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### NOTES OF THE WEEK

Our respect for Lord Haldane is well upon this side of idolatry. Nobody can say what particular ideas he has stood for; and his administration of his various offices has been indistinguishable from the administration of men with no claims to philosophy. When, however, it comes to singling him out for a scapegoat, as the present Earl Grey and Mr. Asquith. 'To make "OUR News" has attempted to do, we must ask what is going to be said about his late colleagues or confederates, the present Earl Grey and Mr. Asquith. To make a traitor of Lord Haldane is to put into the same box with him the two men who are at this moment in practically supreme control of the policy of the State; and assuredly he cannot be condemned without them. But is any responsible person prepared to class Earl Grey and Mr. Asquith as traitors in anything more than a rhetorical sense? As fools very likely they may be regarded for failing to foresee what was coming. Still greater fools they may be thought for failing to prepare upon the scale that the event has shown to be necessary. But traitor is a specific term and can only be reasonably applied to men who play the German game not in benevolent error but with the malevolent design of personal profit. The Duke of Buccleugh would therefore be better employed in challenging the profiteers of his noble House than in indicting a member of the trinity that conducted our foreign policy before the war, and is conducting it still.

But there appears to be a dead set being made against the so-called intellectuals (in other words, against everybody who can read and write and think) on the ground that they are to blame for not having foreseen the war. And their blindness is being contrasted to the discredit of all intelligence with the prevision and perspicacity of the "Daily Mail" and of a few people like Mr. Blatchford. What an impudence, we are to conclude, brains must be, since the war has chosen the fools of the nation to confound the wise. Even, however, if this were true, we should be inclined to say that we should prefer to be damned in good company to being saved in bad. What indeed would there be to live for if vulgarity and stupidity were to be permanently enthroned? The charge, however, is not only baseless, but it fouls the nest of the intellectuals who make it. Neither the intellectuals failed to apprehend the approach of war nor did the "Daily Mail" truly foresee it. For what is it to foresee? Is it to draw the long bow at a venture and to hit the mark once by chance? Mr. Shaw has pointed out that as well as foreseeing the war with Germany the "Daily Mail" foresaw war with France. Cross the palm of the "Daily Mail" with a halfpenny, in fact, and it will desecrate its muddied crystal a dark man with darker designs upon this country in any part of the world. The "Daily Mail" is merely the fortune-teller of Fleet Street; and it is just as often right as Old Moore's Almanac. The evidence is abundant. If its prevision of the war was correct by a lucky guess, of how many circumstances of the war was it similarly aware? Of not one that we can think of. Did it foresee the duration of the war, the industrial situation that would ensure, the social defects the war would reveal, the measures that would need to be taken? Did it even prepare its readers for the strain it pretends it was certain was about to be put upon them? On the contrary, the "Daily Mail," while professing to believe that war was inevitable, produced its daily sensation concerning some minor matter, exactly as if in its opinion no war were coming at all. More than that, we can recall that it engaged in every kind of agitation that might ensure the neglect of the war as willingly as we admit, in agitations that might ensure the fulfilment of its ewe-lamb prophecy. But to say this is to turn its claim to have foreseen the war into a confession of guilt. For how much worse it is to have believed that the war was coming and yet not to have prepared for it, than to have doubted, as we did, and yet to have prepared. Compare, we invite anybody, the advice of the "Daily Mail" and of THE NEW AGE. The advice of the "Daily Mail" was given from which of them, if it had taken it, the nation would have found itself reader for either peace or war. We have no doubt of the reply.

It must be remembered, too, that the few intellectuals (amongst whom, by the way, we do not rank ourselves for our profession is common sense) were not the only class to be sceptical of the war. The "Daily Mail" may have been alone upon one side, but the intellectuals were by no means alone upon the other. There was the
Cabinet to begin with, even the mice which you would think would have picked up crumbs of apprehension fallen from the table whereHierarchy shared their meal of diplomacy. Then there were the consequences. Members of Parliament and practically all the journalists save those employed by Lord Northcliffe. The professors of history at Oxford and Cambridge likewise knew nothing of it and, mind you, strange of all the bankers, we are assured by Lord Revelstoke, had not a glimpse of the knowledge vouchsafed to the “Daily Mail.” These people are not—who would say—intellectuals in the most recent sense of the term. They cannot be accused of preoccupation with ideas to the exclusion of their business which is, in fact, their only wear, let motley show itself once again to he among us only when it has done so. Only when it has done so will it be time to put away our studies and to go to school to resume their indifferent or hostile attitude towards any forecast that cannot be melodramatically fulfilled. The distinction is clear. To forecast an event is a stroke of luck; but to forecast a situation from which not one event but many will arise is a work of judgment, of insight as well as of foresight. And it is of precisely such forecasting that Lord Northcliffe, and his haggle-companions will be blindly critical. Here, for example, are a few of our own to prove our case, and for the “Daily Mail” to practise its silence upon. We say unless British industry is radically re-organised from the wage-system upwards we shall be found ourselves at war with Germany again within the next twenty-five years. For ‘Germany will not cease on account of the present war to remain a trade rival in the world-market, nor will her methods be less efficient in the future than in the past. For during the war, which it has maintained her expenditure upon education at its pre-war level. It therefore follows that without a radical change in the methods by which we were losing ground to Germany before the war, we shall continue to lose ground to her after the war. And it follows, in fact, those people who are content to cast vague phrases upon which our trade rival in the world-market, and whose wealthy classes will, if anything, be wealthier than before the war. If, therefore, the rich had the patriotism of the poorest workers in the land they could provide five millions a day for three years of constructive war upon poverty and ignorance as easily as they are now providing (at full market rate of interest) the same amount for a purely destructive war upon Germany. But our forecast is that they will do nothing of the kind. They will tighten their purses containing the nation’s bonds, and only open them to add the interest the nation must pay. We could extend the list of our forecasts, but only by resuming our only wear, let motley show itself once again to he among us only when it has done so will it be time to put away our studies and to go to school to resume their indifferent or hostile attitude towards any forecast that cannot be melodramatically fulfilled. The distinction is clear. To forecast an event is a stroke of luck; but to forecast a situation from which
class do these ninety per cent. of semi-literate children belong without any exception? It is not to the salariat. The salariat, having both income and security, can not only be trusted to wish for education for their children, but to find it. Economic demand makes economic supply, if supply is to be had at all. They belong, of course, to the proletarian class, to the class that never knows what its income will be next week. To such a class and so situated the offer of more secondary schools is a mockery. It is offering them cake for bread.

Lord Haldane is therefore attempting to build his castle downwards in reforming secondary education before reforming primary economics. And his professedly practical suggestions, even for elementary education, are likely to be without effect. He advocates, among other things, the improvement of the last year of elementary schooling and the extension and development of continuation schools. Both are tinker's work. Any teacher can tell him that the last year at school is, in a sense, the first year at school, and only valuable as a beginning; and, as for the continuation schools—the evening or half-time schools—perhaps a penny of every pound or an hour of every week spent on or in them is useful: the rest is absolute waste. And waste, be it noted, must continue to be while the conditions of home and industry remain what they are. The prospect of having to begin to earn a living at fourteen and the strain of combining education with it are not calculated to produce the best results. Multiply the courses of elementary education or multiply continuation schools as you may, while they are annexes of wage-slavery, if not half wage-slavery in themselves, they will be useless to effect an educational object worth a moment's attention. We conclude, in fact, about education as about industry, that a radical reform must begin at the roots. The common root of the evils of both is the wage-system. Begin with that, and all the rest will follow. Let only the State look after the proletariat, and the other classes will look after themselves.

Lord Haldane complains that "the real difficulty I have to face is that we have never been ready to take up new ideas." It is true in a sense, but it is as useless to say it today as it was when Matthew Arnold said it fifty years ago. We ought to ask why the fact is so and why the "we" is to blame. Certainly it is not for the lack of new ideas, but that we do not take them up. There are more ideas in England to-day than at any time in our history. We affirm it. Our complaint, on the other hand, is not of the inaptitude of the native, but of the aptitude of the ruling class for damnable seeing that none of the best ideas are ever carried out. Public opinion, for instance, has recently been quite as strongly in favour of abolishing profiteering during the war as of establishing conscription. Public opinion would just as readily have consented to interning profiteers as to interning other enemies. Never, indeed, has public opinion been more Bursitis-like, willing to take up new ideas even to its own hurt. Why has the worst been taken up and the better dropped? By whom have they been dropped? We need scarcely ask. Everybody knows how all-powerful in this country are a few political families backed by the capitalist classes. By retaining every executive office of importance in their own hands they can select among new ideas those pleasing to them and drop the rest with the utmost ease. The Papacy is a fool to our plutocracy for the suppression of heresy. There has not been a more important capitalist heresy in England since capitalism was anointed; and the chair of the Professor is more secure than ever. The fact is that an executive public spirit and a plutocracy are incompatible. As certainly as plutocracy develops, public spirit of this kind will continue to decline, until at last we shall have a people as docile as sheep with only wolves to mind them.

Very guarded statements have appeared in the Budapest papers relating to scenes in the Hungarian Diet, and it is at least clear that a small Select Committee, representing the Opposition, has received permission to consult the Emperor Francis Joseph in person with the object of laying before him, as Head of the Hungarian views of an influential section of the Magistrates and Members of the Diet. Further, it is quite obvious that much alarm has been caused in Hungary by the unexpected breakdown of the Austro-Hungarian armies in Galicia and the consequent alarm of the Russians in the direction of Hungary proper. The Bukovina has been overrun, the railway from Budapest to Lemberg has been cut, and the Russian armies are perilously near Marmaros-Sigel. The Vienna papers now reaching London are disfigured by gaps due to the interference of the censor; and on one occasion recently the whole of the front page of the "Neue Freie Presse"—the editorial page—was a complete blank. Even if we had no other means of judging, this alone would indicate that the alarm felt in Hungary had extended to Austria; and, in view of the new conditions which have arisen in the last three or four weeks, it is natural that suggestions should be made that a separate peace with Austria-Hungary ought to be possible.

So far as Parliamentary action is concerned, we have no means of knowing what the views of the Austrians themselves are, for the good and significant reason that the Austrian Parliament, unlike the Hungarian, has never been summoned since the war began. There are several points in favour of the suggestion that Austria-Hungary might be willing to enter into a separate peace, and one very strong objection may be taken for granted that so long as the Emperor Francis Joseph is alive it is in the highest degree improbable that Hungary will try to enter into peace negotiations separately from Austria and Germany, although this proposal has been emphasised in one or two newspapers. The unsatisfactory economic position of Austria, apart altogether from the vast losses of men and material in the field, is enough to account for the resentment manifested against the originators of the war, though the defection of Italy is still felt acutely. If her great eastern adversary could be silenced Austria would be too willing to continue the campaign for the sake of punishing Italy. That Austria has seriously declined in economic strength is beyond dispute. The report of the great Austrian-Lloyd Steamship Company (Vienna "Fremdenblatt," June 30) may be taken as one example of this decline. The company laments the participation of Italy in the war and speaks of the "great sacrifices" it has had to make to continue in existence. Only twenty-three of the line's vessels had to be repaired in 1913 as compared with 1914; and it was impossible to sell the three ships interned at Shanghai (for which fourteen million kronen had been offered) on account of war conditions—a euphemistic manner of bearing tribute to the work of the British Navy—and the value of these vessels has been written down to 93,000 kronen. To cover deficiencies in working the company has had to draw on the whole of its reserve fund, and, in order to carry out the arrangements it had entered into for remittances of employees' credits had to be obtained from the State. Yet the Austrian-Lloyd was one of the most soundly established firms in Austria up to 1914.
lead and copper, have been requisitioned by the Hungarians. The electrical industries have all but disappeared. It is not surprising, in these circumstances, that the Imperial Austrian Bank has not been able to issue returns since August, though the interdependence of the Central Empires, Austrian and Hungarian manufacturers against the alleged favouritism in taxation imposed, the war-profits tax has been extended in scope, the war Austria-Hungary must continue to look to Russia for its wealth, and State prestige have given it. You have, about a century ago, a monopoly of the great universities and schools in this country, and your social position enabled you to look down upon Nonconformists—your Church then out-numbered theirs by at least eight to one. Look at the position to-day. The Nonconformists are at least your equal in numbers, and they have the most virile and intelligent of the people on their side. Although you have the most wealthy people in England among your members, yet one Nonconformist body alone can collect in a single year nearly four times as much as the whole of the Pan-Anglican Church collected at a great congress. This grotesque and cacophonous title is in itself enough to condemn such a heterogeneous gathering.

