies like "Hamlet," which fail to solve their conflict, are valuable only as warnings; they show us that the child-like mind of the poet is incapable of dealing effectively with a new situation, they state the very case that psycho-analysis demonstrates in neurosis. Hamlet is shown dominated by his infantile fantasies, stricken at the very root of him by a revival of his childish desires, and ignorant of the cause. If he could have purged himself, if, as Maeterlinck desired, there had been some sage to instruct him, the tragedy would have been a triumphant vindication of justice; as it is, it is only a demonstration that, without psycho-analysis, life is not worth living.

A. E. R.

REVIEWS

Tales From Five Chimneys. By Marmaduke Pickthall. (Mills and Boon. 6s.)

Whether by accident or design, this book is divided into two parts. One half of these stories deals with the East, the other half deals with England; and the contrast is very notable. With the exception of the first story, "The Word of an Englishman," the English do not compare very favourably with Mr. Pickthall's beloved Arabs. In dignity both of manner and speech they are represented as immeasurably inferior to the Orientals; but Mr. Pickthall's choice of subjects for his English stories, no less than the apparent grounds and methods of judgment employed by his characters, reveal a satirical intention. "Hee-haw" shows us two young "Empire-builders" making asses (or, rather, a pantomime donkey) of themselves because they are in love with the principal boy; we have a story of a turbulent youngster of eight being tamed by a "lady" governess, who was discharged at the very moment that he had given up the fight against feminine influence; two old men quarrel and fight about a dirty mongrel of a dog, and when, owing to the death of one of them, the mongrel becomes the undisputed possession of the other, he orders it to be shot; we have a Divorce Court story showing us an old prude of a governess supporting her wanton pupil's lying defence, and afterwards forgiving her for her deception; another story shows us an Englishman falling in love with a Frenchwoman, becoming a Roman Catholic for her sake, and being refused by her because he spoke French absurdly; another story tells us of a boarding-house keeper in Switzerland who regarded her guests as "poultry," stopped a duel by throwing pig-swill over the combatants, announced that she would use liquid dung in future, and settled down to the undisturbed accumulation of profits. Crude as the incidents are, the handling of them is even cruder; what few graces of style Mr. Pickthall has he uses only in the portrayal of his dear Orientals. His "Father Saba" is quite a good story of a fanatical priest turned outlaw, who becomes the protector of poor Christians and the scourge of the Turks, and is at last betrayed by a woman whose love he had rejected. But Mr. Pickthall must have his gibe even at the Englishwoman in the East; and in "Count Abdullah" he subjects his heroine to a week of insults incomprehensible to her, because of her ignorance of local customs; in "Virgin and Martyr," he shows us a fool of an English nurse presuming upon her amorous relations with the head surgeon, upsetting the discipline of the hospital, and finally, to show that she was not a coward, rushing into the isolation room and catching plague. Mr. Pickthall's style is adequate, it says no more than the subjects are worth, and hints at no occult meaning. Dealing with incidents, his style is incidental; he writes like a reporter, but never creates. The five chimneys emit smoke, but the divine fire is beyond the range of our power of inference.

Our Nascent Europe. By Lucy Re-Bartlett. (Saint Catherine Press.)

The three essays which are published here deal with "Conscription," "Woman and Destiny," and "Our Nascent Europe." Mrs. Re-Bartlett argues that the conscription of Englishmen for military service is necessary to convince our Allies that we are really doing our share; what will people think if we do not do as they do? She thinks that it is the visible sign of our dedication to Liberty, and will do a world of good to everybody. But when we come to women, we find that Destiny has not decreed that they should be compelled to do anything; briefly, men are to be compelled to fight for Liberty, and the women must be allowed to enjoy it. This is the principle of division of labour: women are to be allowed to do exactly as they like, because they know intuitively what is best for the human race; men must be compelled to do what is right, so that "our nascent Europe" may be mixed and mingled in a new "reality," "a union of 'flesh and spirit,' man and woman, Conservative and Liberal," and, we hope, Elephant and Castle. We suggest that the nascent Europe should go on growing for a little, because Mrs. Re-Bartlett says at the end that "perhaps not even God Himself knows fully at this moment what place in the new Europe, and in the new world now dawning, the British Empire will elect to fill." And if God does not know, why should we tell even Mrs. Re-Bartlett? Mum's the word!

White Rocks. By Edouard Rod. Translated by Fred Rothwell. (Palmer and Hayward. 6s.)

