THE

NEW AGE

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CONTENTS.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THANKS to the unanimity of farmers who, according to the "Times," "have seldom been so united on any question as they are by the action of the Government in commandeering the wool-clip on the terms stated," the War Office has been compelled to announce that it only wants to do what is "fair and reasonable" by them. Is the 60 per cent. advance upon the prices prevailing for wool in 1914 insufficient to cover the anticipations of profit to which the poor dear farmers have been subjected in common with the rest of the profiteers? Then the War Office will pay more. There is no price, in fact, which the War Office will not pay provided that the farmers remain beautifully united and have all the peers to speak for them. The constitutional theory, however, not to say the practice of the Government in some other matters than wool, goes by the board with this admission of the right of the farmers to full market prices from the State. By the former, as we very well know, every stick of property, including the wool-clip and the sheep that provide it, is at the absolute disposal of the State on the terms of salvation, that is, without money and without price. Commandeering without compensation is, in fact, an imprescriptible right of the State. And we have only to recall what claims the State has made upon the personal service of eligible men for the Army and the anything but fair market price offered for it, to realise that even the present price offered for wool is much more generous than the terms upon which men's lives have been commandeered. The farmers, however, have taken pattern by the bad example rather than by the good. Had they compared the price of their wool with the price the State is paying other men for their lives, they might have congratulated themselves upon an excellent bargain and a happy escape. But they unfortunately chose to compare themselves with other salesmen of commodities to the State, with leather merchants, shippers, coal-owners, and moneylenders, and, seeing the inflated prices these patriots were receiving from a grateful country, concluded that wool also was worth its market price. Thus does one piece of scoundrelism infect the whole.

It is all done, too, in the name of the Law of Supply and Demand, concerning which there is a great deal of carefully cultivated confusion. Actually, we may say, there is no such law, but only a deliberately permitted convention. For example, it is obvious that the rationing, munitioning and pay of the Army and Navy are not subject to the law of Supply and Demand, but to the law of Need and Supply. The various divisions of these two national services are not expected to compete among themselves for what they need of the State, or to go short or become overstocked in comparison with their fellows. All the divisions, of course, share in the income of the Army and Navy in proportion to their needs. And the same sensible rule, it is clear, applies to other national services as it applies likewise to the humblest family economy in the land. Once outside these humane institutions, however, and the rule of Need and Supply is allowed to be superseded by the rule of Supply and Demand, which substitutes for the demand of genuine need the demand of simple purchasing power. It is no longer the question whether the demand is a need, but whether it comes with money in its hands; and need without money must go unsatisfied until money without need is sated. This change of atmosphere in passing from national service to private profiteering you would have thought to be necessarily palpable to the least sensitive of men. It would never be expected, for instance, that the same Lord Selborne who, as an experienced Minister of State, has distributed millions' worth of supplies to the various State services upon the principle of Need and Supply, would advocate the concession to farmers of the full private competitive price of their wool upon the principle of Supply and Demand. Yet he has done so in a dictum that cuts at the very root, as we say, of constitutionalism as well as of common sense. "The farmer," he said, "is entitled [entitled, mark you!] to get from the State the full market value of his wool." But, apart from the constitutional heresy, how, we may ask, is that "full market value" arrived at? It has certainly no relation to the actual cost of production—in other words, to what may be called its natural cost; for allowing for the increased expenses of farming, the 60 per cent. advance offered for wool by the State, while it amply covers the increased cost of production, is still short of the full market price, the farmers say, by

another 40 per cent. In short, the full market price includes a great deal of adventitious profit as well as the actual increase in the cost of production. Again, if everybody is "entitled" to demand of the State "full market price" for the commodities he has for sale, why should the State or any public official complain that in some instances this "full market price" is excessive, or take any steps to bring it down? Yet another of our colonial geniuses, Mr. Ryan, the Prime Minister of Queensland, has been quoted in this country as holding that the price of meat, for instance, has been raised to "an artificial and quite unjustifiable level," to a level "higher than conditions warrant"; and we know, as a matter of fact, that the State here as well as in other countries has more than once declined to buy at full market prices when these included more profit than it was disposed to wink at. The fact is that the full market price means precisely all that you can get by hook or by crook. Not only has it nothing to do with the cost of production, it has still less relation with the needs of the purchasers. And its chief instrument is private monopoly. Let only the farmers unite a little more closely and the full market price of wool may mount up until even Lord Selborne ceases to think farmers "entitled" to it. And in spite of the fact that he is himself a private farmer before a public statesman.

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According to the "Spectator," "signs are not wanting that when peace comes the country will not be taken unawares through want of forethought as to how industry is suddenly to receive back the millions of men who will be released from the war." Various Committees have been set to work, the Prime Minister himself is chairman of a special Reconstruction Committee, and every authority, both in the world of Labour and in the world of Capital, is being asked to tender his advice. It is all most inspiring, we are sure, but the optimism of the "Spectator" does not appear to be shared by men like Lord Haldane and Lord Derby, or by such Trade Unionists as we meet, or by ourselves. Both Lord Haldane and Lord Derby have recently warned the country that we shall find ourselves even less prepared for peace than we were for war. And they should know. Trade Union leaders without number have assured us that to the best of their prevision the outlook for Labour, and hence for industry on the conclusion of peace, is black in the extreme. And they should know. And to these prophets of avoidable evil we must add ourselves in the absence of much more information than we have yet received "as to how" industry is to be set going again. What is the Government's programme in this matter? Upon what principles is it based? The I.L.P. and other professedly Labour bodies are, we observe, still gnawing at the bone of the secret diplomacy that led to the war and swearing that such secrecy shall never occur again. At the same time, they are passing over an equal amount of current secret diplomacy leading this time to peace instead of to war, and concerning, therefore, a subject of which they may claim to know at least the alphabet. Why have they not demanded to be taken into the confidence of the Government in the matter of preparations for peace as well as for war? Is war with all its hellish horrors of more importance than peace with its possible equal horrors of unemployment, starvation and general misery? Or do these people find it as hard to believe that industry can ever return to its worst days as they found it hard to believe that war would recur? The point, however, is that to this moment, and when, let us hope, we are within sight of peace, no Government announcement has yet been made of the policy it is intended to pursue in the reconstruction of industry; and nobody, save ourselves, appears to be asking for it. If peace should, therefore, come suddenly, as it may, the country will find itself once more with no choice but to follow blindly a Government that for all we know may be itself blind. And we shall pay even more heavily for mistakes in peace than we have had to pay for the mistakes of war.

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Among the authorities whom, we are told, the Government is privately consulting [more secret diplomacy!] is the Executive of Labour's Triple Alliance of Miners, Railwaymen and Transport Workers. But we know already what the advice of this body will be, for it has been published; and we can say of it what Trinculo said of Stephano, if the other bodies whom the State consults be brained like this, the State totters. The items upon the programme of the Triple Alliance are five, and they are as follows: (a) the restoration of Trade Union rules and customs; (b) work or maintenance for discharged war-workers; (c) gradual demobilisation; (d) furlough on full pay for ex-soldiers while seeking employment; and (e) guaranteed employment for all discharged men. Now all these items are admirable examples of class-beggary; and if in the scramble that apparently is going to take place after the war the Triple Alliance can collect its buns we wish them joy of their haul; but as aids to the reconstruction, reorganisation and increased efficiency of industry their suggestions are irrelevant. Note that not one of them indicates the means by which employment is either to be made or found by the Government to whom the Triple Alliance appeals. The nature, the character, the extent, the organisation of industry (that is, of the whole machinery of production) are matters, it would appear, beyond the ken or concern of the largest and most powerful union of labour in the world. Whether the State is itself to undertake industry, whether private employers are to be State-subsidised, in what directions industry is to proceed—all such questions are beyond the Triple Alliance. Their simple duty, they take it, is to demand money or work, no matter to them where either comes from. Very significant is this of the servility induced in Labour by years of irresponsibility. The governing classes, in fact, have only themselves to thank for the abject, helpless, stupid mendicancy thus revealed by Labour's most intelligent organised body. At the same time, understand it thoroughly as we may, the poverty of ideas of Labour is disappointing. Far from even beginning to demand a responsible share in the control of production and hence from beginning, at least, to regard industry as a positive and creative organisation for which Labour must be part responsible, the Triple Alliance is content to open its beak like an unfledged bird and to cry for food. We cannot think that the Government will learn much from a cry and nothing more.

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Turning to some of the more practical suggestions that have been made, emanating, as might be expected, from the capitalist class almost exclusively, the first to call for notice is the suggestion of more production. The test, we are told, of our success in reconstructing industry must be the amount quantitatively that we can at once begin to produce. Produce, produce, they say, no matter how, no matter what, until our total output is at least as much as it was before the war, and then a good deal more! To ravings such as these, however, we must reply, in the first place, that production without an economic demand is over-production, and ends merely in a slump; in the second place, that more depends upon *what* we produce than upon how much we produce; and in the third place, that the *how* of production is as important as the what. Suppose, for example, that all our industry only succeeds in producing goods inferior from any point of view to those of our national trade rivals—is it imagined that by any means we can sell them in the world-market? Unable, as we admit, to suspend the laws of Supply and Demand even at home and during war, can we hope so much as to regulate them all over the world and during peace? *What* we produce, and not how much we produce, relatively to our competitors, will determine what and also how much we

shall sell in the world-market. In short, the question of quantity is subordinate to the question of quality. Again, suppose that by means of lower wages, longer hours, fewer holidays and harder work, the market cost of production is brought down in this country to the level of China—as our employing classes seem to hope—is *that* the means by which the prospective surplus of labour can be absorbed—with one man doing the work of two before the war? We can understand the national need, while five million men are otherwise engaged, of intensifying the labour of those left in industry by overtime work, speeding up and reduced holidays. The object then is to make one man do where two did before. But to continue this process when, in fact, there will be no need for it, will be to aggravate enormously the very difficulty it is presumably designed to meet. Far from solving the Labour problem left us by the war it will just about double it.

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We will leave over for subsequent discussion several minor suggestions that have been made in the Press, and come to the hosses without further delay. Labour, we may say at once, does not offer to Capitalism the problem it offers to us. Only to a very small extent, indeed, does it enter as a serious consideration into the policy of the financial and commercial magnates. The reason is clear. The supply of Labour is abundant, its amenability to every sort of discipline is guaranteed by the State and, if not by the State, by the bribed leaders of the Trade Unions; it is a commodity that must needs have a forced sale, for Labour perishes unless used, and, above all, it is in competition with machinery at home and with every condition of labour abroad. Under these circumstances why should economic magnates trouble their heads about the Labour problem? The Labour problem is no more their affair than the replenishing of the fish of the sea is the affair of the fishermen who live by netting them. There are always as good fish in the sea as have come out of it; and while it may be a nuisance to have the unemployed marching with banners through the streets or Unions threatening to go on strike, the fundamentals of the question are unalterable while the wage-system remains. By one means or another, Labour must accept its market price, be it high, as when Labour as now is scarce, or low, as when after the war it is plentiful. No, it is not the problem of Labour that troubles the heads of our capitalists, but the problem, in the first instance, of the supply of Capital, and, in the second instance, of the volume of trade and the profit it can be made to yield. Capital and Profits, these are the twin problems of our commercial men. Now we have seen what Labour is sitting up on its hind legs to beg from the State—money or work, each of them being something subordinate to the control of industry, which, at bottom, means the control of tools. The capitalists, on the other hand, are demanding something more substantial, namely, State endowment by means of Grants in Aid under various disguises, or, in the alternative, Protection, or in other words, guaranteed high minimum prices. Point out to them that the first amounts to a gift of profits at the expense of the State, and the second to the admission of the same principle upon which a minimum wage or price of Labour could be justified, and they ignore the argument. And they can safely do so, since practically every public organ of criticism is in their pay. But nothing will alter the fact that their demands are actually these, or the further fact that they alone will profit by them and at the expense of the State and of the community. The reply, of course, if we could get it circulated, is as popularly intelligible as it is both practical and unanswerable. We agree, we would say, that both Capital must be maintained and our trade with the world extended; but why by the costly instrumentality of private capitalists and private traders? If these cannot maintain such highly profitable services without State support, and, moreover, must leave the State the Labour problem to solve by itself, why, expecting so much of the State, should our capitalists not be ready to yield more in return? Still more pertinently, why should not the State assume the duties it now expensively delegates to a class, and undertake in partnership with Capital and Labour the whole of industry, its profits as well as its losses? As the very minimum of what is proper we can certainly say that the State should neither grant in aid nor protect what it does not own. What requires aid or protection—and is worth them—should be nationalised first and its labour afterwards organised as a guild.

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It is, moreover, somewhat late in the day for private Capitalism to come to the State for fresh assistance. The fact of its beggary is a proof, indeed, of its obsolescence. There is no great discredit to capitalists in that, as things go, since the pace of the world's exploitation has been too rapid during the last fifty years for any ordinary brains to keep up with. What, however, is to be concluded from it is that the commercial class of no country, even of this, is any longer equal to the demands of international competition. Henceforward, the most efficient economic unit is nothing less than the whole nation. Is it wise, just when Germany has instituted a new era in international competition, for our own State to try to bolster up the outworn system of private capitalism? Are we to put State money not only upon the wrong horse but upon a horse that has already come to its knees? If it were a matter merely of guaranteeing Capital and Enterprise a fair and fixed return (let us call it pay), there would be no objection to it that we can see; the functions of preparing Capital and of inspiring Enterprise are as important as any in industry. But to leave these to reward themselves by dipping into the State's purse is an infallible way of killing them with kindness, and of troubling us as well with their perpetual burial. Again, if private Capitalism were of such a nature that it should be State-supported for its beautiful eyes, the loss incurred by Grants in Aid and by Protection would be perhaps well repaid. But the fact is that the private Capitalism which the State is now being asked to set upon its legs again is not only a proven rascal but a proven incompetent rascal. While it is a match for the State by its cunning, it is no match in wisdom for the nation, and still less for the international competition that is upon us.

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Of the failure of profiteering to provide the nation with so simple a national service as forestry adequate to our needs, everybody down to a journalist is now aware. Landlords, it is now clear, can deforest with a prairie-fire, but they are incapable of afforesting. "There are not a dozen landlords in the country," says the "Times," "who could set to work to plant a thousand acres of woodland profitably"; and such as there are have not public spirit enough to combine to do it. It follows that if we are not to be dependent upon foreign countries for wood, the State must undertake the work of afforestation itself. Neither private capital nor private enterprise is equal to it. But upon what terms? How is the State to set about it, and what is to be done with the woods when they are once planted? Here is a little job upon which the State might try its prentice hand in the creation and management of a Guild. We suggest that a division or so of the returning troops be enlisted for three years or the duration of the afforestation on civil pay under civil rules, that the land be commandeered for the purpose, and that the whole work be carried out as if it were, what it is, a continuation of the war with Germany. At a single stroke would be settled a part of the problem of labour and a good part of the problem of industry. Incidentally, afforestation would soon become an accomplished fact. But once in the hands of the State, the woods

should certainly never go back into private hands to deforest as they came of age. They should remain a piece of State treasure, a memorial of the war and a monument to a great industrial enterprise.

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But there is a greater task awaiting a National Guild than the afforestation of the kingdom: it is the farming of the kingdom. The recent Reports of the Committee upon Agriculture make it plain that without some fresh principle of organisation agriculture in this country is doomed to continue unable to feed more than one in five of our population. Four out of five of us must be dependents upon foreign products. For a remedy against this state of affairs the Majority Report may be examined in vain for even a suggestion. We are, it seems, to continue the treatment as before and wait for the inevitable end. The Minority Report, while a little more adventurous, is equally ineffective; for of its three recommendations—a minimum wage, a minimum price for wheat, and a grant in aid to farmers for initial outlay—not one is designed either to increase production economically or to stimulate the application of new methods of farming or of organisation. What, on the other hand, the situation seems to us to require is the application of imagination, and some, if only a little, of the wonderful new spirit of innovation which we are told the war has produced. Away, everybody cries, with the old shibboleths; the new times demand new methods. But are we to be told in the same breath that minimum wages and prices, grants in aid and protection—devices, all of them, as old as Sin—are the new methods the new times demand? But let us state a better case. Roughly, we believe, there are normally a little over a million workers engaged in agriculture: one-fifth the number, that is, of workers now in the employment of the War Office. Double this number when peace is restored; officer them by means of the existing practical farmers; put the whole agricultural army upon pay graded according to skill and responsibility; and entrust them with the farming of all England and the rationing, in a specific number of food-products, of the entire population—and the work, we venture to say, would be done, done easily, and done well. Moreover, we defy anybody to tell us why it should not be undertaken. If the War Office on the *spur of the moment can collect, organise, train, pay*, and direct five million men to compete successfully with Germany in Germany's national industry of war, do not tell us that the whole Government cannot at leisure organise a couple of million men to farm our own country. Let us leave that to the landlords to say and their grooms of the Press to believe.