My Lord Bishop, you and your Church have never undertaken to pay and train your own ministers. In that respect you are practically alone among all Christian bodies in the world. Your Church has not been able to pay any of your own ministers any pension. A curate may labour in your Church for 30 years or more on a steadily diminishing wage—a wage which to start with was less than that of a motor 'bus driver—and yet at the end have no pension. This state of things has been a great help to the establishment of the Nonconformist body alone can collect in a single year nearly four times as much as the whole of the Pan-Anglican Church collected at a great congress. This grotesque and cacophonous title is in itself enough to condemn such a heterogeneous gathering.

At the same time, the strategical situation cannot be overlooked. As I mentioned last week, two Austrian armies, those under General Boehm-Ermolli and General von Pflanzer, have been shattered; and the capture of Kovel, against which the Russians are now making determined attacks, means the subsequent fall of Brest-Litovsk and the evacuation of Poland. Karl von Wiegand directed the eastwardlydesired attacks on Warsaw and theHungarian territory as a base of operations against Germany and Bulgaria. After the war Austria-Hungary must continue to look to Germany for financial and other support; and, despite the interdependence of the Central Empires, Austrian defection would never be forgiven by Germany.

Nevertheless, there are, it will be seen, sound economic reasons why Austria-Hungary should wish to make the war to end as quickly as possible. Try to remember that the industry is stagnating, and the shipping companies are losing heavily. As I noted in this column many months ago, overtures were made by the Austrian Government to Russia not so very long after the campaign began to bring about the Allies' agreement to independent negotiations. This forms the main obstacle to a separate peace between Austria-Hungary on the one hand and the Allies on the other; for, even if Russia were inclined to make terms (which she is not), there are Italy and Serbia to consider, not to mention Montenegro. And it is difficult to see how the Vienna and Budapest Governments could accept the essential condition of a separate peace with the Allies—viz., occupation of the Hungarian territory as a base of operations against Germany and Bulgaria. After the war Austria-Hungary must continue to look to Germany for financial and other support; and, despite the interdependence of the Central Empires, Austrian defection would never be forgiven by Germany.

A Letter to the Bishops

By the Man in the Street

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work, because, as he said, there was no room for him in the Establishment.

The whole tendency is to make room for the dull and selfish men and to cast out the gifted and spiritual. In Portsmouth they were the Nonconformists who understood Dolling. The men in the street feel that your titles and your wealth hinder the people from seeing Jesus of Nazareth as He is shown to us in His Gospel, he knows that you, as a body, have during the last century allied yourself with the people that oppose all change and all progress, he sees for himself that your Church needs reform badly, and you are unable and unwilling to take any steps. Let me repeat that he knows also that you are good honourable men, and many, none of you, at any rate, of real spiritual fervour and depth.

But my Lord, the system to which you belong and which you support smothers your efforts. That the Pharisees were good men no one could deny, that many of the feudal last before the French Revolution were of far higher character than many of the Revolutionists is admitted, but that did not save either of them.

My Lord, there is a tide coming up of a larger and wider life and thought. It seems to make little way, and even to recede at times. Still, it is coming in. And the system to which you belong, my Lord, will be swept away, because all systems that hinder the free development upward of humanity sooner or later go. If they do not the nation dies, and the new life passes on to another community which can accept and absorb it.

I am thankful, my Lord, to have the opportunity of expressing my feelings, and I trust your Lordship will read these lines, and, if you will, reply to them. Believe me, my Lord Bishop, yours faithfully.

A MAN IN THE STREET.

War and Its Makers.

I.—INTRODUCTORY.

Politicians tell us—the late Lord Salisbury was very fond of telling us—that nowadays, what with democracy and the growth of public opinion and what not, the danger to peace springs less from the plans of statesmen than from the passions of the people. For my part, I always felt rather sceptical about that view, and recent experience has not strengthened my belief in it. Up to the very eye of our Government's declaration that it was necessary for England to draw the sword, I could see no signs of a bellicose spirit in this country.

On Saturday, August 1, 1914, I happened to be going to London; and that five hours' journey will always remain with me as a memory of martial fever strongly perfumed with beer. What was it that had turned those very ordinary, middle-class Englishmen into fiery warriors in something like twenty-four hours? Spontaneous riddles! It was Grey's speech in the House the previous afternoon, and the newspapers which had spread it abroad and backed it up. In fact, one or two of those newspapers had not even waited for Grey to speak in Parliament. As far back as the preceding Friday they had come out with all the arguments of 'Interest' and 'Duty' which Grey used on the following Monday. As usual, they had been inspired by their patrons in high places to "prepare the public mind" for what was coming; but the British mind wants a lot of preparing.

The same thing is true of Germany: witness Baron Beyens, the Belgian Minister at Berlin just before the outburst of hostilities. Those German who desired war, he says in his book "L'Allemagne Avant la Guerre," were a very small class, composed chiefly of
high Prussian officials, journalists, and university professors. The German people as a whole did not want it. The effect of the militarist propaganda which had been going on for ten years had been much exaggerated. In fact, it needed a great deal of agitation directed against the notion that Germany was being only driven to fight in self-defence to get people to be at all enthusiastic.

My own personal observation, coupled with the Belgian Minister's evidence, discounts, so far as I am concerned, the "popular passion" theory. But, at the same time, I feel bound to admit—for what is the use of blinking facts?—that Governmental policy and demagogy would have failed to influence the respective peoples if those peoples had not been predisposed to be so influenced. One man can talk a mule to the wall; but forty men cannot make it drink, unless it has a mind to. Clearly, the English and German nations were susceptible to their rulers' rhetoric, else they would not have been so easily persuaded to quit their ordinary occupations and hurl themselves at each other's throats.

If you read history—not as members of the Oxford Faculty of History, or professors of Heidelberg and Bonn read it, but with unexpectanted eyes and an uncluttered mind—you will find that most of the wars of the past from the time when the Israelites were incited by Moses to exterminate the Midianites, through the time when the Macedonians were driven by Alexander to fight the Persians and the Indians—through the time when Cato stirred up the Romans against the Carthaginians, through the time when the Christian hordes of Europe were against the Mohammedans of Asia, the Turks were driven by the Russians and their Turkic neighbours down to yesterday when Smith and Johann Faber fell to blowing out the brains of their best customers.

In every age and in every country what strikes the student of international feuds is the reluctance of the multitude (professional cut-throats and romantic brains of their best customers). The English and the Germans were susceptible to their rulers' demagogy...
muddled wells of their own inner consciousness? Nobody troubles to ask such questions, but everybody

takes the veracity of all statements for granted, as

long as they are sufficiently flattering to us and damming to the enemy. I wonder whether this is the method by which those scientists arrive at their scientific conclusions? But, of course, it is not—cannot be. This is the method of madness, not of science; the method of
delirious dreams, not of sober reality.

The world, since August, 1914, has gone mad. Every London club is a Bedlam, every drawing-room a

ward of mental defectives, if not of raving lunatics. Insanity is in the air one breathes. What a sub-
ject for a Swift! How he would have satirised the credulity of the public, and made fun of its preposterous
sermons of our priests and bishops wherewith to pelt their authors! And the servility of our Press—a serv-
ility so boisterous that it looks like independence—what a target for the slings and arrows of his malevolent
prejudice of caste, prejudice of cult, prejudice of culture—so many springs of division, so many springs of anti-
pathy, so many individual fancies and fashions. They are always there to disturb human relations, to destroy human
sense of dignity and decency, to retard human progress.

In the more serious of the numerous books and pamphlets which owe their origin to the present war and are concerned with sympathy, it is the task of every writer to find the general and very natural tendency to lay
special stress on the responsibility of governments—on the political alliances and enmities which have the most
direct bearing upon the fortunes of nations. Far be it from me to minimise the mischievous influence of
rulers. But I am convinced that no solution of a problem can be correct that fails to take into account all the
factors involved; and this is a problem with many factors, ramifying widely throughout the political
world—and almost too many springs of division, so many springs of antipathy, so many individual fancies and fashions—
and the advantage or disadvantage thereby resulting to the German State will inevitably have a most
weighty effect on the immediate course of European development.

Before the war both England and Germany (to take the predominating countries in each alliance) had certain
interests in trade; and, at any rate, certain profits-making interests. England had the posts and telegraphs and
telephones; the posts, telegraphs, and telephones; the
canals; the posts, telegraphs, and telephones; the
forests (sixty-five per cent. owned by the State); the
baths. Nor is State ownership confined to Germany:
the Reichsbank, in which the Empire holds shares like
shares in the Suez Canal; and, it must be confessed, hardly anything else. Germany, however, had in State
possession nineteen-twentieths of the railways of the Empire (leaving a profit, for public purposes, of twelve
to fifteen millions sterling, after allowing for 33
per cent. interest on loans); the internal waterways and
canals; the posts, telegraphs, and telephones; the
forests; the coal mines (the State coal mines in Prussia alone
produce over fourteen millions of tons a year); the
potash mines (a State monopoly in Prussia); and even
the Reichsbank, in which the Empire holds shares like
any other shareholder. So much for Imperial trading
interests. But the separate States forming the German
Empire have additional trading interests. The Posen
State, for example, owns salt works and stone
quarries and many farms; Württemberg, also, is a large
landowner; the State of Bavaria owns breweries and
undertakes various branches of insurance; and in
Saxony, Baden, Hanover, and so on, we find the States
owning smelting works, tobacco manufactories, porce-
plain workshops, newspapers, banks, and medicinal
hastens. Nor is State ownership confined to Germany:
for Austria-Hungary possesses a complete monopoly of
tobacco and salt, and is largely interested in forests,
railways, and shipping, besides, of course, posts, tele-
graphs, and telephones. Furthermore, these various
industries are admirably managed, and produce colossal
revenue—on that relief of taxation and the subsidising
of export trades.

Consider for a moment what has happened since the
war. The State, in England, has temporarily taken
over the railways, guaranteeing the companies con-
cerned against possible losses. Sugar, for instance, can be bought, at least to some extent, and there has been a drop in the
wheat. Leather stocks have been taken over, and
many private firms engaged in munition making have
become "controlled" establishments. All this is not
designed to have any effect after the war. Besides a
tax on war profits, strenuously resisted and evaded

(To be continued.)

