NOTES OF THE WEEK.

More comfort has been drawn from General Smuts' assurances to a "Journal" interviewer than the text will admit of. He tells us that the Germans are beaten, but that they do not know it; and that our present appearance of standstill is due to the mistakes we have made in the past, and that are now corrected. At the same time, he says, we are not to expect a much speedier progress in the future than we have experienced in the past, since in a war of material, such as this has become, the advantage is with the defence. We have read this interview several times over in order to be sure that we have missed nothing that our contemporaries profess to have derived from it, or in what phases the ideas lurk which they say they see in it, we do not know. On the contrary, it appears to us to be the opinion of a man whose ideas are confused if not contradictory. In short, the interview is of moral but of no practical importance. We have read this interview several times over in order to be sure that we have missed nothing of importance in it; and the foregoing summary appears to us to represent it all. But where the comfort is that our contemporaries profess to have derived it, or in what phases the ideas lurk which they say they see in it, we do not know. On the contrary, it appears to us to be the opinion of a man whose ideas are confused if not contradictory. In short, the interview is of moral but of no practical importance. To begin with, we do not see the practical use of discriminating between the virtual and the actual victory than to endeavour to buoy us up with the illusion that a virtual and theoretical is necessarily a practical and actual victory. An even more serious consideration, however, lies in the second part of General Smuts' interview. Let us set it out clearly. He tells us that our original mistake was in imagining that the war could be won by men, by numbers. But numbers, he says, have proved unequal to the problem of modern warfare, and are in a way irrelevant. That is to say that even if we could attain to an overwhelming superiority over the enemy in numbers, the war would still be left undecided, since its decision does not rest upon men alone. Very well, then what, we may ask, is the decisive element? General Smuts replies that it is not men but material. More and more, he tells us, the war is a war of material, in other words, of machinery. As we have pointed out, however, General Smuts himself has supplied the criticism of this assertion of his, for having said that the decision lies with material and not with men, he then adds that in a war of matériel the advantage is on the side of the defence. But what is this but to say that the standstill encountered when the factor was men must needs be repeated when the factor is matériel? For if it be true, as he asserts, that the factor of matériel operates in favour of the defence, all our exertions to increase the amount of our matériel will result, on the balance, in a credit to the defence. The conclusion is clear: and it is this, that precisely as we have discovered that the factor of men, however dealt with, is indecisive, so the factor of matériel, working as it does always in favour of defence, must needs be indecisive as well.

We can understand, if this be the case, the confidence still entertained in Germany in the inconclusive character of the war. That confidence need not be, as we have hitherto thought it, merely diplomatic and groundless: it may, on the contrary, be founded upon precisely the calculations which General Smuts has made without perceiving their true meaning. The decision of the war having failed to be brought about by superior numbers, Germany is counting confidently on a similar failure from the introduction of the factor of matériel; for, once more, if it be true that matériel tells in favour of the defence, then it does not matter to Germany what
amount of matériel is brought into the field against her, since defence is always easier than offence in a war of matériel. The point, it is obvious, can hardly be made too much of. It is, indeed, a turning-point in the conduct of the war. But the risk of achieving our desired end by repetition, that superiority in numbers is of no decisive value in modern warfare, so now we must learn that superiority in matériel is of no decisive avail. But having said this, and on the authority of General Smuts, who is no amateur, what is next to be said by journalists like ourselves? We are certainly not in a position to initiate a new military policy, or, indeed, to prove, in advance of the admissions of our military men, that such and such a factor must needs be indeterminate. 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The attitude of neutral countries in Europe, especially those neutral countries adjacent to Germany, must be regarded as subject to revision in consequence of the diplomatic revelations wherein Sweden is embarrassingly involved. But the ground on which the Swedish Government has been attacked is not particularly well chosen, though from the mere diplomatic view it has its advantages. Officially the conduct and form of complaint presented by the Allies cannot be criticised; but, as the new speeches of different countries are nowadays widely quoted by one another, a better and more sincere case might have been made out by our Press.

It is admitted that Count Luxburg, the German Minister in Argentina, made improper and inhospitable use of a privilege, viz., calling to his Government in code messages sent through Swedish official channels that Argentine ships should be sunk without a trace being left. The facts become known, there is an upheaval in the Argentine; the Allies protest. What follows? A very lame excuse from Stockholm, a careless apology by the German Government to Sweden. Count Luxburg is ordered to leave Argentina, and he is decorated by the Kaiser for his valuable services. The cool devilry of the thing, the effrontery of the Berlin authorities, and, to crown all, the Kaiser's deliberate mark of esteem, are swallowed up in a diplomatic quibble about the proper interpretation of neutrality.

Note what has happened in Sweden itself. A general election was in progress when the facts were published. The Conservative Government has lost a few seats in consequence, and may conceivably return to power so much diminished in strength and prestige that some form of coalition may become inevitable. But there is a general tendency to let local and topical events take precedence of the grave fault of etiquette and honour—to express it politely—of which the Swedish Government has been guilty. The Stockholm Parliament is, after all, a democratically elected body, with responsible ministers; and no democrat could possibly lend approval to the system or to the officials responsible for aiding and abetting Germany in her fight for the conservation and spread of autocratic principles. This, then, is the point. The conduct of the Government, both before and during the war, has been such that neutral after neutral has either declared war against her or shown its actual opinion by breaking off relations. How does Sweden stand? Is it quite realised to what an extent democracy has declared itself? Almost: every Republic in Central and South America has officially indicated anti-German views by the breaking off of relations. The United States, hitherto the most powerful and influential neutral, is now an active belligerent on the side of the Allied Powers. In short, the whole American continent may be counted against Germany—a stupendous democratic fact; a fact that recalls the wars waged against Spain and Portugal by the South American States a century ago. They were against autocracy then, and they are against autocracy still. But the whole of Asia (with the exception of a few odd border countries like Afghanistan, which cannot wage war at all) is likewise in arms against Germany. So is Australasia. So is Africa; for German rule is extinguished there, and the native chiefs owning the protection of the Germand monopoly of the South American States a century ago. They were against autocracy then, and they are against autocracy still. But the whole of Asia (with the exception of a few odd border countries like Afghanistan, which cannot wage war at all) is likewise in arms against Germany. So is}
What of the other five countries? Norway has been admittedly friendly to the Allies from the beginning. King Haakon is a Dane; he was elected to his throne in 1905, and his consort is Princess Maud, third daughter of Edward VII of England. The Court in Norway is as friendly as the people; and the consequence is that a very large proportion—I believe as much as one-third—of the Norwegian mercantile marine has been sunk by German submarines. In Sweden, on the other hand, the Court is openly sympathetic to Germany; for King Gustav's queen is the daughter of the Grand Duke Friedrich of Baden. The Conservative politicians are not particularly friendly to democratic principles; and until six months ago both Conservatives and Liberals could plead fear of Russia and oppression of Finland as plausible if not convincing excuses for turning the cold shoulder to the Allied Powers. These excuses can be pleaded no longer. We all know that some measure of self-government will be granted to Finland after the war; we know also that the New Russia has no ambitious designs whatever. The Swedish mercantile classes are now reconciled to an Allied victory; and they at least have no illusions as to the possibility of attacks by Russia. The working classes, who are certainly articulate in M. Branting's opinion, are democratic in their opinions, and consequently anti-Prussian in their views on the war.

Up to the present purely personal family connections with Sweden have not availed us much; for it has never been the habit of the British royal family to exploit its relatives on foreign thrones. (The House of Hohenzollern has never been so scrupulous.) The fact that the Swedish Crown Prince has been the husband of Princess Margareth of Hanover for over a decade or so ago. Holland has the same fears; and, in addition, Queen Wilhelmina's somewhat ill-favoured husband, tolerated rather than approved by the people in general, is Duke Henry of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, whose father distinguished himself in the war against France in 1870. Queen Wilhelmina's mother is the daughter of Prince Georg Viktor of Waldeck-Fyrmont—I think I should have spelt it Georg Viktor. Fortunately, though the Court is, as might be expected, taking a German victory for granted, there is no love lost between the Dutch and the German peoples. Spain is more complicated, and there are many deeper political and economic motives to be taken into account. On the whole—I make only a broad distinction—the upper classes and the Church are pro-German; the other classes pro-Ally.

Now, as the world is becoming democratic very rapidly, these neutrals cannot be surprised if we ask them to at least to declare their opinions. No nation can sit on the fence at this stage; and there need be no fear of consequences. There is no longer room for an autocratic Court anywhere; and the people need not suffer from a German invasion—because Germany has no men to spare. The Allies' propaganda has been blundering and hard; but after all, Germany conduct of the war and her preparations for it speak for themselves. In the fourth year of war it is time for the few remaining neutral nations to force their upper classes to declare in which direction the national sympathies lie.

Capitalism v. Militarism.

By J. M. Kennedy.

A very plausible case is frequently put forward to show that, from an economic point of view, any one of the chief belligerents is as responsible as any other for the outbreak of the war. The arguments of this school (and it is far from being a small one) are founded upon the political influence exercised by invested capital. Certain countries, such as England, France, and Germany, have large amounts of surplus profits, the employment of which at home would yield an inadequate return. This capital, therefore, is exported; invested in some less developed or undeveloped country—Morocco, Turkey, China—and in the course of time the international wrangling of the various concessionaires leads to disputes which often threaten to result, and occasionally do result, in the use of armed forces. Hence, diplomacy is only too frequently to be regarded as the associate, the tool, or the dupe of powerful capitalistic interests; and it is, on that account, unfair—so it is insinuated—to blame Germany for the war more than England or France. It is easy to plead that the Germans have only been trying to do what other nations, more rapidly developed, did before her, and that she has as much right as anybody else to export her surplus capital to countries where it may serve its turn.

This is, I hope, a fair summary of the arguments I have mentioned; but as they have been set forth in greater detail, embellished with a formidable body of evidence, it is only just that their most able exponent should be allowed to make from what in its way is, let it be understood, his point of view. Mr. H. N. Brailsford published a book entitled: "The War of Steel and Gold," of which an eighth revised edition has just been issued (Bell, 2s. 6d. net). Mr. Brailsford is the most efficient advocate of free trade; and the fact that his book has been allowed to speak for itself forcibly cannot be denied. He has travelled much; he has a good knowledge of foreign politics, and of our own financial investments abroad; and the dexterity of his pen may be acknowledged, a remarkable book. The extracts I am about to transcribe indicate fairly, I think, Mr. Brailsford's point of view:

The foreign policy of a trading nation may be consistent with freedom, so long as its main interest is export and exchange of goods. It is with the export of capital that Imperialism begins. There is no transition from disinterestedness to what the Germans call "real politics" in the passage from the Manchester school to modern Imperialism. Each rests alike on a calculation of interests. What has changed is the nature of the export. (P. 72.)

