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# NOTES OF THE WEEK.

BEYOND demonstrating the numerical as well as the intellectual weakness of the pacifist group, the debate in the House of Commons on Thursday had little result. Mr. MacDonald, who opened it, is really asking us to attach more importance to a Reichstag resolution than those who voted for it did. Not only "Vorwärts," but even the radical papers of Germany are well aware that a Reichstag resolution under the existing German constitution is powerless to affect the Imperial policy; and it might therefore have been much more pacific than it was without attaining to any practical significance except as a hope for the future of German democracy. Mr. Snowden, who of course spoke on the same side, had taken even less trouble than Mr. MacDonald to prepare a reasonable case. With singular infelicity and irrelevance he succeeded in contributing nothing of value to the question at issue while managing to exacerbate the hostility of the opposition. In effect he alienated sympathy with his point of view, and went some way to supplying the mob in the street with a new handle to an old broom. It is unfortunate for the pacifists of this country that they have such a leader as Mr. Snowden. A man who cannot be fair, who is driven to dealing in rumours and forebodings, and who, in addition, has no grasp of his opponents' case, is not the man to advocate an unpopular policy without damaging it. On the other hand, it cannot be said that either Mr. Asquith or Mr. Bonar Law, who replied on the debate, said very much that was likely to advance the cause whether of peace or of war. Mr. Asquith made a test-question of Belgium, and Mr. Bonar Law, to be different from Mr. Asquith, made a test-question of Alsace-Lorraine, both of them well knowing all the while that neither question went to the root of the matter, which is the final destruction of Prussian militarism. For what if Prussia, in order to save itself for another day, should take Mr. Asquith and Mr. Bonar Law at their word and offer to withdraw from Belgium and to restore Alsace-Lorraine to France on condition of retaining the Prussian constitution intact—would not our leaders then discover that they had bought peace too dearly? We therefore deprecate these piecemeal demands, and commend rather the later sentence of Mr. Asquith in which he announced once more that a peace is only possible between the belligerent peoples as represented by Governments over whom they have effective control. This is the object we are aiming at, and it cannot be too often affirmed or kept too clear of minor issues.

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A qualification of the extreme formula of the "rights of small nationalities" may be observed in Mr. Asquith's sentence referring to that subject. "The governing principle," he said, "in any re-arrangement of the map ought to be the interests, and so far as it can be ascertained, the will of the populations affected by the change." We draw attention to this in order to put an end, if possible, to the notion that the practical statesmen among the Allies mean by the popular formula all that they are commonly supposed to mean. The assumption is prevalent that a small nation or community anywhere in the world has only to set up a claim to independence to be assured of the support of the Allies on the strength of the Allied formula of freedom. And it is as well that they should learn in advance that the formula is by no means absolute. Not only is it conditioned by the discovery of the real will of the population in the matter—a discovery difficult enough to make in any case; but a further condition is that the satisfaction of their demand shall also be to their "interest." In other words, they must prove before freedom is granted to them that it is likely to be good for them as well as gratifying to their desires. To these conditions, whether Mr. Asquith would or would not, we would add still a third, namely, that such "independence" should be shown to be in the interests of the world no less than in the interests of the small nation itself. The world-view, after all, is finally decisive; and to this tribunal sooner or later every nation, great or small, must bow. It is not alone, therefore, the question whether freedom is the will of a people or even whether it is to its own interests; it is finally the question whether it is in the interest of the world and of mankind. More, however, will be

heard of this later, when the world-conference comes to meet to determine what is really good for the world. At that conference, if peace is to result from it, local and national aims must be harmonised in a more general view than any that now prevails.

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The most serious omission, however, from the speeches of Mr. Asquith and Mr. Bonar Law was of any reference to the economic future of Germany. This subject, it will be remembered, took up a large part of Dr. Michaelis' address; and it is, we know, the main concern even of the democratic elements of the German nation. Moreover, economics is, as everybody is aware, the one feature of the war upon which friends as well as enemies have fastened to our detriment. Pacifists everywhere allege as an excuse for their pacifism that in effect economic rivalry is at the bottom of the war; and that, beneath the sounding phrases of the Allies, and chiefly of England, is to be found nothing more than a resolution to strangle a threatening commercial competitor. Look, they say, and see whether in fact the economic motive will not be the last to survive, and whether, when the end comes, it is not German trade that the Allies will have been proved to be aiming at! That the allegation is without real foundation; and that, indeed, the boot is rather upon the other leg (Prussianism being only Capitalism militant); are considerations irrelevant to the settlement of the future; for it may be the case that under a combination of Prussianism and Marxism, Germany was heading towards an economic hegemony of the world, and still it would not be just that her commercial rivals, when they have defeated her plans, should crush her. The world, in short, has as much need of German skill in economics as of the skill of the Allies; and it would be utterly wrong of the Allies to deprive the world of its German contribution when once they have secured that that contribution shall be made peacefully. A non-militarist Germany, a Germany that has foresworn the employment of force, has, therefore, the right to continue to share in the commerce of the world. Nor have the Allies, because they will have taken the sword from her hand, the right to prevent her trading in the future. Even the Minority Socialists of Germany, who are as anti-militarist as the Allies, see and demand the justice of this; and it is for this very reason that we regret the absence from the parliamentary speeches of any mention of it. Briefly, we want to know what the view of the Allies is concerning the economic international future of Germany. Is that view to be inspired by revenge; is it to express the fear of German commercial rivalry; or is it to be a world-view? When the Allies can give the German people an assurance that the Prussian sword is unnecessary to their economic future, the Prussian sword, once thrown down, would be unlikely to be taken up again. As surely, however, as the Allies attempt to deny Germany economic equality in the world, the Prussian sword will be forged again, be it in the bowels of the earth like Fafnir's.

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Colour is given to the charge that English business men are afraid of German commerce, with or without arms, by the comments of the "Times" and other journals upon what appears to us to be a perfectly legitimate means of organisation on the part of Germany. Organisation, it is clear, is to-day what machinery was when it was first introduced: an immense labour-saving and economic device; and it would, therefore, be to our minds as foolish an act to oppose organisation as it was to oppose the use of machinery. From this point of view consider first the recent German proposals as regards the German shipping industry, and afterwards the comments of the "Times" upon them. The proposals are briefly these: that as a means to the rapid restoration of her mercantile marine after the war, and as a further security of national control, the German State intends to offer subsidies on all new vessels that shall be built within five years of the conclusion of the war, on condition of sharing in their management and profits. A perfectly legitimate proposal, we should say, and one that in no way ought to arouse hostility in this country, however it should be regarded by the German proletariat who must needs pay the cost of it. But how does the "Times" regard it? The "Times" sees in the proposal "a determination to continue in the economic sphere after the war the struggle for supremacy which will have ended on the field of battle" "The scheme," it says, "is gigantic; it does not fall far short of the nationalisation of German shipping." But it has come to a pretty pass if an act of nationalising an industry is to be considered as an act of economic war. Our own shipowners, be it observed, have long been asking our own Government for building subsidies upon much the same scale as the subsidies to be granted by the German State to its shipping magnates. And they differ from their German confrères only in this, that they do not propose to share either management or profits with the State that subsidises them. But because with more sense the German shipowners are willing in return for capital to share with the State in management and profits, are our own shipowners to denounce Germany as seeking a new war? The very breath of Capitalism, is it not, is competition; and organisation is in its turn the latest weapon of competition. To oppose it is to set ourselves against the drift of things, and to be inevitably overcome by it. The proper reply to organisation is, therefore, superior organisation; and if it be the case that Germany after the war is going in for a policy of State-capitalism, our sensible course is not to cry out at it, but instantly to improve upon the policy and to embark upon National Guilds. An autonomous shipping industry in this country would easily, we believe, compete successfully with a semi-bureaucratised German marine. What certainly cannot successfully compete with German State capitalism is unorganised English private enterprise.

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From the Paris Conference held last week of the Western Allies, supplemented, as it was, by informal conferences of the whole of the Allies, we may expect in due course the re-statement of our common aims which the Russian Revolution and the advent of America have made necessary. The military situation, it is obvious, is anything but transparent; but the diplomatic situation is, if anything, even more confused at this moment. The difficulties in clearing it up are, of course, considerable; but in so far as a clear definition of our common aims would inevitably react favourably on the military situation, the duty of diplomacy is unmistakable. What, in general terms, is the problem? It is to be prepared diplomatically with alternatives for either of two contingencies: a military victory which shall leave Prussianism standing, or a victory accompanied by the fall for ever of Prussianism. To this end it appears to us that a common declaration on the part of the Allies (made, let us say, by Mr. Lloyd George in his forthcoming speech on the third anniversary of the outbreak of war) should contain two explicit alternative sets of proposals: one, proposals offered to a Germany that should immediately democratise its institutions; and two, proposals offered to a Germany that refuses to shake off the Prussian autocracy. This classification in embryo has already been made by Mr. Lloyd George, but upon his own responsibility and without the endorsement of the Allies as a whole. What needs, therefore, now to be done is to define it clearly and

particularly, and to issue it as the common declaration of the whole body of Allies. The effect in Germany could only be to make more clear than ever the real distinction between the German people and the Prussian system; and to add proof to the contentions of the German Minority Socialists that with Prussia Germany will be ruined, while without Prussia Germany may be saved. Nor should any unreasonable desire for revenge hinder the Allies from making the terms of peace as easy for a democratic Germany as they must and will be difficult for a Germany persisting in its Prussianism. After all, the world has to be lived in; and ideal justice is beyond our human powers. Something surely may be left to God. The terms we should, therefore, be disposed to offer to a repentant Germany might seem over-generous in the eyes of some; but they might, nevertheless, be right in practical ethics. They would, at any rate, have the merit of providing the world with a future free from the fear of militarism.

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It is, however, to the Socialist movement that we must look for the most direct action upon German Socialism; and the International, which is now likely to meet, may be expected to bear democratic fruit. A Conference of Allied Socialists is first to be held in London under the presidency of Mr. Henderson, and, thereafter, in all probability, a full International will be held in some neutral country. We are glad to see that the fears our Government entertained of what might be the outcome of the meeting of English and French with German Socialists have disappeared. They were always without any real ground, and they now have the evidence of Stockholm against them. For concerning Stockholm, which, in official opinion, was to have proved such a "trap" for Allied Socialists, even the "Times" is at last convinced that it is the German Government that has fallen into it. So will it be with the International when it is held, and more also. For if Herr Scheidemann and his colleagues returned from meeting neutral Socialists convinced that democratisation of Germany was necessary, they may be expected to hear from the Allied Socialists that it is urgent. We should not even be surprised, if "Captain" Tupper will allow them to attend the Conference, that our own pacifist Socialists will prove to be the most eloquent upon this point. A certain amount of collusion between the Allied Socialists is, however, desirable, if only in the interests of Socialism at large. We do not want, even if we expect, the Conference to meet only to degenerate immediately into a civil replica of the present war-map. The points at issue must be kept clearly before us. These, we imagine, will be concerned, in the first place, with the responsibility for the war, and only in the second place with the means of peace. Will our Allied Socialists, who are now about to meet, come to some agreement upon these matters, to an agreement, moreover, that will stand the test of the inevitable criticism of the German Socialists? For it is folly to imagine that the German Socialists do not believe that they have themselves a strong case; and it would be no less foolish in the Allied Socialists to put a weak or an inconsistent case before them.

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As for the responsibility of the war the question has been finally settled if we can believe the revelations made by the "Times" last week concerning the Potsdam Conference that took place on July 5, 1914. If the "Times" is rightly informed, this Conference was for the purpose of employing Austria to make war upon Serbia with the explicit foreknowledge that Russia would be compelled to go to war, and, thereafter, France and Germany as well. We expressly do not commit ourselves to full belief in the story, plausible and consistent with many hitherto unrelated facts though it appears to be. It is evidence, however, that facts of some kind exist, and that the question of immediate responsibility for the war is not so insoluble as Herr David would have had us think. As a basis for further research it is, moreover, almost as valuable true as dubious. The really secret and mysterious period in the history of the negotiations preliminary to the outbreak of war has never been, we have maintained, the "twelve days" between July 23, on which date the ultimatum to Serbia was issued, and August 4, on which date England declared war on Germany. It has always been for us the twenty-five days between the murder of Serajevo and the Austrian ultimatum. And it is to precisely this latter period that the discovery of the "Times" re-directs attention. Here, then, is the period to which we hope the Allied Socialists will confine their minds when discussing with the German Socialists the question of the responsibility of the war. We do not want to know what in their view followed the Austrian ultimatum; we want to know what preceded and led up to it. It is not a question of the responsibility of England after the fact of the ultimatum; it is a question of the responsibility of Germany before it. Herr Haase, it appears, as well as other German Socialists, have their suspicion that something German occurred between the murder of the Archduke and the Austrian demand upon Serbia. They are even aware that Austria did not act without collusion with the Prussian autocracy. It would, therefore, be politic in the Allied Socialists to confine the discussion to this point; and to lay upon German Socialists the onus of proving that Prussia did not deliberately provoke Austria to run the risk of Armageddon. Unless thereafter, if not while the Conference is still sitting, the German Socialists can procure the publication of the official correspondence between the German and Austrian Ministers during the twenty-five days terminating on July 23, 1914, they must be held to have failed to prove their case that any other country than Germany is responsible for the war, and they must submit to the judgment of the world.

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For obvious reasons the Allied Socialists are in a better moral position than the Allied Governments to lecture Germany on democracy. Not, however, that the Allied Governments may not continue in this work without incurring any charge of hypocrisy from us. On the contrary, the preaching of democracy can scarcely be without some effect upon the practice of it; and we should anticipate as the result of the Allied Governments' exhortations to Germany a democratic reaction at home as well as abroad. Be that as it may, however, the need of the present is the democratisation of Germany; and no pains, whether of mind or of conscience, should be spared to bring it about. Ignoring all that Mr. Lloyd George and others have said upon the subject—to which we may now add the explicit assurances of Lord Robert Cecil, who remarked last week that not only would the democratisation of Germany lessen our fears for the future, but that a German democracy would have made this war impossible—ignoring, we were saying, the accumulating evidence that Allied statesmen are now concentrating upon the democratisation of Germany, the "Manchester Guardian" has seen fit to make a distinction between a peace Government and a democratic Government in Germany, and to be employing it against the democratic propaganda. "If we wait," says the "Guardian," "till we get a democratic Government to negotiate with we are waiting for something speculative"; "the Allies did not set out to democratise Germany but to make the world safe for democracies." This is true in the letter, but in spirit it is false. And it is false because it mistakes

ends for means in one case and means for ends in the other. The assumption in the first clause is that we are seeking, not a German Government with whom we can make a permanent peace, but any Government with whom we can make any peace; and the assumption in the second clause is that we are not entitled to have discovered, in the process of making the world safe for democracy, that the only means is to democratise Germany. Both assumptions, however, are false. In the first case, it is by no means our desire to make any kind of peace with any kind of Government. In the second case, it is simple wisdom to have discovered that the democratisation of Germany is the condition of a lasting peace and to concentrate our attention upon it. The "Manchester Guardian," in tacitly denying these things, is preparing both for a patched-up peace and for a peace that will scarcely last until the ink of the Treaty is dry.