KOSMOPOLITEN.
where possible, no "burden," to use the common expression, has been placed on our industries; nothing has been done to commandeer the State for the permanent use of the State. Even our aniline dye scheme is hanging fire, and here, again, the State has contented itself with advancing capital, without demanding a share in the management. War taxes have been imposed in Germany, though they are not to come into effect until after the war. When peace is signed, therefore, we shall find ourselves relatively where we were before—the German State beginning to accumulate profits, and the English producer-market in competition with him. It is really a little amusing to note some of the fiscal demands which have been made with repeated insistence in this country since the war began. The "Morning Post," for example, while repudiating the idea of a boycott of Germany, holds that our essential industries—engineering, textiles, and the like—ought to be, and must be, "protected" by a tariff, so that we may "fight" Germany by means of tariffs, and prevent her manufacturers from sending goods into this happy land of free competition. Who benefits from this suggestion, and from other suggestions of a like nature? Not the vast body of consumers, certainly, who find themselves called upon to pay more for everything. Not the State, except in so far as it benefits indirectly from the receipt of income-tax. The middlemen and money-card keepers, who are all opposed to protection by means of tariffs. Nobody, in fact, can be said to benefit from the protectionist proposals except the small body of manufacturers engaged in making protected articles. For the suggestion that wages will be cut, and employment more stable, will deceive nobody after the experiences of the United States at the conclusion of the Civil War.

So much for what has happened in England. What about Germany since the war? To a large extent, the economic upheave is now this, namely, that the hand of the Government has seized upon practically every industry in the country, and holds it firmly under control. By the end of November, 1914, less than four months after the outbreak, the authorities in Berlin realised that the task ahead of them was going to be infinitely more difficult than they had imagined, and they made immediate preparations for meeting the difficulties. The German and Austrian newspapers of the last eighteen months contain complete details of what was done at the front, and the home authorities systematically counted and noted in elaborate inventories; the possibilities of the coming crops were weighed; stocks of copper, rubber, oil, brass, and lead were declared to be commandeered; or were subsequently all stocks of ready-made clothing, underwear, leather goods, and chemicals. The materials were not, in most cases, actually removed to Government storehouses; but the object of the Government was made clear. That object was what The New Age has consistently advocated, viz., the regulation of demand and prices by the control of supply. Dealing in the articles named was forbidden, except under reservations made by the authority of the Government. In considering proposals such as this, the English producer-market is in a sorry plight. But Dr. Naumann has some reason for saying, as he does (p. 138 of his book): "We have learnt our lesson in the highest of schools; a severe but none the less useful and beneficial school. We are learning to stand economically on our own feet. There is no room for doubt. Next to England, France is learning how to do so. This school is our privilege; the blessing of our need. This experience is all our own. We have worked wonders not only from the military point of view, but also economically. This is the preparation for our future economic life. It is the preparation for our future economic life." This school is our privilege; it is the blessing of our need. This experience will continue on that point there is no room for doubt.

"State Socialism," says Naumann (Ch. V), "has made giant strides in a single night. People could say before the war: 'I can do what I like with my own potatoes.' Now we say rather: 'Your potatoes are our potatoes.' We cannot yet tell how that will sound after the war, but one thing is certain, and that is that the old conditions will never return." All raw materials and all foodstuffs, Dr. Naumann reminds his readers, are now the property of the Government. The State says: "You must, you shall, you will, you can." There was no limit, says Naumann, enthusiastically, to what could be accomplished by "a willing people with a freely borne economic dictatorship... What we see before us is, of course, what Karl Marx called the dictatorship of the proletariat; but, at the same time, we cannot forget, in this connection, the axiom: A step towards Socialism under the guidance of the State."

There is not in this chapter, and there is not in any other chapter of Naumann's book, the least show of suggestion that the new economic conditions in Germany and Austria are to be utilised for the benefit of one particular class of manufacturers or merchants. It is taken for granted that great economic deeds have been accomplished; that people have become accustomed, in a few months of war, to restrictions and new ideas with which not even years of peace might have made them familiar. But it is the community to have the advantage of the new conditions; for the State will reap the gains and distribute them accordingly. In considering proposals such as those put
forward by Naumann and his friends we are in another world from that in which the English protectionists appear to be living. It is one thing for the people to benefit from the profits of the State; it is another thing for one section of the community to benefit at the expense of the whole—benefit by the aid of the State at the expense of the State! Indeed the least we can do, if we must have protection, is to insist on the State becoming a partner and sharing the profits for the benefit of the people.

HENRY J. NORTHROOK.

An Open Letter to British Intellectuals.

Sir,—You will remember that I have frequently written in your columns concerning the perversity of German mentality, and that I have attacked the providers of this mentality, to wit the German philosophers, quite openly and on every occasion and, if you please, before this war. In doing so I have experienced the opposition of your own countrymen who, see and all, were favourably disposed towards German thoughts and German ideals. In the year 1911, for instance, you published my article, "Jack ashore," against the philo-germanic tendencies of Lord Haldane, and some of my most pungent attacks, such as my introduction to Gobineau's "Renaissance" (Heinemann), you did not even publish at all, though it was offered to you: you probably thought my accusations against German intellectuality exaggerated and adulterated by a special bias of the writer against his own country.

I was a lonely man then, very lonely. Since the outbreak of this war, however, I have had the pleasure of finding myself in numerous company, and of seeing my preaching in the wilderness responded to by a mighty chorus of equally eager antagonists of Teuton ideas and ideals. Unfortunately eagerness by itself, as you will agree, is not a sufficient equipment for good work—either in literature or anywhere else. Enthusiasm, if unbalanced by knowledge and judgment, easily overshots the mark, and this to such an extent that it may even arouse the indignation of equally enthusiastic but more sober critics. It is one thing to criticise—as I think I have always done—a country fairly; it is another thing to caricature and to calumniate it. It has thus come to pass that some of the present opponents of Germany do not seem to me very desirable comrades-in-arms; their exaggerated attacks upon the Pangerland begin to spoil my own pleasure of being an outspoken anti-German myself; and I am tempted to say, like the French freethinker, Duclos, who saw religion attacked from below: "These atheistic devils will make me go to mass again!"

I am forced, however, to admit that the two writers whom I have in view at the present moment are not atheistic devils at all, but on the contrary very good Christians. One of them is the Christian and Democrat (these things always go together if a man be sincere) Mr. G. B. Shaw, who in one of your recent issues levelled a spirited attack upon the German Junkers and the Hohenzollern family. Now many things, I am ready to admit, might be said about the Junkers and the Hohenzollerns, which latter even Bismarck criticised from the same headgear to wear the famous Prussian uniform. Please, don't wince—I cannot help it. . . . For so it is: I have myself had the pleasure of an unexpected meeting of Mr. Shaw and Mr. Bismarck. I did not wish to shock you. I did not wish to disclose at the present juncture the disagreeable fact that one of your most steadfast supporters had once upon a time—a Prussian soldier. Please, don't wince—I cannot help it. . . . For so it is: I have myself had the honour (and the delightful privilege, for it is a most convenient and pleasant character) to wear the famous Prussian uniform. . . . Now, upon that same Prussian
Picklehaube, on each and all of them, there is an inscription which might give Mr. Chesterton an idea of the modern atheism of military Berlin. It runs thus: "Mit Gott fur König und Vaterland" (With God for King and Country).

But Mr. Chesterton, being a witty man and a good patriot into the bargain, will no doubt reply that this was the usual "squeeze" of the Kaiser (or breeches), and that the Germans all being liars, swindlers, hypocrites and criminals, it did not matter much what they inscribed on their helmets. I will, therefore, amuse him (for I know he likes to be amused) with another similar instance which happened to me. I had been about four weeks in a soldier. One Sunday my company stood in the barracks court before the Feldwebel, who announced to us in a stentorian voice: "The company is ordered to go to Church to-day..."

Protestants to the right, Catholics to the left, Jews to remain where they are (they always do, by the way)...

Well, there was one man who neither went to the Jews, to the Catholics, nor to the Protestants, but who, lonely like the well-known pillar on the Roman Forum, stood aside from the three separate crowds, which were happy enough to possess a true creed... In a second the "mother of the company" (for thus the Feldwebel is euphemistically called by the Germans) was upon him:

"What is your religion, man?"

"I have no religion, Herr Feldwebel!"

"No religion? thundered the Feldwebel back, and I still see the points of his moustache trembling in the air of the sunny spring morning. "No religion, he repeated, and with eyes sparkling with rage, while his voice had difficulty in emerging from his throat..."

"No religion? Well, Mensch, I will tell you one thing: if you haven't a religion by next Sunday, you shall have Flick und Putzstunde every Sunday afternoon until you have got one."

"Flick und Putzstunde," I must add here, meant to attend to the cleaning of your rifle, to the mending of your uniform, to the polishing of your brass, etc., etc., but it really meant much more, it meant stopping at home on the only half-day off a soldier might leave the barracks, see his friends, drink a glass of beer, or go out with his girl.

The conscientious objector being unknown in Germany, needless to say, the man had a religion by next Sunday. He became a Catholic, no doubt because he likes to be amused) with the freethinker, the Voltairian, the Royal Philosopher, the "intelligerisia" of their country. Add to their system which enforces the fear of God by the fear of..."

After the "atheistic" Frederic the Great there came the "pious" William the Little... Sir, I have singled out these two writers because they enjoy a..."

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this persecution, with intervals of comparative peace, he endured for several years without resistance before he gave the order to retaliate. "The men or women whom the Koreysh found abandoned the idols or death. Some recanted, only to process Islam once more when released from their torments; but the majority held firm to their faith. Such a one was Bilal, the first Muezzin of Islam. His master, Omeyya, son of Khalil, conducted him each day to Batthra when the heat of the sun was at its greatest in the season of pilgrimage, and placed on his face to the burning sun, and placed on his chest an enormous block of stone. "There shall thou remain until thou art dead," Omeyya used to say, 'or thou hast abjured Islam.' As he lay stifled under his heavy weight, dying with thirst, he would only answer: "Ahad-un, ahdun"—"One (God), one. " This lasted for days, until the sufferer was reduced to the verge of death, when he was ransomed by Abu Bakr, who had like Bilal, made a purchase of his life. Twelve converts came as delegates from Yathrib, the first pact of Akubah, and also as the "pact of the women"—two women, some of them of the tribe of As and others of the tribe of Khazraj, converts from Yathrib to Mecca at the season of the pilgrimage. In the interval the peril to the Meccan Muslims from the enmity of the Koreysh had much increased, and the life of Muhammad was in danger. The Prophet offered them, and they accepted the Second Pledge of Akaba, which was a promise to defend the Apostle of God and his Meccan adherents as they would defend their own women and children. The Hegirah (Hijratu 'n-nebawiyyah—the Prophet's flight) to Yathrib had been then decided. They said: 'If we are killed in thy cause, what will be our reward or our recompense?' He gave permission to defend his life, and they said: Extend thy hand. He held out his hand and they took the oath and then set out on their return to El Medinah. That council marked the turning-point for El Islam. Up till then the Prophet, in the words of his teacher Mohammed in the Heavens, "I will extend my hand to the Christian Abyssinia. They departed to the number of eighty-three men and eighteen women. This is known as The First Flight" (A-hijratu 'l-boulah). As a result of this emigration, which inceded the idolators, Muhammad with those members of his family who stood by him—and they all (pagan as well as Muslim) did stand by him with the solitary exception of Abu Lahab—was besieged for nearly three years in the family quarter or former suburb of Mecca, suffering great privations. Then at last a truce was made with the Koreysh, and Muhammad resumed his mission. Many of the emigrants to Abyssinia had by then returned. Though the Koreysh again belittled and insulted him and had renewed their persecution of the poorer Muslims, Muhammad did not waver nor yet seek revenge; he only thought of moving to some other place with all his people.

