

# THE NEW AGE

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## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

ONCE a lawyer always a lawyer appears to be as true as once a priest always a priest. There was an occasion on Wednesday when Mr. Asquith might have been expected to express a judgment of profiteering somewhat different from the instructions of his clients, the profiteers. The Parliamentary Committee of the Trade Union Congress that waited upon him had, after all, as good claims to his honest opinion as the employers have to his advocacy. They represented a body of men who throughout the war have given all the help and little of the trouble within their power; and their immediate mission was no more than to protest against the penalties the capitalist class has inflicted upon the workers for their patriotism. Mr. Asquith, however, met them with the employers' lies in his mouth. He admitted that shipowners in particular were making enormous profits out of the blockade of England; but he claimed, in the very cant of the employers themselves, that "it was in the interest of the country" that this practice should be continued; for by its means "a considerable reserve would be formed to meet conditions after the war, and to supply new tonnage to compete with neutral and present enemy countries in the world-market." Even if it were true that the main object of the present inflation of profits was the creation of reserve capital for reconstruction, it would still be unfair to expect the country to submit to taxation on behalf of private shipping companies. What better right have they than any other private body of citizens to tax the rest of us in order to provide themselves with capital? But not only would it not be proper if it were true, but it is not true. Far from employing our compulsory contributions mainly in building up a capital reserve for new construction, most of the shipping companies are actually distributing it in the form of larger dividends. On the very day, in fact, that Mr. Asquith was assuring the Trade Unions that their forced levies were to become reserved private capital, one large shipping company, the British Steamship Company, was distributing a dividend of twenty per cent. and a bonus of twenty-five. This, we must say, looks more like robbery than policy.

Managing to express a doubt concerning the wisdom of fixing maximum prices for commodities in general (though it must never be forgotten that the Government cheerfully imposed maximum prices upon the commodity of Labour), Mr. Asquith succeeded perfectly in confusing the conscription of wealth with the very different proposal of the conscription of capital. Wealth in the form of current income from capital he quite rightly maintained was already being conscripted by taxation; and still more, he hinted, would be taken by this means. But the national appropriation of current income is another thing altogether from the national appropriation of the capital source from which the income is derived. Let incomes be taxed even to the extent of a hundred per cent., and, provided that the capital remains untouched, the owners are in the end no poorer than by the loss of a few years' profits. Their golden eggs, in fact, are taken, but the goose that lays them remains their own. The conscription of capital, on the other hand, would have a different effect. Not only would capitalists find themselves temporarily poorer by the loss of their current income, but permanently poorer by the loss of a part of the capital from which it is drawn. And this would obviously be the fairer means of distributing over the nation the cost of the war; for it is monstrous to assume that a costly calamity like the present war must needs leave capitalists as rich as it found them. Quite apart, too, from the justice of this arrangement, it can be shown to be most politic. If it were taken as a matter of course that wars should effect the permanent diminution of private capital, and not merely the temporary diminution of private income, the capitalist classes that control foreign policy would find wars less romantic than they appear to-day. If as well as the private lives of the nation the private capital of the nation were certain to be lost, we could assume that more consideration would be given to the causes of war. Until, in fact wars cost capitalists capital they will continue to be undertaken with careless levity.

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Lord Sydenham remarked last week that "one of the experiences of the war had been that even in the hour of our peril there had been some restriction of effort on the part of the workers." Now there is no doubt what

effect this observation was intended to produce: it is to prejudice the mind of the nation against any claims the working classes may make after the war for special consideration. Repeated, as it will be, a thousand times in a thousand places, it will have all the power of an advertised lie over the unadvertised truth. That the working classes at the outset of the war formally offered to forgo increases of wages and to withdraw all restrictions upon their labour *provided* that their employers would forgo profits, is a fact of which not only Lord Sydenham is conveniently forgetful, but which the public in general is being encouraged to forget. The public, indeed, is encouraged both to forget this fact and to erect a powerful illusion in its place, the illusion, namely, that while the employers are voluntarily sacrificing everything to the war, the workers are only with difficulty being compelled to sacrifice anything. The illusion, unfortunately, is strengthened by the contrast in means of the employers and workmen respectively. When the latter have a grievance or a demand to express, it becomes public at once and must further suffer by being made to appear unreasonable or grasping. The former, on the other hand, seldom have need to raise their voices outside the lobbies of Parliament. Look, for instance, at the concession just made by Mr. Harcourt to the coalowners of Wales. By a stroke of the pen, and with scarcely a word said in public hearing, an Act of Parliament fixing maximum prices for Welsh coal has been varied in favour of the owners by the amount of half-a-crown a ton. What would have been said if the miners had demanded a further increase of wages after an Act had already fixed them? Would not Lord Sydenham and scores like him have remarked upon the relative unpatriotism of the workers in the country's hour of need? Would not the trenches have heard of it? But since the demand is an employers' demand and has been as secretly made as it has been easily conceded, not only will few people hear of it, but even fewer will reckon it against the employers.

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In a series of articles still in course of publication the "Times" attempts to outline "a complete and consistent liberal and progressive policy in British affairs." Nothing could be more courageous; and it is gratifying to us in particular that the two first principles laid down are familiar to the readers of these Notes. They are, in the first place, that each of the problems of education and the like is not a "problem-in-itself," but a part of a general problem of industrial reconstruction; and, in the second place, that for a radical solution we must look to the ideas of the twentieth century, including the "theories of Guild Socialism." The theories of Guild Socialism, indeed, have come in for some public attention of late; and we will leave the "Times" for a moment to consider a reference made to our propaganda by Mr. Bernard Shaw. In the current "New Witness" and, still more fully, in an Appendix to a recent "History of the Fabian Society," Mr. Shaw attempts to prove that the theories of Guild Socialism are subsidiary to and contingent upon Fabian Collectivism; that, in fact, Guild Socialism is nothing more than a possible appendix and sequel to the Socialism of the Fabians. "What is certain," he says, "is that when we come to pooling and sharing there must be an elaborate political machinery to effect that operation; and this necessity confronts the Guild Socialist, the Christian Socialist, the Marxian Socialist, the Fabian Socialist, and, in fact, the whole world." We agree; but it by no means follows, because the State-ownership advocated by Fabian Socialists is involved and implied in Guild Socialism, that therefore Guild Socialism is involved and implied in Fabian Collectivism. The very contrary may, indeed, be the case, namely, that Guild Socialism will just *not* be involved in Fabian Collectivism, but that the latter will be set up in the form of State Capitalism to the exclusion of the theories of Guild Socialism and to the establishment of the Servile State. Even, therefore, when we have granted that an

instrument for the pooling and sharing of industry is involved in the theory of National Guilds, and that the Fabians would supply it by means of Collectivism, the question is still open whether the instrument should be first created only possibly to serve the purpose or the purpose first defined before the instrument is formed. Should function, or, rather, *does* function, precede organism or organism function? That there would be a danger to Guild Socialism in setting up Collectivism *before* the theories of the former are accepted must be obvious from a consideration of the intentions already at work to bring about Collectivism. As private capitalism finds itself more and more unable on its own resources either to compete with foreign countries or to manage Labour at home, it will be more and more disposed to employ the State for its purposes even at the cost of pooling and sharing its capital with the bureaucracy. But is an instrument so designed and formed more or less likely to become an instrument for the totally different purpose of giving Labour a share in management? Would not the Collectivism resulting from Capital's decision to take the State into partnership be calculated to exclude even more hopelessly the proletariat from partnership? Our policy, on the other hand, seems to us at once more logical and better calculated to achieve the end which we have no doubt Mr. Shaw has in common with us. We simply put the horse before the cart. Since Collectivism is necessarily involved as an instrument in the establishment of National Guilds, whereas National Guilds are only a possible and very doubtful sequel of Collectivism, it would seem wiser to advocate the whole rather than the part, and particularly since the part might easily and, in our opinion would certainly, militate against the whole. Fabian Collectivism as a necessary instrument and means of Guild Socialism we see and accept. As a means to Guild Socialism we affirm that it is likely to prove fatal. Collectivism, in short, may very well be adopted by the capitalist classes for the purpose of destroying Guild Socialism as Bismarck adopted the Socialism of bureaucracy for the purpose of destroying the Socialism of democracy. And the sign of it will appear when, as we long ago prophesied, the "Times" is found advocating the claims of Collectivism against the demands of Guild Socialism.

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To return, however, to the series of articles we have already mentioned. The first thing to be noted is that they deal, however inadequately, with real and immediate questions. There is no doubt whatever that the directors of industry, whether executive or, like ourselves, merely advisory, will find themselves confronted at the end of the war with a number of specific problems on the one hand, and with a number of specific difficulties on the other. And there is equally no doubt that the main problem will be to increase our national output, both quantitatively and qualitatively, in view of the intensified world-competition to which, with diminished resources, the nation will be subjected; and that the main difficulty will be, not, as Mr. Asquith thinks, the provision of Capital, but the attitude of Labour. Who, in fact, that recalls the relations existing between Capital and Labour just before the war and reflects upon the only partial burying of the hatchet between them during the war itself, can doubt that one of the first prospects of peace is the re-opening of the old feud? And with what effect upon industry if this should prove to be the case? Just when we shall need to redouble our productive efforts in order to make up our national and international leeway, the two main parties to industry will be quarrelling among themselves more bitterly than ever to the certain ruin of their common and our national interests. It will be as if the officers and men of the Army were to engage in fighting each other at the same moment that the enemy was making his most powerful attack upon them. Suicide, in fact, will be sanity to such madness. We can well understand that with this prospect in view the attitude of the unthinking public no less than of the thinking Capitalists to Labour in general will be alternately

hortatory and bullying. Now Labour will be told that it must act as if it were responsible; and in the next breath it will be threatened as if it were servile. Capital, it is true, will receive some admonitions as well; but these, from the nature of the Press and the astuteness of its advocates, will be far more mild than those addressed to Labour. In short, the main blame for the mess into which the nation may fall will be laid at the door of Labour, while Capital will be dismissed the court with only a spot upon its patriotic character.

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We need not say how wrong, in our opinion, this allocation of blame is and will be. All we need to remark is that, just or unjust, the blame will be useless unless, if only by chance, we remedy what is wrong. Suppose, for instance, that with the aid of the Press it is proved to the satisfaction of everybody save Labour that Labour's demands are unwarranted and its attitude unreasonable—beyond the moral complacency that would result, the actual problem before the nation would be unaffected. On the other hand, blame Labour as much as we like, if only at the same time we re-organise industry to meet the claims of Labour the problem is solved. The question, in fact, is a practical one: how in the existing circumstances, with Labour of the attitude it is, we are to behave in order to bring about the increased output necessary to our continuance as the first nation in the world. Apart from sentimental appeals, which, we declare beforehand, will turn out to be fruitless, there are several more or less practical suggestions before the public. Suggestions, we mean, that are practical because they profess at any rate to deal with the specific difficulty confronting us, and to offer a definite solution of it. There is, to begin with, the suggestion of what we have called Syndicalism. This system, which has already been partially adopted in Germany and is spreading there very rapidly, has as its main feature the pooling of private capital and its association with the State: it is, in fact, State capitalism in its purest form. Under its dominion the employee of what purports to be a private employer discovers himself to be an employee of the State as well. Behind every private employer there stands the shadow of the State which may at any moment become substantial and with arms in its hands. Let us not be surprised at it or think that such a system is impossible in England. During the period of the war at any rate Labour has been subjected in this country to much the same system of Syndicalism. Have we not seen workmen prosecuted and imprisoned for refusing to make profit for an employer because the latter has been sheltered under the wing of the State? We have yet to see, however, whether our workmen will submit to being Germanised in peace as well as in war. But while the doubt remains, Syndicalism must remain one of the possible solutions of the immediate problem of Labour and Capital.

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Infinitely less probable or, as we think, possible, is the solution known as Syndicalism. This assumes the abolition not only of the capitalist class, but of the State as well. What the movement, however, implies is the existence of a conscientious objection somewhere in the mind of Labour against putting itself under the direction of alien control or of interests alien to those of the whole industry. It is, in fact, rebellion against profiteers. That as a scheme for the re-organisation of industry it is either thinkable or practical we, of course, deny. The State is a necessary partner in every order of national industry if only as the means of communication between industry and industry. But that the feeling underlying the scheme, the will it implies of refusing to co-operate whole-heartedly with any set of profiteers, State no less than private, is one to be taken into account, will prove to be a matter of experience if not of present prevision. We affirm, in fact, that this aspiration of Labour to manage its own

industry, while impracticable as Syndicalism, is nevertheless the idea of the twentieth century; and that our national failure to respond to it, if only in part, will ensure our national failure in industry itself. After all, the consentient instincts of the working classes do not arise without good cause in the springs and sources of the national life. To treat the newly articulated demands of Labour as if they were the whims of a child is to assume what is manifestly not the case, that the sub-conscious elements of the nation, when they emerge into consciousness, are only to be ignored. The springs of Syndicalism, we believe, are at as deep a level of the national will as the springs of patriotic heroism; and exactly as we admire the outcome of the latter we should provide a means for satisfying the aspiration of the other. And this in theory alone. But when we turn to facts the case is even more powerful. What have we discovered is the secret of the maximum output of military power against Germany? Is it not the willing and enthusiastic co-operation of every unit in the Army? "There were no stragglers," say the Reports of the late advances of the Army into the bloody jaws of Germany,—"none, none, none!" Why were there no blacklegs in that cruel industry and among a body of men of whom in peaceful industry every second is a potential national blackleg? The reason is clear, and we will not repeat it. The problem then before us in the more difficult economic war of the future is to arouse and maintain the spirit of the Army in the spirit of industry. Discipline?—Yes. Subordination of rank and a hierarchy of direction?—Yes. Pay graduated according to function and need, but otherwise standardised?—Yes. What will be missing from industry so re-organised would be only an officer class intent upon plundering friend and enemy alike. And the world would be glad to be rid of them.

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There is a more important reason for taking into account, as the "Times" does, the "theories of Guild Socialism." Abstractly desirable as it is, if democracy is to be perfected, to spread individual responsibility as widely as possible, the modern demands of international industry make it certain that the nation with the best-willed rank and file will take the lead of the world. Technical ability, directive capacity, science, and even capital are all international nowadays. They can be readily transferred from one country to another; and we may be certain that they will go where they find the best workmen to employ them. This is a profound generalisation of world-economics from which it is almost possible to deduce the future history of the nations. Man for man, we are told—as if it were in these days a thing to be surprised at!—our men at the front are superior to the enemy. Is that so in industry? Will it remain so much longer? If it should not, is there anybody to suppose that in the economic war of the future England will be the equal, not to say the superior, of Germany? The explanation given, again, of our individual military superiority turns always, be it noted, upon the initiative our men take as contrasted with the passive obedience of the Germans. The key to the industrial problem is surely to be found there: it is the encouragement of initiative, responsibility, self-direction and self-management amongst the rank and file of our workmen. The application of the idea, moreover, is rendered easy for us by two facts: the existence of the will in the workers to become responsible—a spark, perhaps, but that can be fanned into a flame; and the existence among them and of their own creation, of Trade Unions formed, it is true, to combat Capitalism, but capable of being turned to the co-operative ends of national industry. A nation with such men and with such associations ready to its hand will deserve any evil fate if from fear of a Junker class of profiteers it neglects to use them. As we have many times said, the British Trade Unions are the hope of the world. We will add that, left to fight Capitalism alone, they may equally prove to be the ruin of England.

## Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

AN announcement of very great importance was made in the Duma a few days ago and conveyed to this country through the "Daily Chronicle" (July 19). The Russian parliamentary delegates who have recently been visiting England and France returned to Petrograd with a good deal to report, and their views were presented to the Government at a secret session of the joint Army and Navy Committee. The most noteworthy statement, according to the summary of the proceedings officially given out to the Press, was that made by the Liberal leader, Prof. Miliukov, who said:

The most important question in which we were interested was the problem of the Dardanelles. An agreement has been made between Russia and her Allies according to which we are promised both sides of the Straits. This agreement has not been published, but we considered it our duty to make it most widely known. In the course of my conversation with him, Sir Edward Grey admitted that the problem of the Dardanelles was just as important for Russia as the problem of Alsace-Lorraine for France. I should add that this point of view is not shared by many organs of the British Press. A group of British journalists held the view that to avert further conflicts with Germany it is necessary to give the Germans an outlet in Asia Minor. We have, however, emphasised in all our conversations that the problem of the Dardanelles is our national problem. We have the impression that leading circles abroad are inclined to consider this question in a sense favourable to us.

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It is surprising to find that the Press, in general, has not paid very much attention to this announcement. The demand of Russia for Constantinople, with the inevitable corollary of the Straits, has seldom been adequately considered in this country; and it would be by no means uninteresting to know the names of the "British journalists" whom M. Miliukov had in mind. Mr. C. E. Bechhofer's book, I think, sets forth clearly enough the political and economic reasons why Russia wants the Dardanelles; but even if that justification had never been published at all it was still the duty of journalists who commented on Russian and other foreign affairs to understand why the Dardanelles problem was so vexatious. The Straits have frequently been closed by the Turks in connection with wars with which Russia had nothing to do, as in the case of the Balkan campaign and the war with Italy over Tripoli. An "international guarantee," which so many people are anxious to recommend, is, therefore, useless. The owner of Constantinople will close the Straits when he thinks fit to do so, and that is the long and short of it. Nor should I care to be responsible for the conduct of an international expedition which might set out for Near Eastern waters with the object of punishing the owner of Constantinople in the event of his disregarding the rules and findings of The Hague Convention.