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Among the subjects discussed at the Paris Conference was the situation in Russia; and this must needs have appeared as the skeleton at the feast. For the worst immediate aspect of the situation, namely the military, the Allies, however, can scarcely be held blameless if it be true, as alleged, that they encouraged Russia in a premature resumption of the offensive. The occasion for this was most improbably the moment when a new Government was being formed and while it was not as yet clear whether even this would be stable. Moreover, the necessity of action was not imperative. As a dark horse, that is to say, with only preparations for military action and not military action itself taking place, the demand of Russia upon Germany would have been very considerable. At any moment Germany would have had to be prepared for an offensive that was always threatening yet never manifesting itself; and in this state Germany would in all probability have kept immobilised upon her Eastern fronts an appreciable part of her Army. As it is, however, with the dark horse revealed, the need of caution is for the time being over. Germany can safely withdraw her troops from Russia in the certainty that due notice must now be given of their future need. Is that not to have managed the Russian situation badly on our part? And are not the Allies to blame if they are the cause of it? The calculation, however, was no doubt as follows: Action, it was thought, and particularly successful action, would resolve the internal situation in Russia by introducing a decisive element into it. A Government would become stable by reason of its very need to be. If that was the calculation, it has miscarried; and its error, now that it has been made, is obvious. The Revolution required a Government stable from within and not merely stable from without; and for this purpose it was necessary that the governing authority, whether of a person or a committee, should have moved far enough to the Left to be able to deal with the extremists without fear of a further revolution. Mark what we are saying: it is that a Revolution has not ceased rolling until it possesses power enough (to put the matter brutally) to shoot the remnant of the revolutionaries without endangering its own balance. That the Provisional Government under Prince Lvoff did not possess that power was clear from the fact that the Leninites not only demanded more revolution but were strong enough to threaten it seriously. And that, at the moment when the offensive was resumed, the power of Kerensky's Government was not equally precarious, events were still to prove. As it happens, we believe that in fact Kerensky has arrived at the centre of gravity of the Revolution; he has the authority to employ force against the revolutionary minority. But it would have been wiser for the Allies to wait until Kerensky was not only ready but prepared.

## Status.

AN officer was court-martialled last week for dining in a public restaurant with a private. The decision of the Court will be promulgated in due course, but I do not doubt that, one way or another, the accused will be punished. Mitigation of the punishment was urged upon the Honourable Court because the private, in civilian life, is a man of property and position. But look at it how we may, with however kindly an eye, the fact remains that the officer has broken the regulations and has disregarded the status legally conferred upon him when he received his commission. It is certain that, in the eyes of the commissioned, it is a breach of discipline thus to hold social intercourse with the non-commissioned. But status also operates throughout the non-commissioned ranks: Sergeants must only associate with their own rank, corporals with theirs, and privates with privates. A young officer has an older brother who is a private. When he dines with his brother he dresses in mufti. A fellow-officer discovered him the other day. Asked if he was up to any mischief, he said: "Let me introduce you to my brother." The officer laughed. "You may well laugh," said the private, "but that young scamp of a brother is dressed in my clothes, and he insists upon my paying the bill. Will you join us?" I remarked to a major recently invalided out that, as we now had a citizen army, these social distinctions between the ranks were a stupid anachronism. "Now that I'm back in civil occupation, I agree with you," he answered; "but when I was in the Army it seemed quite right." Oddly enough, the non-commissioned men with whom I have spoken regard the salute and the social distinctions as proper and inevitable. They dimly appreciate the truth that status is an outward and visible sign of power. But they wrongly assume that discipline only derives from power from above. It does in the German Army (the German Social Democrats being fundamentally academic Liberals); in the French Army discipline comes from democratic consent. The trouble in Russia is that they have not yet made up their minds about it. In England, we simply ignore the whole subject. Nevertheless, whether in England, France, Russia, or Germany, *status operates. It has the sanction of law.*

Status is essentially a group distinction. You cannot confer it upon an individual as such. The class that is economically strongest achieves the highest status, and in due course secures the political and social priority. Efficiency only counts so far as it applies itself to the maintenance of status. Thus an officer's efficiency is often tested, not by his talent for war, but by his skill and tact in maintaining the rights and privileges of his order. Everybody knows that the sergeant is the backbone of the Army. He it is who guides the subaltern, suggests to the lieutenant, hints to the captain, advises the men, and generally keeps the regiment up to date. But, in status, he is only the equivalent of the industrial foreman. I am not therefore surprised that in the Report of the Committee on Officers' Promotion no reference is made to the promotion of N.C.O.'s. They are not, in fact, officers. Subject to certain warrants, they are liable at any time to be reduced to private. It is done at times. In this report, it is an officers' grievance that "acting rank" does not count in the officer's record. But a sergeant who has assumed acting lieutenant—as is being done every day, particularly when the men "go over"—has no grievance, because he cannot, in view of his status, expect further promotion. With one proviso: If socially he is of the officer class, then promotion comes. He may be relied upon "to stand in" with the officers' professional interests.

Status in the Army—status, not rank, observe, for in the officers' mess all ranks are equal—is the reflex of status in civil life. There is first the broad distinc-

tion between the employing classes and the wage-earner, subsequently sub-divided on the one side into employers and salariat, and, on the other, into foremen and wage-earners, just as in the Army we have the broad distinction between the commissioned and non-commissioned, with their subsequent ranking gradations.

And the foundation of the whole scheme in army and commercial life is the wages system. The manners and customs of wagery constitute a class apart, in the Army to be commanded, in industry to be exploited. These manners and customs are the growth of subjugation, the sure index of a low status.

Just as the commanding—that is, the possessing—classes attach primary importance to status, in the Army with its commissioned and non-commissioned ranks, in the Civil Service, with its first and second divisions, in Industry, with its salariat and wage-earners—always a great gulf fixed—so apparently do certain leaders of Labour attach equal importance to their status. Thus, a new workers' party advertises itself with great verbosity in the "Herald," loudly proclaiming itself as devotedly in favour of maintaining the wage-system. Believe it or not as you will, the first clause in its charter is the continuance of wagery at a pound a day. If I were an employer, I should say it was dirt-cheap at the price. I would gladly pay it out—daily, weekly, or monthly—with one hand, and would just as quickly get it back with the other, through the wholesale houses, retail shops, increased rents, increased freightage, increased charges for food, amusements, travelling, and all the other contrivances for skinning the workers and keeping their wages at the subsistence necessary to efficiency—an efficiency that would soon show itself in improved labour-saving appliances and, in the ultimate, increased production and increased profits. Mr. Ford, of motor-car fame, discovered this simple truth a few years ago, and has made a fortune out of its practical application. The ignorance of elementary economy so naïvely betrayed by the authors of this extraordinary charter neither annoys nor amuses me—it is, of course, beyond serious discussion—but I cannot help wondering where they have been during these recent years when the whole wage-system has been blown to atoms. The reverent way in which they seek to gum it together again is possibly a symptom of the intellectual devastation caused by the war. It is not a "workers' party" they are founding, but a fellowship of Humpty Dumpties with a committee of Rip Van Winkles. And what is Mr. Lansbury, a member of the National Guilds League, doing in this gallery?

I do not know whether Mr. Newbold is a member of this new party. If he isn't, he ought to be, for he, too, is resolutely determined to maintain the proletarian status. The proletarians, he tells us, are going to run the new movement, and all middle-class theorists, particularly Guildsmen (he calls us "Guild-Socialists," I suppose as a term of contempt), are warned off. Three cheers for the Proletarians! They know their status, so Mr. Newbold assures us, and mean to keep it. Speaking for myself, my withers are unwrung. For thirty years I have been in some kind of political and even spiritual touch with Labour, but never in my wildest dreams have I posed either as a Labourist or a Labour leader. But I would gently suggest to Mr. Newbold that the men like me are deeply concerned with every kind of economic and social change; that, whatever their status (and Heaven knows how indeterminate it is), they are citizens of no mean city and are accordingly bound in honour to put their best into the national stockpot; that they, too, may be searching for their true function; that they may even yet prove of some service to Mr. Newbold's fighting proletarians. I do not know: am not, in fact, particularly hopeful of the bourgeois class as a whole; but I know this: that what Labour must fight for is a monopoly of its own labour, by and with the help of everybody who believes in Labour's monopoly of labour as the only way to change its status. One thing, however, Labour cannot monopolise, and that is ideas. Mr. Newbold reminds me of those English who go to Ireland and become more Irish than the Irish themselves. He, with an enthusiasm I envy, out-proletariats the proletarians. It is a phase of individual development, by no means unusual. In the long run, however, ideas win their way.

S. G. H.

# The Fetish of Personality.

By Ramiro de Maeztu.

MODERN fetishism consists in the worship of personality. A fetish is an object the possession of which procures the services of the spirit lodged within it. The fetishism of the day supposes that the possession of personality is in itself the possession of something good or valuable. Some people say that true personality is to be found in the whole of humanity; others assert that true personality is to be found in the individual; others place it in some part of the individual, pure reason, or pure will, the "higher self," of which they say that it is common to all individuals; others find it "objectivised" in the social groups of their predilection (e.g., the Church, the State, the Nation, the Province or Economic or Cultural Organisations and Associations); and finally there are some who define God alone as the true personality. But all, or almost all, modern men bend their knee before the Real Personality, be this what it may.

The concept of personality serves also to defend the most antagonistic ideals. Stuart Mill utilises it to maintain the individual against society; Hegel, on the contrary, to maintain the supremacy of the State: "The State is the moral substance, conscious of itself, the rational, divine will, that has organised itself into a personality." On the value of the personality of peoples Mazzini bases nationalism. Kant formulates the ideal of his ethics in the respect of personality. The authors of theories of law usually do not dispute fundamentally, but only concerning which is the personality par excellence—the State, the social group, or the individual—to which belongs as an inalienable attribute the power of making laws. The patriot invokes the name of the personality of his nation to incite the citizens to national defence. The conscientious objector appeals to the right of his own personality to remain at home. Even in the industrial conflicts the argument of personality is wielded by both sides, the workmen to ask, and the masters to refuse, the recognition of trade unionism. More truly to-day than ever Goethe could repeat his phrase: "Personality is the highest happiness of the children of earth."

And yet, is it not possible that the world-crisis finds its true origin in having surrounded the concept of personality with the halo of sanctity?

It cannot be denied that in the name of personality positive goods are often defended: justice, truth, power and happiness; but then there is no necessity whatever to invoke the name of personality. On the other hand, when certain "rights of personality" are defended merely because they are rights of personality; that is to say, when it is not proven or attempted to be proved that these "rights" are favourable to the maintenance and increase among mankind of justice, truth, power

or happiness—what is defended in defending personality, if not one exclusiveness, against which must arise sooner or later the exclusiveness of others?

For personality is exclusiveness. So it has been understood by humanity during many centuries. To all the masters of the Middle Ages, personality was merely the incommunicable element of rational beings. It was so defined by Boethius, the last man of antiquity: "the individual substance of rational nature." With the same concept is it defined by Suarez a thousand years later: "the incommunicable mood of subsistences." Personality is the incommunicable. Saints in heaven share in some manner the substance of God; they do not share the Persons of God.

This does not mean that the Middle Ages believed that the value of beings is to be found in their individual and incommunicable element. That would be meaningless. The value of things does not depend upon what they contain of incommunicable. All things, even the least valuable, have incommunicable elements. There is not a microbe exactly equal to another microbe. Every creature is a unique specimen. But this individuality of beings is merely a fact, and not a value. Their positive value depends upon the substance they contain or upon their function; and the substance of individuals can be defined as the communicable part they contain; and the function as the activity of communication.

The Middle Ages considered personality as a fact, and not as a value. Had they examined it as a value, I am inclined to believe they would have judged it to be a negative value. Against the Gnostics and the Manicheans, who considered evil as a substance with an existence of its own, Scripture and the Middle Ages proclaim that evil is inseparable from the creature, even in its purest forms, that imperfection is implied in created substance, that is to say, in individuals, and that imperfection is evil, in varying degrees. As personality or individuality is a limitation of substance, the Middle Ages would have been bound to consider evil as an inevitable result of the division of substance, which division we call creation, while the Good would remain as an immanent attribute of uncreated substance. Following this order of speculation we arrive at the conclusion that the world is good, because it is made of a good substance, but that it is not entirely good in so far as this substance is broken into personalities or individuals. Our conclusion would not be very original. The same thing has been thought by all the great religions, Brahmanism, Buddhism, and Christianity, and by all the great philosophers of the world, including Leibnitz.

I name Leibnitz, for he was the first man who tried to make of personality a positive value. Personality is no other thing than consciousness of individuality or limitation. But Leibnitz in his "Theodicy" had derived evil precisely from the limitation of finite beings, just like the Fathers of the Church. And I do not say that it is not possible to convert into a positive value the consciousness of our limitations. I believe, on the contrary, that it is only through clear realisation of our capacity for doing evil, and of our inclination to do it, that it is possible for us to amend both by our own strength and by the help of God. But, in this case, the value of personality depends precisely upon its humility; and on this road one does not pass from personality to goodness save through mistrust of ourselves.