The legend which gives the title to this book reverses St. Paul's assertion, and shows that to be spiritually minded is death. If these lovers had not been what Nietzsche called "Nay-sayers," if they had not condemned their love as sin, they would not have been changed into stones. The theme was treated more briefly and violently by Henley in "Hawthorne and Lavender": the poem is short, so we quote it.

Love, which is lust, is the Lamp in the Tomb.
Love, which is lust, is the Call from the Gloom.

Love, which is lust, is the Main of Desire.
Love, which is lust, is the Centric Fire.

So man and woman will keep their trust,
Till the very Springs of the Sea run dust.

Yea, each with the other will lose and win,
Till the very Sides of the Grave fall in.

For the Strife of Love's the abysmal strife,
And the Word of Love is the Word of Life.

And they that go with the Word unsaid,
Tho' they seem of the living, are damned and dead.

Edouard Rod exemplifies the theme by this story of a portion of the life of a Protestant pastor of humble origin, but with a gift of religious rhapsody of which, luckily, no examples are given. He comes to a small town in Switzerland; and there, before the all-seeing eyes of his parishioners, to the accompaniment of the meticulous and everlasting comment of his congregation, his love for the wife of the most important person in the community develops. The clergy always aspire; it is their nature to. Gissing, we remember, argued that the clerical was the only profession that enabled its members to over-ride class distinctions in marriage; and led his hero through some remarkable casuistry to a failure—but then his hero was only a candidate for ordination. This Protestant pastor and the other man's wife meet at the White Rocks, tell their love and condemn it as sinful. The outraged husband sends his wife away for a holiday; and the pastor hears from a sceptic the true legend of the White Rocks, which exactly resembles his own. He has a "faint vision of the lot of such as are too spiritually minded to be unacquainted with love, though too virtuous to give themselves up to it with gladness and indifference . . . unless they are the guilty victims of their own heart, they can do nothing than change into stone—become petrified." Protestantism has no progeny in Switzerland.

The Night Council. By Paul Bourget. Translated by G. Frederic Lees. (Chatto and Windus. 6s.)

In spite of its elaborately technical setting, the issue raised by this novel is very simple. It is the issue of Materialism v. Mysticism as an explanation of death. The issue is staged with remarkable skill; on the one hand, there is the skilled surgeon who is dying of an inoperable cancer, and who holds the mechanical conception of man with such fervour that he denies the possibility of the personality surviving bodily death. On the other hand, there is the gallant French officer in grave danger of death from a bullet-wound in the head, which yet does not prevent him from reciting his Catholic credo of the immortality of the soul and the

mystical value of sacrifice, even of life. The contest rages round the young wife of the surgeon, who has made a compact with her husband to die with him; and Dr. Marsal records the contest between surgeon and patient for the salvation of the wife from suicide, and emphasises at every stage the relative attitude towards death of the two antagonists. Summing up the whole case, Dr. Marsal concludes that the French officer was more scientific than the surgeon, for his hypothesis not only explained all the facts, but gave significance to the great fact. "Death has no significance if it is merely an end; it has significance if it is a sacrifice." In addition to the heroism which was common to the two men, the mystical hypothesis added beauty and the power of consolation to the spirit of the French officer. A very interesting story.

The Progress of Kay. By G. W. Bullett. (Constable. 4s. 6d. net.)

Heaven lies about us in our infancy; but we lie about ourselves in our old age. That a man should begin life as a mystic, and go to his grave a Nonconformist, is really a spiritual tragedy. Mr. Bullett thinks that the subject is worth a number of snapshots, or "glimpses," as he calls them; and like a being from another world, he visits Kay at irregular intervals, and notes his progress from profundity to rotundity. The method is quite legitimately applied to a Christian who "dies daily"; but it would fail to deal effectively with a developing character, with a character increasing in complexity. The earlier chapters are admirably done, and hold the reader's interest; the later chapters are done even better, but the interest has evaporated. Kay really died when Sheila released him from his engagement; and for the rest, there is sound literary wisdom in the command: "Let the dead bury their dead." But any method that makes for brevity in the writing of novels of the commonplace is to be commended; and Mr. Bullett tells the whole story of Kay's decadence up to the marriage of his daughter in 200 pages. Blessed be brevity, which Mr. Bullett has; but also blessed be wit, and beauty, and a knowledge of life, which he has not. The God of literature is not a God of the dead, but of the living.

The Longest Way Round. By D. Broadway. (Allen and Unwin. 6s.)