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Perhaps M. Miliukov is not thinking of "British journalists" so much as of some French Deputies and some Swiss journalists? In the "Nation" of March 25 last appeared a long letter from a well-known French Socialist leader, M. Jean Longuet (who upset the "New Witness" by delivering a pacifist speech at Bristol), in which some really surprising remarks were made regarding the possibility of a separate peace with Turkey. Basing his arguments, so far as I can judge—and I have his letter before me—on questionable rumours about Turkey's intentions, M. Longuet proceeded to urge that Turkey should be got out of the war by a declaration that Armenia was to be declared an autonomous State under the suzerainty of the Tsar, the Straits being left "free." Further, M. Longuet spoke of the difficulty felt by some of his colleagues at putting this argument before the Russian Government; but Mr. Longuet himself, venturing in where

even men slightly lower than the angels feared to tread, calmly said that Russia's aspiration for Constantinople was "a dream," and that this dream must be given up and even repudiated before a separate peace with Turkey (and consequently also with Bulgaria) could become possible. This letter was answered by M. Paul Hyacinthe Loyson, and a rather acrimonious controversy continued for several weeks until Mr. Mas-singham brought it to a peremptory end on June 24. In one of his letters M. Loyson pointed out that M. Miliukov was identified with views which M. Longuet did not share, with the result that in the "Nation" of June 3 M. Longuet definitely repudiated M. Miliukov. One wonders whether M. Miliukov had this controversy in mind when he spoke of "British journalists." The fact is, I believe, that hardly half a dozen British journalists have any right to speak on this matter at all as close students of Near Eastern politics; and I am sure they will unanimously agree that the transference to Russia of the Dardanelles is an inevitable outcome of this war. This "dream" has been Russia's for two centuries and more of modern history; and the claims of Russia to an outlet to the Mediterranean are far weightier than those of Germany to an outlet to Asia Minor. Further, Germany has always endeavoured to persuade the world that her aims in Asia Minor were essentially peaceful, though it is difficult to reconcile this contention with the immense preparations for military barracks at Bagdad. But if Germany's designs in Asia Minor are still peaceful she could raise no objection to Russia's possessing the Straits, since it is understood that only in the exceptional circumstances of war are the Straits to be closed to merchant traffic.

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As I have myself repeatedly stated—long before the war, I mean—the transference of the Dardanelles to Russia lay in the very nature of things if Turkey were ousted from her former position in Europe. No Balkan State will see another in charge of the Straits, and mutual suspicions and jealousies make it impossible for the Balkan States to hold the Straits in common for the benefit of the world. It is not our business to take charge of this delicate strategic position, and Italy is clearly too far off. The only alternative is Russia, seeing that Turkey has adhered to the enemies of the Entente. M. Longuet's first letter, by the way, was as poor in prophecy as an article by Mr. Wells or Mr. Lloyd George's notorious "Introduction" to his speeches. Says M. Longuet:

I think that if our statesmen appealed strongly to Russia's interest they could make themselves understood in this matter. After all, the German armies have conquered the whole of Poland, they are still at the doors of Riga, and the question for Russia as well as for her Allies is not who will be master of Constantinople, but whether the Germans or the Allies are to win this war. . . We shall have to ask if the conquest of Constantinople is worth the lives of 700,000 French and English and Italian soldiers, without speaking of the Russians themselves.

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On March 25 certainly it did not look as if the Russians were preparing their offensive, though readers of THE NEW AGE were warned often enough against the pessimism of the Harmsworth newspapers and of Mr. Lloyd George's speeches (the one being an echo of the other). But now the Grand Duke has resumed his advance in the Caucasus and will, allowance being made for the fortunes of war, take Constantinople with his own army, so that the lugubrious hypothesis of M. Longuet remains a hypothesis. Furthermore, it is of interest to note that Persia has sent a demand to the Porte asking for the removal of Turkish troops from Persian territory—which the Turks violated, it should be recalled, at an early stage in the war, with the full connivance of the German agents in Persia. I welcome the Duma announcement, and I advise M. Longuet to re-read M. Loyson's letters.

## War and its Makers.

### II.—PREJUDICE.

MEN dread the imputation of singularity more than the charge of insincerity; and the fear of being considered odd does more to check the free play of individual taste and impulse than any deliberate conviction that the standards approved by the majority are the best. Even relatively brave people are touched with this reluctance to defy custom. They shrink from the odium which in every human society (perhaps in every group of animate things) pursues dissent; and to bold, straightforward action they prefer, for the most part, half-measures and compromises. The religion of the average man consists in an avoidance of giving offence; the very cults which begin in rebellion end, sooner or later, in a worship of routine.

It is all very well for prophets to denounce conformity as cowardly, and for intellectuals to despise it as stupid. There is a principle at the root of all things; and any human quality that can be shown to be universal must subserve some common necessity. This homage to established fashion—this timid acquiescence in the tyranny of public opinion, which everywhere tends to impress upon society a heavy-handed uniformity—what is it but a manifestation of the instinct of self-preservation? It is that instinct—a quiet, undefined, indefinable force present in us, more powerful than any reasoned prudence—that restrains us from indulging our personal tastes and impulses, and compels us to defer to our neighbours' standards—which generally means their prejudices.

For the most elementary source of prejudice, in the broadest acceptance of the term, is a sense of difference—be it only a difference in dress. An unfamiliar garb is by itself sufficient to breed suspicion. The first Englishman who went out of doors on a rainy day with an umbrella spread over his head was mobbed. Even a red or blue dress tie would be enough to make a clubman unpopular among his fellow-members—supposing that any English clubman had the courage to deviate to such an extent from the accepted code of propriety. When to the eccentricity of attire is added that of demeanour and speech, the suspicion increases in proportion: "Ere is a furriner; let's 'eave 'arf a brick at 'im!" Such is the English street urchin's spontaneous cry, and in it he gives expression to the average man's sentiments on the subject. If these superficial differences are further reinforced by differences of physical conformation and complexion—there you have all the elements of an anti-alien movement. It is hard for people to believe, without adequate evidence, that a person so unlike themselves in appearance can be like them in more essential things. Their instinctive tendency is to treat him with reserve; they do not know what such a peculiar individual may not be capable of. Their natural attitude is one of distrust, and the transition from distrust to hostility is easy.

But, on the other hand, it can be shown that this attitude, though common, is not permanent. The sense of difference wears off with experience. If strangeness breeds suspicion, familiarity breeds tolerance, and tolerance in time grows into confidence.

Armchair explorers, colonial bureaucrats, and hasty globe-trotters talk of East being East and West being West, of blood being thicker than water, and tell you, with an air of portentous sagacity, that what is bred in the bone will come out in the flesh. I know no generalisations that pretend to so much and, when tested, are found to contain so little. In flat contradiction thereto, I discern the almightiness of habit not only in the longevity, but also in the mutability, of every popular opinion; and each of the antipathies of colour, creed, and race yields to actual contact as sharp corners yield to friction.

Let us begin with the question of colour—a question which has attracted of late years a degree of attention proportionate not so much to its own intrinsic merits as

to the magnitude of the political issues created by the emancipation of the negroes in America, by the scramble of the European Powers for the colonisation of Africa, and by the increasing tendency of Asiatics to immigrate into countries already in the possession of Europeans. These events have invested the problem of the future relations between the white and the coloured sections of mankind with an importance which entitles it to priority.

### OF COLOUR.

Many learned and dismal volumes have been written to demonstrate that the colour prejudice is based on profound physiological or psychological grounds—that it constitutes a salutary, though unconscious, recognition of a fundamental difference in mind and character—that the proper feeling of a white person for a black, brown, red, or yellow is a feeling of repugnance. Nature, they assure us, abhors incongruities. The progeny of a mixed marriage marks a deterioration from both the parent stocks. We must therefore obey the secret monitor which Nature has implanted in us for the preservation of the species.

These theories have never been disproved except by facts.

In a Calcutta suburb to this day stands rather a magnificent establishment founded and endowed a century ago to serve as a Home for the daughters of English fathers and Indian mothers who had not the opportunity of being sent home to England. There they lived in elegant comfort until they found husbands. A few years ago the establishment was still inhabited by a remnant of the colony—a dozen charming old maids of various shades of duskiness, but in all other respects indistinguishable from ordinary English gentlewomen. They afford a living proof of the well-known fact that in former times marriages between English gentlemen and Indian ladies were by no means uncommon—a fact which, in its turn, proves that there was anything but a natural repugnance to keep the two elements apart. Human nature has not changed in the meantime (witness the numerous illicit liaisons between members of the two races still popular in the more remote districts); what has changed is the Englishman's social convention. A century ago we were still adventurers in India, and we had no reason for regarding wedlock with a native woman of equal rank as a stigma on our escutcheon. Now we are the lords of India, and an alliance with our subjects (albeit we officially style them "fellow-subjects") is beneath our dignity.

What a day dawns, when we have taken to heart the doctrine of domination! A Civil Servant in one of the Southern provinces of the Peninsula kept a native mistress; everybody in the station knew, and nobody minded. In an evil hour for him, the young man decided to do the honourable thing, and he made the girl his wife. The Government had to transfer him to another district; and, of course, his career was definitely ruined. Does this indicate a higher degree of moral sense than that of our grandfathers?

In Burma I found a similar readiness between white men and yellow women to mix their colours. My hotel-keeper at Mandalay was the product of such a union—a man with a semi-European, semi-Mongolian face and a wholly Mongolian wife. He belonged to a vanishing class; for there also Englishmen, once satisfied of their political superiority, developed an acuter perception of natural laws! Persons familiar with the history, past and present, of other parts of the earth where representatives of different complexions have been brought into close contact will be able to amplify indefinitely these examples. In the light of my personal observations I have small difficulty in believing the statement that many modern American families could—if they cared—trace their pedigrees through a series of red Indian grandmothers.

The change of feeling in the various British and other colonies towards the whole question of inter-marriage and intercourse during the nineteenth century is manifestly due to other than physiological causes. It is

due partly to considerations of pride and partly to considerations of policy. But even now, where the native is not numerous enough to be formidable, his physical difference is not taken as denoting a moral or intellectual difference; and the Maoris of New Zealand are accorded a social equality which is denied not only to the negroes of Africa, but even to the Aryans of India.

When a North American or a South African tells you that the negro must be kept under, because he is morally and intellectually inferior to the white man, that American or South African is not as accurate as he might wish to be. There is nothing save his own assertion to support that view. Of course, there are negroes and negroes, just as there are Americans and Americans. Not even the circumstance that the American negro is the descendant of slaves offers any argument in support of the theory of his inherent inferiority—save inasmuch as slavery, and the social conditions in which he has found himself since his emancipation, have prevented his development. In the West Indies, where the negro population is of like origin, but where it has met with better treatment, one never hears any talk of this sort. In my university days I knew intimately a West Indian set consisting of three white undergraduates and a black one. They all came from Barbadoes, and they lived, worked, and played together on terms of the utmost harmony. The white men never did anything to suggest that they did not look upon their black fellow-countryman as an equal—there was neither superciliousness nor patronage on their part, or any obsequiousness on his; and that, too, despite the difference of class which might have created such feelings; for one at least of the white men was the head of one of the best families in the island, while the black man, besides being the grandson of a slave, was very poor. The former, to my knowledge, helped the latter financially just as he would have helped a brother in difficulties.

In French dependencies, like Tunis, I have observed between rulers and subjects a camaraderie which, after some experience of Anglo-India and Anglo-Egypt, struck me as a most exhilarating novelty; and I hear, though I have had no opportunity of verifying the statement, that the under-population of France has caused an influx of African labour into the Republic which has given rise to no ill-feeling. On the contrary, it is said that there is very considerable intermingling between the two elements and a growing hybrid population in the southern departments. This absence of colour-feeling on the part of the French I attribute not to any natural broadmindedness, but to the leveling influence of their democratic institutions. Their whole education, since the Revolution, has been a persistent protest against caste barriers; and the colour-prejudice, being essentially a caste prejudice, was bound to disappear with the disappearance of class distinctions. The logicity of the French intellect has, no doubt, helped to carry the argument to its inevitable conclusion.

The contrast between the French and the English attitude towards these matters, and the hollowness of the philosophy of colour, are brought into vivid relief by a reminiscence of the late Sir Horace Rumbold, sometime British Ambassador at Vienna.

The wife of the French Minister at Buenos Ayres, during her journeyings in the Pampa, had become interested in the Indian tribes which were then being hunted down by Roca and his troopers. It happened that among the prisoners taken at the break-up of one of the Indian encampments, and conveyed to Buenos Ayres, there was a little girl of about six years old, the child of some cacique, who had either been killed or had vanished into the Patagonian desert. Madame Amelot, having no children of her own, adopted the waif and gave it the best of European educations. A good many years afterwards Sir Horace met the foundling again in Europe, now a grown-up and very accomplished young lady, speaking French, German, and English exceedingly well. "With her remarkably fine

figure, dusky hair, smooth, copper-coloured skin, and supple, almost feline, grace, the adopted daughter of the Amelots made a great sensation at a party at our house," says the Ambassador. "Not very long afterwards she was married to a country neighbour of the Amelots in Normandy. Thus what seemed at first a somewhat hazardous experiment has so far proved highly successful."

The last words are suggestive: the hazard existed only in the Englishman's prejudiced mind: it did not exist in the minds of his French friends or in the young lady's origin; a few years of education sufficed to bridge over the chasm which is supposed to separate the Red Indian from the European.

From all this it becomes fairly plain that the colour-prejudice, being as superficial as the skin which produces it, is the reverse of permanent. If Nature were left alone to work her own wise will, unimpeded by artificial obstacles, there would be no colour-problems to vex and agitate the world. The conflict, where it exists, is a political conflict, sanctioned by Governments; but, so far as Nature is concerned, both unnecessary and unsanctified. KOSMOPOLITES.

(To be continued.)

## Mr. Shaw and the German Republic.

By Ramiro de Maeztu.

THE courteous and flattering reply of Mr. Bernard Shaw has satisfied my vanity so completely that for a week or two I have felt incapable of even acknowledging its receipt. If it be true that every man has his price, then my own—poor me!—does not greatly exceed that of the courtesy and recognition of a respected name. But though my ego is fully satisfied with this reply, I must add to this expression of personal gratitude a few observations. The article and reply of Mr. Shaw are intimately related to some propositions which have been upheld in these columns, with the full knowledge that they are not in harmony with modern feelings. Feelings are very fertile progenitors of sophisms. Every man who has been so unfortunate as to fall in love with "the wrong woman" knows that it is in vain that his reason and his eyes tell him that the woman is "wrong." Again and again his feelings discover false reasons and mirages to cloud his mind and his eyes; and only the persistency of reason and will enable him, at the end of many years, to create new feelings capable at first of combating and finally of vanquishing his passion. Let us, then, be persistent. Alas! the world would be a much better place if the devil were as incapable of "hard work or endurance" as Mr. Shaw has depicted him.

"You have said that to me already," Mr. Shaw will exclaim. So I have; but it must be repeated. The whole discussion arises from the fact that Mr. Shaw has ceased, like a good modern, to believe in the reality of evil. Mr. Cecil Chesterton and Dr. Oscar Levy attribute the intellectual position of Mr. Shaw to his being a Calvinist. I wish he were! The tragedy is that the intellectual heirs of the puritans have ceased to believe in Calvin and in Milton (men of pen and sword, warriors and philosophers, as Plato wished his guardians to be); they do not know Pascal, and they believe instead in Herbert Spencer and in Karl Marx, or in Ibsen and in Nietzsche. This is, it seems to me, the second Fall of Adam.

If Mr. Shaw believed in the reality of evil, he would say to the Germans: "You are wrong." But, as he does not seem to believe that evil is anything but stupidity or laziness, he says to the Germans: "Your Hohenzollerns are inefficient. You must set up a Republic instead." And the reason of this attitude is that Mr. Shaw is Irish and not English; and that, as an Irishman, he aspires to win the verdict of the jury, and not to make himself famous, "as English barristers do,"

"through hanging my client." "In addressing the American German jury it was clear to me that the one thing I must not say was that Germany was in the wrong." "I began by saying everything nice about Germany that I could." And, "having thus gained the ear of the jurors, I proceeded with my case." His case was the Republic versus the Hohenzollerns.

Now, the idea of the Republic is particularly sympathetic to me. But let us be clear on the point. Modern men understand by the term Republic a form of government the head of which is temporary and elective, not permanent and hereditary. In this sense, the Republic is not a very important thing. There are in America some twenty Spanish-speaking Republics. Some are pacifist, others militarist; some clerical, others free-thinking; some capitalist, others bureaucratic; some aristocratic, others democratic; some efficient, others inefficient. Whether a government is monarchical or republican, in this sense, is only a matter of form. Matters of form are very important for lawyers and snobs. But Mr. Shaw and I are not interested in the form, but in the content.

The word Republic has another meaning; nobler, deeper, more historical, and at the same time more literal. It means "the public thing," or in English the "commonwealth." Even more than a form of government it is a judgment of a valuation, in which is affirmed what I have called in these columns "the primacy of things." To live in a Republic or a Commonwealth means to live in a regime in which the primary is the public thing, to which every other must be sacrificed, the individuals and the things of the individuals. It is in this sense that I am also a Republican.

To which the ironical reader may reply: "We are all Republicans in theory and in words; we all place the public thing above individuals; even though in practical life we place the individuals before the public thing." But the ironical reader is mistaken. What is bad in the modern world is not that men are worse than those of other periods, but that their theories are more false. This matter of the public thing, for instance, has recently been dealt with in the "Round Table" in these words: "A commonwealth is a society of human beings living in one territory united by a common obedience to laws the purpose of which is the enlargement of liberty." "It is, indeed, a misnomer to speak of the commonwealth at all. It is nearer the truth to speak of the people or the nations of the Commonwealth, for it is the people who are the commonwealth." "The constitution of the commonwealth is based upon love for and trust in the individual."

In contrast with this kind of beautiful nonsense it is necessary to insist upon the literal meaning of the republic or the commonwealth. This "love for and trust in the individual" cannot serve as the basis of any sort of society. Every society must be based upon a common thing; and it will be neither stable nor earnest if this common thing be not held superior to the will and whims of the individuals. If we men associate, it is because, isolated, we are incapable of "realising" this common thing; and if we regulate the association by means of laws it is because we do not trust individuals. The purpose of laws is not the enlargement of liberty, but, on the contrary, its limitation. The liberal idea is an idea of youth—generous in appearance, selfish in reality. Young men fancy that they will be happier and better if they do as they like—that is to say, if they satisfy their pride and their lust. Fortunately, the world is not a place where men can have their own way. And it is only when some great disappointment teaches them that they are not the centre of the universe that men resign themselves to giving up their lives to the Republic, and that they find in this renunciation of themselves all the true happiness to which their nature can attain. Life is such that we begin to enjoy it when we cease to expect happiness from it. Do you really wish to improve man? Let us crush as soon as possible both his will and his whims. But this sentence is para-

doxical. What must be crushed in human will is pride and lust.

