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 conception of wealth with the very different proposal of the conscription of capital. Wealth in the form of current income from capital has been rightly maintained as 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 they 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.

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 unadvised truth. That the working classes at the outset of the war formally offered to forego increases of wages and to withdraw all restrictions upon their labour provided that their employers would forego profits, is a fact of which not only Lord Sydney is conveniently forgetful, but which the public in general is being encouraged to forget. The public, indeed, is encouraged by the very nature of the fact and to that 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 colowners 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? How would Lord Sydney or Lord Jenkins, 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 few people hear of it, but even fewer will reckon it against the employers.

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 production 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 fatally, 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 sequell to 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 Marxist 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 the Guild Socialism and to the establishment of the Servile State. Even, therefore, when we have granted that an
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 then, the press of the Press and the heavy-handedness 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 as with only a spot upon its patriotic character.

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 as 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 address to Labour. In short, the main blame for the result the problem would be. 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 is a practical one: if in fact, one saw 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 this system 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 to 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? Have we not seen that this aspiration of Labour to manage its own industry, while impracticable as Syndicalism, is neverthe- less 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 spirit of the age itself. The spirit of the whole nation will as the springs of paternalistic heroism; and exactly as we admire the outcome of the latter we should provide a means for satisfying the aspiration of the former. 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 blacklegs," 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 must 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. If the discipline?—Yes, the discipline 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 organised would be only an officer class intent upon plundering friend and enemy alike. And the world would be glad to rid them of that. 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- equipped 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 to the governments which 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, is the same in war as in peace, but the difference is the most important. As we have seen in Europe, those who have been defeated may in future share the same civilisation of other nations. Man for man, we are told, is the same in war as in peace, but the difference is the most important. As we have seen in Europe, those who have been defeated may in future share the same civilisation of other nations.

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 a means of co-operation between industry and industry. But that the feeling underlying the scheme, the will implied in refusing to co-operate whole-heartedly with any set of profiteers, State no less than private, is one to be taken into serious consideration is another thing. Is it not the case if of present provision. We affirm, in fact, that this aspiration of Labour to manage its own
**Foreign Affairs.**

By S. Verdaz.

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 summaries 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 acute for the Allies as it was for Russia, and that justification had never been published at all; it was still necessary to give the Germans an outlet to the Mediterranean. We have, however, emphasised in all our conversations that the problem of the Dardanelles was a national problem for us. We have the impression that leading circles abroad are inclined to consider this question in a sense favourable to us.

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 unimportant 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.

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), and I have his letter before me--on questionable 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 assertions made by Mr. Lloyd George's speeches. Says M. Longuet: "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."

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 Mr. Lloyd George's speeches. On March 25, in any case, it did not look as if 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 100,000 French and English and Italian soldiers, without speaking of the Russians themselves.

As I have myself repeatedly stated, long before the war began, 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 "Introduction" to his speeches.

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 very country that stands at the doors of Riga, and the question for Russia as well as for her Allies is not which of the Turkish 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.
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) is attached to bold, straightforward action; and 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 culbs which begin in rebellion end, sooner or later, in a worship of routine.

It is altogether 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 subsist some common necessity. This homage to established fashion—a timid acquiescence in the relatively brave people are touched with this reluctance be it only a difference in dress. An unfamiliar garb neighbours' standards—which generally means their action they prefer, for the most part, half-measures and impulse than any deliberate conviction that the tyranny of public opinion, which everywhere tends to breed suspicion, familiarity breeds tolerance, and the transition from distrust to hostility is easy. 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); and we had no reason for regarding wedlock with 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): and we had no reason for regarding wedlock with a natural repugnance to keep the two elements apart.

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 cared; for there also Englishmen, once satisfied of their political superiority, developed an acuter perception of the proprieties of race than that of our grandfathers?

The 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 discover the maladroitness of habit not only in the longevity, but in the profound prejudice, of every populous opinion; and each of the antipathies of colour, 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. A few years ago the establishment was still inhabited by a remnant of the colony—a dozen charming old maids of various shades of disharmony but in all other respects indistinguishable from ordinary English gentlewomen. They afford a living proof of the well-known fact that the colour prejudice is based on a remnant of the colony—a dozen charming old maids of various shades of disharmony 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 not always but a natural repugnance to keep the two elements apart.

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 vanished class; for there also Englishmen, once satisfied of their political superiority, developed an acuter perception of the proprieties of race than that of our grandfathers.