But this was not the road of Leibnitz; his was rather the opposite. Leibnitz starts from the assertion that consciousness is the only source of the "Eternal Verities." He, like Descartes, finds the first Eternal Verities in mathematics. Leibnitz adds dynamics. The verities of ordinary life—for instance, that I am writing this article for THE NEW AGE—are for Leibnitz only "confused perceptions." They owe this character of incertitude precisely to the elements that come from without: the newspapers, publicity, etc. "In order to be able to judge of the truth of sensible things, we need the truth free from doubts of demonstrative sciences." "A phenomenon is only well-founded when one proceeds according to the ideal laws of arithmetic, geometry and dynamics." The pure ideas of arithmetic and geometry are innate in the soul. It is not true that the soul has doors and windows through which it receives images of things, but we possess in our spirit all the forms of things. Our spirit is capable both of incidental and of necessary Verities, but it is the source of the necessary Verities. Thus, consciousness is, above all, to Leibnitz, the system of necessary Verities. So far, we have been following Descartes, to whom also never occurred the possibility that the numbers of arithmetic and the figures of geometry may be as external to consciousness as the pen with which I am writing. The point at which Leibnitz parts company from Descartes is on the conception of consciousness. The "I think" of Descartes may be considered as an abstract or universal consciousness. As I am thinking now that A is B, and afterwards that C is D, it may be thought that I am the permanent substance in which A, B, C, D manifest themselves. But as the mathematical relations, that are born together with his terms, in the thinking ego, are the same for all thinking egos, can we better explain this coincidence than by assuming that all the thinking egos are only, so to say, windows through which a single ego looks out?

Here enters Leibnitz. The abstract or universal ego of Descartes is to us, as Malebranche observed, absolutely incomprehensible. On the other hand, "our experience teaches us, it seems, that we are something peculiarly our own, which thinks, which perceives, which wills, and that we are different from another who thinks, perceives and wills another thing." The ego of Leibnitz refuses to be confused with the ego of Spinoza, Descartes, Pascal, or Newton. The internal experience of the individual ego does not, nevertheless, lead Leibnitz to justify experience in general, because in that case he would have been forced to maintain that the verities of experience (e.g., the existence of the individual ego, that this article has been written by somebody, etc.), are not less true than the mathematical Verities, although they may be less generally applicable, and therefore less useful. The internal experience of the ego leads Leibnitz to admit the individual as a new source of certitude, by the side of the scientific verities. We do not know the universal ego; the individual ego is evident to us. Not only that, but we only know beings in general as individual existences. The concept of a universal soul is a fiction; reality is revealed to us immediately in the individualities, in the monads. But the monad contains the Eternal Verities of mathematics.

Let us remark that we have taken the decisive step to attribute positive value to personality, because we have granted to the concrete ego of Gottfried von Leibnitz the dignity of being the source of eternal verities which in the argument of Descartes only belonged to the abstract ego. What now follows is only a corollary. Individual consciousness is also the source of morality. The idea of justice does not arise either from experience or from the senses, but reason attains it through definitions. As justice consists in "proportions," it is independent of facts and its verity is eternal. It is valid for things because it does not proceed from things. It would subsist even if there were no men or things to which it could be applied. Universal right is not an arbitrary product of the will of God, but "it is the same for God and men." Hence the autonomy of morality. The divine reveals itself to us in morality "in the light of eternal reason which burns in the spirit."

Rational souls, "apt for science and government," do in their small spheres what God does in the whole world. As full perfection is their fate, "they create worlds as small gods." And these worlds do not lose themselves or disappear, but "in time they approach their ends." Thus was invented another very modern idea, that of inevitable progress. All realities, all individuals, walk the road to perfection; but as the perfection of God is inexhaustible, they walk it step by step, and never by a leap, as Spinoza and the mystics desired. Even animals and plants advance towards their maturity. What we call evil is only evil in appearance. It seems to us evil because we cannot lift our eyes to see it "from the sun"; but we see it "with the eyes of the body." There is a pre-established harmony between the fate of every individual and that of the whole. We live in the best of all possible worlds.

Justice allows us to have serfs, because the serfs "lack understanding," which the masters have; but as the body belongs to the soul, and the alien soul cannot be appropriated, the position of serfs must not be considered as a property, "but as an usufruct, which has its limits, so that the right of having slaves cannot be extended to the point of making them base or unhappy." The rights of rational beings are not transmissible. Personality cannot be given or acquired. The rational monad is supreme and inviolable.

The obvious error of Leibnitz consists in not having separated the world as it is from the world as it ought to be. It would be very desirable that the light of eternal reason should never be extinguished in the spirits of men; and it is arguable that it is never entirely extinguished; what can never be said, however, is that our spirit can never do evil or think error. Leibnitz sees in men only the individual consciousness that thinks the truth and does the good. Mens non pars est, sed simulacrum divinitates, representativum universi, civis divinae Monarchiae. (Mind is not a part, but a symbol of divinity, a representative of the universe, a citizen of the divine Monarchy.) From this excellence Leibnitz and afterwards the eighteenth century derived the excellence of personality. But this optimism had already been refuted by Pascal, when he accused one half of the philosophers of ignoring the grandeur of man, and the other half of ignoring its baseness. Leibnitz forgot the element of baseness.

The value of personality depends for Leibnitz on the fact that men think the truth and do the good. But men do not always think the truth or invariably do the good. Appearance! Leibnitz exclaims. He does not realise that an assumption of every science lies in the property that some propositions have of being true and others of being false; in the same way that the assumption of ethics is that some acts have the property of being good and others of being bad. If we believe that what is false is true and what is bad is good, logic loses its normative value and ethics its reason for existence.

This error of Leibnitz has been corrected by succeeding thinkers. What is is no longer confounded with what ought to be. We do not deny any longer that we think contradictory things: we content ourselves by saying that we ought not to think them. We do not say any longer that all our actions are good; we confine ourselves to saying that they all ought to be good. Human personality is not only a small god "apt for science and government," but also a small devil capable of falsity and misgovernment. And yet although the Leibnitzian assumptions have fallen to the ground, we stick to the idea that personality is an inviolable sanctuary. We retain this idea because it flatters us, because it divinises us, because it satisfies the small vain devil which every man carries within himself, and which asks for incense either as an individual or as a member of a particular society, or as a man, or as the "symbol of divinity."

# Mr. Belloc and German Democracy.

(Being a letter addressed by Mr. Belloc to the "Daily News." With comments by "R. M.")

I THINK I am voicing the opinion of many of your regular readers, though, perhaps, it may only arise from a misunderstanding, when I say that the distinction you seem to have drawn between victory over a democratic enemy and an autocratic one is one that does not correspond to the real position in Europe.

[The distinction has been made, not alone by the "Daily News," but, with few exceptions, by every journal, publicist, politician, and statesman in Europe, America, and the British Empire. All these, of course, may be wrong, while Mr. Belloc is right; but it is not fair to dismiss two-thirds of the world as amounting only to the "Daily News." Their contention, in contrast with that of Mr. Belloc's, is precisely that the distinction between forms of Government does correspond with the real position in Europe, and that, in fact, the real position arose out of the conflicting characters of those forms.]

Democracy, I take it, is that form of government in which power is exercised directly by the people. You see it at work in most of the Swiss Cantons, and the best example I have ever seen is the excellent little State of Andorra.

[Mr. Belloc here "takes it" that democracy in practical everyday speech means the direct exercise of power by the people. But except for the examples he mentions, democracy in this purist sense does not correspond to the real position of any part of Europe; yet in common speech we refer to democratic and non-democratic forms of Government in Europe as if the words really meant something. What, then, do they mean, since they do not mean democracy as rigidly defined by Mr. Belloc? Plainly it is a question of more or less, of tendency, of direction. That State whose form of government tends in the direction of pure democracy is entitled to be called a democratic State; while that State whose form of government tends away from pure democracy is rightly called a non-democratic or anti-democratic State. The one partakes of democracy, and tends in an increasing degree to become democratic: in a word, it is a democratising State. The other tends in an increasing degree to become non-democratic: in a word, it is a non- or anti-democratising State. This is all we mean when we distinguish between them practically; but it happens to be ample for the purpose of diagnosing the real position in Europe.]

An attempt to realise it [democracy] in great and highly centralised States such as our own is always imperfect, though by a combination of high local autonomy and strong centralised institutions a great measure of democracy can be obtained.

[In this paragraph Mr. Belloc implicitly admits the reality of the distinction drawn in the preceding comment. Admitting with him that every attempt to realise pure democracy in great modern States must needs be imperfect, we can repeat that the attempt is the thing. A State continuously attempting to realise pure democracy is as much entitled to be called democratic a a man continuously attempting to realise the Christian life, with however imperfect results, is entitled to be called a Christian. What measure of pure democracy is possible in a modern State is, of course, another matter. In this we agree with Mr. Belloc that much more, at any rate, is possible than any great actual democratic State has yet realised. A democratic State is, however, on the right road; while a non- or anti-democratic State is on the wrong road.]

It will, I think, be universally admitted that democracy is impossible in States where it is not desired, and I think it will also be admitted that very many happy and exalted States in history have existed under other forms of government, with the full consent of the governed, and as complete a sense of citizenship as the citizens of any democracy ever enjoyed.

[To admit that democracy is impossible where it is not desired is to affirm that where democracy exists, or

can be brought about, it must be desired, or have been desired. The fact implies this desire. Very well; now if it should so happen that Germany by any means becomes democratic (in the practical sense of tending towards democracy or democratising), her desire to become democratic will be implied; and the fact will prove it. Short, however, of the fact, the desire, we admit, cannot be proven; for the converse of the proposition that democracy is impossible without the desire is anything but true. The desire may exist (as we affirm that it does in Germany) without the fact. Our business is to stimulate the desire until it issues in the fact.]

It [Democracy] is, after all, only one form of human government, though it be the best. I may add that very few of those intimately acquainted with this country and her history would allude to our own form of government as democratic. On the contrary, what strikes foreigners most about England when they come to know her well is rather the aristocratic form of her institutions and the aristocratic instinct of her people.

[Without questioning the identification of "those intimately acquainted with this country and her history" (by whom we supposed Mr. Belloc meant Englishmen) with "foreigners who have come to know her well"—the observation is irrelevant to the case. Admittedly, our own form of government is still a long way off from pure democracy; admittedly there is still a strong aristocratic bias both in our institutions and in the mind of our people—the democratising tendency is present and continuously present. Not even a foreigner who comes to know her well will maintain that we are aristocratising our form of government. The aristocratism is, in short, a slowly disappearing factor, while the democratism is a slowly appearing factor.]

But even if this were not the case, even if the Allies were in general democracies, while the Central Empires and their allies were as anti-democratic as the Spartans or the Venetians, that surely could not weigh against the enormous reality of the modern German crime.

[We quite agree that a crime remains a crime by whomsoever performed; and that the form of government by which or under which it is committed is irrelevant in the moral judgment. Were the pure democracy of Andorra to perpetrate a crime, the crime would be equally a crime with one perpetrated by an autocracy like that of Germany. This is sound moral doctrine. But judgment of the act itself is not the only form of judgment imposed upon mankind. There is judgment of the agent, to which, after judging an act, the mind normally proceeds; and from this point of view (or, rather, with the political judgment in view) we take account of the circumstances, character, and motives of the agent. That the "crime" is by no means reduced in consequence of any plea that may be set up by the agent we agree. But our judgment of the surrounding circumstances naturally and rightly enters into consideration when sentence is to be imposed. To what degree, we ask, was the agent responsible? Under what circumstances did he perpetrate it? What were his motives? Such questions, admittedly irrelevant to the judgment of the crime qua crime, are relevant to the judgment of the agent qua agent. We therefore contend that while our judgment of the crime of Germany should be independent of any question of the form of her government, our judgment of Germany must take her form of government into account.]

The massacre of innocent men and women and little children wholesale; the wholesale pillage, theft and arson without a shred of military excuse; the vile humiliation heaped upon defenceless prisoners and civilians; the promiscuous murder that has been going on at sea for 2½ years—

[God forbid that we should seek to extenuate any of these crimes. But we must observe that they have all occurred since England declared war upon Germany, and they cannot therefore be held to be the crime to punish which England went to war. They may be held to have confirmed the moral intuition of England in regarding Germany as a criminal State; but they could not have been the evidence before us when England declared war. What would be more to the immediate point would be an enumeration of the crimes of Germany before the war. And these, we imagine, could more clearly be shown to be acts primarily of the German Government.]

— these things are not the act of some unpopular autocrat, they are the acts of the German people; they are enthusiastically applauded by the whole of the German people, and the German people are as much responsible for them as an individual is responsible for his own actions.

[We agree that for what a people can be persuaded or coerced to do or consent to by its Government it must bear the responsibility, together with the punishment, precisely as if its acts were freely initiated by itself. In this sense we do not acquit the German people of being accessories in its Government's crimes, or protest against their just punishment. There are, however, degrees of responsibility, varying from reluctant consent under persuasion, unwilling submission under coercion, to enthusiastic co-operation and full partnership; and of these degrees the German people appear to us guilty of the lesser rather than of the greater. We confess that we are walking in this matter rather by faith than by sight. But so, too, is Mr. Belloc, who depends, like us, upon the evidence permitted to be published by the Censorship in Germany and elsewhere. The different objects of the Censorship in Germany and in this country unfortunately happen to coincide in respect of the very question under discussion. Both, in other words, are directed to proving the unity of Germany—the one to demonstrate the solidity of the State with the people, and the other to intensify popular realisation of the enormity of the German crime. Is it not possible, is it not probable, that a conclusion, thus arrived at, is incorrect, and that, in fact (as there is also evidence to show, though, for the most part, it is illicit), the German people have *not* enthusiastically applauded the crimes of its Government? The mistake of Mr. Belloc has, after all, been made before. Pitt referred to France in 1799 as "the common disturbers of Europe and the common enemy of man"; and though directing himself mainly against the character of the French Government specifically implicated the French people in its policy. Mr. Belloc appears to us to be repeating the error of Pitt without the political safeguard that Pitt supplied with it.]

A nation which has deliberately done these things, and glorified in them, will either succeed in escaping punishment, or will suffer the punishment morally due to such abominations. If it escapes punishment, whether as a democracy, a theocracy, an autocracy, or any other kind of "cracy," it will mean that Europe cannot restrain something in its midst which is capable of destroying Europe.