We may assert, then, without hesitation that the republican ideal has an intrinsic nobleness superior to the individualistic or liberal ideal. But the problem of the world in respect of Germany would not be solved if the Germans preferred the Republic (in this sense) to the Hohenzollerns. Everything depends on the particular public thing which the Germans believe to be superior. If the Germans believed, for instance, that the supreme public thing was their domination over other nations, the world would have to fight against the German Republicans with the same intensity as it is now combating the Hohenzollerns and their subjects.

Nor does it seem to me probable that the problem would be solved by the establishment of a Republic in Germany in the formal sense—that is to say, by electing a President as head of the Germanic Government. If a plebiscite for the presidency were taken in present-day Germany, does Mr. Shaw think Mr. Norman Angell would be chosen? Is he not afraid that Hindenburg would be elected instead? This is my fear; for I was in Germany at the time of the Agadir conflict. It was said in Germany at that time that it was only the personal intervention of the Kaiser which prevented war. And because he did prevent war there were many newspapers which made no bones about calling him a coward (Feige).

On this point, strangely enough, Mr. Bernard Shaw is at one with Sir Edward Grey. Sir Edward Grey, too, has suggested that if the Hohenzollerns were not governing Germany the world would be freed from the nightmare of armaments. It is a very respectable opinion, but I do not share it. The will for world-supremacy is too deep a thing to arise from a single family. It arises from a whole country, when, in rivalry with other nations, it acquires a consciousness of its superior power. It was not the deposition of Napoleon which made the French give up their dream of a universal monarchy. If Napoleon had died in 1807 the French would have replaced him with another general, and it is not probable that the course of events would have undergone essential changes. What compelled the French to give up their dream was not the change of dynasty but national defeat and the invasion of their territory by the Allies. This is a terrible thought. It implies for the Allies the need of sacrifices which make one shudder. But things are what they are. I do not deny the possibility that a nation possessed of an ideal of domination may spontaneously give up its ambition. The grace of God brings about many sudden conversions. But if Mr. Shaw were really a Calvinist he would believe that this grace acts only upon the predestinated. As a rule, men do not renounce their ambitions except when they cannot achieve them.

This ambition for universal supremacy is a sin in itself. No man and no nation, no matter what their merits may be, can have any subjective right to command other men or other nations. This sin is a crime, when, from mere ambition, it becomes an act—for instance, when Germany sanctioned the Austrian ultimatum to Serbia; when she refused to allow the Serbian question to be settled by juridical means; when she launched her ultimatums at Russia and France, and when she invaded Belgian territory. Conscience tells Mr. Shaw that these acts are bad; and it is his duty to say so to the Germans who read him. Mr. Shaw's tongue need not be tied for fear of not being clever. He may well leave cleverness to other and minor writers.

The objection to this is that all States have committed sins analogous to that which has brought about the present world conflagration. This is true; but they were sins none the less. And Germany's sin is graver, for its results were bound to be graver. Although I am a smoker, I do not believe that smoking is a good thing, either for health, economy, or morals. But it is one thing to smoke in the street, a worse thing to smoke in bed, a still worse to smoke in a wood during the dry

season; but it is very much worse than any of these to smoke in a powder-magazine. There are acts of aggression which do not change the balance of the world. But Austria's aggression not only altered it, but destroyed it. If Europe had tolerated the invasion of Serbia by the Austrian army, the whole Balkan Peninsula would have fallen under the influence of the Central Empires; and if they had been able to add to their own men and resources those of the Balkan nations the whole world would have been theirs.

This theme of the balance of power is very elementary. We cannot speak of it without reminding readers of the leading articles in the "Morning Post," the "Daily Mail," and the "Daily Telegraph." The intellectuals do not like to think of these things because they compel them to reason, more or less, like retired colonels in the clubs. The intellectuals only care to speak of things about which the philistines have to declare themselves incompetent. If they concern themselves with the balance of power, they run the risk that the "Daily Mail" may be right for having foreseen the war, and that they may be wrong for not having foreseen it. And this is, for them, a dreadful possibility. But is there not something wrong with the intellectuals of a country when they prefer distinction to veracity?

Mr. Shaw says: "I give due credit to the staff of the 'Daily Mail' for seeing clearly that England had to prepare to fight against Germany. But why restrict its foresight to Germany? It foresaw that we had to prepare to fight everybody, including France. I claim to have been a little more clever than the 'Daily Mail'; because I saw clearly that England had to prepare *not* to fight Germany. And it was for want of that preparation that we got landed in the present mess."

The reply is that when the "Daily Mail" foresaw that England had to prepare to fight France it was wrong, and when it foresaw that England had to prepare to fight Germany it was right. Now, Mr. Shaw says that England had to prepare *not* to fight Germany. The reply is that England was already prepared *not* to fight Germany. Her Government was pacifist; the majority of her Parliament was pacifist; her people were pacifist; her intellectuals were pacifists; and the imperialistic ideal of twenty years ago had suffered Calvary, death, burial, and contempt in the South African War. All the energy of the country was concentrated on internal questions—Ireland, women's suffrage, the Labour problem. Does Mr. Shaw refer to this preparation for peace? The Germans knew it thoroughly. The editor of a pacifist weekly told me recently that when, before the war, he stated in Germany that the pacifist ideal had conquered the greater part of the intellectual classes in England, his German friends answered him by saying: "All the better for us. It will make our victory all the more easy."

What further preparation could England have made to avoid war? Establish universal military service six years ago? The Radical parties of England were opposed to it; and even if they had not been opposed to it the Government would not have dared to establish it, first, because they did not know Germany's intentions; and secondly because, if her intentions had been aggressive, Germany would have declared war before the creation of another first-class army could have turned the military balance of Europe against her. For like reasons England could not arrange a military alliance with France and Russia. On the one hand, she feared that France and Russia, seeing themselves strengthened by her support, might feel tempted to commit indiscretions likely to precipitate a conflict; and, on the other hand, she feared that Germany would reply to the announcement of an Anglo-Franco-Russian alliance by a declaration of war.

Everybody interested in international affairs knew this. "S. Verdad" knew it, and said so in these columns. Those who did not know it, or did not wish to know it, were precisely the English intellectuals; for they had been cured of the literary dandyism of Wilde

—deaf and blind to problems of morals—only to fall into another humanitarian dandyism—blind and deaf to problems of power. Now everybody must know it, because Mr. Churchill has just said it. The naked truth is that the England of two years ago believed herself to be independent; but she could neither create an army nor contract alliances because the German threat prevented her. The independence of England began to be effective only on the day she declared war. And that was perceived better by the "Daily Mail" than by the intellectuals.

In that another revision of values is implied. Up till now it has been thought that people with many ideas were superior to people with few. The true scale is this: (1) People with many right ideas, (2) people with few right ideas, (3) people with few wrong ideas, and (4) people with many wrong ideas. A wrong idea is a negative value; or, better still, a positive disvalue. But what is truth? where is its test? Well, one of the tests of truth is this. A belief is true when you can suppress the man who holds the belief, and the belief still holds good. If I say that this article appears in THE NEW AGE, and you kill me, and yet the article appears in THE NEW AGE, my belief is true. But when Othello believes that Desdemona loves Cassio, and you suppress Othello, you find that Desdemona does not love Cassio. Here, again, the primacy of things!

The Germans are wrong. They have plumped the world into a war which can have for them no other issue than that truly prophesied by Bernhardt: "Weltmacht oder Untergang"—world-power or downfall. And that they are wrong is the one thing that ought to be said to them. Or, is it that the Germans are incapable of understanding the possibility that they are wrong in this crisis? That is yet another reason for fighting against them. All the nations of the world have fought unjust wars; but what differentiates the great countries from the others is that in the former there were men who rose up against their country and proclaimed its wrong. The honour of England: it is that during the American War her greatest statesmen—Pitt the Elder, Fox, and Burke—espoused the cause of the colonies; and that during the South African War there arose in England a pro-Boer party to which the British Empire, in its hour of crisis, owes the sword of Botha.

If the Germans are incapable of believing in the possibility that their country may be fighting in a bad cause, Mr. Shaw is wasting his casuistry in seeking to convince them that their Government is inefficient, through the argument that the Kaiser is too indulgent towards his son the Crown Prince. For people who believe in no other reason than efficiency, a cannon-shot is the only argument. But all Germans are not so bad as that. There are some capable of understanding not only that their country is fighting against justice, but that German culture in general has become perverted in recent years by the cult of power and success. "The only hope left for German idealism lies in defeat," said a Berlin publicist to me six years ago. Another German, Dr. Oscar Levy, has said almost the same thing in these columns. I do not sympathise with his Nietzsche, but I do sympathise with the noble spiritual anguish which has moved him to his confession.

There are enough such men in Germany, although, unfortunately, they are in a small minority. Larger is the number of those who think so but remain silent. To those doubters, or, at least, to those of them who live in America, the voice of Mr. Shaw could reach to tell them: "I understand your torture. You must choose between your duties as patriots and your other duties as moral beings. Whatever your choice may be, you will have to tear out half your soul. Choose the more noble part. The honour of Germany at the bar of history depends upon the number of Germans who have the courage, at the present hour, to rise up against their country."

These men will be the true martyrs of Germany. I



know that there are many Englishmen who fancy they will secure the martyr's crown by opposing the cause of their country. But they are wrong. History does not consecrate the martyr only when he is courageous, but when his cause is also just. The martyrs of Christendom are raised up on the altars; but as for the martyrs of paganism the world hardly knows that they ever existed. Posterity will raise statues to the pacifists of present-day Germany. But let the English conscientious objectors get rid of their illusions. They will not only be persecuted during their lifetime; but there is every probability that their memories will be dishonoured after death.

## Central Europe and Production.

IN the appendices to his "Mitteleuropa" Dr. Naumann lays stress on the agriculture and industries of "Central Europe" as compared with those of other countries or rival groupings of Powers. The figures he gives are intended chiefly as a stimulus; for, where Central European production is inferior, in given circumstances, to the production of other countries, Germans and Austrians are exhorted to do better; but where Central Europe clearly leads, then she must strive to outdo even her own efforts. What Germany and Austria have done already in some spheres is significant enough. Dr. Naumann quotes, for instance, the figures relating to the crops of wheat, rye, and barley for the year 1912-13. Of wheat the British Empire produced some 20,000,000 tons, as compared with 23,000,000 tons in Russia, 21 million tons in the United States, and 11 million tons in Central Europe. The British Empire does not appear as a rye producer at all; but of rye Russia produced 25 million tons, the United States a million tons, and Central Europe 16 million tons. The British Empire produced 3 million tons of barley, Russia 12 millions, the United States 4 millions, and Central Europe 8 millions. In other words, as Naumann points out, in raw material for bread-making Central Europe is richer than either the British Empire or the United States, and Russia alone has a decided advantage. In sugar, cane and beet, Central Europe dominates the market, to use Naumann's term. It is true that the Central European countries grow hardly any cane sugar, but the British Empire, on the other hand, produces no beet worth mentioning, and the overwhelming superiority of Germany and Austria in beet gives them undisputed control. In cotton the control lies with the United States, which in the years taken by Naumann for his estimate produced 14,100,000 bales out of the world-total of 27,200,000. In the number of spindles, however, Central Europe has made surprising progress. Forty, or even thirty, years ago cotton-spinning on a large scale had not been thought of in the Central Empires; but in 1912-13 Germany and Austria possessed 16 million spindles, the United States 32 million, and England 63 million.

Coal is another item on which Naumann lays considerable stress. The coal production of the entire British Empire for the period chosen was about 307 million tons, of Russia 31 million tons, of the United States 450 million tons, and of Central Europe 307,000,000—within a ton or two the same as for the British Empire. But the coal resources of the Central Empires have hardly been touched as yet, and German and Austrian economists are justified in looking forward to a wide extension of this output. In iron and steel manufacture, as everybody knows, there has been a huge development in Germany, and to a less extent

in Austria-Hungary, in the course of the last three decades. In 1912-13 the British Empire produced 15 million tons of iron-ore, Russia 8 millions, the United States 60 millions, and Central Europe 38 millions. The respective quantities of pig-iron produced were 10, 4, 30, and 20 millions.

It was not Naumann's intention, nor is it mine, to set down these rows of figures merely as documentary evidence. The lesson we have to learn from them—and to prove the point the pages of *THE NEW AGE* could be filled with figures even more striking in a detailed form—is that the application of the immense organising power of Germany to industry is not a matter of to-morrow, and it is not to a discussion of that subject that Naumann's book has led. Germany and Austria-Hungary are already organised industrially and agriculturally, and the expansion of Germany's trade, in particular, has been almost miraculous. In the new Fabian Society book on war taxes it is urged that greatly increased production is necessary to meet the new burdens caused by the war, and two means of doing this are recommended: in the first place, we must "abolish the toll of preventible disease" and "develop to the utmost the physique and intelligence of all our rising generation"; and, in the second place, there must be "better organisation." If the Fabian Society were not, as a rule, behind the times, usually recommending something already in process of being carried out, we might well be staggered to find that we had only now reached such an elementary consideration of the problems affecting trade after the war. From innumerable articles which have been appearing in the most capitalistic of capitalistic newspapers it is quite evident that subjects such as preventible disease and the birth-rate are going to have the most earnest attention of our authorities. On this point the members of the Fabian Research Department might well save their breath to cool their communal porridge; and as to the second point, the question of organisation, the Fabians have specifically left untouched the most important aspect of it: "We do not pretend to show how each industry might improve its own processes so as to become more efficient." No; the Fabians deal with the Post Office and transport and insurance—matters which have been thoroughly dealt with in Germany ages ago; and they do not deal with precisely the only point that matters—namely, the improvement of purely technical processes.

Let this point be illustrated by an example. The "Daily Chronicle" of July 13 contains figures bearing on the productivity of land. According to the writer, the average yield of wheat per acre in Germany for the period 1881-86 was 1,280 kilos, in France 1,200 kilos, and in England 1,050 kilos. "In the period 1911-13 Germany had increased its average yield of wheat per acre to 2,230 kilos, France only to 1,360 kilos, while we here remained more or less stationary." The "Daily Chronicle" writer attributes the great increase in production in Germany to "the development of farmers' associations, of agricultural schools, the employment of modern methods, and, above all, the ever-increasing quantities of fertilisers used." It is on points like this that Naumann is particularly insistent, and the aim of the propagandist school of which he is the inspirer is to increase to the utmost the production of raw materials and manufactured articles, at the same time correlating and combining the industrial organisations of Germany and Austria-Hungary in such a way as to avoid waste, and, in fact, to pool the manufacturing, financial, and trading resources of the two Empires.

This separation of what is essential from what is merely important is no less characteristic of Central European methods when they are applied to the relations between the industrialists and the State. In Germany, as in Austria-Hungary, care is taken that interests of the community, through the State, are safeguarded from the rapacity of profiteers. It is true that the State lends its support to industries through

the banks, but there must be a suitable return. A remarkable instance of this may be found in the history of the potash competition of 1909-10, the American contracts for potash at low prices, and the part played by the Prussian Government in keeping prices up in the State interest. We do things differently in this country. The "Sunday Times" of July 9 contains very detailed particulars of a coal combine arranged by Lord Rhondda (Mr. D. A. Thomas), whereby his lordship becomes "head of the largest and most powerful coal trade combination in the United Kingdom." Lord Rhondda, it seems, now controls six coal companies, with an aggregate capital of £3,558,034, a yearly coal output of six million tons, and staffs of workmen and clerks numbering nearly 24,000. All this has been done without the slightest reference to the State, to the interests of the State, or the well-being of the community. I hope to return to this aspect of the subject in another article. HENRY J. NORTHBROOK.

## Our Un-idea'd Press.

By Charles Brookfarmer.

### VI.

THE "Round Table" is a quarterly "comprehensive review of Imperial politics, entirely free from the bias of local party issues." The anonymous articles in it are unpaid, and there are no advertisements. Nor are these the only examples the "Round Table" has taken by THE NEW AGE. Such terms as, for instance, "black-leg proof unions," constantly appear in it with as many more phrases and criticisms from these columns as the reader may care to trace. But, what is a pity, he will find in the "Round Table" no acknowledgment of the source of these ideas, nor a definite rejection or adoption of National Guilds.

There is an article in the current issue, entitled, "Some Considerations affecting Economic Reconstruction," which will perhaps illumine the attitude of the "Round Table." Let us imagine Mr. Asquith come once again to the Press in search of solutions to the problems before him. Reading over our shoulders he will see this:—

Man does not live by bread alone. The unrest in the industrial world to-day has not its roots solely in poverty and want. There is something deeper still at work. The wage-earners are filled with a vague but profound sentiment that the industrial system, as it is now, denies to them the liberties, opportunities, and responsibilities of free men.

Agreed, agreed, cries the reader. The wage-system must go! Hush!—

Into these questions, the most difficult of to-day's problems, the following pages do not pretend to enter. They are limited to a consideration of certain economic lessons which a study of the production and distribution of wealth forces upon us.

Well, and what are these?

The spiritual values of life cannot be separated wholly from the economic. Misery, want, and grinding toil are not the soil in which the highest human qualities can develop. Many social problems could be solved by more efficient production and the better distribution of the national wealth.

And how may these two good things be obtained?

Beyond any question the most powerful influence necessary to the rebuilding of our economic strength is the harmonious co-operation of capital and labour and enterprise.

Yet, says the writer, we are told that industrial unrest is to continue after the war, and this unrest prevents any greater efficiency in production.

A considerable proportion of the working classes of the British Isles live on or below the "primary poverty" line, or, in other words, find it hard to get the food, clothing, and shelter necessary for a healthy life. In these circumstances it is natural and inevitable that there

should be labour unrest. The restoration of harmonious relations, therefore, between capital and labour, so necessary to the work of reconstruction, must depend largely upon removing these evils.

This should carry conviction even to Mr. Asquith, and he will look eagerly to see how it is suggested that these evils are to be removed. Alas!—

This paper, however, will not attempt to propose any panacea.

At this point the reader will obtain some insight into the cause of this "specific inhibition" of panaceas.

It is assumed that the existing order of society will remain in force for any length of time with which the practical work of reconstruction will be concerned. Whatever the far future may unfold, private property, with its concomitants of wages, salaries, profits, interest, and rent, will continue for many a long year.

Our author, then, anticipates no early end for the system which, as he showed, seems to the workers to deny them the "liberties, opportunities, and responsibilities of free men." It is this aspect of the economic situation which seems to him the most disquieting.