The longest way round is the way to write a novel, says the proverb; and D. Broadway (is it Diana of New York?) has taken that way. She shows us the awful consequences that follow the attempts of maiden aunts to prevent their nieces from enjoying the benefits of higher education. Aunt Lettuce left £300 a year to Letty (this should be, Let-you-not) Urquhart, on condition that she married; if she remained single until the age of thirty, the money was to go to charities. Letty did not want to get married, but she wanted the money to enable her to go to Girton; so she arranged a marriage with a young lout of a Boer farmer who also desired a higher education, divided the spoils with him, and left him immediately the legal formalities were concluded. On arrival in England she discovered a nasty family scandal, which, in her opinion, deprived her of the moral right to her share of the money; she renounced that in favour of a crippled cousin, and went back to work in South Africa. She became secretary to a short-sighted savant; and as she did not despise Oxford education, she received an equivalent of the academic training that she desired. She was, of course, courted by the eligible young men of the district, but, with the knowledge of her unconsummated marriage to torment her, she repulsed them all. The lout of a Boer husband, of course, won a scholarship, went to Cambridge, became a distinguished doctor, and, concealing his identity, courted her during the period of the Boer war. In the last chapter, they love each other, and discover that they are already married. Is not that surprising?

Pastiche.

PASTICHE'S ADVICE TO THE NATION.

Don't use Motor-cars for Pleasure!
Don't use Shipping for Profits.

THE LAST STAND.

POLLY: So Mr. Swingsby is married. I never! I suppose *you* aren't thinking of getting married, Mr. Freear?

FREEAR: No such luck. Should never be well enough off.

P.: Oh, if everybody waited like that. I could live on very little. It just depends on people themselves.

F.: Yes, but one always wants more than one has.

P.: Well, I suppose if I'd cared to encourage people I didn't care for, I'd have been married long ago, but of course . . .

F.: Good old Charles! (Pats the dog.)

P.: Some time in one's life you feel you'd like to be settled.

F.: Oh, I don't know.

P.: Oh, I think so. If the individual was the one I wanted I shouldn't mind anything else.

F.: I expect you'd alter your mind.

P.: Oh, Mr. Freear, how can you say that?

F.: I only said "expect."

P.: I think anyone can live very comfortably on next to nothing if things are managed properly.

F.: Oh, most people would want pianos and billiard-tables.

P.: Oh, Mr. Freear, you don't understand me in the very least. I shouldn't want all that. You have known me three years and I don't think you ever will now.

F. (looking at photograph): Very ugly little church, that.

P.: One gentleman would be only too glad to take me anywhere.

F.: I should make him.

P.: Oh, I shall accept his kindly offers. It is nice to feel someone cares about your comfort.

F.: Well, if I go anywhere, I prefer to go alone.

P.: Oh, it won't matter soon—anything.

F.: James said he'd be here at three. It's half-past. I think I must be off.

P.: There is no need to trouble. There *is* James coming up the garden.

SLEEP.

"You venture to ask what is Sleep. You are going down into the void. Your body must lie here defenceless. Do you dare this mystery?"

"*But Sleep seems to me a compassionate Spirit which* refreshes men."

"May it not be a Demon refreshing men only that they may not die too soon and so escape life's torment?"

"But life is not all torment. Again, suppose torment be inevitable—is not Sleep then a reliever—Sleep that binds up the ravelled sleeve of care?"

"Those that need it most, the sick and the wretched, Sleep does not visit."

"This is because the fever of body or mind prevents."

"Then Sleep is the harmony or balance of the organism? No!"

"No; since the body often wishes to sleep while the mind wishes to work. It is the fatigue of the body which is Sleep. Does the mind ever sleep?"

"The mind can prevent the body from sleeping, can it not?"

"Yes, but not for long, not past the limit of the body's force."

"Then what becomes of the mind left alone?'

"Does it go on working? Is it living while the body is as if dead? Does the mind live ever and ever?'

"Do you still venture the mystery?"

"You want me to say, 'Aye, there's the rub!' What an idea that the mind and body are really twain, each indifferent to the other."

"The body is indifferent and untamable. The mind appears as a dæmon which has seized upon the body."

"Whose deliverers are Sleep and Death."

"Pagan! The Christians put it the other way about."

"Have it as you please! So says my body, which is sleepy."

PARADOX.

