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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

DROWNING men catch at straws, and we are disposed to look for excuses for the Labour leaders. It may be that there is a stupidity that shapes their ends, rough-hew them how they will. What if the Providence that is said to watch over imbeciles and inebriates has spared Labour leaders the realisation of the existence of the movement for Control out of sheer kindness! Had they seen the vision of the new commonwealth in which all their aspirations after emancipation can be realised, who knows that they might not have been so eager to reach it that they would have taken the first step that seemed to offer itself, even at the risk of finding it a faux pas? We have seen that even members of the National Guilds League have been tempted to grasp at the first concession that Capital may be induced to make to Labour; and to accept workshop control as an instalment of the abolition of the wage-system. With their so much greater gullibility, what would not the official Labour leaders have been prepared to offer in exchange for workshop control if once they had thought it the way to National Guilds? The right to strike, the right to command their own representatives, even the right to combine at all, might cheerfully have been given up if once it had occurred to the Labour leaders that an instalment of emancipation was to be gained in exchange. Perhaps, after all, it is as well that Labour leaders should be abnormally deficient in imagination, and, as nearly as possible, compatible with humanity, impenetrable by mere economic theories. Not only might their masters not be secure for a single century at a time, but Labour leaders might themselves be occasionally required to undergo the agony of thought. There is a wonderful wisdom in what we cannot understand; and the wisdom of the stupid is unfathomably clever. Doing nothing, thinking nothing, and leaving everything to capitalists to arrange, may really be Labour's profound instinctive way of arriving at emancipation by the shortest road.

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And it is as well to take this view for still another reason. Like it or dislike it, the inaccessibility of Labour leaders to our ideas is a plump fact which there is no use in denying. Some of our readers, we know, are inclined to put the blame upon ourselves: we are and always have been all that we ought not to be. Many faults indeed are ours, and we humbly acknowledge them. But given the wretched collection of qualities that God has vouchsafed to us, and among which, we are certain, are to be found good-will towards Labour and a readiness to spend ourselves and everybody else in its cause, we wonder what there is to do that we have not done. We cannot insinuate ourselves, as pro-Capitalists so easily can, into the councils and counsels of Labour leaders; and we would not even if we could—after the manner of Capitalists, bray them in a mortar among wheat with a pestle, only, as the Scripture says, to leave them fools still. All we can do, in fact, is to continue doing what we are doing, namely, to flutter over the heads of Labour leaders flapping our wings and crying, Beware, Beware. As clearly as any coming event has ever been foreseen by mortal man, we see approaching an industrial feudalism under which the wage-system as we know it will be abolished right enough, but only to be replaced by a regimentation of Labour bearing all the marks of slavery and servility which Spencer attributed to Socialism. Who would have believed that Herbert Spencer spoke the truth if only in paradox; and that the servility he warned us was involved in Socialism would fall first upon Socialists themselves? Yet so it appears will the case be. Labour looking for emancipation and expected by Spencer to enslave society will actually find slavery at the hands of society. Looking for a kingdom, it will find asses. Beyond, however, crying Beware into the long ears of Labour leaders, we remind ourselves that there is another thing we can do. We can teach ourselves and, we hope, our readers, to understand what is happening. And understanding is in itself a virtue and a power. It was not, we are told, by the successful exertions of the five or ten understanding men that the Lord promised to save a city. Their presence was to be sufficient. It may, therefore, be the case that if only a few of us understand the plot now being devised to take Labour captive by stratagem, the city of Labour may be saved. Only we shall need to be perfectly clear.

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We have already drawn up the lines of battle between Capital and Labour, and we now know pretty well their

respective dispositions. There is really nothing "superior," Mr. Wardle, in our claim to this piece of knowledge; and we do not ask to be admired for it. If a score of persons, or, to judge by the Press, if no fewer than several million persons, could know, as they said they did, years and years before it happened that the present military war was inevitable, and could tell us, as they say they did, when and where it would break out, and what the result would be—surely a few of us, who have made a special study of it, might be supposed capable of forecasting both the event and the chief circumstances of the coming Labour war. Moreover, we do not presume upon anybody's credulity or reckon upon anybody's ignorance to procure assent to our propositions. If anybody is sufficiently interested even to challenge them, there are the facts to take up the cudgels on our behalf. We only profess to believe what anybody else must believe who examines the situation in the light of common sense. There is nothing "scientific"' or 'educated" or "middle-class" in it, but it is all as plain as a pikestaff. To begin with, it is common ground to all parties that there is a division of opinion (to say no more) between Capital and Labour. Is that so or is that not so? And if we choose to define the terms more exactly as a dispute between Capitalists and Labourers—between economic classes, that is—nobody can quarrel with us that does not prefer, for reasons of his own, to dwell in the metaphysical abstractions of Capital and Labour. Next, we think we may take it as probably common ground that among the Capitalists there are two divisions—as there are amongst the Labourers. There are the Capitalists who are disposed for an out-and-out fight with Labour; and there are the Capitalists who are willing to appear to wish to compromise, treat, and bargain with Labour. Shall we look at these two claims for a moment or so a little more closely? Since they are destined to occupy a good half of the stage during the coming century, it may be worth the trouble of learning their role. Well, then, the militant or Jingo Capitalists first, the Capitalists who intend to stand no nonsense from Labour, sir; and who, like their Prussian cousins, think the butt-end of a rifle the proper cure for all the grievances of the non-income-tax-paying class.

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One of the worser effects of popular Christianity is to induce its victims to believe in wholesale conversion in the face of evidence. There is only one thing more certain than the prevalence of the belief among Labour leaders that the Capitalist classes have rent their hearts during the war—and that is the absence of any evidence of it. It is, therefore, necessary to bring our workmen back to reality. So far from there being any evidence that the nature of Capital has been changed for the better by the war, all the available evidence is in the other direction. Capital, it is now probable, will emerge from the fiery furnace of the war exactly of the nature it took in. Why should we deceive ourselves in this matter? Things are as they are, and there is no running past facts. Everybody who comes into intimate contact with Capitalists knows of a surety what their opinion is, and knows, too, that it differs only in one sense from their pre-war opinion, namely, in being more set upon the subjection of Labour. Look at the Memorandum just issued by the Garton Foundation (Harrison. 1s. net), advocating a compromise between Capital and Labour. Its writers are constrained, being truthful men, to admit that there is a disposition in Capital to fight Labour to the death. Look, again, at the first remarkable note ever written by Mr. Emil Davies, the financial expert of the "New Statesman." We quote it at length elsewhere, but its purport may be here summarised as personal evidence that Capitalists mean to starve Labour after the war into compliance with their demands. But we do not depend upon information such as this, accessible only to the so-called educated, to people who can read. We invite attention to the doings of the Capitalist party in full daylight. The war, for instance, has involved this country in tremendous financial expenditure—has a single rich man become poorer on that account? Are the wealthy classes a penny the worse off? The war has called for sacrifices untold in the matter of work, food, and other normal appetites and exercises—have the commercial classes refrained from making profits as usual out of the very agonies of Belgium and Serbia, not to mention ourselves and our larger Allies? On the contrary, unless compelled by law, no Capitalist in all the land has failed to employ the Law of Supply and Demand to force up his profits to the zenith of the possible. And all this, mind you, has taken place in the green leaf of the war and while men are still watering patriotism with their blood. What can we expect of the sere and yellow? We say, again, that the change of heart which journals like the "Spectator" and the "Times" claim for Capital is mere hocus-pocus. If anything, the war has hardened the heart of the wealthy classes towards Labour. And assuredly as the prospect of defeat passes away and national victory becomes certain, the impulse of the Capitalist classes will be to wreak their triumph upon the class that has saved them. There were always two enemies whom English Capital had to fear—Germany abroad and Labour at home. Having settled its account with Germany what more natural to Capital than to turn upon Labour to settle accounts with its second bugbear? Every successful foreign Capitalist war is followed by a disastrous peace for Labour.

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Without pretending to be more than approximately correct, we should reckon the proportion of Capitalists who mean Labour to be driven to die in a ditch as nine in ten of the whole economic class. That is a formidable force in itself, but circumstances make it still more formidable. For, as well as force, they have plausible reasons; and even more plausible excuses for fighting the issue now. No surprise need be felt that we are able to put the case and the situation for Capital no less than for Labour. Until you can state your opponents' case you cannot answer it. And the case for Capital is really one of the simplest in the world to imagine. "We, the Capitalists (so runs their reasoning), have a monopoly of the trained commercial intelligence of the nation; and on that account we are virtually the real producers of the national wealth. Without us Labour by itself would be powerless to produce more than enough to feed itself; it would sink back into the stone age from which alone we and our class lifted it. Thanks, however, to mischievous agitators, Labour has for some time been getting it into its head that not only is its share of production unfairly small, but that all that is produced belongs by right to Labour. While these notions were only thinly spread among the proletariat and had no force behind them, we could afford to laugh at them. But the rise of the Trade Unions, together with the spread of 'syndicalism' or some such heresy had already begun before the war to call for a little of our serious attention; and it appears likely that the party will trade upon its patriotism to make still further demands when the war is over. Providence, however, has simultaneously with the peril presented us with the opportunity and the means of combating it. The war has necessitated such regulations of the liberty and privileges of Labour as we could scarcely have hoped would have been possible; why should we altogether relinquish them? Surely our men in parliament will be fools if they cannot find an excuse for continuing them into peace until they become part of the accepted order of things. The war has likewise enlisted in the service of the State (and l'Etat c'est Capitalisme) all the Labour leaders that count. They have been taught to feed out of the State's hand, to come when called and to say what the State tells them to say. Why should such useful persons be allowed to become estranged from us again, when, as we know, the price of their devotion is only a little more than fair words? Lastly, everybody can foresee that Labour is in for a bad time

after the war. Unemployment will be widespread, and wages will be low. Starvation will bring Labour to its senses; and what is then to prevent us offering our help in return for the few remaining trifles of liberty that Labour possesses?" The occasion is, from this point of view, too favourable to be missed. Nor are the means less happily to hand. You have only to make a breach of contract between Labour and Capital a criminal offence to put an end for ever to the overweening ambitions of Labour. Backed by the State and its army, every employer would cease to be merely an employer. He would be a commander as well. Thus would the discipline of the trenches be introduced into industry for good.

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Our estimate of the number of Capitalists who reason in this way is nine in ten. There remains, however, the tenth, who constitute the second line of the Capitalist army. These are what we shall call the plausible Capitalists, and they are composed of superficial students of economics, innocent decoys, budding statesmen, statisticians, social reformers, and all such painfully good, but dull, little persons. We have not a word to say against them but this: that they are the victims of a lie in the soul. For they are under the delusion that the lion can lie down with the lamb and the leopard with the kid; that injustice and justice can meet and kiss; and that a covenant can be made with death, and with hell we may be at agreement. Let us nevertheless examine their case, if only as economic pathologists; and once more we may direct our readers' attention to the Garton Memorandum as the complete manifestation of all its symptoms. We are to note, to begin with, the assumption of the school—an assumption, moreover, which they would have us believe is the common assumption of all the world, namely, that the criterion of industrial organisation is maximum production. That system, it is implied, must necessarily be the best that produces most; by its output we shall know it. If, therefore, they argue, Capitalism can be shown to be favourable to maximum production, then it must follow either that Capitalism is right and proper, or that the onus of superior production must be laid upon the system that aspires to replace Capitalism. Can Labour, they ask, give us guarantees that as a result of satisfying its demands production will actually be increased? For if not, or even if there is any doubt about it, Labour must be content to go unsatisfied in the belief that Capitalism is still the best system in the best of all possible worlds. Now we do not propose to reply to this case in the words that were once addressed to similar big barn-builders: Fool, this day shall thy soul be required of thee. In more respectable language we would simply point out some of its fallacies. The first is the confusion of what is materially profitable with what is humanly desirable. How are you going to reckon the fruits of justice, honour, liberty and fraternity in terms of the output of trade? And we shall have less need to labour this point since it has already been worn to the blunt in the discussion of the parallel case of the nation's engagement in the present war. What! are we to spend our last shilling in defence of the nation's honour only to be told afterwards that maximum production is the criterion of honour and justice at home? For ourselves we explicitly repudiate the criterion and all the arguments based upon it. If ever at any time we have seemed to wish to recommend any system solely or mainly upon the ground of its greater material productiveness we recant our heresy and offer our apologies for it. National Guilds may for all we care be more productive or less in the commercial sense; but our ground for advocating Guilds is their justice though the markets should fall.

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A second fallacy in the plausible criterion we have referred to is the insufficient definition of the significant phrase maximum production. Of what is this maximum production to consist? How is it to be measured? These are not mere quibbles, but they go, if we are not mistaken, to the root of the matter. Is our maximum production to be measured by a single year's output and in comparison with our last year's, or by a comparison with the theoretically possible? Are we, that is, to assume that what we actually produce is our maximum, or are we to regard as the maximum what we might produce? Again, our readers are doubtless familiar with the theory of philosophy called Pragmatism. They are then equally familiar, no doubt, with the criticism that finally destroyed the theory and left it only for Americans to cherish. It was that Pragmatism could never arrive at finality of judgment, since the unforeseeable consequences of any act, being in nature endless, could never be brought as a whole to sit in judgment upon the act itself. But what other than Pragmatic is the criterion of maximum production as applied to the value of any industrial organisation? Maximum production, we say, can easily be brought about for one year, for two years, for ten years. For the two years of the war this country has indeed exceeded its old maximum of production in many directions. But is that maximum a *continuing* maximum? Can we keep it up, not for ten years, but for as long as we remain a nation? Is it more than a present spurt at the expense of the future? And applying this criticism to the contention of the plausible Capitalists we would say that their maximum production under Capitalism is pragmatic, it gives no guarantee of enduring, it is a present spurt at the expense of the future, it cannot last. Sooner or later, and because the system is radically unjust, Capitalism will cease to produce even its present maximum. The seeds of its own death are within itself, though all too late the nation may discover it. Finally, in our summary analysis we may note as a fallacy of the school with which we are dealing the misunderstanding to which passing reference has already been made; the confusion of Capital with Capitalists and of Labourers with the abstract term Labour. Why, we ask, should people continue this misuse of terms, when the error has been pointed out to them, unless, indeed, their case has something to gain by it? Nothing is more true than that Capital and Labourers are necessary to each other and hence, from this purely economic point of view, that Capital deserves a share in the product, namely, the means of its own renewal and improvement. But, on the other hand, nothing is more false than to attribute to Capitalists, the mere owners of Capital, the economic virtues of Capital itself, or to claim for them a share in the product over and above the cost of the renewal and repair of Capital. Misled, however, by their adroit (or is it simply silly?) confusion of Capital with Capitalists, the school we are attending to proceeds plausibly to argue after this fashion: "You admit, they say, that Capital is entitled to share in the proceeds of production; and we, on our side, admit that Labour is similarly entitled to a share. The quarrel between us is therefore not one of production, in which we are jointly interested, but of distribution, in which we are apparently antagonistically interested. Now can we not, as reasonable beings, mutually necessary, come to some agreement as to distribution, while conspiring together to maintain and to increase the maximum to be distributed?" Is it necessary for us to repeat our reply? Labourers and Capital, we say, have everything in common, and their agreement in the workshop is indispensable to production. Nor is there the least need to fear that Labourers would not allot to Capital its fair share of the product—the cost of its upkeep—since Capital is the tools of Labourers. But as between Capitalists and Labourers there is no common ground. Consequently there can be no agreement between them.

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Enough has been said for the present of the two schools of Capitalism—let us now turn to the army of Labour. Noting, in the first place, that each of the Capitalist schools, the out-and-out fighters and the compromisers, has its replica in the Labour movement, we may observe with apprehension that the proportions,

however, are reversed. If we reckon the number of what may be called Prussian Capitalists as nine in ten, the number of Labour pacifists may be reckoned as the same. Only about one in ten of the Labour men are fighters. And as if this were not enough to cause us alarm, we must add to this unpleasant fact the circumstances that a smaller proportion still of the actual leaders are fighters, and that of these the smallest proportion of all knows in the least what it is fighting about. We will, however, leave this subject and come at once to the means by which it is expected that Capital will win. What are they? They are, the collusion, witting or unwitting, of the Labour leaders themselves; and the semi-legalisation of wage-contracts when entered into on the men's behalf by their Union officials. Simple, you see, beyond all common belief, but how effective time will show. Here is a perhaps not wholly imaginary dialogue between a clever Capitalist and an aspiring Labour leader—a Privy Councillor it may be.

CAPITALIST: Well, now, as citizen to citizen, can we reckon on your support in the coming difficult period of industrial reconstruction?

LABOUR LEADER: Certainly, but on terms.

CAP.: What are your terms?

L. L.: We should like this, that and the other—very small things really. An eight-hours day, a 48-hours week, a minimum wage, and, perhaps, a little workshop control.

CAP.: I have no doubt they can be arranged. But the question is, Can you deliver the goods? Can you guarantee your men?

L. L.: Most of them. But a few get out of hand, you know.

CAP.: Can we help you at all? What about Compulsory Arbitration with legal penalties? What about making breaches of Union contracts individual offences?

L. L.: That would not do, I'm afraid. The men are awake to that.

CAP.: Well, have you any suggestion of your own? You know we can't make a bargain with you unless you can undertake that your men shall keep it.

L. L.: Quite so, I've thought about that.

CAP.: Well, I should advise you to think some more.

* * *

So far fiction. For what might be the sequel in fact we may turn to Mr. Wardle's "Railway Review" of the current week. There we find an editorial exposition of the policy—if it can be called a policy—laid down, as we saw last week, by Mr. Thomas in his recent speech at Sheffield. "The demand," says Mr. Wardle, "that no contract entered into by Union officials shall bind members who have had no assenting voice in it" arises from "the neophyte's sense of importance." It is the sign of a "spirit of narrowness," and exemplifies the "most bigoted and pernicious form of sectionalism extant." Collective bargaining would be impossible if this "democratic control" in the Trade Unions were to be insisted upon. As Mr. Thomas says, only chaos could result from it. Collective bargaining, on the other hand, if left to the leaders alone, would produce such blessings in the future that "we shall shout less for agreements being referred back to members for ratification" when that rare and refreshing fruit comes home. We are not conscious of having misrepresented Mr. Wardle's views in any way; and we are open to correction. As they stand, however, we can only pronounce them the fitting sequel of what we imagine to be the bargain already entered into with the Capitalist class. More than ever they require us to repeat, though it were with our last breath, the warning and the rally that Labour must prepare. Powerful enemies and false friends surround Labour on every side. The way is dark; there are pitfalls at every step; and every slip is a slip towards slavery. Safety lies only in retaining the power and the will to strike, and in insisting that all agreements between leaders and employers shall be referred back for ratification.