The most valuable and most productive wealth of a nation consists in the natural and acquired qualities of its people, in their health, strength, knowledge, skill, and character. . . . The first principle of reconstruction must be to make most manual workers happier, better paid, better educated, as well as more efficient producers, than they are to-day.

This is definite and true, as definite and true as it is for us to say that the strength, skill and character of the workers cannot be improved while a system remains in force which "denies to them the liberties, opportunities and responsibilities of free men."

Our author is in a dilemma—either he must be prepared to help us destroy the wage-system, or he must surrender his "first principle of reconstruction"—the increased happiness and efficiency of the workers. Which will his choice be? Read this:—

The whole economic basis of society rests on private property and the sanctity of contract. Confiscation would cut at the root of all security, and would paralyse development.

The cat is fairly out of the bag! What else is the essence of the wage-system but the sanctity of contract between the private owner of capital and the property-less worker? What the "Round Table" calls the "whole economic basis of society" turns out to be—the wage-system! No wonder, then, that the writer assumes that "the existing order of society will remain in force" and refuses to "propose any panacea."

Observing this, Mr. Asquith is not likely to pay very much attention to all the by-ways of research in the rest of the article. He will be content to turn to the end and see what final suggestions the writer offers. Here they are:—

The basis of all improvement must be increased output. It is no use looking to any other source for real improvement.

Yes, yes; and how are we to obtain "increased output"?

The Trade Unions fail to set their faces against restriction of output, and in favour of all measures for the greater efficiency of production, because they distrust the employers. . . . The employers, on the other hand, become convinced that Labour is unreasonable, and harden their hearts. . . . It may seem a [devilishly] lame conclusion to those who have faith in panaceas, but there is no doubt that the greatest step in advance, and, indeed, the prerequisite of any reform, would be a genuine attempt on the part of each side to understand the difficulties and ideas of the other. There is no simple panacea for all industrial ills.

So there is to be just a little tiny seed of love in industry, and all may be well. As Mr. Asquith puts down the "Round Table," he will surely murmur, "Why, even Strachey could have told me this."

Alas, the "Round Table" has no—ideas!

## Islâm and Progress.

By Marmaduke Pickthall.

### V.—THE COMMAND TO KILL.

MUHAMMAD hated cruelty, and never used it save towards men so brutal or so treacherous that they were incapable of understanding any other argument; and never in his life did he indulge in private vengeance. War he considered necessary for the survival of the righteous in the world. He did his best to mitigate its horrors.

Nothing could be more discordant with his spirit than that wholesale slaughter of non-combatants which many Christians seem to think a part of the Islâmic fighting code. This is a mistake. Neither massacre nor any harshness towards non-combatants is allowed in Muslim warfare. These horrors are Byzantine and have been practised by the unenlightened Muslims in *retaliation*, which the *letter* of the Coran permits in the event of sedition and treachery. I do not think that educated Muslim opinion has at any time approved or sanctioned them; and according to the sternest words of the Coran, accepted literally, such cruelties must cease at the first cry for mercy. But the uneducated do not realise all this. A few words, apart from their context and historical setting, are used to sanction conduct, much as the Puritans of old in England steeled their hearts for slaughter with some massacrings text from the Old Testament. *Al-fitnatu akbaru mina 'l-qatli*. "Sedition is worse than killing." And where sedition and treachery is proven, killing is regarded as a duty.

There is no doubt but that some of the Christians of the Turkish Empire (whose fathers made a covenant with El Islâm) have in the opinion of all Muslims been guilty of sedition and the foulest treachery; that they have attacked the Muslim army from the rear at the moment of its greatest danger; and so, technically speaking, have earned the treatment given to the Beni Kureyza—the treacherous feudatories of El Medinah. But enlightened Muslims would have limited the punishment and subsequent precautions to what was strictly necessary from a military point of view. Provincial mobs in Turkey, however, cannot yet be called enlightened. The only remedy is education—Muslim education—of a modern kind. Christian education of a modern kind, combined with a detested yoke, will only make things worse below the surface. If every Muslim knew his own religion there would be no more fanaticism, in the sense of cruelty, in El Islâm. The religion of Muhammad is the progress of the human race in the free light of the Eternal Unity.

When Khâlid ibn al Malîd, one of his generals and a recent convert, for a private vengeance caused enemies who had laid down their arms to be butchered, Muhammad, when he heard the news, "flung up his hands to heaven until the whiteness of his armpits was visible, and cried: 'O God, I am innocent towards Thee of that which Khâlid has done.' Then he sent Ali, son of Abu Tâlib, with money, and commanded him to pay the price of blood and ruined property; and Ali did so. Then he (Ali) asked them: 'Does any property or blood remain (uncompensated)?' They answered: 'No.' Ali had a little money over and he gave it to them as a bounty and a consolation. He told the Prophet (God bless and save him) of it, and it pleased him.

"Now Abdu 'r-rahmân ibn Aûf repudiated the deed of Khâlid; and Khâlid said: 'I have avenged thy father.' Abdu 'r-rahmân made answer. 'Thou hast avenged only thine uncle in whose company he was, and thou hast done a deed of the Ignorance in El Islâm.' The Apostle of God, when he heard of it, cried: 'O Khâlid, leave my companions alone! For, if thou hadst Mount Ohod all in gold, and spent it all in the cause of God, thou wouldst not attain the morning or the evening grace of one of them.'"

Many are the "deeds of the Ignorance" which have since then been done in El Islâm by people who, like Khâlid, have not yet realised the spirit of their faith. Of this spirit, as compared with that of Christendom, an able and learned Muslim writer, Mr. Ameer Ali, has well said:

"However much the various new-born Churches disagreed among themselves, or from the Church of Rome, regarding doctrinal and theological points, they were in perfect accord with each other in denying all community of interests and rights to nations outside the pale of Christendom.

"The spirit of Islâm on the contrary is opposed to isolation and exclusiveness. In a comparatively rude age, when the world was immersed in darkness, moral and social, Mohammed preached those principles of equality which are only half realised in other creeds, and promulgated laws which, for their expansiveness and nobility of conception, would bear comparison with the records of any faith. 'Islâm offered its religion, but never enforced it; and the acceptance of that religion conferred equal rights with the conquering body, and emancipated the vanquished States from the conditions which every conqueror, since the world existed up to the period of Mohammed, had invariably imposed.'

"By the laws of Islâm, liberty of conscience and freedom of worship were allowed and guaranteed to the followers of every other creed under Moslem dominion. The passage in the Koran, 'Let there be no compulsion in religion' testifies to the principle of toleration and charity inculcated by Islâm. 'What wilt thou force men to believe when belief can come only from God?'—'Adhere to those who forsake you; speak truth to your own heart; do good to every one that does ill to you'; these are the precepts of a Teacher who has been accused of fanaticism and intolerance. Let it be remembered that these are the utterances, not of a powerless enthusiast or philosophical dreamer paralysed by the weight of opposing forces. These are the utterances of a man in the plenitude of his power, of the head of a sufficiently strong and well-organised State, able to enforce his doctrines with the edge of his reputed sword. . . . In the hour of his greatest triumph, when the Arabian Prophet entered the old shrine of Mecca and broke down the idols, it was not in wrath or religious rage, but in pity, that he said—'Truth is come, darkness departeth'—announcing amnesty almost universal, commanding protection to the weak and poor, and freeing fugitive slaves.

"Mohammed did not merely preach toleration; he embodied it into a law. To all conquered nations he offered liberty of worship. A nominal tribute was the only contribution they were required to pay for the observance and enjoyment of their faith. Once the tax or tribute was agreed upon, every interference with their religion or the liberty of conscience was regarded as a direct contravention of the laws of Islâm. Could so much be said of other creeds? Proseiytism by the sword was wholly contrary to the instincts of Mohammed, and wrangling over creeds his abhorrence. Repeatedly he exclaims: 'Why wrangle over that which you know not? Try to excel in good works. When you shall return to God, He will tell you about that in which you have differed.'"

And yet an Englishman of education assured me only the other day that Muslims think it meritorious to slaughter Christians! Ignorant Muslims think that wholesale slaughter is permitted by certain texts of the Coran in cases where Christians have been manifestly wicked in behaviour towards the Muslim brotherhood, and where such Christians, it is considered, owe allegiance to Islâm and are bound to it by a compact, which has been observed by Muslims, as witness the survival of so many Christian Churches and their ceremonies under Muslim rule until this day. With fuller knowledge of their own religion and of the ideas which are current in the world to-day, they would think other-

wise. Their hope, as I have said already, is in their own natural development by education upon Muslim lines and in a state of independence.

It has been used as a reproach to El Islâm by Christian controversialists that it is a Religion of the Sword—which is only to say that it regards war as one of the affairs of life, as important as it is terrible, and includes it in the purview of religion, imposing rules for the believer to observe in it. One might retort that it is not a religion of the faggot and the stake. Christianity does not acknowledge war, and this the Christian apologists reckon in its favour as a spiritual religion. But every candid person will admit that the omission is something to its disadvantage as a practical rule of conduct in a world where war is the ultima ratio regum, and Christian nations are peculiarly aggressive. It is curious for the student in this nineteenth and seventeenth year of Christianity to go into an English church and hear the priest intone: "Give peace in our time, O Lord!" and the people answer: "Because there is none other that fighteth for us, but only Thou, O God"—words of the early Christians who thought it wicked to defend themselves. As a learned Arab once remarked to the author of these lines: "Christ was a dervish, and you and I are not dervishes." The confusion and the incoherence arising from this contradiction between a mystic Oriental ideal, accepted grossly—i.e., literally—by materialists, and the laws of human life, are great and deplorable. Again to quote Mr. Ameer Ali:

"Christianity did not profess to deal with international morality, and so left its followers groping in the dark. Modern thinkers, instead of admitting this to be a real deficiency in the Christian system, natural to the unfinished state in which it was left, have tried to justify it. A strang perversion of the human intellect! Hence what is right in the individual comes to be considered wrong in the nation, and vice versa. Religion and morality, two convertible terms, are kept apart from the domain of law. Religion, which claims to regulate the tie of individual men, ignores the reciprocal relations of the various aggregates of humanity. Religion is thus reduced into mere sentimentalism, an object of gushing affection or mutual laudation at debating societies, albeit sometimes rising to the dignity of philosophical morality.

"The basis of international obligations, as has been ably observed, consists in the recognition of nations as individuals, and of the fact that there is not one standard for individuals and another for nations; for as individuals compose a nation so nations compose humanity; and the rights of nations and their obligations to each other in nowise differ from those existing between individuals."

This basis of international relations, which Christendom is only now beginning faintly to perceive, has been the sacred law of El Islâm for centuries. This accounts, I believe, for a good deal of the bad odour, for ill faith and treachery in which Christian nations have been held among Mohammedans.

I cannot conclude this note upon Islâmic warfare more becomingly than with a quotation from the charge which Abu Bekr (the first Caliph) gave to Yezid when the latter was about to set out with the Muslim host against the Christian Empire of the East. Every word of it is based upon some known decision of the Prophet:—

"When you meet your enemies, bear yourselves like men, and do not turn your backs; and if you gain the victory, do not kill small children nor the aged nor women. Destroy no palm-tree, burn no field of corn. Cut down no fruit-trees, nor do hurt to cattle, save only such as you kill for your own sustenance. When you make any covenant or treaty stand to it, and be as good as your word. As you proceed, you will find religious persons living secluded in monasteries, who propose to themselves to serve God in that way. Let them alone; do not kill them or destroy their monasteries."

## An Artist's Note Book.

THERE are works of art which call to mind the golden age. They evoke the time when the leopard shall lie down in amity with the kid. These are the productions which succeed in uniting, in a true and perfect harmony, the most contrary and dissimilar qualities. They heal what might appear to be utterly irreconcilable antagonisms. Thus, in the field of painting, it was given to the genius of Velazquez to blend the utmost realism with a supreme elegance: thus it was given to Milton, in dealing with our English tongue, to be at once majestic and forcible: thus it was given to La Fontaine, the Homer of France, to be deliciously natural and divinely perfect: thus it was given to Voltaire, the apostle of sober reason, the soul of sanity, to join, as by natural affinity, unflinching grace to unflinching sense: thus it was given to Sterne,—odd-souled, whimsical—a dainty Ariel rather than a robust Englishman—to bring a lightness of touch, which, if anything, is Gallic, to a quaint and homely sense for minute, prosaic, humdrum detail, which, if anything, is Dutch: thus it was given to Nietzsche—at once a poet and a psychologist—a master of living phrase and a dealer in abstract thought—to descend into the dark underworld of the soul and light it up with a clear torch: while, finally, manifested not in any concrete work of art, but in a human personality, it was given to a Samurai of Japan, in his own superb and heroic person, to co-ordinate, in seemingly perfect union, the stout heart of the warrior with the delicate taste of the æsthete.

Milton was a master of the grand style. So also was Landor. But Milton, in his capacity as poet, combined with the nobility and dignity proper to the grand style the force and homeliness, the heartfelt accent, proper to our English speech: he was always superb; at no time was he pompous. Milton was at once majestic and forcible.

Nietzsche was a *schöne Seele* who was a bold and intrepid explorer of the human soul.

Velazquez. As a pure realist he out-Halses Hals.

His skill of hand was incomparable. His eye for truth no one has surpassed. He beats Hals, he beats Sargent, he beats Zorn. With this he has a sense for beauty in which he rivals, and a sense for elegance in which he eclipses, Titian and Veronese. For subtlety and refinement of style, Velazquez, at his best, may be compared with any of the most exquisite artists that have ever existed in the world. Who is his peer? Phidias. What Phidias stands for in the province of sculpture, Velazquez stands for in the province of painting. He is the prince of painters.

We may perhaps read an excellent novel or poem, or see a fine picture, and then, as we think, forget all about it, or at least dismiss it from conscious thought; but it does not perish; in secret it still goes on living in our mind. One day, as it were by accident, at some slight touch of circumstance, it suddenly revives; it flashes into memory; perhaps after ten, or twenty, or thirty years, and even longer. It suddenly revives; or, rather, as may well happen, it only then, with all the shock of novelty, for the first time clearly reveals to us its true worth and quality.

A work of art is one thing, a man is another. A work of art, in possessing the qualities of order and unity and rhythm, of perfect equilibrium, is assured of enduring life. It is rendered viable. With a man, it is otherwise. A similar degree of unity and harmony, as a constant possession of his heart and mind, a state of soul, he could only attain—if, indeed, to this he could attain at all—at his peril. Far from gaining by it an assurance of continuous life he would arrive at a fixity and standstill as of death.

The painter is merely an eye. Is this surprising? Suppose a man were set down in an enchanted island like that in the poet's tale, and he heard, at all hours of the day, in the air about him, now here and now there, snatches of sweet music and song: would not such a man be wholly an ear? Now thus it happens with the painter. He walks in an enchanted scene. With his waking eyes he sees songs and melodies. Sees them in everything about him. Sees, to his joyous wonder, in the swimming brightness of the sky, in the sparkle of water, in the rolling down, in the rush of a river, in the toss and sway of a full-foliaged tree,—sees in the tall chimneys of a factory town, in the moving crowds, in the din and the tumult—sees and rejoices. With his eyes he sees symphonies in colour and in line.

\* \* \*

We read that about the throne of God there are stationed creatures which are full of eyes and which rest not day and night, saying, Holy, holy, holy. Beyond a doubt they are the celestial cousins to our earth-born painter! He also is a creature full of eyes.

\* \* \*

Our eye we may cultivate with impunity. Not so our mind. Our eye, as it grows in the power of discernment, and becomes ever more and more subtle and refined, so the more and more it discovers in the surrounding world some fresh object of beauty: it declares this earth of ours to be well-nigh perfect. Our mind reports a different tale. According as it looks into things with close and narrow scrutiny, so the less and less it perceives in anything any cause for enthusiasm.

\* \* \*

O joy! O bliss! The far-off golden age is at hand! Look at the sky. Look at the green hills. They are inconceivably fair. Look, and rejoice.

\* \* \*

Who ever sighs for the blue sky of a thousand years ago? Or who ever dreams that in a thousand years the shapes of the hills will greatly improve? No one is so foolish. We are content with our glad here and now. In the matter of colour and form the golden age is always at hand.

\* \* \*

At this very hour of the clock the earth is fully as beautiful as ever it was in the past or as ever it will be in the future.

\* \* \*

I ask not for heaven. Give me in abundance the light of common day, and I ask not for heaven.

\* \* \*

What particular thing shall I say that I was in the vanished past? I was no royal eagle, no. Nor a lion. Nor had I my being among any of the creatures of a blood-loving kind. I neither stalked nor glared. I was no wise and patient elephant, and I neither grinned with an ape nor laughed with a hyæna. I was no fox, or sheep, or dog, or cat, or rat. Nor a white and gentle dove. Nor, among the myriad forms that, actuated by blind desire, either move in the air, or dart and glide in water, or run or leap or crawl or squat upon the surface of the earth, was I anything as low in the scale of sentient being as a worm or a mollusc. I was, I believe, a tiny cicada. I dwelt in a gnarled olive tree, and I came and vanished with summer.

\* \* \*

I am glad I was not Adam. I should have looked with but small pleasure upon the garden of Eden. It would have looked too new. New things are mostly ugly. For it is clearly necessary, to the creation of beauty, that Time should have a hand in the task,—Time, the father of all things,—Time, who is at once sculptor and painter and poet,—Time, who has carved and hollowed the pleasant hills,—Time, who has twisted the errant river-courses like a gadding vine,—Time, who has coloured the blue pavilion of air with a dye-powder of immemorial dust. Not even the divine Architect of the Universe could frame a world in six days and make it beautiful.

HENRY BISHOP.

## Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

I HAVE never read the *Mrichhakatika* of Sudraka, and when I first heard of it I thought that it was one of those prehistoric monsters whose fossil remains prove that man should thank God that he was made otherwise. But Mr. William Archer tells us that it is a play, and that he has read it; and I shudder to think that little Indian boys may have words like that always on their lips, with no one to restrain them but an occasional English missionary. If these are the names the Indians give to their plays, what do they say about serious things? It was bad enough when the Irishman abused his wife, and called her the square of the hypotenuse, and an isocetes triangle, and other misbegotten analogies; but the possibilities of profanity for an Indian must be limitless with this language, and his poor wife is to be pitied. She calls her home a "zenana," but it is probably worse even than that description implies.