However, this third thing, the understanding between the City and Downing Street is admirably close. The City does not invest where investments would hamper our foreign policy; the Foreign Office will stand by the City. Should it happen that investments are made, British financiers will not use his money in any affair which has or may acquire a political color, without the approval of the Foreign Office. (P. 220.)

The services of finance and diplomacy are mutual, and in the modern world they have become indispensable to each other. It is an immense reinforcement to diplomacy in dealing with a debtor State to know that
it has, in effect, behind it the exportable capital of a wealthy nation to give or to withhold. (P. 221.)

It is the financial power of Paris and London which assists the Triple Entente to maintain itself against the compact military force of the Triple Alliance. It is the aspiration of Germany, a relatively new country which accumulates capital hardly fast enough for its own internal needs, and much too slowly for its overseas ambitions, to obtain access to the closed money-market of Paris, that explains much of the unrest of Western Europe.

The mischief of this relationship is not that finance invariably dominates diplomacy; in point of fact, that is not an assertion which could be maintained. The mischief is rather that the relationship is uncertain, obscure, secret, and capricious. There is no assured control of finance by diplomacy. It is rather that the right hand and the left of the same organism normally work in response to the brain of the same governing class. In the conversations which decide policy the financial groups, well informed and alert, are always early in the field, and against their claim to represent a national interest there is no popular influence, equal or alert, equally well informed, to balance their pressure. Finance may be on occasion the subtle master of diplomacy. It may also be an invaluable instrument. (P. 234.)

The European financier goes forth equipped with resources taken from our stores on a career of conquest and exploitation, protected by our flag and backed by our prestige. (P. 237.)

Our diplomacy acts on the principle that it is its duty to promote and defend the interests of the British investor and concessionaire abroad. (P. 239.)

The backing of investments by diplomacy means inevitably an increase of the armaments which are the diplomatist's last word. . . . Armaments are an insurance for our exported capital, and they will continue to grow in proportion so long as we allow our diplomacy to be used to serve finance. (P. 240-1.)

Throughout his book Mr. Brailsford makes frequent references to Morocco; and it is the Morocco question which he holds responsible for the international uneasiness that preceded the war. He admits, nevertheless (p. 33), that the Germans were not financially, greatly interested in Morocco; the Government supported the Mannesmanns because they had concessions for working the iron-ore mines. Iron ore, as it happens, is precisely one of the essential raw materials of which Germany has to import millions of tons every year; and as guns and ships cannot be made without it, we can easily understand why more importance was attached to the Mannesmann mines than to the opportunities of general commercial development offered by a railway system. Mr. Brailsford, I suggest, is in error in ascribing Europe's political uneasiness before the war to Morocco; for it was surely due much more to the Baghdad Railway enterprise. Morocco did not really come into prominence as an international question until 1904, whereas the first German company interested in the Bagdad route obtained its first concession on September 27, 1888. The first concession granted to the Deutsche Bank is dated February 15, 1893; and in October, 1898, the present Kaiser visited Constanza, regarded himself as the Sultan, and secured the promise of the Konia-Persian Gulf concession. There are many subsequent agreements and conventions regulating the construction of the various sections of the Bagdad Railway system; but the preliminary arrangements had even been made, and a portion of the line had been built, more than twenty years before Germany nearly caused a war by the aggressive action in dispatching the "Panther" to Agadir, and certainly fourteen years before Morocco was seriously considered as a question of international consequence in the German newspapers.

From the extracts I have quoted, it will be seen that Mr. Brailsford makes a justifiable distinction between the export of goods and the export of capital; but this analysis might have been carried further. Let us consider whether it is not possible to make an even more fundamental distinction between the two sets of motives which led capitalists to seek to develop foreign countries. In most cases their interest on their investments. French people are notoriously indifferent to their own overseas possessions as desirable places of settlement, and Englishmen have been in no hurry to colonise, say, British East Africa, or even the relatively civilised Rhodesia. Again, in placing their money abroad, both British and French financiers have not paid so very much attention to the undeveloped countries on which the critics of international finance have laid infinite stress. In his Budget speech (1915), as Mr. Brailsford notes, Mr. Lloyd George estimated British foreign investments at four thousand millions sterling. Neither Mr. Brailsford nor Mr. Lloyd George added where the money had found its way. It was not necessary for Mr. Lloyd George to do so; but Mr. Brailsford's case, it seems to me, rests upon his ability to show that English capital or French capital was invested abroad with the same aggressive motives as German capital. This, I believe, he cannot do. It was reckoned, when the time came for the country to dispose of its American securities, that British investments in the United States alone amounted to over a thousand millions sterling, and British investments in Central and South America were not far short of the same figure (they amounted to £937,000,000 in 1911). Similarly, French investments in foreign countries were estimated, not long before the war broke out, at sixteen hundred millions sterling. This sum was invested for the most part, in countries where France could not expect to intervene by force; as Mr. Brailsford implies is the case where "undeveloped" countries are concerned. France could not hope to interfere in the internal affairs of Mexico, where one-eighth of her capital was invested, nor could France or England expect to take over the administration of the United States, or of any Central or South American country. The Monroe Doctrine (itself of British origin) was unambiguous on that point; and the only occasion for laying emphasis upon it arose when German designs in southern Brazil became too evident. When it is remembered that the American continent alone (excluding Canada into the bargain) absorbs something like a tenth of the total British capital invested abroad, that most of the other half has been absorbed by European countries (including Germany), by our overseas possessions, and by India; and that most of France's foreign loans have been made to European countries also, it will be seen that financiers of the Allied States cannot well be accused of trying to embroil the world by capitalist intrigues. To England and France peace was a necessity; and if the aims of their moneyed men were not noble they were at least not murderous.

Germany, on the other hand, will not advance money on what we may call, for the sake of convenience, Allied terms. From the earliest modern discussion of foreign development down to the war, German financiers have always looked further than their mere money interest. The German financier has never been a lynx-eyed authority, part to the teaching of the Triestschke type of professor who has predominated in German educational institutions for more than half a century. Germany's views on development abroad have been rather those of the moneylender than those of the capitalist. It is the most fundamental distinction between the two sets of motives that Mr. Brailsford has failed to stress. When the number of German emigrants had settled down, as it did in the years before the war, to about 20,000 annually, as compared with a former
flow of ten times as many, advantage was still taken of the fact to maintain and to create German colonies in other lands. Hence, the Delbrück law, whereby German may change his nationality and yet remain a German; hence, too, the large subsidies paid to German schools and institutions abroad, no less than the careful tactics whereby German banking companies cautiously developed their operations in South America. And, hence, finally, the care with which the Berlin authorities supervise large foreign investments through the control they exercise over the banks. No money must go, generally speaking, where a German colony cannot be founded; or where German arms, if necessary, cannot conveniently inter- fere. The sending of the "Von der Tann" to South America was as significant as the sending of the "Panther" to Agadir; but both South America and Morocco are "new" countries for the purposes of Germany's development. The Near East has been held in view much longer.

In 1835 Count Helmuth von Moltke, obtaining leave to travel for military reasons, after having served for three years on the Prussian General Staff, arrived in Constantinople at an interesting time, and was entrusted with the task of reorganising the Turkish Army. Moltke, who had been an eager student of the Gelbe's (König's) military tactics, had thought long and deeply on the problems of holding off the Egyptian armies, frustrating the Arabs in their attempts to gain an ascendency, and organising the outlying Turkish States. The greatest difficulties, as he came to realise, were those of transport; for it was as impossible completely to control the Yemen from Constantinople as it was to control Belgrade. Moltke, therefore, returned to Berlin in 1839, firmly impressed with two things; first, that the Turkish Empire was destined to disappear in time, owing to the political and military degeneracy of the ruling classes; and, secondly, that railways were destined to become, for military reasons, of the utmost importance. Between 1841 and 1844, Moltke contributed a series of essays on Near Eastern questions to the "Augsburger Allgemeine Zeitung" (afterwards reprinted), and in scientific papers he laid the greatest possible emphasis on the importance of constructing railways throughout Prussia. It is in his essays on the Near East that Moltke warns his countrymen of the necessity for finding suitable colonies; and he frankly looks forward to the collapse of Turkey's Balkan possessions in order that Germany may find room there for her surplus population. Wallachia he also regards as excellent territory for the purpose; and in his very first essay he casts a longing eye on Palestine. The entire Holy Land—and a good deal more in the same area—he hopes to see turned into a Christian State, ruled over "by a sovereign prince of the German nation." Germany, says Moltke, "has the negative advantage of not being a maritime Power, while she has the nearest commercial road to the East through the navigation of the Danube and the Austrian ports on the Adriatic." He further justifies his use of the term "sovereign prince" by saying: "Only this form of government is fitted for a semi-barbarous state of things; it is the best of all forms of government in the hands of a just, wise, and energetic ruler; and only such a ruler can make anything out of the new creation." After the war against Denmark, Austria, and France, this project was revived in a different form; but, even then, Moltke and his writings provided the inspiration. In one of his later essays he remarks:

It is a striking fact that in Turkey we hear of Russia, France, and England, but never of Austria. And yet Austria should be held in greater regard there, for it is Austria's sword which will some day be thrust into the scale to decide the fate of this Empire. All the fleets in the world can neither execute nor prevent

the division of Turkey; Austria's arms may do the one, and can certainly do the other. He concludes this essay with a lament over German emigration, and urges that it should be directed to the Balkans, adding: "The Turkish Empire will fall in pieces as soon as the European Powers cease to agree concerning its continuance, or come to an agreement concerning its end."