There was a man born with the bump of humility very pronounced. He always went about saying, "What a

nothing I am! How unworthy I appear beside other men! What a poor figure I cut in life! I am a miserable sinner!" In fact, his existence was all exclamation marks set against the recitation of his imperfections. And his bump of humility grew until he could no longer wear a ready-made hat, but had to order one with an expanding roof. When the boys laughed and threw stones at him he said to himself, "Ah, why not? I am only a poor wretch of a sinner!" and he expanded his hat a little more than was even necessary to accommodate his bump, rejoicing that his fellow-creatures should realise what a truly humble piece of sin and sorrow was among them. Presently he found himself no longer able to enter any ordinary doorway. So for a while he kneeled in the public square, loudly imploring the passers-by to wipe their boots on him because he was unfit for any better treatment. Soon his bump went up so that no ladder could reach the top. Naturally, he became the centre of interest to the whole city. People came to see him and the phrenologists flocked to examine and measure his bump. Some men there were cruel enough to kick him. He only turned up his eyes and said, "Thank you; oh, thank you!" At last the bump grew right out of sight. But the city grew rather too interested, since nobody attended to affairs but only to this phenomenon. So the council called a meeting and decided to order the surgeons to operate and remove the bump, which was a bad influence, for at all corners competitors in humility wallowed about in the dust, hoping to become phenomenons. The surgeons arrived. When they explained to the humble man that they intended to remove his bump he looked at them stupefied, and two large tears of reproach rolled down his cheeks, and he gasped, "Do you mean really to remove my bump of humility?" "Precisely!" "And thereafter shall I be just an ordinary proud sinner?" "Just!" But they were saved their trouble, for their man groaned and died on the spot. They piled earth around him to bury him, for there was no moving him, and then walled him in, bump and all, as far as their highest scaffolding would reach. "Damn him, he'll bring the plague on us!" they said. But by evening the bump had mysteriously disappeared.

Meanwhile, things were happening in heaven. St. Peter, sitting at his gate, was suddenly aware of something outside. "Whatever's this?" he exclaimed, opening and looking out. The thing butted him, pushing and pushing up from below, a great parsnip-like monster. Presently appeared a tiny little man, apparently dangling on to the parsnip. The cunning little eyes gazed up as if to see over the parapet of heaven. "Who are you?" asked St. Peter. The little man looked somewhat dashed. "Why, I'm the man whose bump of humility made a whole city stare. This is my bump." "Really! Well, now you just go away and ask the Devil how such a *humble man as you came to fancy himself worthy to* enter into heaven?" A. M. A.

THE WAGE-SLAVE'S DECALOGUE.

1. I am the Lord thy God, Mammon, which have brought thee out of the land of liberty, out of the house of freedom.

2. Thou shalt have no other gods before me. Thou shalt not make unto thee any guild image, or any likeness of any state that is in the future, or that was in the past, or that ever could be upon the earth: thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor strive for them: for I the Lord Mammon am a jealous God, visiting the hopes of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me; and showing charity unto thousands of them that love me and keep my commandments.

3. Thou shalt not take the name of Mammon in vain; for the Lord will not hold him unambitious that taketh his sanctity in vain.

4. Remember the eight-hour day to keep it holy. Seven days shalt thou labour and do all thy work. Though the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord Mammon: in it thou shalt do all kinds of work, thou, and thy son, his manservant, and thy daughter, his maidservant, and thy cattle and the stranger that is within thy gates: for all seven days the Lord taketh Rent, Interest and Profits, and all that in them is, and resteth not: wherefore the Lord blessed the eight-hour day, and hallowed it.

5. Honour thy landlord and thy employer: that thy days may be long in the Hell which the Lord Mammon giveth thee.

6. Thou shalt not strike.

7. Thou shalt not commit Trade Unions.

8. Thou shalt not own.

9. Thou shalt not forbear to undersell thy neighbour.

10. Thou shalt not covet thy master's wealth, thou shalt not covet thy master's luxury, nor his ease, nor his rents, nor his interests, nor his profits, nor any good thing that is thy master's.

Ah, working men!

C. S. D.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

INTERNATIONAL LAW.