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The foregoing are remedies for statesmen to apply; and we have only politicians to play with. The whole of England, it appears, contains but one man, and he is a Welshman of the name of Lloyd George. What a humiliation it is to think that this Jack-in-the-box alone pops up whenever the lid is taken off a crisis. Is it Munitions? Mr. Lloyd George is the only possible man. Is it Ireland? Again, Mr. Lloyd George is the only possible man. Is it a successor of Lord Kitchener? Again, only Mr. Lloyd George. Now, at a moderate estimate there are, we calculate, a million men in England superior in every respect, save cunning, to Mr. Lloyd George; and even in the stupidest Parliament ever got together there are, we fancy, a hundred as able and more honest. Why, then, must it always be for Mr. Lloyd George to advance and for everybody else to retire? We give up the riddle for the moment. But the implications are, in the first place, that opportunism is to be the guiding principle of the reconstructive period—for, plainly, Mr. Lloyd George has not a constructive notion in his mind; and, in the second place, that politicians and not statesmen are to rule the roast. Under these circumstances we are quite aware that our suggestions of National Guilds, even in forestry or in agriculture, are utopian. They are scarcely worth the labour of writing out, or, still less, of reading. Mr. Lloyd George as Premier and the institution of National Guilds do not go together; and he will swim though the nation should drown. There is a wise policy, and there is a foolish policy, however, even for politicians; and it is still our business, when statesmanship has been rejected, to discriminate in what is left. For the foolish policy in dealing with Labour after the war the Press may be consulted; but of the wise policy the following are the outlines. Allowing that, as things appear at this moment, the main problem of industry, socially considered, will be the surplus of Labour, the steps to be taken to meet it must surely be the reverse of the steps taken to meet the shortage of Labour during the war. If during the war, and while Labour has been scarce, we have had to dilute labour, intensify labour, increase its working hours and reduce its holidays, it follows that after the war when Labour is too plentiful we must re-concentrate or un-dilute Labour, reduce its working-hours and multiply its holidays. These measures, we say, would settle the problem of industry as it presses upon Labour. But the problem of industry proper, which is that of Production, can only be settled by a national organisation such as our profiteers mean to make impossible by their choice of Mr. Lloyd George as the heir-apparent of the Premiership.

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If, while an appeal is still pending, the "New Witness" can publicly endorse the findings of "Smith, Isaacs and the rest" and indecently recommend the carrying out of the sentence of hanging upon Mr. Roger Casement, we ought not to be debarred from a decent reply. In any event, we shall make it. The "New Witness," if we understand correctly its bloody casuistry, is of the opinion that Mr. Casement should be hanged, apart altogether from the merits of the case, in order to convince the Irish people that we English can make the same mistake twice. The recent shootings of Sinn Feiners were, in the judgment of the "New Witness," unjustified and unjustifiable since, among other reasons, several of the victims were Roman Catholics. But the harm thereby done would, we are told, be only intensified if Mr. Casement, who was a Protestant, should be allowed to escape their unfortunate and regrettable fate. There are other reasons, of course, than his Protestantism that the "New Witness" finds for his execution. His crime, in the first place, differs altogether from the crime of the Sinn Feiners; for his was bloodless while theirs was at the risk of their lives. In the second place, the Sinn Feiners are notoriously only "irreconcilable Nationalists" (Catholics, let us say), "wrong-headed," no doubt, but nevertheless worthy of respect; while Mr. Roger Casement has, in the suspicion of the "New Witness," "more affinity with Pigott than with Emmet." In the third place—and we are still, be it remembered, debating whether a man should be hanged—there is "grave reason" to suspect that Mr. Roger Casement, like "Morel," like the South Wales miners, like the Clyde engineers (and anybody else to whom the "New Witness" takes no fancy), is or was long before the war in Prussian pay. As evidence of this the "New Witness" has nothing better to offer than Mr. Roger Casement's old association with the attempted reform of the Belgian (Catholic) Congo, and his recent mission in Germany. But as to the first, Mr. Roger Casement might reply that he was even more closely associated with the exposure of the atrocities of Putumayo; in which not even the "New Witness" will discover any traces of Prussian gold. And as to the second, the political views of Mr. Roger Casement might very well have taken an irreconcilable Irishman to Germany at his own personal expense. As a matter of fact, we believe Mr. Roger Casement when he denies that a penny of German money crossed his palm from the beginning to the end of his mission; for he is mad

enough, in our opinion, to be a truthful gentleman as well as a foul traitor. Far, too, from his political views being unknown, they were published in New York and in Philadelphia, and would have been published in England but for the censorship in the very earliest weeks of the war. And they differ, in our opinion, very little from the views that might be formed by any more intelligent Irishman than a Sinn Feiner irreconcilable to the government of England. The idea, in fact, Mr. Roger Casement had in mind was in some respects a statesmanlike scheme; and all it lacked of reality was any grasp of the actual circumstances. It was to constitute Ireland an independent nation under the guarantee of the European Powers after the example of Belgium. Simply that and nothing else. You may say, if you will, that the scheme was inpracticable, but it cannot be denied either that it was as Irish as Sinn Fein or as legitimate to be advocated by an irreconcilable Irishman, though a Protestant. It compares, moreover, with similar schemes for the independence of their country which are now being advocated in England by German Poles. Suppose that a German Polish leader were to come to this country on such a mission and were afterwards to be captured by Germany and executed for "treason," should we not say that the atrocity was "Prussian"? Equally Prussian, in our opinion, would be the execution of Mr. Roger Casement. As for the effect upon Ireland, we would chance the riots the pardoning of an Irishman would produce in Ireland.

LYRICITIS.

One day I'll write a tender song,
But other things employ me now.
I know the tricks, they can't go wrong,
With "doth" and "thee" and "thine" and "thou."
Of course, I shall include a "hast,"
And probably a "hearst," (Bow wow!)
'Twill either soothe or flabbergast,
With "doth" and "thee" and "thine" and "thou."

K. C.

RUMOURS.

Some time ago 'twas whispered in the Fleet,
By Northcliffe's "specials" fresh from Downing Street,
Ten million Russians (or ten thou., perchance)
Had marched through England on their way to France.
"Indeed," said one, "I know it must be true;
I saw a man, who saw a man, who knew
A man, who saw a Cossack just near Bow,
Who shouted to a policeman 'Korusho.'"
Since then a hundred rumours have been spread
Of Peace, of Battles, and of Princes dead.
Since Kitchener was drowned we have discerned
A trillion Germans that are uninterned.
Last week the public with its breath abated,
Murmured *Lloyd George had been assassinated;*
Some said it was in Cork; some said in London;
In Wales, in Scotland, that the deed was done.
Now do these rumours all amount to naught?
Or was the wish the father to the thought?
If only it were true—I pause for sighs,
Pray God defend us from our enemies.

C. S. D.

LIFE AND YOUTH.

Life took hold of him, whirled him round and rolled him in the dust. Life beat him on the head with a club and pressed his heart painfully.

Time passed. The young man learned how to laugh at the pain of it; he even laughed in the face of life.

Then life ceased bullying the young man. Later he complained of the monotony of things.

HARRY FOWLER.

A SEA-IDYL.

So farewell, old son;
And *your* work is done!
I'm last of the crew;
And there's nought to do
(The treasure is clinking!),
Save the body of you
To send sinking and sinking!
So farewell, old son;
And your work is done.

E. H. VISIAK.

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

IT has been suggested too often in the English newspapers that the British offensive on the left bank of the Somme had for its immediate object the relieving of the French forces at Verdun. A clearer conception of the object of the movement carried out by Sir Douglas Haig's forces will be obtained if it is realised at the outset that this general impression is wrong. The French moved with us on the right bank of the Somme, and if the fortified position of Verdun had been in any immediate danger General Foch could have advanced two or three weeks ago without risking his flank and without waiting for us. The main object of these various moves we read of is not to make for any definite point or to relieve any definite position; but to get Germans out of the way, either by killing them on the field of battle, by wounding them, or by making them prisoners. For this reason the Allied generals have frequently been blamed, very unjustly, for laying stress on tactical successes, as if tactical successes were not achievements of considerable importance in warfare. The Russian retreat last year, for example, was a great tactical success, though in England it was widely regarded as an utter defeat. Does not one remember Mr. Lloyd George's notorious preface to that notorious volume of speeches? A tactical success has been achieved when the enemy is made to waste his men without attaining any beneficial object, immediate or remote. The Grand Duke's army was skilfully extricated from a dangerous position, and as it fell back it caused the enemy to lose more men than it did itself. When, finally, the supplies of munitions came to hand, the Russians were able to take up a more or less stable line; the Germans and Austrians came to a standstill; and what had they achieved? Absolutely nothing. They had overrun Poland and a large tract of Russian territory; but the Russian armies were still intact and becoming stronger every day. This was one of the greatest tactical successes of the war.

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Verdun has been another tremendous tactical success. It has been estimated semi-officially that the German forces put out of action since the attack on Verdun began in February amount to more than half a million men. Certainly, as is admitted even in some of the German newspapers, practically all the reserves intended for Hindenburg this summer have been swallowed up at Verdun; and the result of this tactical success—i.e., the wasting of forces without achievement—is now seen on the eastern front. The Russians have advanced again, and the armies under the immediate control of Letchinski and Brusilov have killed, wounded or taken prisoners nearly six hundred thousand Austro-Hungarian soldiers; cut the railway connecting Marmaros-Sziget with Stanislau (connecting also Lemberg with Budapest) at Mikolitchin; and consolidated the Russian positions in the southern section of the long line. Farther to the north, General Evert is advancing towards Kolki and Kovel, and by the time this article appears may have succeeded in taking possession of these important railway centres. At the extreme north, General Kuropatkin has already succeeded in driving Hindenburg's troops from their first line of trenches; and this, combined with the defeat of the German Navy off Jutland, has rendered the much-talked-of land and sea attack on Riga and Petrograd an utter impossibility. The one point where the Austrian line showed signs of strength—in the centre, where General von Bothmer is in command—is inevitably weakening in view of the persistent Russian advance in the northern sections of the line and the complete defeat of the Austrians in the south,

Inspired reports from Vienna to neutral centres suggest that the position may yet be improved, and that Generals Pflanzer and Boehm-Ermolli have been removed from their commands. In answer to this it may be stated that the two generals in question can hardly have any troops left to command; and, as far as improving the position is concerned, there is only one way of doing that, namely, by providing General von Bothmer with much-needed reinforcements. It was to Hindenburg that he looked for them; but Hindenburg has failed to supply them. Mark this double collapse of the German war-plan for this summer. Hindenburg, with adequate reinforcements such as are known to exist in Germany, was to advance on Riga, ably supported by the Austrian armies towards the centre and south of his line. Verdun absorbed a huge proportion of these reinforcements up to the beginning of July, and the advance on Riga had to be abandoned. But it was at least hoped that the Austro-German line would remain steady; and this further illusion has been shattered. Hindenburg, with more men, may be able to move his line farther west, precisely as the Grand Duke moved his eastward last year; but this is the best that can be expected. As things stand at present, Bothmer's men look like being scattered as were those of Pflanzer and Boehm-Ermolli; and Hindenburg, if he cannot get back to his Masurian lakes and marshes, may come to wish that he had never left them.

* * *

The meaning of the extensive British offensive will now become clear. It is undoubtedly true to say that Germany still has reserves of men. What is to become of them? It would be tactically a success if the French were to leave Verdun, retire to their strong lines of defence farther to the south-west—only a mile or two—and force the enemy to lose another quarter of a million men or more in a vain attempt to break through. I do not suggest that this course will be taken; I do suggest that if Verdun fell no harm would be done. Verdun is no longer the name given merely to the fortress, which was dismantled months ago, but to the lines of trenches in the neighbourhood of the town and fortress. It makes no difference to the result of the war if the French choose to fight three miles in front of Verdun or three miles behind it. It does make a difference if more Germans are killed than Frenchmen. But, though Verdun would mean the use of a large number of German reserves, the British offensive means the use of far more, and raises many an anxious problem for the German General Staff. It must always be recollected, while the present immediate operations are in question, that an attempt must be made to rescue Bothmer's army even before the British offensive is dealt with. Two Austrian armies have gone already; and if a third follows them—the last—what is to become of Germany's influence in Vienna, either now or after the war? Austria, as much as any small German principality or duchy, regarded the military power of Prussia as the mainstay of the Central Empires, and for the sake of this was prepared to pardon much that would otherwise have been unpardonable. The first real shock of defeat has now come. More than that, the failure in Galicia has been followed by the failure in the Trentino area, where Cardona pursued precisely the same tactics as those pursued by the French at Verdun. The Archduke's armies were permitted to regain a little ground at enormous cost in men and material; but they suffered from the non-arrival of reinforcements. The Russian advance deprived the Austrians in the Trentino of support, and the Italians regained in a couple of days the ground they had lost in five weeks. This is the Austro-German problem. There are men enough to win local successes, to recapture a village or tear up a railway. But there are not reserves enough to go round—no, not even if boys of seventeen are sent into the fighting line. Try as they may, our enemies cannot overcome that difficulty. The consequence is inevitable, though the date is not immediate.

A Letter to the Bishops.

By the Man in the Street.

II.

MY LORD,—Your record for the last hundred years as legislators is damning. The "Times," which none of your order can complain of as being unfairly prejudiced against you, and which most people admit is usually on the side of the Church, sums up the results of your actions in the House of Lords.

It says that "you were in favour of Continental absolutism as against Established Government; against amelioration of the Criminal Code, in favour of hanging for any offence for which a man is now fined; in favour of the Slave trade and afterwards of Slavery; against the Repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts; against Catholic emancipation; against Parliamentary Reform and Municipal Reform; against all education except the simplest elements. Indeed, it is hard to say what the Church has not been against in the way of improvement."

That is the deadly record of a most friendly witness on the conduct of the chief representatives of Jesus of Nazareth in the House of Lords. And, my lord, the proof of the accuracy of these words is open to all who wish to study them.

In the files of the "Times" and in "Hansard" your speeches are to be found. Your profession, my lord, and your legislative practice exhibit as wide a gulf as is possible to conceive—you at your consecration promised most faithfully in the sight of God and of your fellow-men "to show yourself gentle and merciful for Christ's sake to poor and needy people and to all strangers destitute of help." But you have in practice supported the most savage and reactionary penalties of the law against the poor, and you have set your face like a flint against liberty. From 1808 to 1829 your lordships stoutly resisted Catholic Emancipation, and it was not until there was danger of civil war and the possible loss of your position and your income that you prudently gave way.

In 1831 all the bishops, except two, voted against the Reform Act, and the Archbishop of Canterbury said "it was most mischievous in its tendency and a danger to the Constitution." You, however, backed down later when there was fear of civil disturbance. From 1833 to 1858 you threw out Bill after Bill which proposed to allow Jews to sit in Parliament. In 1813 the Archbishop of Canterbury gave it as his deliberate judgment that "the moral and intellectual capacity of the Jews was not such as would entitle them to a share in the legislature."

In 1839, when it was decided that a Committee ought to be appointed to carry out a scheme of education over the whole country, the Archbishop steadily resisted the proposal, and proposed a resolution to counteract such a disastrous proposition. The Bishop of Exeter, in the course of the debate, added, with the marked approval of his fellow-bishops, that, "looking to the poor, as a class, they ought not to expect those to whom Providence assigned laborious occupations to be able largely to cultivate their intelligence," and the resolution of the Archbishop was carried.

In the days of the agitation for Factory Acts the Church generally and the bishops specially displayed opposition or cold indifference. Lord Shaftesbury was a member of the Church of England, and he openly deplored the fact that the clergy were "frigid, timid, and great worshippers of wealth and power." Here one might have expected the bishops to take a lead or at least follow Lord Shaftesbury. Little children were carted from London and Lancashire in trucks, were then chained together and sent to work in the mines and mills until their little limbs were twisted out of all human semblance. They died by hundreds and were buried by night lest the eye of man should see. It was said that no savages ever inflicted tortures on their enemies equal to those inflicted by

Christian England on these little ones; and yet the bishops remained aloof.

Our prison system needs much reform. It has been largely altered for the better. But the bishops stood and stand aloof. When it was customary to flog women in the streets in 1817 and later in prison no bishop uttered a word of disapproval. Indeed, the bishops have been the traditional supporters of flogging, and when in the year of grace 1913 there was a debate on the punishment of those engaged in the White Slave Traffic the Archbishop of Canterbury was foremost in advocating flogging for the offenders. It is easy to understand the spirit of vengeance that makes men think that savagery will cure savagery; but it is more difficult to realise that a follower of Jesus, Who plainly taught the uselessness of revenge and of the employment of force, should openly gloat over flogging a man, no matter how degraded.

In the century just passed there was at times a remarkable movement towards a humaner and kindlier spirit in legislation—men like Romilly, Lord Shaftesbury, and Plimsoll, women like Elizabeth Barrett Browning (whose "Cry of the Children" did much to help the passing of the Factory Acts), Josephine Butler, and Florence Nightingale represented the Christ-like spirit that was struggling in the hearts of the people. But during all this time the bishops steadily opposed or at the best gave no aid to this movement.

Some time before the great European War the Prime Minister (Mr. Asquith) appealed to the Church to throw all its influence into the scale of peace. He was only reminding their lordships of the solemn oath which each one had taken at his ordination "to maintain and set forward quietness, love, and peace among all men"; but the reminder was not needless, for in the past the bishops' influence and aid towards peace have been nil.

In the days (1840) when the opium war which was such an outrage and disgrace to Christianity was forced upon China not a single bishop protested—not a single bishop voted or spoke against it. In the useless and criminal Crimean War the bishops again stood for war and not peace. Later, in 1857, when the second opium war was forced on China, five bishops did indeed record their vote for peace, but, on the other hand, eighteen voted for the war. In all the disastrous warfare of nations and the bloodshed of hundreds of thousands and the crippling and injuring of many more the voices of the leaders of the Church, who swore most solemnly to set forward peace, have not been heard.

The bishops in this and in other matters have never dared to take a bold line—they have always been afraid to be in a minority. They have saved their lives and their incomes, but they have lost a better life and a purer reputation. Why, so far from denouncing war and from seeking peace, bishops have held good, solid, interest-bearing shares in armament companies. It is useless to go through the long list of those things which the bishops in their legislative capacity have left undone which they ought to have done, and the things they have done which they ought not to have done.

The "Times" summed up their work when it said: "It is hard to say what the Church has not been against in the way of improvements," and Dr. Jessop, the well-known author, wrote to the like purpose. "Now as heretofore the hope of the future of the Anglican Church is to be sought elsewhere than in the leadership of those whom we should all be glad to follow if they would or could lead us." And earlier than that, Lord Brougham, remarking on the indifference of the bishops to the cause of temperance, remarked: "But two out of six-and-twenty right reverend prelates will sacrifice their dinner and their regard for their belly and attend and vote."