In all the negotiations relating to the Bagdad Railway the influence of Moltke's initial schemes are apparent. Moltke was convinced of the inability of any fleet—"all the fleets in the world"—to interfere with a German commercial route to the East through the Balkans and Turkey; and we see that nearly eighty years ago Austria was regarded—as a useful instrument. It is amusing to note how, in the early stages of the Bagdad scheme, capital is lured from Western European financiers at a time when Germany had none to spare, and how, subsequently, all this outside assistance was, with little attempt at politeness, thrust aside. German finance remains what it was, an instrument for aiding German colonisation, and for helping Germany to obtain raw materials. If Allied capital was sent abroad for the sake of the interest, German capital was sent abroad for the sake of colonies, iron ore, and raw materials. So securely had the Australian national trade been "cornered" that special legislation was necessary, after the war broke out, to get it removed from the hands of the enemy.

If Moltke is an early example of this tendency, assuredly there are many later ones; and the later ones are so numerous that it is hardly worth while quoting them. I will mention an instance in connection with Morocco. A month or two after the "Panther" incident, the Prussian German League published a pamphlet sold by the ten thousand. It demanded Western Morocco for Germany ("West-Marokko deutsch" was its title), and the writer—a well-known lawyer and political controversialist, named Heinrich Class—demanded a large slice of Western Morocco (with an option on an Eastern slice) for precisely the same reasons as those adduced by Moltke to interest his countrymen in Palestine and Syria. Colonies and raw materials; colonies and iron ore! The distribution of Allied finance has been solely economic; that of German finance almost entirely strategic. Mr. Brailsford chose his title better, perhaps, than he knew. In the matter of foreign investments it is the Allied financiers who want the gold; but it is the German financiers who, for purposes which we are being forced to realise, want the steel.

THE POOR POET.

The voices from the bough
Do carol clear enow,
The eglantine in many a bush
Doth to the light her blossoms push:
While I sing diligently,
And strive for my poor bread.

The bough to the birds all
Is a high heavenly hall,
And to the enamelled eglantine
The ceiling of her quiet shrine;
But I say sorrowfully,
Ah me, the homeless head!

The sparrow hath his mate
And is a high heavenly hall,
But to the enamelled eglantine
The ceiling of her quiet shrine;
And I say sorrowfully,
Ah me, the homeless head!

RUTH PITTER.
Notes on Political Theory.

AN APOLOGY FOR THE LIBERTY OF THE PERSON.—I.

The political theory which has been put forward by Mr. Ramiro de Maeztu is based ultimately on two inter-connected ideas, that of objective value and that of function. It is clear that his attempt from his antagonism to a certain theory of personality, or rather to those theories which lay any emphasis on it at all. Personality, it is argued, is the incommunicable, precisely that element in social activity which has no determinate value and does not contribute at all to those common goods in the progressive attainment of which society must find its end. A man has no rights except in so far as he contributes something good to the whole, and his deserts are to be measured by that single standard. Therefore for the idea of liberty or the opportunity of expressing personality, we must substitute that of citizenship or participation in the Government. Mr. de Maeztu does not deny that this is not liberty in the sense countenanced by political tradition, and deriving whatever sanction (or the reverse) it possesses from the Philosophical Radicals. In their sense, liberty is merely the absence of constraint; if it has any value at all (which is doubtful, because it is not clear that it has any particular meaning), it can have it only as a means.

In referring to the practical consequences which follow from Mr. de Maeztu’s views, I may perhaps be writing without my book. For their author breathes an exalted metaphysical atmosphere; and it is not easy to determine how some of the arguments he develops are meant to have their being elsewhere than in that rarefied air. This suggestion is not made by way of criticism, but of possible explanation, for very conclusive reasons can be adduced to show why a very abstract theory of the nature of political principles should have any consequences at all. It might, indeed, plausibly be argued that both parts of ordinary political theory would benefit enormously thereby, just as ethics has flourished exceedingly on the recent separation of the theory of abstract ethics from the art of life. The statement of abstract principles would not then be hampered in its dignified exuberance by reference to facts: while in framing a policy we could take into account those things that really matter in practice. I suspect, however, that Mr. de Maeztu intends his doctrine to set men on the way of salvation if they will but believe it. Therefore, I shall assume that it is not irrelevant to call attention to some of its consequences, actual or possible.

To begin with, I desire to forestall certain lines of criticism, and besides discover a basis for argument by recording my general agreement with Mr. de Maeztu’s views on objective values, which I think we have learned from common masters. In consequence, we have at least some measure of agreement with reference to the functional principle and the primacy of things. This need not, however, be very extensive, inasmuch as one of the difficulties with which a very general political or other theory has to contend is that alleged (and perhaps even real) agreement with it may be discovered to cover a multitude of divergencies. Its application, that is, may be done in various ways: while in framing a policy we could take into account those things that really matter in practice. The statement of abstract principles would then not be hampered in its dignified exuberance by reference to facts: while in framing a policy we could take into account those things that really matter in practice. 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many-one relations, they do not make the many collapse into one, much less into the other. And so when Mr. de Maetzu maintains that the part of the sin of pride (with perhaps a vague suggestion also of the lust of the flesh), I reply by admitting it. No matter what, or how many, are the objects which we will in common, our acts of will remain eternally different. Mr. de Maetzu’s error is in imagining that the existential dispositions which belong to the act. He seems in this respect to share the tendency very noticeable among certain of the fairly recent writers who have developed the theory of knowledge, of that of denying the reality of the self. No argument is, I think, required to show that merely to distinguish act from object and maintain the principle that acts, as such, have no bearing on truth, does not detract from the existential reality of the self. I pass over without discussion the question why it should have been supposed that it did. The reasons are mainly of purely technical interest.

It may be replied, however—and this, abstract though it is, seems to be one of the foundations of Mr. de Maetzu’s view—that states of mind have only a derived value, depending on the objects in intentional reference to which they consist. I admit that if this contention can be justified this part of my argument (though not the remainder) fails to the ground. Inasmuch as liberty, in my sense, involves in practice a complicated set of psychical dispositions, I shall argue later that they have an instrumental value depending on the objects they may bring into being. My point now is that they have a value in themselves, and my reason the only relevant one, that careful examination convinces me that it is so. After all, no reason has ever been urged against it. The prevalence of the opposite view is due partly to the tendency to deny the reality of the self and partly to the way in which realist ethics developed itself. Writers, like Mr. Moore, simply assumed that the motive (regarded as a state of mind) could have nothing to do with the rightness of an act. This was an aftermath of Utilitarianism: for Mr. Moore found himself in agreement practically with everything in this theory except its conclusion that pleasure alone had intrinsic value, and like it he made rightness depend exclusively on consequences. I gather from an interesting article which Mr. de Maetzu wrote in THE NEW AGE on Liberty and Morality that he also accepts this view. The problem is pretty familiar in recent realist ethics. It is worked out with a considerable degree of subtlety and complicated results. Though it would be relevant to discuss it in detail, I shall try to make only two remarks suffice.

The first is that a confusion can be discovered in some of Mr. de Maetzu’s arguments against the view that the rightness of acts depends to some extent (not necessarily wholly) on their motives. In order to maintain objectivity—which I take it is his aim—it is not necessary to contend that the will of the agent does not enter into the content of the object of the judgment; but only to avoid the suggestion that the judgment that the act is right is true because of its relation (i.e., the relation of the judgment) to somebody’s will. The relations of the act about which the judgment is made are simply questions of fact. Therefore it is to be true that an act is good only if we like to perform it. What cannot possibly be true is that the judgment that an act is good, is true because we like to make it. All this depends on the general principle which Mr. de Maetzu obviously accepts (though, like other modern realists, he does not mention it) that the recognition of the distinction of act and object, which is the basis of all objective philosophy, does not mean that the object may not de facto be mental. The principle says only that no process has as its own content the object to which reference is made. Secondly, Mr. de Maetzu’s view that in detail that rightness cannot be determined by spiritual disposition, because we spend a great part of our lives judging the morality of actions carried out by other people, even although the spiritual disposition generally escapes us. I should have thought that no realist (least of all, Mr. de Maetzu with his detestation of the sin of the men of the Renaissance) would have based an ethical argument on a consideration of what people do, or do not do. In any case, it is sufficient for me to reply that I do not hold that psychological dispositions are the only elements that determine the rightness of acts, so that judgments might frequently be approximately accurate, though no attention was paid except to consequences; and, secondly, that judgments as to the morality of other people are usually right.

I conclude, therefore, that nothing is validly alleged against the possibility that spiritual dispositions—like those that enter into liberty—have intrinsic value. And since reflexive consideration shows me that it is so, I assert that liberty has some degree of intrinsic value. And this by its very existence tends to modify Mr. de Maetzu’s transports over compulsion.

O. LATHAM.

Studies in Contemporary Mentality.

By Eliza Fougé.

VII.

FAR FROM THE EXPENSIVE VEAL CUTLET.

Wearing with the familiar face, I mounted a "bus at Piccadilly Circus and proceeded via Vauxhall to Clapham, and thence by another "bus via "The Borough" and Hackney to a bridge spanning, I believe, the Lea River. Here beneath the rain stretched northward a desolate, flat and more or less Dutch landscape. Below the west side of the bridge was a yard and dock for regenerating canal boats. It was not unlike a Venetian sguero. On the other side of the bridge, and stuffed almost under it, was the copy of a poorish German bier-garten; in the forty-foot stream there a few disconsolate row-boats of the familiar Serpentine pattern. The bridge was largely surmounted by a policeman. He decided my wife was innocent, and warned me in a glooming and ominous silence, with a sort of projecting sing-song, and rusty eye, that I was to commit no foul play in that neighbourhood.

I offered no explanation of my presence. If I had said "I came because I saw LEA BRIDGE on a "bus-sign," he would have considered the explanation inadequate. Certain social gulf's are inextricable. I am convinced the policeman did not and does not yet understand my presence overlooking his disconsolate river. I am equally certain, after having traversed those bus-routes, that the millions are unplumbed by our "literature." What! Beyond the scope of Conan Doyle, or Hall Caine, millions indifferent to Mr. Wells' views upon God; millions unexpressed in the pages of Bennett, and even in the pages of Jacobs; sunk in vice? No, surely, only a few of them sunk in vice, and the rest of them sunk deep in virtue, as denoted by their specific weight and bulk; but at any rate terra incognita, unknown to the most popular writer, inarticulate, unexpressive.