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

SEVERAL weeks ago I wrote in these columns to show how, in my judgment, it was premature to talk of peace, or to begin to discuss the possible conditions of peace. Many correspondents, while admitting the validity of the arguments used, have nevertheless urged me to discuss peace terms from time to time as opportunity offers. I still think all such discussion premature; but there is no harm in mentioning the peace kites which have been sent up during the last fortnight. The rumours of a German climb-down—rumours which have been circulating in the usual quarters since the last speech of the Imperial Chancellor—were mentioned in the "Dispatch" of Sunday last; a paper, certainly, of no great importance, but one which happens to be Lord Northcliffe's Sunday organ. The rumours are, in essence, that Germany has offered to leave Belgium and to offer a monetary compensation; to leave France and to offer compensation in the form of the province of Lorraine; and to come to "some arrangement" with regard to the other fronts. Further, the submarine U-53 arrived at Newport (Rhode Island) on Saturday, bearing a mysterious letter for Count Bernstorff. In view of the recent warning issued by the Allied Governments to the effect that enemy submarines were not entitled to the customary twenty-four hour hospitality of neutral ports, the U-53 was allowed to remain for only a few hours; and there seems to be no doubt that it was she that sank two British steamers, the "West Point" and the "Strathdene," on her return journey. These vessels were torpedoed off Nantucket Lightship; and if the letter alleged to have been sent by the Kaiser to his Ambassador really dealt with peace proposals the behaviour of the submarine must be regarded as a curious commentary on them.

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From the information in my possession I have every reason to believe that the rumours of peace terms are substantially accurate in so far as they relate to Belgium and France. They are none the less useless as a basis of discussion, and they will not be discussed in their present form. That is certain. For this offer, while genuine enough in itself, is not put forward for the sake of peace so much as for the purpose of splitting the Grand Alliance. The offer is significantly silent so far as the East is concerned; and no attempt, I understand, has been made to outline any kind of proposal with regard to a settlement of the Balkan question. The German Government would be quite satisfied to compensate Belgium, to leave France, and even to hand Lorraine over to France, if by doing so it could conserve the interests which it went to war to ensure to itself for ever, namely, the interests of Germany in Turkey-in-Asia and the maintenance, essential therefor, of a direct route to Turkey through the Balkan Peninsula. The French, British, and Russian Governments cannot consent to German domination in Asia Minor in the form it assumed between the late 'eighties and the outbreak of war; and it follows that they cannot agree to an unsatisfactory adjustment of the Balkan question. I have mentioned reasons for this before, but one may be recalled. Not one of the Allied Governments—and the Great Powers have strong interests in Asia Minor—can tolerate an extensive German garrison at Bagdad; and this, as they know, was to be one of the main features of the German domination of Turkey. It should be noted that the policy known as the policy of the open door prevails in practically every Asiatic or African possession of a European Power (I speak in pre-war terms). Any country was at liberty to trade freely with India, with Manchuria, with Mongolia, with the Far Eastern possessions of the French; and, of course, with Australia and French and British African possessions.

The German principle was different. The avowed object of German penetration was to gain possession, nominal or actual, of a country, gradually to absorb the various interests and concessions, and finally to retain for her own manufacturers and merchants and bankers the complete economic control of her possessions. Turkey is an excellent example of German economic control protected by strong political and military forces—also a corollary of Germanic occupation. German penetration in Asia Minor, like the minor Austrian attempts at penetration in the Balkans, has always assumed this triplex form—economic domination combined with political and military protection. The Germans proposed to keep permanently stationed in Bagdad alone a larger number of German troops than there were British troops in India up to 1914, plus a number of Turks. This programme has, if anything, been strengthened during the war, and there is not the slightest indication that it is proposed to modify it. But a permanent garrison of half a million men at Bagdad, under German leadership, would form an unendurable threat to British and Russian interests; apart altogether from questions, almost as important, of economic and political monopoly throughout the Turkish Empire.

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Only one feature of this "peace" offer is pleasing, and that is the tacit admission that the battle on the west is lost. It is possible that Hindenburg, if he is not threatened at other points on the western line, may consider the feasibility of holding on for the winter with half his present forces and sending the other half to Russia; but it is doubtful whether he can do this. He certainly could not do so if the bravery shown by our troops were complemented by proportionate mental ability on the part of our General Staff. In any case, the dream of a victory in France is gone. On the other hand, the very omission of all reference to the Balkan front shows that there, at least, the game is not thought to be played out to the end as yet. As I have stated before, there has been gross mismanagement over the Balkan campaign; and there appears to be little doubt that subtle influences have been at work to save King Constantine from deposition. The people are almost unanimously with Venizelos, and, what is even more significant, hundreds of important army and naval officers, together with forces estimated at sixteen thousand men, and many warships, have placed themselves at the disposal of M. Venizelos and the Provisional Government. If matters had been left to take their course, the King of Greece would have been deposed, before now, by his own people, despite his admitted popularity. The King's anti-national attitude with regard to the Bulgarian incursion has at length overbalanced the esteem in which the country held him personally.

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It was very unfortunate that the Greek situation was not cleared up before the Roumanians were allowed to advance; for it was one of the factors which prevented General Sarrail from making a definite move. The result is that the Roumanian army has been badly defeated in Transylvania by a strong German force under Falkenhayn, that Mackensen, in the Dobrudja, has been able to contain the joint Russian and Roumanian forces sent against him, and that General Sarrail's large army is for the time being rendered almost useless and immobile—and that at a time when the winter season is rapidly approaching. The poor and limited roads in the Balkans make the progress of a large force difficult at any time; but with the rains, which will set in by the middle of November, progress will be all but impossible. For this blunder over the Balkan campaign the military Staffs are greatly to blame, and certain Court influences must take the responsibility of the Greek situation. In any case, the most recent developments in the Balkans make peace discussions in detail more premature than ever.

A Visit to the Front.

By Ramiro de Maeztu.

IV.—THE NEW BRITISH TACTICS.

WHEN you have seen one ruined town you have seen them all. There are bombarded towns which have been shelled only by the long naval guns. Half a dozen houses have been demolished, and all the others remain standing. The object of these bombardments is not military but political. It is as if the Germans wished to say to the people: "It is not true that your trenches protect you from the reach of our will. Our shells go where our infantry cannot. Do not try to resume your daily life; for we have cannons for your markets, your churches, and your roads." Belfries are the speciality of the German gunners. In all this land of Flanders, many miles away from the German trenches, there is not one standing. But these towns are fortunate compared with others where there were infantry and hand-grenade fights. One of these is Richebourg-Saint-Vaast. In the whole place nothing is left standing—not a house, not a wall, not even a headstone in the cemetery. The dead do not escape the bombardment. Here and there the shells shattered the tombstones and exposed the coffins and bones. I think it was in Richebourg that we first saw a big Crucifix rising amid the general collapse. It was a painted Christ, full of sores and blood, like the Spanish Crucifixes. No matter where our motor-car took us, we always saw some Cross rising from among the ruins. Richebourg-Saint-Vaast is not far from Neuve Chapelle, where the English for the first time attempted an offensive.

Before reaching Richebourg we passed through Béthune, an old Flemish town, not far from La Bassée, Festubert, and Givenchy, where so much blood has been spilt. But not all the Flemish towns are in ruins; several are more prosperous than ever. The reason is simple. Many of the inhabitants of the invaded regions took to flight and sought refuge in the west in the face of the enemy. Thus, there are towns with a normal population of 15,000 which now number 60,000; and as there is plenty of coal here all these people have found work in the industries created by the war. So we pass through Lestrem, La Couture, and La Gorgue. It was at one of these points, where our motor wished to stop beside the wall of a ruined church in which General Hamilton is buried, that an officer approached to tell us that the Germans had spent the morning bombarding that very place.

A trip through Flanders in these times cannot but fill a Spaniard with some kind of patriotic satisfaction. For wherever there is a monument of a certain grandeur, whether it is a church, a town hall, a palace or a fortress, and we ask who built it, they invariably reply that it was the Spaniards. Of the work of the Spanish in Flanders we have hitherto heard only the stories of the horrors of the Duke of Alva and the Tribunal of Blood. These stories—for the most part of Protestant origin, Dutch or German—depict the acts of Spain in Flanders as those of a foreign country, cruel and fanatical, which imposed on the Low Countries, by blood and iron, a religion contrary to the general feelings of the inhabitants. In going through Flanders we find ourselves in an ardently Catholic country, as full, or more so, of Crucifixes and chapels as the most bigoted districts in Spain. On the one hand, the fact has been made clear to us that we Spaniards did not impose a foreign religion on Flanders, but that, being rulers of the country during a period of civil religious war, we placed the swords of our soldiers at the service of the religion of the majority of the people, and against that of the seditious nobility. And, on the other hand, our reputation for cruelty has been washed away for ever by the German troops. The greater evil wipes out the lesser. Is it not significant that the signature of the present Duke of Alva is to be found among those of the

Spanish Catholics who recently protested against the German cruelties in Belgium?

I am not in Flanders to talk of the Spaniards, but of the English. On their Flanders front the British troops confine themselves to holding up the Germans; but do not think that means inactivity. Since our arrival in these areas we have never ceased to hear the sounds of the guns. And, then, during the night, the "raids," and, during the day, aviation. The work of the aviators never stops. Thanks to them, the British possess complete photographs of the enemy trenches, which show intricate networks of excavations in all directions. Now they have begun to complete these photographs with stereoscopes with the object of discovering perspectives, and with them, perhaps, the position of enemy batteries. And, above all, these photographs are useful for the raids. The "raids" are simply our own "encamisadas," or night surprises, in which our "tercios" in Flanders turned their shirts up over their sleeves in order to be able to distinguish one another from their enemies. "Raids" are a resurrection which may be counted among the greatest inventions of England, the most original of nations. The idea first of all occurred to the Canadians. "Why must we spend the whole night in our trench without knowing what is happening on the other side?" said two men of the prairies to each other one night. "Why should we not see what is happening in the German trenches?" And crawling among the wires, which they cut with the least possible noise, they contrived to show their faces over the German trench. And from that night on, as familiarity breeds contempt, they began to lose the respect which the reputation of the Prussians had inspired in them.

From that night raids became more frequent and better organised. They now form one of the greatest tactics of the British Army. Sometimes they are carried out by three or four hundred men, supported by the artillery, which, through an intense curtain fire, destroys the communication trenches, and impedes the bringing up of reinforcements for the troops, usually few in number, defending the first line of enemy trenches. On many occasions these raids cost the enemy several dozen prisoners and material in the shape of trench-mortars and machine-guns which the nocturnal explorers destroy with their bombs. As I saw the preparations which the British usually make for these raids, I had the intuition that they had carried out a revolution in infantry tactics. Now, infantry tactics is something which takes a step forward only once in half a century. In spite of being a layman, I felt sure that this revolution had been carried out without the newspapers speaking of it, and even without the soldiers themselves realising the transcendency of what they had done. I see now, from the report of the German General von Arnim, that my intuition did not deceive me. But I will explain simply, with the explanations that occurred to me and were written down six weeks ago, and not with those of General von Arnim, the importance of the new British tactics.

The worst thing for the Germans is that they cannot find a way of counteracting these new tactics. Their army is not prepared for this new kind of fight, in which the private advances alone without the immediate guidance of the officer. At the beginning of the war it appeared that British individualism could oppose no weapon whatever to the German practice of great systematic concentrations, well planned and organised. For whole months it was believed that, in the face of the trench warfare, recourse could be had only to the concentrated fire of hundreds of guns, followed by general attacks. It was the English who discovered that precisely in the trenches the individual acquires a unique value, because he finds himself alone in them, or at the utmost accompanied by one or two comrades. The trenches have made possible the resurrection of the bayonet, of mortars, and of hand-bombs. The resurrection of the mortar is chiefly the work of the French and German troops—Continental troops, who are naturally inclined to keep themselves behind defences. That of the bayonet and hand-bombs is the work of the British. The islanders have always been aggressive soldiers. They do not like to remain where they are; they must attack.

That is perhaps the reason why the school of bayonet practice we saw at La Gorgue is, to my mind, one of the wonders of the war. As a rule, a bayonet practice is taught which pre-supposes the existence of two combatants, armed with the same weapon, who menace one another and parry blows like two fencers in a duel. The English have seen that this supposition is unreal. Such bayonet duels are purely imaginary. The real case is that of a platoon of soldiers who throw themselves, jumping to the bottom of the trench, on an adversary who defends himself as best he can—sometimes with bombs, sometimes with his hands, sometimes with the butt-end of his rifle; but rarely or never with another bayonet. At the bottom of a trench there is not room enough for fencing.

The new bayonet tactics consists, first of all, in teaching precision of thrust. It is useless hitting your enemy's cartridge-belt with the bayonet; you must hit him in the neck or the face; in one of the unprotected parts. To achieve this the left hand must be placed, not half-way down the rifle, but near the muzzle, so that the weapon may be directed with all possible precision. In order that the soldier may be taught to thrust in the proper place and not elsewhere, a leather ball about the size of a fist is hung on the end of a pole. The pole is held by a comrade, and by charging against the ball the recruit habituates himself to hit with the bayonet within a reduced space. Secondly, the men must be taught to remove any possible weapon which might be in the way of the bayonet. This end is attained by the usual instruction. Besides this, the men are taught to run quickly, to jump over wires, to handle the weapon within the trenches themselves—trenches more than six feet deep and two feet wide. Wider trenches are no longer in use, for they offer no protection from shrapnel. The soldiers are taught to run and leap through trenches which are an exact copy of those in use in the firing lines.

There was no time to see a bombing school. This was a pity, for that is another speciality of the British infantry. In the French Army it is the Basques who usually distinguish themselves in this respect. That is because the game of pelota has taught them to throw a missile to one given point and not to any other. As cricket is one of the national games of England, there are many Englishmen who possess this aptitude of throwing a hand-bomb where they want it to go: whether on an enemy group shooting from behind a redoubt, or on a machine-gun protected by the ruins of a demolished wall. I hope later on to have an opportunity of seeing a bombing school at work. I have, nevertheless, said enough for a new and important fact to be realised. Not only important, but transcendental. Since 1914 the British Army has elaborated a new tactics for its infantry, the result of the requirements of trench warfare. And this new tactics has come from the football and cricket fields; and is the offspring of the national genius and racial traditions.

The employment of great masses of men, and of even greater masses of artillery and entrenched defences, appeared to have annulled the value of the individual. The individual came to be nothing more than a unit in a row of figures. But once the British had recovered from their surprise of the first few months, they discovered that aviation and the trenches gave the individual as great a field of action, or even a greater, as the features of any other war. And at the same time as the General Staff was learning to move and control large masses, and to prepare the goings and comings of reserves, the ambulances, and the enormous convoys of provisions, the individuals were taught to rely upon themselves, their own legs, their weapons, their courage, their own resources. And from this new

exaltation of the individual there has arisen a new system of fighting, which consists of attacking the enemy by night with small groups of men, ceaselessly harassing him, threatening him at different points at the same time, obliging him to keep perpetually on the look-out, and to maintain in front of the British lines double or treble the number of men that would be required if he were not troubled in this way by small groups of men, full of the spirit of adventure, who attack him at a point where he least expects it. For the Germans can oppose to this sporting spirit of the British soldier only the large contingents of men and guns which they require to attack or to defend themselves on other fronts. The German Army is not founded on the initiative of the soldier, but on blind obedience to the officer.

Social Organisation for the War.

By Professor Edward V. Arnold.

VI.—THE ORGANISATION OF WEALTH.

EVERYONE realises that the war is carried on from day to day at an enormous cost in money, and all the belligerent nations are proud of their success in finding the necessary funds. We in England have done great things, of which we are justly proud; but it is not so clear that we have beaten or shall beat our enemy in the financial war. We have not yet had occasion to stint our troops in food or munitions on the ground of their cost; but we are piling up a National Debt of enormous dimensions and thereby incurring two serious dangers. In the first place, we are borrowing money at a constantly increasing rate of interest, for the most part on Treasury Bills at a rate which has risen from 4½ to 6 per cent., and therefore we can foresee a time when we shall not be able to borrow at any reasonable rate a sufficient sum for our needs. Secondly, we are constituting a great army of State creditors; and though these are drawn from all classes of the people, yet the actual lenders are only a minority of the nation, and the existence of a large creditor class, faced by a still larger class which is only affected unfavourably by State obligations, constitutes a grave social danger for the future. Already mutterings of the word "repudiation" are heard; and who can tell how soon such a measure may come to be considered as a matter of practical politics? It is no more safe for a State than for a private individual constantly to live upon borrowed money.

In this matter our politicians have constantly thrown contempt upon German methods, and yet it may be wiser to study them, for it does not appear that Germany has ever been stinted for war funds, or that she has had occasion to offer a higher rate of interest than 5 per cent. The German Government has raised the necessary money by successive war loans, which have always been adequately subscribed. The security for these loans is the indemnity which is to be paid to Germany upon the conclusion of peace. The Germans believe in this future indemnity, but even if they should cease to believe in it their confidence in the war loans would be undiminished. For, in the first instance, the subscribers to the loans include a far larger proportion of the people than with us, and therefore the people as a whole is more closely identified with them. Secondly, the German Government is so strong that the unthrifty classes would have no prospect of success in demanding repudiation. There is no talk of the "conscription of wealth" in Germany, and the inviolability of private property carries with it the sanctity of the national obligations. Thus the cost of the war is met year by year out of the savings of the German people, and we have done our part to increase those savings by making it difficult for Germans to spend money on imported articles of any kind.

A very large part of the cost of the war to England is expended abroad, partly in the purchase of food and munitions, and partly in loans to our Allies. This expenditure must be balanced by commodities which are acceptable abroad, which are of two kinds—securities and exports. England is fortunate in owning a large amount of foreign securities, to the value possibly of £5,000,000,000. These securities are gradually being collected by the State and used as the basis of foreign loans. They will not, however, last for ever, and when they are gone England as a whole will be the poorer by the amount of the annual interest, say £250,000,000 a year. Then the history of the transaction will be, shortly, this: England will have built up great industries in foreign countries in times of peace, and in repayment she will have received supplies of munitions and men in time of war. The account will be closed with the foreigner: but England as a State will remain indebted to the capitalist or saving classes for having provided her with this much-needed help.