And when it was the will of God Most High to manifest the matter of His religion, and the honour of His prophet and to proclaim His unity; then God gave permission to defend the Apostle of God and tortured those who worshipped Him, from harsh experience that it was impracticable save by recidives, and perceived that, far from corresponding to the conversion of the world, it would lead to the extermination of his pure religion. And here we see the singularity of this man's nature in that age and country; for an Arab of those days—a mere fanatic as he has been represented—having the conviction that God had given him command to fight his enemies, and having men and arms at his disposal, might certainly have been expected to indulge in orgies of revenge. Muhammad thought of nothing of the kind. Having escaped from the Koreysh—who, warned by a spy of his intention to withdraw to Yathrib, tried to murder him—he quitted Mecca last of all the Meccan adherents as they would defend their own women, and swore fethal to Muhammad. Another escaped by hiding and came afterwards to El Medinah as a penitent. The Prophet pardoned him with the words: "El Islam obliterates what has gone before." A third was pardoned on the intercession of his foster-brother, the third of the men proscribed can have perished. Of the Koreysh women and sworn fealty to Muhammad, who had eaten part of the liver of the Prophet's uncle, Hamzah, at the Battle of Ohod, mingled with the crowd of the Koreysh women and swore fealty to Muhammad. When he recognised her, she said, 'I am Hind. Forgive what is past.' And he forgave her. And Sura, who had carried tidings to the enemy, was also pardoned. Thus only two women can have been executed, and of the death of these Abdu' l-Fedah has no record. Never had so bloodless a victory been known in Arabia, or probably in the whole world.
Our Un-idea'd Press.
By Charles Brookfarmer.

V.

Some weeks ago, in a first circle of discoveries, we fell in with the "Spectator," and from that journal we may well start off again on another students' progress through the Press. We, and our imaginary Mr. Asquith, saw on that occasion that Mr. Strachey had embraced Protection for reasons which, so far as he gave them, testified loudly to the superior merits of Free Trade. Indeed, this was the very reason why Free Trade Must Go—it was making us all too rich and lazy, sir, and disorganised, sir. The best manure for a field was a high rent, sir, and Protection meant overwork for all! We did not find it difficult to show that Mr. Strachey's ideas were crude and dangerous to our national position. They were not really ideas at all, since ideas must be capable of application, and Mr. Strachey's unconstructive notions could never be adopted outside the sphere of a disciplinary regiment. Look at his perpetual syllabication again: A, which is good, precludes B; but B is bad; therefore compulsory B may have better results than A! This may be horse-sense, but it is not common-sense, and we are dealing not with horses, but men.

However, our disclosures of some weeks back have not brought the "Spectator" to repentance, nor even driven ideas into it. An article in a recent issue on "Preparations for Peace" proves this. It begins with a sentence which has already been reprinted in these columns.

There are signs, which we are very glad to record, 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.

If this sentence is any measure of the "Spectator's" confidence in the preparations, we can be thankful only that the matter is no worse.

Since we wrote last week definite steps have been taken towards better preparation, and it is about these that we wish to say something now.

First, it seems, a committee has been appointed by the Board of Trade "to consider [as to] how to help firms financially after the war to get into their stride again." Is it not good that firms are to be helped to get into their clover again, good, anyhow, for the firms? Certainly, and Thank God for it. Further, the Prime Minister has promised to discuss certain problems with the Triple Labour Alliance. Thank God again Who gave Labour leaders asses' heads in midsummer and in mid-winter too. Thirdly, Mr. Asquith's committee is to review "the inevitable changes in our national education," which is to catch the wage-slave young and speed him up. Finally, the Departmental Committee upon Agriculture has issued its Majority and Minority reports. Our author proceeds to give a long summary of the two sets of proposals, and states that "the enthusiasm of the minority is, we confess, infectious." Readers of The New Age will find themselves immune from infection; the minority's proposals are a minimum wage and making things worth the farmers' while to pay it. Any readers infected? None; then away with melancholy, and let us see what criticisms the "Spectator" has to make.

Here we are:

The tendency of a minimum wage is to create poverty, because employers turn away workers who do not seem to be worth the wage.

BUT (the Stracheyan "but").

We admit that agriculture is the most suitable field for experiment that could possibly be suggested. Suppose, for instance, that a guaranteed wage did, however wrongly, produce an atmosphere of confidence among labourers. That would be worth achieving. Moreover, again, an indifferent farmer who is compelled to meet a higher wage-bill may be forced out of his groove of lethargy. High wages may save him, just as high rent is said to be the best measure for a field.

This last phrase, we know, denotes the high-water mark of the Stracheyan intellect, and is conclusive. (Question: "Please, Mr. Strachey, how can we go to Heaven?"—Answer: "Go to Hell!" THEREFORE (the Stracheyan "therefore!).

For reasons like these we are certainly not prepared to resist such a scheme as that in the Minority Report if it should have enough backing to bring it to the test.

But the "Spectator," as usual, is equally "not prepared" to back the scheme, and, as it explains from its safe hedge, the Wages Boards will have to grant exemptions from the obligation to pay the minimum wage.

In practice, then, the minimum wage would become a kind of statutory aspiration, and might still have its full moral value. Like wasailing it is to be honoured more in the breach than in the observance; if you want to know why, it is because, if the compulsion were applied quite rigidly, agricultural ruin would be the certain end.

Then why apply it at all? Now, dear reader, do not ask so many questions! It is so, because it is so; and the opposite may be so, because the best manure for a field is a high rent—as Mr. Strachey said to Adam when he drove him out of Paradise. Simple enough, isn't it? At this point the "Spectator"'s criticisms of the proposals come to an end. There is, however, a concluding paragraph, which may be reprinted here in full.

We must never forget that you cannot produce abundance out of scarcity. Restrictions where they are not justified by some peculiar reason make for scarcity, and freedom of exchange (whether the thing exchanged be a man's labour [sic] or a manufactured article) for abundance. We must not forget, either, that a pound means little if it will not buy a pound's worth of goods. It is futile disciplinary regiment. It is futile to guarantee a man a high wage. It is futile to send up the prices of all the necessaries of life. Finally, we must not forget that cheap housing is at the bottom of the whole rural problem. It is utterly useless to guarantee a man a good wage and then to proceed to rent him off the land altogether. Subject to these considerations, we should not feel it right to put any obstacles in the way of radical experiment with the land problem. Agriculture is a peculiar industry, and peculiar devices might conceivably be its salvation, for reasons which have never yet been brought to light.

In criticism of this, it is enough to say that the words "while the present system holds" should be added to every sentence of it. Those who think, as we do, that the private exploitation of land is and must be a humiliating failure, will ford undisturbed this spate of mem-branda. There is only one paragraph like the foregoing known to us in literature, and we reprint it also here.

"And I say again, they lie." "I neither say, nor think so," answered Sancho. "Let those who say it eat the lie, and swallow it with their bread; whether they were guilty or no, they have given account to God before now. I come from my self-ward; I know nothing. I am no friend to inquiring into other men's faith; he that buys and lies shall find the lie left in his purse behind. Besides, naked was I born, and naked I remain; I neither win nor lose; if they were guilty, it is that to me. Many think to find bacon, when there is not so much as a pin to hang it on; but who can hedge in the cuckoo—especially as God Himself is not spared?"

Sancho might have added that "agriculture is a peculiar industry," and "the best manure for a field is a high rent"!
Great Books as Grotesques.

By Huntary Carter.

IV.—DON QUIXOTE.

Some years ago I found my way to the Basque country where, at Bilbao, I made the acquaintance of a Spaniard who appeared to have steeped his soul in the immortal work of Cervantes as deeply as Dean Church is said to have done in that of Dante. He was quite unable to disem-barrass his head of a vision of the most wond-erful adventure that ever befell any mortal man. The merest reference to it caused him to burst out into an outburst of merriment. His laughter was incontrollable. He explained it by saying that the glorious adventure of the Knight and the Squire was really at the very lip-lap of pure comedy. I thought that nothing was more probable; yet I was far from satisfied with his explanation, for I had noticed that people in my own country, when tasting the same adventure, invariably looked grave and gave no sign of laughter rather than to laugh heartily. at the sight of the ass's ears crowning the end of chivalry. I remembered once meeting Charles Lamb bathed in tears at the contemplation of what he conceived to be the sublimely heroic conduct of Quixote, and filled with consternation at what he considered to be a wrong reception of his doings. I saw in one of Lamb's inimitable "Essays of Elia" that he extended a helping hand to his fallen wight. Uphill and downhill went the three, by pools of enchantments, extravagances, frenzies, love affairs, challenges, and battles of the lean and withered Don, like the two wights of comedy and consigning it to tragedy. Now out of these contrasting experiences of the sight of Lamb water-ing him of the Doleful Visage with tears, and of the Spaniard laughing at the adventures, en-chantments, extravagances, frenzies, love affairs, chal-lenges, and battles of the lean and withered Don, like one possessed by a mighty overwhelming wave of comedy, there arose two pictures. For one thing, I saw the Knight of the Doleful Visage riding out bravely. And I saw he was seated on a sorry-looking steed, and ever at his side plodded a somewhat portly wight. Uphill and downhill went the three, by pools and thickets, through quagmires and ditches, across red hot sand-wastes. And ever and anon the wight turned to him of the Doleful Looks and exclaimed, "Whither, O Master, and whom do you wish to serve?" And the dusky One made answer, "My good fellow, we go to favour and aid the weak and distressed. There are great deeds of chivalry to be done. And," thumping himself on the chest, "I am the man to do them." Wailing and wailing, the two most sentimental idiots. For another thing, I saw Cervantes pouring a bowl of liquid laughter over the figure of Arrogance and Vain-glory. And emerging from the laughter I saw that true grotesque,

A follower of misleading heroes.

A cheated soul, the mock of dreams.