My lord, your brethren in the House of Lords have continually acted as members of the Conservative Party without the courage to declare themselves openly on that side. Your brethren have been always very timid, great worshippers of wealth and power, and loath to offend, even for the sake of the little ones of the country, the landlords or commercial magnates. On the whole, it may be said, without any exaggeration, they have retarded the advance of practical Christianity whenever and wherever they could do so. And their action has caused millions in the land to leave the Church altogether and to give up looking to it for guidance and help in any moral crisis.

It may, however, be alleged that the bishops have been so busy attending to the ordering of their own household, the Church, that they have had no leisure to vote wisely and well or to examine the merits of the different political questions as they arose. Their diocesan duties, it may be said, kept them busy with the domestic legislation of the Church, and they have had but little opportunity to study the wider relations of great political questions.

Let us then, my lord, examine briefly the effect of the bishops' work and influence on the body over which they have been set.

(To be concluded.)

The Larger Ignorance.

(Concluded.)

LET us light candles to Adversity, Mr. Editor; let us intone thanksgivings to the stern goddess, for she alone knows how to put us out of conceit with ourselves.

Fools believe in fortune; wise men believe in cause and effect. Englishmen are not given to believing much in anything, for belief of any sort presupposes some process of thought, and John Bull abominates nothing so much as thinking. And yet, whether he likes it or whether he loathes it, thought at this moment is thrust upon him by a Power that will not be denied. You live in a trial period, when the old formulæ which have comforted you to sleep for centuries have been touched on the stone of experience and found base metal. "We always muddle through—that is our way!" "Education—organisation—system: these things may suit Continental pedants; we do by instinct what other nations try to do by intelligence, and we do it much better. Look at our Colonies; look at our ships; above all, look at our money-bags!" A violent shock has loosened the foundations of this silly, childish, ludicrous complacency. By the irresistible logic of facts these imbecile phrases have lost their hold. There is a feeling that your island is not exempt from the laws which govern the rest of this planet. Yes, Mr. Editor, I perceive a change in the mental atmosphere about me. The old fatuous arrogance is nearly gone, and in its place I notice a general sense of insufficiency.

If he cannot think, John Bull can, at least, count.

The present war has so far cost you three thousand millions of gold, and it will cost you a great deal more before you are done with it. It is a stiff price to pay for a lesson, but none too stiff if it really imbues you with a consciousness of your shortcomings and a determination to amend. Will it do that?

In many of your newspapers I see belated laments over John Bull's intellectual inferiority—tempered, of course, with the customary laudations of his moral superiority (stupid, but honest, by Jove!). In one of these sheets I have even come across the following: "There is very much that is noble and beautiful in our traditions. But we do, in some things that are not entirely evil, seem to be behind the enemy." Such a confession, coming from an English pen, sounds portentous. It certainly suggests that Englishmen are beginning to suspect that they are not quite the paragons of creation.

Much of this newly discovered inferiority is rightly traced to your educational methods, or, rather, total want of method. It is hinted that your public school

educators seem to have, like your public administrators, somehow mistaken the "hall-mark" for the article marked; that they have been endeavouring to teach you "manners," instead of endeavouring to train your minds; that they have developed in you love for play, instead of a passion for work; that, in short, instead of turning out men, they have for generations been turning out "gentlemen." Less devotion to the rules of ancient grammar and more attention to the laws of modern science, some acquaintance with the languages and literatures of other nations than the Athenians and the Romans, and, to put it in a single sentence, a slightly closer association with the world in which we live, it is argued, might, perhaps, not be amiss. This for the benefit of the upper classes. For the salvation of the lower, a mobilisation of the country's technical forces, to withstand the clash of competition, actual and future. Reform, embracing both schools and universities, is declared to be one of the most important problems forced upon the notice of the English nation by the war. Headmasters are exhorted to put themselves at the head of this slow and stately march out of the Middle Age. O marvellous people that is beginning to learn how little it knows! O promising invalid who is beginning to realise that something is the matter with him! O fortunate land that is beginning to discover where it stands in time and space!

Mr. Editor, you wanted an earthquake to stir you out of your enchanted sleep. But how far does the awakening go, and how long will it last? Are you awake, indeed, or merely agitated by a nightmare? Similar self-examinations and exhortations have been the unfailing accompaniments of every cricis this country has gone through in the past. Each great war England has been engaged in during the last hundred years has revealed the fissures in the foundations of English life, and created a demand for repair. At such times the blemishes of native customs and the beauties of foreign methods have been acknowledged, and a cry has gone up for the substitution of new lamps for the old twopenny tapers. But little or nothing has ever come out of it. The call for amelioration was only a transient psychological phase, begotten of panic; not a serious movement springing from genuine faith in the value of education. And so, presently, the clamour died away; success confirmed John Bull in his senile self-sufficiency, and once the noise of battle over he relapsed into slumber, muttering comfortably to himself: "All's well with us; ruers have nought to rue!"

Will history repeat itself? I sincerely hope not. But I cannot shut my eyes to certain discouraging signs. In the first place, side by side with these condemnations of the existing order of things, I see printed deprecations of any drastic change. We must beware of taking the fatal step that Germany has taken and banish the spiritual side from our education, say some; brains may be very fine, but character is finer! Would you sacrifice our spirituality to the sordid materiality of science? Would you turn an English idealist into a German realist? Science may improve the head, but it cannot touch the heart, and it is because we have always considered the deeper side more worthy of attention than the shallower that those little wooden crosses mark the landscape across the seas.

In this mixture of maudlin sentiment and mental confusion (it does not seem to occur to the English decrier of German "realism" that the landscape across the seas is marked by as many German as by English little wooden crosses—or, rather, by far more; for do not the Germans invariably, whether they act on the defensive or on the offensive, on land or at sea or in the air, suffer ten times more losses?) I perceive, Mr. Editor, a very sad symptom.

Others, starting from the same assumptions and reasoning in the same way, arrive at the same conclusion, but they supplement generalities with practical advice as to the means by which the disaster to English idealism may be averted. Law and Divinity, they gravely inform us, are the bedrock on which all sound education rests, and should be placed in the forefront of science. Here, also, Mr. Editor, I perceive another sad symptom. What Law and Divinity have done for mankind is written in letters of black and scarlet in the history of every nation: from the Hebrews and the Hindus to the English. The illiberality of English rulers has always found its most efficient instrument in the servility of the two Benches—these two bodies have always fought against every attempt at freedom, have always opposed every effort at reform. The bishops and the judges in the seventeenth century were the henchmen of the Stuarts, in the eighteenth the flunkeys of the Hanoverians, and in the nineteenth they proved themselves the most bitter adversaries of all democratic and humanitarian movements: the abolition of slavery, the emancipation of the Catholics and Jews, the removal of the disabilities of Dissenters, the suppression of the Tests that excluded, not only from Parliament, but even from the universities, every Englishman who would not subscribe to the Thirty-nine Articles. Every bishop, to be sure, is not a Laud, nor every judge a Jeffreys. We know that some members of either body are excellent people, but bodies are not appraised by isolated members. It was not for nothing that Jesus, in His parable of the Good Samaritan, chose for the impersonation of bigotry, selfishness, and callousness a priest and a lawyer.

Utterances like those I have glanced at show that even this stupendous earthquake has not succeeded in rousing all Englishmen. There are still too many among you who would have you keep your souls in the old cages, murmur from time to time the old catchwords, and go to sleep again. What to me, however, is more sinister than such utterances are certain acts that have fallen under my observation.

The first measure of compulsory economy that your Government introduced was a restriction in the importation of paper and papermaking materials; books are to be dearer, while beer shall continue cheap as usual. The first item of expenditure your county councils have cut down is the item of education, the reduction of the estimates being accompanied by a reduction of the age-limit for school attendance. Likewise, the saving of £50,000 per annum (at a time when the national expenditure is £5,000,000 per diem) has been made the excuse for closing the museums. Thus, as knowledge was the last thing John Bull consented to spend money on, so it is the first he is anxious to save on: John Bull, who denounces materialism and brags of spirituality!

These things, Mr. Editor, I grieve to say, are not calculated to inspire with optimism

Your loving cousin,
JONATHAN.

NORTHERN LIGHTS.

Day fades to dawn,
The heaven's brief shadowing glows faint
With phantom fires—no native portents these—
Such magic wheels as frozen night doth paint
O'er the far northern seas.

The old Gods wake.
The young year's enterprise bids them to seek
Their scattered children, southernwards they roam,
Far journeying from that strange glittering peak,
Valhalla—sacred home.

Softly they come.
The long day's brightness masks their shimmering train,
Following swift the ancient Viking way;
Their frosted robes illumine when again
Short night speeds after day.

They set the sign.
Their children's children see, and yet are blind;
The old enchantments fail, no answering call
Breaks dull earth's slumberings; once more they find
We have forgotten all.

T. A. C.

Our Un-idea'd Press.

By Charles Brookfarmer.

IV.

THERE is, or was, a paper called the "Nation." It had two ideals and a hobby, which passed in it for ideas; viz., Pacifism, Mr. Lloyd George, and Votes for Women. But to-day pacifism—oh, we never speak of her now! As for Mr. Lloyd George, it is just half a year since Mr. H. W. Massingham, the editor, at last declared himself deceived in him. As for Votes for Women, this old joke endures to the end. Look at this from a recent article on "The Future Government of the Empire":—

> The future of Nationality in Europe depends mainly on the adoption of federalism by Russia and Austria. The obstacle to it is the dread of the centralising bureaucratic mind that federalism means weakness. If we adopt it, we may do something to set a general fashion of regarding it, on the contrary, as a guarantee and a proof of strength. Side by side with these older constitutional problems we would place the political emancipation of women. That, also, is an international idea, and our adoption of it may set the model for Europe.

Mr. Dick had an "idea," too, though he never called it international.

So much, then, for the old ideals of the "Nation." What is it living on now? On tears, one might suppose; for they are intellectual things, and should accompany the conscience of error in sensitive men. But the "Nation" is made of sterner stuff. "Events of the Week" are still compiled, with the old comments, "We hope," "We are sure," "We are shocked to see," etc. On the literary side, a certain "Penguin" discourses on the "part played by cats in the world of books." (Please, Mr. Penguin, what porridge ate John Keats?) In short, the "Nation" continues as if it were not dead. Yet dead it is; it died when its ideals were destroyed. Only repentance and a bout of thought and the adoption of new and live ideas could have brought it back to life.

It is known that he, magnanimously veiling his dread editorial presence with the pseudonym "Wayfarer," compiles a weekly "London Diary." Here is the twitching heart of the "Nation," here is the intellectual marrow of the paper, here, if anywhere, will its ideas be found. Politics, persons (Mr. Massingham dines quite frequently with persons), books, appeals, nay, even Jokes may be found therein. The first issue of the "Nation" for July is before me, opened at the "Diary." Let us once more imagine Mr. Asquith come to a weekly paper in search of ideas. What will he read?

"Wayfarer" commences:—

> LONDON, FRIDAY.
>
> The war swells to its tremendous diapason, and it is astonishing how calmly the country takes it all. The other day I heard the report of a recent visitor to Berlin.
>
> This visitor had found London a Babel in comparison with Berlin. In Berlin there is talk of peace, and, says our diarist, semi-official German tenders are being thrown out to us. So much, then, for the visitor to Berlin; "Wayfarer" turns his pen homeward.
>
> And our own condition? It looks curiously prosperous. The anxieties as to finance, of which one heard so much a few weeks ago, have blown away, and revealed the strength of British credit, with the stolid firmness of the British people behind it. It is an imposing spectacle, which coincides with the steadily improving state of the war.
>
> In the name of pity, let us not examine these lines too closely. With the whole economic future of England pawned to the moneylenders, with wage-slavers' trusts growing up round us, with all we are fighting for in this war not enough to save us from shame and possible ruin, "Wayfarer's" anxieties "have blown away," and he is gaping at the "spectacle."
>
> But is there not something almost terrifying in this calm? I turn to the letter of a nurse, a woman of culture and great skill with her pen, who writes to me thus from a French hospital: "Shall I be forgiven if I tell you that as I patrol my huge dormitory I curse, and curse, and curse—not only our enemies (that were too easy a task for the tragic impulses that possess me), but still more the general conditions of European society that has left us without any nobler method of settling our differences but that of general torture and destruction?"
>
> It is well that our diarist tells us the lady has great skill with her pen. Let our feminist continue:—
>
> Well, we are right to be firm, in face of all that is before us and is to come; but this mechanical journalism, which storms our ears with chatter about guns and trench-wars, almost deprives us of the power of realising into what a hell-broth our world has been churned. France, I think, does realise it. . . . But we are less awake; and one's fear is, not indeed that we shall not have suffered enough when the war comes to an end, but that it will find us filled with fear, and hate, and all the barren notions of the war spirit, but not with the passion, child of the heart and the intellect, for a world of concord and appeasement. I believe that, strangely enough, the Army has had a measure of this baptism of a new life which has left so many of the soldiers' fathers and mothers and friends at home unvisited. And that seems to me about the greatest tragedy of the war.
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> And now "Wayfarer" flutters off to another paragraph—"The Cabinet difficulties are serious"—then to the naval control of Irish harbours, then to a petition on behalf of Sir Roger Casement, and, finally, to the editorship of the "Westminster Gazette."
>
> Were there ever such empty paragraphs as those I have quoted above? Our position "looks curiously prosperous." But is there not "something almost terrifying in this calm"? We are not quite wide-awake, and "one's fear is" that we shall have suffered too much. The Army "has had a measure of this baptism of a new life" (whatever this may mean), and their parents and friends have not. "And that" (What?) seems to Mr. Massingham "about the greatest tragedy of the war."
>
> We cannot show where he is wrong, because we cannot satisfactorily unravel his meaning. All that can be said is that he asks a question and answers it with the expression of a fear. "And our own condition?" Poor Mr. Asquith, if this phrase caught his eye and he was led to read the whole paragraph! As we read it again, the conviction comes upon us that not only is *Mr. Massingham dead, but he is decaying. And when* coherency has gone, shall we ask for—ideas?
>
> What will indeed happen "when the war comes to an end"? It is this which must exercise Mr. Asquith. He does not want to know, like a schoolmistress, who has been baptised, and where, how, and why. If the "Nation" cannot give him an intelligible answer, at least THE NEW AGE can. There is one consideration which outweighs all the others. Our war finance is not "an imposing spectacle," and its immediate consequence after the war will be the Servile State, with both people and Government enslaved to a plutocracy. There is only one way to prevent this, and that is by the conscription of wealth. As for the immediate future of industry, let us briefly state the only sound conclusion—except the ideal, which is the abolition of the wage-system—to which all the Reconstruction experts and committees can arrive. Listen very carefully, Mr. Massingham, be firm, and listen! There is only one way to re-establish industry after the war, and it is—by the Undilution of Labour!

These proposals spring, of course, from THE NEW AGE, and we cannot conclude the present series better than with a final comparison of the papers we have mentioned. There are three things that make for the life and death of papers: ideas, advertisements and misprints. The "Nation," the "Spectator," and the "New Statesman" exclude ideas and misprints, and pay their proof-readers with the revenue from advertisements. The "New Witness" also excludes ideas, but contains both advertisements and misprints. THE NEW AGE contains advertisements never, misprints often, but always—ideas!

Islâm and Progress.

II.—THE POSITION OF WOMAN.

It has been said that the Islâmic view of woman is a man's view, while the Christian view of woman is a woman's view.

The historical truth is this: that the Prophet of Islâm was perhaps the greatest feminist the world has ever known, considering the country and the age in which he lived. The Arabs of his day held women in extreme contempt, ill-treated and defrauded them habitually, and even hated them, for we read in the Coran: "O believers, it is not allowed you to be heirs of women against their will, nor to hinder them from marrying in order that you may take from them part of that which you have given them (i.e., you are not to rob them of all property, as is the practice of the heathen Arabs) unless they have been guilty of evident lewdness. But deal kindly with them, for if you hate them it may be you will hate something in which God has placed much good." There is besides the Saying of the Prophet: "A Muslim must not hate his wife. If he is displeased with one bad quality in her then let him be pleased with another which is good."

The pagan Arabs regarded the birth of girl-children as the very opposite of a blessing, and they had the custom to bury alive such of them as they esteemed superfluous. The Coran peremptorily forbids this practice with others hardly less unjust or cruel. It gives to women a definite and honoured status, and commands mankind to treat them with respect and kindness. The Prophet said: "Women are the twin halves of men."

"Paradise lies at the feet of the mother."

"The rights of women are sacred. See that women are maintained in the rights granted to them."

"Whoever does good to girls (children) will be saved from Hell."

"Whoever looks after two girls till they come of age will be in the next world along with me, like my two fingers close to each other."

"A thing which is lawful, but disliked by God, is divorce."

"Shall I not point out to you the best of virtues? It is to treat tenderly your daughter when she is returned to you, having been divorced by her husband."

"Whoever has a daughter and does not bury her alive, or scold her, or show partiality to his other children, God shall bring him into Paradise."

That the position secured to women by the law of Islâm was inferior in some important respects to that which, in theory, they hold in Christian lands, is true; in one place in the Coran, men are advised to beat them (though not cruelly) under certain circumstances—

"You will reprimand those (women) whose disobedience you have cause to fear, you will banish them to beds apart, and you will beat them. From the moment when they obey you you will seek no further quarrel with them."

"If you fear a division between the married couple, summon an arbiter of the husband's family and another chosen from the wife's family. If the pair desire a reconciliation, God will make them live in amity, for He is wise and All-knowing."

And the punishment prescribed for adultery seems inhuman to our notions, being that ordained by the Mosaic law. But it was so manifestly inconsistent with the general spirit of Muhammad's mission that even in the Caliph Omar's time it was disallowed by no less an authority than Ali, the Prophet's son-in-law. The whole personal teaching of the Prophet is opposed to cruelty, especially towards women.