But the greater part of the cost of the war consists of money raised at home and expended at home. The money is drawn, in the first instance, from the savings of the nation. These savings, which before the war were estimated at £300,000,000 a year, have suddenly risen to four times that amount. This rise is not the result of self-interest, for not only does the amount greatly exceed that which self-interest has prompted in previous years, but also the security is much less. These savings are not exclusively effected by rich people, for a glance at the totals show that they exceed the whole income of the income-tax payers as it existed before the war; but they have been achieved by the exertions and self-denial of all those classes, much more widely spread than is usually imagined, which make a practice of saving for the future. To alarm these classes by the suggestion of repudiation, or to alienate them by treatment which they would feel to be harsh, would therefore produce an immediate catastrophe. Thus we reach a fundamental principle. As the organisation of labour can only be effected with the co-operation of the working classes and by accepting working-class ideals, so the organisation or conscription of wealth can only be effected with the co-operation of the saving classes. These classes do not constitute two opposing armies, as is so frequently suggested by the abstract terms Capital and Labour; they are constituted in the main by the same individuals, but differently organised and in different compartments of their lives.

Now we accept the principle that the whole wealth *of the country should be placed at the disposal of the* State for war purposes, just as we accept the principle that the whole manhood of the nation must be devoted to its service. The problem before us is how to apply that principle in the most effective way and yet to maintain that financial confidence which is itself one of the largest elements in the national wealth.

There are two methods by which the State avails itself of the wealth of its members. One is taxation—that is, the appropriation of a certain fraction, great or small, of each man's income. The other is confiscation (we use the word in no opprobrious sense) of his capital—that is, the accumulated results of the savings which he has made or inherited. There is a third method, but it is only an illusion or, at best, a temporary adjustment; this is the method of loan, or (as it is frequently put) "making posterity pay." Now if we were to borrow abroad, as many nations have done, undoubtedly we should be leaving posterity to pay the bill. But as we cannot do this the present generation has in any case to find the funds, and all that posterity can do is to adjust the account. Under our present social conditions the money required to pay the principal or interest of any National Debt can only be drawn from the same saving classes which have themselves furnished the loan; and the loan is in fact a mortgage on the accumulated capital of the nation, to be repaid out of the proceeds of that capital.

Our first conclusion, then, is that it is in the interests of the saving classes themselves that the largest

possible share of the cost of the war should be borne by taxation. For if the amount raised by loans were equitably adjusted, not only would the total amount raised be larger, but also repayment would be superfluous; for each contributor would be called upon to repay precisely his own contribution. In fact, the burden of increased taxation would not be felt by those who now subscribe to the war loans, but by those well-to-do people (amongst whom we must include many thousands of the working classes) whose incomes are greater than the average and whose proportionate savings are smaller.

The practical difficulty in the way of heavy taxation is that it takes account of income but not of the claims upon income which have been established before the war and cannot now be immediately readjusted. It seems, therefore, a necessary precaution that Financial Tribunals should be established, which should consider and allow for the civic liabilities of persons liable to increased taxation. There can be no question that in this direction large resources would remain which the State could justly tap, whilst at the same time it would do much to stop that "wasteful extravagance of the rich" which rankles, not altogether unjustly, in the minds of working men.

The confiscation of private property or capital involves far greater difficulties. The capital wealth of this country (apart from foreign securities with which we have already dealt) is estimated at a nominal value of £20,000,000,000. But the idea that this sum is therefore available for war purposes is an illusion; for the estimate only means that, under the system of private property, the various items are exchangeable between capitalists at amounts which in the aggregate would amount to that sum. But if the State assumes the whole of this wealth—that is, the land, buildings, railways, docks, factories, and so forth—there will be no capitalists left. What, then, can the State do with the property? Let us examine the alternatives.

It may attempt to sell. But a foreign purchaser will not be attracted by property which has been confiscated once and may easily be confiscated again. At home the only possible purchasers will be those who have evaded the law or have escaped its operation because of their comparative poverty. Neither class will care to force itself upon the attention of the nation, and the two together would not be able to raise a tenth part of the nominal value of the property. Further, in selling the property the State would necessarily confer a new and more emphatic title upon the purchaser, and all the social evils of Capitalism would be renewed. These are not mere theoretic objections; all history is sown with stories of State confiscations which have proved unprofitable to the State.

Secondly, the State may lease its properties. The annual rents would then be paid to the State out of the profits of each concern; that is, the profits would be divided between the State and the tenant. But exactly the same result can be obtained by leaving the present owner in possession and taxing his profits, which is the existing system.

There remains the plan of State Management. This undoubtedly will be a gain so far as State management is more efficient than private management, but not otherwise. Experience in times of peace has shown that (with certain exceptions) private management, with the alternative prospects of profit or loss, is the more efficient method; and this is one of the main justifications of the institution of property. As an example we may take the licensed trade of this country, which at present contributes some £70,000,000 annually to the State revenue. Here there may be excellent grounds for nationalisation, but few will contend that the State would gain by it in direct revenue.

Thus, whatever method the State may adopt, it cannot realise the capital value of £20,000,000,000, but only a share, greater or smaller as may be, of the annual return from that capital. The nationalisation of property, if desirable, must be urged upon other grounds than direct financial benefit.

We believe that such grounds exist, partly in the justice of the abstract conception, and partly in the fact that either through competition or neglect much capitalised wealth is not at present used to the best advantage. Our practical suggestion is that all capitalised wealth connected with necessary national industries be vested in the National Guilds and its control entrusted to the Upper Chamber in each case. Through communication between the two Chambers the working men in each Guild will get to understand more fully the functions of Capital in each trade. Nor will individuals of the saving class have anything to fear. It is true that their annual incomes will be liable to taxation both by the Guild and by the State; but, on the other hand, they will have the protection of the Upper Chamber and the Financial Tribunal respectively against any severe injustice. Their incomes would not be increased, because of the prohibition of Excess Profits; but, on the other hand, they would be protected (at least for the period of the war) from the cost of competition and the risk of strikes. And if the Guild System should be successful in calling out increased intelligence and increased production in each trade, the inherited burden of interest upon capital would become each year relatively lighter for the trade as a whole, until ultimately it became a forgotten grievance.

Psycho-Analysis and Conduct.

II.

GIVEN the general position, it is easy to see that some practical conclusions follow. Freud has not himself discussed all of these very systematically, as his attention is mainly occupied by a limited range of problems in abnormal psychology. He has drawn certain rather unusual conclusions with regard to the education of children, which have complicated the confusion existing in a subject in which there was not previously any certainty. The principle of them is the extraordinary ease with which dissociation can be produced in the mind of the child, even at the earliest stage. And where dissociation is, there will neuroses be gathered together. The avoidance of repression is the indispensable condition which must be satisfied if there is to be nervous and mental stability.

It has been left to the followers of Freud to work out this position more fully. We know Freud to be now somewhat passé in Vienna: so it need not surprise us to find that America has just taken him up. Professor E. B. Holt has recently published a decidedly interesting book* in which he claims Freud as a supporter of the new "behaviourism" in psychology, and proceeds to erect an ethical theory on this basis. Similarly, he connects him, though more distantly, with a realism in epistemology and with a special view of the nature of consciousness and of the relation of cognition to volition. No evidence is produced that Freud would acknowledge some of these remarkable relations, but his point of view is not seriously perverted by being brought into contact with them. Indeed, the chief advantage of the method seems to be that it suggests that people who do not accept the latest form of American Realism (which, after all, is very old), are hopelessly antiquated and completely out of touch with recent science as well. The latest mode direct from the Continent of Europe is not for them.

Freud's interest in conduct is purely clinical. Repression is a psychological phenomenon which gives rise to dissociation, and, sooner or later, to mental instability. A judgment of this sort is perfectly positive, as much a truth of fact as that stenosis of the mitral valve will lead ultimately to cardiac incompetence. Holt proceeds to transform it into the ethical judgment that

* "The Freudian Wish." By Edwin B. Holt. (London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1915.)

repression is bad, and to assume that it follows that absence of repression is the moral criterion. One might have imagined that the argument was that mental instability was bad, and that, therefore, repression was bad as a means. A behaviourist, however, does not talk about end and means if he can avoid it; so he seems to hold that a non-repressed system of activities is natural, and, therefore, right. In some way it corresponds to the facts, and fact is the basis and test of morals. *It is, as it were, the type of conduct which the* universe prescribes for us. The strength of a man's character and the uprightness of his life and the moral value of both are in directly inverse proportion to the number of repressed wishes discoverable in the depths of his soul. As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he. The actions of the *homo ethicus* will duly satisfy each desire or wish, without repressing any: he will have no regrets, and no remorse. On the other hand, sin is division of the self. It does not know what it wants. and it cannot do it, for these are the same thing. If you know your own mind, you will be good, and happy. Badness is trying both to eat your cake and have it. Virtue is knowledge—a discrimination of the facts of the situation and adjustment of oneself to them.

Such a view is obviously very old in some respects: there is a superficial resemblance to a good deal of Greek ethical theory, and a deeper affinity with Spinoza. The chief difference is in the psychological doctrine with which it is connected, though Holt seems curiously to imagine that his own psychology is also found in a less developed form in Spinoza. It is not itself new. It has been fashionable in America for a few years, and all the best people (in academic circles) have adopted it or paid it reverence. It is, in principle, that the man is the system of his activities: he is not a soul or a self plus body, but is compact of the activities of his physical organism. The difference between one group of animals and another consists not in any new and hitherto unsuspected outcrop of consciousness, previously utterly absent, but in the supervening of behaviour on the top of reflex action, and in a gradual increase in the complexity of the behaviour. Not that the reflex action is transformed—the components of behaviour are reflexes, but the unity is the unity of a purpose. Behaviour, in fact, may be defined as specific *adjustment (however complex) with regard to some* object of the external environment. This objective reference is the differentia of behaviour, and its development consists entirely in the integration of purposes and permits of description in terms of nervous reactions, though not of reduction to these, for reduction always omits the objective reference. Integration is the same thing as the absence of repression. Conversely, repression always involves a failure of integration. This is the basis of the ethical theory as well as the point of connection with Freud.

It is much easier to bring objections against this as an ethical theory than to see exactly what it means. Nobody would deny that it involves some assumptions, and one or two of these seem to me quite astonishing. It is extremely optimistic (in Sorel's sense of that much-abused term). The natural tendency of a man, as of any organism, is to do right; he does wrong only where insight has been warped by dissociation. It is very hard to reconcile this simple faith with an evolutionary view of conduct, but I do not wish to press that point except in relation to the necessity of repression, to which I will come in a moment. Take, first, the definition which is given of the moral criterion. The right act, we are told, is that which by a due discrimination of facts satisfies all a man's wishes at once and suppresses none. This involves in the way of knowledge (a) Knowledge of events in the physical world with their degrees of probability. Anyone who has tried to think about the vexed question of probability will not particularly admire the complete absence of a discussion of this. (b) Knowledge making clear which wishes present themselves for satisfaction in a given situation—as distinct from the means of satisfying each. If we take the two together, we get a colossal assumption. Where wishes A, B, C, etc., all present themselves for satisfaction, there must always exist in the situation an object or group of objects which will satisfy A without repressing B, C, etc., and, presumably, which will also satisfy B without repressing A, C, and so on. These wishes, A, B, C, it must be remembered, will generally appear in opposition among themselves. I will only say that it appears to me incredible that any increase of knowledge, short, perhaps, of omniscience (and even in that case it is doubtful), could put us in a position either to know that there was such an object, or, if we did, to discover that it was. I quite admit that a general direction for activity may be indicated. But the theory demands a great deal more than this.

I pass over the question of probability, though ethically it is of some importance, and consider in what sense repression is inevitable. There is a certain ambiguity in the term which does not emerge till we try to see what the psycho-analytic method involves. The suppressed wish must be dragged to full consciousness, and its relations to other wishes and to the other contents of experience defined before the dissociation disappears, and integration takes its place. The patient recognises the cause of his disorder and is no longer troubled. I do not suppose that Freud means that the wish in question must actually be satisfied (though he is not perfectly clear on the point). Suppression does not mean so much absence of satisfaction as frustration of it. The harm arises from the wish after suppression continuing active without the subject's knowledge. A man who is fully conscious of his wishes need not, I presume, have them actually satisfied to preserve his stability; all that is absolutely demanded is that he should overcome the strength of the passions by knowing them, as Spinoza said. Similarly (though this is more doubtful) it seems to be Freud's view that a neurosis resulting from a suppressed desire x is not necessarily broken up by the activity or satisfaction of x, unless the subject be made conscious of the exact place of x in the constitution of the neurosis. The therapeutic consequence is not the abandonment of the subject to his passions and their discharge thereby. It is clear and distinct knowledge of them.

When this rather technical sense of repression emerges, a prima facie distinction must be taken between two kinds (or stages) of forgetting. There is the wish, which, though nominally repressed (even to the subject) is inwardly harboured; and there is the wish which is quiescent. The latter is repressed only in the sense that I am not actually attending to it. I may, for example, have a wish at the moment to be in London, while there are strong reasons for my presence and continuance in Ireland. Even an American Realist will admit the incompatibility of the two. I am perfectly aware of the wish to be in London, though I am not normally thinking about it. Yet it is not repressed quite in the first sense. The difficulty in finding a satisfactory terminology for this situation arises from its being essential to Freud's doctrine to maintain that the principle of the two forgettings is the same. The subconscious is throughout perfectly accessible to the normal mind. It is not necessary to resort to hypnotism to lay bare its content; the methods of psycho-analysis are theoretically only a direction of ordinary memory. (The defect of hypnotic suggestion is apparently that it fails to break down the neurosis besides depriving the patient of the initiative in the cure of his own disorder.) The two repressions, then, must differ only as stages in one process, and, in practice, this means no more than degree of complexity. But this is no reason for refusing to recognise that they really do differ.

There is a way of describing this difference in terms of the theory as a whole. They have different relations to

the Censor. In repression proper the wish has been driven into subconsciousness by the Censor, and is in constant rebellion against it. In what we may call "neutral" repression the wish belongs to a sort of extension of the Censor beyond the actual limits of the momentary consciousness. It does not, therefore, normally conflict with it, even though it is not actually, nor likely to be, satisfied.

This distinction throws some light on the kind of repressions that are necessary in conduct.

M. W. ROBIESON.

Letters from Ireland.

By C. E. Bechhofer.

II.

LANDING at Kingstown, I at once fell into sin! A porter conducted me maliciously to a travelling compartment above my degree, and an accomplice of his charged me a shilling and fourpence for the difference between the first and the third class fares. Now, Kingstown is only six miles from Dublin, and I vainly endeavoured to discover the scale of fares, with the aid of an officer beside me, who had come to meet a friend and was returning with him. He was informed that his ticket did not hold good for the particular boat-train we were kicking our heels in, and he was asked to pay two shillings and fourpence. Six does not go into two and fourpence either. The officer and I compared mathematical notes. At last he said, "I expect they're Irish Parliamentary rates."

Then he shrugged his shoulders, as who should say, "Irish railways!" Once upon a time I should have been contemptuous of his contempt and have sneered at his sneers, but I have come to a fellow-feeling with many of the opinions of the normal Englishman. They are based on an instinctive practicalness and hatred of inefficiency. I am not inclined to sing songs of praise to him, as Kipling always does, but I no longer deny his judgment some respect. The opinion of a snob any day before that of a sentimentalist! And even in this trivial matter he was right. Considering that these six miles of railway belong to the same English railway company that had just carried us so swiftly to Holyhead, why should the trains in Ireland be dearer and more dilatory than in England? If the officer had complained that the Irish object to all trains on principle, as the Maharajah of Kashmir does, who will not allow a line to be constructed in his territory, I should have cursed him for a materialist and gladly welcomed their absence. But I agreed with him that where there are trains, the better the service, the nearer to God! At the terminus I welcomed the jaunting-car as one of the few means of locomotion I had never used before. It is light, safer than it looks, and easy to mount, and, in case of an accident, it allows you to jump clear in a moment. At the same time, it offers the main element of a pleasurable drive, in allowing the fare to look about him in all directions.

Dublin, as I saw it on the way from the station, appears to be composed mainly of slums. We passed several streets of fine old mansions, but, even here, there were the same crowds of filthy, ragged, bare-footed children. I learned afterwards that these mansions, which were built and formerly occupied by the Irish aristocracy, are now the despair of reformers. Dozens of families find a home in every one of them. It was, indeed, in a grand old salon that five families were found living, one in each corner, and with the landlady in the middle! The proportion of families that live in a single room is, I believe, higher in Dublin than in any other town in the British Isles—and perhaps in a much larger area. You may walk out of the gates of Dublin Castle, or even look through its windows, and you will see clustering about its walls the foulest and most decrepit hovels that I, for one, have ever seen. Comparisons of slums with slums are doubly odious; yet even Bethnal Green seems less horrible than Dublin. I used to think that the East-end of London was the ugliest sight in the world, but the slums beside the Liffey have convinced me of my error. Almost they persuade me to be a Servile Statist! Odious, odious comparisons!

I have come to understand that the slums of Dublin are only one of many proofs of the city's provincialism. I am not using this word by way of Cockney superiority. I do not consider that distance from London or Boston, U.S.A., or smallness in size or numbers, or any local peculiarity constitutes provincialism. Provincialism is stagnation—economic, political, moral, and intellectual stagnation. And this stagnation seems to me to characterise Dublin. A brisk capitalism would sweep away the vile kennels beside the Castle.

Heaven knows that Dublin is a small town, as towns go. Yet at least seventy of the three hundred thousands of inhabitants are superfluous, and there is not sufficient public movement in the place either to excrete them or to find a use for them. I must confess that the filthy stagnation of Dublin, its slums and its general mask of decay, came as a surprise to me. I did not expect unnatural prosperity, it is true, but I soon found that I must revise even the modest notions I had. First, then, Dublin is a small city and the capital of a small country. The area of all Ireland is only equal to half that of England and Wales. Belfast is only just over a hundred miles from Dublin. Fancy Birmingham arming itself for civil war with London and you have a notion of the small geographical stage upon which the Irish question is set.