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
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 journeys 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 Amelots, having no children of her own, adopted the wail 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 lad, speaking French, German, and English exceedingly well. "With her remarkably fine figure, dusky hair, smooth, copper-coloured skin, and supple, almost feminine, grace, the adopted daughter of the Amelots made a perfect Miss Adams, or a Miss O'Reilly, " 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.

**KOSMOPOLIT.**

**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, after 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.

It 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 was not being '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 monarchial 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; even though in practical life we place the individuals before the public thing.” But the ironical reader is mistaken. What is hitherto 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 of a nation as forming 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 purport 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 the Commonwealth. This is the only thing which makes life worth living. 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 one, 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 ultimatum to be settled by judicial means; when she invaded 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 only need is to be restrained for fear of not being clever. He may well leave cleverness to others.

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 not of the Republic but of the individual. Of course, for its results were bound to be greater. 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 touch 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 "Morning Post," and the "Daily Telegraph." The intellectuals do not like to think of these things because their contempt for reason, more or less, like retired colonels in the clubs. The intellectuals only care to speak of things about which the public has to declare itself 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 Germany, but it was 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 said 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. What do the Germans 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 the support of the British army, would 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. Britain's role 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 cared 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 knows that England had to prepare to fight against Germany. But why restrict this to Germany? Dr. Oscar Levy, has said almost the same thing: "We cannot speak of it without reminding readers of the article which appeared 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 love Cassio. Here, again, the primacy of things!

If the Germans are wrong, the British have plumped the world into a war which can have for them no other issue than that truly prophesied by Bernhardi: "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—Fitz 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 both.

If the Germans are incapable of believing in the possibility that their country may be fighting in a bad cause, Mr. Shaw is well within his rights. He has convinced his countrymen that German culture in general has become perverted in recent years by the cult of power and success. "The only hope left far 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 the more noble part. The honour of Germany at the bar of the world: the Kaiser is too indulgent to these doubters, or, at least, to these of them who live in England. To those who prefer distinction to veracity? 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—Fitz 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 both.

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These men will be the true martyrs of Germany.
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, Germany and Austria are exerted 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, 31 million tons in the United States, and 15 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 14,000,000 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 1912-17 Germany and Austria possessed 16 million spindles, the United States 450 million tons, 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 397 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 barely 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 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 importance of the incalculable 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 toil 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 examination 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, in England 1,050 kilos. "In the period 1911-13 Germany had increased its average yield of wheat per acre to 2,250 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. Germany, as in Austria-Hungary, cares little what 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 industrial world to-day has not its roots solely in poverty and enterprise. Harmonious co-operation of capital and labour and national wealth.

"Round 'Table.'" Let us imagine Mr. Asquith come before him. Reading over our shoulders, he will see this:-

There is an article in the current issue, entitled, "Some Considerations affecting Economic Reconstruction," which will perhaps illustrate 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 its roots solely in poverty and want. Many social problems could be solved by more efficient production and the better 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 the concomitants of wages, salaries, profits, interest, and rent, which will continue for many a long year.

The greatest step in advance and, indeed, the only examples the "Round Table" has taken are unpaid, and there are no advertisers. Nor are there 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 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, "The whole economic basis of society rests on private property and the sanctity of contract." Confrontation would cut at the root of all security, and would paralyse development.

The cut 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 propertyless 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 read 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 hinder their hearts. . . . It may seem a contradiction to those who have faith in panaceas, but there is no doubt that the greatest step in advance, and, indeed, the prerequisite of any reformation, would be the sincerity of contract, 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 thin 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!"

Also, the "Round Table" has no ideas!
Islam 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 wholesale slaughter of non-combatants which many Christians seem to think a part of the Islamic 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 nations whose conduct, much as the Puritans of old in England steeld their hands to heaven until the whiteness of his armpits was answered: 'No.' Ali had a little money over and he could give it to them as a bounty and a consolation. He told the Prophet (God bless and save him) of it, and it pleased the Prophet. 'Now Abdu'l-raahman ibn Aaf repudiated the deed of Khalid; and Khalid said: 'I have avenged thy father.' Abdu'l-raahman made answer, 'Thou hast avenged only thine uncle in whose company he was, and those hast done a deed of the Ignorance in El Islam.' The Apostle of God, when he heard of it, cried: 'O Khalid, leave my companions alone! For, if thou hast Mount Oodh all in gold, and spentest it all in the cause of God, thou wouldst not attain the morning grace of one of them.'

Many are the 'deeds of the Ignorance' which have since then been done in El Islam by people who, like Khalid, 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 doctrine and theological points, there 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 Islam on the contrary is opposed to i-dolation and exclusiveness. In a comparatively short 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. Islam 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, sooner or later, imposed. Up to the period of Mohammed, had invariably imposed.'