"They who beat their wives," he said, "do not do well." Innumerable are the instances of clemency in his recorded life. He forgave the woman who prepared a poisoned meal for him, of which one of his companions died, and from which he himself derived a painful, oft-recurring illness which eventually caused his death. The Coran also, in a hundred pages, declares forgiveness and mercy to be better than punishment, *when practicable*—that is to say, when such forgiveness would not constitute a crime against humanity in the region of politics, or where, in the case of private individuals, the man is capable of real forgiveness, banishing all malice; otherwise the trouble would recur in aggravated form. Muhammad was not only a prophet but also a practical ruler of men; and the men with whom he primarily had to deal were hot-blooded Arabians.

As for the institution of polygamy, against which so much horror is expressed in Europe, Muhammad found a system of unbounded licence for the lusts of men, and made of it a decorous social order. To have attempted the abolition of polygamy in Arabia at that time would have been to deprive the new religion of all hope of success. And polygamy, as sanctioned by Muhammad, is not an evil, though the practice of some of his unworthy followers, who gained much wealth, degraded it. In the first place, the Prophet laid it down as a precept that all the wives of a man must be treated equitably; that is to say, that he must show no favouritism in his attentions or his gifts.

"If you fear to be unequitable, marry, among the women who please you, only two, three, or four. If you still fear to be unjust, marry one only, or limit yourself to a slave-girl" (who is likely to be less exacting). "This conduct will aid you to avoid injustice." "You will never be able to treat equally all your wives, even though you ardently desire to do so. Restrain yourself, however, from altogether following the bent (of favouritism) and from leaving one of them, as it were, in abeyance; but if you are generous, and if you fear God, He is indulgent and merciful.

"Let them never be afflicted, let all be satisfied with what thou givest them. God knows what is in your hearts. He is wise and good."

It is clear, I think, from the above that the law of Muhammad in this respect was inspired by great benevolence towards women. The only passage in the Coran which is at all contemptuous is that where woman is described as "a being who grows up in tawdry ornaments, and is always arguing unreasonably." Indeed, by opponents of his own day he was thought to be absurdly partial in the favour which he showed to women, and this partiality, which, in truth, was simple justice, and aimed at a much needed reform, was made the ground of calumnies which still persist among non-Muslims to this day. He was not the rank voluptuary that Christendom for long depicted him. He spent his prime of manhood—twenty-four years—with one wife only, Khadijah, to whom he was devotedly attached, though she was a great deal older than he. With one or two exceptions his numerous later marriages were mere acts of policy; and both as husband and father he was an example to the faithful. Had the excesses, to which some of his followers became addicted at a later period, happened in his day there is no doubt whatever but that he would have condemned and punished them.

It is more difficult to divine the origin of another false idea still popular in Christendom: that Muslims hold that women have no souls. There is no hint of such a doctrine in the Coran or the Sunnah, or in any Muslim author that I know. The Coran expressly says: "Men or women, those who do good works and are believers, shall enter into Paradise, and shall not be frustrated of one tittle of reward." And the Prophet's declaration that his beloved daughter, Fatimah, on her wedding day, was attended by multitudes of angels on her right hand and on her left does not suggest that he considered women soulless, nor does his reported vision with regard to Khadijah.

The true Islâmic spirit with regard to women is a spirit of justice within the existing social order. The Christian spirit is one of chivalrous devotion and half-mystic exaltation which is apt to make its votaries un-

conscious of the claims of common justice. In England, until very lately, married women had no rights of property; in all Islâmic countries they had enjoyed full rights of property since the time of the Prophet. A still more curious example of this difference is in my memory. In March, 1914, I was dining at an hotel in London with a Turkish gentleman. Of the company was an English member of Parliament who, after dinner, began, as was the fashion at that time, to rail against the Suffragettes. These had been roughly handled by a mob, and the member of Parliament declared that they deserved such treatment. Holding the common but erroneous view about Mohammedans, he thought that our host, as a Turk, was certain to agree with him. The Muslim, I could see, was greatly shocked. He said: "My friend, you cannot think what you say. It is a bad thing for me to be beaten by a woman, but it is a far worse thing for me to beat a woman. Your Government is both wicked and foolish to allow such cruelty."

"But what else would you have us do?" was the amazed reply.

"Give them what they ask! It is but justice. If, in your state of society, you allow them to take the place of men, you must give them the rights of men."

Strange as it may seem to holders of the popular belief about Islâm, the Prophet would undoubtedly have said the same.

III.—FATALISM.

PERFECT resignation to the Divine Will is the aim of every Muslim. But it would be a mistake to imagine that this resignation, if ever it could be fully attained, would imply the lack of all energy and initiative in mundane things. For the Will of God, as expressed in the Coran, and inculcated in the Sunnah, is, that men should strive to the utmost in a worldly sense on behalf of that which is good, and in opposition to that which is evil or nefarious; that they should not retire from the world, but take a part in its concerns, and should be conscientious, never lazy, in the transaction of their business or performance of their daily work. They are not, however, to suppose that, by so doing, they serve God in the sense of helping Him. "He who strives, strives for the good of his own soul, for God has no need of His creatures."

Of all such striving as is comprehended in the term Jehâd, "Holy Warfare," the strife for good against evil, which includes the conquest of a man's own lusts, the Prophet said: "This life is but a tillage for the next; do good that you may reap there; for effort is ordained of God."

Concerning the daily business of a man, he said:—

"He who does not work either for himself or for others will not receive God's reward."

"O God, preserve me from incapacity and laziness."

"God is gracious to him who earns his living by his own labour and not by cadging."

"To remove obstacles from the path is charity." (This saying of the Prophet might with reason and advantage be proclaimed in every Arab village.)

"Pay the labourer his wage before his sweat dries up."

"Trust in God, but tie your camel."

"A Muslim who mixes with men and puts up with their inconveniences is better than one who holds aloof, living a life of seclusion and contemplation."

"Wealth properly employed (i.e., for the welfare of mankind) is a blessing; and an individual may lawfully endeavour to increase it by honest means (i.e., not by means of usury or any kind of oppression)."

"Whoever desires the world and its riches, in a lawful manner, in order to preserve himself from beggary, and (to gain) a living for his family, and to show kindness to his neighbour, will come to God with his face bright as the moon of the fourteenth night."

"Islâm does not allow asceticism."

"Charity is a duty for every Muslim. He who has not means for it, let him do a good act or abstain from a bad one; that is his charity."

"He who believes in one God and in a life hereafter, let him not injure his neighbours."

"Verily Allah loves a Muslim who is poor, with a family, and withholds himself from the unlawful and from begging."

"A tax should be taken from the rich and distributed among the poor."

"That individual is not a proper Muslim who eats his fill and leaves his neighbour hungry."

From these quotations it will be seen that the desire of wealth for its own sake, or for purely selfish objects, which prevails in Christendom to-day, is abhorrent to the spirit of Islâm, which is a spirit not of competition but of brotherhood. And this desire of Muslims to live and let live impresses the money-loving European as a fault of character, a something lacking, a screw loose. In so far as it is based on principle, it rather evidences strength of character, the something lacking is in those who lightly scorn it.

It was organised, as was European commerce in those days, in the co-operative form of guilds of merchants and of craftsmen in the different cities; and something of that organisation still remains, enough to form a firm foundation for a greater structure. But it lacks the spirit of competition, and shrinks before the cut-throat commerce of the European. The apathy of the majority of Muslim merchants towards our present-day commercial and industrial enterprise, their attachment to conditions which seem to Europeans antiquated and unprofitable, is striking. And if accused of lack of energy they will reply "kismet," or "kadar," or "maktûb," according to their nationality. They thus convict themselves of hopeless fatalism in the judgment of the Western critic, who knows no other standard than self-interest. The fact is that none of them experience the Christian's longing for a self-advancement which, for its attainment, demands the whole time of the individual, depriving him of leisure for reflection, conversation, and religious exercises. They think such occupation futile, even impious—a game not worth the candle.

But transport the whole industrial and commercial question from the sphere of a man's private business into the region of Jehâd; let it once be known of all the millions of Islâm that European commerce wages war for the enslavement of the East and the overthrow of all its standards of religion, honour, and morality; and the apathy which we have noticed would soon fall away. Commerce and industry would become sacred fields of effort, and those millions could be organised as a great army of workers upon a pan-Islâmic—nay, even perhaps upon a pan-Oriental basis, since alliances are of the essence of Jehâd. Proposals with a tendency in this direction have already been made to my knowledge; and it is significant that those proposals came from Muslims living under Christian rule, who have had the opportunity of estimating the true character of the assaults of Christian Europe on Islâm, which Muslims in an independent state had not yet realised, inclining to ascribe the onslaughts to religious fanaticism. If and when the Muslim Empire is annihilated the zeal and energy of El Islâm will seek fresh outlets in the nature of Jehâd, and commercial war on Europe with the boycott of all European houses may be one of them. The movement could be quickly organised; a great Oriental Power would almost certainly support it; and the cost of labour and of certain raw materials in Muslim countries is considerably lower than it is with us.

The Muslim lacks neither energy nor forethought in a struggle which he deems worth while from an Islâmic standpoint. Mere selfish strife for gain does not appeal to him as worthy of sustained endeavour. It is, indeed, unlawful in the brotherhood of El Islâm,

Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

LONDON still laughs, and this time Lancashire has sent us a comedy to laugh at. Mr. Harold Brighouse shows us in "Hobson's Choice" the Lancashire that London has laughed at for years. It is very like the Potteries of Mr. Arnold Bennett, and the Scotland of "Bunty"; it plays with that everlasting provincial theme of the managing woman with a presumably kind heart and the bargaining instincts of a market-woman, and in spite of its reminiscences it plays with the theme very well. Maggie Hobson is not only a seller of boots, she is a maker of men; and Lancashire, it seems, has none too many men. She manages her father's bootshop with apparent efficiency (her efficiency is displayed in the first act, when she makes a young man who has come to court her sister buy a pair of boots that he does not want), and he assumes that she will continue to do so until the end of her life. She seems to have terrified the young men of the district; and her father's chaff about her being thirty and "on the shelf" strikes home. If she is to get a man for a husband, she must get a husband and make a man of him. William Mossop is her father's best workman, but, in all else, a fool; so she follows Hamlet's advice to Ophelia, and marries the fool. The fact that even he is not such a fool as to want to marry her makes no difference; she rides roughshod over his being "tokened" to another woman, and her father's handling of the situation only drives the unwilling idiot into a fearful alliance with the spinster.

As with men so with furniture. Neither she nor William have any money, so she clears her father's lumber-room of old broken-down sofas and chairs, makes her husband patch them up, and furnishes a couple of cellars with them. She manages to scrape up fourpence to buy from some odds and ends of her father's stock a brass wedding-ring; any old thing will do to begin with, whether it be men, furniture, or wedding-rings. Not satisfied with managing her own marriage, she manages the marriages of her sisters. Her father, being full of good beer and dismal thoughts, falls into a cellar, and sleeps on some sacks that providentially break his fall; and she induces the wooers of her sisters, one of whom is a lawyer and the other the owner of the premises, to bring a bogus action for trespass against her father. He, fearing the scandal that the trial would reveal, pays the exorbitant damages that are claimed, £1,000, and thus provides his two daughters with their wedding dowries. Having settled this trifle, Maggie turns to her own business of making a man of her husband. He tries to prolong the wedding-party that has included among its entertainment what is very like an attempt at blackmail, because he fears to be alone with this terrible woman; but she, having secured the dowries of her sisters, bustles them out with their lovers, and sets her William to work at a writing-lesson. While he is copying the Napoleonic maxims that she wishes to inculcate, she goes to bed; he, being coy, curls himself up on the sofa when he has finished his lesson, but there is no escape. The terrible woman emerges in her night-dress, and lugs him by the ear into the bedroom.

She takes good care that trade follows the workman. She induces her father's "high-class" customers to come to the man who had always made their boots; and her father is left only with the unprofitable trade in clogs. Left alone with a business that is going to ruin, the old man's intemperance increases until he is brought to death's door. The doctor insists on sending for his daughters, insists that he must sign the pledge and have a woman in the house who will be able to make him keep it. Then there is a touch of "King Lear"; the two daughters between whom he had parted his substance refuse to come to live with him. He turns to Maggie, and she is Cordelia with a difference. She bargains for the shop in return for her services, adds the crowning insult to a man she had ruined by making her husband offer to take her father into partnership. She has coached William into a self-assertive person with a hide like a rhinoceros, who will bully a man who is seriously ill; and she is proud of him. Poetic justice demands a fifth act in which the monster she has created devours her; but the feminism of the Lancastrian rings down the curtain on the triumph of Maggie Hobson over her father.

It is all as hard as hobnails, and it shows us the manners of a bear-garden. Indeed, on reflection, it is difficult to see the comedy of the situation. Everybody in the play bullies or is bullied; old Hobson at first bullies everybody; at last, when he is broken down, everybody bullies him. But there is no trace in the play of a higher standard of manners or morals that would put these people in their proper places, as provincials. Maggie Hobson is only a slightly more tactful, and therefore efficient, nigger-driver and cheeseparer than her father. She represents only the sober and industrious devil who triumphs over the drunken and no longer industrious devil; and it is extremely doubtful whether her husband would ever thank God for her. In the circumstances, one can only wonder at the skill of the actors who made the play amusing, while dissenting from the author's admiration of his heroine.

Luckily, there are no reflections that would alter the instant verdict on "Ye Gods," although, in its own way, it states its little moral. Jimmy Carter might have flirted for ever, with no worse consequences than the feeble protests of his fiancée; but he had to be taught to reverence the gods of Central Africa. So long as he only jested about them, he was safe; but when, to amuse a house party, he put them up to auction, and slapped the face of the heathen God of Love, things began to happen. Whom the gods intend to destroy, to him they grant the wishes of his heart; Jimmy Carter wanted flirtation, and they gave him more than he wanted. The doom was that every woman who saw him would fall in love with him, save only his fiancée; and he embraced his fate with gladness. But he began to doubt his good fortune when the servant-girl dropped the tray, and flung her arms around his neck; love lost its glamour when the doctor's middle-aged wife squeezed him into a corner of the settee, and began to nibble his neck. But these were trifles; an Italian tried to stab him when he refused her, and failing that, to stab herself, and one after another the women came to fling their arms about him. Unfortunately for him, the love-spell did not extend to the men; and the Colonel wanted to shoot him, the prize-fighter wanted to fight him, the doctor threatened to cite him as co-respondent, and even the butler "buttled" at him. He had a merry time.

But there was more to come. As the spell developed, the women took on more of the characteristics of the negro women of Central Africa. They began to chant in unison their love for him, they began to howl for "love and blood," and to develop symptoms of homicidal mania towards him. When at last they were about to tear him to pieces, he flew for his life to the God he had offended, and called to him for aid. The spell was broken; the women forgot their ravenings, and Jimmy Carter ceased to have importance for any woman but his fiancée. He clung to the God until she called him to her, and the play ended with the assurance that, for a time, at least, Jimmy would do no more flirting. We may be quite certain that never again will he offer any disrespect to a deity, however disreputable it may appear. The play is amusing enough in itself, and all the stock tricks of farce cannot spoil it; and there is some good acting by Mr. Charles Windermere, Mr. Yorke Stephens, Mr. Fewlass Llewellyn, and Mr. Lauderdale Maitland.

Readers and Writers.

I HAD the idea once upon a while of publishing a journal the "Notes of the Week" of which should deal with current philosophy instead of with current politics and economics. Of course, it would be interesting; and Heine, not to say many writers since his day, has proved that it can even be made thrilling as well as practical. There is plenty of room in such a discussion for the propagandist polemics which NEW AGE writers and (I hope) NEW AGE readers enjoy; and I should not exclude myself those personal elements that give life to logic and reason. Why it is that the notion has remained a notion escapes my memory. Perhaps it is that nobody would publish such notes. More probably it is that I came to the conclusion that nobody would read them, however interesting they might be. I may even have thought that I should never be able to write them! Anyhow, there the idea was—and is.

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I was reminded of my old dream on reading Mr. Clutton-Brock's "The Ultimate Belief" (Constable, 2s. 6d. net). Every man, says Mr. Clutton-Brock, is born a philosopher as certainly as he is born a politician and economist. Philosophy, in fact, is one of the natural interests of mankind, and it is due to much the same cause that men pursue philosophy badly or not at all as that they pursue badly and worse their natural interest in politics and economics, namely, the pedantic and interested specialisations of the professionals. For there are vested interests in philosophy as there are in the other branches of human activity. To bring philosophy out of the class-rooms into daily thought is therefore a thoroughly democratic work; and I must congratulate Mr. Clutton-Brock upon making one of the first attempts to do it. His book, if anything, is, however, too simple to be counted a great success. He is over-anxious to make himself understood by the least-trained intelligence, with the effect, at times, of appearing to have adopted the style of the earnest but patronising curate. It is a style of which the "Times Literary Supplement," to which Mr. Clutton-Brock contributes a great deal, is full in these days. But it is not a manly or even, I think, a popular form of simplicity. It is the style of the simple life.

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Croce, it appears, is Mr. Clutton-Brock's master in philosophy; and it is avowedly from Croce that he derives his classification of the three activities of the spirit —the moral or practical, the intellectual and the æsthetic. Croce I think I was once incautious enough to claim as the philosopher of THE NEW AGE. But even if I had not discovered on reading his "Æsthetic" that there is something seriously inadequate in his classification, Croce's attitude towards German thought and towards the war would have aroused suspicious interrogations. How *can* the philosophy be complete of a man who has not penetrated and apparently cannot penetrate the fallacy in the energetic philosophy of Germany? Something must be wanting in it. And I believe I found what it was. Mr. Clutton-Brock, however, while opposing the philosophy that led Germany to war accepts in its entirety the philosophy of Croce who approves of it: that is, he rejects the master but follows the disciple. There is something wrong in this; and we need only turn to Mr. Clutton-Brock's account of the æsthetic activity of the spirit to see that he is blind just where his master is blind. Why, in fact, his blindness in this respect does not obscure his perception of the war-values is not quite clear to me. He must be a better man than philosopher.