Dr. Johnson, probably alone of men, had no illusions about Ireland. When Boswell asked him if he would not like to make a tour there, he replied, "It is the last place where I should wish to travel."

Continued Boswell, "Should you not like to see Dublin, sir?"

Johnson: "No, sir; Dublin is only a worse capital!"

Still, I do not think the night-porter at my hotel was right in so far presuming upon the provincialism of Dublin as to lock me out. There are, I am told, two sorts of hotels in Ireland, one quite good, one quite bad. Their charges are about the same, the outward appearances are intended to deceive, and the only way to be saved from the worse is to have a personal knowledge of the better establishments. I knew that one hotel in Dublin is owned by a member of Parliament, and is called by His name; I decided to patronise it—a hotel kept by a real member of Parliament; think of it!

Martial law is still in force in Dublin. Why, I cannot imagine. Anyhow, according to proclamation, no one is allowed to be abroad in the streets between the hours of midnight and four. At present, I was assured, the rule is not enforced, and I started blithely home on my first night in Dublin at half-past twelve. But lo! when I reached Stephen's Green at one o'clock and rang and knocked at the hotel kept by the member of Parliament no one came to admit me.

Many people passed, despite the curfew law. Some of them helped me to knock and ring. Stephen's Green resounded; lights began to show in several windows. But the member of Parliament's night-porter, little suspecting that any visitor to Dublin could want to be out in it later than bed-time, did not appear, and I was forced to make my way to a neighbouring hotel. Here the night-porter opened to me at once. Yes, there was a room vacant for the night, but, said he, "Can you afford to come here?" I seemed to think I could, so he conducted me to a pleasant room, sympathised with my sad experience at the hands of the member of Parliament, routed a friend of mine out of his slumbers to lend me an outfit, and, on leaving me, said, "As you've had so much inconvenience this night, sir, we shan't charge you for the room."

I thought this wonderfully charming of him, and, after meditating upon it, I went to bed. My confidence in Ireland had been completely restored.

Half a Man—and the War.

By V. Tardov.

(Translated from the Russian by C. E. Bechhofer.)

A LITTLE while ago I chanced to experience an astounding sensation: I felt that some one had taken me and drawn me out of life for three days.

There was suddenly fulfilled that strange fancy which comes sometimes upon people exhausted by the stream of life, and very often occurs to schoolboys when examinations overwhelm them: Oh, to be dead for a while, not entirely, but still dead, like an Indian fakir, so that nothing would happen, and no examinations; and afterwards, suddenly to rise up and say, "Here I am again; behold me, at your service."

Suddenly everything disappeared. Somewhere was the world; somewhere were towns and streets, and in them people rushing headlong, motor-cars speeding by with quacks and good-natured roars, and trams making the stone walls vibrate with their clatter and din; somewhere men were taking Stanislav, shooting, dying "for the sake of future generations"; somewhere Margilomanis, Jonescus and others were deciding the fate of their country; somewhere the "Deutschland" was swimming beneath the waves of the ocean, and Zeppelins were floating in the air. Somewhere the telegraph was working ceaselessly, spreading its news, and machines were throwing out cascades of printed paper. Somewhere hearts were tossed with fear and sorrow, and heads were whirling with the consciousness of abysses opening at their feet.

All this was "somewhere." All this was actually in the past, in the memory. I could imagine all this happening in that huge, noisy, mysterious and incomprehensible world out of which I had been taken. But before me passed the pictures of a dream. I float over a broad silk ribbon of river, now mauve, now yellowy-golden, serpentine, with a play of copper and dark bronze, now green as molten glass, now grey and so cold, even and casual. The sky is now low, all in crumpled, dishevelled clouds which are so full of rain they cannot hold it, and, as they fly to the place appointed them, let fall on the earth huge chance drops; now pale yellow, kind and sickly, now mauve and soft.

This was a dream triumphant and silently musical, such as never was dreamed by an Eastern visionary lit with the inspiration of omnipotent hashish. Three days, three days and nights, it opened out before me, and held me in its power and fettered me by its will.

It began at Archangel, where I boarded the steamer, and finished three days later when, landing on the bank, I learnt from the telegraphist that Stanislav had been taken, that Roumania was coming in soon, and much besides.

Until this, there had been separation from the world, there had been wilderness and noiselessness and calm; and our steamer swam through it like another planet in the starry ether, to whose inhabitants there reaches not one sound, not one thought from the earth struggling in its bloody agony.

Not a single town came in sight on our way, not a single bookstall where we could buy any sort of newspaper, not a single telegraph station from which we could dispatch telegrams; there was one, but when we reached it at eleven at night the operator was sleeping the sleep of the dead behind closed shutters, because who on earth wants to send telegrams at night? There was another, but it was somewhere many miles away from the river and a long way to gallop in the rain. This was good for tired nerves, just as the dark is good for tired eyes.

Some one had turned the switch and switched us out of the world, and removed at once from our shoulders all responsibility and all the burden of anxious thoughts.

In all the first-class cabin there were only we four travelling together. On the banks there was no one. We stop at a quay; peasant women, wrapped up against the autumn, offer us wild raspberries in baskets of birch bark painted over with colours. We load wood at the white alabaster banks; among the logs swarm some kind of northern folk with flaxen hair and light blue eyes. And there are old women, babbling often a language we can barely understand.

"What do you grow here?"

We make out the answer, "Nothing."

"Only mushrooms?"

"No, there are no mushrooms here."

A dozen miles, a hundred miles—three peasants, three peasant women, a dozen peasants. We traverse many hundreds of miles, and in the "turmoil of the quays" we meet altogether two or three hundred people. And always forest, forest, forest.

"Whoever lives here?"

"Nobody."

We aim to reach Ustyug Veliki, that remnant of old Rus, that little town where, the proverb says, there are "more crosses than houses," and where they make beautiful caskets, covered with frosted tin and fitted with cunning locks. From there we are to go to Vologda, and so to Moscow; this is the direct and shortest way.

It is a long time that we have been sailing here. I glance at the face of my companion, a man of affairs, poisoned with the life of banks, offices, conferences and commissions, and I discover in it a strange look of doubt and forlornness. "Heaven knows where Ustyug Veliki is! Is it still in the world? Perhaps it is only fabulous?"

As I look at the endless blue wall of far-off forests, the same thought stirs in me, too. But I soothe him.

"Never mind; we shall arrive."

"Yes, but when?"

I ask one of the officers of the steamer when precisely we shall arrive. He waves his arms as if the question were unanswerable, and says, "Perhaps we shall not arrive at all. I can't tell from here what sandbanks and shallows there are going to be. If our rivers were looked after properly, like anywhere else in Europe, then you would certainly arrive."

"Listen, I mean, look here, we have to catch the express ——"

But he is gone. I picture to myself our "sitting" on a sandbank, somewhere between Ustyug and Vologda, with one day passing, another, a third——. And suppose all goes well? After the same one, two, three days we shall arrive, and perhaps the express will steam out before our very noses.

My companion broods on this. Then he suggests to me escaping from the steamer. We will get off at one of the quays, hire horses and swing off into the highway——. Vologda to-morrow, and from there Moscow. A masterly idea! I tell the steamer officer of it. He only smiles and shakes his head—oh, he has heard this kind of thing before.

But we are intent and obstinate. We see ourselves in a swift jingling troika driving across hills and valleys to the station.

"You can't," says the officer.

"Indeed? Why not?"

He swings his head and fires a figure at us: "One hundred miles."

We think for a moment; then, again, comes a whirlpool of energy.

"Only a hundred miles! We'll gallop that in ten hours, and then for Moscow!"

"You can't," he says again. "You can't go ten miles, not even in a couple of days."

"What nonsense! Why?"

"No one can. There's no road."

"No road? Why? Not from any of the quays?"

"Not one. There is, lower down, three hundred miles lower down."

This is Russia, roadless Russia.

I call to mind another figure, long since engraved upon my memory. This is 0.5, or *half a man*—the figure for the population of all north Russia, a whole half of Russia, towns and all—half a man to a square mile. I picture to myself this mile, the forests, fields and hills, stretching away endlessly, and then this Russian half a man.

"Russia, with its inexhaustible human reserves!"

Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

I BEGIN to wonder why some people go to the theatre. The person with highly inflamed morals who goes to be shocked is both familiar and intelligible to us; but patriotism apparently has its pathology, of which the chief symptom seems to be what I will call muftiphobia. Its verbal expression is the now familiar phrase: "Why aren't you in khaki?" The usual answer is: "Because I prefer red flannel": or something like that. Unfortunately, an actor to whom this futile inquiry is addressed from the fauteuils has no opportunity of proving that he is one of the brotherhood by giving the countersign; he cannot step forward to the footlights and explain that the play is supposed to take place in America, that he is supposed to be an American, and that even in America a gentleman does sometimes wear evening dress in the evening. I am prepared to make some allowance for the people who interrupted the performance of "The Misleading Lady" at the Playhouse with this inquiry; Mr. Weedon Grossmith's performance of the harmless, necessary lunatic who thinks that he is Napoleon doubtless stimulated their own Napoleonic lunacy that every man should be in khaki. But people so susceptible to insane suggestion ought not to be allowed at large; and the Government need only upholster Carmelite House in khaki to make it a fitting asylum for these people. Mr. Malcolm Cherry may think himself lucky that no attempt was made to prove that he was a German spy, because he was recently seen on the stage in the uniform of a Prussian lieutenant. If the Government will not move in the matter, the management might instruct a commissionaire to take these interrupters gently by the arm and lead them to a cinema exhibition of war films; the theatre is no place for them.

Apart from the irruption of lunatics, on and off the stage, "The Misleading Lady" is a very modern and feeble version of "The Taming of the Shrew." Helen Steele is not supposed to be a shrew, but a siren; but the difference in the second act is not apparent. Sirens do shriek; you can hear them at the docks; but shrews smash windows, and hit men over the head with telephone instruments, and so forth. Miss Gladys Cooper does both; but her performance of the shrew is much more convincing than her performance of the siren. From what I could gather of the very feeble opening, Helen Steele wished to make her début on the stage as an alluring woman, a sort of Cleopatra Patrick Campbell. The manager, who seems to have been an old friend of the family, argued that the part was not suitable, that her good birth, refined tastes, and pure morals were positive disqualifications for its performance. But instead of proving to him, by an exhibition of acting, that she could play the part, she brought the dispute to a question of fact instead of technique. If she could get Jack Craigen, a guest at the same house-party, to propose to her, she should have the part. The manager already knew that she was engaged to Henry Tracey, and her elicitation of a proposal from another man would prove no more. The question was not whether she could get herself engaged to be married, but whether she could act. But the manager accepted the test; she secured the proposal, and then calmly told Jack Craigen that she had made a fool of him. Then she was sorry, and offered apologies; then she justified herself with the argument that a lady can do what she likes without incurring reproach; and finally added insult to injury by showing him the door. He went out, but he took her with him, muffling her cries with his overcoat.

He took her to his bungalow in the Adirondacks, to study her, as she had suggested. She proved true to type; the civilised woman did not survive the motor-journey. By the time that she reached the bungalow, she had forgotten her manners, and exhibited the primitive woman's concern for morals. Her reputation was endangered; and her first appeal was for mercy. He calmly noted every symptom on a sheet of paper, being determined to make an exhaustive study of this specimen of the female sex. After she had smashed a window with a chair, and held him up with a gun, he incautiously went too near to her, and she knocked him senseless with the telephone. Then she fled, after bandaging the wound, and dragging his insensible body to his bedroom.

Her lover arrived, flourishing a revolver and threatening murder; and set out to search for her when he discovered what had happened. The lunatic, of course, directed him wrongly; and by the time that he returned to the bungalow, Helen herself had returned and surrendered to Craigen. When Tracey wanted to save her from Craigen, she did not want to be saved; she had broken Craigen's heart, then cracked his head, and she intended to patch up the pieces. Apparently, she had forgotten her desire to play the siren on the stage, and was content to behave like a savage in real life. As Nietzsche said: "Love, in its expedients, is the war of the sexes." But Mr. Weedon Grossmith's performance of the lunatic Napoleon is the gem of the piece; the authors have introduced two other lunatics who want to buy an island, but it is impossible to discover what they have to do with the play.

But if "The Misleading Lady" lapses into savagery, "Her Husband's Wife," at the New Theatre, keeps well on the hither side of reality. Its theme is sheer fantasy; a perfectly healthy young woman has adopted the habit of taking medicines that do her friends no good, and has convinced herself that she is doomed to an early death. The fact that the doctors can discover nothing the matter with her only proves that her malady is incurable; and as a good wife should, she makes provision for her household. Her husband must have a wife to look after him, and she is determined to choose that wife. A too attractive woman might obliterate from his mind the hallowed memory of herself; but, on the other hand, she must be capable of managing the household and keeping the husband comfortable. Her choice falls on her own friend; and in a most fantastic scene, she makes her friend promise to marry her bereaved husband, when she herself is dead. But Emily Laden detects the insult, although she accepts the suggestion; and as only Miss Irene Vanbrugh can, she storms about the stage at the thought of it. The suggestion that she is passée, dowdy, and all the rest of it, has to be disproved; and although she has no time to alter her clothes, her manners are so captivating when she is introduced to her prospective husband that their tête-à-tête is impregnable.

At her next appearance she is as gorgeous as a bird of paradise, and far more entertaining; and the poor invalid wife realises that her scheme promises to be too successful. Besides, she is not dead yet; so this time Emily is warned that Stuart has a number of bad habits that have been concealed from public knowledge. He drinks, he is a wife-beater, and so on. But Emily cheerfully promises to cure him, and continues with her flirtation; and in the process, the husband is enlightened concerning his supposed character. He is so indignant that he does get drunk; and the wife, from whom the real nature of his indisposition is hidden, throws away her medicine to watch outside the door of his room, while Emily Laden reverts to the young man, to whom she had previously been engaged. It is the lightest of light comedy, and its performance is the best in London.

Readers and Writers.

WHEN that I was a little little boy, Mr. Richard le Gallienne's sun was just rising upon London. Since then, it appears to me, his sun has really never set, for to the best of my belief all our minor poets derive from him in one twig or another. Mr. le Gallienne himself derived from Oscar Wilde, and Oscar Wilde from Verlaine and Flaubert and Baudelaire, and there you are—thus are the sins of the fathers continued in the children to the third and fourth generation. I flatter myself, too, that I know something of modern minor verse; my collection is perhaps the tenth best in England; and I occasionally spend an afternoon in actually re-reading it. This is a matter of duty, however, rather than of pleasure; for I conceive it to be the duty of a reader and writer to be a contemporary among contemporaries; and by no means can this be better performed than by keeping in touch with current verse. Poetry, after all, is the end by which literature is renewed from time to time. It is nearer the source of inspiration than any other form of writing. Whether, therefore, literature is to be renewed in the immediate future, and the qualities its renewal will reveal, are best discovered by a sympathetic examination of the trickles of verse that make their way into the general stream.

* * *

But the vast mass of minor poetry to-day is not in this sense original, but derivative. It is inspired, that is, not by personal experience of life, but by experiences among books. Take away the aforesaid French poets, and I doubt if there would ever have been an Oscar Wilde at all—the Oscar Wilde, at any rate, of fact. For he might very well have become a somewhat more precious John Addington Symonds or, let us say, a second-rate Pater. Similarly, but for him it is certain to my mind that Mr. le Gallienne would never have written a word. Completely without distinction of mind, lacking in intellectual energy and positively not interested in ideas, Mr. le Gallienne, but for the fatal attraction of Oscar Wilde, would, I believe, have remained where he was in Liverpool, or perhaps have risen to the provincial stage. The same literary impressionability, however, that made Mr. le Gallienne a poet when Nature intended him for something else, has made poets of scores of young men since his day—and always, so I think, with the same outcome. They bear the marks of their literary birth as visibly as original poets carry the signs of originality in everything they do. What, for instance, are the characteristic features of the minor poets of to-day? Not to be tedious in a small matter, I will name only two: a kind of irreverent cosmic swagger—impudent addresses and challenges to God and the like; and a habit of cynical anti-climax which they regard as the grim humour of realism. Look at almost any modern versifier you please, and I venture to say that you will find examples of one or of both these moods. Now the poet is threatening to tear God from His throne and to put himself in His place; and, in another minute, he is pulling a flower to pieces to show us the maggot at its heart. But of either or both of these moods there are certain things that we can definitely say. In the first place, it is the rarest thing in the world to find them original. I should say that not more than one man in a century is born in whom the impulse to challenge God is native and original; and as for the disposition honestly and truthfullly to see the worm in every bud of beauty—men are such liars in this respect that I doubt if one is truthful about it. There are thus too many of the school to-day to allow us to suppose that they are *all* sincere. In the second place, you have only to turn to your Oscar Wilde infant school—the school of Le Gallienne, Arthur Symons, etc.—to discover the literary ancestry of these characteristics. Mr. le Gallienne, in particular, had a fancy for deposing God; and all his school were affectedly cynical in the intervals of sentimentality. Lastly—I say lastly out of consideration for my readers—it can be simply stated that these particular moods, whether original or imitative, are *not* the moods of poetry.

* * *

In "Studies of Contemporary Poets" (Harrap, 5s. net) Miss Mary C. Sturgeon makes a gallant attempt to make mountains out of molehills. She treats fifteen or so minor poets of to-day with all the seriousness with which critics would treat our fewer major poets. But they are not susceptible of it, no, not one of them! I am disposed myself to allow that Mr. W. H. Davies has written some pretty little lyrics, and that there is a puckish quality in some of Mr. James Stephens' verse that is not unpleasingly curious; but when it comes to writing an essay of interpretation about them, and still more, about poets like Mr. Lascelles Abercrombie, Mr. Rupert Brooke, Mr. Wilfrid Wilson Gibson, etc., the result is more interpretation than text. This can be seen at once in the following extract. Miss Sturgeon is commenting upon a poem by Mr. Lascelles Abercrombie, and she asks:—

"Could a great conception be stated in a simpler phrase than that of the two first lines:

"'Life, the mother who lets her children play
So seriously busy, trade and craft——'"?

And she continues: "Yet this phrase, simple and lucid as it is, conveys a sense of boundless tenderness and pity, playing over the surface of a deeper irony. Doubtless its strength and clarity come from the fact that each word is of the common coin of the daily life; but its atmosphere, an almost infinite suggestiveness of familiar things brooded over in a wistful mood, comes partly at least through the colloquial touch."