Luckily, Mr. Arthur Symons is sufficiently a poet to use better language than this; and his translation, which was recently produced by the Stage Society, is called simply, "The Toy-Cart." This is probably a euphemism, for it is absurd to suppose that Indians could use all the above-quoted phrase to describe a child's toy-cart. In the skilful hands of Mr. Symons, the play became a good English melodrama with some very amusing scenes of comic relief. The trial scene, particularly, was very funny; and by the way, is Mr. Arthur Wontner specialising in being tried by other than English courts? It is not so very long since he was "On Trial" before an American court; this time, he appeared before an Indian court; and on both occasions he was charged with murder. Mr. Wontner should be careful; he may not always be acquitted, and it would be a pity if the English stage were to be prematurely deprived of his great scene with a child. There is no actor who makes a more tender father, whose voice has quite the same sobbing solicitude for the child whose welfare he has jeopardised by making himself liable to the capital charge. If he were skilful in conducting his defence, he would not need to be warned of his danger; but he is not. He seems to glory in having no defence to offer; in "On Trial" he refused to plead, and in "The Toy-Cart" he adopted a similar attitude after a very poor attempt at cross-examination.

The chief interest of the play lay in its presentation of a number of old melodramatic friends. Those "demireps who love and save their souls" are not confined to the "new French books" in which Bishop Blougram read of them. Vasantasena was supposed to be a dancer, but the exhibition she gave suggested that she would have starved if she had not been responsive to affection. She committed the sins, and her mother collected the jewels; together, they made quite a good living. Her heart, of course, was hungry for husband, home and children; or was it only that her soul was hungry for love? I forget which it was; but when she saw Charudutta, the noble, virtuous, but impoverished Brahmin, her heart went out to him and his to her. This exchange was not visible to the other spectators of her dancing, because, as Charudutta explained at great length to Maitreya, his friend, it was spiritual. The Hindu God of Love (I forget his name) looked through Vasantasena's eyes at Charudutta; then he came and looked through Charudutta's eyes at Vasantasena. Having looked at each of them with the eyes of the other, he decided that they were a pair; and left them spiritually wedded but physically unknown to each other, and socially incompatible. But he did his work better than the Greek Cupid usually does; he pierced them both with the same dart, or he made each the

other's Fate, and he could safely leave them in the hands of the dramatist. They were "fool-proof."

It was not very difficult to make them acquainted. An uproar in the streets caused Vasantasena and her mother to seek refuge in the noble Brahmin's house. He offered her refreshment, but his poverty was so extreme that the household could not find even a banana to offer her. It did not matter; she feasted on his noble presence, his grand manner, his lofty thoughts. "Another anecdote, madam; there is no roast to-day," so the maid used to whisper to one of those witty French hostesses of the eighteenth century. Charudutta had no anecdotes, and the lady got no dinner, but she did not starve. She "ate the air, promise-crammel"; as Hamlet truly said, "You cannot feed capons so," but Claudius did not know enough of Indian courtesans to enable him to retort effectively. But Vasantasena took so long to eat her dinner that the scene was becoming very dull indeed; her mother's constant exhortations to "come away, he hasn't got any money," etc., were becoming so tedious that even Charudutta had to do something. He would get torches, and escort the lady home, and as the servants could find no oil for the torches, he went to look for it himself. These domestic details fascinated the dancer, and I believe that her woman's heart would have prompted her to scrub the floor, or whatever is the Hindu equivalent, if Mr. Arthur Symons had not interfered. He would not allow her to over-emphasise her domestic capabilities at this moment, because it was necessary that her maternal instinct should be displayed, and should express itself in such a way as to spin a coil about her lover.

A little child appeared, such a little child with such a little voice. He was pulling a very little cart, but he was bearing a very great grief. His friend had had a gold cart, with which he had played; now that his friend was no longer allowed to play with him, he howled for a gold cart of his own. Then Vasantasena's soul was touched, and she bubbled and blethered over the boy, stripped herself of her jewels and loaded the toy cart with them. O Christian love! Unfortunately, the only witnesses of the gift were her mother, who did not like Charudutta, and the child, who was not called as a witness when his father was charged by the villain with the murder of Vasantasena. By the way, this villain, Samsthanaka, the King's brother-in-law, made his appearance in the Brahmin's house, and made profane love to the dancer, who repulsed him; Charudutta, by claiming the privileges of a host and showing the Prince the outside of the door, not only made an enemy but established his relation with the courtesan. He had extended his care to her, he had covered her with his dignity; she was bound to him for life.

Then things began to happen. After a scene in Vasantasena's house, when the dancer showed that if she could not dance she could tell a fine tale about love, and faint in her lover's arms, the Prince came to the rose garden to keep an appointment made by Vasantasena with Charudutta. Again she repulsed him, but this time he strangled her; and went to charge Charudutta with the murder. But love is immortal, and triumphs over death; and in the presence of a mendicant friar Vasantasena came to life. Instead of taking her to the court of justice, he took her to a convent; and Charudutta was condemned to death for a murder that had not been committed, by a judge whose ideas of law were as funny as those of Dogberry. Charudutta could have proved an alibi, but only by betraying a conspiracy against the King's life; but when he heard that Vasantasena was dead he wanted to die too. So he was led out to execution by two funny Chandulas, one fat and one thin, who procrastinated while Charudutta sobbed his farewell over the child, while a revolution took place, and until Vasantasena appeared. She came, of course, just as the axe was about to fall, and saved the life of the man who had saved her soul. After magnanimously forgiving the villainous Prince, who was no longer in power, the two lovers kissed like experts, and looked very happy and holy. Mrichhakatika!

## A Modern Document.

Edited by Herbert Lawrence.

VIII—(CONTINUED).—From *Acton Reed*.

If from Hardy to Meredith is from the homestead to the Hall, from Meredith to Shaw is from the Hall to the Music-hall. In my opinion Shaw's women are not a whit more real or serious than "turns." Born of Shaw and not of woman they appear to have been fed as children on Life-Force and Grape-nuts and brought up by their heads in the property room of the variety stage—a variety stage, of course, more intellectual than our contemporary one, but a variety stage for all that. Was there ever, for instance, so perfect a star turn as Shaw's leading lady Ann? Cast with a Shavian George Robey she would be worth a thousand a box. Imagine the effect of a tragical Bluebeard scene beginning "Sister Ann, Sister Ann, do you see a man coming?"—and then enter Robey. Really I have half a mind to write it! The milder passages might be something like this:

Ann (in low siren tones suitable to the influence she is under): Can't you hear the Life-Force calling?

Robey (shivering like a rabbit before a snake): Let me go, let me go. Marry one of your own size.

Ann (pointing fatefully): Thou art the man.

Robey (savagely and suddenly deciding to make a fight for it): Infamous, abandoned woman! Devil! Vampire!

Ann (soft, deadly, and low): Don't flatter me, dearest.

Robey (brutally, but obviously despairing): I won't marry you! I won't marry you!

Ann (crossing herself devoutly): My king and country call me. Lloyd George wants more men.

Robey (mechanically now): I tell you no, no, no!

Ann (advancing gently but triumphantly): I tell you yes, yes, yes!

Robey (groaning and done for): No-oh!

Ann (pouncing): Yes-ss-sss!

TWENTY YEARS LATER.

Ann's daughter Lesbia (indignantly): Marry you? A husband? What next, I should like to know? Wretch! Another word and I shall ring the bell!

Robey's son Robey (smiting his brow): Well, but—excuse me—Germany is still advancing, and I thought you wanted— (Gesture and significant pause.)

Lesbia (briskly): Children? Certainly I want children. I ought to have children. I should have children. She should have children—

Robey's son Robey (interrupting triumphantly): He should have children—

Lesbia (turning on him): Certainly not! Had I my way, no man should have children to his knowledge. Fathers should be strictly anonymous.

Robey's son Robey (dazed): Then you don't want a husband—(brokenly) not—even—little—me?

Lesbia (emphatically): Certainly not! Children, yes; but a pipe-rack—NEVER!

Yes, I am sure the music-hall has missed its genius in allowing Shaw to set up as a philosopher. Not, however, that he does not know a great deal about women. Julia Craven alone will bear the marks of his knowledge to her dying day. But of women it seems to me Shaw knows nothing. What is his characteristic idea of them? It is that they are victims of the sex-impulse whose one object is to victimise men in the supposed interests of the capital Life-Force. And he repeats his idea so often that even his gallery could not miss it. Sex is to Shaw's women their sole reason for existence; it is also for them the sole reason for men's existence. Sex did I say? Well more precisely it is children. Shaw's women cannot be bothered even with husbands. Procreation is their vocation and only concern, and men are only tolerable to them as means to children. "The one point," says Shaw, "on which all women are in furious secret rebellion against the existing law" is that they cannot have a child without having a husband. All women, observe; does Mr. Shaw really believe such unauthentic nonsense? My contrary experience is that the one point on which innumerable women are in furious secret rebellion is that they cannot have a husband without having children. And if Mr. Shaw replies that he

can well believe it, most marriages to-day being economic and not eugenic, I could counter with a number of childless marriages for love. However, the probability is, it seems to me, that Mr. Shaw does not know what he believes. It is just a whim of his to convert the world into a sort of Caledonian market where women go to buy children at the cheapest price they can persuade men to accept. And see what experts his women are; what connoisseurs of the men they need. Their instincts are scientifically eugenic. Look at them as they go about amongst the contemptible and contemptuous men, feeling a fetlock here and suspecting a bad heredity there. None of your spavined fathers for them if you please. The father of the superman must be sound in wind and limb, cashel down. Thanks, they are saying to that terrified young prize-fighter in the corner, you will do nicely. Does he object, as Shaw insists that he must if he is a proper man? Alternate bullying and coaxing will be employed to bring him to his senses. Is it possible, I ask, to take seriously such a view of women? Not only the facts are against it but the mind is revolted. If the world were anything like the poultry run of Shaw's fancy we should expect to see young women clucking at every doorway and men fluttering down the streets for their lives. But of course it is not. What vitiates Shaw's whole view of the relations of men and women is his complete omission of love. You will note that Shaw has no place in his world for love. The reason is that it would upset his apple-cart. For on the supposition that love exists, what becomes of his fancy that men and women really hate one another and are only unwillingly drawn together by the compulsion of the procreative Life-Force? He must, therefore, deny love or, what is the same thing, reduce it to the mere sensation of sexual selection. And in fact he does so. But is it not clear from this that love and Mr. Shaw are strangers? A world with lust but without love between the sexes may be Mr. Shaw's world but it is not the real world. And not only love but friendship between the sexes is excluded from Mr. Shaw's philosophy. Unless a woman wants a child of a man she has no right, he appears to think, to his company nor does she take any pleasure in it; and the man can take no fearful delight in hers. The association between men and women is, in fact, to be brief and only with intent: "bird-like, for the mating season," to use Shaw's words. That, too, is a caricature of reality as well as a mockery of idealism.

Where did Shaw get his ideas from? Here are two theories to account for them. One is that he is writing through his hat with his tongue in his cheek and his eye on the stage. The other and more probable is that he has had his leg pulled by a woman—so many legs, in fact, that he has not one left to stand on. What I feel must have happened is that to amuse herself some woman contrived to stuff him up with a tale about herself and flattered his love of sensation into accepting it as true of all women. Heavily, I fear, have some women had to pay for it. For there is no doubt that by his influence Shaw has made at any rate a few women behave as like to those in his plays as woman's nature could allow them. And these dupes of a dupe have had a bad time of it I should think. But these imitations are, I fancy, the only evidence Shaw could point to of his theories, and they, as I say, were manufactured by himself.

There is a redeeming virtue, however, in Shaw's view of women. The effect of his doctrines would undoubtedly be to give women economic independence of men. It is true that he intends and expects that this economic independence will be dedicated entirely to sexual selection, but at least he would give the hens the run of the whole yard. Women are no longer to be the slaves of men albeit they are to remain the servants of sex. For this extension of liberty, though designed to retain women as a means to something not themselves—to an end, that is, outside themselves—I suppose one should be truly thankful. But for my part I still must seek a doctrine in which women are ends as well as means. (*Flourish of dots . . . . Enter Mr. Wells.*)

## Notes on Economic Terms.

**ECONOMIC TERMS.**—Generalised or abstract terms facilitate discussion among persons technically interested in the theories of economics; but at the risk (or, rather, in the certainty) of confusing the lay mind. In these notes we are as far as possible re-concretising such terms and reducing them to their common and real meaning. The factors of industry are, after all, under the control and direction of various classes of men. As behind the abstraction Labour we find labourers; so, behind Rent, Interest and Profit, we find land-owners, money-owners, and tool-owners respectively. The whole system of industry is thus seen to depend upon an association of classes of persons, each class holding some element necessary to the total production. Financiers hold the money, for the use of which they demand the price called Interest. Landlords hold the land, etc., for the use of which they demand the price called Rent. And Capitalists hold the secondary tools (machinery and the like), for the use of which they demand the price called Profit. Below this trinity of persons who derive their income from the rent paid for the use of their property, come the persons who actually use it, the labourers. And these we have sub-divided according to the way in which they are paid into (a) the salariat—those, that is, upon a salary reckoned annually, as a rule; and (b) the proletariat—those whose payment is revisable weekly. By their manipulation of the property of the three former classes the two latter actually produce all that is produced. And without them is nothing produced.

**DEMAND.**—In its personal form, Demand consists of all the buyers, potential and actual, in a given market. Note that they must be potential buyers—that is, they must have money to spend. A demand that is not accompanied by ability to pay is no more an economic demand than a man without money is a potential buyer. He may want to buy, he may need the article urgently, but if he has not the means his is not an economic demand. You have seen penniless children flattening their noses against sweet-shop windows. What a demand in the human sense is apparent there! But it is not an economic demand, since the children are not potential buyers. Economic demand thus implies two things: a will to buy and an ability to buy; a will and a power, in fact. And in the absence of either a demand is ineffective or non-existent. Now let us consider each of these two factors of economic demand. The will to buy can be both organised and stimulated; and it is to the interest of the seller that it should be. The reason is obvious. The more buyers there are, and the more intensely they wish to buy, the higher the price they are willing to pay. If you have ever had a sale of your furniture you know that the success of a sale, from the seller's point of view, depends upon the number and eagerness of the bidders present. The same is true of every market. The means by which would-be sellers stimulate demand (in other words, increase the number of bidders or intensify their desire to buy) are many, the chief nowadays being advertisement. The object of all commercial advertisement, in fact, is to stimulate demand in one or both of these two ways. But not only can demand, when once it exists, be stimulated, it can be brought into existence. Would-be sellers of an article for which at first there are no buyers may make people wish to buy, and so create an economic demand. A good part of modern production, indeed, is carried on to satisfy created demands, and not intense or spontaneous demands; and such demands, before they come actually into economic existence, are called potential demands. The second factor, the ability to pay, is not within the control of the seller. He cannot, that is, increase the purchasing-power of his would-be customers. No, but what he can do is to stimulate their will to pay more. Suppose,

for example, a man has a sovereign to spend which ordinarily he lays out in twenty articles at a shilling a piece. The *seller* of one of these articles cannot give him more than a sovereign to spend; but he may induce him, by one or another means, to forgo one of his usual articles, and to pay two shillings for the seller's. The object of all sellers, in fact, is precisely this: to extract from the customers' purchasing-power as much as possible in return for as little as possible.

**SUPPLY.**—The question of Supply is not only fundamental in actual life, it is fundamental in economic theory. Whoever would understand economics must grasp the nature of Supply. It is much more important than Rent or Interest, or any other favourite subject of petty reform societies; in short, it is *the* economic problem, both in fact and in theory. We have already said of it that Supply determines Price as Demand creates Value. We have now to see what determines Supply. There are two determinants of Supply: (a) the limitations of natural or of human productivity; and (b) the limitations imposed by those who control Supply. As to the first it is naturally in the interest of the world at large that these limitations should be progressively removed. We *cannot* have too much of a good thing. If everything needed or wished for by mankind could be got everywhere and always for nothing or for next to nothing the economic problem of humanity would be settled for ever. We could then set our affections on things above exclusively. From this point of view whoever makes two ears of corn grow where only one grew before is a benefactor of the race. The increase of the total supply of the world is, in fact, a proper object of man. But now let us consider the second restriction. It is possible to have an enormous actual Supply and a still greater potential Supply—and yet to find real Supply, that is, the Supply upon the Market, restricted. For instance, it is not uncommon to hear of tons of good fish being thrown into the sea, bushels of fruit being left to rot upon the ground, and *not* because it would not pay to sell the stuff, but because too great a Supply might bring down the price all round. This operation is the opposite of Dumping, and though quite as immoral is much more common. Its purpose is to keep up prices in general. The point can be illustrated by a fancy picture. Let us suppose that a reservoir of water (the only Supply in the neighbourhood) exists near a town and is served to the inhabitants by pipes. The citizens are dependent upon two limitations for their supply: in the first place, upon the *natural* supply of the reservoir itself; and, in the second place, upon the *artificial* supply as regulated by the owners of the conducting pipes. In the event of the determination of these owners to withhold supply, the inhabitants have no means of obtaining it. It is undeniable that the supply exists—in other words, there is no shortage of water—but the *economic* supply or the supply upon the market has ceased to exist. This phenomenon is one of the commonest in commercial life: and it goes by a variety of names. The object of a trust, a combine, a monopoly, a pool, a cartel, a corner, rigging the market and Protection is the same: it is to obtain control of the *market* supply of the *natural* supply. For whoever controls what comes to market controls Supply in general. It will be seen now *why* capitalists aim at obtaining control of supply. The more nearly they obtain a monopoly of any article the more certainly they can regulate the amount that comes to market. And it will also be seen *why* Supply determines Price, or more concretely, why the monopolists of Supply are able to fix price. They do so by virtue of being able to hold up Supply, and, hence, of obtaining the maximum price before releasing it. The determination of this price is arrived at by what is called the higgling of the market: in other words, by the operation of the Law of Supply and Demand. By trial the sellers of Supply discover just how much the buyers will pay rather than go without; and

this extreme price is called the full market price. There is much more to be said; but we hope we have shown that the question of Supply is the most important in Economics.