I am perfectly certain these people do not read "The Sketch," or "Blackwood," or even "Truth," though I am assured that this latter paper circulates widely among the nonconformists of North London. And what, in God's name, do they read? What data can they provide save to takers of census, to compilers and statisticians? And what sort of an image of the
"social order" has anyone been able to form; even the most social of novelists? In a flight and fury of Galsworthian phantasy we might suggest a flabby but decorative poppy: the slightly pathetic "aristocracy," some of whose "photos" appear in the illustrated Press; and below that class there is a punctilious, the swamp-class, depicted by Belloc and other writers, hated from above and below, but tolerated in its upper layer by the "aristocracy" whom it appears to support, though in reality our metaphorical Galsworthian flower is held up by a slender stiff stem: people whose males dress for dinner, habitually and without thought for the changing of raincoat; below them, people to whom the boiled shirt is a symbol of gaitly, gaitly more or less rare, to whom the evening black is a compensation for emptiness of the pocket, to whom the low-cut waistcoat is friendly, familiar; below them, in the "stem," people who regard their evening costume with something like reverence, with just a touch of the continental superstition for the "true" and for "smoking".

There are also the followers and companions of Mr. Shaw, who advocate personal cleanliness but eschew the boiled shirt on principle, and below them the followers of reformers who begin their economy on the laundry-bill; who regard the body as the temple, rather than the altar, and request author to call on theatre manager, to bring him the second announcements of from uncle in Australia. Result: the altar, plus "brilliant" literary collaboration, and they become "owners of one of the most charming and comfortable houses in town, with several successful plays and as many 'best sellers' and no failures to their credit," "and are something of celebrities in their way." What do Wells, Bennett, and Doyle know of the great popular heart? The events of this narrative occupy five pages, leaving one-fourth of a page for the magazine heading and title. The illustrations are of the school used by "The Century." The sub-headings are: On the Leads; Stella Intreised; An All-night Sitting; The Postman's Knock.

SECOND ITEM: My Girls and the New Times, a frank talk, by a middle-aged mother.

She wished the home to be "a refuge and an inspiration," but the girls desired the great city. Declaration of present War made them realise "for the first time what it meant to have a home." "They realised in the flesh the comfort and the beauty of a common life." "Hard work has proved their salvation, the girls have been of immense value to girls living alone." "The war has shown my girls, and the girls hundreds of other mothers, not only to appreciate their homes, but to be able to make homes.

The logic of this—it is part of a passage headed "Close to Pain, but far from Pessimism" is not quite clear to me. The point has been overlooked by Von Bernhardi and other Teutonic praisers of War, but I have no doubt that they will be grateful for the hint, and will use it in further supporting their works. They will also delight in revelation of Britannia.

The mother wishes her girls to marry, but why their sundry accomplishments could not have been acquired under the reign of Saturn is nowhere explained to us. The healing hand of Mars has wrought this metamorphosis and solved her domestic perplexities. "Because of the War," she says, "I have lost—"
and found my girls. It is a paradox, but immeasurably true.

There are further exhortations to "let our girls bring their men friends to tea or dinner, and let us welcome them with perfect naturalness." We are told that "Most men are too ready to take it for granted that their girls will marry." Parents are exhorted to help towards this consummation. "The colonies need women. Our daughters need husbands." The mother is going to write to friends in New Zealand to ask them to offer hospitality to her youngest. She is not going to wait for official action, even though the price of fares has gone up 4 pages.

THIRD ITEM: Chapter XXVI (copyright in U.S.A. by Mrs. Baillie Reynolds). "The night of the Orenfels ball... He was a gentleman—an English gentleman—then what was he doing masquerading as a peasant at Oeufils? Decore: marble seat, tennis lawn, faultless behaviour. "Conscious—as what girl is not conscious—of being admirably gowned, and looking remarkably nice... mine arms... bearing you down river bank... I wish you would not! In England we do not talk like... limpid eyes... Was not Otho a foreigner..."

Illustiations, à la Prisoner of Zenda, "There is much the music shall plead for me... actually preferred her, little Betty." 12 pages.

FOURTH ITEM: The Woman's Harvest... with photos. Photos for the most part show female harvesters wearing broad expressions of pleasure. "On the banks of the Nile, with its periodic overflows... to make the desert blossom as the rose... Continental females also have tilled... etc. 7 pages, counting the illustrations.

FIFTH ITEM: "The Duchess of Grinville must have been an interesting lady—Auntie often speaks of her to me. Call me Louis... £50,000 worth of jewels... The villain... manners... much more polished than those of handsome young knight of the shires... 6 pages.

SIXTH ITEM: Village comedy, sub-Jacques, verbs in present tense, "thank-you... better like... do complain a bit... that there..." 3 pages.

SEVENTH ITEM: Tale of the French revolution, Tricolour, old Versailles days, Marquis de... (Loose leaf folder on "Wiping away tears," inserted at this juncture). "I am Jeannot Fourier—butter, and, faith, I'm not ashamed of it! I've buttered to some purpose to-day..." "He glanced with an evil laugh... Danger from the mob... revolution: bloody monster. Lovers united.

EIGHTH ITEM. Inform us that "Before the War... fox-hunting was certainly one of the most familiar of British rural sports. Zoographical data re foxes translated into ideas of "Sometimes papa will make his appearance... his hunter joins in the gambols of his family..." 24 pages, plus 2 plates, all of which display foxes; in the other I can discern no fox, but one may be imagined lurking in the underbrush.

NINTH ITEM: But no! These four letters from a Holiday Worker to her friend, beginning "Dear Mate," and continuing "When the call to national service rang throughout the length and breadth of the land..." these and the beating heart of the magazine demand more than a brief and hurried notice. There is another story about a boy scout. There are three full page reproductions of the Piazzetta, the Bridge of Sighs, the Dome of St. Mark's, labelled "Venice the Queen of Cities." And there is something about the possibilities of potatoes, but the beating heart of the magazine is in its competitions and personal correspondence, and in "The League of Young British Citizens," Patron in Chief H.R.H. Princess Patricia of Connaught. These things cannot be scamped, they cannot be lightly passed over. No wind will scamp Red Sea before us. I have been all, alas all, too brief in my consideration of the middle-aged mother. I trust the reader will turn to her for himself. She cannot be compressed in an extract. The wine of Mt. Buzilac will not travel. You should smell this aroma from the petal and not from the distillation.

Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

The production of "The Yellow Ticket" at the Playhouse has no political significance; it is, I am sure, not even one of our international courtesies, for we exhausted our artistic resources of compliment when we tired of hearing two, or more, National Anthems in one evening. But as the play has no intrinsic dramatic interest (being as it is, indeed, as truly a play as was that play which, in the historic period before the war, was resented as an insult to his country by the Turkish Ambassador), we must find some justification for its appearance at this moment. Let us suppose that it is intended to be educative; all good art is supposed to be educative, and bad art should at least have good intentions. Let us suppose that the political significance of "The Yellow Ticket" at this moment has so impressed the producer of this play that he feels impelled to instruct the British public, even while he entertains them with a vision of what Russia was. They will thus be able to see that the Russian Revolution, like the European War, means that Virtue will triumph over Vice, the moral issue of all political events being stated in the symbolic terms of melodrama.

We expect, and we get, the virtuous maiden, the cruel monster, and the heroic rescuer. There is no doubt about the virtuous of the maiden; her hair is fair, but not fiery; she is dressed simply in black, which symbolises "Abandon hope, etc., and she enters the room hurriedly, and alleges that she has been followed by a man. All virtuous women are followed by men; it is a tribute to the moral excellence of the sex; but, as a rule, only the more elderly women remark the fact. So we conclude that this man has some special significance, apart from his manhood, as he has been observed by a young woman; and this conclusion is speedily confirmed. For the waiter, whose speaking eyes say "Spy," who spells the word "Spy" with every movement of his eloquent hands, whose very leg shape the letters, opens the door to convince her of her inaccuracy; and there is the man, visible to the audience, but invisible to the lady. Thus is Virtue justified: "Audience, I cannot tell a lie! the author will not let me!" and we are at once aware that this man is no common case of unwelcome attentions, but a widely ramifying conspiracy against her liberty, which is on the point of completion. We have even, although she has not, the Watcher of the Threshold, and, according to all symbol, that is a sign of imminent calamity.

It comes in the form of a domiciliary visit by the secret police. Marya Varenka is cross-examined, and the fact is elicited that she is not Marya Varenka,
but Anna somebody else, that she is a Jewess, and
has no right to live outside the Pale of Settlement.

Instantly she rises above the local feeling of the
Jewess; patriotism is not enough for her; and asserts
the third feeling of liberty to which she has to be
refused to go back to her own people, and, driven, to
the last extremity, produces a passport, the famous
Yellow Ticket, which enables her to live anywhere in
the Tsar's dominions. But the condition attached
to that passport is that she will be engaged in the pro-
cession that it regulates, and shall report herself
periodically to the police; a condition with which
was not even a revolutionist; she was simply a good
girl, a domestic divinity who had sought to make
by no other means could she get to

But a way of escape is offered to her by the wicked
Baron, who is the head of the Okhrana. He locks
the doors, he offers her champagne, he even shows
her his bedroom which looks as uncomfortable as

But England, which loves the Jews even more than
it loves liberty, comes to the rescue. The heroic
rescuer is a journalist, but obviously not the corre-
respondent of the Morning Post," for he is accused
of theological theology. There is no lack of such
his affairs. For this, and his interference with the
affairs of the Okhrana, so far as they relate to Marya
Varents, he is sentenced to Siberia; the Chief of Police
being apparently of opinion that there are so many
English journalists in Russia that one would not no
missed. But the Englishman, even the English jour-
nalists, is not such a fool as he looks; besides, this one
was accused of understanding Russia, and had proved
it by acquainting the English Embassy with his in-
tention of visiting the headquarters of the Okhrana.
The English Ambassador, having received his case, tele-
phones at the right moment to invite the journalist
to tea; and another official document is wasted. The
order of commitment to Siberia is destroyed; both the
journalist and the Jewess are released; and there, in
the bureau of the Okhrana, where even walls have
tinnitus, the sound of their first kiss is heard, and another
Semitic influence is added to the Press. The play
at least enlightens us concerning the origin of the wives
of some of our journalists, and perhaps explains the
peculiar anxiety towards Christianity which is ex-
pressed by the correspondents of some English jour-
nalists. For if the Revolution has abolished the Ok-
hrana, our journalists will either have to submit to
compulsory celibacy, or get themselves attached to
other countries which will afford them the opportunity
of getting married according to the laws of mankind.
The play is certainly educative, for what is all mel-
drama but a History of Marriage?