Why, I could write as much of "Little Boy Blue" or "Baa-baa, black sheep." Is it not obvious that Miss Sturgeon has read into the lines what obviously is not in them? And you may guess from this example what swans the rest of her geese become.

* * *

Only because his death has attracted public attention to his verse, a special note may be made upon Mr. Rupert Brooke. I have lately been re-reading him to discover what, perhaps, my well-known prejudice against living writers might have led me to underrate in him while he was still alive. But I confess that his somewhat pathetic death has made no difference to my judgment. Dead he is as bad a poet as he was alive. When he would express, as Miss Sturgeon says, "sheer passion," he becomes in my opinion merely bombastic. Listen:

I'll break and forge the stars anew,
Shatter the heavens with a song;
Immortal in my love for you,
Because I love you, very strong.

That may be what moderns love to call "sheer passion," but to my mind it contains only an affectation of passion. If I were the lady to whom the vows were being made, I should laugh and send my suitor to a newspaper office. For a still more convincing proof of his utter unfitness for the poet's calling, look at the contrasted sonnets, "Menelaus and Helen." In the one you have Helen as the poets are supposed to see her. In the other you see Helen "as she really is," or, rather, as Mr. Brooke sees her become:

Oft she weeps, gummy-eyed and impotent;
Her dry shanks twitch at Paris mumbled name.

Could a poet, I ask, turn on Helen in this way? As well as most unchivalrous, it is unpoetic. Poetry is, in fact, the perfection of chivalry; and Mr. Brooke became a vulgar scold. That Mr. Brooke wished to be a poet and could not arrive at it I regard as his personal tragedy. He could never forgive either himself or poetry for his failure. He had put on singing-robes in his early youth, but he found himself wearing them at a fancy-dress ball; and he was torn between earnest and jest. Nor do I think that the war made a radical difference in him; for his last verses aspired to Parnassus, but reached only the gods of Adelphi.

R. H. C.

Germanism and the Human Mind.

By Pierre Lasserre.
(*Authorised Translation by* FRED ROTHWELL.)

III.

A CHARACTERISTIC OF GERMAN PHILOSOPHY.

I FIND the surest type of these works in German philosophy. For the moment I do not include Kantism under this name—a critical philosophy and one which I shall consider separately—but rather the dogmatism that springs from this criticism, I mean the entire systems of Fichte, Schelling and Hegel. These systems show us a veritable break that has been effected between German thought and Western thought generally. This is what seems to me evidently to result from a single aspect of comparison between the philosophic monuments of the West and the teachings which Germany has given to the world.

The occidental philosophies prior to Kant are Aristoteleanism—with its continuation, Scholasticism—Cartesianism and Liebnitzianism; these three doctrines, the third of which is an attempt to reconcile the first two, show us, as it were, the peaks around which the entire history of philosophy is distributed. Now, in addition to other common characteristics, they possess the following: they are based on a method whose value is independent of their own distinctive value, and whose discredit cannot be brought about by the discredit of the system which it may have served to build up. If this method has been discovered or carried to a particular degree of perfection by the author of this system, if it thus appears to be linked on to this system, and, on the other hand, the system is itself judged to be in a declining condition, then we must say that the method is that which survives along with that element of undisputed applications which the philosopher has been able to make thereof. This is not the method of a system, it is one of the natural and general methods of the human mind.

One may judge—and it would be difficult to judge otherwise—that the Scholasticism which sprang from Aristotle's philosophy made a wrong use of syllogism, in this sense that along many lines it reasoned from arbitrarily established ideas and artificial definitions, for want of a sufficiently extended and untrammelled recourse to experience—a recourse, besides, whose means, which have been acquired since, were lacking. What cannot be doubted is that syllogism, regarded in itself and presupposing sure premises, constitutes the essential form of truth, its necessary mode of communication (a speech perfectly coherent is a sequence or rather a network of unconscious and concealed syllogisms), and that all knowledge may be reduced to the perception of a certain relation between particular instances and general data.

We can and ought to blame Descartes for having claimed to explain the whole economy of Nature and all her secrets by mathematical reasoning. But, in this, he also did no more than misuse a good thing. The application of mathematics to physics had revealed for over half a century its marvellous fertility, and Descartes is one of the great inventors in the art of submitting the action of natural forces to calculation and measure. His very genius led him to believe that the key which opened so many doors closed to the ancients would open all doors, and that every question in natural philosophy could be solved by geometry. Still, if the errors into which he fell along this path are really errors, they differ fundamentally from those produced by the feebleness or vagueness of method. They bear the mark of the method, clear and perfect in itself and in the just limits of its use, which produced them: they are full of illumination. As much might be said of what is found to be inadmissible in the philosophy which Liebnitz constructed by generalising the use of the principles of the infinitesimal calculus. These systems receive something imperishable from the universal instrument of knowledge which has served to establish them, which they have bequeathed to us, or at least to the destiny and progress of which they have become closely linked. Hence, they may be out of date in many respects; they live and act always along the tradition of science. They are houses which are partially in ruins, though there remain great windows from which the most fruitful perspectives may be had on the world order. They are admirable for the education of the mind.

There is nothing similar in the German systems. These are houses without openings, even if there is not something too amorphous about them to warrant their being compared with houses. An utter want of generality characterises their method. This latter is strictly and solely the method of a system; it possesses value only for this system and is worth only what this latter is worth. The manner in which Fichte, Schelling and Hegel form ideas and link them together can serve only to construct—again make a reservation as to the correctness of this metaphor—the systems of Fichte, Schelling and Hegel. In vain would you have recourse thereto in the solution of any kind of problem, mathematical, physical, political, judicial or moral, if this problem were, as it ought to be, set forth in clear, definite terms: you would find it absolutely barren; it is only because of a previous obscuring of the questions that it enables one, naturally, I will not say to solve them, but even to dissert on them. I shall be informed that these Germans are metaphysicians, and that the difference in object between metaphysics and the other sciences must also exist between their respective methods. Granted; but in this case, as in the other, the same human mind is at work, and for this reason there are bound to be strong traits of resemblance between the method of a sane metaphysics and the general methods which have shown their capacity in other realms of knowledge. The method proper to each of these post-Kantian philosophers does not possess this resemblance; it is sui generis, indefinable, unclassable and nameless; it is an obscure intuitionism, working upon the data of a vague encyclopædism, and which flatters itself that it finds in such a blend the means for a complete explanation of Nature and history, the appearance of which it succeeds only by spreading over the face of Nature a veil of mist, bringing disturbance and uncertainty into the notion of all the facts which make up their substance. Whilst the conceptions of Aristotle, Descartes and Liebnitz, without forgetting those of the great empiricists, are firmly set on the royal path where the progress of human knowledge is worked out, the German systems are on a side track; they are clouds that have arisen alongside the path of light, threatening to hide it from view. At all events, they are absolutely barren so far as science is concerned; still, they have a great capacity for leading it astray, as we have seen, in so far as science accepts their inspiration. Characteristics comparable to theirs would be found only in the systems of the Alexandrine philosophy, which is semi-oriental, and in the philosophy of Spinoza, of which we may say the same, in spite of its borrowed Cartesian garb. May there not be Asiatic affinities in the German race, as has often been affirmed? An indication of this might readily be found in the nature of the doctrines to which they have given birth, in the direction which their metaphysical speculation has spontaneously taken since they emancipated themselves from the intellectual community of Europe. Gobineau relates that, when amusing himself by expounding Schelling and Hegel to intelligent Tartars, he received the impression that he was simply boring them, and was revealing to them nothing at all, because this manner of regarding things was along the line of their own thought. They were more interested in Aristotle and Descartes, but even they made but little impression on them; they did not feel at home with these philosophers.

Extracts from a Soldier's Diary.

Edited by H. E. Read.

November, 1915.—We landed about noon, and discovered that our train for the base did not leave till 2 a.m. We were all three of us strange to a French town, so after lunch we wandered round, as gawmless as provincials in London. The sun had by this time driven away the mists, and it was quite jolly in the streets, where the whole environment was surcharged with emotional experience. But how woefully English the place is!

December.—I have now seen "the real thing." A trench in winter, wet and cold, the stench of decay, and even ghastly death. And what is my keenest impression? Only the inexplicable unreality of it all. Danger I did not realise, nor did I experience fear. I slept when I could, and my sleep was the sweetest I've known since infancy. And even when I saw the first man killed, I did not know whether to laugh or cry.

December.—This morning was brilliantly clear and bright, and I thought of Italian skies. It is of such a morning as this that the aeroplanes make use; and, indeed, by nine o'clock they began to hum above us. We were in luck's way. Our zenith was destined to be an unparalleled battlefield. By ten o'clock the air was alive with the machines of both armies.

The sky was a wide and still harmony, in contrast to the conflict within it. To and fro the aeroplanes darted, spitting fire at each other, for all the world like angry insects. The sun shone on the bright silver planes of the Fokkers, whilst shells burst all round them, leaving white fumes like blossoms scattered on the sky.

January, 1916.—I have often experienced the strain and tension of waiting for a relief, but never with to-day's acuteness. Two facts explain this. As soon as we are relieved, we are "going back" for a month's rest, and this rest, by sustained contemplation, has become a landmark—a harbour of refuge in my sense of futurity. The fear that I might never reach this harbour has become an overwhelming obsession. . . . And, then, the last few days have been the most hellish of all. Not in the actual firing-line, but in support, in the centre of a salient, we have had the benefit of all the stray shots from the firing-line that nearly encircles us, together with an almost daily artillery bombardment. Only yesterday a high-explosive shell blotted out with its reverberating riot a lad who had been to me the embodiment of flagrant vitality.

We expected the relief at seven o'clock. It was ten before they came. The three intervening hours were spent in an agony of futile expectation. I began to think of the chance that had brought me to this pass—a pass over which neither my will nor my instinct seems to have had control. I began to analyse my state of mind. It wasn't fear—at least, not fear of death. A year ago I knew that fear—but now I only curse my past stupidity. I have arrived at a calm which surpasses the religious resignation I know to be the support of so many of my companions. Now I know death to be merely an ending—untimely, perhaps, and, for those who know my hopes, an occasion for regret. But for myself negative, and in some lights a release. The only sorrow I feel is for the high projects of my ambitious spirit. These I desire to bring to life, to rear and tend till they become of things immortal. . . .

At last the relief came, and was received with the mingled joy and exasperation characteristic of these occasions. The formalities over, I hastened to guide my men out. In half an hour we should be in comparative safety. But the way was tremulous with death. Every stray shot that cracked and hissed past seemed to shred our nerves. We went on, stumbling into crump-holes and tripping over tangled wires, panting in the agony of exhaustion.

The road ran into the hazy distance till it met the horizon and disappeared. Above the horizon rose a bank of massed clouds, purple in the light of night. Into the clouds we seemed to march, and the road led us on. Now we were climbing a gradual hill. Our feet no longer felt the rough cobbles. We were intent with the high purpose of pilgrims.

January.—I have carried a volume of Keats in my pocket ever since I came out. Tully carries a Greek Homer, like Alexander of old, and like Napoleon. I sometimes wonder if this is a conscious imitation, and if Tully's ambitions are Napoleonic. Perhaps this is cynical of me—the enjoyment I get out of Keats is sincere enough; though perhaps it was with a touch of bravado that I once read "Endymion" during the most hellish bombardment we have ever known. Later, on the same day, an artillery officer sheltered in my dug-out. He told me that his ideal was a country curacy. We also discussed Meredith's heroines.

Perhaps to-day I have found the ultimate reality. In the creations of our mind, in the immortal figures of our fancy—is it not in these, the receptacles of the emotions and thoughts of mankind, that I shall find the ultimate?

January.—Two impressions of Ypres:

(1) With a chill and hazy light the sun of a winter noon swills thy ruins—thy ruins cut like silver silhouettes against the sky. Lank poles leap to the infinite, their broken wires tossed like the locks of Mænades. And over all broods Desolation, gathering to her lap her leprous children. The sparrows whimper amid the broken arches.

(2) Sunset licks thy ruins with red flames. The flames rise and fall against the dusking sky: against the dusking sky flames fall and die. Heaped in the black night are the grey ashes of desolation. But even now the moon blooms like a cankered rose, and with soft, passionate light kisses the wan harmonies of ruin.

February.—A strange incident happened me to-day. We were seated over our evening meal in the billet, when the orderly brought in the usual bulletin of news published by Headquarters, and known amongst us all as "Comic Cuts." The captain read it aloud, interspersing a kind of vaudeville back-chat to all the cables from Armenia and God knows where. The last paragraph was short: "Henry James, the novelist, died yesterday." I was suddenly silent and away from the jocular mood of my companions. Before me I saw a procession of those many friends so recently become dear to me. Maggie Verver, the Princess Casamassima, Daisy Miller, Fleda Vetch, and others rose to my vision. And, realising that the mind that created them was no more, I began to think of the immortal joy of "The Altar of the Dead," and determined that I, too, this night would light a new candle in my shrine.

April.—There is a gap in my diary now, and I only intend to fill it with general details.

Though perfectly conscious all the while, my senses seem to have been too chaotic to record impressions from the time I was wounded till I found myself on board the hospital ship bound for England. I was in hospital in France for two days, and seem to have slept the whole time. I remember waking on a Sunday morning, when the ward was bright with sunlight. A padre was holding a service, and I saw some pretty nurses like angels in a vision, singing. Then Christianity seemed beautiful to me; but after the service, the padre proceeded to administer Communion to a poor fellow who was dying, and I was revolted. Crossing in the hospital ship might have been a nightmare from Conrad. We sailed on a foggy day, and it was dreary and dark in the saloon. The lapping of the water mingled with the moans of the suffering, whilst some of us tried to play cards. Later, we walking cases went upstairs for some food. We drank whisky, and I remember I set fire to my bandages in trying to light a cigarette.

It was grey twilight when we reached Dover, and still foggy. Red lights shone from the landing-stage, and the air was full of harsh voices shouting through megaphones. Slowly we neared the pier, and we all crowded in the gangway to watch the black beams loom nearer. And I remember, as we came within a few yards of them, many of us stretched out our hands to touch the land we loved, and a delighted cry of "Blighty!" went up from us all.

May.—To-day I arrived home, and was almost too impatient to greet my friends, so eager was I to rush to my own little sanctum and greet with flashing eyes those dearer immortal friends of mine awaiting there my long-delayed return. There they were, in their coats of many colours and their gilt letterings! I took the ones I loved most in my hands and gazed caressingly over their familiar lines. But then, like a sudden revelation, came the old unutterable sense of unreality. These poems and letters—all the dead ecstasies and passions of dead men! And had I not tasted of passions too raw and vivid ever to admit these beautiful wan ghosts into their presence? Unless time would banish. . . . And then I remembered that, out there, it was these same wan ghosts I had called the ultimate realities. And so I became possessed of a wild energy, crying: "Unreal, unreal! All is unreal, and only Death is ultimate!"

Letters from France.

X.—A NEW TEMPLE OF THE MUSES.

I contend that the Garden City movement is purposeless because it is not founded upon a big constructive ideal. True, its more thoughtful promoters have followed the example of Herodotus by observing certain model cities, and that of Aristotle by seeking to see each city as a whole and in comparison with others, and perhaps that of Plato in forming a conception of what a pleasurable city should be. So they have come near to the Greek tradition of planning Greek cities, but not to the key of the most marvellous feature of the finest of them, namely, the Greek temple. They have left the modern garden colony temple-less and thus missed the path to the re-invocation of the Muses and Gods in idealised forms of occupation.

The neglect of the commanding ideal by planners who fail to put themselves into living communion with the individual and universal spirit of regions is, then, mainly responsible for the feeble and cheerless surface coverings which pass for human ideal garden surroundings. Or, I might put it another way. It is the failure to see and realise the Acropolis that lies hidden in each region. But when one comes to think of it, is it strictly correct to say the Acropolis has not been seen out of England? If I were to be asked the question with the pre-war garden colony activities of Germany before me, I should answer, I suppose, not altogether correct. I remember there was a developpment taking place which gave promise of high results. And this, I think, owing more to accident than design. I refer, of course, to the gardenising movement that was born in England, was it not of Mr. Ebenezer Howard? Anyhow, it made its way to the Continent and, in particular, to Germany. Its arrival there coincided, I believe, with an æsthetic, more especially decorative, tendency coming from various directions, very markedly from France, Russia and Japan. The tendency was welcomed and applied by the art and peace-loving Saxon and Bavarian, not by the military Junker-Prussian. Some of us know how strongly Munich was caught in this wave, and how, at one time, it threatened to outbid Paris for the æsthetic favour of the world. As to the garden colony, this came from England to excite a Germany-full of flatites. For the first time for a very long period Germans became aware of the advantages of a semi-detached existence. As one might expect, the movement fell into the hands of speculators, after the manner of the man in the Bible who fell by the wayside. The speculative societies grew and soon great cities, like Berlin, began to put on decorative belts of clusters of little villas suited to quiet tastes, health and efficiency. Along with the growth went a regard to the renaissance of taste which was blowing across the Alps into Munich, and thence spreading to Vienna and elsewhere. It manifested itself in a desire by villa-dwellers to have their shells designed and equipped by artist-artisans instead of supplied ready-made by the local Whiteley or Selfridge. The desire was noticed by the speculators, who wisely hastened to satisfy it. In so doing they joined two tendencies. They united the desire of the villa-dweller for a fair use of the æsthetic imagination in villa-colony planning and building to the desire of a considerable body of artist-artisans to be allowed to put their imagination to this sensible use. But still, be it observed, without any commanding architectonic ideal.