## Peace Notes.

THE mad spot in my individual brain flamed red lately. The blood it desired was that of THE NEW AGE proof-reader. "Not mine alone, but all men's foe he seemed." I felt like calling upon all enlightened folk to come and exterminate him in the name of the world, justice, liberty, commerce, and what not. Of course, the creature would have replied: "But you write so badly that I could not understand you." "But in the name of Kultur, a miserable subterfuge! It is true that I write badly, but will you make my calligraphy a cover for your ignorance of a quotation from our national organ, our own 'Daily Mail'? 'Roll France in mud and blood'—this is what King Harmsworth a few years ago wanted us to do with France"—and here I should have struck him dead for ever with my pen, to larn him!

I doubt sincerely whether the European war has, so far as the nations are concerned, any better quarrel. Given a seat in the Cabinet, the services of one or two daily newspapers and comic weeklies, and within a few years any man may have us all rolling one another in mud and blood.

I would like to have the opinion of some warrior—Mr. T. E. Hulme, for instance—as to why he is killing Germans, and what set of people he thinks he is representing. There is only one possible justification for any man being voluntarily in this war—Belgium! Those who hurried off to defend Belgians because Belgians defended Frenchmen went for an idea. What might be said as to the diplomatic motives of Belgium has nothing to do with the case. The case then appeared as between man and man; "nice" judgment would have been very nasty judgment. This is not the case for the diplomats, who *made* the war. The dozen or so individuals on both sides for whose schemes half the world is in ruins, they could have prevented war. They might stop it inside a week. There will come a day when they will stop it—and not at all because any nation is exterminated—not even the smallest may be exterminated!—but because, *secondly*, one or other side, or both, will be *threatened by loss of too many fighting-men*, and *firstly*, because international finance will be in danger. No diplomatist wishes to exterminate any nation, no diplomatist even wishes his diplomatic enemy to lose too many fighting-men. If diplomats, noble or common, wished this, they would have it. Germany would have finished with France, England would have finished with the Boers, America would have finished with Spain. But such finishing would be most undiplomatic, Alexandrine, passé; and any Foreign Office old-fashioned enough to want to drag its enemy in triumph would be opposed by all the rest—for the glory of Foreign Offices, like the glory of Kings, depends on reverence for the Bogey. It is only Mr. Hulme and Herr Stein who dream of exterminating each other. Sir Edward Grey would not exterminate Herr Bethmann-Hollweg if he had him prisoner in Downing Street. He would simply say: "You're out." And the German would shrug and reply: "There was no holding that young fool the Kronprinz." And they would both agree that this apparent royal lion is an ass disguised because his notions are still obstinately Alexandrine, whereas all clever statesmen nowadays aim at a balance of power among their clique, with the marionette of Justice in the middle, ready to point peoples into war when they grow troublesome and out of it the moment they become sufficiently exhausted to be domestically manageable. But destroy each other—never! Under secret diplomacy we may very well arrive at a time when diplomats will actually arrange



among themselves to invade some or other Belgium, since nothing less than a crude, bullying outrage of this sort will be able to set Messrs. Hulme and Stein a-slaying of their likes and, incidentally, the "masses."

Hulme and Stein are slaying each other and the masses now firstly because, *before* the war, they never troubled to think enough about a man's affairs to get these affairs dealt with above-board. Old Grey or old Bethmann could manage foreign policy. Well, they've managed wonderfully. Here are Hulme and Stein, who so often joyously argued philosophy together, flying at each other like beasts or gladiators in obedience to old Grey and old Bethmann. Hulme and Stein, politically, have made women of themselves. The joke is against them, seeing that, instead of their political husbands defending them, these husbands sit up in the window while Hulme and Stein tear each other to bits in the area, and, incidentally, the masses. Why are they fighting, Hulme and Stein? What is their excuse? Superficially, Hulme could put up a better case than Stein. Belgium, justice, etc. Stein could only plead his life-long apprenticeship to Obedience. But here Hulme's own case would appear weak. As a free Englishman, what was he about all his life to let the English Foreign Office lead him by the nose into a war? I can tell him that the average Frenchman in the street firmly believes now that England laid a trap in France for Germany. "Le guet-apens anglais"—you hear it if you have ears! And the French do not love us a scrap more than they ever did—which is saying mighty little! If Hulme is in a blustering mood he will retort: "Good thing, too, that trap. Broke Germany's leg on the leap." The sentiment of distrust of England remains with the French—they will sooner by centuries love Germans than us! If Germany is badly beaten she will find more tolerance than we shall as victors.

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Here, in passing, do not suppose in England that the French people, who make a positive four of two and two, approve of our doings in Ireland. They would blaze at us if they were free of us at this moment. "Because one day in the course of history they were the stronger, they imagine to have the right to hold in national community a people that detests them. . . ." This, from a French paper, was not written about *Ireland or an Irishman, but about an Austrian subject of Trieste, an Austrian politician who passed over to Italy, was taken prisoner by his historical conquerors, and is now reported as hanged. But Casement! Two and two make four on the Continent.*

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Hulme has long since heard of a lot of reasons, as opposed to sentiments, as to why he is fighting. The Kaiser's territorial lust is one. He and Stein are slaying each other for a reason which they would both find absurdly antiquated; they are serving the ends of a barbaric chieftain, with each of them old international railway tickets in their pockets! And both of them know that there is no possibility nowadays of occupying, even if you were a conqueror. The conquered are too cunningly modern. In ten years they absorb you, recapture their parliament, make you seem a boor and a bully, and laugh at your exasperated efforts to make a graceful exit. If Hulme and Stein are representing a set of persons still bent upon territory—well, the tourist world's laugh to them!

Commerce? Rot! Hulme and Stein need expect no gratitude from merchants or from customers. The bourgeois judgment is—"a plague on both your houses!"

English, French, and German merchants got on like average brothers before the war—and will get on so after it, in spite of all tariffs. Even now, the greatest patriotic care has to be taken to prevent merchants of the fighting countries from inter-dealing. They do not

want war, they want peace. Ten thousand convictions since the war are reported from Austria for trading with the enemy. Who traded with the condemned? Suppose that there are really only one thousand—consider the average merchant, his skin. Bless us, he has no enemies except those who refuse to trade with him—these are his only heathen. There are a lot of other "reasons," but let them pass. The second fact about Hulme and Stein's mutual slaughter is that having begun they find that they cannot leave off. They have got to go on until the diplomatists and financiers (same thing!) permit them to stop, until, that is, the greed for power and glory is checked on one or other side by the fear of bankruptcy. No diplomatist wishes to see any foreign Power bankrupt. He would sooner see it exterminated, as the less of two horrible evils. Military force is under diplomacy and never either begins or ends any war. Generals, as we see, may come and go in dozens during a war. Armies, as we see, may be lost courageously; they are there to be lost, Hulme, Stein, and the masses. But long before the condition of international finance shows any faintest sign of a stagger the negotiations for peace will be in the pockets of all good diplomatists. Then Hulme and Stein, or what is left of them, may go home until next time.

The wonderful thing is that Hulme and Stein know all this.

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For the life of me I cannot see what my valued friend and colleague Mr. Brookfarmer finds to blame in the paragraph from the "Nation." It seems to me that he has curiously misunderstood and under-rated it. "Wayfarer's" meaning is quite clear. The baptism which, he says, the army has received is spoken of freely by soldiers here, and was evident so long ago that I mentioned it in my early "Impressions of Paris." One never hears from a soldier any of the words of scorn and hate which burst out from civilians. Admiration, on the contrary, is the note, and many a tale of German self-sacrifice and of good-humour on the field. In short, a German soldier is a man in other soldiers' eyes.

As to writers in general, for my part, I would bury the hatchet with any soul who ventures, in the present state of England, to raise his voice against the formidable fools who are wrecking our traditions. "Wayfarer" is such a soul, though one with whom I have no particular hatchet to bury. Mr. Shaw, my old pet aversion, wrings my withers, if a lady has such things. And there are others. It is a great risk nowadays to give a handle to the authorities. The times are favourable for private vengeance taken in the name of public good. The case of Norman is notorious. Every man who dares to challenge the present should command the support of the rest who similarly dare to look back and ahead. People are mostly mad with fear just now, and ready to abandon themselves to slavery of any kind in their panic. The people of the invaded regions can scarcely behave more humbly under the enemy than those in comparative safety at home. The natural reaction from this ignominy were a great slave-revolt at the first favourable moment, implying another long period of blood and misery. Genius in all countries has for task now to prove to the peoples that they have not sunk so hopelessly under their mad masters that nothing but more killing may seem to offer to remedy. Genius has for task, even against fatal persecution, to uphold the eternal principle of liberty while the rest of men are shooting, stabbing, starving, and poisoning each other in fatuous defence of the "fact" of liberty. Fatuous—because there can be no "fact of liberty" for nations so long as they leave it to a dozen or so jugglers to decide when men shall set to murdering each other. Hulme and Stein and the masses have no liberty. Shaw, Norman, "Wayfarer," and any and all who appeal for the principle of liberty are the real defenders of liberty, and not these maddened slaves.

ALICE MORNING.

## Tales of To-day.

By C. E. Bechhofer.

### XIII.—A THEATRE FOR MEN ONLY.

I HAVE often marvelled at the equanimity and gratification with which an author makes his bow to the audience after a successful theatrical production. For the three hours previously he must have sat in his box and, if he has any artistic scruples, have writhed at the reception of his work. He will have seen his wittiest dialogue missed; the few banalities he could not exclude will have been joyfully acclaimed. His most tragic character will be laughed at until the vision of accumulated horrors reduces the audience to perplexed silence. His best epigram will have been drowned in a roar of delight at the wry face of a newcomer. He owes, indeed, his success to his faults, not his merits, and makes his bow under false pretences.

Which plays succeed nowadays?—only those whose features are so broadly limned that they cannot be misapprehended: the problem play, the murder mystery, the melodrama, and the sentimental comedy. What else does the character play with its "star" actor prove than that no management dares offer a properly balanced play on the merits of its dialogue? A romantic hero, running through half a dozen rivals with his rapier—"Duels arranged by Messrs. X and Co."—is not this the nearest approach in the contemporary theatre to dramatic conflict?

The instructive incident I have to relate occurred at a certain London theatre during the run of a certain play—I am not concerned to mention the names, as they have no bearing on my tale. It was a three-act piece, and had passed with moderate success the ordeal of a first-night reception. This was, on the surface, rather surprising, since the play, to read it, was both witty and delicate. Its success, however, was due rather to the dexterity of the actors. As the chief of them said to the author: "We admire your play, sir, but we dare not play it as it ought to be played. No, sir, if you want it played at all you must let us play it as the audience wants."

And so it was played—or parodied.

One evening I sat with the author in his box. How he suffered! "Listen, listen," he would whisper to me; "the fools are clapping; that means they have recognised who has come in, and drowned Mary's soliloquy. And listen, they're laughing, actually laughing, just because in the saddest passage of the whole piece they've found a phrase which might be twisted into a feminist catchword. Oh! and listen now—" And so the awful misunderstanding of the play went on; the spectators, having transformed the play into their own image, were gratified to distraction. I leaned over and whispered a few words into the nerve-racked author's ear. "By Gad!" he cried, "magnificent! Let's see the manager at once—he'll do it!"

This is what occurred at the close of the first act. As the enchanted audience leaned back in its seats, clapping and comparing delighted appreciations, the following intimation was thrown upon the safety-curtain by a magic lantern:

"During the progress of the rest of to-night's programme an exhibition of the very newest French modes will take place in the foyer. Messrs. Paquin, Fosson, Clementine and Rougate have sent their mannequins. Only ladies will be admitted to the exhibition."

What a hush! What a murmur! Nine ladies out of every ten throughout the theatre declared their intention of being present. "What an unexpected treat, my dear," they said to their husbands; "you sit out your silly old play—this will interest me much more."

Nine out of every ten, I said—and how was the other one captured? Wily manager! No sooner had he patched up the exhibition of fashions with the principals of the shops than his telephone had been busy

again in quite another direction. Another slide was thrown on the curtain:

"Prominent contemporary women poets will give readings of their own works in the Green Room during the rest of this evening. All ladies in the audience are cordially invited. The Countess of Clive will be in the chair. Smoking insisted upon."

The result was that when the curtain rose on the second and third acts not a single woman was in her seat. Not only this, but the entrance-doors were locked, not only perhaps to ensure that no gentleman might burst upon the seclusion of the foyers. Really the piece went all the better for the ladies' absence. The actors played it, as their chief said, "as it was meant to be played." And for the first time its dialogue was followed and appreciated, the physical incidents were toned down to their true level, smiles rewarded wit, frowns, folly, and serenity beheld a contest of wills. The author grew actually proud of his situations and never once had occasion to bite his lips in the obscurity of the back of his box.

Next day a notice was inserted in all advertisements regarding the play:

"The management begs to announce that the exhibition of modes and the readings by lady poets will be continued nightly during the present production. Only ladies will be admitted to these, but they will not be admitted to the auditorium."

The next evening, before the curtain rose, the manager addressed an audience composed entirely of men. "Gentlemen," said he, "you have the right to expect from us an explanation of the step we have taken in excluding ladies from the audience. Believe me, so radical a decision was arrived at only under conditions of great necessity. You do not need to be told by me that the theatre in these days is in a state of profound and unprecedented decay. We are all bound in duty to search into the causes of this and to do our best towards providing a remedy. Your first thought, gentlemen, will be that the blame lies upon us—the producers, the actors, the presenters. Let me, as a student of the stage, assure you, gentlemen, that never in history was this less the case; acting and producing have reached a higher level of technical skill and adaptability than ever before. You will call to mind also that the architecture of the modern theatre has come in for no little blame. And yet it is not here that we can apportion the guilt. We have tried small theatres, large theatres, square, round, octagonal, and horseshoe-shaped theatres, but the normal defects of present-day productions were, if anything, accentuated. Good plays did not meet with a good reception, but plays which we knew to be utterly bad more often than not succeeded. You may say that no good plays are written nowadays; it does not lie within my province to argue that point. I can merely observe that the good plays of the past, the classics of the theatre, have met with just as little real appreciation.

"The theatre of to-day is utterly degenerate—on this point we are all agreed. The blame for this we have seen cannot be laid upon the authors, or the actors, or the producers, or on the architects. When these are set out of account, who remains? Gentlemen, the audience! And here in a nutshell you have the justification for our step: the reform of the theatre must commence with a reform of the audience! This conclusion to which we are forced is not novel. We know of various semi-private societies whose members are regarded practically as a social club. Various attempts also have been made to select an audience by sifting it at the box-office; sometimes only high prices have been charged, sometimes only low. But, so far as we know, the whole result of these experiments has been to show that none of them leads to any better type of audience. We are taking the experimental course of excluding women. In this we might acclaim ourselves as reviving the traditions of the ancients, who excluded women from the mysteries—the origin of the theatre. But we need not raise ideals; we can be

strictly practical in our explanation. Let me say at once that our new departure is not due to any form of hatred of women or the usual cause of this, fear of women. On the contrary, speaking for myself and my colleagues in the management and production, I say that we shall be delighted, should a Theatre for Women Only be founded as a counterblast to ours, to lay our professional services at its disposal for so long as it will accept them.

"No, our reason is this: In a mixed audience of men and women, its attention will be mixed also. The women will not look to the play for that which the men do, and vice versa. At the same time the members of the audience, being bound to sustain a social convention towards their neighbours of the other sex, are unable to present to the stage that state of complete and expectant detachment which is the necessary precursor of true dramatic appreciation. Let me put my meaning very simply: if a member of the audience is in the company of a lady, he will not attend wholly to the stage. You see, gentlemen, how, far from any misogyny, we esteem the ladies of our usual audiences so highly that we consider them far more charming and delightful than our plays. Our decision, then, was not offered as an insult to them, but simply as a means of taking advantage of their absence to restore the out-rivalled dignity of the stage. If, gentlemen, my explanation has satisfied you, I ask no better return than your attention to the play from which I have detained you all too long."

There was a roar of applause. And, as I said, the play went all the better for the innovation.

## Views and Reviews

### HOME AND COLONIAL DIPLOMACY.

At a time when "ideas" abound, and every known and unknown scribe can draw up a federal constitution for Europe, such a book as this\* is very welcome. It is the result of some years of work by the "Round Table" groups, although Mr. Curtis alone accepts responsibility for the issue of the work and the arguments it contains. It is itself only the first of a series of volumes on "The Commonwealth of Nations," and the scope of its inquiry is limited to the practical question: "What, in the nature of things, are the changes which must be made before a British subject in the Dominions can acquire self-government in the same degree as one domiciled in the British Isles?" It is one of the questions that Mr. Asquith has said will, after the war, "be brought under close and connected review," and Mr. Lloyd George has hinted at an Imperial Conference for this purpose. Such a volume as this, which opens the whole question, may be regarded as the indispensable guide-book to the forthcoming discussion. It is true that Mr. Curtis only concludes with the statement of the "Case for an Imperial Convention," which shall draft the scheme for the government of the Empire; but he debates, although with a democratic bias, the actual problems of principle and fact that will have to be solved before such a constitution as he suggests becomes possible.

That democratic bias to which I have alluded does, of course, distort to some extent his treatment of the question. He does consistently forget that the United Kingdom is constitutionally a monarchy, and he leaves untouched the question of the value of the monarchy to the Empire. I do not wish to press the point as an objection to this book, which is, as I have said, limited in scope to a quite different question; but, in my opinion, the relation of the monarchy to the Empire is a fundamental one, and should receive first consideration. We have to remember that India and the other Dependencies render allegiance to the monarchy, and I am safe in saying that the possibility of altering our

constitution to enable the Dominions to share in the control of foreign policy is really controlled by the possibility of transferring that allegiance to the monarchy to this proposed organ of Imperial Government. If we have to choose between sharing the control of foreign affairs with the Dominions and losing the rest of the Empire, we are not likely to lose the Empire; indeed, Mr. J. X. Merriman has written to the "Cape Times" concerning this book, and has remarked: "We are apt to ignore the fact that everything the world owes to the Anglo-Saxon race springs from Britain, and if by a convulsion of nature all the Dominions disappeared to-morrow, with all their material progress, neither the world of ideas, literature, or art, nor all that goes to make up civilisation, would be one whit the poorer." Even if the Dominions seceded, if they made that stroke of the pen that Mr. Curtis says is all that is necessary to make them sovereign States, if they notified the British and foreign Governments that, in future, they would deal directly in all matters with those Governments, the United Kingdom would still have to govern about one-fifth of the population of the world and to pursue a foreign policy very similar to its traditional one.