I need hardly point out that the first picture represents what passes in the minds of persons who, like Lamb, regard Quixotism as a virtue; while the second picture represents what appears to those who regard it as a vice. To Cervantes, then it was a vision which went beyond bounds when tinkered up by quacks. Observe to what extremes Quixote is carried by it towards the end when even the eared lion may be said to laugh at the delirium of his exhibition of mock bravery. To mistake Quixotism for a virtue is perhaps the greatest of all human errors the commonest and greatest. Other writers besides Lamb have made the mistake by endowing celebrities with the assumed grave qualities of the Cervantesian pair. How often have Lamartine and Dargaud been so endowed? How often has it been said that "by the side of the fiery poet, turn by turn champion of Charles X, then King of right divine, or Knight errant of democracy, the plodding Dargaud trudges along the middle way, conscientious and constitutional?" Of course, by a stretch of imagination it is possible to turn Lamartine into a true Quixote and the honest and amiable Dargaud into a Sancho, just as by a less effort of the imagination Asquith can be converted into the Knight and Lloyd George into the plodding Squire, or Bernard Shaw placed astride the Fabian mule, or Squire Chesteron chauvinist to Sir Hilarious Dello. The fact is, the malady of Quixotism is many-hued and very far-reaching indeed. One Spanish writer defines it as the fantastic pragmatisation of an ideal of justice which is living and eternal in the heart of man. Quixote "bears to put things right, and to put things right he will stick at nothing." One wonders how many persons in this wide world are not swayed by the moral Jugglism implied in this definition, or not actuated by an ideal of justice at all. And how many so swayed and actuated are not led by sheer ignorance into the high places of laughter as were Quixote, and his deluded follower seated on the tree saw of his lord's flowing rhetoric and a humiliating disillu-sion. Do the idealists, altruists, cavaliers and chivalrous Knights escape? Those, for instance, informing the subjects of the sets of chivalrous poems and fables of the Middle and other Ages? The Gothic, Frankish, and Burgundian heroes enshrined in the Nibelungenlied; Charlemagne and his Paladins; King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table; the gallants, the heroes and martyrdom. Indeed, the land of chivalry over which he travelled with such high glee in search of the particular vice was not confined to La Mancha and Castile, but was his hero travelled. One might almost say it was a land bordering on the infinite and made accessible to that particular infinite truth of which Cervantes was appointed custodian by his vision and sensibility. So when he laughed at the vanities of the many knights whose forms appear in the books of chivalry which Fray Martin Sarmiento is of the opinion Cervantes made it his purpose to ridicule, actually he laughed at all persons whose conduct and speech resembled those of the said Knights. Thus while he was making the Biscayan exclaim; "Now thou shalt see," said Agrages, "by way of ridiculing a famous Knight who always Englished the poor to paraphrase these words, he might have made him exclaim; "Wait and see," said Asquith," by way of laughing at another famous Knight. To Cervantes, then, Quixotism was a vice from which he carved out a wonderful grotesque, the two mad phantoms of Knight-errantry and Arrant-squiring.
A Modern Document.

Edited by Herbert Lawrence.

VIII.—From Acton Reed.

DEAR MRS. LAWRENCE.—As an inconsiderate reward for your encouraging letter you are condemned to witness my début as literary critic. Not that my concern is really literary, however, for I went to literature for life. Disappointed in my search for a likeness of myself among women I fact I searched books to see whether I perhaps lived somewhere in fiction. And I am glad that you have given me a reason for expressing some of my conclusions, for I confess that I have long had a bone to pick with fiction and its creators second in size only to my grumble at myself and my creator. So many writers appeal to me to hate—but let me arrange them in some sort of order, the novelists, I mean, who were specially recommended to me as the All-knowing of women. Here they are—Hardy and Meredith, Shaw and Wells, and away on the snowy pinnacles, Ibsen.

This way if you please to the Hardy zone. Enter woodlanders and greenwood trees. See the unwilling heroines come. But I must beware lest from this flippancy I lose the green disrespect for Hardy. True I did not find myself for anything in Hardy's wire-pulling. Indeed, having once been a pinnacles, I must confess I did not find real women or at least the bodies of them. Hardy's view of women is, I think, confused, confused to the physical aspect, and more exactly to the sexual aspect. All his women, it seems to me, figure in his books as sexual beings before anything else. They are surcharged with this instinct, and it is this, of course, that gives them the appearance of reality. For in so far as the figures are moved by any natural instincts from within they are bound to produce the symptoms of real life. Thus galvanised, they appear to be outside Hardy's wire-pulling. Indeed, having once been sexually wound up, they move through his pages like processions of Fate, for the part most dumb. They are the still waters that run deep. But this inevitability of action is again a life-like imitation of life, and I owe it to Hardy to admit that this effect of his impresses me. What, however, exposes me to laugh and cry at the same time is the way Hardy insists upon a tragic end to these poor women whom he "vitalises without option" (to adopt his own phrase). Their fate is fictitious and that no other writer than Hardy's is heavy upon them. This way if you please to the Hardy zone. Enter woodlanders and greenwood trees. See the unwilling heroines come. But I must beware lest from this flippancy I lose the green disrespect for Hardy. True I did not find myself for anything in Hardy's wire-pulling. Indeed, having once been a pinnacles, I must confess I did not find real women or at least the bodies of them. Hardy's view of women is, I think, confused, confused to the physical aspect, and more exactly to the sexual aspect. All his women, it seems to me, figure in his books as sexual beings before anything else. They are surcharged with this instinct, and it is this, of course, that gives them the appearance of reality. For in so far as the figures are moved by any natural instincts from within they are bound to produce the symptoms of real life. Thus galvanised, they appear to be outside Hardy's wire-pulling. Indeed, having once been sexually wound up, they move through his pages like processions of Fate, for the part most dumb. They are the still waters that run deep. But this inevitability of action is again a life-like imitation of life, and I owe it to Hardy to admit that this effect of his impresses me. What, however, exposes me to laugh and cry at the same time is the way Hardy insists upon a tragic end to these poor women whom he "vitalises without option" (to adopt his own phrase). Their fate is fictitious and that no other writer than Hardy's is heavy upon them.

Now step up here, please, to the Intelligence Department. (See me in wicketing gloves, ready to stop the swiftnet coming epigrams.) To turn from Hardy to Meredith is to turn from the Homestead to the stately Hall, from rusticity to parquetry. Hardy starts his women off all right, that is with a generous endowment of natural womanliness: but Meredith's women, I feel, are from the outset set figures of speech rather than of flesh and blood. It is easy enough to imagine Hardy's women in the flesh: but for Meredith's you would have to look in a dictionary. Shape gives place to form, and a manner so highly polished that you wonder the figures do not trip up on it sooner than they do. I have the impression that they do nothing but interchange epigrams. Or that when they are not actually engaged in exchanging them they are making epigrams. What a working heroine who sat in her tower spinning a muffler for Lancelot? Meredith's heroines spin epigrams, and of such an entanglement that—to mix the allusions—you wonder any Prince Charming ever breaks through at all. As a game they are most skillful at. What a twist Clara, for example, puts on her bowling to Willoughby! and Laetitia has a nasty back-break which threatens wickets every time. And really they are all alike. As creatures of Meredith's the heroines are, their emotions are under the control of your—epigrams. You will flick the wrong man with "peremptorily saucy speeches." It all arises, of course, from the fact that Meredith winds up his heroines with brains rather than with instincts, and sets them to words rather than to deeds. Intelligence is their common factor and their chief and crowning ingredient. Of women as real women you can learn nothing from Meredith. He breaks no new ground—or any ground at all for that matter—he merely lifts their characters off their feet or takes the ground from under them. He does, it is true, pin them now and again to make them cry, but even their tears are intellectual things. If I were Meredith I should say that they become ambitious to swim for a brilliant instant on tears in order the more certainly to land their fish. But such figures, I repeat, are not real. They have no genuine emotions. They neither lie nor speak the truth. They tell epigrams. And they are as elusive as their conversation, and end, as they begin, in talk. From all this you can gather, therefore, whether I learned anything from them. As much as from an afternoon tea party held upon the stage; and that is nothing. You may ask what I expected to learn. Next to discovering a new fiction I suppose I had hoped to have light thrown on the meaning of women. Have women in the opinion of these writers any business in the world apart from affording men pleasure? What, are the women in their opinions of these writers, is or should be their justification as the equitables and not merely as the accessories of men? Are women an end in themselves as well as a means to men's ends? And if so what is that end? Hardy surely shows clearly enough that in his opinion woman's
subordination to sex is fatal—she dies of it. Meredith
again shows obscurely enough that the subordination of
women's vital instincts to intelligence is almost an equal
tragedy—fortunately not real. But neither puts before
women what to his mind is the ideal to be aimed at.
Neither tells us what, in his opinion, a woman ought
and Shaw next.
(To be continued.)
Readers and Writers.

Another of the works on the Art of Writing, of which
I have often said we cannot have too much, has been
published under the title of "Common Faults in
The number of examples of error here collected (so we
are assured by the author) from the current Press, is
a reflection upon our care in writing our own language.
Scores of faults, it appears, we make every day of our
lives, faults that are obvious when pointed out, but that
yet are easy to pass over. Without, indeed, some occa-

sional schoolmaster like Mr. Alexander to call us up to
his desk, our faults are certain to become fixed, and
our beautiful language certain to become no better than
journalism. Even more numerous than errors of
grammar, however, are errors of taste; and these, it is
clear, are also more difficult to correct. For, it must
first be seen that they are errors! The "fundamental
criterion" by the way, Mr. Alexander, is "fund-
mental" necessary here? of the correctness of a word
or phrase is, according to our author, this: "Is it likely
to turn the reader's attention away from the idea we
are trying to express and to focus it on the way we are
expressing it? If it is, the word or phrase is a bad
one." The test is passable; but the rub is to apply it.
A fine sense both of words in themselves and of their
best current usage is necessary to enable us to discrimi-

nate exactly. As a matter of fact, most writers
never come within leagues of perfection, and even the
few best writers are only perfect in this respect occa-

sionally. The problem has several elements. There
is the choice of words in themselves. These may
express the idea you are trying to convey but without
actually conveying it. Your sentences when analysed
may prove, that is, to contain your idea, but, lacking
some quality of dynamic, they may, at the same
time, do nothing more than confound you. These may

express what you are trying to say but hold it close-fistedly
within their circumference. And that is a common fault.

Of writers in this regard, it may be said that they are
impeccable but sterile; they satisfy themselves, and even the formal
requirements of good writing, but they satisfy nobody else, for the simple reason that, at bottom, they write
for nobody else. This selfish good style, as I call it,
must be contrasted with the unselfish good style, which aiming equally at expressing ideas, aims, in addition, at
conveying them.

But at this point a second element is introduced—the
mind of the reader; and intuition here is no less
necessary to perfect writing than intuition into the use of
words. I recall the practice of Isocrates, Milton's "old
man eloquent," who composed speeches he never de-

livered himself, but which, when delivered by others,
produced the very effects he had intended. What a
marvellous "sense" of the public mind of Athens he
must have had! Similarly every "popular" writer of
to-day has a "sense" of his readers' minds, which be-
tokens a high degree of intuition. So much we must
allow, even to our sophists. But then, you will say
(and quite rightly), it is much easier to write acceptably
what is pleasing to your readers than what is unpleas-
ing. We are not usually critical of the form in which
flattery of ourselves is expressed. All the more skill,
therefore, is necessary to criticise that method of express-
ing ideas, that are likely for any reason to be resisted by your readers. The more honour, too, when you
have succeeded. I think little of a writer who
succeeds in conveying popular ideas to his readers: I
think not much more of the simple writer who
expresses unpopular ideas and cares no more whether his
readers take them or leave them. My admiration is
reserved for the writer who both expresses and conveys
salutary truths which were at the outset unpopular.
To accomplish this is the noblest use of the art of
writing. Every other use of the art is utilitarian or dilettante.

Two elements, again, are necessary in this: a love
amounting to a passion for conveying the ideas—and
this implies, as well, a love of the minds to which you
desire to convey them; and a discrimination of words
and phrases, after which comes the choice of words,
the discrimination the musician must exercise upon
sounds. Words and phrases are more than notes of
music: they must express ideas as well as create the
atmosphere in which the ideas can be conveyed. And
the smallest error is sufficient to destroy the intended
effect. I tremble with humility as I write; for is it not
clear that I shall never arrive at the goal thus set?
It is more than a life's work. But, fortunately, there
are other lives. To return to Mr. Alexander, his ex-
amples, as I have said, are illuminating, though I must
quarrel with his strictures on a few of them. For in-
stance, he deprecates the use of the form "to conscript"
or "to rescript" as substantives (of which, by the way, he might have found illustrations
in the more august contributions to this journal). I do
not agree. It appears that the proper and correct dis-


always about twenty-five years behind movements of ideas?