Who were the artists thus suddenly attracted to a world of smaller and larger architecture, and therefore to the very roots of their own language? When I was last in Vienna I heard one name constantly mentioned, Otto Wagner. It was he who was revolutionising the Viennese ideas of architecture. At that time among Wagner's pupils were Joseph Hoffmann and Olbrich. I met Hoffmann at the "Wiener Werkstatte," an art and craft institution which he had stamped with his undeniable personality. From him I learnt of the very big and significant working-class art and craft educational movement which, influenced by Morris, Ruskin and Japan, promised to transform Austrian and German towns and cities by awakening a civic vision in prominent painters. Hoffmann gave me the names of several who had been so diverted from the studio to the wide world of architecture, and who had been so successful that they were already occupying foremost public positions. Thus Olbrich, Behrens, Pankok, Bruno Paul and others were not only in command of these posts, but forming schools of artist-artisans pledged to the creation of new forms of architecture and decorative art. I was privileged to see more than one result of the application of the new æsthetic principles to villa-colony architecture. Hoffmann himself took me to see a garden colony at Vienna (which I described in The New Age) in which each villa was by a different artist-architect and duly signed. It was like being taken through an extremist architectural picture-gallery. Later I went to Hellerau, near Dresden. Here, again, I found a cottage and villa colony designed and decorated by leading German and English artist-architects. The "canvases" were signed by Fischer, Baillie-Scott, Muthesuis, Tessenow, Bestelmeyer, and Riemerschmied. This Hellerau undertaking was, in its way, a remarkable one and deserves consideration here on account of its constructive foundation which has a relation to the one I am pleading for. I have not the printed facts of the inception and realisation of the colony before me, but I may trust to memory. At the outset a large tract of delightfully situated pine-covered ground was acquired by a society who were prepared to let anyone build on it under their direction. This society sub-let the ground, or the larger part of it, to another society, who built houses designed by the aforementioned architects, to accommodate the workpeople of the large local firm, the Deutsche Werkstätte für Handwerkskunt. Thus it started as a working-class colony with a sprinkling of outsiders, including, I remember, some painters.

The enterprise was characterised by very promising economic conditions. In the first place it was a collectivist affair. It was projected for and controlled by the workpeople. They really actuated the societies, allowing them a fair margin of profit for their capital outlay; and beyond this so arranged matters that the houses became the property of the occupiers in due course. In these and other ways they contrived that capital usually diverted to selfish ends should return to those who produced it. Thus Hellerau was by way of becoming a Guild centre. It was blundernig into a clear regional meaning. At the time of my visit it had attracted Jacques Dalcroze, who was busy establishing a centre of eurythymics at Hellerau. He had got to the stage of building a vast Greek-like temple, which he proposed to dedicate to the spirit of dance. Students were flowing in from all parts of Europe. And as though to link this stream to the soil, Dalcroze proposed that all children born in the colony should be educated in the temple. They were to be born to Terpsichore, just as the children in "An Enemy of the People" are to be born to Truth. This admirable idea showed a marked advance in the garden city development, for it meant no less than the restoration of the festival ideal which actuated ancient peoples at their best. It is this Acropolis or Festival House, dedicated to music, dance, drama or what not, and flinging its proud invitation to the four quarters of the world, that is needed to culminate the garden city. Anyone may exemplify the great advantages to be obtained from such a local incentive to expression. I need only point out that it would operate as a counter-attraction to the foolish "joys" of the mass-city. The garden citizen might reasonably be expected to lose an inclination for these in the pursuit of his own great yearly festival.

Huntly Carter.

Odd Notes.

By Edward Moore.

Dangers of Genius.—Why is it that so many men of genius have been destroyed by falling into chasms of desire which are safely trodden by common men? Is it because there is within the exceptional man greater compass, and, therefore, greater danger? The genius has left the animal further behind than the ordinary man; indeed, in the genius of the nobler sort there is an almost passionate avoidance and disavowal of the animal. In this disavowal lie at once his safety and his danger : by means of it he climbs to perilous heights, and is also secure upon them. But let him abrogate even once this denial of kinship, and he is in the utmost danger. He now finds himself stationed on the edge of a precipice up to which he seems to have climbed in a dream, a dreadful dizziness assails him, along with a mad desire to fling himself into the depths. It was perhaps a leap of this kind that Marlowe made, and Shelley. Meantime, the ordinary man lives in safety at the foot of the precipice : he is never so far above the animal as to be injured by a fall into animalism. Only to the noble does spiritual *danger* come.

The Idealism of Love.—The writer who discovered that love idealises the object might have pushed his discovery a little further; for it is no less true that love idealises the subject. None knows better than the poets how to take advantage of this self-idealisation : one has only to read their love poems to find out how much more is said about the poet's beautiful feelings than about the object which presumably evoked them. Heine, particularly, was a shameless offender in this way. A woman was to him simply an excuse for seeing himself in imagination in a romantic attitude. But even with the others who appear less obtrusive and more disinterested the implication is the same. How elevated and even divine we must be, they seem to say, when we can feel in this manner; and how happy, when we are privileged to love an object of such loveliness! Yes! love has such power that it idealises everything—even the subject!

These Advanced People.—A. Free Love is all right in theory, but all wrong in practice. B. On the contrary! I think it is all right in practice, but all wrong in theory.

Middle Age's Betrayals.—It is not easy to tell by a glance what is the character of a young man : his soul has not yet etched itself clearly enough upon his body. But one may read a middle-aged man's soul with perfect ease; and not only his soul but his history. For when a man has passed five-and-forty, he looks—not what he is, perhaps—but certainly what he has been. If he has been invariably respectable, he is now the very picture of respectability. If he has been a man about town or a secret toper, the fact is blazoned so clearly on his face that even a child can read it. If he has studied, his very walk, to use a phrase of Nietzsche, is learned. As for the poet, we know how terribly poetical he looks in middle age—poor devil! Well, to every one of you, I say, Beware!

"Words, Words, Words."—It was pointed out some time ago, in The New Age, I think, that the word "sin" has in our time become a synonym for the more feminine transgressions—roughly, that is to say, for transgressions against sexual morality. The result is that, for offences of another kind, there is now no current, popular word. "Crime," for instance, is used mostly to designate unlawful vices; at least, when it is not used to designate unlawful virtues. But what is the word that we can use at present to stigmatise the action of the sweater who grinds exorbitant profit out of his slaves, or of the journalist who sharpens his pen on the hearts of the poor? To say that they "sin" would raise a smile; to accuse them of "crime" would not be strictly true; they are too astute to be criminal. Can it be that even *words* are conditioned by the economic structure of society; and that the ruling class may, through their instrument the Press, refuse their sanction to any word that would label practices, however iniquitous, which they desire to conserve? Perhaps in one of Lord Northcliffe's pigeon-holes there is such a word, which only awaits freedom and opportunity to flutter on the wings of his newspapers to the farthest bounds of the globe. Or is the truth somewhat different? And may not the absence of a popular word for the inhumanity of an employer connote nothing more than the absence of any strong, popular feeling against that kind of inhumanity?

Popularity.—How amazingly popular he is! Even the man in the street reads him. Yes; but it is because he has first read the man in the street.

Realism.—Novels which take for their subject-matter mere ordinary, pedestrian existence—and of this kind are three-fourths of present-day novels—are invariably dull in one of two ways. In the first instance, they are written by pettifogging talents to whom only the ordinary is of interest, by people, that is to say, who are incapable of writing a book that is not dull. In the other, they are written by men generally of considerable, sometimes of brilliant, ability, who, misled by a theory, concern themselves laboriously with a domain of life which they dislike and which even bores them. But if the writer is bored, how much more so must be the reader! In short, the realist theory produces bad books because it forces the writer to select subjects the only emotion towards which it is possible to feel is boredom. And great art may arise out of hate, grief, even despair, but never out of boredom.

Modern Writing.—The greatest fault of modern style is that it is a smirking style. It fawns upon the reader, it insinuates, it has the manners of an amiable dog. If it does something smart, it stops immediately, wags its tail, and waits confidently for your approval. You will guess now why those little regiments of dots are scattered so liberally over the pages of our best-known novelist. It is Mr. Wells' style wagging its tail.

Wilde.—The refined degeneracy of Wilde might be explained on the assumption that he was at once over—and under—civilised : he had acquired all the exquisite and superfluous without the necessary virtues. These "exquisite" virtues are unfortunately dangerous to all but those who have become masters of the essential ones; they are qualities of the body more than of the mind; they are developments and embellishments of the shell of man. In acquiring them, Wilde ministered to his body merely, and, as a consequence, it became more and more powerful and subtle—far more powerful and subtle than his mind. Eventually this body—senses, passions and appetite—actually became the intellectual principle in him, of which his mind was merely a drugged and stupefied slave!

Art in Industry.—In these wildernesses of dirt, ugliness and obscenity, our industrial towns, there are usually art galleries, where the daintiest and most beautiful things, the flowers of Greek statuary, for instance, bloom among the grime like a band of gods imprisoned in a slum. The spectacle of art in such surroundings sometimes strikes us as being at once ludicrous and pathetic, like something delicate and lovely sprawling in the gutter, or an angel with a dirty face.

Nietzsche.—Nietzsche loved Man, but not men : in that love were comprehended his nobility and his cruelty. He demanded that men should become Man before they asked to be loved.

Fate and Mr. Wells.—Fate has dealt ironically with Mr. Wells. It has turned his volumes of fiction

into prophecies, and his volumes of prophecies into fiction.

STRINDBERG.—This writer, despite his genius, earnestness and courage, arouses in us a feeling of profound disappointment. Nor is the cause very far to seek. For along with earnestness and courage in a writer we instinctively look for nobility and joy: if the latter qualities are absent we feel that the raison d'être of the former is gone, and that earnestness and courage divorced from nobility and joy are aimless, wasted, almost inconceivable. And in Strindberg they are so divorced. A disappointed courage; and ignoble earnestness! These are his pre-eminent qualities. And with them he essayed tragedy—the form of art in which nobility and joy are most required! As a consequence, the problems which he treats are not only treated inadequately; the inadequacy, when we stop to reflect upon it, absolutely amazes us. His crises are simply rows. His women, when they are angry, are intellectual fishwives; and—more disgusting still—so are his men. All his characters, indeed, intellectual and talented as they are, move on an amazingly low spiritual plane. The worst in their nature comes to light at the touch of tragedy, and an air of sordidness surrounds all. Posterity will not tolerate this "low" tragedy, this tragedy without a raison d'être, this drama of the dregs.

PSYCHOLOGISTS.—The keenest psychologists are those who are burdened with no social mission and get along with a minimum of theory. Mr. Conrad, for instance, is infinitely more subtle in his analysis of the human mind and heart than is Mr. Wells, or Mr. Galsworthy. He has the unhappy unconcern and detachment of a connoisseur in humanity, of one who experiences the same fine interest in an unusual human situation, as the dilettante finds in some recondite trifle. Henry James carried this attitude to a high degree of refinement. He walked among men and women as a botanist might walk among a collection of "specimens," dismissing the ordinary with the assured glance of an expert, and lingering only before the distinctive and the significant. Should we who nurse a mission deplore the spirit in which these disinterested observers enter into their task? By no means. But for them, certain domains of human nature would never have been discovered, and we should have been correspondingly the losers. For we revolutionists must know the human kind before we can alter them. The non-missionary is as necessary as the missionary, and to none more than to the missionary.

DOSTOIEFFSKY.—Not only is Dostoieffsky a great psychologist; all his chief characters are great psychologists as well. Raskolnikoff, for instance, Porphyrius Petrovitch, Svidragaïloff, Prince Muishkin, walk through his pages as highly self-conscious figures, and as people who have one and all looked deeply into the shadowy world of human motives, and have generalised. The crises in Dostoieffsky's books are, therefore, of a peculiarly complex kind. It is not only the human passions and desires that meet one another in a conflict more or less spontaneous; the whole wealth of psychological observation and generalisation of the conflicting characters is thrown into their armoury, and with that, too, they do battle. The resulting effect is more large, rich and subtle than anything else in modern fiction, but also, if the truth must be told, more impure, in the artistic sense, more sophisticated. Sometimes, so inextricably are passion and "psychology" mingled, that the crises are more like the duels of psychologists than the conflict of human souls. In the end, one turns with relief to the pure tragedy of the classical writers, the tragedy which is not brought about by people who act like amateur psychologists.

THE CHESTERTONS.—The difference between the two Chestertons in ability, spirit and taste is shown with exquisite propriety in the subjects which they choose for treatment. Gilbert writes, let us say, of Revelation; Cecil, of "revelations."

Views and Reviews.

MR. WELLS' NEW NOVEL.

THIS latest work* of Mr. Wells baffles criticism. It is, in itself, a most remarkable achievement, yet it conveys the impression that it is not the book that Mr. Wells intended to write. Even its title is misleading: Mr. Britling neither sees it through, nor sees through it, he really only sees through himself. When Carlyle found that his biography of Cromwell really committed him to writing a history of the Commonwealth, he despaired of his task; and extracted the letters and speeches of Cromwell, put them into order, wrote a few notes to them, and discovered that he had produced a better life of Cromwell than he could have written in more formal fashion. "Mr. Britling Sees It Through" produces a similar impression; the book is really a record of what he thought and said (he seems never to have read anything but the "Times," the "Daily News," "The Nation," and "The New Republic"), but it is not only a vivid personal study, it is, in some sense, an intellectual and emotional history of England during the period of the war. The statement needs qualification; Mr. Britling does not interpret or represent the spirit of England, but the spirit that tries to understand and express the spirit of England. How much of Mr. Wells there may be in Mr. Britling I need not inquire; but Mr. Britling's England is the England of the third leaders of the "Times," minus urbanity.

But as an interpretation, with whatever qualifications, the book would hardly be worth reading. Everybody has interpreted the war; and Mr. Wells' memory is much more valuable and reliable than his imagination, and is as vivid as his anticipations are vague. It is as a record and a criticism that this book is chiefly valuable; it is history, personal and political, and it has the irony of history. The first book of this novel, dealing with the state of thought and affairs in England immediately preceding the war, is a most vivid recollection of a state that most of us can only vaguely recall. Mr. Direck going to Matching's Easy to invite Mr. Britling to lecture to the "Massachusetts Society for the Study of Contemporary Thought" seems as remote from this time as the Pilgrim Fathers; his soulful conversation with Cissie on the nature of religion (which seems to be a search for the eternally surprising, or, failing that, for the merely unexpected) appears as antique as a cuneiform inscription. The picture is that of people trying to be wise without experience (which, by the way, was the defect of Matthew Arnold's advocacy of culture), of knowing everything but what they wanted to do. They were happy, intolerably happy; and they were beginning to yearn for an earthquake, or anything that would vary the heavenly routine of their days. It is curious that Mr. Wells does not perceive in Cissie's conversation the counter-argument to his pacific dreams. In addition to this, the state of political affairs is recorded fact by fact, detail by detail; and the authentic sign that Mr. Wells is really dealing with the year 1914 is that Mr. Britling is in the throes of one of his illicit love affairs. It is characteristic, too, that so soon as Mr. Britling hears that war will be declared, he begins to write a pamphlet, "And Now War Ends."

But the fact of war brings Mr. Britling from the universal to the particular. He is not unteachable; he

* Mr. Britling Sees It Through." By H. G. Wells. (Cassell. 6s.)

notices at once the incongruity between his interpretation of the war (the spirit of free peoples rising to destroy the menace of militarism) and the fact of the food-panic in Matching's Easy. When he comes to London to offer his services in any capacity, he learns, also, that it is not his war; and he devotes much criticism, much of it unjust, to the early conduct of the war. But after his son and his secretary join the Army, the narrative becomes personal; it is only as the war affects Mr. Britling that we read of it. And it affects him not only as a world-calamity but as a vital torture; he multiplies his storms of indignation, his still worries, his fierce alarms, his elations, his despondencies, by millions, by the millions of fathers throughout the world whose boys have met in battle. In the first book of the story, Mr. Wells devotes an amazingly clever chapter to "Mr. Britling In Soliloquy"; but that analysis seems feeble indeed beside the passionate stress of these passages in the second book. And always with masterly skill, Mr. Wells makes Mr. Britling do his work of criticism; in an agony of fear because he has not heard from his boy for twenty-three days, he turns upon Mr. Direck in a fury of exasperation, and tears the American case for neutrality to pieces. "You talk of your New Ideals of Peace. You say that you are too proud to fight. But your business men in New York give the show away. There's a little printed card now in half the offices of New York that tells of the real pacifism of America. They're busy, you know. Trade's real good. And so as not to interrupt it they stick up this card: 'Nix on the war!' Think of it! Here is the whole fate of mankind at stake, and America's contribution is a little grumbling when the Germans sank the 'Lusitania,' and no end of grumbling when we held up a ship or two and some fool of a harbour-master makes an overcharge. Otherwise—'Nix on the war!'" His agony ceases only when he hears that his boy is dead.

"The Testament of Matching's Easy," with which the book concludes, is a disappointment. Mr. Britling consoles himself by re-drawing the map of the world, and bestowing powers of local self-government under a federal scheme upon every group that manifests signs of being or becoming a distinct unit. It is in keeping with the character, of course, but it does not meet the criticisms of the book. Mr. Britling himself declared, before his bereavement, that he was disappointed with the war. "I saw this war, as so many Frenchmen have seen it, as something that might legitimately command a splendid enthusiasm of indignation. . . . It was all a dream, the dream of a prosperous man who had never come to the cutting edge of life. Everywhere cunning, everywhere small feuds and hatreds, distrusts, dishonesties, timidities, feebleness of purpose, dwarfish imaginations, swarm over the great and simple issues. .... It is a war now like any other of the mobbing, many-aimed cataclysms that have shattered empires and devastated the world; it is a war without point, a war that has lost its soul, it has become mere incoherent fighting and destruction, a demonstration in vast and tragic forms of the stupidity and ineffectiveness of our species." Satisfy legitimate national aspirations, and still there is no end to war; the desire for change, for aggrandisement, for mere danger and adventure, would soon re-draw the map of the world. In spite of Cissie's conversation with Mr. Direck, Mr. Wells has not yet recognised that Nietzsche was right when he said: "Man does not desire happiness; only the Englishman does that." He still clings to his hope that, at last, war will cease; his Mr. Britling believes in a God Who is finite, and struggles against Necessity for a principle of good, and whom we can help to prevail. But this God Who struggles and fights is still a God of War, He may make war holy, but He cannot make it peace. But however we may quarrel with Mr. Wells' ideas, we have to read his works; and "Mr. Britling" is one of his most vital, most passionately sincere, works.

A. E. R.

REVIEWS

The Year-Book of Wireless Telegraphy and Telephony. (The Wireless Press., 3s. 6d. net.)