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But Mr. Clutton-Brock is not the only writer to be in doubt about the nature of the æsthetic activity of the spirit. In the "Times Literary Supplement" of the current week (July 6) appears a review of "The Ultimate Belief" written, from internal evidence, by a Christian scholar of considerable gifts and insight. It is worth the time of my readers to study it. First disputing the sufficiency of Croce's threefold classification of the activities of the spirit, he adds to them, as a Christian philosopher might be expected to do, a fourth —the activity of the spirit as Love. The Good, the True, and the Beautiful do not, he says (and he is quite right) exhaust the ideal activities of the soul; but to all of them must be added the soul's equally natural aspiration after the perfect society of God and of men made perfect in mutual love. Without this love, in fact, expressing itself in an elementary form as the "social instinct," each of the other three activities of the spirit may easily become a false absolute. The pursuit of the Good, for instance, unless it be in the spirit of love, tends to develop the Puritan; and without the same spirit, the pursuit of Truth or of Beauty tends to make the Scientist or the Artist, but not the perfect man. All this, as I say, seems to me to be true; but the error into which the reviewer of Mr. Clutton-Brock's book falls is the same error into which both Mr. Clutton-Brock and Croce have also fallen; it is that of assuming that the "feeling" of Beauty is identical with the "feeling" of Love. To Mr. Clutton-Brock's plea that children should be taught to love the Good, the True, and the Beautiful, the reviewer replies that the whole difficulty is just this—how to make people fall in love with these absolutes. And he suggests, most sensibly, that the means is not the giving of reasons for devotion to these absolutes, but the provision of inspiring personal examples. To Mr. Clutton-Brock's further plea, however, that the love of Beauty is the condition and, as it were, the stepping-stone to the love of God and Men, he has no reply; nor can he have while he accepts without questioning Mr. Clutton-Brock's assumption that the two loves are essentially the same. As, in fact, I see Mr. Clutton-Brock leaning towards Germany in his mind, so I see his reviewer leaning towards Mr. Clutton-Brock; and the cause of the confusion in each case is the false identification of æsthetic feeling with the feeling of love.

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A good deal, though not all, of the confusion is cleared up in what I owe to my readers to announce as one of the best books on the war. This is M. Boutroux's "Philosophy and the War" (Constable, 4s. 6d. net), translated by Mr. Fred Rothwell. You know the lucidity and simplicity of the perfect French style. Here it is in English of almost equal excellence. In contrast with the sandalled simplicity of Mr. Clutton-Brock's style, M. Boutroux's walks in good leather. There are not ten men in Massachusetts who could write his book. His exposition of modern German philosophy is at once profound, lucid and deadly. But he lacks himself all the same the completeness of the constructive critic. Once more the æsthetic activity of the spirit is the stumbling-block. As between the practical activity of the Will and the ideal activity of the Intellect—each of them one of the German's false absolutes—he rightly intermediates the "feelings" of common humanity arising, he says, in the heart. But he neglects to distinguish between the feelings arising from the heart and the feeling for Art. As I see it, however, the two are to be distinguished as clearly as the former is separable from each of the other activities of the Spirit. The ground of all three activities is common, and it resides in what is called the Heart. And as without the heart Will results in the doctrine of Force, and Intellect in the doctrines of Materialism and Rationalism, the æsthetic activity, pursued for its own sake and without the guidance of the heart, results in Luxury. From M. Boutroux Mr. Clutton-Brock and his reviewer may learn to dissociate the love of the Good and the True from the love of mankind; but all three must go to another school to learn that the love of Beauty is no less different from the love of God and Man. Unfortunately it is as easy to be "German" in the Beautiful as in the True and the Good. And to be "German" in this sense is to be heartlessly absolute. Now let us repeat the Athanasian Creed.

R. H. C.

Notes on Economic Terms.

RENT.—Is the price paid for the use of land or any other tool of industry. Attempts have been made to differentiate land from every other tool necessary or useful in industry, and hence to discriminate between rent and other prices, and to consecrate a special law of Rent. There is no such special law. The rule determining the price of the use of land is precisely the same as the rule determining the price of the use of any other commodity: it is the relation between the Supply and the Demand. In a theatre, for instance, the operation of the so-called law of rent can be seen quite as plainly as economists profess to see it in the case of land. The nearer to the stage and the more luxuriously upholstered the seats the higher is the price charged for them. We can diagrammatise the theatre, in fact, in the same way in which the Fabians have diagrammatised Ricardo. Extending outward from the stage are concentric zones of relatively diminishing productivity (pleasure being the product sought in this instance), ending finally in standing-room only; and the rent of the seats diminishes directly with the distance from the maximum of advantage. What, however, beyond the submission of the seats to competition determines the operation of the "law"? Absolutely nothing. The "law" can be suspended and kept suspended for as long as the proprietors please. For instance, a theatre proprietor may, if he chooses, charge a uniform price for every seat in his house. In a democracy he would have to do so or nobody would patronise his snobbish show. Or he may reserve a few convenient seats at double the price of all the rest. In fact, within the limits of the actual demand for his accommodation, he can fix the price as he pleases. It is only when he chooses to put up the seats to auction and to sell them at what people are willing to pay for them that the so-called law of Rent comes into existence. But observe, once again, that the same phenomenon occurs in every other competitive selling. The law of Rent, in short, is identical with the rule of competitive prices in general. What, on the other hand, has made a law of Rent as applied specially to Land appear plausible is the fancied uniqueness of Land as a tool of production. Land is the original tool of which all subsequent tools are derivatives. But this distinction is metaphysical and has no economic value. Original and derivative tools are all alike subject to Supply and Demand when they become subject to competitive selling; and only convention distinguishes between the price paid for land and the price paid for hay. It is all the more strange that the Fabians should cling to the law of Rent since they have had the sense to repudiate the Single-taxers. The Single-taxers do indeed follow Ricardo blindly and imagine Land and its Rent to differ radically from, let us say, house-property and its rent; and of their blindness the Fabians have been good critics. The Fabians, however, themselves fall into error by admitting the unique Law of Rent even though they add to it another unique Law of Interest. The simple truth is that neither of these laws is either a law or unique. The operations of the market in respect of land and capital are identical with the operations of the competitive market in respect of every other commodity.

MONEY.—Is a current token of Capital—which please see, if you want to understand this paragraph. The characteristic of most forms of capital (differentiating capital in one sense from commodities) is that capital is not easily portable. When a certain king threatened the London merchants that he would transfer his Court to Oxford they retorted that he could go when he pleased if he would only leave them the Thames. They affirmed thereby the non-portability of their particular capital or tool of production—the Thames. (By the way, the king would to-day have his reply: he would float the Thames as a company, make himself the chief shareholder, and live in Oxford on the dividends!) But Capital, though usually non-portable, can be treated as if it were portable by creating a portable token for it which can be exchanged as if it were what it signifies. And this significant token is Money. Now the special function of Finance is to tokenise Capital and thus to facilitate its exchange. By means of money Capital which cannot be moved can be exchanged as if it were carried in the pocket. The solid Capital becomes as light as air! This device of liquefying Capital, of making solid substances current in exchange, is both necessary and important. The device of Money has added enormously to the productivity of the world. For this reason, and because the service is really useful, the people who undertake to "make money" deserve to be paid. Here, as elsewhere, however, the law of Supply and Demand operates. The liquefying of solid capital being necessary, men undertake the work; but they charge for the product exactly what they can get for it. And this charge or price for the use of liquid capital or money is called Interest. Two or three points may be added here. If *anybody* were entitled to liquefy Capital (that is, to tokenise it and to exchange his tokens anywhere) the price of Money would be really competitive. It would, in fact, come down to almost nothing. But, thanks to the collusion between the State and a particular class of money-makers and money-lenders, the general currency of only a *few* tokens is legal. For instance, you cannot pay your rates in pawn-tickets, though pawn-tickets are as good a token of capital as Treasury notes. You must pay in gold or in bank notes. These, in fact, are the privileged tokens, and the makers of them have therefore a monopoly of the effective currency. Interest, it follows, is something more than payment for the service which liquid capital performs: it includes the tax to the holders of the monopoly of the legal currency. A second point: Since the *only* difference between one token and another is the credit attached thereto; and since, again, the credit attaching to the particular tokens made universally current is State-credit—we can conclude that it is really to the State that the tax called Interest belongs. The State has created the monopoly we call money, and it is unjust that its monopoly should be employed for the profit of private persons. Our financiers are in the position of publicans with licensed houses and no competitors. Only they have to pay nothing for their licence, though their trade is the most lucrative in the world.

INTEREST.—The question just discussed is often confused with another, that of allowance for depreciation. A capitalist employer will sometimes assure his workmen that he must charge the business with interest on his capital (as well as with profits, of course), because the interest is to replace the capital as the latter is used up. Nothing, of course, is more sensible than to provide out of income from capital the means to replace the original capital when it has been expended. Every machine in use might fancifully demand to have a penny put into it for every minute it is used, the sum to be employed in paying for repairs or for renewal. But this allowance for depreciation with which to make a fund for renewal is very different from Interest. Interest is the Rent of the Monopoly of Currency and has nothing to do with renewing anything. It has no more economic relation to Capital than Rent has to Land. And exactly as Rent would cease to exist if competition were made to cease between the holders of the monopoly of Land, Interest would cease to exist if either (a) the monopoly of currency-making were resumed by the State or (b) abolished altogether; for in either case competition would cease.

A Modern Document.

Edited by Herbert Lawrence.

VII.—*From Acton Reed.*

DEAR MR. LAWRENCE,—Last night I magnanimously threatened you with my opinions of women. Now I run over the scales, however, I find the tune will be difficult to play. It is naturally not the dearth of material that troubles me, but the nature of it. Women alternate between such heights and such depths both individually and generally that the truth about them can only be expressed in extremes: and unless these again be described with terminological exactitude they must appear to be nothing but exaggerated contradictions—if not merely fine talk. One thing, however, you may take for certain: my impressions were the impressions of an unprepossessed mind. I not only did not take men's judgments of women, I have never absorbed women's judgments of themselves. There were no particular virtues or vices that I expected to find in women. I took a blank but open mind among them. I was prepared for anything and to be surprised at nothing.

The most obvious virtues of women are, I suppose, usually passed over because they are obvious and common to all women. Unselfishness and self-sacrifice are expected of woman as a matter of course. It is her nature to. It is almost her definition in some minds. Moreover her instinctive, unreflecting and spontaneous acts confirm it. The most sacrificient and unselfish of women behave as though they have no idea that they are sacrificing themselves or that they are being unselfish. Their virtues are habits in fact. In this lavishing of herself woman, it seems to me, is as passive a giver as a well of water. Any traveller almost may have a drink for the drawing. To vary the metaphor: she is like the sun that shines upon the just and unjust. But if I am the last person to underrate such virtues merely because they are natural, I am certainly, on the other hand, the last person to allow distinction for them. Distinction I reserve for virtues that are within one's control. Woman's capacity for unselfishness and self-sacrifice therefore amazes me: I respect and reverence and like it; but it does not command my admiration. Woman's *mind* is my criterion of value and particular interest.

It was in my observation of woman as mind and not in woman domestic that I discovered to what heights women rise and to what depths they descend. They are a sort of hollow planet: in them are to be found the antipodes and nothing between. Psychologically they are alternately and simultaneously spiritual and animal. You will note that I omit intellectual. Come what may I do so of malice aforethought! Intellect I have concluded is man's monopoly. Excepting in very rare cases women, it seems to me, have none—at least not what is usually and masculinely meant by the term. Intellectual women there are of course; but these have not the sustained power of ratiocination, judgment about things and common practical sense of men. Of this there are too many most evident proofs. The most obvious, of course, is that a woman can scarcely ever give reasons for her opinions. She is like the new searchlights that illuminate without showing a beam. No great wonder that women's opinions are thought so much less of than men's. You cannot test women's opinions any more than you could tell the exact time by a clock without minute hands. Woman's mind leaps from hour to hour, and leaves no track. Enough for her that she thinks or rather feels something. Why she does she neither cares, it seems to me, nor could explain if she wanted to. A woman arguing is a woman at a disadvantage. She is both out of her province and out of her depth. I would as soon see a woman meet a man in the boxing-ring as in debate. And what is equally evident is that women too often lose something of womanly wisdom in picking up intellect; they sacrifice the spiritual shadow for the material substance. However, I was remarking that women in general have no intellect. But really this criticism is not so offensive as it sounds or I should not make it. It denies in order the better to affirm. For woman spiritual has in my opinion something better than intellect, something above it. While I think woman's capacity for dealing with *things* is sub-intellectual, her power of apprehension, her insight into *persons*, is far beyond the power of intellect alone. Would I could capitalise, colour and italicise my words! For to the present date of the world it seems to me that not nearly enough attention has been paid to this super-intellectual side of women. And you will agree with me if you believe as I do that what I call apprehension is the ground and condition of wisdom. Men in general appear to me to underrate apprehension because wanting it they cannot understand it and conclude that there is nothing to understand. And certainly the immediate value of woman's apprehension is difficult to appraise. There is no tangible practical truth or benefit to be got out of it. It cannot express itself directly in words. You may talk to a woman for a month without adding one cubit to your comprehension or knowledge of facts. But of this I am convinced—and would I could persuade men of it—the future of men's minds depends on their attitude towards this something in women which is greater and more subtle than intellect. It would really pay men, I think, to encourage and to cultivate this power in women. It would pay them to learn from it, for it is precisely apprehension that intellect lacks as it is intellect that women's apprehension lacks. Drawing a daring bow I should say that men's grasp of the truth of things will never be complete without the aid of women's insight into personality. Life manifests, we know, as things: but Life acts as a person. Its shadow is substantial, its impulse is personal. To unite the two excellencies of objective and subjective vision—that, in my opinion, should be the ambition of the age. And for this union I looked in hope among intellectual women. But also in vain. My discovery was that the more the intellect in women, the less, apparently, the intuition. As women became skilled in physics they lost their skill in psychics. Look at the suffrage movement for example. What a psychological blunder was there. And the reason is not, I think, far to seek. Women's intuition it was that rightly diagnosed the prevailing malaise, namely, that women were being unfairly treated by men. And if only women had continued to rely upon their instinctive judgment instead of appealing to their intellect for the remedy, they would never, I am sure, have chosen the disastrous policy which ended in their defeat and ridicule. Women's native sense unconfused by mere intellect would have realised and forbidden the folly of fighting for women's rights with men's weapons. Only men's rights can be won by men's means. Women's rights must be won by women's means. The most ordinary of ordinary women could have told the suffragettes that it was *equity* they should have claimed, not equality: equivalents of privileges, not identical privileges. For want of this no wonder the tragedy happened and that in their endeavour to change men's ideas of their sex by men's methods they actually lowered themselves in men's esteem. But the ordinary woman, you may say, would never have had the intellect to distinguish between equity and equality any more than the suffrage woman. My point is that intellect never can make the distinction; but by her intuition alone the ordinary woman would certainly have divined the difference and have acted accordingly—as, in fact, she does act in the

domestic rough-and-tumbles of everyday life. Was not her passive hostility to the suffrage propaganda evidence of it?

I was on the point of remarking when the Suffrage movement carried me out of my course that apprehension is only one of the super-intellectual or spiritual powers of woman. A second is the radiation of influence. Women, as Milton said, rain influence. And the kind of influence they shower I can only describe as beatific. I wonder whether you have ever noticed this charm or influence when you have been in the company of women? I seem myself in the company of women to be raised into a more delicate atmosphere than belongs to earth and that yet is homespun. I might be in the country or listening to quiet music. Woman, in fact, is an influence upon me of much the same kind as the country and music and religion: and to her influence, of course, is added the magnetism of life. So native is this power in her, that while it is essentially a super-intellectual effect and thus at its most intense in woman-spiritual and in the most womanly women, I have never met any women in whom it is not occasionally and recurrently visible. It does not matter even if I do not like the women. I may have nothing in common with them. Their talk may not interest me in the least. I may not know them even—their effect on me is the same. Even annoyance with women is softened for me in the atmosphere that seems to encompass them about.

If I hesitated to open this letter I tremble now on approaching the subject of woman-animal. Perhaps I ought to count ten and say no more. But I warned you of the extremities to which I should be reduced. Let me say at once, then, that in my experience women, while at any moment capable of heights of idealism, spirituality, self-sacrifice, love and divinity beyond the power of most men to conceive, are at the same moment and in the same person often capable of depths in the very contraries of these virtues. There are women who would forgo the world for a divine whim. There are women, on the other hand, who would not forgo a crazy whim for the world. There are women to whom "love is flower-like"—who are at home on peaks of love beyond man's vision: to these no refinement of love is too great, nor the tenderest feeling too tender. There are women, on the other hand, who know depths below the power of most men to conceive. As of love so of other human powers. Men are the via media in most things. Women are at one or the other extreme. Is it justice? Women are divinely generous or terribly merciless. Is it moral judgment? Women will forgive Judas: but they would crucify Jesus. Muses or Furies are they.

I am not taking the platform or venturing to offer advice to women. Without risking either charge, however, I may perhaps state my final conclusions. The more I see of women the more convinced I am that in general their duty is to remain behind the scenes and to exert their secret influence in secrecy. I know that this is often thrown at woman as her reproach. But it is, on the contrary, both her nature and her glory. She is not only happiest, I think, when so acting, but she radiates happiness. She is not only thereby doing her own best work, but she is thereby the cause of the best work of men. To remove any reproach from this influence it should, in my opinion, be more and more intelligently (not intellectually) directed, cultivated, honoured and admitted. Woman is to man what Art is to Science—at once above, below and round about. As it is for Art to inspire, passively direct and inform Science with life and feeling, it is for women to provide the conditions in which men's minds are perpetually being born and re-born. The nature of woman is to be the eternal matrix of the nature of man. For women are born, but men are always in the making.