Mr. Curtis I think, presents us with an unreal alternative when he suggests that we have to choose between the secession of the Dominions and their participation in foreign affairs. The South African War was fought to prevent secession, and the self-governing Dominions showed us quite plainly that they would not tolerate the idea. Whatever happens, the Dominions are not likely to secede; Canada may have trouble with the French Canadians, just as Botha has trouble with the South African Dutch, but the Colonies know better than we can tell them that secession is not a practical alternative. The question is really limited to their participation in British foreign policy, and Mr. Curtis limits that question—or rather, expands it—to a constitutional revolution that will enable the electorates of the Dominions to share the control of foreign affairs with the electorate of the United Kingdom. When we remember that the continuity of foreign policy is the most certain fact of modern politics, it seems rather absurd to talk of the electorate controlling foreign policy, even though their representatives can by a vote of censure force the Government to resign and fight an election on the issue. But it is on that democratic assumption that Mr. Curtis bases his case for a reconstruction of the British constitution.

He faces the issue fairly; he sees that foreign policy is bound up with the question of defence, and that if the Dominions are to participate in foreign affairs they must pay their share of the cost of defence. That in 1913-14 the cost of defence should have been for the United Kingdom over 72 millions, for Australia 4 millions, Canada 2½ millions, South Africa less than 1½, and New Zealand ¾, is sufficient to show that the Dominions must bring more than their best advice to our councils; and to enable them to do that some method of assessing and collecting Imperial taxation will have to be found. Mr. Curtis presses the argument to its logical conclusion, that, in the last resort, the Imperial Government must have the power of distraint on the possessions of the taxpayer: so that a farmer in Saskatchewan, or a miner on the Rand, or a sheep-farmer in Australia might have some of his goods sold to pay taxes levied by a body sitting here in London, for I suppose that London will be the seat of the Imperial Government. The fact that he had cast a vote for a representative to this body would be his only consolation.

I have not the space to detail the changes that Mr. Curtis demands; besides, readers should read the book and not be content with my notice of it. It is well worth reading, and I am only concerned to indicate some of the most obvious objections to its proposal. The most obvious is that the Dominions cannot share the control of foreign policy without forgoing some of the rights they already possess; the control of tariffs,

\* "The Problem of the Commonwealth." By Lionel Curtis. (Macmillan. 1s. 6d. net.)

the control of immigration, military and naval service—these and a myriad other questions will have to be dealt with by an Imperial Parliament. South Africa might find itself compelled to admit Indians on the same terms as Europeans, all the Dominions might find themselves committed to a Free Trade policy and universal conscription by this reformed Parliament of the Empire. I am not at the moment concerned to argue for or against these proposals; it is only necessary to remark that, if the self-governing Dominions do press their claims to control foreign policy, they will cease to be self-governing in a number of things and will become constituents of an Empire.

And all for nothing. Mr. Curtis cannot seriously argue that the electorate of the Dominions will really exercise control over foreign affairs by casting a vote once every few years for a man who will spend most of his time in a country thousands of miles away from his constituents, whose modes of thought will be unconsciously modified by his contact with people of a different culture and with problems (of which he will not dare to speak freely) of a nature remote even from the speculations of any electorate, and who will therefore rapidly become unintelligible to his constituents. For us it means giving supreme control to a Cabinet which we shall not appoint, even in proportion to our population or our quota of taxation; and the proposal really means not the making democratic the foreign policy of these islands, but the creation of a power whose sources will be so remote and scattered that its exercise will seem an intolerable tyranny to each of its constituent peoples.

A. E. R.

## REVIEWS

**The Socialism of To-Day.** Edited by W. E. Walling, Jessie Wallace, J. G. Phelps Stokes, H. W. Laidler, and others. (New York: Henry Holt & Co. 5s.)

By a careful selection of documents of the most varied kind—tables of statistics, party programmes, speeches by Socialist leaders, and articles from newspapers and reviews—the editors aim at giving a complete account of the official Socialism of to-day. Within their limits, they are successful. To read it through as one reads through an ordinary treatise would be almost impossible; but as a handy work of reference most people who have any interest in these problems would find it useful. Apart from brief sections dealing with Syndicalism and the Fabian Society, the editors confine themselves to the recognised Labour parties. We look in vain for any account of Christian Socialism or, of course, of National Guilds. In reply to an objection on this score, the editors would probably say that limitations of space forbade them to include doctrines which at present have no organised party. "National Guilds . . . National Guilds. . . Let me see. . . Oh, yes, of course, I *did* come across a copy of THE NEW AGE once. . . . Hasn't much circulation, has it? . . . Really, my dear fellow, we can't include *all* these little cliques in a book of 630 pages. . . ." In much the same strain, a Greek or Roman pedant of A.D. 40 or 50 might have refused to include Christianity in a history of current religions.

The first part of the volume describes the composition and programme of the Socialist or Labour parties in European countries, in America, in the British Empire, and in China. Even in patriarchal China "the landed interests have thrown themselves into the arms of the foreign capitalists" (they might as well have tried grizzly bears). The second part deals with "The Socialist parties and Social Problems." This is a comprehensive rag-bag, dealing with the general strike, compulsory arbitration, unemployment, the high cost of living, the trusts, import duties, taxation, immigration and the race problem, militarism, the drink question, "preparedness," and many more subjects besides.

"The world is full of hotels, and one place is very like another," says a modern novelist whose name we

have forgotten. If the motto is not too flippant, it might well be prefixed to the present volume. There is a depressing sameness about the social problems of the various countries that bear the white man's capitalist burden. We have realised this truth before, but in turning over the leaves of this book it becomes oppressive. Political conditions make little difference where these fundamental facts are considered; and some of these Socialist leaders, it appears, do really grasp that they are fools to contest for forms of government. The same wail of the wage-slave, in almost the same phrases, comes from "autocratic" Germany and "free" Canada, from "despotic" Russia and from "democratic" America. In young and "vigorous" countries where the slate might have been wiped clean the old game goes on. Australia is choked by trusts; New Zealand writhes in the grip of shipping rings. The National Guildsman is not surprised. Such things are inevitable. The triple chain of rent, interest, and profit fetters the masters as well as the men. This is what makes it so futile for the Kautskys and Vanderveldes to bargain with the bosses *within* the wage-system, or to call the "capitalists" bad names. One American writer in this volume speaks of "hell's own breed in every land, the masters, the murderers of humanity and brotherhood." This is poor propagandist rhetoric. The average master cotton-spinner, let us say, has no larger dose of original sin than most of his employees. Most of the speakers and writers quoted in "Socialism of To-day" are fumbling with well-meaning but clumsy fingers at the knot which the Guilds would cut. Thus the principal value of the book is in its warnings: Politics is dangerous.

**Pillars of Society.** By A. G. Gardiner. (Dent. Wayfarers' Library. 1s. net.)

Mr. A. G. Gardiner here reprints a number of his personal impressions (with biographical references) of important persons. They are very readable; and in some cases, where the character is simple, the judgment is quite sound. He could hardly go wrong with Mr. Winston Churchill, that schoolboy thirsting for adventure; and he carefully notes in a preface that Mr. Churchill has "written his name in blood," just as Mr. Gardiner prophesied. He seems to take his piety with him to the theatre; sees in Forbes-Robertson, for example, "a preacher of quite unusual power," and in Sarah Bernhardt, an exotic, a narcotic, a not quite nice and proper witch. He delights to present a man like President Wilson as David attacking the Goliaths of modern finance; to show a double personality in Andrew Carnegie, a difference between the man who made and the man who spends his money; to show us the essential simplicity of "Teddy" Roosevelt, the Puritanism of Lord Fisher, the "one-storey" mind of Joseph Chamberlain, and the kitchen-culture of his son. All sorts of people, from Prince Kropotkin to Lord Kitchener, from Professor Geddes to Mr. Garvin, from Mr. H. T. Wells to the Jam Sahib of Nawanagar, everybody who is anybody finds here a grave or a Liberal approval. Mr. Gardiner has added a new terror to celebrity.

**The Signal, and Other Stories.** By W. M. Garshin. (The Readers' Library. Duckworth. 2s. 6d. net.)

The most notable feature of Garshin's method is his love of surprise. He delights (if so miserable a writer as Garshin may be said to delight) to show you a character definitely trending in one direction, and contradicting itself by an action. "The Signal," for example, shows us a Russian railwayman with a grievance steadily developing a spirit of revenge; and at last pulling up a rail with the intention of wrecking a train. An "It-is-God's-Will" acquaintance tries to stop the train, but has no danger flag with him; so he stabs his arm and dyes a rag with his blood, and with this signal brings the train to a standstill. Then the original villain comes back and says: "Bind me: I have pulled up a rail!" He repeats the trick in "Private Ivanoff"; he shows us Captain Ventzel brutally ill-

treating his soldiers on the march, behaving like a maniac, and yet leading his men gallantly into action, and afterwards sitting lonely in his tent, and sobbing bitterly over the casualties in his company. Brutality and sentimentality are closely allied. But for the rest, he has no great skill; he lacks, for example, Dostoeffsky's genius in treating insanity. Dostoeffsky's lunatics are sane somewhere, sane in the observation of their insanity; but Garshin's lunatics are not projected, they are only observed objectively, and, of course, seem merely absurd. Like most Russian writers, Garshin prefers brutal subjects; his "Nadejda Nicolaievna," a prostitute who becomes an artist's model for a study of Charlotte Corday, and, of course, falls in love with the artist, ends with a disappointed lover shooting the happy pair and being slaughtered in the fracas. "A Night" shows us a soul-searching practitioner of introspection arriving at the conclusion that he is a liar, and that everything is false, and preparing to commit suicide; instead of which he reads the New Testament, and, apparently, dies from shock. Once or twice he wanders into fable with no great success, as, for example, "The Frog Who Travelled," "Make Believe," and "Attalea Princeps"; but he luxuriates in the horrors of "Four Days" during which a wounded Russian lies beside the rotting body of a Turk whom he had bayoneted, and, indeed, most of his war stories are stories of horror. Battle, murder, sudden death, suicide, the loves and lamentations of a prostitute, insanity, gangrene, these are the delightful subjects that Garshin treats; and we begin to wonder when Russian writers will leave the "charnel-house of spectres," will forsake their love of death, and turn their attention to the lords of life.

**Native Life in South Africa.** By Sol. T. Plaatje. (P. S. King. 3s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Plaatje is the editor of a native paper published in Kimberley, and has written this book chiefly to expound the grievances of the natives under the Natives Land Act, 1913. In 1914, Mr. Plaatje and others came to England for the same purpose, and toured the Brotherhoods and P.S.A. meetings of this country, interviewed editors, and had questions asked in Parliament. Mr. Plaatje is a skilled journalist, and he does not make it easy for us to understand the real dimensions of his grievance. He argues that the Natives Land Act was unnecessary because the natives had not bought much land, and, on the other hand, that the Act is oppressive because it forbids them to buy land. The further grievance that by the Act natives are only permitted to remain on farms in the capacity of servants, and are not allowed to wander about without a pass, does not at this moment seem to us very terrible. The Munitions Act, with its "leaving" certificates, is a very fair analogue to the situation of the natives in South Africa; and the accusations of sexual immorality in the discharge of their duties that he makes against the police are the regulation charges to be made. It is quite good journalism, of course; but we imagine that the police would be just as immoral with native girls if the "pass" system had not been revived. We feel that we ought to remind Mr. Plaatje that, although "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was an excellent piece of propaganda, it was not really a text-book of political theory; and the application of its sentiments to current politics is valid only for the audience to whom Mr. Plaatje appealed in England. However, as Imperial Federation may come into being after the war, and Mr. Plaatje says that the natives prefer Imperial to South African treatment, he may yet succeed in getting his grievance (whatever it is) considered by an Imperial Conference or Parliament, for the whole question of subject races will have to be dealt with then. We may advise him to prepare against the time, to collect evidence, to count his cases, and to show us exactly what is the extent of the trouble of which he complains. He may thus be able to convince the Government of the reality of his grievance.

## Pastiche.

### A BALLADE OF LIVING MEN.

What slaving tongue shall scorn our mighty hate,  
Or puny hand attempt to draw us back?  
What worth be lies our fury to abate,  
When we form up for that last grim attack  
Upon the house of luxury? No lack  
Of fools there was when we accomplished naught,  
Who cozened, quirked, until, our souls distraught,  
Ceased, all befooled; but hark, a battle-cry  
Rings in our ears, adown the morning brought!  
"Sloth now shall weep, and Usury must die."

Godless they said, "To labour is your fate,  
Toil and be meek until the final crack,  
Then you shall walk in Paradise elate,  
With golden saints who suffered shame and rack  
Here on this earth; whose noonday was as black  
As yours is now! Be pliant as you ought,  
Grief shall be stemmed; eternity is fraught  
With big reward which cometh by and bye."  
Tale smugly told! The rebel fire has caught.  
"Sloth now shall weep, and Usury must die."  
One of our kin is crying at the gate,  
"Forward, my lads! Be taken not aback.  
Long have we slept with Misery for mate,  
Listened too long to cowards and their clack,  
Sate round the gledes within a draughty shack,  
Even while they dined on chicken swilled with port,  
Counting us fools who were so easily bought!  
Now let them laugh! Our challenges defy  
All that their hireling men of learning taught,  
Sloth now shall weep, and Usury must die!"

### L'ENVOI.

Prince,\* 'tis your will which hath this wonder wrought;  
Smile and be glad; 'tis you who shall be sought  
Leader of men, to lift the banners high;  
So have we sworn then let the fight be fought,  
Sloth now shall weep, and Usury must die.

FRANCIS ANDREWS.

### SOME FORTHCOMING PUBLISHERS' ANNOUNCEMENTS.

*Messrs. Spills and Spoons.*

**TIRADES OF A TRAITOR:** Selections from the War Essays of Gouston Jammerlen, Ph.D. Translated by Lionel Muckrake, M.A.—Everyone has heard of Gouston Jammerlen, the English son of an English pickle manufacturer, who went to Germany at the age of five, received an Order of the Red Eagle at the age of seven, and has ever since devoted his talents to the glorifying of his adopted country. For a paltry mess of pottage (£10,000 a year and an Iron Cross) he has been occupied during the war in beslaving with mud the land of his birth. The present volume is of special interest to students of morbid pathology.

**WHY I HAVE DONE WITH GERMANY.** By Gustav Pilzbacher (a Naturalised Englishman). With a Foreword by Lord Gooseberry.—A powerful indictment of the Hun, all the more forcible in that its writer was once a German, before he found the Light. Not till August, 1914, indeed, did Mr. Pilzbacher fully realise the depths to which his quondam countrymen had fallen. Every line bears witness to the author's courage and independence. The book should prove an eye-opener to all who still believe that we are dealing with a gentle, chivalrous, and Christian foe. Lord Gooseberry, in his eloquent foreword, does not hesitate to place Mr. Pilzbacher on a level with Blatchford and Bottomley.

*Mr. Petticoat Lane.*

**SATAN'S MYRMIDONS.** By Gaylord Quex.—Another of Mr. Quex's fascinating volumes on the ubiquitous ramifications of the German Spy System. In the United Kingdom alone Mr. Quex calculates some 3,000,000 of these loathsome creatures have wormed their way into every hole and corner of our public and private life. Particularly nauseating are his revelations of the way in which prominent Germans, to whom the doors of English houses have been thrown open, have abused the hospitality of their hosts.

**OUR SPLENDID SECRET SERVICE.** By Gaylord Quex.—"You are the Peeping Tom of Europe," was the well-merited compliment once addressed to Mr. Quex by a witty Russian Grand Duke; and, indeed, few men are more conversant with the subterranean passages of inter-

\* Any National Guildsman.

national relations. In the present volume Mr. Quex deals with the British Secret Service, so far as the stern exigencies of military censorship permit. No Power possesses more daring, resourceful and dexterous agents than Great Britain. In an appendix the author gives a delightful account of his own gleanings in a week-end visit to the Westphalian country-seat of the Prince von Pilsen-lager.

*Messrs. Haye and Oats.*

**THE GERMAN GOD.** By Dean Sling.—Many people still imagine that the Huns belong to the Commonwealth of Christian nations. They will be speedily undeceived by Dean Sling's scathing brochure. The "jolly Dean" proves conclusively that the German God is a mere tribal fetich, like any Mumbo Jumbo of a Central African swamp.

**IS GOD WITH US?** By Father Shawn.—"Yes!" is Father Shawn's fearless and unhesitating answer to this important question. The victory of the Allies, he asserts from private information, is in accord with the Divine Will. Moreover, by a new interpretation of several hitherto obscure Biblical texts, he shows that the utter destruction of the Germans, Austro-Hungarians, Turks, and Bulgarians has been prophesied in Holy Writ.

*Messrs. Verdant, Green and Co.*

**GERMAN PROPAGANDA IN GUATEMALA.** By Ronald Blotch, F.S.A.—Few living men know more of Central America than Mr. Blotch, and in the present work he devotes his great knowledge to a study of the Hun propaganda in one of its most thriving Republics. Instead of allowing the intelligent Guatemalans to form their own view of the great world-struggle, German agents (who include the principal bankers and merchants of the Republic) have spared no effort to impose the German case upon the local public. The results are deplorable. Thus a writer in "El Imparcial," the leading newspaper, has actually tried to show that the Huns are human beings like ourselves, good, bad, and indifferent! Mr. Blotch holds that, but for the machinations of these fiends, Guatemala, with her well-equipped army of 300 men (including 50 generals and 200 colonels) would already have ranged herself on our side.

**OUR FATUOUS FOREIGN OFFICE.** By Carlton Savoy.—Mr. Savoy (who, it may be interesting to recall, himself entered the Foreign Office in December, 1903, and left it in January, 1904) exposes in no measured terms the miserable apathy of Downing Street in the momentous work of stating the Allied point of view in neutral countries. No newspapers have been bought, no cinema films have been sent, no loafers have been hired to shout for the Entente and break the windows of German embassies in Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Holland, Spain, Roumania, or any of the extra-European countries not involved in the war. It is indeed a lamentable story of slackness and incompetence. Mr. Savoy advocates a drastic change in the Foreign Office *personnel* as the only remedy for the present state of affairs.