'By the laws of Islam, liberty of conscience and freedom of worship were allowed and guaranteed to the followers of every creed under Moslem dominion. The passage in the Koran, 'Let there be no compulsion in religions,' testifies to the principle of toleration and charity inculcated by Islam. What will thou force a man to believe when belief can come only from God? Adheres to those who forsake you to serve their own heart; do good to everyone 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 a slave, but it has departed; announcing amnesty almost universal commanding protection to the weak and poor, and freeing fugitive slaves.' Mohammed did not merely preach tolerance: 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 Islam. Could so much be said of other creeds? Proselytism by the sword was wholly contrary to the instincts of Mohammed, and wrangling over creeds his abhorrence. Repeatedly he exhales: '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 Muslimesh think wholesale slaughter is permitted by certain texts of the Koran in cases where Christians have been manifestly wicked in behaviour towards the Muslim brotherhood, and where such Christians, it is considered, owe allegiance to Islam 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 Islam 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 ultimate resort, and Christian nations are peculiarly aggressive. It is curious for the student in this nineteen hundred 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: 'Blessed art thou among women!' It 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 strived to justify it. A strange 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 hatred at debating societies, and 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, so nations compose humanity; and the rights of nations and their obligations to each other in no wise differ from those existing between individuals."

This basis of international relations, which Christian- do is only now beginning faintly to perceive, has been the sacred law of El Islam 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 Islamic warfare more fittingly than with a quotation from the charge which Abu Bakr (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 dervishes. 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, so nations compose humanity; and the rights of nations and their obligations to each other in no wise differ from those existing between individuals."

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-- 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 superhuman grandeur and the most exquisite elegance 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, unfailing grace to unfailing sense: thus it was given to Sterne,—odd-souled, whimsical—a dainty Arier 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 justify the non-dervish ideal 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 seeming incoherence, the stout heart of the warrior with the delicate taste of the aesthetic.

Milton was a master of the grand style. So also was Lordor. But Milton, in his capacity as poet, combined with the nobility and dignity proper to the grand style the force and homelessness, 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 sehnen Seele who was a bold and in- trepid explorer of the human soul.

Velazquez. As a pure realist he out-Halès 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 transcends the sensitiveness 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? What Philidas 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 peak. 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, 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 sparkles 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.

Our eye we may cultivate with impunity. Not so our mind. Our eye, as it grows in the power of discernment, becomes 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.

Look at the green hills. They are inconceivably fair. Look, and rejoice.

What particular thing shall I say that I was in the vanishing different tale? I neither stalked nor glared. I was no wise and patient elephant, and I neither grinned with an ape nor laughed with a hyaena. I was no fox, or sheep, or dog, or cat, or rat. Nor a white and gentle dove. Nor, among the myriad forms that, collected the jewels; together, they made quite a good isoceles triangle, and other misbegotten analogies; but the possibilities of profanity for an India's 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.

Lucrily, 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 specializing in being tried on charges of rape in Indian 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 soothing 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 "demics 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 starred 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 forgot 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 by sign. 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

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

It was not very difficult to make them acquainted. An uproar in the streets caused Vasatasena and her mother to seek refuge in the noble Brahmin's house. He offered her refreshment, but his poverty was so extreme that he had not even a banana to offer her. It did not matter; she feasted on his noble presence, her grand manner, his lofty thoughts, "Another anecdote, madam; there is no roast to-day," so the maid used to whisper to one of those wits. The 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 Vasatasena 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 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 not considered 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 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 Vasatasena'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 a witness when his father was charged by the law for the murder of Vasatasena. He said that his friend had been an enemy, and that his mother'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 not considered that her maternal instinct should be displayed, and should express itself in such a way as to spin a coil about her lover.

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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-conceitring such terms and reducing them to their common and real meaning. The facts 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-lenders, and monopolisers 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 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 salaried, the price 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 economic 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. When a man has his leg pulled by a woman—he may have many legs, eye on the stage. The other and more probable is that Shaw has no place in his world for love. It is just a whim of his to convert the procreative Life-Force? He must, therefore, deny love or, what is the same thing, reduce it to the more sexual of sensation and emotion. 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 her. 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 is the idea of love? Where are the 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 one left to stand by itself. What he 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 sensationalism 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. They must not be able to 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 would 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 or themselves—to an end, Shaw, as a writer of the theatre, 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.)
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 influence 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 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 metaphysics; and it goes by a variety of names.