The word "wireless" is often on our lips, but not often do our minds attempt to form a clear image of what the word connotes. Suddenly to have placed before us a year-book on the subject, which on this, its fourth, appearance has 900 pages, is to be staggered by the mere volume of necessary information; at this rate, "wireless" will require by next year a year-book about as big as Kelly's London Directory. But when we have recovered from our surprise at the size of the volume, and have begun to examine its contents, the extraordinary detail of the information repeats the first shock of surprise. The standard information, such as the chronologically arranged "Progress of Radio-Telegraphy," the lists and particulars of ship and land stations, the laws and regulations of the various countries in which radio-telegraphy is developed —all this one expects to be in a year-book and to be annually revised. But an idea of the magnitude of the minutiæ of this section may be conveyed by the fact that the editors have provided an index to it; and the index alone covers twenty-four pages. Even the alphabetical list of "call letters allotted to land and ship stations" occupies forty-three pages. After this the reprinting of the text of the International Radio Convention of July, 1812, and of the "Safety of Life at Sea" Convention of 1914, is no more than one would expect. But this reprinting only gives the editors time to do some more work, and they have produced a Dictionary (in five languages) and Glossary of Technical Terms which covers twenty pages, and is supplemented by a reprint of the Report of the Committee on Standardisation, which gives a list of definitions indicating the sense in which the various terms are employed on the other side of the Atlantic. There are about forty-four pages of "Useful Data," and the fourteen pages of "Useful Formulæ and Equations" have been revised by Dr. J. Erskine Murray.

But this is only a beginning. We are not so pleased as the editors seem to be with Mr. Archibald Hurd's article on "Intelligence in Naval Warfare," or with Colonel Maude on "The Allies' Strategy in 1915." We can read them anywhere, and their appearance here only prompts the question: Art thou there, two catchpennies? But some of the technical essays are fascinating, such as Dr. J. A. Fleming's on "Photo-Electric Phenomena" and Dr. W. H. Eccles' on "Capacitance, Inductance, and Wave-lengths of Antennæ." Dr. Eccles is, unfortunately, a realist, and accompanies his text with an original series of abacs, which may be extremely useful, but have the literary demerit of proving his statements to be true. Dr. Eccles makes us deplore, with Oscar Wilde, the decay of lying in literature; without his abacs his essay would have appeared to be a most delightful flight of imagination. But America balances the veracity of Dr. Eccles with "The Progress of Radio-Telephony in the U.S.A."; but even that land of the lapsus linguæ drops into exactitude in "The Measurement of Signal Intensity," by Mr. John L. Hogan, vice-president of the Institute of Radio Engineers. What will become of the "fairy-tales of science" if America does not mend her ways we dare not think. Some of the things that have been done by "wireless" since Germany saved her merchant fleet by its use are recounted in "Wireless Waves in the World's War"; and as alliteration is one of the chief devices of old English poetry, and Plato declared that poets are three removes from truth, we have hopes of the author of this essay. A paper on "Problems of Interference" explains "jamming" and other occult phenomena to readers who have an elementary acquaintance with the principles of radio-telegraphy. We need only mention the catalogue of "wireless" patents applied for in 1915, the "wireless map of the world," the biographical notices, the directory of wireless societies to show that the year-book covers the field.

Love's Inferno. By Dr. Edward Bilgesauer. Translated by C. Thieme. (Stanley Paul. 6s.)

The publisher tells us that "neither the author nor his book dare enter Germany." The cowards! No wonder that the author's bilge is sour, or, as the publisher describes it, "is the outburst of a conscience that refuses to be stifled into silence." That is just like Tolstoy; he wrote a pamphlet, "I Cannot Keep Silent," just when everybody was hoping that he would. But we do not need all these prohibitions to make us refuse to read Dr. Bilgesauer's novel; we are content to believe that the German Government is not without wisdom. We have peeped into this book sufficiently to see that it is an inferno, a hell of a book. Two German officers, both friends, love one woman; one is married to her, one is not. She does not love her husband because he paid her father's debts; she does love the friend because he composes music and puts his head in her lap. When the regiment goes into action, to certain death (Dr. Bilgesauer is very drastic), the author revives the story of David and Uriah the Hittite and pulls it up backwards. In this case the husband puts the lover in the forefront of the battle, where, of course, he bears a charmed life (the certain death was, after all, uncertain); and when the husband advances he is wounded and his life is saved by the lover. But apparently the lover's virtues do not make him quite invulnerable, for a franc-tireur subsequently shoots him in the back. This gives the husband the opportunity of being "ruthless, relentless, remorseless," as Lord Fisher used to say, and he has the whole village destroyed. Another franc-tireur sticks a fork in the husband's spinal column, and after a visit to a field hospital he is sent home paralysed and to develop spinal tuberculosis. The wife ostentatiously wears mourning for her lover, and listens to her husband's ravings, in which, of course, Uriah the Hittite figures, and she leaves her husband to join the Red Cross. Her absence is not discovered until the Cossacks chase the whole family from its home, and then the husband shoots himself. The wife goes to Brussels with a great surgeon, and rhapsodises about Goethe, Brussels, Liberty, and so forth. When she is transferred to a field hospital she finds the trunk of Josua de Kruiz (Jesus of the Cross), tends him, reads his poetry, and at last, when the land is flooded, she becomes mad and dies, offering the maimed body of the Belgian poet to the Star of Bethlehem, which, on this occasion, shone in Flanders. Dr. Bilgesauer uses all the stage properties of the Gospel story in this section except, we think, the wise men. We could easily suggest a number of other places that the author should not dare to enter.

Casual Labour at the Docks. By H. A. Mess, B.A. (Bell.)

This is a study issued by the Ratan Tata Foundation. The question has so often been treated that Mr. Mess can find little to say that is new. All the objections to casual labour have been stated again and again, and the Port of London Authority, as Mr. Mess reminds us, was enjoined by the constituting Act of 1908 to deal with the question of casual labour. It has done nothing in this respect except for its direct employees. To call for more "machinery for regulating the influx of fresh labour to be set up immediately the war ends, if not earlier," is absurd; the more authorities that are created, the less likely is the work to be done properly. If the Port of London Authority will not do it, if the Transport Workers' Union cannot do it, if the employers do not see the need of it, and the men do not want it, then the only question that remains is: "why does Mr. Mess want to de-casualise the labour at the docks?" Whether it is regular work or regular pay that he wants for the dockers is not quite clear; but it is regularity that he demands, a nice, orderly arrangement of life even for the dock labourers. We invinte him to visit a prison, where he will find all his ideas actually in operation.

Pastiche.

AN EPIC FRAGMENT.

PORTION OF LETTER FROM ZEPPELIN COMMANDER TO PRO-ALLY NEUTRAL.

. . . . Perfidious Albion lies humbled in the dust—for the ninth time this week. I swear it! This is the ninth time that I personally have vanquished pale and trembling Albion. I promise you that not a wall, not a woman, not a child, not a tree remains in suppliant England. All is destroyed. Alone I did it. Even for my fatherland, you know, I couldn't tell a lie. I did it with my super-Zeppelin. Deer-hearted children of a race grown arrogant in tyranny and need of culture. Shameless, insolent Albion! which having left all shrunk to ashes on eight preceding nights, imagine my surprise and horror when crossing the crumbled coast on Tuesday night I saw still a whole village peacefully slumbering in the blackness far below us. 'What!" cried I. "Will this haughty people never learn to recognise defeat? Is base Albion, then, a devil-cat possessed of nine inglorious lives? A phœnix that dares to rise on stepping-bombs of its dead self to fowler things? Then die, ye children of a dastard race!" With these portentous words I sent a million-ton weight bomb hurtling through the night. From the pitchy shades below a million tongues of flame shot up around us in the sky. I peered very cautiously overboard. What a glorious vision! Clustered in smouldering heaps lay farms, barns, children, women, cottages, and vain-aspiring church. What scenes of grief! A cock crows. Bravo! Now shall we bring black Albion to her knees. On, on we sail, poising dove-like over every village. "Never again," we cry, "shall English child or woman see the bright dawn purpling o'er the sky!" Our avenging bombs incessant drop. The smitten earth heaves up in mountains high as mighty Drachenfels. The land is heaped with copious dead. Hoch, hoch der Kaiser Frightfulness! Now great dock-yards disappear in smoke. Factory after factory falls an ashy ruin to the quaking ground. Industrial England, where is she? A roaring furnace shrieks her awful doom sky-high. Now we were approaching shattered London. What! Can you believe such arrogance? Actually a street or two in London still dared to stand, though, as you must have read in all our papers, London has been completely and absolutely destroyed at least eight times during the last eight nights alone. Now searchlights dazzle our eyes. Will you never believe what fiends of cruelty these English are? Fancy daring to defend themselves by shooting at our peaceful little Zeppelins! Presumptuous cowards and wretches! No thought have they for my peace-loving, valiant crew. Then must our revenge be brutal, I cry aloud to God, and on we sail resistless. We are now over England's chief munition centre—Hampstead Heath. Here, alone, with well-directed bombs we destroyed a hundred million 100-inch guns which to-morrow—will you believe it?—would have been employed against our poor, dear, peace-dispersing heroes out in France. Next, ten million rifles—these I personally counted helped by the fierce flashing lights from the cruelly sharpened bayonets by their sides—and then forty thousand million shells of different and varying barbarity, which I also had time to count before the red-and-sable fumed explosion rent the heavens. On, on we rode now to briny Serpentine, where Old England's much-vaunted "wooden walls" lay anchored all along the shores. Woe Britain! Woe presumptuous fleet! Woe destined navy! With awful precision we let go a thousand iron fates—a thousand crackling Dreadnoughts kindle all the heavens with their dying flames. Herr Jellicoe, I see him clearly, he hoists his sail to fly. Too late! He falls—bravo!—and with him all his murderous train. The gleamy surface of the ocean is choked and strewn for miles around with dreadful wreck. Like a piece of firewood, Old England's coward navy burns. Who now is mistress of the seas, O mighty Albion?

England's navy and all her munition works being now destroyed, we plough our airy road over high peaks to the fastnesses of Wales, where amid the vasty mountains the flower of England's army hides. You may wonder how we guessed that Wales would be the army's refuge. But to a German no conjecture is impossible. What was more likely than that Herr George should transfer his camps to the spacious plains and levels of his hilly Wales, that thus they might protect him in his mountain lair. Indeed, this, it now seems, was his first measure on becoming Minister of War. Vain strategy! The hope

and pride of England now lies buried 'neath the fallen mountain sides and tops and rocks. Gloomy, stricken land! I personally counted at least ten thousand million khaki armlets rolling in the murky havoc of our flame-dispersing bombs. Here, also, great flocks of sheep perished in the fires. I could smell the mutton roasting, gently seasoned with the scent of ten thousand million boiling fields of leeks. Presently, amid the rushing, fear-distracted troops, I discerned quite clearly the factious figure of Herr George himself, running swift as a Welsh rabbit from still swifter-pending destiny. Our eyes meet in one glance of all-consuming hate. "Coward and villain, useless is flight!" I cried. And even as I spoke he shrivels up like toasted cheese, a burning victim to the bomb I hurled with deathly aim.

Now back to London's brazen towers we fly. Woe, London! Woe, black-hearted city! What, a building dares remain? Our bombs fall thick as leaves in autumn winds. Now we are hovering over prosperous Bethnal Green. There a moment since in that massy stronghold far below lay all shameful Albion's spoils and treasure. Now crushed and melted into liquid paths, it streams abjectly o'er the trembling ground. England's boasted wealth is gone! Only a few fire-twisted blocks of metal remain of all her vasty riches! On, on to ill-fated Westminster we steer. Our coming has been heralded by many a fright-footed messenger. What scenes of terror greet my eyes! Cowering throngs of coward Ministers are plainly visible, fleeing everywhere to safety. Sir Grey, bloodstained insatiate, I personally saw sliding down the banisters to the sable-vaulted cellars. Herr Asquith, too, glib-tongued tyrant, I presently descried in ambush, crouching low behind a lamp-post. What is that I see? A cigarette between his palsied lips! Out, out, vile match! *Verboten—strengst verboten!* What, he dares to strike it? Then let the insolent spurt of fire be the presage of his own just funeral flames. Now dies Herr Asquith, chief of all our foes!

On, on to stately Buckingham we wend our cloud-wreathed way, dread wrack and ruin in our rear and spread on either side. What ho, proud palace, darest still to stand alone amidst the downfall of thy land? Now we lower the last of our iron lessons gently overboard. A shriek for help goes up, and presently the heavens resound with the echoes of a thousand cats engaged in frighted strife. The strains recall the glorious noise our homely German bands did many years ago rejoice all purblind Albion with—employed most craftily were they to deafen English ears to the joyous iron notes which ever rang from Greatest Krupps' all-mighty works of God-decreeing purpose. And now like the ocean's roaring waves which break in thunder-claps against the re-echoing rocks breaks up the heart of broken England. Engulfed are the presumptuous spires of Buckingham—razed to the ground its every red-brick wall. Hoch, hoch, great Zeppelin! Thy will is done. Albion, perfidious Albion, is destroyed. Oh, what a pity, what a pity, that such awful doom alone may cleanse and expiate her blood-thirsting sins. But I, the chosen pilot of my Fatherland, alone I did it with my super-Zeppelin. England is vanquished—for the ninth time this week. There is no England. Hoch! . . . Hoch! . . .

R. O.

I CAN'T BE A SOLDIER.

(A Reply to Mr. Harold Begbie in the "Daily Chronicle," October 2.)

Old Buffers of Forty, so dear Harold says,
Are finished and done for—they've seen their best days;
But though they can't fight they can tune up their lyre,
And think of the younger men facing gun-fire.

But though they can't fight, they can write lots of stuff,
And thank their "old age" that this writing's Enough,
Whilst boys are fast falling and dying for all,
The *Pen* of the Buffer is answ'ring "the call."

And Harold sends yards of this blether to press,
And thinks his bit done with,—could Harold do less?
The ink (not red blood) that he spills must be great
To find him employment both early and late.

The man who writes this is just fifty and three,
And since the War started he's served, Harold B.
He did not write asking for others to fight,
He serves, and he thinks that so doing is right.

He doesn't ask others to think of his age,
And *now* isn't done,—that he'll stoutly engage.
So, Harold, buck up, you're a young patriarch,
Join up with us oldsters and share in the lark.

If you read in the papers that give you your bread
You'll find older men are required—Mind your head!
The Royal Corps of Sappers are asking for men
Full fifteen years older—So please drop your pen.

And take up a rifle and act like a man;
What others can do, why, our dear Harold can.
So make a resolve now to join the R.E's.,
And then you may write all the bunkum you please.

Don't fear you'll get killed, that's a bad thing to do,
Shots may hit all the others but kindly pass you.
The way to Salvation is fighting for Right,
Just try what you can do and fight with your might.

V. A. PURCELL.

Home Letters from German Soldiers.

Translated by P. Selver.

(14) The capture of Maubeuge ("Berliner Tageblatt," September 29).

By this time an account of our great battles at Maubeuge and Le Cateau will probably have appeared in the papers. The battle lasted three days, and I will describe to you the day when we had the heaviest casualties—August 26.

Wet to the skin, we had lain down in a wretched hut on straw and rags, and found rest there on the night of the 25th-26th after two days' fighting. Without even a sip of coffee we started off again at 4.30. Towards 10 in the morning, information was brought to us of a strong enemy position. Violent fighting was developing all around. Our battalion was to be employed only as flank protection. But later on it turned out that one of the enemy's (English) main positions was immediately opposite us. At 11 in the morning the first and third platoons of our company went into action. The second platoon, to which I belong, followed as support. The enemy at once opened a murderous fire. Quite a number of machine-guns lay opposite us. Our firing-line could scarcely manage to hold its own. Then at last our machine-guns were also brought up. But the enemy replied with a downright withering fire. Bullets hissed close by us uninterruptedly. Then a hissing and whizzing—and a shell dropped scarcely ten yards in front of us. Now the enemy's artillery was also firing on our line. No words can describe our feelings. . . . It really seemed to be all up with us. It was 12 noon, and there was no holding our line; we had lost all leadership. I saw the supports falling back as well. Our machine-guns, too, lay deserted. Here was a case for quick action. "Boys, we mustn't desert our comrades; if it must be, let us all die!" With these words I dashed forward, my rifle high in the air. Hesitantly the boys followed me amid the most violent shell-fire. Our cheering sounded above the din of battle, and we reached the front of the line safely. . . . Two men were found to work the deserted machine-gun, and now we also were in a position to open a brisk fire. The N.C.O. at the machine-gun lay dead on the ground; a shell had torn his head from his trunk. For a long time we held our own in the murderous fire, but no help came. What was to be the end of it?

Then again the familiar whizzing of shells passed close over our heads. Our own artillery was coming. But we ran a risk of being settled by our own shells. Quickly the message passed back: "Fire 600 yards farther!" What a feeling of relief when at last our shrapnel burst in the enemy's ranks! Once again there was violent firing yonder; all the machine-guns appeared to be busy; then it grew weaker and weaker, until after a seven hours' fight all was quiet again. The enemy had evacuated the position. On our left, the 7th Division had also gained a complete victory. Then we proceeded forward. The enemy had left everything just as it was. We saw cartridges, cannon, rifles, uniforms, dead and wounded still lying about everywhere as we pressed forward. I may mention that the English had entrenched themselves in quite first-rate style, while we advanced on open ground to the attack. At 11 o'clock at night we finally took up our quarters as best we could in a burnt-out village, with the satisfaction of knowing that

we had fought the great battle of Maubeuge most successfully. But our losses were great—52 dead and wounded are missing from the ranks of our company. At the same time it affords me much honour to tell you that I shall receive the Iron Cross. It is a good thing that we have been four days on the defensive. The cannon are thundering without interruption, but we have got used to it. At night we all lie in the trenches, as the enemy often attempts to break through. It happened last night, for instance, but we brilliantly repulsed them, with only slight losses. . . .

(15) The surrender of the fortress of Maubeuge, narrated by Dr. Hans Stieglandt, an Austrian artillery officer in charge of the mortars, and by profession a barrister at Vienna ("Berliner Tageblatt," September 21).