*Messrs. Harrold and Sons.*

**NATIONALITY IN MODERN EUROPE.** By W. Bathe-Bunne, Litt.D.—Whatever subject Dr. Bathe-Bunne handles—whether bimetalism, human personality, or Chinese kites—the reader may rest assured that he is getting full value for his money. There are few subjects on which the Principal of Puddleford College is not a pastmaster, and the present theme is certainly not one of them. Dr. Bathe-Bunne claims to have discovered several new nationalities, e.g., the Slovoles of Lower Transylvania and the Bashyour Faceins of the Middle Caucasus. He reproduces several letters from prominent Slovoles, thanking him for discovering their race; they had previously thought they were Roumanians. All the races of Europe, he concludes, even the humblest and most obscure, should enjoy a free and independent existence, "and for this principle we are fighting against the stifling incubus of Germanic Kultur."

**THE NEW MAP OF EUROPE (1916).** By Ferdinand Footle, F.R.G.S., F.S.I.—Mr. Footle fixes August, 1916, as the date by which the Central Powers will be utterly crushed. In his new map of Europe (including Asia Minor and Northern Africa) he confines the German Empire to a district of sixteen square miles in Thuringia and the Austro-Hungarian Empire to a district of twenty-seven square miles round Vienna, while Turkey and Bulgaria disappear altogether. Most of the expropriated territory goes to Russia, "that great bulwark of the East against the inroads of Western barbarism." Nearly all readers will agree that the punishment proposed by Mr. Footle adequately fits the crime.

P. V. C.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

### INTERNATIONAL FEDERATION.

Sir,—Excellent "A. E. R."! Out of such criticisms are sound schemes constructed. Three years ago I recommended the scheme for international federation sketched by the Brogajota group in Paris. Theirs is only a slender pamphlet, and at present printed only in Esperanto; but if I can get time I will surely translate it. For it deals with many points in a very sagacious manner. It deals with the point raised by "A. E. R." respecting the possible out-voting power of a far-flung, despotically ruled empire. It suggests that only independent nations and self-governing colonies shall be represented. Accordingly Russia in Asia would be excluded, leaving the 57 representatives of Russia in Europe exactly balanced by the representatives of those well-civilised nations, the British and French, and allowing the whole weight of the remaining civilisation (if there be any) to work for progress and good-will.

"A. E. R." suggests that in case of dispute the electors would follow their representatives to war. But surely when the Parliament is there for talking things over, and behind the door hangs a rod for birching any nation or small combination of nations that seeks to impose its will by force on the majority, the tendency to invoke force instead of reason in international affairs must become considerably weaker than to-day—which is all we dare hope for.

HENRY MEULEN.

### "THE INTELLECTUALS."

Sir,—Dr. Oscar Levy's open letter to the English Intellectuals was very clear and suggestive. Messrs. Chesterton and Shaw both manage to conceal the truth in their exposition of it; it would appear that their art would be gone if they were to keep to standards rationally established. Mr. Chesterton has written that Matthew Arnold did not assert his thought with sufficient force, but Mr. Chesterton expresses himself with such force that he annihilates his thought. Messrs. Shaw and Chesterton are having a bout in the "New Statesman" over Webbism, Socialism, the Jews, democracy, and themselves. It appears that they have convicted each other of either not having attended a Sunday-school, or having been at only a Sunday-school; Mr. Chesterton preaches Socialism—of a sort; while Mr. Shaw humanises Webbism. Messrs. Shaw and Chesterton, each arguing with apparently a card up his sleeve, never get to the fundamentals of a thing, because they are always putting themselves in the way. I admit there is an element of humour in the proceedings, but beyond Mr. Shaw establishing his arrogance, and Mr. Chesterton his mystic humility, we get very little enlightenment from them.

Dr. Levy's indictment of Teutonism is well placed together with his indictment of the "English Intellectuals." When their professed seriousness is so useless, and when it is required more than ever to be useful, an indictment is proper. "We shall never get rid of this Divine wrath of Providence without a human hatred of ignorance." And to see the thing as in itself it really is, the methods of Mr. Shaw and Mr. Chesterton prohibit. The truth about the Germans they both miss. Nietzsche wrote: "When I try to think of the kind of man who is opposed to me in all my instincts, my mental image takes the form of a German. The first thing I ask myself when I am analysing a man, is whether he has a feeling for distance in him; whether he has rank, gradation and order everywhere between man and man, for this is what constitutes a gentleman. . . . Suppose for one moment that the profoundest spirit of all ages were to appear among Germans, then one of the saviours of the Capital would be sure to arise and declare that his own ugly soul was just as great. I can no longer abide this race." . . . And Schopenhauer has left a terrible accusation against the Germans—that they do not think, that they are mechanical, and have had the most vital part of the mind sliced out, as it were; and that they have built up a huge imposture upon themselves and the world, and by substitution of names, words, for ideas, triumphantly assert theirs a philosophy and idealism. The German shortsightedness and misunderstanding of human things is becoming more palpable every day. Their Gemeinheit (petty vileness) and lack of grasp are becoming a proverb. And this in spite of all their science and humane institutions.

It is the German Gemeinheit in English affairs that has to be resisted. Mr. Chesterton has often expressed indignation against this overloading of man with hard facts that stunt and dehumanise; Mr. Shaw not so much,

I think, but, still, he does not like to be accused of inhumanity and preference for a Utopia altogether his own. Mr. Shaw has said that the Government, during such a great war, should consult with the intelligentsia of the country, and we know whom he meant. But such romantics, obsessed each by his own peculiar plans, would be a very great hindrance to the Government if they did not overthrow it. How can they be of any use, when they have not that intellectual honesty that builds sanely on the firm-established truth?

Messrs. Shaw and Chesterton, if they would be useful in such a great crisis, should summon up the courage to step out in the light of truth, and not hide behind their own peculiarities. It would be interesting to have their discussion on the vital theories of the day, with, as they are Christians, themselves out of the way. But I think we may hardly expect that. Their art is in their obscurity. And their cry is "Art for Art's sake."  
E. A. S.

\* \* \*  
**MR. BERNARD SHAW AND OTHERS.**

Sir,—In your issue of June 1, Mr. Harold B. Harrison complains because an "old gentleman" like Mr. Bernard Shaw has been given a hearing in THE NEW AGE. Mr. Shaw is sixty this year, and evidently Mr. Harrison thinks that a man can have little to say at that age that is worth hearing. This opens up a subject which has never been adequately discussed, but is profoundly interesting.

Ancient Greece was by far the foremost of all countries in producing what Walt Whitman called "splendid and savage old men." Take, for instance, the three great tragedians. Æschylus produced the "Agamemnon," the "Chœphori," and the "Eumenides" when he was sixty-seven. Sophocles is said to have written eighty-one plays after he was fifty-four, and "Œdipus at Colonus" was completed shortly before he died at the age of ninety. It is not certain whether Euripides lived to be seventy-four or seventy-eight, but in any case it is known that the "Bacchæ," generally considered his best work, was written in the last year of his life. The founder of Athenian comedy, Cratinus, lived to be ninety-seven, and must have written to the end, for he is supposed to have been still working when Aristophanes, seventy-five years younger, began his career. Aristophanes himself ceased writing at fifty-six, and Menander was unfortunately drowned at fifty-one. Philemon, the other great writer of new comedy, lived to be nearly a hundred, but we do not know the dates of his productions.

Isocrates, the orator, who committed suicide from patriotic grief at the age of ninety-eight, published his "Panathenæus" at ninety-four. Gorgias, the sophist, was somewhere over a hundred when he died, and must have been teaching at a very advanced age when Plato encountered him at Athens. Xenophon lived to be ninety, and the indications are that his works were written late in life. Tradition says that Theophrastus was still writing his "Characters" at the age of ninety-nine. All the authorities say that Hippocrates, the physician, lived to be a hundred and three, and Democritus, "the laughing philosopher," is reputed to have been not less than ninety-nine. Both men, according to tradition, were active in extreme old age.

These Greek figures must be taken with a grain of salt. Still, every man I have named lived in a very enlightened and literary age, the history of which is well known. The figures may not be quite correct, but it can hardly be doubted that all these men displayed remarkable vigour of mind at a great age. It is at least beyond doubt that "Œdipus at Colonus" was composed by a man over eighty-five.

Rome was a striking contrast to Greece in this respect. In Roman history old men of genius are almost unknown. The great poets, Lucretius, Catullus, Virgil, and Horace, all died early, and were pretty well used up before they died. Cicero made his greatest speech at sixty-two, and Juvenal also wrote well at that age; but no Roman ever preserved the freshness of his mind to a later age than that.

The grand old man of modern Europe was Titian, who painted quite well till the plague carried him off at the age of ninety-nine. Michelangelo produced his "Last Judgment" at sixty-seven, and was active long after. "Blind old Dandolo" was an able man of action at ninety-seven. Within our own times Verdi was still a great composer when nearly eighty.

The most wonderful example of French vitality is Voltaire. Had he died at sixty, he would have been remembered as a writer of superficial tragedies and conventional histories. When just over sixty, however, he got into

his great war with the Church, and that kept him full of life till he was eighty-four, when he died of an overdose of laudanum, assisted by a very exciting popular ovation. He wrote "Candide" at sixty-five, and many other good works considerably later.

In Spain, Cervantes, after a most eventful career, during which he was first maimed in battle and then captured as a slave, and after many years of failure in literature at last published the first part of "Don Quixote" at fifty-seven and the second part at sixty-eight. Calderon was still writing his plays at eighty-one. In Germany, Goethe finished the first part of "Faust" at fifty-seven and the second at eighty-one, and wrote the "West-östlicher Divan" at sixty-five. I have been interested to read of the age of German generals in the present war. Hindenburg is sixty-nine and Mackensen seventy-one.

English genius cannot stand old age. Milton published "Paradise Regained" and "Samson Agonistes" at sixty-three, and Burke wrote his best works between sixty and sixty-seven. De Quincey's "Vision of Sudden Death," perhaps the finest thing in English prose, was written when he was sixty-four. But no Englishman ever did anything at seventy. Many great Englishmen have become very old, but all have degenerated into religious maniacs like Sir Isaac Newton, or mere dotards like Carlyle, Tennyson, and Ruskin. As for the English in America and the Colonies, they are never young at any age.

All these facts indicate that the nation which is light-hearted, hilarious, and abounding in inquisitiveness and combativeness is the one that produces "splendid and savage old men." The heavy moral nation, which worships material success, and does not delight in intellect for intellect's sake, cannot stand old age. It takes a nation of children to produce old men like Sophocles and Titian. The worst abuse of the body is not so deadly as dullness of soul. De Quincey ate opium all his life, and remained longer inspired than any other Englishman. Cratinus was a drunkard, but very much alive at ninety-seven. As for efficiency, daylight-saving, empire-building, right thinking, and all such sordid things, if you want to see what they lead to, you have only to look at America and the British Colonies.  
R. B. KERR.

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**"THE REST IS SILENCE."**

Sir,—The controversy concerning Hamlet's mystery has run its usual course; "R. H. C." has persistently refused to examine the play or to consider my argument; it has now reached its usual end, with "R. H. C." mechanically repeating his meaningless phrase, "spiritual shock." So be it: I only write to say that I hope that "R. H. C." will not waste any more of my time or your space by reviving a controversy to which he has nothing to contribute. With regard to Mr. Bechhofer's book on Russia, I, like "R. H. C.," withdraw no part of my argument against it. Its hypothesis is a barren one, for Russia is no more "land-locked" than is Austria; and if the Russians are melancholy and the Austrians are not, there must be some special reason why a natural characteristic that is common to more than one other State should produce (if it does) a particular psychological effect on the Russians. I directed Mr. Bechhofer's attention to the significant internal conflict of Russia, and there I must leave the matter. When "R. H. C." asks me to consider "what becomes of the Guild idea" if the decentralisation of industries is a fact, I can only say that I know nothing about it. About eighteen months ago, my interpretation of the Guild idea was repudiated by Mr. G. D. H. Cole, several correspondents, and "National Guildsmen" themselves; and as nothing has been said since then to lighten my darkness, I do not know what is the Guild idea. But this I can say: if the Guild idea is opposed to the processes of economic development that are converting each nation into a manufacturing nation, then I am sorry for the Guild idea.  
A. E. R.

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## Press Cuttings.

That, having regard to the hazardous experiments in the national direction and bureaucratic control of industry since the commencement of the war, and seeing that the Treasury conferences between the Trade Unions and the Government marked the beginning of a new era of State recognition of Trade Unionism, the conference declares that no scheme of nationalisation can be satisfactory which does not provide for joint democratic control in the industry affected by the workers and the State.—Resolution passed at the Conference of the Workers' Union.

Sir Alfred Mond's speeches on compulsion of wealth and compulsion of manhood will furnish some interesting parallels.—"Daily News and Leader."

Mr. S. Roberts appealed to the Chancellor not to come to a final decision until the report stage of the Bill, because he did not think the right hon. gentleman yet appreciated the hostility of the controlled firms. A new association of controlled firms in all the munition areas had been formed, so strongly had they felt that they were being unfairly treated. If the right hon. gentleman did come to a final decision now, he would repent it.

Sir A. Mond (L., Swansea) said the Chancellor was stirring up a lot of trouble and bad feeling among big business men, and, unless the right hon. gentleman had good reason for it, he urged him seriously to withdraw his proposal.—Parliamentary Report.

If we could instil into the minds of our brother workers in factory, field, mine, and office, the idea that useful work is the only justification for the existence of healthy able-bodied people, and that idleness is degrading, they would soon insist upon and secure an alteration of our present industrial system, in which the many toil that the few may shirk. We must bring it home to them that for every person who goes through life without performing a fair share of the necessary useful work of the country many others have to work all the harder. Before the workers can realise the true dignity of honest toil they will have to learn this lesson, and when they have taken it to heart they will surely insist upon having a controlling voice in determining the conditions under which they will consent to work, and in the disposal of the products of their labour. A careful study in our schools of, say, the system of National Guilds, as advocated by writers in THE NEW AGE and other journals, would equip our members for the part they will have to take in the troublous times ahead of us when the war is over. Who will make a start?—FRED HOBDAV in "One and All."

We cannot forget what happened on the South African State Railways after the Boer War. Moreover, if we avoid that danger, the methods of Government officials, more particularly in the postal service, which is most analogous to the railway service, do not lead to the conclusion that all our grievances will be over once we became employees of the State. In the event of nationalisation, we should have to fight for the retention in the railway service of the existing staffs, and then for a unification of conditions equal to the best on the railways—a levelling up and not down—and not inferior to those of our confrères in the postal service. But even if we overcome both these difficulties we should still be far from the promised land. "Cutting down" and "speeding up" are not confined to the railway service. Besides, it is more than likely that under nationalisation we should have our present railway officials, and it would not be less easy for them to economise at our expense than it is now. The profiteering spirit can and does thrive under nationalisation. Do you remember how the postal officials declared and carried out their intention of opposing the granting of a war bonus? So long as an undertaking, whether it be owned and controlled by private capitalists or by the State, is primarily run for profit and not for service you will have the exploitation of Labour. Because profit is still the first consideration in the railway business, the R.C.A. was called upon to deal with no less than 2,000 individual grievances last year. And it is because your E.C. realise the difficulties and dangers, even under railway nationalisation, that they are of

opinion that "in order to secure the best practical results, any scheme of nationalisation should include provision for adequate representation of the railway workers on the Board of Management, such Board to be presided over by a Minister of Railways responsible to Parliament."—"The Railway Clerk."

On the assumption that England should compete with Germany in spheres where Germany is strongest, business men, perhaps, will in the long run have as much to say as economists like ourselves. For they, too, like us, know, and by practical experience, that it is not by strenuous competition on the same plane with other nations that England maintains her predominance, but by creating ever new monopolies of one kind or another. The commonly accepted view of the ignorant that English trade owes its position to successful competition in similar articles to those produced by its rivals is as mistaken as it is ignominious. The contrary, in fact, is true, that it is not by fractional differences or by hairbreadth commercial successes that England has obtained its wealth; but by the exploitation of its natural advantages both as to situation and as to national character, which things are our monopoly. When, therefore, the question arises of capturing German trade, the reflections ought at once to occur to business men as well as to economists that the procedure must be by superior substitution, not by competition on the same level, and that the call has come for a new development of the native genius instead of merely for an imitation of the genius of another nation and of one differently situated. The call, in short, is to the nation to become more truly English than ever. It is not to become more German.—THE NEW AGE (October 15, 1914).

But if he appeared to be a lover of temperance in his discourses, he was yet a more exact observer of it in his actions, showing himself to be not only invincible to the pleasures of the senses, but even depriving himself of the satisfaction of getting an estate, for he held that a man who accepts of money from others makes himself a servant to all their humours, and becomes their slave in a manner no less scandalous than other slaveries.—Xenophon's "Socrates."

Petrograd, July 2.

The clergy will to-morrow publicly anathematise the "freebooters of the rear," who are amassing huge fortunes at the expense of the public.—The "Times."

At the annual general meeting of the Pretoria Teachers' Association, the President addressed the meeting on the subject of School Boards and School Committees. The appointment of these bodies in the Transvaal, he said, had been a retrograde step. And for these bodies any adult white person was eligible except aliens, criminals, insolvents, maniacs, and—teachers. The blame for this rested largely with the teachers themselves, as they failed to grasp the importance of forming a strong professional association, as did the medical profession. No authority dreamt of constituting a Hospital Board on which doctors were not well represented. Every member of the Association must bring this home to the rank and file of his colleagues. He argued that the School Boards had failed to carry out satisfactorily three duties entrusted to them: the care of school buildings, the appointment of teachers, and the enforcement of the compulsory clauses of the Education Act. Broken windows remained unrepaired for months—"no funds available for this purpose"—long and faithful and efficient service was ignored when important posts were filled, and defaulting parents were not molested when they sent their children to work—in a Government Department, too!—before the age of 15 and the passing of Standard V. Such children could only be expected to fill the ranks of the "poor whites." They must get rid of the slackers! And what should he put in their place? Nothing. All these duties could be performed by the inspectors, able and conscientious men, in whose hands the cause of education would not suffer. The ideal educational body was a guild of teachers which would draw up its own scheme of instruction, fix the salaries of its members, appoint its own inspectors, build its own schools, being directly responsible to the State, which would remain the chief authority.—"Rand Daily Mail."