Readers and Writers

My recent remarks upon Rationalism, which themselves
grew out of a comment upon Mr. Arnold Bennett,
as a small spark kindled a great matter, have now
drawn upon me a number of letters of which the
following may be taken as typical:

To the Editor of THE NEW AGE.

Sir,—I would like an opportunity of commenting
upon the definition of Rationalism which "R.H.C."
gives in its issue of the 9th September. But before
he declares, is "only . . . an exclusive attention to
reason at the expense of, and by way of, the negation
and denial of the other faculties of the mind." This
definition may be contrasted with that adopted by the
Rationalist Press Association after consultation with
leading Rationalists : "Rationalism is the mental at-
titude which unreservedly accepts the supremacy of
reason, and aims at establishing a system of philosophy
and ethics verifiable by experience, and independent of
all arbitrary assumptions or authority." There is no-
thing here that implies the negation of other mental
faculties, or supports "R. H. C." in declaring that
Rationalists must either employ "nothing but reason"
or "secretly indulge in other faculties while professing
"to be Rationalists." The alternative of "sterility
or hypocrisy" exists solely in "R. H. C.'s" misunder-
standing of the subject. Rationalism aims at the
balanced development of imagination, desire for
beauty, and the emotional life; the only reservation it
involves is that, on questions of truth and error, reason
shall be the final arbiter, and not tradition, prejudice,
personal authority, illusion, hearsay, or desire.

"R.H.C." holds up Mr. Arnold Bennett as a proof
of how Rationalism destroys "atmosphere" in a writer. He
does not go so far as to deny "atmosphere" to Mr.
Eden Phillpotts, but the charge that Rationalist writers
"become empty of charm, of insight, of imagination, of
depth" is made generally. Does it apply to St.-Sey
and Swinburne, or to Meredith, or Hardy, or Arnold
Prance, or Mark Twain, or Gilbert Murray—to men-
tion some of the more prominent among the passionate
apostles of Rationalism? Even the scientific writers
allied to the cause of Rationalism cannot fairly be de-
scribed as lacking in the qualities that Rationalism is
alleged to atrophy.

"R. H. C." permits himself a rather petulant sneer at
"the poor little agnostics who still cross-examine
Christians concerning the mistakes of Moses." The
agnostics, however, feel compelled to perform this duty
so long as educated Christians admit the results of
biblical criticism while the mass of clergymen are silent
about them, and the countless teachers in Sunday and
other schools adhere to the discredited views of tra-
ditional theology.

Finally, I would like to invite "R. H. C." to step out-
side the narrow ring of a weekly column. "I have
never met," he writes, "the professed rationalist whose
reasoning I could not tear to logical pieces by rational
means alone." Clearly he is the predestined Overlord
of Reason; and he ought to give the world a book that
will completely arrest a movement which, although
"R.H.C." regards it as intellectually old-fashioned, is
advancing steadily even among the Churches them-
selves.

ADAM GOWANS WHYTE.

In reply to Mr. WhYTE I propose to do a little more
than deal with him point by point. I should like,
indeed, to take up his concluding challenge and to
breathe him beneath a work in twenty volumes in which
I should conclusively prove to my own satisfaction
and to the satisfaction of all men who agreed with
me, that Rationalism as a creed, Rationalism as a
philosophy, Rationalism as an ideal (and all these
substantives have been claimed for it), which I never had
a positive existence, but that, on the contrary, it is
rooted in an attitude of negation, and primarily of
the negation of "religion." But to what good the
wish, since there are, in spite of all the advances
of modern science, still only twenty-four hours in the
day? And if I should cease to write this polemic
in order to raise an obelisk on the remains of the last
Rationalist, who would commend me? You hear their reply, Mr. Whyte. (For the original of this ingenuous piece of self-flattery see Demostenes' "On the Crown")

What I propose to do further than to reply briefly to my correspondent is to examine the whole case for Rationalism as presented by its most able exponent, Mr. J. M. Robertson. As it happens, his book upon the subject has fallen into my hands mysteriously by way of the post—as it were, out of the sky.

Do not less I object to another reader, more convinced even than Mr. Whyte of my need of correction, who has thrown it at me without compliments as a chunk of old red sandstone likely to settle my hash. Well, I shall try my teeth on it; and if I do not succeed in digesting it or in otherwise disposing of it, let him that sent it me ask for its return. In the meanwhile, let me deal with Mr. Whyte's letter.

Mr. Whyte asks me to "contrast" my own definition of Rationalism with the official definition of the Rationalist Press Association drawn up in synod. Contrasting, however, is not a process to which the two definitions can be subjected; for, in truth, they appear to me to be in different words identical. It is true that in my definition the negative element of Rationalism (its only element) is emphasised; but in the official definition it is as clearly implied in the phrase "the supremacy of reason." It is impossible to assert the supremacy of reason without implying the inferiority of the other faculties of the mind; and since it was precisely my point that Rationalism negates or relegates to an inferior status the mental faculties other than reason; and it is precisely the point of the official definition to assert the sovereignty of reason—our definitions are substantially the same. That Mr. Whyte himself agrees with my definition, as completely as with his authority, I, moreover, evident in his next sentences; for he remarks of Rationalism that, while it aims at the balanced development of imagination, etc., it excludes, in questions of truth and error, such other faculties of the mind as result in beliefs based on "tradition, prejudice, personal authority, illusion, hearsay or desire." (Remark, if you please, that the negative in the qualities which, in my time, I have not denied to the intellectual leader of the agnostics is emphasised; in the same sense as, for example, the official definition, I do deny the inferiority of the other faculties of the mind.

Why should we of necessity dismiss any or all of these, or even regard them as inferior to the sovereign reason? Who made reason to be a ruler and a despot over them? True enough that Rationalists have given them sources of belief, but not to the point of hanging them; but the exclusiveness of Rationalism to which I paid attention in my definition is only thereby confirmed. Out of Mr. Whyte's own inkpot is the witness of it: "reason shall be the final arbiter."

Mr. Whyte cannot have read the three hundred and twenty articles (let the word pass) I have contributed to these columns; or he would not suspect me of fearing to go so far as to deny "atmosphere" to Mr. Eden Phillpotts. There are really very few literary qualities which, in my time, I have not denied to Mr. Eden Phillpotts, and which I would not again if Mr. Phillpotts should again swim into my ken. And "atmosphere" has certainly not been one of them. (Remark, if you please, that the negative in the preceding sentence is necessary to the context sense; it is confusing but not confused.) As it happens, in fact, I distinctly remember many, many years ago animadverting upon Mr. Phillpotts' talents upon this very point, to wit, the consanguinity of his "Rationalism" and his defective atmosphere; and I said, at the time that has proved, that Mr. Phillpotts would go no further in his art than his first novels since he had determined to contract unwisely with Rationalism. Mr. Whyte, however, rises a scale in his next examples, and he challenges me to deny either that writers like Shelley and Swinburne, Meredith and Hardy, Anatole France and Mark Twain, are "empty of charm, etc.," or that they were Rationalists. As for their charm I do not, of course, deny it, though I should hesitate to apply the term to, at least, three of the writers named; but their Rationalism, in the sense of the official definition, I do deny entirely. They appear to me to fall under my description of certain professional Rationalists "who secretly indulge in other faculties while professing to be Rationalists."

In his penultimate paragraph Mr. Whyte claims a continuing place for the agnostics who must persist in their criticism of the Bible so long as Christian teachers adhere to the discarded views of traditional theology. But the two things are by no means on the same plane to my mind. The Bible and Christian theology are in many respects independent of each other; and, at best, the Bible is only one of the many documents and evidences of Christian theology. Has Mr. Whyte read, for instance, the uncanonical Gospels or the other fragments of traditional literature that preceded and was scarcely represented in the canonical Scripture? And has he reflected that all that was no more but no less relevant to Christian theology than the Bible itself? Not only, therefore, must our agnostic perform the duty of discarding the Bible, but he must then proceed to discredit the literature of which the Bible is an inadequate anthology; and even then he is scarcely within hailing distance of Christian theology itself. My "rather petulant sneer" at the poor little agnostics who still cross-examine Christians concerning the mistakes of Moses, amounted therefore to this—that they had a long way to go before reaching a vulnerable part of Christian theology proper. They might as well expect to discredit science by attacking the Harmsworth Encyclopedia as hope to discredit Christian theology by criticising the Bible.

Mr. Whyte's final paragraph I have already commented upon in a promissory note, to the effect that, if not a book, I shall at least write an article on Rationalism which, to my overlordly reason, should arrest the movement and bring it to judgment. I am emboldened to make this claim for myself, since, as I shall show, Mr Robertson has enabled the least critical of his readers to make it, and to call in his book as chief witness. Mr. Whyte will find, I think, that the intellectual movement of Rationalism has become, like the present century, far less Rationalistic, but far more reasonable.

R. H. C.

The Day.

By Kenelm Foss.

At one of the three front doors in the little blind alley which bulged off the northern corner of the square stood Albert Edward Wilkins, the policeman's son, sat, nine, and Annie Maria Wilkins, his sister, sat seven and a half, attempting to descry in the sky's grey early-morning surface some vague promise of 'fine weather to come. For the day was not an ordinary day. It was The Day, the particular twenty-four hours for which the past few months had sighed, the date appointed for the annual trip of the policeman and his family to Brighton.

From just above them, as they gazed anxiously upwards, came a puzzling and a rumbling familiar to them as betokening the presence in her two rooms above the disposed garage of Granny Moon, their neighbour. At the sound both with a simultaneous impulse made a dive for the front door next their own, which, by a mystery of architecture common
in that suburb, was at the sole disposal of the tenant of the garden rooms, and, disputing playfully for precedence, pattered on all fours up the narrow, steep, dark, sharply turning staircase.

At the top they tapped gently at her door, for it had always been impressed upon them that an old lady who had occupied the same two rooms for thirty-five years should be treated with respect. But no other answer than the continued mumblings came either to their repeated knockings or to their respective cries of "Granny!"

Remembering her deafness they opened the door an inch or two at a time, so as not to alarm her, and then, so still as they feared she might not hear, they said "Who's there?" she croaked.