The object of Supply is twofold: (a) to supply natural or 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 at will, the problem of humanity would be settled for ever. We could then put our affections on things above exclusively, and 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 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 there is 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 reservoirs: (a) 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 a reservoir of water—but the economic supply or the supply upon the market has ceased to exist. 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 good, and control the 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 of it on the 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 different means: first, 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 one God, of human 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 let me 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 learn 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 survivors 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 warriors. Mr. T. E. Hulme, for instance, and 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 France—France? 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, finally, because international finance will be in danger. No diplomatist wishes to exterminate anyone, no diplomatist even wishes his diplomatic enemy to lose too many fighting-men. If diplomatists, 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 of Europe. For 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 disfigured because his notions are still obstinately泥 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 one God, of human 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 let me 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 learn him?

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among themselves to invade some or other Belgium, since nothing less than a crude, bullying outrage of this sort will do. Who are the condemned? We have no eminent, except those who refuse to trade with him—these are his only heathen. There are but few of them. 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 diplomats 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 fairest sign of a staggered negotiation for peace will be in the pockets of all good diplomats. 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 the "Wayfarer's" meaning. I cannot see how the word "Wayfarer" is quite clear. The baptism which, says the army has received is spoken of freely by soldiers, 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 reproach for secularism that burst out from civilians. Admiration, on the contrary, is the note, and many a tale of German self-sacrifice and the 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. As a soldier by his historical conquerors, and is now reported as hanged. But Casement, the two and two make four on the Continent.

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 conquerors are too cunningly modern. In ten years they absorb you, re-capture their parliament, make you seem a boor and a bully, and laugh at your exasperated efforts to make 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 maç—"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 cares 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 diplomats 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 fairest sign of a staggered negotiation for peace will be in the pockets of all good diplomats. 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.
I have often marvelled at the equanimity and gratification with which an author makes his box 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 wrinkled 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 new-comer. He owes, indeed, his success to his faults, not to 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 raves with his rapier—("Dubliners" 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 was much 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 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 play they have 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 nervous-acknowledged author's ear. "By God!" 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 insinuation 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 foyers. Messrs. Paquin, Fosson, Clementine and Roguette 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," said the husband to his wife; "you sit out your silly old play—this will interest the men 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. Snobbing 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 play we were taking is a problem play, and the 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, that 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. The 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. We are 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 the less true; 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 reformation 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 have also been made to exclude women from 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 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

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, 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 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 self-government, 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 2 3 millions, South Africa 14, and New Zealand 3, 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 fifth of the population of the world to and the rest of the Empire, we 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.

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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 unable 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 makes the asinine 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


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 had more sense than his modern namesake. "Turn over the leaves of this book it becomes 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, or man who has no to lose before original sin than most of his employees, has no need 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. Then the principle value of the book is in its warnings: Politics is dangerous.

Pillars of Society. By A. G. Gardiner. (Dent. Wayfarers' Library. 1s. 6d.)

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. 2s. 6d.)

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 grudge steadily developing a spirit of revenge; and at last pulling up a rail with the intention of wrecking a train. An "Iris-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-
Mr. Plaatje is a skilled journalist, and he does
Nicolaievna," a prostitute who becomes an artist's
treating his soldiers on the march, behaving like a
maniac, and yet leading his men gallantly into action,
loneliness in his tent, and sobbing bitterly over the
unravel his bitterness in the newspaper. Brutality
sentimentality and sensitivity are closely allied. But for the rest, he
has no great skill; he lacks, for example, Dostoevsky's genius in treating insanity. Dostoevsky's
lunatics are projected, they are only observed objectively, and, of course, seem merely absurd. Like most Russians
writers, Garshin prefers brutal subjects; his "Nadejda Nikolaievna," a prostitute who becomes an artist's
model for a study of Charlotte Corday, and, of course,
cast in the role of Nietzsche's "とりあえず." This 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.

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
expose 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, in-
terviewed 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 dimen-
sions 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.

Long have we slept with Misery for mate,
Even while they dined on chicken swilled with port,
Sloth now shall weep, and Usury must die.

The Munitions Act, with its "leaving" certificates, is
of special interest to
Mr. Petticoat Lane.

Mr. Plaatje appealed in England. However, as Imperial
Federation may come into being after the war, and Mr. Plaatje added, he prefers 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-people's grievances have to be dealt with them. 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.
national relations. In the present volume Mr. Quez deals with the British Secret Service, so far as the stern exigencies of espionage permit. No bolder, 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 South African country-seat of the Prince von Pilsen-lagen.

Messrs. Haye and Oats.