[We are not for a moment suggesting that by becoming a democracy Germany should escape the punishment morally due to her crimes. All we mean to imply is that in becoming a democracy Germany will indicate that the moral punishment the world hopes to visit on her is likely to be reformatory as well. It is not possible that democracy should exist where it is not desired; and hence the democratisation of Germany would imply the desire of Germany to become democratic. And this changed desire would of itself be evidence of the change of heart that should follow upon moral punishment. The present commentator, however, suspects that Mr. Belloc is more concerned with the punishment of Germany than with the reform of Germany, believing, as no doubt Mr. Belloc does, that Germany is incorrigible, and can only be punished and restrained, but never punished and reformed. It is, of course, a possible point of view; but fortunately the world does not share it. As well as punishing Germany, the world desires the reform of Germany.]

As for those who do not know what Europe is, or feel the common European tradition, it may be sufficient to point out that the escape of the German nation from punishment and from strict control in the near future

will inevitably mean the decline, impoverishment, and humiliation of England.

[We agree that the escape of the German nation from punishment would mean these things; but equally we fear that the exercise of strict control over an unrepentant though punished Germany would, even if it were possible, bring about equivalent evils. The real point at issue is the means by which control in the near and remote future is to be exercised over a punished Germany. In Mr. Belloc's view, assuming, as he does, the incorrigibility of Germany, the control must be external—that is to say, it must be exercised directly by the maintenance of the military power of the Allies indefinitely. And what a prospect is there for the rise, enrichment, and glorification of England! In our view, on the other hand, and upon the assumption of the corrigibility of the German people, given, in the first place, punishment and, in the second place, a democratic constitution—the control to be exercised in future is mainly self-control, the control of a people by itself. The difference, it will be seen, is one of method; and it rests in the last resort upon the estimate formed of the influence of constitutions upon national character. In autocracies there is, we believe, something that makes for militarism against no matter what pacifist leanings a people may have. In democracies, on the other hand, there is, we believe, something that makes for pacifism against no matter what militarist leanings a people may have. Punish Germany, as the world has the moral right to do, and leave her form of government autocratic—and she will inevitably drift into militarism again in spite of all the watchful control the rest of the world can practically exercise. But punish Germany and leave her democratic—and she will no less inevitably drift in the direction steered by democracy, namely, into pacifism. That, at any rate, is another view than Mr. Belloc's view; and it happens, as has been said, to be shared by many people besides the editor of the "Daily News."]

And England is something which the mass of people who love it do not connect with any particular form of government, but with an idea much more intimate and real, that of a nation and the race.

[The spirit of the institutions of England is, nevertheless, included in the intimacy of patriotism and affection—or, at least, it might be! And if we agree that the mass of English people are not fighting mainly out of love for our particular form of government, but for England as a nation and a race, we can conceive that with a different form of government the fight would be less whole-hearted—or, shall we say, more whole-hearted? Might there not be fewer pacifists and conscientious objectors if England's form of government were nearer to being a democracy? And would there not certainly be more if Germany were not an autocracy?]

# A Modern Prose Anthology.

**Edited by R. Harrison.**

X.—MR. E. V. L-C-S.

(The following has been selected from Mr. L-c-s's anthology of his own essays: "The Genteel Art.")

*"Dreams." By E. V. L-c-s.*

When conscience, with remorse and fear,
Goads sleeping Fancy's wild career.
"Rokeby."

I dreamt last night the most delightful essay. But it is gone—gone completely. This is only the shadow. The pity of it! Will no one help me to remember it? . . .

Meanwhile, I have added another famous dream to my list. It was a long list before, but it is longer now, and takes up a vast deal too much room on my library shelf. It included Coleridge's "Kubla Khan," Dante's "Divine Comedy," Tennyson's "Dream of Fair Women," Chaucer's dream, all Stevenson's many dreams, Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," Lamb's "Dream Children," Addison's "Vision of Mirza," Will Honeycomb's Vision of Chloe. I remember only these as I write, but one feels certain there are many others. And to this gallant and genteel company now enters— But I anticipate.

After all, going to sleep is a serious business. Clearly, it is not a matter on which one can embark lightly, such as reading a book or writing an essay; and an essay which professes to give instruction in the art of sleep and (as one might say) the best manner of passing the night ought at least to have the courage of its subject.

In my search for the curious, of which I shall never grow weary, I came recently upon this cure for sleeplessness, in one of those books of the "will anything" type, which seem to be the principal export of America:

"During the day, when you think of the night, say: 'I shall sleep well to-night.' (How infinitely trustful!) When bedtime comes, say: 'Oh, how sleepy I am! I already yawn.' Now yawn, whether you want to or not."

If the method is as effective as it is simple, I confess I have my qualms in advertising it so early in this article.

Who, one wonders, invented the superstition that counting sheep jumping over a gate is a proper remedy for insomnia. For the truth is, if one's brain is tired, the sheep simply won't jump at all, and if one's brain is in an excited state the sheep are so athletic and jump with so much verve and rapidity, it is quite impossible to count them.

Leigh Hunt has a charming essay on sleep.

"It is a delicious moment certainly—that of being well nestled in bed, and feeling that you shall drop gently to sleep. The good is to come, not past: the limbs have been just tired enough to render the remaining in one posture delightful: the labour of the day is done. A gentle failure of the perceptions comes creeping over one. . . ."

"To sleep! Perchance to dream . . ."

Personally, I prefer an hour or two of rest absolute—a certain "breathing-space," as it were—before the dreams begin. But heaven forfend me from a night with no dreams at all! How dull that must be! And here one begs to differ from a great living author, who, writing in the "Spectator," says: "Sleep, to be sure, to be perfect, must be dreamless." On the contrary, we ask for choice a night full of dreams—the more the merrier; and for preference a certain variety should be noticeable, otherwise the dreams are apt to slip into each other, and the night passes too quickly. "The best time of all for dreaming," says a writer in "Blackwood's," "is an hour or two after midnight, when the mind is still fresh from the first sleep, and invention has not yet begun to flag." After this, the dreams become (it is true) more practised and sure, but they have lost the freshness and vigour of one's early efforts. They have become stereotyped. They are pot-boilers.

The best dreams are those in which reality takes on a new aspect, and familiar objects are viewed in a new light. Nor am I of those who would rule out bad dreams completely. Bad dreams, in one sense, I would; but surely a nightmare is the apotheosis of dreaming. What a change after the drab events of the wake-a-day world to go careering after witches on Tam o' Shanter's mare, or to be chased round St. Paul's Cathedral in your night-attire by a wild bear flourishing a toasting-fork! The most exquisite waking sensation were flat compared to it. And in this connection I may say that for the wildest and most amusing dreams I confidently recommend a late supper of roast pork. I myself have never tried it, and it is now rather late to change my habits, but if I were a boy again with a boy's digestion I should certainly experiment. Who knows but that it was after such a relaxation, to which (as we know) he was addicted, that Lamb wrote his famous Dissertation? I am inclined to think it must have been. But this is a counsel of perfection.

When it comes to practical counsel, a poem by Mrs. Elizabeth Turner, an ancient preceptor of the young,

offers perhaps as good advice as can be given, if it savour somewhat of the schoolroom and lack the true dreaming spirit. A family of children are preparing for bed and are given choice of comestibles on which to retire. Willy comes first. Willy is greedy. You are filled with alarm at the badness and greediness of Willy.

> Willy has some lobster salad,
> Little Willy's looking pallid;
> Willy has some horrid dreams.
> Lobsters chase him. Willy screams.

Willy's adventures with the lobsters are continued through many heart-rending stanzas. Then comes the turn of little Peter. Peter was rash also, but more enterprising.

> Peter had some bloater fry,
> Some potted pork and cheese and pie.
> Peter had a little pain:
> Won't ever eat pork pie again.

The moral is sound, and is personified in the character of Harold. Harold is shrewd, Harold is both godly and ingenious.

> Harold, cautious, bound for bed,
> Has nothing but a piece of bread;
> Pushes dainties out of sight,
> And dreams he's eating cakes all night.

A wise action is its own reward; what can trustful youth do after that but control its lust and follow Harold, and sup nightly on dry bread? Though, perhaps, to the less strict intelligence it may seem more amusing to be chased by lobsters.

Can, one force oneself to dream something, or are dreams merely arbitrary?* This question is a particularly apposite one for journalists, who are often heard to deplore the waste of time involved in mere sleep. Many writers have dreamt very beautiful compositions in their sleep, but were they planned?—and the question occurs: Can one train one's mind to write an article on some special subject while one is asleep? Only thus can dreams be of any real use to journalists. The "Spectator" (we are informed by a worthy correspondent of the Rev. Simon Olive-Branch of the Looker-on) "not only could dream when they pleased, but could also choose the subject of their dream." And the book on the "will-to-anything" thinks that it can be done.

One is terrified at the prospect of the amount of work it may be possible to achieve during sleep. Will employers of the future, one wonders, order their clerks to complete the day's accounts overnight and present them for examination late next morning? It is not outside the bounds of probability. We have already an eloquent example of what is possible for a mere writer in Young's "Night Thoughts," though it is true I have never heard that Young wrote them all in one night. And that reminds me. The preliminary synopsis of their thoughts and conclusions by the old 18th century poets seems an excellent idea. Why not adopt it for essays? For example:—*Argument.* The author discourses on dreams, their use and significance. Why can one not dream what one wishes?—Examples of dreams the author has known: the author expresses his dislike of bad dreams—which dreams he prefers. Story of a little girl who was afraid to go to bed because a lion was just going to eat her the night before. Mentions famous dreams.

"It may be worth observing (says the correspondent of the Rev. Simon Olive-Branch) that there are two distinct kinds of dreams: the one, of a plain and household nature, such as ordinary persons experience; the other more refined and spiritualised, and peculiar to periodical writers."

*** The following remark of the late Brenner Stowey has relevance here. Asked whether he considered dreams the result of wishes sub-consciously willed, he replied: "If you dream the same dream two or three nights running, you may be pretty sure there is something agreeable about it."**

Meanwhile, I cannot forget my sorrow for the loss of the essay I dreamt. Ah, what a charming essay! Light, chatty, superficial, allusive, floating in seas of quotations, full of the most urbane, most witty remarks on curious books. What an essay! The gentle, the urbane essay that will never be written—of which this is the merest parody. It is with trepidation I place this one in the niche the perfect essay should occupy, next to "Night Fears" and "Dream Children"—with trepidation and regret. The one that I dreamt was better.

## Drama.

**By John Francis Hope.**

* "Plays of Gods and Men." By Lord Dunsany. (Fisher Unwin. 3s. 6d. net.)

LORD DUNSANY, in a preface as brief as it is instructive, unconsciously enlightens us concerning the dearth of what is called "really good drama" since the war began. The dramatists have not time to write. Before the war, when "everything divine ran with light feet," Lord Dunsany would write you a play in a day, as in the case of "A Night at an Inn"; at the most he would labour no more than six days at his creation, as in the case of "The Queen's Enemies." He was as facile in composition as any painter of the Renaissance.

> To-morrow, satisfy your friend.
> I take the subjects for his corridor,
> Finish the portrait out of hand—there, there,
> And throw him in another thing or two
> If he demurs.

This facility of composition was fashionable, and has now become a convention. Mr. Arnold Bennett has told us that it is easier to write a play than a novel, Mr. Vachell proves it by writing more plays in a month (let us say) than the London theatres could produce in a generation. Mr. Seymour Hicks, I remember, used to write melodramas at about the same rate; and Mr. Shaw gave a sort of psychological sanction to the practice by his assertion: "Effort defeats itself. The thing that is done well is done easily." Lord Dunsany's plays were certainly done easily; he had none of Ibsen's two-years labour on a three-act play. Two days for a two-act play, three days for a three-act play, one day for a one-act play; and in the case of another one-act play, where he had to delineate the more involved character of a woman, six days. Newspapers that used to review "Books of the Week" would have had to notice "Plays of the Day," or write statedly of "Momentary Mythologies," if the war had not given Time an opportunity of expressing himself fully in reality. If Lord Dunsany became a soldier, Time also was enlisted on the side of the Allies, apparently as Lord Dunsany's superior officer; and "lest any idle person might think that I have had time to write plays during the last few years," the foreging historical details were published. Time is on the side of the Allies, but not of the artists.

Time, of course, is not of the essence of inspiration, but it is of the technical expression. There are occasions, we know, when the inspiration is so powerful that it requires only utterance or transcription; but in these cases, the whole technical machinery has been in existence, requiring only the impulse to begin working. A play might be written in a day, and be a masterpiece; but only if the playwright were already a master. But neither in conception nor in execution is Lord Dunsany a master; his men are not men, they are types, his gods are not gods, they are passions, and his plays are, therefore, defined as melodrama. His gods are the creatures of the Grand Guignol; they exist only to thrill theatre audiences, and to teach men that their Divine Right permits them to use only methods of frightfulness in their government. For Lord Dunsany, Prometheus has never lived, nor Christ been transfigured; his gods are chuckling fools who throw thunderbolts at men who do not believe in them.

Even so, the theme would be tragic if the human beings concerned possessed qualities which are regarded as humanly admirable. It is the execution of the innocent, not of the guilty, that afflicts us with the sense of tragedy; if Desdemona, for example, had been what Othello thought she was, her execution would have been justified, and the play have been a simple melodrama of passion like "Paolo and Francesca," instead of a tragedy. But the confounding of the guilty does not appal the free; "let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung." The human beings in "The Laughter of the Gods" are the paltriest lot of people that even the repertory stage has produced; they address each other as "Your Sincerity," but "Your Absurdity" would be a more fitting form. Because the ladies of the Court cannot buy false hair in the jungle city of Mek, they henpeck their husbands, the King's councillors, to prevail upon the King to return to Barbul-el-Sharnak. This they fail to do, and the hens peck again; and the coxcombs turn to the prophet. This prophet does whatever Lord Dunsany wishes; it is necessary to his theme that the prophet should utter a false prophecy, and the prophet agrees to do this when he is threatened with exposure of the fact that he has had one wife more than the law allows. But only a page before, when the conspirators had threatened to murder him if he did not do as they wished, he replied: "If you should do this thing, the gods have willed it. If they have not willed it, you cannot." Apparently the will of the gods, and his trust in it, did not extend to the matter of his own fitness for the office of prophet. But the false prophecy is uttered, and fulfilled to the very second; but why, no man knoweth except Lord Dunsany. Anyhow, the curtain would descend on a catastrophe, and no audience could be dissatisfied with that.