"It's us!" cried the children together, to which the boy, seeing that still she did not seem to recognise them, added, "We've come to 'mind you that it's the day." For it had been arranged that this year their aged neighbour should accompany the policeman's family to the seaside. But, "Eh!" she sighed, "there'll be no sea or suchlike for me to-day. I'm that poorly." She moved towards them, her jaws working without consciousness. But, "Thinks she's going to die, as for nobody bein' about, I've 'card you say she's all right. As for nobody bein' about, I've 'card you say she'd as like as not be dead next year."

Her husband looked at her in amazement. "Pon me Sam," said he, not without humour, "I never knew you was such a fussier, I tell you she's all right. As for bein' about, don't you see yourself that 'ardy a day passes without a parson or a doctor drops in on 'er. Ye're talkin' through yer d—d head. D'you know what you're doin', my gel? Setting about taking away the only little bit of 'appiness me and the brats 'as in a twelvemonth. Now, you just stop it!"

So it came about that at eight-thirty the whole party started together for the station. Mrs. Wilkins had done what she could to make their aged neighbour comfortable, and the policeman, with a good humour that had appeared directly he had gained his point, had also paid the old woman a visit, admonishing her to cheer up, and assuring her of her undoubted return on the evening of the following day. He had been thoughtful as he descended the stairs, and Mrs. Wilkins had for a moment thought he was changing his mind. But, no. "She's a funny old bird," he said to his wife, as they set out, the elder children whispering she was all right, and says since she's got no folks we may as well 'ave 'er sticks. Hm. It's quite a decent chest 'o' drawers. Worth every farthing of thirty bob..."

It was dusk next day. The tired pleasure-seekers had returned. The policeman, fatigued and irritable, had retired for a wash; one child slept in a chair, two others reviewed the glories of the two previous days, another whispered sleepily for food. Meanwhile, the mistress of the household, to whom no hour of any day was ever resting time, bustled about, as well as a peevish, struggling John Willie in one arm permitted her, she closed the door.

Disappointed, the children descended the steep staircase, to find the home which had but a few minutes earlier been snoring now thoroughly awakened. The curtains of both rooms were drawn, a kettle was on the gas-ring, their father, phlegmatically seated by the window in undervest and multi trousers with the braces hanging, blacked his boots; while their mother, even more deshabille than his husband, busied herself with tablecloth and crockery. In the inner room the two younger girls, Gladys May Doris and Lily Elsie, after the intervals of some nourishment of the baby, John Willie, sat ten months, whose cries resounded throughout the dwelling.

At the news that Granny Moon felt too poorly to come with them, their father muttered something sounding like "Better without 'er!" but their mother, after an admonition to Annie to see that the kettle didn't boil over, or that John Willie didn't fall off the bed, ascended the old woman's stairs immediately. They heard her moving about in the room above for a minute or two, then she re-appeared at the street door.

"I don't arf like the look of 'er, and that's a fact," said she to her husband. "I don't like leaving 'er a night alone when she's like this. She's an old woman, and she 'asn't got no folk. I'm thinking you'd best leave me and John Willie, and go off with the others by yourself."

"We've bought all the tickets," said her husband, in the tone of one who puts forward an unanswerable argument. "Nice sort o' holiday it'd be for me, wouldn't it, wiv all the kids on me 'ands all day."

He put down the boot he was cleaning and tramped heavily up the stairs. "She's all right," he pronounced gruffly, as he returned. "Thinks she's going to die, as usual, that's all. I 'ast 'er 'ether 'e'd like you to stop wiv 'er, and she said 'No.' So she ought to know," And he sat down to breakfast. "She's a good old sort," he grunted, between mouthfuls. "Sent 'em a sixpence to spend."

He turned to his offspring. "And mind you spend it proper," he pronounced fiercely. "It took 'er arf a mornin's chargin' to earn!"

"Shall I see if she'll 'ave a drop o' gruel, Jem?" asked his wife, hardly convinced. "I arf 'er. Says she doesn't fancy it. She's got a bit o' pickled pork and some cold pertaters up there she'd rather 'ave. Contrary old soul, she is. I told 'er she'd better 'ave a day in bed, but she said she couldn't some'ow lie there in the day light... felt as if she must walk about. Ow, she's all right."

Mrs. Wilkins, with ten years' stored experience of married life, allowed an interval to elapse before she brought up the subject again. "I wouldn't bother if the 'ouse opposit't wasn't empty," she faltered, half an hour later, "but, as it is, if we go away there'll be nobody nearer 'er than the square, 'cept that drunken caretaker."

Then, quite impetuously for a middle-aged working woman, "Let's all stop back, Jem, if you don't want to take the kids along. It's on for once. She'll as like as not be dead next year."

Her husband looked at her in amazement. "Pon me Sam," said he, not without humour, "I never knew you was such a fussier, I tell you she's all right. As for bein' about, don't you see yourself that 'ardy a day passes without a parson or a doctor drops in on 'er. Ye're talkin' through yer d—d head. D'you know what you're doin', my gel? Setting about taking away the only little bit of 'appiness me and the brats 'as in a twelvemonth. Now, you just stop it!"

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It was dusk next day. The tired pleasure-seekers had returned. The policeman, fatigued and irritable, had retired for a wash; one child slept in a chair, two others reviewed the glories of the two previous days, another whispered sleepily for food. Meanwhile, the mistress of the household, to whom no hour of any day was ever resting time, bustled about, as well as a peevish, struggling John Willie in one arm permitted her, she beckoned her eldest daughter to her. "Run, Annie," whispered she, lest the policeman should hear. "I never, you find out how Granny is now."

The cloth was laid, the baby was fed, and still Annie was absent.

"Well, Annie, 'ow is she?" called Mrs. Wilkins, in the act of making the tea. "Can't open the door, Mum," returned a small voice.

"What door? The front door? Press the latch, silly!"

"I 'ave, Mum," insisted Annie, "an' I got it open, but I can't get in no'ow. Something inside's in the way."

"Bless my 'eart!" exclaimed Mum, good-humouredly, coming to her aid. Then, reaching the old woman's door, she stopped suddenly, abruptly cold. It was quite true. There was something inside the
The Head of Eton.

I.

MR. F. H. POINDEXTER's "Studies in Contemporary Mentality," entertaining as they are, raise in our minds this depressing query: Is there any sign that this same mentality will not be the possession of a generation hence? The question seems to be causing our country a certain amount of unrest, of which the present cry for "more Education" is doubtless a sign.

Superficially, it seems reasonable to suppose that "more Education" will raise the standard of mentality, but it is possible that unless due care is exercised, the coming generation may easily be educated down instead of up. This is the more likely when schoolmasters attempt to popularise education by assuming that boys share the vulgarity of the newspapers, and talk down to that low level.

As an example of this tendency let me quote from a recent book of School Sermons by the Headmaster of Eton, every child of whom is addressed by the Headmaster, being Addresses given in Shrewsbury School Chapel.

II.

If you sit up long enough at night looking over examination papers until your brain is thoroughly muddled, and then go out for a walk, you are likely to hear strange things, and that was perhaps how I came the other night to overhear a conversation between the Trees and the River.

"Oft, I don't know what's the matter with the River. "Of course, in one sense I'm always going, but then in another sense I'm always here. . . . I know my waters come back to me somehow, but that's Science, and I never did understand that, and I know I'm always here, however far I go, and that sounds like Metaphysics, which is harder still. . . ."

And I always rather sympathise with them when they are leaving, and wish to try to explain to them that they aren't really leaving the place, even when they think they are. I tried once to make a song to them as they drove over the Bridge for the last time, but I couldn't get on with it very far, because it was in such a difficult metre. It began somehow like this:

"The term is ended. That can't be mended, Nor time extended."

To keep you here,
So be forgiving,
As off you're driving
And hear me giving
This word of cheer."

You see, it was a very difficult metre, and the rhymes didn't go quite right at the end, so I tried again the other day, and I hope this is just a little better. Now, however, the rhymes are pretty well right. I think, and I know the sentiment's good, though I can't say much for the poetry:

"From mountains famed in story
And upland vales I flow,
And gather grace and glory
As off you're driving, and hear me giving
This word of cheer."

[etc., after Tennyson's "Brook," with sundry clichés thrown in. Here is the fifth verse, with the rhymes pretty well all right.]

"And when I went to bed the River was still singing perhaps it is singing, it still."

II.

Now the Headmastership of Eton is generally looked
upon as the highest attainment to which a schoolmaster can aspire; so that it would not be unfair to regard the present generation as representing a tolerably high standard of educational mentality. Let me then adopt Mr. Pound's method and select a few passages from a work by the Rev. Cyril A. Allington, entitled A Schoolmaster's Apology, published in 1914, when he was Headmaster of Shrewsbury.

As an extract these extracts suffer both from their detachment and their brevity. The italics are in every case my own, and I have inserted a few comments in square brackets.

On "Freedom" of Thought.—Professor Bury's "History of Freedom of Thought" has annoyed me so much that I cannot deny him the satisfaction of quoting it. When I add that I have not read the middle part of it (which is the history of persecutions for which Christians were responsible), I must present myself to him, should he happen to read these lines, as the very type of a clerical controversialist.

But I did not read them (sic) because I think I do sufficiently know, though I am sure I cannot sufficiently regret, the time; in any case, I do not myself regard the facts as matters for controversy (p. 159).

So far as modern English Church history is concerned, it must, I fear, be said that the intolerance which we possess, and which are only slowly outgrowing is mainly due to Land (p. 178).

Of course, he was by no means the first, even in post-Reformation times, to introduce religious coercion into England, but it is approximately true that he was the first Englishman to believe in it. We had had poor Queen Mary, but the inspiration and the driving power of her persecution came from Spain; we had had the persecutions of the authors of the Second Prayer Book, but they were predominantly German or Dutch; and though Somerset is a good old English name, his (sic) failing was that good old English one of avarice rather than the new one of intolerance (p. 179). We also had had the Statute de Hereticis Comburendis passed by a good old English Parliament, and put to good old use by Archbishops Arundel and Chicheley under the good old English Kings Henry IV and Henry V.