With this flourish of trumpets I conclude!

Yours sincerely, ACTON REED.

Peace Notes.

In a public calamity the loss and ruin are too vast for any single individual affected to realise their extent. Practically this extent stops at its limit in the consciousness of the person most affected. What there is of general comprehension is forgotten almost as soon as felt, in individual necessity. Public crimes are not equally unrealisable. The general horror of war is only to be submerged by the cunning arousing of the most violent passions. There are many individuals whom not even appeals to passion can carry against their reason.

The public crime of execution has been realised by more than one nation. The uneasy conscience of other nations makes them receive with gratitude romantic descriptions of public executioners as pale, spiritual, dutiful, remorseful beings in picturesque trappings. The monstrous fact that nations pay a human monster to kill at their permission in cold blood needs some dressing-up. Balzac has a tale of the executioner of Louis XVI demanding a priest to say a mass for the murdered king. "Sweet and grave satisfaction seemed to triumph over a secret sadness." The human devil continues his work. The priest learns who he is on seeing him on the cart full of those he is about to kill. "Poor man!" exclaims the priest, "the knife of steel had a heart when all France had none!" There is perversion in an artist; the thousands of indignant French hearts and of others all over the world are ignored to make a touching figure of the butcher of men.

Compassion for an executioner could only be safely felt by a Brahmin who believed that such a man was doomed by crimes in a former life to heap up his debt of infamy in this, and to pay in some future one by perhaps the limit of human agony.

* * *

No nation which had a national sense of its welfare would permit any one man to finance or edit more than one newspaper, or would permit any unsigned article of public interest.

* * *

The elders of this generation, not content with having plunged the world into war, are busy, while youth is falling, in building up a future of fantastic hatred. Blind to the fact that the sympathies of the neutrals are pretty equally divided between the Allies and the Central Powers, they are arranging a family tariff designed to ruin the enemy, but which may be imitated with fair hope of success by the Central Powers and their friends. This tariff may very well set the world alight again, and youth be driven off to another holocaust.

The contrary of what our elders are doing should be done. As it is well understood that the troops would fraternise to-morrow if they were relieved of their officers, so it is equally certain that the masses of all the nations at war have no hatred of each other. They worked side by side until informed that they were enemies. They will do so again after the war. There is no resisting the influence of the vanquished!

Our rulers set us against one another by all sorts of means. The man who first thought of the Passport was an enemy of the whole human race. These men who are trying to set up a tariff of hatred are our enemies. That no tariff is necessary is proved by its proposed abolition between friends, who have hitherto furiously taxed each others' goods. There is no obstacle except bad governments to the whole world being friends.

* * *

The latest move in what Tolstoy calls the hypnotism of peoples is already to be seen. Europe is being prepared to expect and to desire a war in the air. Imagine it taking place over London, thousands of machines on each side! Where will you hide with your children, women? Near where I live there is a six-story building smashed right through by a bomb. They may do even better than this in the future, these assassins from the air. You applaud when our own or allied aviators

drop bombs on Carlsrühe. Your children and your children's children may reap the whirlwind you are sowing. You know that our allies of to-day may be our enemies of to-morrow—all depends on the rulers. It is no business of yours to be applauding assassination from the air. Go on with your applause, and you will crown your own murderers while you will lie in a country without one corner of refuge. You will flee down into the earth, and in vain.

It is hypnotism which guides people towards accepting a fine name for their own bomb-droppers, blindly to "draw iniquity out of vanity." I have a newspaper here. On the first page—"The Pirates of the Air"; on the second "The Kings of the Air." They are all pirates who drop bombs on towns, and their hand is iniquitous.

* * *

Lord Cromer: "I was very anxious to see something of the war which was then proceeding in the United States." A young man of twenty-three with nothing more ideal, not to say humane, in his being than to be very anxious to "see something" of a war—he wished to "see" it from both sides and was only deterred by diplomatic reasons. Byron, at least, went to Greece with the ideal of fighting on one side, the side he believed in.

Pity that the world cannot arrange an international battlefield where men whose senses can be sated no other way might fight battles for any and all nations, under their Cromers, who could arrange with each other to "see" both sides.

* * *

"General Hunt was rather indisposed to letting me visit the trenches; but on my pointing out to him how cruel it would be not to allow me to see something of what was going on, he very kindly met my wishes." These words might have been written by one of those horrible women who profess themselves "dying to see a battlefield." They are meant to ring "sporty," but they don't!

The "Spectator" makes a dishonest move against President Wilson. "It is not to be supposed that Mr. Wilson would be guilty of the cruelty—for cruelty it would be and nothing less—of sending slender forces to contend with masses of barbaric opponents." Kut!

If the President's pacifism should fail against militarism—will the "Spectator" remember Kut, and refrain from beating him with a stick notched with our own "cruelties"? War is wonderfully favourable to hypocrisy.

The "Spectator" sheds its iron tears over Dr. Kramarzh, but has never a one to spare for Sir Roger Casement.

In Austrian eyes the Czech leader is a traitor. In the tone of our great journal they are only catching him young! In the "Spectator's" eyes the Irish leader is a traitor. What a squeal of relief came from the "Spectator" when he was "securely lodged in the Tower." Even so his absolute death, as our terrified compatriot might say, is our only guarantee. Neither the one nor the other is a traitor. There's the truth. The name "traitor" spoken either by England or Austria will never stick either on an Irishman or a Bohemian.

The "Spectator"—hardly a page rings English as I understand English—slings at America for sheltering itself behind the Monroe Doctrine. The issue is June 17, the article on "The Presidential Candidates." The article is so brutal and yet so unhandily written as to inspire the kind of apprehension a boxer is said to feel when drawn into a fight with a strong, furious, and "unscientific" opponent, one of whose "fouls" may be "lucky."

"She makes the Monroe Doctrine a cardinal point in her policy, and we are well content that she should insist upon that very convenient instrument, forged, remember, to meet the first practical essay in militant pacifism—the Holy Alliance."

Was ever such a violent muddle of fury, fouling, threat and arrogance!

The "Spectator" is not content but furious with America for remaining neutral. It intends that the Holy Alliance shall pay her out one day.

"The day will inevitably come when Germany will cast the eyes of covetousness upon the Republics of South America. Are the American people seriously prepared to vindicate and safeguard the Doctrine if it is assailed in that part of the world?"

Apparently the "Spectator" has not much faith in the power of the Holy Alliance to put down Germany's army and navy during this present essay in militant pacifism! It implores America to get strong against Germany *now*. "It is really to our advantage that the British Navy should not be challenged upon the seas [does the "Spectator" expect it to be challenged on Salisbury Plain?] . . . all the same we feel so strongly that it is for the interests of the world that the United States should be strong that we hope, etc. . . ."

It really is very disinterested of the "Spectator" to urge America to build a Navy which would be a challenge to ours, for no one knows better that the Holy Alliance is not this at all but an ordinary Diplomatic Alliance, and that by the time America's Navy was as dangerous to the world as any other, Germany and England might be diplomatically friends and scheming together to put down America—or Germany and America might even be scheming together against us! How the "Spectator" would squeal then for America to respect the Monroe Doctrine.

But suppose that Germany had wanted the South American Republics—what would have been easier than to have attacked these unprepared countries? Do you know what was lacking?—The *necessary hatred* between the peoples! Secret diplomacy, with all its toady Press, may yet invent excuses for hatred between Germany and America, as between ourselves and any nation whatsoever. It is mere chance so far as English people are concerned that we are not now "robbing France in mind and blood" as Harmsworth was ready to egg us on to do. With the abolition of secret diplomacy the Press toadies would disappear. There would be no more room for the "Spectator" than for the "Daily Mail." ALICE MORNING.

Tales of To-day.

By C. E. Bechhofer.

XI.—ASMODEUS REDIVIVUS.

READERS of Le Sage's "Devil on Two Sticks" will remember that a young student of Madrid released a demon from a magician's bottle. The grateful spirit revealed itself as Asmodeus, the demon of matchmaking, chemistry, and games of chance, and the inventor of carousals, plays, and new French fashions; he is, however, best known to men as lascivious, luxurious Cupid. And though poets and lovers (when wooing) have described the last as a beautiful, winged boy, he is actually a hideous little hunchback perched on a pair of rattatting stilts. According to Le Sage, he showed his gratitude to the student by flying up with him to a palace-top and stripping off for his amusement the roofs and walls of all the other Madrid houses. The inhabitants were all at their usual occupations—either climbing into strange bedrooms, or drowsing the owners of these with long yarns, wherein Moorish galleys, Barbary slave-owners, and repentant Christian renegades appeared in regular rotation.

But that was in Spain; I have to tell of Asmodeus in London.

I drink beer, although I do not go to Mass. I drink very temperately, perhaps for the same reason, so that for me to buy a four-gallon cask would be to risk much of it running flat; instead, I buy beer in bottles. One evening not long ago I was supping alone. A bottle of beer stood in front of me, which I meant to drink

after supper. Barely had I eaten the first mouthful when I heard a little voice, no bigger than a Labour leader's brain, squeaking in my ear: "Let me out, let me out; be quick. Let me out!"

"Tell me first who you are, and where," I answered boldly, "and if it lies in my power to release you."

"Curse your impertinence," said the voice. "How dare you parley with me! I'm a malicious spirit, and, when you release me, I'll pay you out for keeping me waiting!"

"You malicious spirits always give yourselves away," I replied. "I've read of a hundred such cases. Promise to be friendly, tell me where you are, and maybe I'll let you out."

"You'll be letting me out soon, in any case," said the voice. "You'll know where I am then—when it's too late."

Of course, by this time I had looked round the room, and, by elimination, knew very well where my little boaster was. "You're in that bottle of beer," said I. "Confess; promise to be good, or I'll keep you on the shelf till Pound writes sense."

"Oh, oh," screamed the voice, "that's the life term! I surrender. I'll be friendly and serve you. Let me out—I'm Asmodeus."

On certain conditions I released Cupid from the bottle, and he promised to come and amuse me in the morning. That evening, he said, he would be kept very busy professionally, as there was to be a meeting of the Fabian nursery, and, in another part of the town, Mr. Epstein would be designing a new sculpture. Asmodeus then flew out of my room, leaving only a smell of sulphur behind.

In the morning I found him by my bedside, and, by arrangement, he made me invisible, carried me through the air to Big Ben, and set me on the hour-hand, himself making do with the other. "Now ask me what you wish," said he.

"Who," I asked, "is that white-haired old man crossing the square beneath us?"

"He?" answered the demon, with a twinkle; "he is the only member of Parliament Mr. Lloyd George has not tried to seduce against the Prime Minister."

"What is his name?" I asked.—"Asquith," answered Asmodeus.

"You are very smart," said I, "but you do not add to my knowledge." The demon immediately lifted off a score of roofs. "Look inside," he said, "and ask whatever you like."

"Tell me, then," said I, "who are those two fat little men sitting in separate rooms in that hotel? They seem to be reading and shaking their heads and grunting."

"Those," replied Asmodeus, "are Mr. Bottomley and Mr. Cecil Chesterton. Each is reading the other's paper and saying, 'Tut, tut! What a danger this fellow is to Christianity!'"

"And who is that pale youth in a neighbouring room, sighing and moaning?"

"He," said the demon, "is a young intellectual of firm Liberal tendencies. He finds himself at this moment in terrible perplexity. This is the reason:—

"A few years ago he was an orthodox Radical. Naturally, he used to read the 'Nation,' and, of course, invested his little capital according to the advice of the City Editor of that journal. Some time after, he observed in himself signs of a more full-blooded, an almost apoplectic outlook on life. In short, he became converted to the Distributickytavyist State, and began to read the 'New Witness' instead of the 'Nation.' As a result, he felt bound to accept the financial advice of the former in place of that of his old love. He sold out his holdings at a heavy loss (for the shares had much depreciated) and bought as the 'New Witness' advised. An unfortunate speculation in nitrates and the growing qualms of a Socialist conscience soon forced him to a breach with the policy of that paper. The 'New Statesman' swam into his ken and, with the pluck of his Puritan ancestors, he sold out his stocks (once again at a terrible disadvantage) and invested his now greatly diminished capital according to the advice of Mr. Emil Davies in the columns of his new favourite. Alas! no longer can the rapturous wail of Mr. Gerald Gould refresh his distracted mind! The unlucky youth is ruined—Mr. Davies' ill-advice has betrayed him."

"Poor fellow," said I, "poor fellow! And who is that mild young man in the armchair with the pink antimacassar, stroking a cat?"

"That," answered Cupid, "is a Nietzschean forcing himself to be hard."

"And that grave, white, bare-footed old man reading to the crowd of happy children who cluster round him?"

"I had meant to point him out to you next," said Asmodeus. "He is a Tolstoyan teaching his children chastity. In my capacity as Cupid I have always found Tolstoyans very apt disciples. That reminds me. Do you know what I did recently? I got a critic to certify Hamlet incestuous, Ophelia the victim of erotic mania, Prospero a bawd, Ferdinand no better than he should be, and Caliban the only true psychopath of them all."

I congratulated Asmodeus on his influence and asked him who a certain man was in an adjoining house. "He's a queer case," said Asmodeus. "He's an Irish paper-soiler who found he couldn't take the world by storm with his own scribblings. Many people expected Mr. Shaw to rank him as a literary genius along with Mr. St. John Ervine and 'Callisthenes,' but, although he writes badly enough, Mr. Shaw did not use him as a foil. Other people thought that Mr. Wells might commend him, together with that bath-chairman who, you remember, used to touch his hat to Mr. Wells publicly on the parade at Eastbourne—even in the presence of real ladies and gentlemen! But he had not any such recommendation to Mr. Wells' favour, and this hope, too, came to nothing. So now he is wondering if he cannot make a name for himself by apologies. He has apologised to Mr. Shaw already, and Mr. Shaw openly acknowledged the apology; last week he humbly apologised to Mr. Wells and received his public blessing; he is now composing a violent attack upon Mr. Arnold Bennett and hopes to be able to apologise to him in a few days."

"He's a clever fellow," said I.

I broke off for I saw Asmodeus was in a state of terrified excitement. He was weeping, trembling, and perspiring, waving his arms and uttering oaths and laments. "Whatever is the matter?" I cried.

"Oh, oh, oho, oho," screamed poor Cupid; "it's that wretch, Wells. Years ago he signed a contract with me in his own blood to sell me his soul in return for my inspiring and aiding him in his novels. I thought, of course, it was just the usual arrangement—I to supply an obscenity a year and he to write a book round it. That was always my way with Messrs. Anatole France, Stacpoole, Hewlett, and all my other customers. But, on my word, Wells makes me do the whole book! Not long ago he overworked me to such a degree that I became as weak as a poet's forearm. One day a second-rate magician from Chelsea, who—think of it!—had been one of my own pupils, discovered me lying worn-out after a particularly exhausting chapter, and, putting some of my own spells on me which I was too weak to resist, he popped me into the bottle from which you only yesterday released me. And don't think I'm the only sufferer! Cupid's corner in Hell is a desert since Wells started to write novels. I've offered him a thousand times to restore him his soul if only he'd dissolve the bargain; but he won't. Oh, oh, he's calling me now; I must go, I must go!"

And so Asmodeus—poor devil!—after he had flown home with me, left me. I have never seen him since. I should fear that overwork had killed him did I not see so many recent signs of his influence.

Views and Reviews.

THE HAMLET OF THE NATIONS.

I SHOULD have thought that if anyone had been likely to reply to my criticism of Mr. C. E. Bechhofer's book, "Russia at the Cross Roads," it would have been Mr. Bechhofer himself. He is, on occasion, as caustic a writer as any other in this journal; it was his book that required defence, and as "R. H. C." truly says, he has ideas. I have never had a discussion with Mr. Bechhofer, and his methods might have been a surprise to me. He has chosen to let "R. H. C." reply for him, whose every trick of fence I know. One can be quite sure that in a discussion of Hamlet (Mr. Bechhofer calls Russia "the Hamlet of the nations") "R. H. C." will reduce his intellect to sterility. His delight is to put forward what he calls "ideas" for me to refute; he never applies his ideas to the play or the problem, and they are, at least, blessedly brief; they are never more than two words long. His first was "philosophic despair," his second was "spiritual shock," and his third was "male hysteria." In the case of Russia, he has not yet expressed his formula in two words; "Russia is acutely conscious of being land-locked" is the nearest approach that he makes to his ideal construction. But it will come; if we only give "R. H. C." time enough, he will reduce his sentence to a tabloid of two words. It will be as valuable then as it is now.

It is characteristic of "R. H. C." that he should use the name "Freud" as though it were a term of abuse, although it means "joy," and is of good omen. Freud is the Devil to "R. H. C."; the name represents his fear of the unknown, and apparently covers a multitude of sins. But I will not defend Freud until he is attacked, and "R. H. C." cannot attack him without reading his works. The point made against me is that I "seek for causes beneath causes, the less simple the better; and do not say what they are" My article contained about fourteen hundred words; Stepniak's book on "The Russian Peasantry" (to which I referred Mr. Bechhofer) contains 643 pages in my edition. Not even "R. H. C." could compress 643 pages into 1,400 words; and I gave economic reasons enough to indicate (and I can do no more in the space at my disposal) why Mr. Bechhofer's economic interpretation did not *convince me. There is, of course, a fundamental* cleavage between the ideas of "R. H. C.," the writer of "Unedited Opinions," Mr. Bechhofer, and myself; and I will try to make that cleavage clear.

"The modern view of world-economics," to which the writer of "Unedited Opinions" referred when he recommended Mr. Bechhofer's book to the readers of THE NEW AGE, has more than one expression. My opponents seem to regard it as an elaborate system of exchange of manufactured goods; they never say so explicitly, because direct expression is not natural to them. But the world-view of economics to which I adhere is that of Peter Kropotkin; it is not a mere "idea" conceived in the void, it is a demonstration of the actual trend of economic events. "The conclusion is self-evident," says Kropotkin.