That catastrophic close is Lord Dunsany's triumph; he is always in at the death. "The Queen's Enemies," after a most trivial exhibition of feminine guile prevailing over masculine suspicion, are drowned by the Nile in a sunken temple. But this wholesale slaughter does not produce a tragic effect; the death of the one man whom we have learned to know affects us far more than the destruction of a whole host. Stage battles are always ridiculous, because the human value is individual; a collective catastrophe is beyond our capacity of suffering, and flows unheeded around us. The story of the Flood does not compare in tragic power with that of the Crucifixion; and to drown six men, as Lord Dunsany does, is to produce not one-sixth of the tragic effect of the death of one man, but none at all. Destruction on a large scale is not terrible; it is impersonal, and really means nothing to us.

As for "A Night at an Inn," it is impossible to do anything but laugh at it. Lord Dunsany has blundered into farce in his attempt to pile horror upon horror. After three separate murders of priests of some Indian idol, the idol itself arrives, gropes its way to the table, and screws in its ruby eye. It then walks out without groping, and proceeds to call out, "in an outlandish accent," the name of one of those who stole his eye. He goes, and is murdered in the garden by the idol; and each of the four men in turn is similarly called and similarly treated, The Toff, who had foreseen everything, declaring as he responds: "I did not foresee this." Apparently the idol then walks back to India, unless it is arrested for vagrancy by the police, for the immunity of the gods does not extend beyond the precincts of their temples. We can imagine the idol (having evaded the police) re-entering its temple dusty, weary, and footsore, but settling itself on its pedestal with a smirk of satisfaction. Lord Dunsany, it would say, is the William Whiteley of tragedy; he gives me four Englishmen for one meal, four quite tasty Englishmen, and very nourishing. I trust that the war will soon be over, so that he may return to his proper work of feeding the gods with human sacrifices.

# Readers and Writers.

OBSERVANT readers, and not of THE NEW AGE only, must be aware that a period of "moral" discussion is now opening. At one time the centre of intellectual interest is Science, at another time it is Art, but to-day it is Morality. The change is certainly considerable, as all my readers who can look back upon twenty or thirty years of history must agree; for which of us, since ever we knew enough to call ourselves Moderns, would have dreamed that we were on the eve of the revival of Morality as the chief topic of distinguished discussion? Yet so it is; and I must warn my more sceptical readers against being late in entering the discussion. Morality is in the melting-pot again; and I prophesy that it will not emerge until a considerable literature has been dedicated to it, and all the best minds of the age have contributed their precipitant to it. Look round your shelves, therefore, and mark the publishers' catalogues for volumes bearing upon the problem of morality. Even already the debate has begun, and it will require the finest minds to keep up with it. Oh, that we could have a war-correspondent at the front in the war, to tell us how the battle goes, and which way victory inclines. There is nothing to equal Morality for subtlety, and nothing to equal its disguises and substitutes for ingenuity. Let us have a care that we are not on the devil's side.

* * *

Except that everything written on the "Bhagavad Gita"—to my mind the greatest treatise on Morality ever produced—is acceptable to me, I should object strongly to the commentary upon it, entitled "Krishna the Charioteer," which has been published by Mohini Mohan Dhar (Theosophical Publishing House. 1s. 6d. net). M. M. Dhar is a sentimentalist to whom, therefore, what may be called the emotional aspect of the "Bhagavad Gita" makes the greatest appeal. I do not deny, of course, that there is an emotional element (of course there is!) in the "Lord's Song"; but we are so constituted in the West that the way to our hearts is through (or, at any rate, *apparently* through) our heads. Give us an idea, and we shall be able to emotionalise it for ourselves; but approach us emotionally, and, in the majority of cases, our heads fly away at a critical tangent. The emotional aspect of the "Bhagavad Gita" is the less important, moreover, from the fact that Arjuna, the pupil in the dialogue, is in much the same state as "we moderns." He is called upon to act in a matter which really has no personal interest for him: to take part in a war, the material issue of which is indifferent to him. "Why," he asks, "should I exert myself in a dispute from which I can derive no advantage whatever? I am not desirous of the fruits of victory, nor am I afraid of the consequences of defeat. In short, I have no motive for action at all—why, then, should I act?" The problem, you will see, is essentially modern; and infallibly it will arrive to everybody who is capable of "impartiality"—the ability to see both sides of a case, and both sides equally. Are there not, in fact, many minds at this moment in this balanced state concerning the present war—so "impartial" that the merits of the parties seem to be as six is to half a dozen? And is it not probable that these minds are asking themselves the very questions Arjuna addressed to Krishna? To these, I say, it is useless to make an emotional appeal; and, in fact, Krishna did not depend upon it, at any rate, for his main attack upon the apathy of impartiality. On the contrary, he appealed first to Arjuna's mind, and in such a manner that I truly think, if his arguments could be modernised, our own "intellectuals" would be convinced by them. It is not, of course, my province to attempt to paraphrase them here. The price of the "Bhagavad Gita" is sixpence. I shall, however, before very long, write something more upon the subject, if only to discharge my debt.

A much better little work than M. M. Dhar's on the "Bhagavad Gita" is the reprint of a lecture by Mr. F. T. Brooks, of Adyar. ("Kurukshetra, or the Moral Nature of the War to which the Gita calls Mankind." 6 annas.) Mr. Brooks invites attention to a remarkable fact about the "Bhagavad Gita." In a good many families in India a boy who is found reading the "Gita" is given up as lost to the world; he is assumed to be heading straight for the hairy gown and mossy cell of the recluse. On the other hand, in an increasing degree the "Gita" is now being distributed among the Indian youths by the more extreme Nationalists in the belief that its reading will have precisely the opposite effect, namely, to inspire youths with a will to act in the world "regardless of consequences." How, asks Mr. Brooks, can these two contradictory phenomena be reconciled? His reply is that both readings, the ascetic and the reckless, are wrong; and he gives good reason for his conclusion. But further, he remarks that the phenomena prove the danger of putting the "Bhagavad Gita" into unprepared hands. I agree with him. The "Gita" is not a book for everybody; it is a book for Arjunas only; for people, that is to say, who neither desire nor fear anything, but who, on that very account, need an impersonal motive for acting at all. Mr. Brook's little essay is well worth attention.

* * *

For current discussions of the foregoing topics the quarterly journal, the "Quest" (2s. 6d.) can always be depended on; and in the July issue I find several articles of relevant value. One of them is on the "Problem of Evil," another is on "The Redemption of Tragedy." The former, by Baron A. Heyking (a recent interviewee of Mr. Bechhofer), strikes me as being little more, however, than a respectable paraphrase of modern liberal opinion. The author begins by assuming the necessity of evil as a means to the realisation of good; and, naturally, ends by identifying evil with good. How can it be otherwise? Once allow that "evil is a natural necessity" and "a condition of evolution," it must surely follow that evil, being of this beneficent character, is also good. But if it is good even only instrumentally, that is, as a means to good (and, mark you, a *necessary* means), why should it be opposed, why not tolerate and encourage evil? The more evil the more instrumentality for good! As a matter of fact, there is in modern thought a considerable amount of this particular confusion; and it accounts very largely for the astonishing moral apathy of our day, particularly in intellectual circles. Intellectuals who have been impressed by the doctrine of the instrumentality of evil in the evolution of good cannot any longer regard evil as the absolute thing it is; they must needs have reservations in their condemnation of it. In other words, their moral motive is weakened since it now depends upon the *difference* between the good which is to be done and the good involved in the evil by means of which it *is* to be done. To those who are suffering from this form of moral paralysis I would recommend a little dose of paradox. Assuming that *some* good (not all kinds of good, however, as Baron Heyking thinks, for he is wrong in affirming that "the supposed bliss of a sinless paradise is a myth without ethical meaning": it is a myth without *moral* meaning, but it has an ethical meaning), assuming, I repeat, that *some* forms of good are dependent on the instrumentality of evil (Tragedy, for example), the evil is instrumentally good *only* while it is regarded as absolutely evil. Once think that *because* good is brought out of evil, therefore evil is good in any sense—and even the instrumental good of evil is destroyed. Evil, in short, is only good when it is regarded as absolutely evil. Think of it as good, even instrumentally, and it is really evil.

R. H. C.

# Provincialism the Enemy.—IV.

I.

"TRANSPORTATION is civilisation." Whatever literary precocity may have led people to object to Kipling, or to "the later Kipling" *as art*, there is meat in this sentence from "The Night Mail." It is about the last word in the matter. Whatever interferes with the "traffic and all that it implies" is evil. A tunnel is worth more than a dynasty.

A tunnel would almost be worth part of this war, or, at least, a resultant tunnel would leave the war with some constructiveness indirectly to its credit, and no single act of any of the Allies would have so inhibitive an effect on all war parties whatsoever. There is something sinister in the way *the* tunnel disappears from discussion every now and again. I dare say it is not the supreme issue of the war. It may not be the millennium, but it is one, and, perhaps, *the* one firm step that can definitely be taken, if not toward a perpetual peace, at least toward a greater peace probability.

Zola saw "one country: Europe, with Paris as its capital." I do not see this, though if I care for anything in politics I care for a coalition of England, France and America. And after years of anxiety, one sees the beginning of, or, at least, an approach to some such combination: America, who owes all that she has to French thought and English customs, is at last beginning to take up her share in the contest.

Fundamentally, I do not care "politically," I care for civilisation, and I do not care who collects the taxes, or who polices the thoroughfares. Humanity is a collection of individuals, not a *whole* divided into segments or units. The only things that matter are the things which make individual life more interesting.

Ultimately, all these things proceed from a metropolis. Peace, our ideas of justice, of liberty, of as much of these as are feasible, the immaterial, as well as material things, proceed from a metropolis. Athens, Rome, the Cities of the Italian Renaissance, London, Paris, make and have made us our lives. New York distributes to America. It is conceivable that in a few centuries the centre may have shifted to the west side of the Atlantic, but that is not for our time.

At present the centre of the world is somewhere on an imaginary line between London and Paris, the sooner that line is shortened, the better for all of us, the richer the life of the world. I mean this both "intellectually" and "politically." France and England have always been at their best when knit closest. Our literature is always in full bloom after contact with France. Chaucer, the Elizabethans, both built on French stock. Translations of Villon revived our poetry in the midst of the mid-Victorian dessication.

Contrariwise, the best of French prose, let us say the most "typical," the vaunted Voltairian clarity is built on England, on Voltaire's admiration of English freedom and English writers.

And the disease of both England and America during the last century is due precisely to a stoppage of circulation. Note that just at the time when Voltaire would normally have been reaching the English public and being translated, the Napoleonic wars intervened, communication was stopped. There has never been a complete or adequate English translation of Voltaire, not even of representative selections. England and America have brushed about in a dust-heap of bigotry for decades. No one has pointed out why. France went on to Stendhal and Flaubert. England declined from the glorious clarity of Fielding. She underwent an inferior century, lacking an essential chemical in her thought. Her anæmia contaminated America.

Even Landor was almost suppressed, not officially and by edict, but left unobtainable, or "selected" by Colvin.

Even before the war what sort of communication had

we with France? Who, in any way, realised the Celt, and the Pict in France, or the Charente stock among the English? Who but a solitary crank would look into a south French town called "Gourdon," with a street of "Fourgous," and note the flaming red hair of its denizens? This is a long way from Brittany, and that more generally recognised racial kinship.

I do not wish to sentimentalise. My sole intent is to point out that England had forgotten a number of bonds with France, and that there may remain still more which even war rhetoric has not brought to the surface.

II.

Wars are not ended by theorising. Burckhardt notes as the highest point of renaissance civilisation the date when Milan refused to make war on Venice because a "war between buyer and seller could be profitable to neither." The "Peace of *Dives*" was recognised for an instant and forgotten. Historically, peace has not been doctrinaire. It has been not unlike a rolled snowball. Burgundy and Aquitaine no longer make war on each other. England and Scotland no longer make war on each other. Dante propounded a general central judiciary for all Europe, a sort of Hague tribunal to judge and decide between nations. His work remains as a treatise. What peace Europe acquired she acquired by an enlargement of nations, by coalitions, such as that of Castille, Leon and Aragon.

The closer these unions the greater the area in which a lasting peace is made possible. And against this moves the ever damned spirit of provincialism. Napoleon was its incarnation. Only a backwoods hell like Corsica could have produced him.

He was simply a belated condottiere working on a much greater scale. The Italian Renaissance cities had produced his type by the hundred.

Coming from a barbarous island he arrived with a form of ambition two centuries behind the times, and wrecks incalculable mischief. He came with an idiotic form of ambition which had been civilised out of his more intelligent, more urban contemporaries.

The same can be said of the Hohenzollern bred in a mediæval sink like North Germany, fed on rhetoric and on allegory. They had a mediæval decore, a mediæval lack of bath-tubs (indeed, this is a slur on some mediæval castles), they had about them a learning which furnishes a parallel to the elaborate scholarship of the schoolmen, and was as fundamentally vain. They desired an isolation. All reactionaries desire an isolation. The project for a means of communication is a wound. A definite start, to be quite concrete for the moment, a definite start on the Channel Tunnel would be worth many German defeats. It belongs to a world and an order of things in which local princes with the right of life and death over their subjects do not exist, and wherein many other mediæval malpractices pass into desuetude.

III.

As for decentralisation, does the general English reader know that the City of New York proposed to secede from the State of New York at the time of the Southern Secession? It is the best parallel I know for the situation of Ulster (? Belfast). We may take it that Ulster is Belfast. As an American I may be permitted to be glad that the United States were not sub-divided; that some trace of civilisation has been permitted to remain in them, and, despite many of their faults, to continue, if not to progress.

Among the present sub-sectional criers within your Islands I hear no voice raised on behalf of civilisation. I hear many howling for a literal and meticulous application of political doctrine; for a doctrinaire application, for a carrying ad absurdum of a doctrine that is good enough as a general principle. Neither from South Ireland nor from Ulster has anyone spoken on behalf of civilisation, or spoken with any concern for humanity as a whole. And because of this the "outer world" not only has no sympathy, but is bored, definitely bored sick with the whole Irish business, and in particular with the Ulster dog-in-the-manger. No man with any care for civilisation as a whole can care a damn who taxes a few hucksters in Belfast, or what rhetorical cry about local rights they lift up as a defence against taxes. As for religion, that is a hoax, and a circulation of education would end it. But a nation which protects its bigotry by the propagation of ignorance must pay the cost in one way or another. Provincialism is the enemy.

IV.