The German God. By Dean Slings.—Many people still imagine that the Batic Bloc, and the present desecration devotes his great knowledge to a study of the Hun propaganda in one of its most thriving Republics. Instead of allowing the Hun to degenerate Governments to form their view of the great world-struggle, German agents (who include the principal bankers and merchants of the Republics at no effort at all 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 Hun 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 (some generals, and even colonels)) would already have ranged herself on our side.

Our Famous 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 load-stars have been hired to shoot for the Entente, and the back doors of the 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 proof 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. Verden, Groen, 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 Hun to degenerate Governments to form their view of the great world-struggle, German agents (who include the principal bankers and merchants of the Republics at no effort at all 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 Hun 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 (some generals, and even colonels)) would already have ranged herself on our side.

Nationality in modern Europe. By W. Bathe-Bunne, Litt.D.—Whatever subject Dr. Bathe-Bunne touches—whether bimetallism, 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 Slovoads of Lower Transylvania and the Bashyours of the Middle Caucasus. He reproduces several letters from prominent Slovoads, thanking him for discovering their race; they are always putting themselves in the view of the profoundest spirit of all ages and when it is required more than ever to be useful, an indemnity is proper. "We shall never get rid of this divine providence of war, and by substitution of names, words, for 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 Slovoads of Lower Transylvania and the Bashyours of the Middle Caucasus. He reproduces several letters from prominent Slovoads, thanking him for discovering their race; they are always putting themselves in the view of the profoundest spirit of all ages and when it is required more than ever to be useful, an indemnity is proper. "We shall never get rid of this divine providence of war, and by substitution of names, words, for
I think, but still, he does not like to be accused of inhumanity towards me. When the time came, he decided to move on. Mr. Shaw has said that the Government, during such a war, should consult with the intelligentsia of the country, and we know whom he meant. But such romantic escapades much by him were not, I think, be a very great hindrance to the Government if they did not overthrow it. Hoy can they be of any use, when they have not matured at all? Mr. Shaw, as a matter of course,'ll know. He'll know that the very process of maturing that builds 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 know which of them has interested him the most, 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."* * *

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. Aeschylus produced the "Agamemnon," the "Prometheus," and the "Eumenides" when he was sixty-seven. Sophocles is said to have written eighty-one plays after he was fifty-four, and "Oedipus 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 "Bacchae," 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. Philonen, 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 "Characters" at the age of 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 "Oedipus 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 are almost always 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 Juvencus 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-five. Michelangelo produced his "Last Judgement" 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 death of French vitality is Voltaire. 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 vigour, when he had been given an over-dose of inanition, assisted by a very exciting popular ovation. He wrote "Candide" at sixty-five, and many other good works considerably later.

In Germany, Goethe finished the first part of "Faust" at fifty-seven and the second part at sixty-eight. Cudleron was still writing his plays at eighty-one. In Germany, the noblest of all, Schiller, died at a good age. It is a sad commentary on our times, and on the age of German generals in the present war. Hindenburg is sixty-nine and Mac- kensen 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 seventy-six. 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 iniquity and combative 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 long inspired after his operatic part. 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 that has no chance to contribute. With regard to Mr. Beechhoefer'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 the latter is. It takes a nation that is common to more than one other State should produce (if it does) a particular psychological effect on the Russians. I directed Mr. Beechhoefer'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. C. 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 can only be a matter of opinion, and 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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That, having regard to the hazardous experiments in the national direction and bureaucratic control of industry since the war, and seeing that there were Treaty conferences between the Trade Unions and the Government marked the beginning of a new era of State recognition of Trade Unions, 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 has been formed, and they felt that they were being unfairly treated. If the right hon. gentleman did come to a final decision now, he would regret it.

Sir Alfred Mond said the Chancellor was bringing 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 factories, fields, 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 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 that they will have to work, and in the disposal of the products of their labour. A careful study in our schools of, say, the 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 troubles times ahead of us when the war is over. Who will make a start?—"Fred Horody 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 become 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 confreres in the postal service. But even if we overcome both these difficulties we should still be far from the promised land, for "speeding up" and "cutting up" are not confined to the railway service. Besides, it is more than likely that under nationalisation we should have 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 derivating 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 fancies, and thus becomes a 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 a resolution on the subject of School Boards and School Committees. The appointment of these bodies in the Transvaal, he said, had been a retrograde step. An adult white person was eligible except aliens, criminals, insolvent, 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 dreamed of constituting a Hospital Board on which doctors would not be 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 remain 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 manner in which hands the cause of education would not suffer. The ideal educational body was a guild of teachers, who 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."