"Industries of all kinds decentralise and are scattered all over the globe; and everywhere a variety, an integrated variety, of trades grow, instead of specialisation. Such are the prominent features of the times we live in. Each nation in its turn becomes a manufacturing nation; and the time is not far off when each nation of Europe, as well as the United States, and even the most backward nations of Asia and America, will themselves manufacture nearly everything they are in need of. Wars and several accidental causes may check for some time the scattering of industries; they will not stop it; it is unavoidable."

If the tendency is for each nation to manufacture what it needs, Mr. Bechhofer's conception of a Russia manufacturing for export is a false one. The 130 per cent. tariff of Russia against all comers shows us quite clearly that imports are not encouraged; and how Russia can hope to export without importing, Mr. Bechhofer does not explain. But the reduction of the tariff would, as Kropotkin shows, only have the effect of closing more effectively the Russian market to imported manufactures. Take one instance: as long ago as 1894, Vice-Consul Green reported that the town of Berdyansk had the largest reaper manufactory in Europe, and that the Russian reapers and ploughs successfully competed with similar implements of American and English make. Yet the import duty on foreign pig-iron was two and a half times its price on the London market at that time. If there had been a more plentiful supply of pig-iron at London market prices, it is conceivable that the supply of agricultural machinery to Russia would have become entirely a Russian industry; now that "nearly all steel, three-quarters of the iron, and two-thirds of the pig-iron used in Russia are home-products," not only the manufacture of agricultural machinery but all other metallic industries in Russia are likely to become the monopoly of the Russian manufacturers. "Fifty years ago," says Kropotkin, "Russia was considered as the ideal of an agricultural nation, doomed by Nature itself to supply other nations with food, and to draw her manufactured goods from the West. So it was, indeed—but it is so no more. . . . She will manufacture all she needs, and yet she will remain an agricultural nation."

Russia's industry, then, is a growth of fifty years' duration; and the Russian melancholy, therefore, could not have existed before the Emancipation; if Mr. Bechhofer's interpretation of it is sound, for a cause cannot be operative before it exists. But with this "key," as he calls it, Mr. Bechhofer attempts to explain Peter the Great, for example; concludes that he was not "driven mad by melancholy" because he saw the sea, and was so pleased with it that he made a "window" at Petrograd, so that he might look at it for ever. I admit that this is a frivolous summary of Mr. Bechhofer's chapter, but it is not more frivolous than his so-called economic interpretation of Russian melancholy. That the Russian melancholy existed before the economic question arose is an undoubted fact of history; and that it is due, as all melancholy is due, to an internal conflict, is the verdict of Stepniak, one of the most profound students of Russian history and life, who had the further advan*tage of being a Russian.*

Stepniak shows us that "two hostile principles are in a death-struggle in all the spheres of popular life—the one springing from the inner consciousness of the masses, the other forced upon them from the outside by those in power." This antagonism is not modern; it goes back for centuries. "An underhand struggle between the people and the Government has been going on almost ever since the establishment of autocracy in Russia—in other words, for four or five centuries." So long as the Tsars only gave land to their courtiers and militia-men, there was not much trouble; but when at the end of the sixteenth century, the Tsars deprived the peasants of their right of removal, the people began to fight, and to fight desperately. For two centuries the fight lasted, and the people were decisively beaten when Pugatchev's rising was suppressed. Stepniak attributes this failure to the "patriarchism" of the Russian people; in Freud's language, he explains the Russian melancholy by the Œdipus-complex. "For two centuries the terrible struggle lasted, but by this time the legend of the Tsardom had obtained such a hold upon the people's minds that their cause was doomed beforehand. The peasants withstood an evil while worshipping and upholding its cause. They rebelled against the unbearable tyranny of their masters and of the officials; but their hearts fell, and their hands dropped when they met an authoritative spokesman of the Tsar." No clearer example of the Œdipus-complex could be presented than Russia presents; to the moujiks, the Tsar is still the "little Father" of his people, and Stepniak says: "They mentally transferred to the Tsar

the whole of the functions performed by the mir, thus giving to his authority a remarkably precise and clear definition. The Tsar's authority is the mir's authority, magnified so as to suit the requirements of the State, without being in the smallest degree changed in its most characteristic attributes. The Tsar is the common Father of the country, its Protector, and the supreme dispenser of impartial justice to all, defending the weaker members of the community from the stronger. The Tsar 'pities' everybody like the mir. The whole of the nation's riches 'belong to the Tsar' exactly in the same sense as the lands and meadows and forests within the boundaries of the commune belong to the mir. The most important function the peasant's imagination imposes on the Tsar is that of universal leveller —not, however, of movable property. The Tsar, like the mir, has the right to impose taxes on whomsoever he chooses, and on whatever he chooses, but he is expected not to interfere with what the people regard as the private property of each household, i.e., movable capital. On the contrary, the Tsar is in duty bound to step in and to equitably redistribute the natural riches of the country, especially the land, whenever this is needed in the common interest."

If Stepniak had lived to read Freud, he could not have given a better interpretation. That persistence of the infantile relation, that "fixation of the libido to the old infantile phantasies and habits," as Jung calls it, could not be more clearly expressed. The transference of the infantile relation practically unchanged, first to the mir and then to the monarchy, is the very road to neurosis; and the refusal or the inability to recognise the real origin of their miseries forces them to seek other ways of escape. Stepniak says definitely that "the moral, political, and social discontent seething in the heart of the rural population of Russia has found a sort of safety-valve in the new evolution of religious thought which nowadays covers almost the whole field of the intellectual activity of the Russian labouring classes. Almost the whole of the moral and intellectual force produced by the modern Russian peasantry runs in the channel of religion; religion engrosses the leading minority of the people who understand most thoroughly and feel most keenly the evils of the day, and who alone would be able to put themselves at the head of any vast popular movement." That same process of evasion which "seems to have stricken the Russian popular mind with the curse of utter sterility in the domain of politics," Stepniak illustrates in this passage: "Perhaps this was due to the overwhelming predominance of the agricultural classes, constitutionally patriarchal; perhaps the result of the great facility offered to interior emigration, which was the easy and common wind-up to all our civil discontents, while in other countries people, nolens volens, had to stay and fight out their grievances, finding by means of friction some mutual compromise. Perhaps we should attribute it to the absence on our soil of anything which could suggest to our people some new political form, such as the rich inheritance of Roman civilisation suggested to the West. Whatever the reason, the fact is that through all the centuries of ancient political self-government, anterior to the creation of the Muscovite monarchy, Russia remained at the same embryonic stage of polity from which she started." It is quite clear that not even Mr. Bechhofer can blame the Turk for that.

All this is so familiar that I am ashamed to quote it, and I should not have done so if it had not been necessary to prove that there is no need to seek outside Russian history for the cause of Russian melancholy. That transference to the world of Russian goodwill is only another attempt at evasion of her psychological task. "Purge yourself" is the command of modern science, the equivalent of the "know thyself" of the Delphic oracle. We see even in "R. H. C.'s" notes the results of the refusal to recognise the true cause of neurosis; he is compelled to deny that the Irish are melancholy, although "Celtic melancholy" is a familiar phrase that is. akin in construction to most of "R. H. C.'s" productions, and he even asserts that "the Swiss are virtually on an island." We have all heard of the Swiss navy, but "R. H. C." apparently takes it more seriously than is customary. Mr. Bechhofer's "idea" is an equally comic adoption as a truth—of Hamlet's neurotic fantasy. "Denmark's a prison," said Hamlet. "Then is the world one," retorted Rosencrantz; and on that note of sanity I will close.

A. E. R.

REVIEWS

The Mantle and Other Stories. By Nicholas Gogol. Translated by Claud Field, with an Introduction by Prosper Merimée. (Werner Laurie.)

The five stories here translated are "The Mantle," "The Nose," "Memoirs of a Madman," "A May Night," and "The Viy." Merimée tells us in the preface that Russian "seems admirably adapted to express the most delicate shades of thought," and that Gogol was a stylist in the use of language. Mr. Claud Field's translation reads like almost anybody's translation of any other Russian author; we search in vain for any sign of the literary subtlety of the satirist, or for any of the graces of language that would compensate for the clumsy construction of some of these stories. We may suggest to translators that English also is a most flexible language, capable of expressing very delicate shades of thought; there is no heed to use phrases such as: "I cannot stand these lackeys!" Insanity does not excuse such stupidity as: "Am I a tailor's son or some other obscure cabbage?" But even the poverty of the English style cannot destroy the interest of such a tale as "The Viy," for the incidents, at least, are proof against the translator. Perhaps one would have to be a Russian to appreciate the humour of "The Nose," or the pathos of "The Mantle"; but one need not be a member of any nationality to deplore "The Memoirs of a Madman." Perhaps at the time that they were written they had some novelty of interest; but almost every Russian writes "Memoirs of a Madman" now, and Gogol's are poor specimens of humour. Any madman could do better. In "A May Night," Mr. Claud Field varies his clichés to apostrophise the weather, says that "the moon shines in the midst of the sky; the immeasurable vault of heaven seems to have expanded to infinity; the earth is bathed in silver light; the air is warm, voluptuous, and redolent of innumerable sweet scents. Divine night! Magical night!" Theatrical rhapsody! Literary fustian! How can the "air" be "voluptuous"?

Germany In Defeat. A Strategic History of the War. Second Phase. By Count Charles de Souza. (Kegan Paul. 6s. net.)

It is one of the great consolations of this time that, according to the immutable, inexorable laws of Strategy, Germany lost the war at the battle of the Marne. The Allies had already enlisted Time on their side, so that all we have to do is to watch the inevitable working itself out. Strategy, like Destiny, never allows a man a second chance; if he once loses, he is lost for ever, dead and irretrievably damned. Unfortunately, this adversary has not the courtesy of Charles II, and does not apologise for taking such an unconscionable time to die. Indeed, a strategic history that omits to notice that the military policy of attrition against Germany is only an adaptation of Germany's naval policy of attrition against our mercantile fleet is likely to be too consoling. None the less, Count Souza proceeds to the demonstration that everything that the Germans did from the battle of the Marne to the first battle of Ypres was a mistake; remorselessly, he details every blunder, and shows us that the Allies have won all along the line. This is very consoling; but we do sometimes wonder whether nations can die of victory.

Pastiche.

THE SENSATION.

Throughout London, Rumour had been working hard. That something unusual was about to happen in the Revue world everyone knew. An astute Press agent had worked the great mystery sensation for all, and more than all, it was worth.

From the advance newspaper notices was received the impression that when Miss Compton Ray appeared in the great revue "Follow the Girl," the public would experience the sensation of their lives.

"That which had not been done in Revue before, would be accomplished," ran an advance notice. Frankly, the public were on tip-toes in expectation.

The Great Night of the Great Sensation arrived. The House at Leicester Square was fulled. Mr. George Bernard Shaw, in those everlasting tweeds, was observed in the stalls cracking a joke with Mr. Horatio B., who had been persuaded not to give a War Lecture. The House was thrilled when the pious Mr. Harold Begbie entered a box to the left of the stage. The aristocratic section of the audience so far forgot itself as to drop that expression of polite boredom which it had laboured for years to cultivate.

Silence fell over the house as the conductor of the orchestra took his seat. With a quick gesture he started the musicians playing a weird, creepy melody which aroused sleeping imagination. The curtain flew up with a jerk. The weird melody grew in intensity. The stage, almost in darkness, was hung with heavy black curtains; in front on an elaborate stand incense was burning.

The incense and the music worked upon the audience until they sat hypnotised. . . . Then from the back of the stage a white hand slid through the black curtains, the hand moving in rhythm to the music. Then the band crashed out and Miss Compton Ray, who had shocked all Europe and the Bishop of London, stood before the audience . . . fully dressed . . . and remained so throughout the performance.

HARRY FOWLER.

SERENADE.

Sleep, then, my Soul.
  Closed are those inward shutters of mine eyes,
Nor shall these ears invite access of sound
  That could disturb thy rest. The senses wise
With subtle drugs, keep ceaseless watch around
  Lest thou should'st wake and cry.

Sleep, then, my Soul.
  'Tis better thus, thy price for life too high,
Once more I wander through complacent years
  And venture happiness, once more can I
Drape grim " what is " with seemly " what appears "
  Nor fear thy wondering eye.

Sleep, then, my Soul.
  Life's vaunted day is darkest night to thee;
Awake, thou shrinkest and each common shape
  Bears hideous guise of loathsome treachery,
  In sleep thou hast escape.

T. A. C.

CONTEMPORARIES.

THE WORLD OF BOOKS.

(By " Penguin," of the " Nation.")

Browning once put the interesting query: " What porridge had John Keats? " and the question retains its interest to this day (I am writing on Thursday night). The cooking of porridge, an occupation in itself to our laborious ancestors, has not yet lost its place among the arts of our day. It is hardly too much to say that no age worthy of the name will ever make shift to dispense with porridge.

* * *

What Lamb said of porridge is well worth calling to mind. This is it: (*Quotation, 30 lines.*)

* * *

To the same effect was Coleridge's dictum: (*Quotation, 40 lines.*)

* * *

It must, however, not be supposed that I am ignoring that country which, to the majority of people at least, will be most intimately associated with porridge. The immortal Robbie Burns, in his " Ballad of Aberdeen," wrote of porridge: (*Quotation, 24 lines.*)

And that unbending Scot, Thomas Carlyle, never hesitated to declare his inveterate affection for the luscious cereal. Let him speak for himself: (*Quotation, 50 lines.*) There is, I think, still much more of interest that might be said upon this entrancing subject, and I should gladly adventure on it, did I not observe that my space does not admit.

B.

SHAKESPEARE AS HE IS MISREPRESENTED.

Sir H. Borebohm Spree's cinematograph representations of Shakespearean plays having been so successful, he is contemplating extending this idea in connection with future theatrical productions of Shakespeare's plays.

His former spectacular efforts have met with enthusiastic approval, notwithstanding the daring and original innovations he has made in the text, interpretation, and action, and he is convinced that the elimination of the dialogue will enhance their popularity.

Shakespeare, he considers, wrote primarily with the intention of providing a suitable setting for the actor; the dialogue and action are of secondary importance.

The general public, by their generous support in the past, have shown that they endorse this view, and Sir Herbert believes there will be a great future for wordless Shakespeare in this country.

This mode of interpreting the famous masterpieces of the greatest English playwright will also enable him to introduce even more effectively those charming mannerisms which have contributed so greatly to his wonderful popularity with the masses.

P. A.

WAR FINANCE (as per Poster).

	£	s.	d.
MR. SMITH LENDS HIS COUNTRY		15	6
Which purchases 124 cartridges, pre-war value say		3	6
Armament firms' profits		10	0
Excess profits to Government at 60 per cent. gross			2
Price of materials for cartridges (including profits)		4	11
Wages paid to thriftless Munition workman			9
Whereof the Landlord takes			2
Insurance			3
Lord Devonport (profit on groceries)			1
Sir A. Markham (do. coal)			1
Sir W. Runciman (do. freights)			1
Messrs. Bryant & May (do. matches)			½
Lord Northcliffe (do. " Who Spied on Kitchener? ")			½
Pre-War cost of nourishment obtained now for 9d.			2½
Government entrusts banks with Mr. Smith's credit		15	6
They lend it to Capitalists, who increase it to	1	15	0
Profits on some finance	1	5	0
Wages do.		1	9
Government reborrows from banks same 15s. 6d. at market rates	1	19	6
Mr. Smith pays in taxes, 1st year per £		5	0
Do. 2nd year do.		5	1
Do. 3rd year do.		5	2
Do. 4th year do.		5	3
Do. 5th year do.		5	4
AND AFTER FIVE YEARS HE RECEIVES BACK	1	0	0
GRAND TOTAL OF SILVER BULLETS OBTAINED FOR 15s. 6d.	9	18	4½

C. E. B.

ARMAGEDDON.

Right gaily doth old Charon ply his oar
  What time the guns boom low across the valley—
  Plies without let, for when his ancient galley
Disbarks its burden on the farther shore,

He puts about, and—with a ghastly leer
  On's withered chaps, at thought of all the slaughter
  Of man by man—speeds o'er the Stygian water,
Nor compass needs by which his course to steer!

F. MORTON BENNETT.

DESOLATION.

O torment of a spirit lost,
With open eyes, and holden sense;
There is no darkness so intense
As when the intellectual sight,
Devoid of heart and heart's delight,
Shines on a soul of frost!

E. H. VISIAK.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

EFFICIENCY.

Sir,—"Efficiency" is preached, or concentration upon materialistic activities. And efficiency, like money, is good; but the specialising love of it is the root of all militarism. Germany was most efficient in scientific, commercial, sociological, and military organisation—in the good as in the bad; and it is a sad circumstance that her evil machine of war was most efficient because her good machines of sociological betterment were most efficient. Looking only at the evil machine, we say that its efficiency proves that the Germans led the way towards war. Looking only at the others, we should say that they led the way towards peace. They led the way in all departments of mechanical efficiency. As fast as they could, other nations prepared for war—they had been fools if they had not, from their point of view, considering the state of distrust and fear in Europe. But Germany, most efficient in other fields, was also most efficient in this.

In old barbaric times nations victorious in war were vanquished spiritually (and therefore really) by being infected with the luxurious vices of the conquered. Let us beware of catching the vices (with the virtues) of efficiency.

E. H. VISIAK.

* * *

RUSSIAN EXILES.

Sir,—We, the London Groups of the Socialist Parties of Russia, representing all its various nationalities, most emphatically protest against the alternative which, according to Mr. Herbert Samuel's statement in the House of Commons, on June 29, it is proposed to be put to Russian subjects in this country, of either joining the British army or being deported to Russia. And in protesting we speak as those who have escaped from death sentences, penal servitude, prisons, Siberia—fighters for labour's emancipation and for freedom, and also as those who have fled from pogroms, savage persecutions and all kinds of oppression. We know that we are speaking in accordance with the views and feelings of the whole political emigration from Russia in foreign countries, and that these views correspond to the attitude of the organised labour movement in Russia.