On Evidence.—I can only answer that on (sic) the only two subjects on which I think myself capable of an opinion, the subject of literature and history, the case for the Christian documents seems to me personally to be almost irresistibly strong. The case of St. John, to. be almost irresistibly strong. The case of St. John, to. be almost irresistibly strong. The case for the Christian documents seems to me personally to be almost irresistibly strong. The case of St. John, to. be almost irresistibly strong. The case for the Christian documents seems to me personally to be almost irresistibly strong. The case for the Christian documents seems to me personally to be almost irresistibly strong. The case for the Christian documents seems to me personally to be almost irresistibly strong. The case for the Christian documents seems to me personally to be almost irresistibly strong. The case for the Christian documents seems to me personally to be almost irresistibly strong. 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Views and Reviews.

THE CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR.

A letter which appeared in the last issue of The New Age prompts me to return to the subject of the conscientious objector, not with the hope of convincing my correspondent, but with the intention of stating as clearly as I can my position. I disclaim any hostility towards the conscientious objector, and confess to an admiration for his courage; but I agree with Prof. Gilbert Murray, who wrote a preface to the pamphlet I reviewed, only in this, that I think that the conscientious objector is "wrong—tragically wrong." I contend that the developments of conscientious objection constitute an abuse of the word "conscience," and are, at the same time, a menace to the very liberty they profess to assert. For conscience is a categorical imperative dictating the moral activity of the individual; it does not determine the relative goodness of actions, it does determine that activity shall be confined to good actions. "If ye be led of the Spirit," said St. Paul, "ye are not under the law"; and his subsequent argument shows that such a person is above, not against, the law. He specifically mentions "seditions" among the works of the flesh, and says that "the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance; against such there is no law." By isolating the phenomenon of conscience in a hypothetical individual, we can say that the conscientious man will continue to do good, and good only, wherever he may be, and whatever may be his circumstances; just as the members of the Red Cross are under oath to continue their ministrations to the sick and wounded whatever happens. Conscience does not tell a man that school-teaching is better than agriculture; what it does tell him is that all honest labour is permissible. To pretend that conscience objects to the service of the sick, to sanitary services, and the rest, is to make conscience as ridiculous as it appeared when it was called upon to decide the question of prophylaxis against small-pox by vaccination. Conscience might make a man object to taking life, but not to saving life, not to doing his duty in whatever station to which it should please God to call him.

The Military Service Acts do grant some relief to conscience; "on the ground of a conscientious objection to the undertaking of combatant service," are the words. But the statement is not unqualified; it proceeds, "and the local tribunal, if they consider the grounds of the application established, shall grant such a certificate." But also, the Act provides that "any certificate may be absolute, conditional, or temporary, as the authority by whom it was granted think best suited to the case, and also in the case of an application on conscientious grounds, may take the form of an exemption from combatant service only, or may be conditional on the applicant being engaged in some work which, in the opinion of the tribunal dealing with the case, is of national importance." I have quoted the passage in full, because I want to make quite clear the fact that the conscientious objector is not, in legal language, "entitled" to exemption, and certainly not to absolute exemption. A conscientious objection to the undertaking of combatant service is a ground of appeal for exemption, but certainly not necessarily of a grant of exemption. The grant of exemption, or any degree of it, is in the discretion of the Tribunals; and if they had chosen not to exempt any one of the applicants, their decision would still have been the law. But to about four hundred, I believe, they granted absolute exemption, to many hundreds of others they granted varying degrees of exemption, and some, who did not establish the ground of appeal to the satisfaction of the Tribunals, obtained no exemption. The result was certainly no worse for them than it was for those who pleaded "serious hardship," or "ill-health or infirmity"; and the legal necessity of accepting the decision was as binding on them as on any other appellant. We may dislike the Act; but, in that case, our quarrel is with the Parliament that passed it, not with the Tribunals who administered it.

But my correspondent alleges that the Act was maladministered, and cites as an instance the fact that widows' sons have been conscripted. I know one widow's son who has not been conscripted, just as I know one unfit man who was not passed by the Mill Hill Medical Board; and if I cared to jump to conclusions, or to generalize from particular instances, I should cite this case as proof that the Act was properly administered. I assert that it was so administered, and that the case of the widow's son is no proof to the contrary; for there is not a word about the widow's son in the Act from one end to the other. Grounds of appeal, I must repeat, are not titles to exemption; but among the grounds of appeal, the fact of being a widow's son is not, as is the fact of entertaining a conscientious objection, specifically mentioned. It could be pleaded under the general heading of "serious hardship," and was so pleaded; but the grant of exemption, in all cases, was in the discretion of the Tribunals. The only right established by the Act was a right of appeal, not a right to a particular verdict; and it is preposterous to allege that the Act was maladministered because the verdicts did not always please the appellants. It is a fact that the Tribunals refused to consider speeches made in, or pledges given to, the House of Commons; they followed the usual procedure of our Courts of Law, which will not consider the proceedings of Parliament when they attempt to discover the intention of Parliament as expressed in its Acts. For the Act of Parliament, I must insist, is the finished work enacted by the King, "by and with the advice and consent of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and Commons, in this present Parliament assembled, and by the authority of the same." The objectors to the Act have a case against the legislators who accepted pledges instead of legislation; but they have no case at all against the Tribunals who administered the Act.

Having established the fact that the holding of a conscientious objection only afforded a ground of appeal for exemption, not a title to it, I may remark that those conscientious objectors who refused to plead deprived themselves of the only legal right they had; and have no one but themselves to blame for the consequences. In the case of the others who did plead, they are not merely in duty bound, but in honour bound to accept the verdict. They were not compelled to plead, they chose to do so; and if a man accepts the arbitration of another, he is, I assert, in common fairness bound to accept the verdict. In this case, he is legally bound; but the obligation of honour should be the most binding on a conscientious man. But if they refuse to accept the verdict, and suffer the legal consequences of a breach of the law, it is a simple perversion of language to pretend that they are suffering for conscience. A remark in my last article on this subject to the effect that these men chose to go to prison is contradicted by my correspondent; I need
only quote Mrs. Hobhouse's appeal on their behalf to justify my statement. "A small proportion of these [800-1,000 Conscientious Objectors in prison] are men who have been refused exemption from Home Office camps on account of some breach of regulations, but by far the greater number are where they are because they maintain that it is against their conscience to purchase release from prison by undertaking work imposed in consequence of the Military Service Acts, such as Alternative Service granted by the Tribunals, or service in Home Office Work Centres." They are there, I repeat, because they choose to be there, and their incarceration is not the result of a conscientious objection (it's resources for purposes of war). They contend that the result of their engaging in agriculture will not be to increase the amount of the nation's food production, but merely to enable the authorities to send a larger number of agricultural labourers into the Army. Accordingly, they maintain that what is called work of national importance, even when it has no direct association with the prosecution of the war, is really ancillary to military service, just as much as is the work of the Non-Combatant Corps. That is perfectly intelligible, but it is not a conscientious objection; for it is clear that these men would pursue their ordinary avocations without misgiving, in spite of the fact that all the activities of the nation are ancillary to military service. They object to being ordered to change their occupation, but there is nothing to show that they would object to being ordered to remain in their occupation, as a condition of exemption. But a conscientious objection to the organisation of the nation's resources for the purposes of war would reject the one as the other alternative. They actually object to the organisation of their life, there is, on their own reasoning, no place in the nation at war for the conscientious objector. If we eat less bread, we help the nation at war; if we live quietly in prison instead of stirring up sedition in the Army, we help the nation. The conscientious objectors are even helping the nation at war by staying quietly in prison instead of stirring up sedition in the country. That is the absurdity to which their abuse of "conscience" has brought them. They cannot stop the war; they can in no way impede its prosecution; they can only bring upon themselves much suffering, and, at the same time, set an evil example to the people of this country. That same disrespect of the "rule of law" that they manifest in the preparation for rebellion in Ulster, is exactly of the same order as the violence of modern barbary, and is a novelty; not that Capt. Agate tells us much about Supply, except that he counts sides of bacon and buys millions of "marrows, vegetable." But it is a novelty to read a criticism of Rémusat's "Herod" by J. E. Agate as performed by a travelling opera-company in the same place. The chapter on "Choice of Books" is interesting, too, although it is difficult to understand why Captain Agate cannot defend his choice of "Mr. Polly." He corrects Zola's description of the peasantry of France in another very literary chapter; and apparently takes more pleasure in literature than in anything else. But he writes well about cricket, and ponies, and officers' servants, and his "Friends in the Ranks!"; as he truly says in conclusion, he wants to write a novel, and has really written the best sort of war-book, that which says very little about the war. Morai: You cannot serve Cupid and cupidity.

Reviews.

L. of C. (Lines of Communication). By a Temporary Officer in the Army Service Corps (Capt. J. E. Agate). (Constable. 5s. net.)

A war-book written by one of the "Supply" men is a novelty; not that Capt. Agate tells us much about Supply, except that he counts sides of bacon and buys millions of "marrows, vegetable." But it is a novelty to read a criticism of Rémusat's "Herod" by J. E. Agate as performed by a travelling opera-company in the same place. The chapter on "Choice of Books" is interesting, too, although it is difficult to understand why Captain Agate cannot defend his choice of "Mr. Polly." He corrects Zola's description of the peasantry of France in another very literary chapter; and apparently takes more pleasure in literature than in anything else. But he writes well about cricket, and ponies, and officers' servants, and his "Friends in the Ranks!"; as he truly says in conclusion, he wants to write a novel, and has really written the best sort of war-book, that which says very little about the war. Morai: You cannot serve Cupid and cupidity.

Killing for Sport. By Various Writers. With a Preface by G. Bernard Shaw. (Bell. 1s. net.)

This is a cheap reprint of a volume of essays on "blood-sports" published about three years ago for the Humane-ist League. The preface, however, is the most literary interest, and really runs counter to...
the general tendency of the essays; for while most of the essays accuse the sportman of cruelty, Mr. Shaw accuses him of stupidity. Mr. Shaw's paradoxes are splendidly audacious: "I know many sportsmen; and one of them is ferocious. I know several humanitarians; and they are all ferocious. No book of sport breathes such a wrathful spirit as this book of humanity. No sportswoman wants to kill the fox or the pheasant as I want to kill him when I see him doing it.

He develops this thesis in his characteristic fashion, pleading for more fellow-feeling with animals, or, alternatively, more passion and purpose in the slaughter of them, finds it easier to forgive a poacher than a good shot, and on the whole rejoices in the fact that not amiability but ferocity has the greater survival value. It is a provocative preface, but we doubt whether it will provoke anybody to read the remaining essays with their catalogue of horrors.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

LAW AND ORDER.