Among the retrospective critics of German thought Professor Boutroux of the French Academy is, however, not to be numbered. As long ago as in 1872, when he was in Germany translating into French Zeller’s “History of Greek Philosophy,” he attempted to show, he tells us, to the very Germans of very Germany, how that work, “one of the most original manifestations of human genius,” and yet characteristic of German philosophy, turned upon you in the form of a machine constructively upon this missing element in German personal and living and had reduced it to abstract ideas? ***

Zeller’s “History of Greek Philosophy,” he attempted philosophies, like those of Germany for the most part, declare to be inconceivable and illusory. “Man, thoughts and feelings, his will and action, that reality and influence over things which common sense attributes to them, but which is purely speculative philosophies, like those of Germany for the most part, declare to be inconceivable and illusory.***

Man, he contends, is able to act upon nature because nature itself is neither a brute force nor a lifeless thought, but a living spirit, capable of creating and of transcending itself. Its “laws” are, therefore, in no sense strictly necessary, immutable and rigid; but, on the contrary, they are contingent upon and affective by the same kind of intelligence that originally created them. Thus made contingent upon thought and will—whether of man or of beings greater than man—“they dignify life and constitute points of support or bases which enable us constantly to rise higher,” as the thesis for his doctor’s degree at the Sorbonne, he had presented an essay upon “The Contingency of the Laws of Nature,” which has just been translated into English by Mr. Fred Rothwell and published by the Open Court Company (5s. net). This work, so remarkably prevalent and, at the same time, so liberal and—let me say it—so optimistic, had as its design “to restore to man, qua man, to his thoughts and feelings, his will and action, that reality and influence over things which common sense attributes to them, but which is purely speculative,” and, as its design, to restore to man, qua man, to his thoughts and feelings, his will and action, that reality and influence over things which common sense attributes to them, but which is purely speculative.***

As long ago as in 1872, when he was in Germany translating into French Zeller’s “History of Greek Philosophy,” he attempted to show, he tells us, to the very Germans of very Germany, how that work, “one of the most original manifestations of human genius,” and yet characteristic of German philosophy, turned upon you in the form of a machine constructively upon this missing element in German personal and living and had reduced it to abstract ideas? ***

I know that this doctrine is commonly regarded as a survival of the primitive beliefs in animism, anthropomorphism, and it is as commonly dismissed with the caution. But what either entitles us or need persuade us to dismiss a belief merely upon the ground that it was one of the first to appear and to become universal; a belief, moreover, which philosophers from Plato to Foucault have affirmed with all the circumstance of intellectual evidence? I cannot dismiss it, at any rate; but, on the contrary, the method implicit in it—namely, the method of divination or intuition into the laws of Nature as if Nature were an intelligence like ourselves—appears to me more fruitful of every kind of good than any method of research now being employed. Not least among its immediate advantages for my readers is the solution it offers of a problem that has long stirred them pages, the problem of the proper relation of man and things. If things in general manifest an intelligence similar to, but greater than, man’s, we owe it to them to examine them both objectively and subjectively, both intellectually (that is, scientifically) and intuitively (that is, with the understanding heart), and declare the glory of God and the firmament sheweth His handiwork.” Yes; but, on the other hand, it must be allowed that the purpose of man is not solely to praise God and magnify Him, but to become like Him; and this is only possible if things be regarded as ends of God, but as means of man. Both devotions, then, are necessary; the devotion to things, because they reveal an intelligence greater than man’s, and the devotion to men, because the intelligent likeness to God is also one of the world’s purposes.

I am not afraid of this definition of Mr. Bechhofer’s explanation of the melancholy of Russia, though, of course, Mr. Bechhofer is entitled to throw the overboard and to defend himself by himself. Further than political and economic causes, politics and economics should not, in my opinion, go; on when they do, the subject ceases to be either and becomes something else. For this reason I am sorry that “A. E. R.” should insist upon a “fundamental cleavage,” as he calls it, between the modern view of world-economics, and the more so because his appeal to be those of the anarchist Kropotkin, while mine, I thought, were those of The New Age. May I ask “A. E. R.” to reconsider the borrowed stock with which he charges me, and ask himself what becometh of the Guild idea, as Kropotkin (a Russian) thinks, “the time is not far off when each nation, even the most backward, will be itself manufacturer nearly everything it is in need of”? Far from war “stopping” this unhappy national individualism, or even “checking” it, war, we see, has tended to hasten it. Peace, on the other hand, would distribute the functions of the world among the nations not better fitted by nature and people to carry them out. Is “A. E. R.” for war or peace? R. H. C.
Peace Notes.

America, under President Wilson, is shaking itself awake from the hypnotism of militarism. The result may be that the other nations may see on her like a peak of wildness: they may make a fatal mistake for themselves in doing so. Man has exterminated the mastodon—he did not fight less, but more, intelligently for knowing himself less strong than his enemy. We only faintly guess now what force of human intelligence is shut up asleep under the paralyzing spell of war. If America ever has to fight, she will fight with her intelligence free from the blinding, jungle-blood-passage, as a keeper suddenly set on fights a lunatic and takes him, as man took the mastodon. "Westward the course of Empire takes its way."

The kind of empire America with Mr. Wilson desires is one which shall change the map of the world's mind. In the mind lies a mad country, a spot which we might name by any of these appellations which disguise violent sentiments of national vanity and tyranny—the Holy Alliance, the White Crusade, the Little Father, Kultur, Defender of the Faith, La-France-tout-court. Militarist human race. Only a tiny minority of individuals have been able to conceive war as madness. America will make the statement in re-electing President Wilson.

It sounds reasonable to be saying that the Allies must absolutely crush Germany so as to put beyond her power ever again to attack in Europe. But here is no guarantee of peace for Europe, or elsewhere. Under present conditions any two of the present allies may be at secret and diplomatic loggerheads before the child to be born on the day of peace shall cut its first tooth.

It is no use, under present conditions, crushing one single nation so long as there are others! Prevent Germany from piling up armaments, and allow Russia, England and France to do so—would give a flip for European peace?

International free travel, the abolition of the passport and of tariffs, an international council of Labour—any one of these is worth something for the peace of the world; armament, the "argument" of secret diplomacy, is only worth for war; war is what armament is for. If the world were open to men instead of being shut, it would be impossible for any nation to make itself a danger to any other. Imagine a nation domestically insane as all nations are diplomatically insane with regard to each other; imagine each town requiring a passport from all visitors, fortifying its borders, putting a tax on all goods from outside: such a nation would be forever in and out of war as the world at large is. The tragic-comedy is that, it little, each nation does behave domestically as a kind of mild ape of the world at large. A man from one town is almost a foreigner in the next. Does not a man from Cardiff feel himself as a foreigner put in the cold in Bedford, for example, which is warming itself with the coal from Cardiff trucks? If a Cardiff man gets any feeling of being a man outside Cardiff, this will be because he happens to strike a club of Cardiff men.

Bad human manners! That is what is wrong with humanity. "French frog, English hog (don't you doubt it!), German sausage, Italian monkey, American bluffer"—not an epithet of it all worth flinging as a really charac-terising missile—and yet every one flung until each nation finds in the epithet almost a reason for despising the others. Come a step more powerfully, because more politely, and we find—"Frigorous France, Perfidious Albion, Barbaric Germany, Decadent Italy, The Land of the Dollar." Lies, and stupid lies! And, at a given moment, sanguinary lies! The frogs, hogs, sausages, etc., pay with their ruin for all this inhuman matter corruptly. The result from this furious, the pernicious, the barbaric, the decadent, and the dollar make their fortunes. Truly, a horrid human comedy!

Let the young travel. Do not drive them into premature occupation and maturity. Do not call a man too old at forty—ridiculous, this! Open the world! Make it a world-cry, as it is, for any two nations to ally themselves against the rest.

The French newspapers hail the alliance of Russia with Japan. "China must not be allowed to fall into the anarchy of Mexico." This, from a country which has for national anthem "The Marseillaise." It can be no business, unless Business, of either Russia or Japan to interfere with the internal evolution of China. And any Frenchman who hails the alliance as against China ought honestly to naturalise himself child of the Tsar or of the Mikado. Ought he not? Poor China! Just arriving at domestic self-consciousness, and to go under the commercial heels of Russia and Japan! America, once more America, takes the human way with Mexico, treats the Mexicans as men.

In France, up to this day, the Ministry has not dared to tax, by one farthing, war-profits. Every conscript in munition works in France, every woman-foot in munition works, is working for private profiteers. We have not a great deal to learn, humanely, from our French official ally. But in every street in France now you may hear curses against secret diplomacy and financiers.

I wish that The New Age would reprint Tolstoy's "Thou shalt not kill," in the end, all the Tsars of Russia will not value for Russians one Tolstoy. But why wait in England for a long-deferred end? Never was such a clear-spoken document written. I have only read it in French. Imagine that in Berber it would ring.

Overhead, an aeroplane, machine of murder. No? Only a French one? Well, in the name of humanity—I will never call anything but murder the dropping of bombs on German babies! Reprisals? What have the German babies done that our machines should murder them in their sleep? Why, we hesitate at taking "reprisals" against our German prisoners of war. What an infernal idea to revenge our helpless babies by murdering others equally helpless. No dropper of bombs cares a rap whom he murders!

Among the unreasonable proofs of conscience demanded of the conscientious objector to war is that of having openly professed before this war. This war has made hundreds and thousands of men and women conscious for the first time of the homicidal madness of war. "Thou shalt not kill" is quite simple. "I will not kill" is equally simple. But how difficult it is to understand war as simply killing is proved by the fact that millions of men decorate each other for performing it as though it were an act of almost divine reason! Education instills the glories of war into us as children. The books are half filled with the deeds of conquering heroes.

"The popular masses are as if hypnotised; they do
not understand what passes before their eyes. They see monarchs and presidents constantly engaged in military discipline, in reviews, parades, manoeuvres—they assist at these and draw vanity out of them; men run in crowds to see their brothers dressed up in motley and brilliant clothes, transformed into machines, which, at the sound of the drums and trumpets and at the word of command, execute simultaneously a movement without understanding its meaning. This meaning is, however, simple and clear; it is nothing but the preparation for assassination, it is the stupefying of men so as to make of them instruments of murder.

Is it not clear? yet how many have ever seen it like this?

"I prefer the life and preservation of one citizen to the death of a hundred enemies." How many schoolboys could tell who said this? Probably not one. It is not to the interest of militarist rulers to have boys taught such words.

Alice Morning.

Tales of To-day.

By C. E. Bechhofer

XII.—ANOTHER VEIN OF HAMLET'S MYSTERY.

ACT III. SCENE 4.—THE QUEEN'S CHAMBER.

POL.: He will come straight. Look you lay home to him:

Tell him his pranks have been too broad to bear with;

And that your Grace hath screen'd and stood between

Much heat and him. I'll scarce me even here.

QUEEN: Yes, Polonius, I'll say all that. But, tell me, what is really the matter with Hamlet?