We especially protest against the violation of the principle of the right of asylum, sacred for genuine democracy, the abandonment of which is one more significant proof of the Russianising and Prussianising of Great Britain. We must emphasise the fact, that the principle of the right of asylum has been for many centuries considered as extending to all those whom political, religious, or national persecutions would await *in their native countries—to the victims of the Spanish* Government who fled from the Netherlands, and to the Huguenots who left France under Louis XIV, and must necessarily extend to the victim of all the various kinds of persecutions perpetrated by the Torquemadas and the Alvas of modern Tsarism.

We protest against the proposed compulsion of Russian subjects into the British army, a compulsion which is all the more repugnant as it is carried out not openly, but treacherously, under cover of the threat of deportation to Russia. We protest against this infringement of the elementary rights of foreigners, who, without having all the rights of British citizens, and being subject to constant restrictions, are nevertheless pressed into cannon-food. We point out the monstrous iniquity of compelling those victims of Tsarist tyranny who sought here safety and severed every connection with their persecutor, the Russian Government, to shed their blood for that same Government that caused them so much suffering. We emphasise the treachery of the trap in which the whole Russian emigration in England has been caught, seeing that it came to England with the certitude of freedom and safety, and is now not even allowed to depart to a land of its own choice.

We consider that it would be the greatest of crimes to hand over to the most barbarous of Governments not only us, its political adversaries and victims, whose fate in Russia would be physical and moral torture, but also all those who fled from its national, religious, and other persecutions and oppression, and who would be faced after their enforced return with renewed brutalities. Deportation to Russia would be the only alternative to Russian Socialists who are true to the Flag of International Labour Solidarity, and are irreconcilably opposed to all capitalist Governments and to participation in this Imperialist war.

We place our protest before the British workers and before all those for whom freedom and democracy are not empty words.

We place our protest before our comrades in Russia, who will not forget that the British Government, with its lip-service to freedom, has allowed itself to become the accomplice of Russian reaction and of the terrible nightmare that is oppressing all the peoples of Russia.

We place our protest before the International proletariat who have remained true to their ideals—before the reviving International Labour Movement.

(Signed) THE DELEGATES OF

The London Section of the Social-Democratic Labour Party of Russia.
The London Group of the Social-Democratic Labour Party of Russia.
The London Group of the Social-Revolutionary Party.
The London Group of the Bund (Jewish Labour Alliance in Lithuania, Poland, and Russia).
The London Group of the Social-Democracy of Lettland.
The London Group of the Lithuanian Socialist Federation in Great Britain.

THE LONDON POLISH SOCIAL-DEMOCRATIC CLUB.

* * *

ALLIED SUBJECTS AND CONSCRIPTION.

Sir,—The statement of the Home Secretary on Thursday last that men of Allied nationality must either join the British Army or return to the country to which they belonged must surely make every right-thinking Briton wonder where our long-boasted honour is going to. Thousands of these Allied subjects are refugees, exiled from the lands of their birth for political reasons, racial reasons or religious reasons. Particularly is this true of Russian Jews, who probably will be the worst sufferers under such proposals. These people are barred from any right or privilege in Russia, and, although they may serve for twenty years in the army, yet they suffer all the disabilities of the Jews there. Pogroms, exiling, imprisonment, torture, and violent deaths are all in the lives of these Jews, and there is hardly one in Great Britain who has not suffered in one way or the other. Some were in the Kieff massacre, others went through bloody Sunday in Moscow, some suffered imprisonment for many years, the torture of Siberia, and all the barbarities of Russian misrule. They are within the pale, without the elementary rights of citizenship, free speech, or free thought, and their religion brings them only the bitterest persecution. Full of confidence in the British right of asylum, hundreds and thousands have come to this country feeling that here they could worship God in their own fashion, enjoy comparative political liberty, and be free from that which they abhor as much as anything—*the curse of militarism. Now it is calmly proposed* to either force these men, few of whom know English, into the British Army, or else hand them over to those who have so terribly persecuted them.

Is this in accord with British honour? If so, then the sooner we British give way to a purer and more honourable race the better. The right of asylum is to be violated. Men who are accorded little or no privileges here, men who have trusted like little children to the sanctity of freedom, long supposed to be found rampant here, are to be delivered over to imprisonment, torture, and death, whilst presumably their wives and children will enjoy the charity of British workhouses! If this is done, then eternal dishonour will rest on we British, as it does already on that English Jew who is preparing to hand over Allied refugees, without respect for their reasons for coming here, to the tender mercies of the Italian Government and to the paternal but bloody caresses of the Little Father.

G. BARTON.

* * *

THE STATE OF ENGLAND.

Sir,—Always supposing that the country will never allow Sir Roger Casement to be hanged, what a revelation, final but, let us hope, not fatal, is this judgment as to the cads who are now running England, cads who would actually hang this Irishman if they were allowed, and who will even now be counting upon being able, at least, to pose as mercy-givers! Are there no gentlemen left in any place of power in England? Is every vestige of our reputation to go down under this class of ferocious fools who have got hold of us? What signs do we need to warn us further that we are slipping under the fate of rotten and doomed empires? The conscience of England will poison it for ever if Casement dies. Never more will any nation look to us for political justice. We shall

wither. Where have we not sunk when the project can be even whispered of putting Mr. Lloyd George into the seat of the man he hounded to the last, a man whose life was England's?

I no longer know my country. I do not know what to reply when foreigners sneer, as they do. No wonder that we can no longer hope to persuade any neutral country to our side, for they get all tidings uncensored, and know how our tradition is vanishing.

The news is of Ministers resigning. Surely it is not the moment for good men to resign, but to stay in at all costs. The canaille will never resign at such a profiteering period, and that's all that will be left soon, unless gentlemen stay in and force them out.

A. M.

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LIEBKNECHT AND MACLEAN.

Sir,—According to the "Star," the Dutch paper "Niews van den Dag," in commenting on the Liebknecht case, says, "Two and a half years' imprisonment is a cruel penalty for a political crime, but do not let us forget that we are in Germany." John Maclean, the Glasgow teacher, spoke much less frequently and less violently than Liebknecht, and, not being a member of Parliament, cannot be said to have addressed the nation to the same extent. Yet John Maclean, if I am not mistaken, got three years' penal servitude. I wonder—so far as we are permitted to wonder under the Defence of the Realm Act—what the "Niews van den Dag" had to say about John Maclean?

ONE OF THE FREEBORN.

* * *

THE ERRATIC "TIMES."

Sir,—In a recent obituary of the author of the "Lays of Ind," the "Times," much to the amazement of its Anglo-Indian readers, announced that he was also the author of "Aliph Cheem," which happens to have been his nom-de-plume. This was corrected soon afterwards, but, just to show how ignorant one really can be, the "Times" now tells us (July 3) that the "Toy-Cart" is by Mr. Arthur Symons, who has indeed arranged it for the stage. What a pity Harmsworth self-education did not begin at home!

ANTI-NORTHCLIFFE.

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RESPONSIBILITY—THE MASTER-KEY.

Sir,—It is to be hoped that the writer of "Unedited Opinions" will find—contrary to his expectations—that the points contained in his "conversation" last week will engage the attention of your readers.

In these days even the most strenuous reformers seem to ignore the fact that mind-power in the workers is essential to progress. Those who do recognise the value of mental emancipation forget that mind-power can only result from the exercise of responsibility. Without some degree of "control" the working classes can only become more and more servile, and those who aim at human well-being will find their efforts wasted unless their programme includes some plan for giving the workers a proper amount of control over their own affairs.

The genuine progressive knows that his particular fads, when realised, will be but steps towards further reforms. He, too, often forgets, however, that the reforms to follow will depend on the existence of future progressives. To ensure the future supply of reformers is a matter of as great importance as to realise this or that reform. It is essential, therefore, that all who desire progress should aim primarily at the spread of responsibility over as large a number of people as possible. Only by responsible control can workers be stimulated, not only to invent, but to take a real interest in new machines and tools. Without interest there can be no understanding, and your contributor makes it abundantly clear that machines, etc., are utterly useless if they are ahead of the mental power of the workman. New institutions will likewise be absurd unless they are run with the necessary degree of mind-power.

The master-key to progress is responsibility for all classes, with its stimulus to the exercise of initiative, inventiveness, and energy.

CHARLES D. KING.

* * *

SORTES SHAKESPEARIANÆ.

Sir,—I venture to send you the following as being peculiarly interesting in these critical days. I am in honour bound to acknowledge the fraternal aid of the Rev. Joshua Herbert Clark, Incumbent of Blackhazel, and the Very Rev. Perkin Hallibeck, Dean of Rickmansgate, in their compilation:—

The German Empire: "To be or not to be."—"Hamlet."
The Future of Ireland: "That is the question."—"Hamlet."
Lord Northcliffe: "Whether 'tis nobler."—"Hamlet."
The Kaiser: "In the mind to suffer."—"Hamlet."
England To-Day: "The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune."—"Hamlet."

If these few but amusing quotations give you pleasure, I shall be delighted to send the "Spectator" a further and much completer selection.

JAMES HAWKINS (Chaplain).

* * *

"POST-PRANDIAL RUMINATIONS."

Sir,—Is there a Selver Society? If not, what edibles are here referred to? I quote from a piece of Pastiche by Mr. Selver in your last issue:

> "Now
> Let this crisp bunch of leafage, and this brew
> Of russet berries, crunched and scalded, merge
> Their twin aromas."

I have tried many keys. First I guessed coffee and chicory, but I find that chicory is a root and not a bunch of leafage! Then I thought of bacon and eggs, but I fear this is quite wrong. Is it curry and rice, or bull and bush, or, perhaps, peas and selver? I pause, Sir, for an answer.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

* * *

ARABIAN NIGHTS AS GROTESQUE.

Sir,—My answer to Mr. F. R. Bradford is in the negative, as they say in the House of Commons, where "no" has got mislaid. There is no change and no inconsistency. In the "Nights" article I was referring to an early ballet and its treatment of a certain story. In most other articles on the Russian ballet and opera I have been concerned with the new æsthetic interest introduced to the stage by Bakst, Benois, Fokin, and their co-workers. If I appreciated and praised this interest, it was on account of its value as a source of inspiration to those reformers in the English theatre who were seeking a way out of the old vile conventions of representation. At the same time I was fully aware that this reactionary force against the obsolete forces of worn-out and obstructive conventionalism was not perfect. When it first appeared, it was far too realistic to form more than a mild protest against the cruder realism which it sought to replace. Moreover, I felt it was grafting on to present-day forms of representation undesirable elementary passions marked by exuberance and gross sensuality. Furthermore, I saw that it emphasised the existing evils of the conventional stage and auditorium without attempting to remedy them. Still, there was a distinct promise of an æsthetic development to be noted, and I noted it. This development actually took place, and continued till the war began, when it disappeared. It was in the direction of symbolism, and gave us that startling work "Le Coq d'Or" by Rimsky-Korsakov and Alexander Benois. The intention of this piece was to attain the utmost unity, and to this end it adopted the novel method of handing the singing to a chorus, while leaving the actual performers free to symbolise the context of the singing and to weave themselves into dancing scenery. This, in my opinion, was an advance over the earlier method of taking one of the great old stories of the East, extracting sensuality, working this into a big design, and thickly coating it with some of the best colour the English theatre has ever seen. I notice that "El Imparcial" quotes extracts from my remarks on "El Cuerpo de Baile Ruso"—that is, the spirit of co-operation binding together all concerned in the production of a Russian ballet or opera. In this respect the Russian interpreters have certainly not been surpassed.

France.

HUNTLY CARTER.

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Press Cuttings.

Nevertheless, a few alleviations of the Excess Profits Tax were foreshadowed, mainly in the direction of allowances for depreciation of capital and loss of goodwill after the war. Although those promises failed to avert a division, they probably had some effect in swelling the Government majority.—Parliamentary Correspondent, "Manchester Guardian."

Few of us realised that, while we were sleeping calmly in our beds, the Coalition had nearly suffered defeat at the hands of the gentlemen in frock-coats, over military age, who dislike the tax on excess profits. For some reason or other, very little was said about it in many newspapers, and I am thus communicating, without additional reward, what mere journalists call a "scoop" or "exclusive." . . . Even Sir Joseph Compton-Rickett, our leading Dissenter, who has borne the sorrows of conscientious objectors with stoical calm, became reverently vocal when this sad pilfering of war profits was disclosed.—"Truth."

A meeting has been held of the British and Argentine Steam Navigation Co., Ltd., or the Furness, Withey Co. that controls the Argentine Cargo Line.

The president declared an increase in profits of £40,000 in consequence of higher rates on out-bound freight.

Probably, he added, after the war, traffic conditions will not be so satisfactory, as only prices ruling before the conflict will be obtainable, in spite of increased expenses. —"La Nacion," Buenos Aires.

There is seemingly no end to the rise in the value of shipping property. With continued high freights, profits are maintained on a phenomenal scale, and seem destined to remain on an exceedingly remunerative level for some time to come. The Government is reported to be making a strenuous effort to push forward the construction of the merchant ships at present lying fallow in British shipyards, but nothing of a tangible nature in that direction has so far materialised.—"Financial Mail."

The report of the Hazlewood Shipping Co., another of our favourite shipping recommendations, has appeared. The profit is £53,534, which compares with about £16,200 for 1914, and the dividend is increased from 15 per cent. to 20 per cent., free of Income Tax. £4,000 is placed to reserve, £10,000 written off for depreciation, and £20,000 set aside for Excess Profits and Income Taxes, the balance being carried forward. We commenced recommending these shares when they were as low as 20s. 6d. Their present price is 36s. 3d.; we still regard them as a good purchase. —"London Opinion."

"The effect of twelve months of war," said Sir John Brunner, speaking at the annual meeting of Brunner, Mond & Co., Ltd., at Liverpool yesterday, "has been to improve our position. Let me congratulate you upon having obtained a figure of net profit exceeding one million sterling."—"Daily News."

The 40th annual general meeting of Nobel's Explosives Co., Ltd., was held yesterday in Glasgow. . . . Reviewing the history of the company, the chairman said it might be interesting to recall that an original investment of £100 in the 1872 company now represented a capital interest in this company of £3,000 in ordinary shares, and that the dividend paid on that capital investment during the 45 years had amounted in all to upwards of £8,500. Such figures inspired confidence in the solidarity of their undertaking and in its future.—"Daily Mail."

The war truce which the Labour party had agreed to was very soon violated by capitalists, by commercial houses, by trade syndicates, and by shipping companies, who disgraced themselves by exacting from their country, when in a state of war, huge profits to which they were not entitled. The laws which had been passed to prevent this exploitation were as yet few and insufficient, and now that human life must by law respond to the call for military duty, property, land, and capital should be made to yield equal sacrifice and service so far as that could be done.—J. R. CLYNES, M.P.

The capitalist has doubtless seen that the policy of cheap food has driven a wedge between the interests of urban and rural labour, and so divided labour against itself. The rural labourer, with the traditions of the "hungry 'forties" still upon him, has been too paralysed to work out his own salvation. Since the war he has had ocular demonstration of the fact that a rise in wages must follow a rise in prices. Would that the Labour Party in Parliament could have sufficient vision to see that it is to their advantage to organise rural labour, and so establish the position of agriculture as an industry, as distinguished from an adjunct of feudalism, and at the same time help to counteract the tendency of agricultural labour to migrate to the towns and undersell urban labour.

This opportunity has never existed before. Will the Labour leaders of this country be sufficiently far-seeing to endeavour, by the organisation of rural labour, to create conditions under which they can make national interests and Labour interests identical?—"Countryman" in the "Times."

While in making War Expenditure Certificates available for the smaller investor Mr. McKenna has pleased a large class, he has also increased the dissatisfaction of many who subscribed for War Loan Stock in the belief that they would have an early opportunity of exchanging into a new loan bearing a higher rate of interest. The "option" appeared very valuable when first given, and will, we have no doubt, yet prove so, but the constant creation of competing securities bearing a higher rate of interest, and which are not interchangeable, is ample justification for the growing feeling of discontent amongst subscribers of War Loan Stock.

We would warn Mr. McKenna that the country cannot afford to have a dissatisfied public at this crisis, especially as big financial interests are showing uneasiness at the huge accumulation of floating debt. People in the country are saying some very nasty things about "broken" promises of the Chancellor, and we who hear the complaints fear that these criticisms of Government financial methods may have a damaging effect on the country's credit.—"Evening Standard."

Briefly, one may assert that the object of union is the solidarity of the teaching profession in order that it may realise its professional aims, the chief of which is freedom for the teacher to manage his own affairs; a freedom which ought to assure increased efficiency in the individual teacher, and consequently increased efficiency in the taught. Only in the assertion of our claim for amelioration, especially in a time of national crisis, we should be wise not to emphasise the claim to material well-being to such an extent as to lead the public to believe that teachers have forgotten that they are artists, not mechanical drudges; and that they are ready to sacrifice themselves, not only as soldiers, but as spiritual workers, provided the sacrifice does not constitute an effective hindrance to the realisation of the artist in his work.— "Secondary School Journal."

What of the ultimate ideal of that New York organisation, the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor? What will the poor folk look like when the work is complete? If everything goes well and its officers are as zealous and efficient as they should be, and contributions are as liberal as desired, will the condition of the poor become so that it will need no more improving, and what will that condition be? Will the earth be dotted with clumps of millennial poor, supremely happy, the like of which has never been seen before, with nothing left to be done? Or will the end of this society's work merely be the beginning of another society's work? When the condition of the poor is improved so that it cannot be improved any more, will our job then be to start in to abolish the poor altogether? In other words, is it the aim of the society to preserve the poor or to get rid of them?—New York "Life."

Not believing half that I hear about Lloyd George, I should not like to say how far it is true that, as alleged, he fomented the revolt against the Treasury which he once adorned.—"Truth."

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