It was a thrilling moment when, after the French garrison had retired, the first German troops began to move towards Maubeuge, and from the band of a German regiment burst forth the strains of the Radetzky March in our honour. For a moment my eyes filled with tears, but I was not the only one. Austrian music for the first time after so long, and then just that music too, and at that glorious moment! On September 5, towards 4 o'clock in the afternoon, a French motor-car with a white flag came into the German headquarters and asked the commanding officer, a splendid old warrior, whether he would consent to the surrender of the fortress under certain conditions. Then the German commander banged his fist on the table: "What, conditions? Unconditionally by 6 this evening, or I'll blow up the whole show, root and branch!" Thereupon the Frenchman withdrew very much upset, as may be imagined. But it was not known whether the commanding officer had meant 6 o'clock according to French or German time. When 6 o'clock came by German time, it was clear when the commander had meant, for he ordered the continuation of the bombardment. But scarcely had it started, than the car with the white flag came dashing like mad from Maubeuge. The commander took the letter which the bearer of the flag of truce had brought, and merely remarked, "Cease firing!" and so the unconditional surrender of Maubeuge was accepted. . . . As the English marched past, we all yelled with rage; for who could help cherishing hatred of the English, those infamous traitors towards the Germanic stock (das Germanentum) and the white race as a whole!

(16) Closing in on Verdun ("Berliner Lokal-Anzeiger," September 28).

I had formed quite a different idea of what the morning would be like. After I had entrenched with my company during the night, in beautiful moonshine and within view of the searchlight from the strong forts, and towards morning had arranged obstacles in front of our trenches with barbed wire collected from miles around, I hoped that I should have a chance of a snooze (pennen) till noon in my deserted tent. . . . Scarcely had I lain down, when a good substantial row began. The French had advanced and dug themselves in with their artillery before us on the heights. Their guns now covered the elevation, behind which we were lying, with shrapnel and shells. Every time a missile burst, we made a very deep curtsey, and my chaps, who had felt the effects of the French artillery in a particularly intense manner upon their own persons, looked at me expectantly for the order to withdraw to what they thought was safe ground behind our elevation. But there things looked even queerer still. Many horses had broken loose and were dashing about, minus drivers, across the wide field which was swept by shells. . . . War demands nerves. I have just been given a picture postcard with the inscription: "Now we'll thrash them!" The artist is a very witty fellow in the security of Berlin, but I wonder if he would have done it so nicely in our present situation. We, of course, are not in such a merry humour. Why, in the whole regiment, only one of my friends, H——, is still alive! He was told off with his company as a covering for the artillery, and he lost, I believe, only two men—a long way from the actual firing. But the rest of us? My advance-guard company—it's a dizzy feeling to be the first to go into action—left over half its number on the battlefield. . . . I have just had a look at the ground behind us, where our heavy howitzers are placed. The ground beside them has been regularly scooped up by the heavy firing of the enemy—25 to 30 men can easily get into the kind of hole that the French shells tear up, and take cover there. I hope the enemy aviators who are constantly flying about over us won't discover my chaps, or else, good Lord, have mercy on us! The little French aviators . . . bless my soul, they must have spotted us after all, for, shortly after I had broken off this letter to have dinner, there was a hell of a commotion; the same heavy brutes, of which I spoke above, thundered around us for five anxious hours. No bull's-eye hits fell on the company . . . but for all that it was not pleasant. It is true that only one man with the company and two of my platoon forward in the trench, where the barbed-wire entanglements that I had previously arranged in the night may have been a thorn in the flesh to the French, were wounded; but, for all that, it was not pleasant. . . .

Well, I can tell you, you simply have no idea what effects this war is having here. In the large villages there are scarcely any inhabitants left, and if you fish up such unfortunates in the cellars and say to them, "Soyez tranquils, nous ne sommes pas des ennemis des femmes et des enfants" (sic), they won't leave off kissing your hand.

6.ix.14.

This very day we have got to leave our pleasant billet. I gave orders to my baker to make me four more plum cakes. . . . The reason for this is that we are on outpost duty for the next six days. . . . It's sure to be interesting. I have the first Iron Cross in the regiment. How it was, I'll write later. Received 20 cigarettes, thank the Lord! Where are the rest? Thanks awfully!

9.ix.14.

Scarcely had we reached our outpost than in three days of exertions which it would not be thought possible for human beings to endure, we were bundled off to the — Corps, to which our detachment has been assigned. There's nothing certain in belonging to a reserve corps as an active unit. You get shoved about all over the place. I suppose we must have marched some 60 miles in all, not counting the battlefields, where the French still lie unburied from last week. After all these horrible things we are suddenly in bivouac, washed and well-fed, and not troubling a rap about the deafening noise of the guns.

11.ix.14. On the Aisne.

I have now two days of battle to my credit, and the third is dawning. I am alive and unwounded, although some thousands of bullets—among which were 24 rounds of shrapnel—were alone intended for your truly (meine Wenigkeit). . . .

19.ix.14.

We shall probably be allowed to enter the village of R., around which we have been lying constantly on the alert. The order has just been given that the civil population must quit. We shall first have to wait for supplementary drafts. Then we shall get to work again. Till then we shall render assistance at V., where yesterday a fearful attack was bloodily frustrated. Our former commander, General v. S., congratulated us on the honourable appellation of "The Iron Brigade," by which we are known throughout the army.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE SUPPLY OF MUNITIONS.

Sir,—Professor Arnold repeated last week the story that the Harmsworth Press was one of the means whereby our supply of munitions was reorganised and increased. A British general, he says, sent for the military correspondent of the "Times," who went to Lord Northcliffe, who went to Mr. George, who—and so on. Now, this is the tale as the "Times," or rather the "Daily Mail," tells it. But is it correct? Is not the alternative version much more likely, that Lord Northcliffe found out that drastic changes in the administration and supply of munitions were about to be made, and hastily set his pens to advocate them? Your readers will remember how, on the eve of Sir Percy Scott's appointment to the command of London's air defences, the Harmsworth Press began all of a sudden to suggest it. This "foresight" is a common Fleet Street dodge, just as Lord Northcliffe is a common Fleet Street dodger.

ANTI-NORTHCLIFFE.

* * *

OLD ARMY HORSES.

Sir,—A correspondent in the "Manchester Guardian" writes of the sale of cast Army horses in France and Egypt "into conditions known to be brutal and often involving torture which does not bear contemplation. The cruelty of Alexandrian drivers and of Egyptian

fellaheen generally is well known. This is not the result which subscribers to wounded horses' funds had in view."

No, indeed; and all lovers of horses should see that the practice is summarily stopped. E. H. VISIAK.

* * *

THE NEW DRAMA.

Sir,—It is obvious that "W. K." is a keen Ibsenite. Well, there is no accounting for taste. If Ibsen were now alive and fighting his battles, I should be on his side. But Ibsen's battle is won, while mine is only beginning. "W. K." denies my assertion that "after the war the greatest problem for women will be to capture men, not to run away from them." I can easily justify the statement. Man's intellect is peculiar to himself, but he shares his sexual passions with all the mammals. It follows from this that no amount of "economic independence" will satisfy women's sexual desires, let them be platonic or sensual.

But the war will create a partial man famine, and so the woman's struggle in that respect will be keener than ever. I should like to know how "W. K." would feel if he had been Nora's husband. (Of course, for all I know, "W. K." may be a member of Nora's sex.) I stick to it that Ibsen only asked questions. What did Nora do when she left home? The only profession she knew was that of motherhood. And what happened to the children and their father?

"W. K." is quite right in saying I blow my own trumpet. There is no one else to do it. When a man is fighting for his intellectual existence, he cannot afford to be over-nice in his language.

With regard to Shakespeare, the average man overrates him because he never reads him. He regards him with superstitious awe, as his father did the Family Bible, which was used for nothing but to keep the family documents in.

I thank "W. K." for flattering me by quoting so much of my letter, but I'm sorry he said nothing about the real subject of the letter—the New Drama.

I shall be happy to convince "W. K." that I use my head for the purpose I indicated as soon as publishers and managers are wise enough to print and produce my plays, though I am not a second Ibsen or Strindberg—thank God! WILLIAM MARGRIE.

* * *

DRAMA.

Sir,—If your correspondent "R. G." followed my excellent example, and did not read my articles, he would not be bothering you with his bewilderment; but I admit that this is a counsel of perfection which he is not likely to accept. But not even his bewilderment will make me read something that I wrote weeks ago; and if I did not make my point clear then, I am sorry. The case is really quite simple. When the war began, those of us, myself included, who had lost touch with the spirit of the people, expected a spiritual renascence which would find its artistic expression in the form of tragedy. But the history of the last two years proves that it is precisely the tragic attitude that does not express the spirit of the English,—they are older than that. We are confronted, I think, with a really normal absence of tragedy, not an abnormal presence of comedy, as your correspondent supposes; the reason being that the war, which is a reality, has restored the English to their normal state, a state of uneasiness in the presence of heroics.

JOHN FRANCIS HOPE.

* * *

REGIONALISM AND AN EDUCATIONAL GUILD.

Sir,—We are much indebted to Mr. Huntly Carter's discussions of the ideas of "Regionalism," which he has caught on tour, oddly enough as it may appear. The conception, of course, is not a new one; it is emphasised by Hegel in his "Rechtsphilosophie" under the principle of the "indifference of space," the idea being roughly that, seeing that one place is, as such, much the same as any other place, and you must be somewhere, you may as well settle down and cultivate the one you are in. You won't find any greater "value" by mere variation of the locus of your activities. "Here or nowhere is your America."

It is scarcely worth while now criticising the way in which points like this come to be erected into complete social philosophies. What I should like to draw attention to is the bearing of the principle on the question of the application to the educational service of the guild form of organisation. The question of functional v. territorial control is very prominent in connection with public education. I shall take the example of Scotland.

The Educational Institute of Scotland (the principal existing teachers' organisation) was originally a chartered body, with powers to examine candidates for the profession, and to base admittance on such examination. This professional control disappeared, and State and other elements of territorial control took its place, when the problem of making elementary education *compulsory* arose. To-day education is administered (a) by local elective school boards, which provide school accommodation, appoint teachers, and determine their remuneration, and (b) by the Scotch Education Department, which is responsible for the setting of the standards to be attained, curricula, and inspection. Both of these, then, are forms of *government*, and therefore territorial rather than functional in basis, political rather than social.

Now, without going into the problems and notorious hardships which have arisen from this system, I would point out that purely "functional" principles will not provide us with a complete solution here. So far as teachers themselves are concerned, such ideas have hardly dawned on them—the recent annual conference of the E.I.S. passed by a large majority a resolution which affirmed that the great foundation of the coming "new style" in education must be the extension of the areas for local administration; the authorities not to be elected ad hoc, but to be Town or County Councils—in fact, the system already prevailing in England. An amendment that teachers must be represented on such bodies was defeated as stated. Not very hopeful, perhaps; but let us see what points of principle these views rely on, in however confused a way. The fact is that teachers have a real difficulty in forming a clear idea of what professional control would mean, or how it would work. In the matter of curriculum or standards of efficiency, at least, it would appear there must in the meantime be reference to some quasi-independent, more or less central authority.

But it does not follow that because an authority is territorial it is necessarily governmental or *politically* representative, as are, in varying degrees, the Education Department, school boards, or county councils. It is here, it seems to me, that the principle of regionalism suggests a clue. Professor Geddes, its exponent, in a lecture delivered in Edinburgh the other day, laid stress on the University as a necessary element in the *region*, and maintained that every city should have its University as the cultural centre of the individual locality. My suggestion, then, is that a much greater scope for the influence of the University through the development of its Faculty of Education is worth considering in regard to this side of educational administration. If we care to make of the ideas promulgated in THE NEW AGE a systematic technical jargon, we may call each separate University a "guild" in itself. It might well remain so, as distinct from a general teaching "guild." The sort of control we are considering would avoid at once the mechanical uniformity of a governmental bureaucracy, and the confusion and eccentricity which might arise from mere administration by discussion. It might be expected to conserve local tradition in education in the particular forms in which that is desirable. As regards objections on the score of "control from above v. control from below," I shall only say that it should surely be evident by this time to such as take National Guilds seriously that this is a matter depending on the spirit of the members in an institution, and one which is not determined merely by the structure of any social formation. Those who cannot see this may be left to gloat over the idea of "Guild Congresses" and the like—surely the last refuge of the impatient "guildsman," who must, if he is to sleep o' nights, see all possible difficulties solved in advance. W. ANDERSON.

* * *

THE DECLINE OF HUMOUR.

Sir,—In my letter which you published on the 5th October, on this subject, I wished to write of the "*religious* musings of Plato," but your printer, not out of peripatetic spite I hope, made the musings "*ridiculous*."

JOHN DUNCAN.

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Press Cuttings.

I took advantage of the publication of the Garton Foundation Report to sound employers as to their views on the principle of the participation of the worker in the control of industry that is now being put forward from so many quarters. As might be expected, most of the proprietors of works to whom I mentioned this had never heard of the proposal and laughed it to scorn. I have seldom heard a greater torrent of abuse than fell from one gentleman when expressing his opinion of the Clyde workers generally, and the impression I gathered is certainly that in some circles of employers the feeling against the workers is more bitter than that of the latter against their masters. Only one case did I find of an employer who was sympathetic towards the workers having a share in control. This gentleman is chairman of a large iron and steel concern, and his view is that as regards conditions of employment it might be desirable for the workers to have a say in the management, but, if such participation is to extend to the manufacturing and business side, he felt certain that it would be utterly impossible. This was the most enlightened view expressed. All the people I spoke to were unanimous in anticipating serious labour trouble after the war, over the employment of women and the suspension of trade union regulations, and the opinion generally held seemed to be that starvation alone would "bring the men to their senses."—EMIL DAVIES in the "New Statesman."

We have got to realise that a "reconstruction" of industry which seeks to cast it into some permanent mould which it will be crime for the worker to fracture is fatal to the whole future of the working-class struggle for status, responsibility, and partnership with the community. A "share in control" which means no more than a partnership with capital is nothing but a bribe offered to trade unionists to seduce them from their independence into compounding the felony of capitalism. The control which the workers claim and obtain through their associations must be at the expense of profiteering, it must not serve as an end to it. Whether the workers after the war find themselves confronted by a chartered capitalism or a State absolutism in industry—and they may well have to cope with both—the peril before them will be the same—their recognition and confirmation as a helot class. Their choice of alternatives is beyond the sphere of mere verbal controversy; it must be for National Trusts or National Guilds.—"The Church Socialist."

One of the most important national events of the month was the Trade Union Congress, and one of the most significant developments is the attention which the Press generally devoted to its deliberations. On many of the matters which were considered a keen general interest was lacking; on others there was divided opinion; but on the fundamental question of the workman's standard of life there was absolute unanimity and the clear expression of a strong determination to defend it at all costs. We trust that the Government will not lose their way amid the tangled undergrowth of the discussions at the Congress, but that they will recognise this all-important fact—that the organised workers of the country will not tolerate the degradation of their standard of life in any form. Another significant incident was the able and moderate, but pointed, suggestion of the President, Mr. Gosling, for the "joint control" of industry by the participation of Labour in the task of governing the industrial system. Here again the Government would do well to pay due attention to this fundamental question. It is also necessary to record the deep sense of hostility in the minds of the workers to industrial conscription and Prussianism. Labour is slow to evolve a policy, but it is clear to all who have eyes to see that the organised workers are gradually feeling their way towards a policy, based upon the new sense of their value and responsibility arising out of the war. After the war, the workers will rightly claim to be treated as men and citizens, and not as "hands."—"The Athenæum."

Co-operation to buy machinery or to sell butter does not instantly turn narrow, stupid men into patriots, but it begins the process. Industrial workers have, indeed, for some time practised another kind of co-operation, to fight their masters; and for these "A. E.," knowing from what he has seen in Dublin the present futility and future danger of that fight, pleads for the democratic control of industry, gradually acquired. For years THE NEW AGE has urged the same idea, and recently Conservative newspapers, and even some employers, have given it their cautious approval; but "A. E." puts what has been said before in a striking phrase—"Men no more will be content under rulers of industry they do not elect themselves than they were under political rulers claiming their obedience in the name of God." But, both for the town and for the country worker, what "A. E." asks is that the natural instinct to co-operate should be given the opportunity to grow and that the natural idea of service to the State, which is not something external like a mediæval King but the national being of which each citizen is part, should be cultivated. One may object that the co-operation of buying and selling that suits the Irish farmer would be a feeble device to apply to the millions in England; one may argue that a much greater degree of State control than he desires in Ireland is inevitable in England after the war—that is, one may argue about the practical details of how men in different circumstances are to co-operate; but one cannot argue about the value of co-operation itself. Our effort in the war is a gigantic result of co-operation. Because the State is in danger, men co-operate to save it. Having saved it from the sudden destruction of war, will they co-operate to save it from the slower dangers of peace? Millions of men will come back from their long period of co-operation on the battlefields with enough of the spirit of mutual service in their minds to be ready, if they are led, to go on acting together. Whether they co-operate as members of a class to fight their employers, or as citizens of the State, depends on the wisdom of their own leaders and the imagination of the country's rulers. The uneasy dreams, constantly finding expression just now, that by some method of give-and-take, without any radical change in the old system, industrial peace may be secured after the war, are vain. They come from timidity and insincerity. Only the spirit of national co-operation, with all that that implies, can bring peace.—"Times" Literary Supplement.

"If I thought," said Mr. Snowden, "that the ideas put forth and the resolutions passed represented the minds of the workers of Great Britain I should feel inclined to give up the work of twenty-five years, and lose all hope for the future.

"But, fortunately, the Congress did not represent British Labour. Controlled by officials possessing no other qualifications but their status in their unions, it was barren of constructive ideas, and gave little sign of new talent promising well for the future. It threw no fresh light on problems now before us, and made no attempt to meet those that lie ahead. Dominated by the very men who, before the war, had lost the confidence of Labour, its conclusions do not represent, in any way, the mind of the workers. Entirely out of touch with the active rank and file, its resolutions signify merely the automatic registration of card votes held by the officials.

"Nothing is more significant or more disheartening in regard to the British Trade Union movement that the intellectual poverty of its leadership. The men in control lack vision and understanding. They have no grip of the great problems confronting them. At the present moment, instead of grappling with the future, they seem content to leave the settlement of the dangers evoked by the war in the hands of the men who made the war.

"Personally speaking, I do not believe that Trade Unions in Britain will ever get back to the position they held before the war. They never can argue again on the same basis. Their leaders can never again urge the same facts in dealing with employers. It will be impossible to stand out for a certain rate of production when the employer need only turn up his books to prove that the rate in question was exceeded perhaps ninefold during the war.

"The sheer helplessness of the Congress only emphasises the fact that we are faced by new conditions which require new treatment. We must have a restatement of facts and a clear, defined policy in regard to the future. A new edifice has arisen, hurriedly erected, but likely to remain. We must realise its presence."—Interview in "New York Tribune."

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