And again for the tunnel which means union and not disseverance. "It would suck the guts out of Paris in a few years, in less than no time." Would it? There are perhaps few people in this island who would stop for such consideration. There are French who would mock the idea, and still more intelligent French who would accept it, *and* desire the tunnel.

The point is *not* would the tunnel turn Paris into a sort of Newport, into a sort of swell suburb of London. (Which it very conceivably might.) The question is, does a closer union of the two capitals make for a richer civilisation, for a completer human life for the individual? And to this question there is only one overwhelmingly affirmative answer.

Not only would it do this, but it would, I think, tend not to making the two cities alike, but to accentuate their difference. Nothing is more valuable than just this amicable accentuation of difference, and of complementary values.

It is a waste of time to arrange one's study of a literary period anywhere save in the British Museum. (No one who has not tried to start the examination of a period elsewhere can fully appreciate this.) I am taking a perhaps trifling illustration, but I wish to avoid ambiguity. It is a waste of time for a painter not to have both the Louvre and the National Gallery (and the Prado, for that matter) "under his thumb." Artists are not the only men to whom a metropolis is of value. They are not an isolated exception. I but take my illustration from the things most familiar to me. To put it another way: Civilisation is made by men of unusual intelligence. It is their product. And what man of unusual intelligence in our day, or in any day, has been content to live away from, or out of touch with, the biggest metropolis he could get to?

A lumping of Paris and London into one, or anything which approximates such a lumping, doubles all the faculties and facilities. Anything which stands in the way of this combination is a reaction and evil. And any man who does not do his part toward bringing the two cities together has set his hand against the best of humanity. EZRA POUND.

## Saint James' Day (July 25).

(PUEBLA CARAMINAL.)

THE old bell was tolling rheumatically, but with a right good will; as who should say, "There is life in me yet for all my years. Give me an occasion, and you shall see!" The sunlight fairly rocked with the sound, and from all the yellow length of the dusty street the fisher-folk came streaming up the alleys to church. Not a girl there but had her white or cream silk handkerchief tied round her head. The men had new cloth caps, but these were Bradford's ugliest and do not look well upon Spanish fishermen. Little girls came with their parents; the little boys, shaven headed and conscious of the smartness of their best sailor suits, were already in church.

That bell broke up the party in the dark depths of the

cool posada. Another time would do to drink yellow wine out of porcelain bowls, and loll and chatter and flick the rash flies away. Now the priest was waiting, and that would never do. So the loafers rose and stretched their legs and ambled rather shamefacedly to the open church door, where most of them stayed twiddling at their caps before they had the courage to enter and cross themselves and join the kneeling throng. There were gaudy altars all about under the grey stone arches. But at the farther end was the biggest altar, with a great crucifix above it; and the priest was there, in red and white, mumbling inaudible Latin prayers, while a tiny acolyte beside him moved his big Bible from one side to the other, and fetched him all the holy things.

The grown-ups were at the back of the church. In front, round about the priest, eight small boys knelt piously while the father turned and gave them quick benediction and turned again to the altar. Now and again the congregation answered his mumbling in fervent responses. And now and again the boys stood up, their wooden rifles at the slope, and two of them blew discordantly upon bugles. Then they would kneel at the word of command, while a vigilante passed between their ranks and flicked them with a swagger-stick into proper line with all a policeman's pompousness. The priest was perfunctory enough at his duties. But of the boys not one would have missed a moment of the function; certainly not the proud-chested little buglers on either side of the altar, nor the tiny, busy acolyte.

In the yard outside a few men sat on benches and kept wiping their wet foreheads and spitting and wishing it all over. At last, at the end of a long prayer, came a shrill word of command. The little sailor-suited company formed in order and faced right about and rapped their steps stoutly as they marched along the aisle, the tiniest boy of all at their head. But he lived in the big house among the vines and maize fields, so that nobody disputed his claim. And in case he should make any mistake, the vigilante marched with him. The priest slipped into his little room through a side door, and the church emptied quickly to see the little fellows form up again outside and go through all the evolutions they had practised so carefully that morning and many mornings before. Only a few women stayed to pray, kneeling on the bare stone flags, poor ones and rich, and young and old.

All that afternoon the little regiment was marching up and down the sea front, through the ragged sunlit alleys and up the country road towards the sprawling sierra. Not in all their short lives had the little buglers blown so loud, nor the drummer banged so lustily. It was a democratic company, some barefoot and some shod. The perky infant who led it was the only one allowed to play the aristocrat. For a time the fisher lads who were not of the inner circle followed the sturdy company wherever it went. Free passage was given to it alone. Folk stood back from their slow errands. The quaint gentleman who travelled long-leggedly astride a mule with a great umbrella to shade him, pulled aside to let it pass; and many a pig and mongrel cur was grievously disturbed of sleep, for this was Saint James' own day, and his soldiers must march freely. But the novelty soon passed, and folk returned to their business. The posadas filled again, the gossips sat about each other's doorsteps. The village fountain became busy with the coming and going of women who balanced long water jars of earthenware upon their heads. The pig came back to his strip of sunlight in the main street beside an aged dame who sold greengages and underdone loaves of bread; while the dogs stopped their too energetic sniffing at the unaccustomed business of the place, and followed his wise example. And the quaint party on the mule vanished with his umbrella round a turn in the dusty road. Arosa gulf lay still and sapphire blue. Miles across the water a line of villages shone white in the sun, and behind the town the shadows of a few white clouds went racing along the mountain side. Soon came a ring of sharp sounds to break the stillness; fireworks to make the day a proper festa, and more ringing of bells. But not a dog stirred himself to see what it was all about.

Only the little sailor-suited regiment went on tirelessly marching with its wooden rifles at the slope all the afternoon. LEOPOLD SPERO.

# We Moderns.

**By Edward Moore.**

PRAISE?—It is usual to extol the industry of those realists who put *everything* into their books, but they should rather be censured for their want of taste. The truth is that they lack the selective faculty—lack, that is, art. Afraid to omit anything from their reproductions of existence—lest they omit what is most significant—they include *all*—the easiest course. The easiest course, that is—for the writers.

NOVELISTS BY HABIT.—All of us who read are novelists more or less nowadays: that is to say, we collect "impressions," "analyse" ourselves, make a pother about sex, and think that people, once they are divorced, live happily ever after. The habit of reading novels has turned us into this! When one of us becomes articulate, however—in the form of a novel—he only makes explicit his kinship wth the rest; he proclaims to all the world that he is a mediocrity.

GOING DOWN THE HILL.—One section of the realist school—that represented by Mr. Bennett and Mr. Galsworthy—may be described as a reaction from æstheticism. Men had become tired of experiencing Life only in its selected and costly "sensations," and sought an escape from "sensations," sought the ordinary. But another section of the school—Mr. George Moore, for example—was merely a bad translation of æstheticism. Equally tired of the exquisite, already having sampled all that luxury in "sensation" could provide, the artists now sought *new "sensations"* —and nothing else—in the squalid. It was the rôle of the æsthetes to go downhill gracefully, but when they turned realists they ceased even to do that. They went downhill sans art. Yet, in doing so, did they not rob æstheticism of its seductiveness? And should we not, therefore, feel grateful to them? Alas, no; for to the taste of this age grace and art have little fascination: it is the heavy, unlovely and sordid that *seduces*. To disfigure æstheticism was to popularise it. And now the very man in the street is—artistically speaking—corrupted—a calamity second in importance only to the corruption of the artists and thinkers.

THE AVERAGE MAN.—It is surely one of Mr. Chesterton's paradoxes that he praises the average man. For he is not himself an average man, but a genius; he does not write of the average man, but of grotesques; and he is not read by the average man, but by intellectuals and the nonconformist middle-class. The true prophets of the average man are the popular realistic novelists. For they write of him and for him—yes, even when they write "for themselves," when they are "serious artists." Who, then, but them should extol him? It is their métier.

CREATOR AND ÆSTHETE.—The true creators and the mere æsthetes agree in this, that they are not realists. Neither of them copies existence in its external details: wherein do they differ? In that the creators write of certain realities behind life, and the æsthetes—of the words standing for these realities.

HYPOCRISY OF WORDS.—The æsthetes, and Pater

and Wilde in particular, made a cult of the use of decorative words. They demanded, not that a word should be *true*, nor even that it should be true and pretty at the same time, but simply that it should be pretty. It cannot be denied that writers here and there before their time had been guilty of using a fine word where a common one was most honest; but this had been generally regarded as a forgivable, "artistic" weakness. Wilde and his followers, however, chose "exquisite" words systematically, in conformity to an artistic dogma, and held that literature consisted in doing nothing else. And that was dangerous; for truth was thereby banished from the realm of diction and a hypocrisy of words arose. In short, language no longer grasped at realities, and literature ceased to express anything at all, except a writer's taste in words.

Love Poetry.—Love poetry, so long as it glorifies Love, is supremely worthy of our reverence. Everything that idealises and transfigures Love, making it more desirable and full even of transcendental meaning, is of unquestionable advantage to mankind; on the other hand, a crudely physiological statement, even though this may be *formally* true, serves neither Love nor Life. It is assuredly not the function of art to treat Love in this way. On the contrary, amatory poetry by its idealisation allures to Love; this is true even of such of it as is tragic: we are prepared by it to experience gladly even the suffering of Love. The only poetry that is noxious is that which bewails the "vanity" of Love, and that in which a deliberate sterility is adumbrated. These are decadent.

The Twice Subtle.—The thinker who has been twice subtle arrives at simplicity. And in doing so he has, at the same time, discovered a new truth. But this other thinker has possessed simplicity from the beginning. Has he also possessed this truth? At any rate, he does not know it.

Mastery of One's Thoughts.—One should know how to keep one's thoughts at a distance. The French can do this, and, therefore, write at once wittily and profoundly of serious things. But the Germans live, perhaps, too near their thoughts, and are possessed by them: hence, their obscurity and heaviness. Wit—lightness of heart—shows that one is master of one's thought, and is not mastered by it. Nevertheless, the thoughts of the Germans may be the mightier. In this matter, the complete thinker should be able to become French or German as occasion demands.

Master and Servant.—To summon out of the void a task, and then incontinently to make of himself its servant: that is the happiness of many a man. A great means of happiness.

Multum in Parvo.—You are but a drop in the ocean of Life. True: but it is in the ocean *of Life*!

The First and the Last.—We all know what the weak have suffered from the strong; but who shall compute what the strong have suffered from the weak? "The last shall be first"; but when they become first they become also the worst tyrants—impalpable, anonymous, and petty.

A Strange Failure.—He failed; for the task was too *small* for him—a common tale among men of genius. You have been unsuccessful in trivial things? There is always a remedy left: to essay the great. How often has Man become impotent simply because there was no task heroic enough to demand greatness of him!

Humility in Pride.—The pride of some gifted men is not pride in their own person, but in something within them, of which they regard themselves the guardians and servants. If there is dignity in their demeanour it is a reflected, impersonal dignity. Just so a peasant might feel ennobled who guarded a king in danger and exile.

# Views and Reviews.

## THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION.

We may, I suppose, reasonably expect the publication of a large number of books dealing with the Russian Revolution, and as Mr. Marcosson's book* is, as the publisher declares, the first, it may be worth while to determine what we really require from our writers. Mr. Marcosson really condemns his work in the first two sentences of his preface: "This little book has no serious historic pretensions. It is frankly journalistic—the record of momentous events chronicled hot on the heel of happening." But the proper place for journalism is a journal, not a book; the whole and sole value of journalism is that it provides us with news and keeps us abreast of events. It is bad journalism to be nearly five months late with news, more particularly when events have happened at such a rate that, like Hamlet, we can say: "But your news is not true." The last sentence of Mr. Marcosson's book tells us that "Russia is mistress of her destiny"; but we are wiser than Mr. Marcosson by some months of experience, and know that the phrase has, at most, only the truth of prophecy. The book admittedly pretends to be no more than journalism, and fails even by its own standard of judgment.

What we really need, and expect, from our writers is not a journalist's impression of events that he has witnessed, but an interpretation of them, a definition, however provisional, of their meaning. The word "Russia," for example, probably does not (or should not, if truth were told) convey the same meaning as it did when, for political purposes, it meant the centralised government of the Romanoffs. Its connotation of military resources cannot be the same when the Ukraine has its separate national army; while, if we think of it as a geographical term, with particular reference to the future, the word without definition is probably most misleading. If "Russia" had been an organised State like the Western States, the abolition of the dynasty would not have altered the connotation of the word, any more than the abdication of the Hohenzollerns would alter the connotation of the word "Germany." In a politically organised State, the removal of a dynasty is only a destruction or a transfer of the Veto; its effect is a release of energy which already possesses its machinery of expression. But Russia was not an organised, it was an oppressed, State; it had not a government, but a tyranny, and although the removal of that tyranny released the national energy, there was no machinery of expression ready. "Russia, as soon as she obtains the faculty of adjusting herself according to her own disposition, will cease to be a centralised empire. And the greater the liberty enjoyed at this reconstruction, the fewer will be the centralised elements which will remain in it." So wrote Stepniak thirty years ago, so the facts are now proving to us; but Mr. Marcosson is apparently satisfied to put "the man Kerensky" in the place of the man Romanoff, to hint that he may share with Abraham Lincoln "the glory of a kindred martyrdom," and to assume that the word "Russia" remains unchanged in meaning.

Equally important is the definition of the Revolution itself. Was it a political revolt or a social revolution? Does it connote a change from a monarchical

* "The Rebirth of Russia." By Isaac F. Marcosson. (The Bodley Head. 3s. 6d. net.)

to a republican form of government, or does it connote that "kind of agrarian socialism" that M. Leroy-Beaulieu predicted would enable Russia to show her originality by producing something new and purely Slavonic? Mr. Marcosson rhapsodises about the overthrow of "autocracy" and the substitution of "democracy," as though we had only these two words to express ourselves with; but he dismisses what he calls "the eternal agrarian question" in a paragraph, as though it were not the great question of a peasant State, but only one among a number of necessary political reforms. He finds himself in sympathy not with the Revolution, but with its concomitant of political revolt; has a chapter on "The Revolution Makers" which falsifies the historical fact by attributing to the Duma leaders, instead of the people, the credit for making the revolution; and perpetually writes of the Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates as if it were destroying or opposing, instead of making, the Russian Revolution.