POL.: Madam, I have the best explanations in the world, either critical, analytical, pathological, psychopathical, analytical-critical, critical-pathological, critical-analytical-pathological, or pathological-critical-psycho-pathical. Which is your Grace's preference?

QUEEN: The last, of course; I understand all. Hamlet loves me!

POL.: Madam, as you know, hot blood runs in my veins, and, if the telling be pardoned, when I was young the world knew it. Yet, though I doubt not Hamlet is as incestuous as the rest of us—for are we not all our mothers' sons? and psychopaths disclose the beasts in us—all, as I say, it may be—and all honour he to psychopathy, which fills even the very commonest abuse with unmeant wisdom.

QUEEN: More sex, with less art!

POL.: Have you not marked, Madam, how in every word I have inclined to this same theory? Once I was talking with Ophelia, my daughter: I spake of the Lord Hamlet, your son; and, said I, 'tis love hath made him mad:

"This must he known; which, being kept close, might move

More grief to hide than hate to utter love."

Thus said I.

QUEEN: I have heard you said this, but never before perceived its meaning.

POL.: And once again, when the King and I, lawful espials, learned that the Lord Hamlet loved not more my daughter Ophelia, said I to him not thus:

"But yet do I believe

The origin and commencement of his grief

Sprung from neglected love?"

QUEEN: The King hath told me of this; you signified that Hamlet's madness issued from neglected love, but not of Ophelia.

POL.: So, Madam, so. Love of whom, say you? Observe my simile, and you'll know. "I was then I counselled the King to closet your noble son with 'his queen mother all alone,'" said I.

QUEEN: You did indeed, true Polonius; and shortly he'll be here.

POL.: Ay, ay, I warrant you. And was it not I wrote the prologue to the play which hath so sore dismated the King? Thus it ran:

"For us and for our tragedy,

Here stooping to your clemency

We beg your hearing psychopathically."

QUEEN: I remember all this, good Polonius.

POL.: And much more besides, Madam. Marry, I can read wenching in an apostrophe, and incest is a split infinitive.

QUEEN: I dearly love the theory of it, too; but now's the no time for that. Advise me how I shall bring Hamlet to reason. Is his suppressed incestuous passion for me the whole cause of his madness?

POL.: Thereby hangs a tale, Madam. There goes a tale through Elsinore to this effect; that, not long since, on the rampart of the castle, Lord Hamlet spake with his father's ghost.

QUEEN: His father's ghost!)

POL.: Ay, the dead king's ghost. And this ghost, so 'tis said, fill'd him with a narrative so dread, so frightful, so unpyschopathical commonplace terrible, that I dare not tell it.

QUEEN: We command you, Polonius; say.

POL.: The ghost, as the tale goes, Madam, told your son that—I dare not, on my conscience.

QUEEN: Come; proceed.

POL.: Well, then, the ghost told that the Lord Claudius, his brother, taking him asleep in his orchard, did poison him.

QUEEN: What a preposterous libel!

POL.: Ay, and then he bid his stern instructions on your credulous son to take revenge upon the King, your husband.

QUEEN: That makes it awkward. Think you not, Polonius, this, too, was the creation of my son Hamlet's incestuous phantasy?

POL.: A hallucination, Madam? Nay, that cannot be, for many others say they saw the ghost. And yet all Danesiers know your son's natural melancholy and how he hath been slighted in the succession to the throne—for it is common to the world that, had you not taken my Lord Claudius to your bed, young Hamlet had been king—

QUEEN: 'Tis true Hamlet liked not my hasty marriage; but yet he's not ambitious.

POL.: And yet he sometimes hath ambitions, hide them how he will. As regards your marriage, Madam, his resentment is but natural; he so much loved his father.

QUEEN: And yet 'tis said:

"The mother is the first

Seductress of her child, and his father

His first rival."

But you say he loved his father. Incestuous Hamlet should have hated my first husband as he hated my secon, and yet he did not so. But hist! Withdraw; he comes.

(Polonius hides behind the arras. Enter Hamlet.)

H: Come, come, and sit you down; you shall not be

budge;

You go not till I set you up a glass

Where you may see the inmost part of you.

QUEEN: What a curious way to show his love!

—(Aloud) What wilt thou do? Thou wilt not

murder me? Help, help, ho!

POL. (behind): What, ho! Help, help, help!

H: (drawing): How now! a psychopath? Dead, for a ducat, dead! (Makes a pass through the arras.)

POL. (behind): O, I am slain. A fair psychop! (Falls and dies.)
Views and Reviews.

Europe: Re-made.

I take off my hat to the publishers of this book: with a persistence that is becoming terrifying, they have bombarded me with books on International Government. I have reviewed some of the books, I have gobbled-pouched a bit of what I have laughed at; I have laughed at the Church when "catching chin" as others, I have protested that I am a low, grovelling fellow, unworthy to learn these mysteries; but nothing stops the bombardment. It is only one other way to be tried, the way of surrender. "Mercy, Kamerad." I have become an Internationalist; Mr. Armstrong has convinced me that it is as much my Europe as it is that of the "secret" diplomats, and that he and I and the rest of us are just as able to build constitutions as are those damned aristocrats of the Diplomatic Corps. It is all so simple, as easy and graceful as kissing your hand, a thing that I have done for years; not as easy as sitting on the House of Commons, or any other acrobatic feat.

First there is Democracy. A correspondent once told me that Democracy means "people-power," from demus, "people," and kratos, "power"; so many people, so much power; two and two are four and three and three are six, as Señor de Maeztu has explained. Now, it is certain that the people are good; all are better than none, and where doth wisdom dwell but among the many? Do not the Book of Proverbs tell us that "in the multitude of counsellors there is safety"? It is true that this phrase is prefaced by: "For by wise counsel thou shalt make thy war"; but the people are not like that nowadays. It was not by wise counsel that we made this war; it was by secret diplomacy, chiefly, and everything else that you can think of assisted. Mr. Asquith, we may remember, had his hair cut before the war; the "Daily Mirror" published a photograph of him. Why did he have his hair cut? Because he intended to fight someone. Fighters, whether soldiers, sailors, or prize-fighters, always wear their hair short. It is true that Samson wore his hair long, and lost his strength when it was sheared; the Spartans, too, let their hair grow when they went into battle; but we take warning by the fate of Absalom, and get our hair cut before going to battle. By having his hair cut, Mr. Asquith informed the world that a fight was about to take place, and the peaceful people knew that he had been misled by their secret diplomats. At once they cried with a loud voice: "We don't want to fight!"; and a great Peace Congress was held in France and Flanders, with overflow meetings along the Russian frontier. The deliberations are still in progress, and it would not be in the public interest to make any statement at present.

The people, then, are peaceful. What possible cause of quarrel have I, sitting in London, with Carl Schmidt, sitting in Stuttgart? None whatever; we are brothers. If, then, we are all peaceful, the only problem is how to ensure that peace be maintained. Our secret diplomats have made this war, but all power is in the people; we can dismiss these unprofitable servants, and manage these international affairs for ourselves. Very well: I hereby tell Sir Edward Grey that he is dismissed, and all his continental confères, with all their rods and staffs and secret treaties and the rest of the mumbo-jumbo that has kept plain men from simple settlements for years, that the Diplomatic Corps of Europe are now Diplomatic Corps: let us proceed in peace.

All that we have to do is to re-arrange Europe; it is quite simple. Germany must rule Germans; so she must give up Alsace-Lorraine, Schleswig-Holstein, and Prussian Poland, and must gather into her com-

federation the German-speaking Austrians. The Austrian Empire must be broken up into its constituent nationalities, each of them constituted as a State, but, of course, without a Diplomatic Corps. Turkey must be thrust out of Europe, to where does not matter; she must simply go. Mr. Armstrong and Mr. Kamerad have decided that. Then Russia insists that Poland must be free and united; yes, yes, that is quite a good idea, another State without a Diplomatic Corps. Russia also insists that the Dardanelles must not be fortified, and that the fortifications must be dismantled. Carried nem. con.; with the money that Germany would have wasted on fortifications she will be able to pay her debts. Mr. Armstrong suggests that perhaps the nations of the earth will invite us to dismantle Gibraltar; let us hope that they will. We will do anything in reason to oblige them, such charming people they are, and so peaceful. While we think of it, let us give India away to someone, and Egypt. Perhaps, though, a gift would be vinoctious; our choice might be regarded as an undie favouring of another Power, so let us raffle these two possessions.

That is all that I can think of at the moment, but if anyone will remind me of anything that I have forgotten, I will cheerfully give that away also, no matter to whom it belongs. Being a democratic Internationalist is a great game: "They parted My garments among them, and for My vesture did they cast lots:" it is a fulfilment of prophecy. Now, then, have you all got States? Anyone without a State is to be turned out; we will no proceed to manage our own foreign affairs. It is to be regretted that there are so many people on the earth that they cannot all be gathered together in a mass meeting. I have a brilliant idea of my own, of overcoming this difficulty, but I am told that, like all my ideas, it is premature. However, it is my idea, and I shall state it. It is this: wireless telephony was greatly improved during 1915, so much so that messages spoken from a wireless station in America were heard at San Francisco, Hawaii, and the Eiffel Tower of Paris. In two years such improvements will be made that a wireless telephone message will probably be audible all over the world. All that is needed is a wireless telephone in every house, so that constant communication between all the people of all the earth could be maintained. Whenever anyone had an idea on foreign affairs, he would utter it through the telephone; when he had not any ideas, he would listen to the foreign affairs he would listen. At one stroke we should abolish secret diplomacy, and revive primary democracy. Ah! Science is the only liberator of the people.

I admit that the idea is perhaps a little premature, but in two years it will be practical. International politics by the way, does an International politician get his "blue," like an International sportsman? Mr. Armstrong thinks that we must begin with a Parliament, but a Parliament representative of the peoples, not the Governments. The only difficulty, of course, is to find a basis of representation; but population is obviously the best basis. Quot homines, tot sententiae; so many men, so many opinions, for democracy is nothing if not intellectual. Everybody is to count for one, and no one for more than one; man, woman, and child must vote for the members of the International Parliament. On the suggested basis, Russia in Europe would have 57 members, and Russia in Asia would have 44, making a total of 81; Germany would have only 26, while Great Britain would have 23 and her Dominions would have a representation of 8. Thus both the German and the British Empire could, if they wanted, sea-horses, could be permanently outvoted by the Russian Empire, which overflows with goodwill and democracy. France would have only 21 representatives, but what representatives they would be! the ideas that we only had been are: the development of European culture is the logical mind of the Frenchman, his readiness to try political experiments, his instinctive democracy and pacific spirit. We shall welcome the French representatives to the Inter-
national Parliament. Most of the other European countries would have to or fewer representatives; but the United States would send 47, Japan 27, and Latin America 36, and even one of these men would come to "seek peace and ensure it." And if anybody supposes that these men will ever disagree, or that if they do, their electors will support them, he only manifests a low, cynical mind, he has none of that wholesome faith in the goodness of people that democracy intends to express. Besides, the other representatives will have the "law on him."

A. E. R.

Psychological Perspectives.