Sir,—In your issue of June 1, "A. E. R." in "Views and Reviews" says: "My contention is that International Law can only develop analogously with the development of domestic law." With this view I quite agree. International Law must take the lead from Domestic Law—but has it done so? What actually has happened is that, as individuals, we have adopted a rational and efficacious method of settling our disputes—we have established Government of the Community, by the Community, for the Community; whereas as Nations we have remained stationary. We are, as Nations, in a precisely similar position to that state of anarchy from which as individuals we were rescued, so many ages ago, by the establishment of, and our mutual support of, our National Law Courts and Police Forces. All that I ask is that International Law shall follow in the footsteps of Domestic Law—there is no question of its preceding it. "A. E. R." quotes Mr. Balfour as saying: "Law is not enough; behind Law there must be power." That is exactly my view of the situation too. "A. E. R." then asks: "How is that power to be constituted?" and professes to doubt the sanity of any person who advocates the adoption by the Nations of those methods which have proved to be so absolutely necessary to us in our domestic life, and, moreover, to the very existence of civilisation itself. To such a statement I can only say that abuse, especially of such a nature, is the very weakest form of argument, and carries the least weight. It is certainly not impossible, as "A. E. R." states, "to conceive that the Sovereign States of Europe should create a sovereign power exercising legislative, judicial, and executive functions," nor yet that "the States of Europe (or the world) should refuse to contribute towards the upkeep of such a Sovereign State." We have done it, and found it to be absolutely necessary as individuals. Why should it be so impossible as Nations? It is not impossible. All that is lacking is the will—nothing else. "A. E. R." then asks: "Can any man conceive the prospect of, say, Russian regiments quelling rebellion in Ireland or strikers in England?" This, sir, is in the nature of a red herring across the trail. Such a state of affairs would be quite impossible if the scheme of International Government, which I formulated in my book, "The Two Roads," were adopted. In this scheme I have suggested (Clause 7) that the super-State should have a large force under its absolute control—"The International Armament to be composed of levies, either Military, Naval, or otherwise, from all the Nations represented in the Parliament"—and in Clause 9 I suggest that "the International Armaments be controlled and administered by the Parliament, the component parts of which to be in no way connected to, or answerable to, individual Nations." Clause 11 deals with the question which "A. E. R." raises, and was suggested specially to prevent such an occurrence—which would, of course, be quite intolerable to any self-respecting people. "Each of the Nations to have the right to maintain an individual army for the sole purpose of enforcing its own laws within its own boundaries," and Clause 12, "the size and composition of such armaments to be determined by the International Parliament." The inclusion of these proposals in the scheme would do away with any necessity for a Nation depending upon International troops to enforce her purely domestic laws, and at the same time the chance of any Nations resorting to arms against the International Government would be very remote. Parliament, by controlling the manufacture of munitions of war (Clause 13), and, moreover, through in the first case fixing the extent of the forces of the individual nations (Clause 12) and parcelling ammunition, etc., out only in sufficient quantities to cover likely contingencies within the boundaries of the individual nations (Clause 17) and having many times the power necessary to enforce its decisions, would, I contend, eliminate any possibility of a Nation revolting against its decisions. Clause 19 deals with the objection that Great Britain had, and rightly too, to the Holy Alliance formed after the Napoleonic War, which was "against

rendering the powers of the Alliance applicable to the internal transactions of independent States" (Clause 19). "The workings of the Parliaments of individual Nations not to be interfered with, except in such cases as endanger the peace of the world," and the corollary to this clause, "the freedom of national Parliaments in matters relative to their own affairs is, of course, a provision that every self-respecting nation would insist on. It would require to be clearly defined that the International Government was formed solely with the object of settling national disputes, which otherwise might have involved war, and as a means of protection against the possible aggression of other States not belonging to the Government." It appears to me that "A. E. R." has condemned International Government because some of the schemes suggested have been open to very severe criticism. I should like to say that, in my opinion, it is possible that International Government, unless it were drawn up on democratic lines, could become an actual menace to the freedom of the people, rather than a safeguard of it—witness the Holy Alliance; but there is no necessity for us to support such schemes. "A. E. R." does not seem to realise that it is quite possible and logical to be a strong supporter of one system of International Government and at the same time to be absolutely opposed to another. For instance, as Englishmen we are strong supporters of the English form of government, and at the same time we are absolutely opposed to the German and other forms of autocratic government. Therefore, while admitting that International Government might conceivably be an actual menace to the freedom of the people, I also contend that it is possible that it may be so constituted that it will be the most trustworthy and reliable safeguard of our national freedom and rights, just as our National Government, supported by our Law Courts and Police Force, is the best safeguard of our individual rights. It was with the object of demonstrating how this may be accomplished that I wrote "The Two Roads"—which contains a detailed scheme of International Government—the adoption of which would, I contend, accomplish what I claim for it.

H. E. HYDE.

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RUSSIA AND HER ALLIES.