It is easy, of course, to understand Mr. Marcosson's position. Here are all the free nations of the world fighting Germany to force her to accept a constitutional monarchy, with its concomitants of a sovereign Parliament and the responsibility of Ministers to that Parliament. The fact that the German Empire, like the American Republic, is a federation, and that the President is not, nor are his Ministers, responsible to the American Congress, need not detain us; the German Empire, although a federation, is an autocracy with which we can make no peace. But to force upon the German Empire a democratic Constitution requires the military efforts of the civilised world; and any defection, for whatever reason, from the fight for freedom is a treachery to the principle which Mr. Marcosson misquotes as "Government by, of, and for the people." Everything hinges upon victory, and until that is attained, everything else must wait. Russia, he says in an illuminating phrase, has "a choice between dictatorship and disintegration," and found her dictator in "the man Kerensky."

But as we really wish to understand the Russian Revolution, the understanding of Mr. Marcosson's position is of secondary importance. It is by no means certain, to take one example, that the Russian Revolution was made for the benefit of anybody but the Russian people, *or that the Russian people, mostly* peasants, care for anything but the redistribution of the land. The opposition between Socialism and democracy is intelligible to a European, but is hardly intelligible to a Russian, for the Russian form of democracy is economic. It is safe to say that the Russian people understands by Lincoln's formula the "ownership of the land by the people, for the people," that the Revolution means to them that they are no longer what Stepniak called "serfs of the State, obliged to give it in taxes one-half, sometimes more, of their whole work time." And if this is so, it may be doubted whether any of the Allies can really approve of the Russian Revolution; we can understand a revolution for the transfer of political power from one to few, or from few to many; but a revolution for the transfer of property in land from individuals to communities is so grossly materialistic in conception, is so outrageous an application of the principle, "the implements to him who can handle them," that the more idealistic communities of the West cannot sympathise with it. The Russian people may become, by their Revolution, "spacious in the possession of dirt"; but the finer instinct of the Allies demands only freedom, and is as offended by the territorial conquest of Russia by the Russian peasants as it is by the German territorial conquests. The war should end in the triumph of democratic government and of private property; but it is to be feared that Russia will not share that triumph. She has been born again, and born different.

A. E. R.

# Reviews.

**Africa and the Peace of Europe.** By E. D. Morel. (National Labour Press. 2s. net.)

Believing that the Balkans typify the problems of nationality, and Africa, the problems of economics, that the Conference which will arrange the conditions of peace will have to determine, Mr. Morel has written this book to inform the public of the nature of the problems of Africa. The book is divided into two sections, "The Past" and "The Future"; and contains a well-reasoned plea for the neutralisation of non-colonisable Africa, and the internationalisation of commercial enterprise in that region; and Mr. Morel has a final chapter on the future distribution of European rights in Africa. He concludes that "the neutralisation of the non-colonisable area of Africa, the internationalisation of European commercial activities within that area, and such a distribution of territorial sovereignty as would secure to Germany a participation commensurate alike with her past achievements in Africa, and with her economic needs—these, one would suppose, are the aims which an enlightened statesmanship might be expected to pursue if it were desired to attain the object which this small book has been written to promote, viz.: the disappearance of one of the most potent causes of international ill-will, coupled with a real effort on the part of the Powers to safeguard the interests of the native races of Africa." As we are already tending, so far as the Crown Colonies are concerned, to safeguard those interests by making them our own, Mr. Morel's plea for reasonableness in the settlement is not likely to be regarded. He warns us that the programme of the Empire Resources Development Committee "postulates treating as 'a scrap of paper' hundreds of agreements concluded with African communities over many decades, and to whose due observance British honour is irrevocably pledged. It is the suggested application to British tropical Africa of the identical principles which formed the juridical basis of the policy inaugurated by Leopold II on the Congo, a policy which, in Tropical Africa, must ultimately fail in its economic purpose, and which can only be temporarily maintained by methods akin to those once employed on the Congo, and long since abandoned by the Belgian Government." The book contains two maps, and is produced in that miserable style, on poor paper, that is common to so many productions intended for the Labour movement.

**Secret Bread.** By F. Tennyson Jesse. (Heinemann. 6s. net.)

Miss Tennyson Jesse in this long, slow-moving story, restores the feeling of leisure to modern literature; and the feeling is the more gratifying in these days when, as Hamlet phrased it, "a man's life is no more than to say, one." "Secret Bread" resumes the history of eighty years on an estate in Cornwall, the history of a Squire who thought that his "secret bread," the sustaining purpose of his life, was the improvement of the estate he had inherited and its passage to his son and grandson. He discovered otherwise at the end, but, after all, his "secret bread" is of little importance to anyone except himself; we cannot live by "secret bread" alone. Indeed, most of the conversations in this book are burdensome discussions of general subjects, the old Parson having a stock of theorems to be argued, if not demonstrated. But apart from conversation, Miss Jesse writes with sustained dramatic power; her Archelaus is a perfect study of the mind with a kink in it, and she can handle his brutal behaviour as surely as she can describe the effect of beautiful landscapes on the æsthetic sensibilities of his brother or of a secret sin on the soul of his friend. The life that she describes is a life of progress in the material arts, and of refinement, if not of actual

development, of spiritual conceptions. Cruelty at least begins to die in this book; by the end of the book it becomes abnormal, and the heritage of the family Ruan is diverted to the purposes of civilisation. Her farming scenes are as well done as her domestic scenes, or the love-making on the moon-lit hills; if she fails anywhere, it is in her London interlude, for the proper handling of which she lacks the urban sympathy. But she never fails with her characters; her women, and there is a whole gallery of them, have each the singularity that is the only common attribute of their sex, and the men are powerfully drawn and well contrasted. Even Killigrew, the man without roots, is blown about the story like thistle-down, pleasant to observe, but not for long; while Archelaus, the other wanderer, is a recurring menace, a sinister figure who returns even at the end not only to die but to destroy, and whose senile savagery is more malignant in its intention than was the calculating cruelty of his prime. Ishmael Ruan himself interests us more by what he feels than by what he thinks or does; he is an intellectual ruminant in marked contrast to the carnivores of his family. He never thinks; he meditates; and we begin to admire him when he dies.

**Woman's Effort:** A Chronicle of British Women's Fifty Years' Struggle for Citizenship (1865-1914). By A. E. Metcalfe, B.Sc. (Blackwell. 3s. 6d. net.)

The illustrations are the most interesting portion of this book; they are reproductions of cartoons from "Punch," and will save many readers the trouble of wading through the book. They constitute a far more interesting historical record than does the text of Miss Metcalfe; for she offers us only the most commonplace précis of the date-and-fact history of what was, after all, a very interesting and exciting movement. Where her interest lies may be judged by the fact that she devotes only one chapter, the first, to "Persuasive Methods," in other words, exhausts the history of 1865-1905 in 26 pages; the rest of her book of 360 pages deals with only 9 years of history so recent that we are trying to forget it. But she does enable us to see that the danger of militancy was due not to the strength of the women's movement but to the weakness of the Government; it was still trying to treat the suffragists as women, and had not learned the new trick of tyranny of regarding them as workers.

**"Noh,"** or Accomplishment. A Study of the Classical Stage of Japan. By Ernest Fenollosa and Ezra Pound. (Macmillan. 7s. 6d. net.)

It used to be a crime to reveal the mysteries, now it is a literary occupation; and there is not a little irony in the fact that the Noh, which, for four centuries, resisted the appeal to the people, and despised the popular drama, should now be offered to all and sundry in this form. Luckily, so much is traditional that the plays cannot be performed here; all that Mr. Pound can offer us is a translation of some of the texts. As the text is only one-third part of the play, the rest being music and dancing, we could not, if we would, reconstruct the mysteries from the literary texts. They require a special stage (of which details are given), a special technique of acting which is indescribable and only verbally communicated, but has no relation even to the "popular" art of acting in Japan. The actor evolves his technique from his inner consciousness; if he has to play an old woman, for example, he must not copy an old woman, but must express his spiritual conception of an old woman. We are reminded of the German metaphysician who thus evolved the idea of a camel. Nothing is real, everything is symbolic; for example, a sick wife is symbolised by a strip of apple-green brocade at the front of the stage. We might take a hint from this, and symbolise the presence of a liar by stretching a string across a bow, and so forth. The people, too, are nearly all ghosts, like those of Wagner's first opera; and cannot compare with Hamlet's father for eloquence. Japanese ghosts, it seems, have a marked liking for the dance, and tend to leave the explanation of their thoughts to the chorus. Judged as literature, these texts are valueless; torn from their contexts of music, dancing, masks, and posture, they carry next to no meaning to an Englishman. The chorus seems to be always helping the actors out of difficulties by remembering their lines or explaining their actions or thought; and when at the end the chorus concludes the action with a statement (for example: "Both their sins vanished. They both became pupils of Buddha, both Komachi and Shosho"), we can only sigh for Æsop. Mr. Umewaka, the great Noh actor, warned "the newspaper men of to-day" that the Noh "cannot be judged by any living man"; and we shall wait until we are dead before we do more than acknowledge the publication of this volume, which Mr. Pound presents with his usual contempt both for his public and his subject-matter.

**The Quest of Ledgar Dunstan.** By Alfred Tresidder Sheppard. (Duckworth. 6s.)

Mr. Sheppard here concludes his extraordinary spiritual drama of the Anti-Christ. In "The Rise of Ledgar Dunstan" he presented his general conception of the Anti-Christ not as a power of devilry but as an impotence of Divinity, as a soul that by continual "Nay-saying" (as Nietzsche phrased it) had atrophied and died, and by its death had thrown the whole scheme of vital things into confusion. "By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin," said St. Paul; and sin, as Mr. Sheppard understands it, is no mere moral dereliction worthy of reprobation, it is the great refusal of Life, the shirking of the contest, the acceptance of failure, finally the indifference to the issue. It was the barren fig-tree that was cursed; it was the man out of whom the unclean spirit had been cast, and had "swept and garnished" the habitation of his soul, into whom entered the seven spirits more wicked than himself. "For not to desire or admire, if a man could but learn it" is not, as Tennyson thought, an admirable state; the theology of Mr. Sheppard denounces it as the unpardonable sin, and "the soul that sinneth, it shall die," and, by dying, bring calamity upon the living. In "The Rise of Ledgar Dunstan," the hero himself seemed to be qualifying for the damnable obscurity of the failure of life; in "The Quest of Ledgar Dunstan," he meets the "dead soul" who has brought upon us the great calamity of the European war.

Stated in this bald way, the theme seems impossible; but Mr. Sheppard's gift of narrative keeps his readers in the right frame of mind, wondering whether, after all, there may be something in it. For ostensible causes are not necessarily real causes; all the facts may be known without the truth being discovered, if the truth be of a different order of reality. Just as in chemistry, katalytic action reveals nothing of the nature of the katalytic agent, so politics may be at the mercy of spiritual forces. "When the strong man armed keepeth his palace, his goods are in peace"; when the weak man who will not even fight and lose slides out of life, the whole world is at war. Really, Mr. Sheppard's Anti-Christ almost convinces us that he is right; it is his doom never to be able quite to convince, for, after all, only a lost soul can know the reality of lost souls. The influence of Balzac is very marked in the chapters on the Anti-Christ in Paris; and Balzac himself would have been proud to have written the passage describing the final sin against life committed by the Anti-Christ. If anybody supposes that Balzac was not a great novelist because he only presented states of mind, let him not read this book. The Anti-Christ's experiences in a lunatic asylum are

masterly; Dostoieffsky himself could not have been more vivid in his description of what was happening in his own and other men's minds. But Mr. Sheppard, unlike Balzac and Dostoieffsky, is also capable of objective writing, can set a scene with normal people who act; and the two scenes wherein Ledgar Dunstan fights with and loses to the man who took his wife from him, the experience in the menagerie, even the scenes with Telfer, the literary agent, are as vigorously written as the most enthusiastic admirer of "realism" could desire. That Ledgar Dunstan finally becomes 'converted" and married to his first love matters nothing; it is the spiritual adventure, the sciomachy, the presence of imaginative power, that lifts this book to the level of those of the masters. It is an inspired work, although Ledgar Dunstan becomes a Baptist; it is a truly theological study, because it insists on interpreting the world in the terms of Divinity. The object of science, said Bergson, is not to reveal the meaning of things, but to furnish us with the best means of acting on them; but it is the function of theology to interpret, and of art to symbolise the interpretation. Mr. Sheppard has succeeded in both functions; and "Ledgar Dunstan" is the only book whose inspiration is of equal magnitude and intensity with that of the war it explains.

**At the Front:** Papers Contributed to "Punch" by the Late Lieut. Alec Leith Johnston. With a Preface by Sir Owen Seaman. (Constable. 3s. 6d. net.)

"The purpose of this little volume is to preserve, for his friends and the many others who cared for his writings, a record of the work which Alec Johnston contributed to 'Punch' during the war," says the editor Whether this is the best memorial for a very gallant soldier, or one which he would have chosen for himself, are questions which, in the circumstances, it would be ungracious to ask. But for those who did not know him, this book is only a book, and not a particularly good one. The convention of humour in the new Army has so increased the mortality of military jokes that we wonder whether any of them will survive. Lieut. Johnston seldom rose above flippancy, or a mechanical extension to absurdity, as in Chapter XX on barbed wire. As casual correspondence written under difficulties, these papers would pass muster; they have the habit of banter, but not the real spirit of humour. For humour will infuse the thing itself with a new life, but in the place of the real thing, Lieut. Johnston put a farcical conception and bantered that. He was too modest to be sincere, and as a consequence, his sketches lack the reality of humour, and make play only with trifling technicalities.

# Pastiche.

PEOPLE WE MISS IN THE PAPERS.

The War (we are told) has blown on many a bubble reputation, and precipitated not a few once prominent figures into well-deserved oblivion. True, their places are not empty, for the social circus is particularly full just now of prancing personages, who will, in their turn, cease to bob up and down as soon as the music stops. Most of them, of course—like their predecessors—are mere paper effigies to the majority of people, and they will simply disappear altogether directly they disappear from the papers. They were never known, and never will be known, in the same intimate, personal sense that we knew some other celebrities with whom the War has played havoc. Many of these old favourites have been crowded out of the public Press lately, not through any demerit on their own part, but because at a time when a quart of news has to be poured into a pint pot of space even some of the advertisements must be "declined with thanks."