Many years ago I remember painfully climbing the Andes on a search which I only knew would end somewhere in the Amazon. Ascending the maze of peaks and summits, you gained one of them but to find others towering over you, their intervening plateaux or deepening remnants of the earlier psychologic functions overcome thus to a fresh exposition. It is as if a chorus of vivid listeners had provoked him to further unburdenings. Then an hour before sunset I gazed from the Paso de las Cruces on a smiling and peaceful valley, Andes on a search which I only knew would end somewhere in the Amazon. Ascending the maze of peaks and summits, you gained one of them but to find others towering over you, their intervening plateaux or deepening remnants of the earlier psychologic functions overcome therefore a moral duty for the man of science to expose injustices of the old; Jung has brought in a very old world to understand the mysteries of the new.

"Dionysus stands in an intimate relation with the psychology of the early Asiatic God who died and rose again from the dead and whose diverse manifestations have been brought together in the figure of Christ into a firm personality enduring for centuries. We gain from him the knowledge that these heroes, as well as their typical fates, are personifications of the human libido [psychical energy] and its typical fates. They are imagery, like the figures of our nightly dreams—the actors and interlocutors of our soul-thoughts."

By the libido Jung understands the psychical energy of the human spirit as a driving force that urges towards ever new psychologic adaptations. The libido is the constant flux, and thus cannot be in any way only apprehended symbolically. The original [German] title of the book is "Transformations and Symbolisms of the Libido"—given as the subtitle in the translation. As a device one might take the quotation which Jung frequently uses: "Alles Vergängliche ist nur ein Gleichnis." The libido is employed in all the manifold functions of the individual; part is employed in the fulfilment of his biological functions, part, again, in the fulfilment of his relationship towards others, and part in the accomplishment of some entirely individual aim. Again, the libido is qualitatively different at different cultural ages, and the individual may be also said to pass through different cultural stages. If, hypothetically, we grant that the libido is preponderantly directed to a sexual aim we discover that at a later epoch of civilisation some part of the libido has become definitely desexualised; in the later period the libido is never realized in the same way as it can be a surprise only to whom the history of evolution is unknown to find how few things there really are in human life which cannot be reduced in the last analysis to the instinct of procreation. It includes nearly everything, I think, which is beloved and dear to us. But this final reduction can be without social or individual psychological value: "Even if there can be no doubt about the sexual origin of music it would be a valueless generalisation to include music in the category of sexuality. A similar nomenclature would lead us to classify the cathedral of Cologne as mineralogy because it is built of stones."

It becomes all-important to arrive at an understanding of the aims of the libido; what the individual is driving at, what he is striving to express or represent to himself. The great fount of the libido is in the unconscious; here are the dynamic sources of the individual expressions of life which are always surging up into consciousness. This fountain of life must be allowed its fullest play.

Jung distinguishes two kinds of thinking; on the one hand, what may be called rationalistic thinking, which is thought divorced from feeling; on the other hand, intellectual thinking, where feeling and thought blend. In intellectual, productive, or creative thinking a rush of feeling first emerges from the unconscious;
understanding other thoughts and images already existent in the unconscious is a process no less than the method used in psycho-analysis. We must hearken to the voices, chaotic though they may seem, blurred and indistinct as they are, which emerge from the whirling mind of the unconscious.

It would seem that the forward urge can be arrested both by conflicts in the conscious and in the unconscious. Refusal to execute something which is consciously waiting to be done stays creation. But man is driven to the source; the wheels go revolving round old phantasies—the result is a nothingness. Again, when the conflict is between the unconscious and the conscious, or between two modes of the unconscious itself, creative thought is arrested.

It is the lot of the neurotic frequently to be in unstable equilibrium by reason of these inner conflicts. Such conflicts seem to be necessitated by the very essence of man. In so far as to-morrow will be like to-day, and to-day like that of the day before, there is a necessity for its very essence of man. In earliest times.

We must understand the injunction to leave father and mother. The child has gradually to wean itself from the protector of the care and protection of the mother. The child is the hero is frequently a giant, the guardian of the family's dominion, and obstacles to its path—difficulties and obstacles which will never be ascribed to this inertia, but will be ascribed to something in the morrow which is quite unlike to-day, disinclined to new creation. That forecast of the new he relates to his known experiences by means of symbols. (This is Sorel's myth.)

Symbols change slightly. Clearly the Egyptians could not have used motor-cars or episodes of to-day as symbols, but the changes are more apparent than real, whilst many descend to us unchanged from the earliest times.

If we have on the one hand the creative impulse in man which shall transcend his experiences, we have on the other hand what we may call creation (libido) in opposition—i.e., contentment with the present, basking in the sun, sloth—the deadliest of the seven deadly sins, as we have seen, so long for forward movement, so long for new creation. This enables us to understand a series of representations from the Mithraic myth on the Heddenheim relief. * Thus we see, first of all, the birth of Mithra from the top of the tree (the symbolic meaning of tree is death with earlier); the next representation shows him carrying the conquered bull (comparable to the monstrous bull overcome by Gilgamesh). This bull betokens the consciousness of significance of the monster, the father, who as giant and dangerous animal embodies the incest wish—that is to say, the terrible death-bearing mother. A solution is already anticipated in the Gilgamesh epic through the formal renunciation of the horrible Ishtar by the hero. The primitive thought of incestuous reproduction through entrance into the mother's womb had already been displaced (in the Mithraic sacrifice) because man was so far advanced in domestication that he believed that the eternal life of the sun is reached not through the perpetuation of incest, but through the sacrifice of the incest wish. This important change expressed in the Mithraic mystery finds its full expression for the first time in the symbol of the crucified God. . . Thus the hero dies as if he had committed the most shameful sin; he does this by returning into the boughs and twigs and leaves of the tree of life, at the same time paying for his guilt with the pangs of death.

Incest thus comes to stand as a landmark in the onward movement of civilisation. It would help to find new ways of life, to make the transition less painful and less destructive; harmless it cannot be; witness the great war.

Those who will diligently read this book will find light shed on individual and universal problems. No hope that none will be deterred from the reading by the inadequacy of the translation; the difficulties of translating this will be a reward as Dr. Hinkle says, really enormous. It would be wise not to read the editor's introduction till the book itself has been studied.

* This relief is figured in Jung's book, p. 294.

M. D. Eder.
**LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.**

**AFTER THE WAR.**

Sir,—The war must, or should, have changed many of our views, and although only a recent subscriber to *The New Age*, I turn to it every week and find ideas and understandings in advance of other journals. You almost alone seem to foresee the trouble that must ensue after this greatest of all calamities and crimes, and your pen is as a double of the future of labour.

Other journals, fatuously, almost persuade that the longer the war the greater the prosperity.

Every day of war must increase the future trouble, and upon the working classes will it fall most heavily.

In view of this it is when I turn to your attitude towards the war that everything appears to be hopeless.

S. Verdial sums up this week the policy as follows:

"To get Germans out of the way, either by killing them on the field of battle, by wounding them, or by making their prisoners."

In carrying out this policy the same process must apply to the Allied Nations, and omission is made of the cost to Europe of about 15,000,000 a day and the added destruction.

Mr. Hyndman, at a meeting of the Fabian Society, claimed that we must go on for the sake of future generations; it occurs to me that future generations will see at last the appalling mess the governing classes have made to prove that his views were formed before the war, and that his genuineness should thereby be proved or disproved.

May I illustrate this by a story Mr. Hyndman told me about Lord Roberts foresaw the danger of a war with Germany and urged us to prepare for it. Young men who agreed with him and wished to do the best they could joined the Territorials. Men who agreed as to danger but were even then opposed to war as a method of solving these problems became workers for peace, and are now accepted by all as genuine pacifists. These are the two types who thought and acted before the war. But whoever thinks of saying to a young V.C. hero, "You're a fine fellow, no doubt, but you were not the war!"
The vast majority now in the army and out of it thought nothing about a personal share in war at all until it burst upon us and forced us all to take our sides. And having done so and being prepared to stick to them, how can they be proved not genuine?

You have said that in the mind of the objector, bearing away all reasons derived from religion, morality, and political theory, there remains a single unreasoning negative. With this I incline to agree, but not all of his probes things to this bottom until war made it necessary.

Further, compulsory service may continue for another twenty years, so that Mr. Brookfarmer may say that no man who arrives at military age about the year 1930 can be genuine objectors, or that the many Germans shot for refusing would not be genuine because their "fundamental simple negative" was not born until they had actually served in the Army.

The real fact is, there is no way whatever of settling the real objector from the slack and the coward, and a way the Government would grant them total exemption upon their simple statement made publicly and upon oath. Shorn thus of all danger, the objector would be robbed of the growing public sympathy and his agitation for peace weakened, while the slackers thus shielded would be few and useless anyhow.

R. E. DICKINSON.

**PROFITS UNLIMITED.**

Sir,—The balance-sheet of Nobel's Explosives Co., Ltd., makes one wonder what can justify the wholly disproportionate return which capital secures as compared with that awarded to the labour which produces the article marketed by capital.

Limited liability was introduced in 1855, and prior to that time, when a man started a new enterprise he might make a profit unlimited, and made it possible for a man to invest his capital on the terms that his loss was limited and his profit unlimited.

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Sir,—I notice that the chairman said nothing about the dividends. Perhaps it is just as well—explosives are dangerous things to manufacture.

R. J. Hicks.

**THE DISPOSAL OF OUR DISABLED HEROES.**

Sir,—Recently there appeared in *The New Age*, purporting to treat of the serious aspects of this subject, an article which it is sincerely to be hoped will be as widely written and printed. At a time such as this, when the manifest spirit abroad is one of unity and good will towards all men, when the bonds which tie the people of the nation are bent and bound towards the perfect government of one great purpose, all idle cynicism, all careless carving, is severely to be deprecated. And what of the wicked, with the indelible word "compound"? The writer, inscrutable as he has endeavoured to stir again the bitter dregs of that party spirit, now happily prostrated, we may hope is better humbled and he has of the national interests at heart, and brings himself within the contempt of every honourable member, not only of this our Empire, but of all the realms within the

Let me take another balance-sheet, that of the English Sewing Cotton Company Limited.

The net profits for the year (the gross profits are not stated) were £123,163, and £120,961 are brought into the accounts. The ordinary shares receive 12 per cent., and are held by a bonus of 6 per cent., and £174,228 is carried forward.

In addition, £65,000 goes to reserve and £75,000 to pay claims on the war service. On the other hand, the shareholders in the Company, which is not unmindful of its employees, for £31,281 is allocated to a fund for the labour which produces the article out of which all that rich profit is harvested.

If it is right to limit the profit of the labour which has to work to earn it, surely it is equally right to limit the profit of capital which secures huge profits without risk. In most instances, doing a single stroke of work, or undertaking a single responsibility. When labour demands an increase of wages there is the very device to pay, and if you want shareholders to take an interest in the business concerns of their company, drastically reduce them to it.

I have thought that labour should be capitalised and dividends paid on that capital value equal in amount to those paid on the shares. For this purpose, some provision must be made to prove that his views were formed before the war, and that his genuineness should thereby be proved or disproved.

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R. E. DICKINSON.
Jurisdiction of the Grand Alliance. That such an article should be written in these dark days, that such a word should ever have been written, is an evident truth, the reader will at once realise that the national's expression of gratitude will not be in the mere giving of a stingy war pension, but in the perfecting of something greater, something more profound, which sentiment will be not in the mere giving of a stingy war pension, but in the perfecting of something greater, something more profound, which sentiment will be not in the mere giving of a stingy war pension, but in the perfecting of something greater, something more profound, which sentiment will be not...
THE RETREAT.

You poor Superman, did he deceive you into the enterprise, or did you deceive him?

By Will Dyson.