Sir,—Mr. Howard Ince, like several other of your Russophobe correspondents, makes one very bad error. He chooses a most unfavourable moment for his display. The same day that brought his letter showed in the morning paper that the Russian armies on the main front had pressed forward and taken 40,000 Austrian prisoners, guns, and equipment. I feel sure that Mr. Ince will agree that those 40,000 Austrians have been removed from the possibility of fighting against the Italians, the French, or ourselves. That is the value of Russia as an ally.

So far as our troops are "giving their lives to pull the Russian chestnuts out of this awful conflagration," Mr. Ince must learn that, important as the freedom of the Dardanelles is to Russia, it is just as important for England to insist upon her possessing this. The reason is that, while Russia remains land-locked (i.e., without any secure passage into the seas), she must trade with Europe through German middlemen. The economic power thus lying in her neighbours' hands, the political power will lie there also. Russia will become part and parcel of the Central Powers. Does Mr. Ince want this?

C. E. BECHHOFER.

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THE LATE ANTHONY FARLEY.

Sir,—All good things come to an end. I notice with sincere regret that the letters of Anthony Farley have finished abruptly. I am sorry to say that I possess no correspondence from him, but it is with joy that I look back on the only time I saw him in the flesh. I should imagine that he was a big-hearted boy, and his simplicity would be an ægis for him in close encounters with the enemy. He was trying to extract music out of a reed instrument brought from Arabia, and I could not help thinking that he was or had been some throneless Irish king. With him were three other people—Tristram (or Arthur), Iseult of the White Hands, and a Lady in Black. I forget their other names, but they were the characters I imagined them to be. Anthony Farley squashed my enthusiasm when he said that he would like to turn the hose-pipe on the meeting addressed by James Larkin at the Albert Hall. I think now that I would cheerfully have turned the water on for such a necessary performance. "Red Flag!" he said, contemptuously. "Let them once realise the truth of National Guilds and they will wade through blood to attain them." I trust his soul will rest in peace, or at lleast make Heaven habitable for the broken warriors of THE NEW AGE.

W. R.

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SHAKESPEARE AS GROTESQUE.

Sir,—I am deeply indebted to Mr. Huntly Carter for his opinions, so lucidly expressed, upon my psychology, physiology, intelligence, etc., which, I assure him, do not interest me in the least. I would remind him, however, that he has not yet answered the points raised in my first letter in THE NEW AGE of May 4, 1916:—

(1) That he extends the French critics' application of the Grotesque in Shakespeare from the particular to the general.

(2) That his use of the words "Joy" and "Grotesque" is in all defiance of their etymological meanings.

(3) That his "Joy" destroys tragedy, of which Shakespeare has been acclaimed by all standards of criticism as a master; that his subversion of tragedy needs a justification that he has not even attempted to give.

When I have discovered what Mr. Carter means by *his* "Grotesque" and "Joy" I will relieve the anxiety of the human race (including the Grotesques, the Divine Jesters, and the Vorticists) by revealing my identity, seeing that this matter is so closely connected with Mr. Carter's logic.

C. S. J. D.

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THE GROTESQUE.

Sir,—Coleridge said: "Intense study of the Bible will keep any writer from being vulgar, in point of style."

A few examples of Mr. Carter's style: ". . . a bald-headed baby making wild efforts to get an over-large coral into its under-sized mouth."

"Fellow octopods."

"I will eat the whole of Fleet Street," and so on.

I suppose Mr. Carter must have written his reply to "C. S. J. D." before he undertook the necessarily intense study of the Bible as a Grotesque.

JAMES H. BENZIES.

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CHRISTIAN ECONOMICS.

Sir,—I was hoping that my article on "Christian Economics," which appeared in your issue of June 1, would call forth comments from your readers. So far, none have appeared. I have, however, received privately a comment from a friend of mine which seems of interest. He says: "I am pretty closely with you all the way. My chief comment is that you should study the writings of Henry George. If you did and became as keen a "single-taxer" as I am, you would, I am sure, agree with me that the way to bring about a new heaven and a new earth in this world, and even eventually to pave the streets with jasper, is the simple one of taking for the community what the community creates and leaving sacredly to the individual that which is his—namely, the products of his own labour. In particular, I don't agree much with any theories or views based on the idea of over-production. Henry George smashes such ideas, as does Kropotkin in his great work, "Fields, Factories, and Workshops." I should be extremely interested to have the views of your readers upon these points.

T. CONSTANTINIDES.

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