I was reminded of the silent, unobtrusive manner in which a large number of these pictorial public characters have dropped out of the running on noticing the other day the temporary return of one of them. For over a year I had failed to catch a glimpse of him anywhere, and it seemed like old times to gaze on his face once more, and observe that he had literally not "changed a hair." I had always admired his "mop," and thought what a splendid witness it was to the wonderful powers of that specific Tile Tillage apparatus (so ran the advt.) he had "tried but once, with the above amazing results." He is back with us again for a bit, though goodness knows when even he may have to give way to a proclamation about the other kind of Tillage.

Government competition has, I am afraid, forced a good deal of private enterprise of this sort out of the market. Pictures of the Hefty Munition Worker, the Saving Child, and the Lady on the Land have ousted a host of former favourites from the hoardings, while the unprecedented "pressure on our space" has robbed the newspapers (especially on Sundays) of many a classic family group, and sylph-like form, and toothful smile, which were wont to appeal to us beseechingly at the breakfast or tea table. There was one family I remember in the North of England (Durham and Yorkshire have always been noted for the production of these worthies), who looked up at me for many months, proclaiming in the plump proportions of the mother, the slightly unwholesome girth of the father, and the buxom offspring (the baby a veritable ball of fat) what an infallible "filling-out" process was that manufactured by the Adipose Tissue Co., Ltd.

Then there was the lady who, setting out in life with the contours of an elephant, had gradually reduced her avoirdupois (with the aid of the world-renowned Pale Shadow Lozenges) until, in the final photograph, she appeared as though she would soon have to become a candidate for the Adipose Tissue Treatment.

One very beloved member of the band whom I miss sadly is the anæmic old gentleman who, on his own sworn testimony, had been given up for dead on several occasions (was once, in fact, nearly buried alive) because he thoughtlessly overlooked, till almost the last minute, the "death-defying" claims of Old Mortality Drops. He piqued my fancy for a long while, and in innumerable magazines. Now he has gone, and his signed statement with him. Peradventure he will reappear after the War, with his strength renewed like the eagle's, and working a totally different wheeze for the Vital Spark Essence. But, in the meantime, I look in vain for his bracing countenance—as I do also for the somewhat doleful dial of the charwoman who had spent a life's savings on doctors, had been everywhere and done everything to try to cure her washing-day weariness, and was just on the point of wringing her hands in despair, when a friend recommended a bottle of Anti-Sinking Mixture. She took it, and had never sunk once since. The engine-driver who electrified his system with Somebody's Galvanic Battery, and the painfully plain cook who adopted Somebody Else's Recipe for Hare-Lip and "got rid of it in a night," have vanished with the rest. It was a splendid way of getting your portrait in the papers. Millions of people have gone to desperate lengths to accomplish this feat—from robbing a bank to getting married—and "died without the sight."

In the old days, before the paper famine, too, we were sometimes permitted to behold the features of the "master-minds" themselves. They invariably looked guilty, though here and there a quite innocent and even benevolent-visaged person would beam at us, and confess to the sponsorship of the Lightning Liver Repairer or (Scurvy Knave!) the Sudden Death for Dandruff. But mostly the inventors of these means to alleviate all life's miseries possessed a stern, mysterious eye, and bore a striking resemblance to Dr. Nikola without the cat. The "psychology of advertising" (as I believe it is called) must be a curious thing. You would have thought that if their box of pills or ointment ever stood an earthly chance at all, the vision of the compounder thereof would have put the lid on it.

But the point is that we had grown up with them, and had come almost to look out for them. They all seemed as natural a part of the daily sheet or the weekly budget as the "crisis" and the corsets. And often enough their admonition to "Do it now" or "Send at once" was no more mercenary and certainly no more

monotonous than the exactly similar advice shouted at us by politicians and leader-writers.

The War has apparently made huge gaps in the ranks of both the curers and cured who formerly illumined the rather forbidding letterpress of these "agony" advertisements. All, all (or nearly all) are gone, the old familiar faces which we had got to know as well as we knew our own brothers'. Theirs was an enviable fame. It is certain, at any rate, that the vast mass of the people of these islands were better acquainted with the physiognomies of Mr. William Spoofull and his wife Hannah, of the Cottages, Middlesbrough, who bade farewell to their bunions after twenty years' untold torture, than they were with that, say, of the member for Middlesbrough (whoever he may be)—and if this isn't "publicity" I have never met it.

H. RICHARDS.

## LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—In the issue of THE NEW AGE of June 28 is an article entitled "A Danger to the Empire," which is written by someone who knows absolutely nothing of what he is writing about. The subject is based on the French-Canadians of Quebec who have proved themselves more or less suspect all through the war.

This man has the nerve to say that, if a French-Canadian teacher in Ontario teaches the French language in a French-Canadian school he is liable to a fine of £100, or six months' imprisonment. Now, Sir, this statement is an absolute lie, and I defy any person to contradict me. As a matter of fact, French is taught exclusively in the French-Canadian schools of Ontario as well as Quebec, and also in Manitoba. In these provinces where there are French settlements anyone speaking English cannot or will not be understood, and it is a well-known fact that the inhabitants have fought desperately against having the English language taught in their schools. If they had the power, nothing but the French language would be spoken in any part of Canada.

In Quebec they were not content with breaking up recruiting meetings, but flatly refused to give a cent toward any of the patriotic funds or the Red Cross. They stoned troop trains passing through the towns of Quebec on their way east to embark for England, and in Sherbrooke and Montreal several returned soldiers were beaten so badly that they had to be taken to hospital simply because they opposed these dastardly attacks on recruiting meetings.

Nationalists, such as Mr. Bourassa and many others, who have said they would shoot themselves rather than join the Army, together with hundreds of priests, have sowed the seeds of discontent and sedition all over the French-Canadian portions of Quebec, and the trouble these ignorant and seditious inhabitants have caused and are causing is known only to people who have been there and seen for themselves.

I do not live in Quebec or Ontario. I was born in New Brunswick, and lived there most of my life. But I have been through Quebec and Ontario quite extensively, and know what I am talking about.

As regards the recruiting record of the French-Canadians, they compose about 12 per cent.

I am enclosing a cutting of a return tabled in the Commons at Ottawa on June 14, showing the record of Canadian recruiting, which I hope you will be kind enough to publish with this letter.

It must be clearly understood that there is no connection between the people of France and the French-Canadians, who do not even uphold the traditions of the land of their forefathers, let alone those of Great Britain, and the curse of it all is their narrow, illiterate priests, who go about sowing discord continually. There are, thank God, a class of French-Canadians who are real people, and who have upheld the issues of the war all through. I am not speaking of these noble people who have helped and done their bit for Canada and the Empire and the land of their forefathers as well.

(Pte.) A. H. BOWELL,
Canadian Field Artillery, B.E.F., France.

[According to a return tabled in the Commons on Thursday by the Ministry of Militia, there were 14,100 French-Canadian soldiers in the total of 312,000 men of the Canadian Expeditionary Forces sent overseas up to the end of April last. The number of native-born Canadians speaking the English language who had gone overseas is given as 125,245, and the number of British subjects born outside of Canada who have gone overseas 155,095. The French-Canadians compose, therefore, about 12 per cent. of the native-born Canadians in the Canadian Army now overseas. The return shows that 5,443 French Canadians are serving with units organised in Quebec and commanded by officers speaking the French language, while 1,536 French-Canadian soldiers are serving with Quebec battalions commanded by officers speaking English. The number of French-Canadian soldiers serving in units organised outside the Province of Quebec is given as 5,904. These figures, however, do not include the 1,217 French Canadians in the first contingent.]

## Memoranda.

*(From last week's* NEW AGE.)

What was the status quo if it was not the condition of things that led to the present war?

Either Prussia must adopt a parliamentary system during the war, or the parliamentary nations now opposed to her must adopt a militarist constitution after the war.

The parliamentary system, with all its weaknesses, is superior in human value to Prussianism with all its strength.

It is no real reflection on democracy that in contrast with an autocracy it is unable to make effective war at a moment's notice.

Democracy is the substitution of the police for soldiers.

Only the Socialist parties in Germany can give the world a permanent peace.

Logically carried out, the doctrine of the right of small nationalities to dispose of themselves would end in leaving no nationalities to be disposed of.

Many other goods than liberty are necessary to the welfare of a community.—"Notes of the Week."

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To everybody, except the farmer, it has always seemed paradoxical that a man should continue year after year in an industry so much decried by himself.—"Scarecrow."

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Once upon a time a real live working man joined the Fabian Society. The shock almost killed it.—ANTHONY FARLEY.

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It is the glory of France that in the Revolution of the eighteenth century she raised in the world the question of Right.

The war-map is for German Socialists, as it is for the German Chancellor, the sole determinant of nationality.

The German Socialists do not yet understand that a few rectifications of frontiers cannot settle the claims of right.

There is no peace by negotiation unless it be a peace concluded upon Right.—M. ALBERT THOMAS.

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All wisdom is in idiom.

What I object to is the minute subdivision and dilution of the very small amount of real literary ability in existence.—R. H. C.

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The moment you teach a man to study literature not for his own delight, but for some exterior reason, you begin his destruction.

The ultimate goal of scholarship is popularisation.

Civilisation means the enrichment of life and the abolition of violence.

The man who makes steel rails in order that steel rails shall be made is little better than the mechanism he works with.

The history of the world is the history of temperaments in opposition.—EZRA POUND.

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We must break the habit of using the word "neurotic" as a term of reproach.—"Reviews."

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Spelling has no immediate connection with the outward senses, but is an affair of sacred derivation.—J. A. M. A.

## PRESS CUTTINGS.

To the Editor of the "Times."

Sir,—During these critical times, when it is so important to economise labour, there appears to be a great need for organising the retail distribution of milk. We constantly see milk-carts and "prams" wandering about from street to street, serving here one customer and there another, with much waste of time. At the Guildhall, at the Appeal Tribunal for London, of which I am a member, we have recently dealt with at least two cases of large distributing firms, who are frankly in favour of milk rounds being arranged between the different firms, so that roundsmen can go from house to house delivering milk as postmen deliver letters, but they cannot come to terms between themselves. In particular, one firm said that in London alone they sent out 300 milk-delivering vehicles daily, and one roundsman for whom they appealed stated that he served about 300 customers daily in 100 streets, or about three customers in each street. If our letters were delivered in the same way by 50 rival companies we can imagine the confusion and loss that would ensue. As the milk retailers cannot pool their rounds by mutual agreement, cannot the Government do it for them? No one would be injured, much waste of man power would be saved, and the cost of milk would be reduced.

WALTER HAZELL.

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In view of the taxation which, as Mr. McKenna showed, would be required to pay the interest on the mountain of war debts, we believe that many men of property would gladly welcome an attempt to achieve by a single act of sacrifice a large reduction of the future burden. Let the Government announce that on January 1 next, or some other early date, all properties of over £1,000 in value shall be assessed as for Estate duties, and that payment be received either in cash, in War Scrip, or in other negotiable securities. It is probable that the sum obtainable, upon the existing scale for Death Duties, would amount to not much short of 1,000 millions. If that sum were not enough, the scale should be raised, with a steeper grading on the larger fortunes. A continuance of the war should involve a periodical application of the levy. This should prevent an accumulation of indebtedness which would involve for generations to come a taxation so oppressive as to strangle industry, fix poverty upon large masses of the population, and provoke revolution. Large masses of war-made wealth have escaped taxation. It is equitable that as much as possible of these and other unearned forms of wealth should be taken to meet the emergencies of the nation.—"The Nation."

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At noon, yesterday, Sir Edward and Lady Carson paid a visit to the Ulster Volunteer Force Hospital, Belfast.

When the visitors were passing through the Mountjoy Ward an interesting little ceremony was performed. The Matron, on behalf of the patients who had occupied that ward at Christmas-time, presented Sir Edward with a model of the gun-runner after which that ward was named, and which was made by Sergeants Parratt and Debenham.

Sir Edward Carson, in accepting the gift, said that the name Mountjoy brought back memories of old days and many friends who had rendered him valuable assistance. They had lost many of them, but they could never forget them.—"Northern Whig."

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The tendency of the Government policy embodied in the Corn Production Bill to enhance the price of land was evidenced at Devizes yesterday, when Messrs. Knight, Frank, and Rutley offered by auction the Wiltshire estates of Lord Normanton. Sixty-eight lots out of 76 were sold for just over £70,000, some of the farms realising over fifty years' purchase on the rents. Sir Howard Frank said that agricultural land was selling better to-day than at any period during the last twenty-five years, and during the present month his firm had sold to the value of £1,212,000, the prices varying from £15 per acre in Wales to £80 per acre in Lincolnshire. The results of the sales showed that the rents now paid were much below the proper rental value of the lands in most districts. The Board of Agriculture, he added, were awakened to the needs of the country, their aim being to increase the productivity of the soil, which must help to increase the value of land, especially to the occupier, who, when he has the capital and the opportunity occurs, should become the owner.—"Daily News."

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Real "joint control" is, in fact, an impossibility. In regard to every matter of importance that can come within the ambit of such a scheme, the attitudes, the interests, and the requirements of capital and Labour are antagonistic. The two parties may come together to discuss, to negotiate, even to compromise and to agree. They might divide control between them if each took a definite sphere—e.g., Labour control in the workshop and the capitalist control of buying and selling. But they cannot function together and jointly in controlling matters on which they are, from the nature of the case, fundamentally opposed. Only if one side forgoes its individuality, abandons its independence, and accepts a position of subordination, can any joint councils or committees develop from conferring into real managing or controlling bodies. A body divided against itself cannot rule; one side or the other may prevail, or both sides may compromise. But an actual sharing of sovereignty—a real joint control—is impossible, even by joint councils.

But, we may be asked, is not this very division of sovereignty, this very joint control, actually the basic principle of the Guild System which you advocate? And if the partition of control between the Guilds and the State is to be the goal, surely its partition between the Unions and the employers must be possible, and may be desirable, in the transition phase? To this we reply that the essential characteristic of the division of control and sovereignty under the Guilds is that it is a division by function. We do not advocate the control of industry by joint bodies representing the Trade Unions, or Guilds, and the State; we advocate the control of industry by the Guilds, subject to criticism by the State. It is true that when disputes arise we look to joint conferences between the Guilds and the State; but we regard these conferences essentially as conferences and not as joint boards of control. The actual control of management cannot be shared; and if it can be divided, the division can only take the form of a clear cut of one function of management from another.—MESSRS. COLE and EWER, in "The Herald."

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