Sir,—No need to grow lugubrious as does "A. E. R." over the surfeitings even in the present way the law was ignored by the jury at the trial for murder of Lient. Malcolm. The Law was made for man, not man for law. A law the law would amend, but possibly not to free the offender entirely—or woman's free-will would be seriously restricted, and violence increased. A short term of imprisonment seems clearly indicated to vindicate law and order, and to punish the crime of murder under-great-provocation.

Law, like Government, should be a growing thing, and notwithstanding all the plaints against mob-law—should follow the level of public sentiment, not adjectivally but uniformly.

R. F. C.

RATIONALISM.

Sir,—As a rationalist, Mr. R. R. Kerr cites自己喜欢 in the supremacy of reason and the appeal to scientific evidence. All dogmatic fact is to him anathema, except such as he enunciates himself. He also thinks that fear is the key-note of Newman's mind, and in support of his contention he quotes from 'Lead, kindly Light!'—"a mere piece of occasion. Newman was not afraid of evidence, and was a zealous advocate of the right use of reason; so much so that modernists and rationalists have claimed him as their own apostle. Mr. Kerr assents that: "The Pope Julius II hit the bull's-eye when he said 'that fable of Jesus does it.' Whether of course will produce reasonable evidence in support of his own dogmatic fact. Or is the story of Julius II itself a fable?

J. A. V.

EDUCATIVE AGENCIES.

Sir,—Last week I began a letter to The New Age to ask if the Pulpit were an effective agency unworthy of mention by Señor Ramiro de Maeztu among those influences tending "to increase the value of man," which he writes of in his articles that have interested me as well as others, I believe, of your readers and contributors.

A reason for this omission and a reply seem to be supplied by the Rev. Lewis Donaldson, of Leicester, who last week stated, "A layman high in the councils of the Church (as I am) (or rather) that the Church, as a whole, in England is, and deserves to be, a negligible influence so far as social righteousness is concerned." I am somewhat surprised that this layman makes this unflattering charge against that body in which Mr. Donaldson says he holds a position of distinction. To the advocates, he naturally comes down to the colloquial Englishman, the tropical stories no doubt seem melodramatic and absence of colouring. To a stay-at-home correspondence, he might perhaps suggest that the Church should be convertible terms. This view is brought up to date by "A. E. R.'s" statement that the advocates which has recently won a great forensic triumph for "the most skilful advocate of the day" "does not reflect much credit on the profession of advocacy." Observe the progressive lowering of credit, despite the continual enhancement of fees. When the National Party was launched some weeks ago, a prominent journal boasted that there was not a single lawyer among the signatories. There is a grave disharmony here: we cannot do without lawyers.

Despite the sophistical rubbish which surrounds this subject, I am confident that R. H. C.'s will accept the judgment of commonsense: that the advocates which has recently won a great forensic triumph for "the most skilful advocate of the day" "does not reflect much credit on the profession of advocacy." Observe the progressive lowering of credit, despite the continual enhancement of fees. When the National Party was launched some weeks ago, a prominent journal boasted that there was not a single lawyer among the signatories. There is a grave disharmony here: we cannot do without lawyers.

R. H. C.

ADVOCACY.

Sir,—"R. H. C." is right in maintaining that all expressed thought (inasmuch as it is addressed to the jury of mankind) is a species of advocacy. In this wide and favourable sense all agitators, "statesmen, poets, all unquiet things," and propagandists of every description are advocates.

But "R. H. C." will be the last to deny that a narrow and unfavourable connotation has long attached to professional advocacy, owing to the freaks of its greatest exponents. "It is idle to suppose," says Lockey, "that a master of advocacy can feel some thrill of triumph if by force of ingenuity and eloquent pleadings he has saved the guilty from punishment or snatched a verdict in defiance of the evidence."

He misrepresents facts," says Macaulay, with the efficiency of an advocate, "in the acceptance of these authorities, 'advocate' and 'sophist' have come to be convertible terms. This view is brought up to date by "A. E. R.'s" statement that the advocate which has recently won a great forensic triumph for "the most skilful advocate of the day" "does not reflect much credit on the profession of advocacy." Observe the progressive lowering of credit, despite the continual enhancement of fees. When the National Party was launched some weeks ago, a prominent journal boasted that there was not a single lawyer among the signatories. There is a grave disharmony here: we cannot do without lawyers.

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R. H. C.

A GRACELESS NEPHEW.

Sir,—Anthony Farley's nephew might at least have re-read his uncle's letters before reviewing them. He cites a case of bathos the literary scholar does not exist. He says that, after Rafael's speech in Parliament, the effect was spoiled by Anthony saying, "Let's split a bottle of fizz." I haven't the book by me, but my memory is clear that Farley maintained the illusion even to a walk down the Embankment, and only broke it by regretfully disclosing that "the fable of the commodity theory of Labour... Was it not altogether in keeping with the English character that the event should be celebrated by a rather more formal dinner than usual? It may seem bathos to a super-refined young University snob, but personally I have celebrated for a similar reason, and more than once.

Sir,—As to the charge of bathos and mixing the styles, surely this is the mark of the true letter-writer. He may properly indulge in purple patches, but as he is not writing for the Englishman, he is not bound by his taste. For his correspondent, he naturally comes down to the colloquial at the earliest possible moment. And it is a harder task than to continue on the top note.

Sir,—But the graceless young scamp goes on to denounce his old uncle for indulging in melodrama. There ain't no such in the whole book. I swear it, for I have read it. If you take the English stories—Howden, Single-ton, Smithson, Wilkins—so far from being melodramatic, they exhibit an adjectival-economy, are cynical and "real," and gain their effect by baldness of statement and absence of colouring. To a stay-at-home Englishman, the tropical stories do not doubt seem melodramatic, but in fact they truthfully portray tropical life. I know that part of the country, and I affirm that I could match every story of the Farley's books by an actual experience, certainly in the British Guiana and even among the Indians in the South-West. If you want negro melodrama, you will find it plenty on the music-hall stage, but it is an experience which none of them are ferocious. I know several humanitarians

M. FERNALD AND REGEI.

Sir,—According to your contributor, S. Verdad, Mr. Herman Fernald's book, "The Coming Democracy," is invaluable on account of the analysis it contains of the conditions leading up to the present German constitu-
"R. H. C." in last week's New Age—to persuade Mr. Moore, perhaps—points out that he "has not—the obviousness of the perfectly true, the simplicity of the revealed commonplaces, the touch of nature that keeps all minds kin."

Doubtless the extracts I have made (from "Trolus and Cressida" and from The New Age) are connected. If they are not in conflict—if what makes the world is not what keeps minds kin—I should be pleased to see "R. H. C." or Mr. Moore develop this theme further.

A sentence of Prof. Schiller's in "Studies in Humanism" occurs to me:

"The fact that a man makes a great discovery does not necessarily deprive him of all common sense. And that there is objective truth in some sense common to mankind is a matter of common notoriety."

In these revolutionary days, when the democratisation of Germany—and Russia—is so much desired, it would be agreeable to know that truth is, or can become, democratic.

Homage to Scimitars.

When dispatches are not published we may apprehend the necessity of Reports.

The Imperialists hold that we must have victory without negotiation; the Liberals hold that negotiation must precede victory; the Democrats hold that negotiation must follow victory.

Lord Northcliffe is a Soviet in himself.—"Notes of the Week."

No pacifism, no imperialism; no secret diplomacy, but open conferences; no industrial autocracy, but democratic control—there you have the programme of the French Socialists.—S. Verdad.

Wages are at war with Rent, Interest, and Profit.

It was not the political but the economic organisation of Labour that the Government hastened to consolidate.

It is the duty of a man who has been wrong for ten years to admit it, and to walk humbly for the next ten.—"National Guardians."

The medical profession are to have all the advantages offered by the hospitals, but they are not to be subject to any public control.—X. Y. Z.

The faith given to the prophet continues to be in inverse ratio to the truth of his prophecies.

The name of Ananias has not yet become a term of contempt; it is they who reject him.

It is not the prophet himself who suffers most by his rejection; it is they who reject him.

True prophecy is not clever prediction, but the expression of a sane judgment arrived at by insight into the realities beneath the passing appearances that deceive shallow minds.

The right advertisement for the true prophet is the fulfilment of his prophecies.—Allen Upward.

"The Lives of Publishers, a careful and comparative study by one not in their employ," is a book we have long been in need of.—Enea Porro.

John Smith is in my conception of common sense the criterion of truth.

Common sense is the mind of democracy.

All expressed thought is addressed to the jury of mankind, and is a species of advocacy.

Man is not the creator of the world, or of the future of the world, but only, at best, their co-creator.

A rose-tree that brings its roses to perfection is a moral bush.

Without fixed truths there can be no Duty.—R. H. C.

Once depart from the rule of law, and we are plunged into anarchy.—A. E. R.
PRESS CUTTINGS.

To the Editor of the "Times."

Sir,—Your correspondent "B." is quite right about forestalling, etc. The old statutes against these practices were repealed in 1774, but in spite of that it was found possible to prosecute and convict offenders. This was done in 1820, when bread riots occurred, as related in the late Professor Smart’s "Economic Annals." The magistrates, in many places, gave notice that all persons engaging in forestalling, regale, and selling at a premium—other criminal "profiteering"—were punishable by indictment and would be proceeded against with the utmost severity. The case of one Rusby, a corn factor, is quoted from the "Annual Register." He was tried in the Court of King’s Bench for buying and reselling corn in the same market (regrating). Chief Justice Kenyon took care that he should be convicted, and delivered a strong address to the jury, who immediately found the prisoner guilty. The result was that a mob broke into Rusby’s house, pillaging and destroying, and threatened the Corn Exchange in the following year a hop merchant named Waddington was sentenced to a fine of £500 and a month’s imprisonment for engaging in the same offence.

These proceedings had no effect on prices, which will not surprise anyone who understands the subject; but they gratified popular feeling. I suggest that the Law Officers of the Crown look into the matter, and that those who allege the existence of these practices should be called on to furnish information in order that the question may be brought to the only satisfactory test, which is a trial in open Court. If there is no evidence to justify prosecution, then let the fact be known, and those who make charges which they cannot substantiate be discredited and silenced. So long as accusations are rife and unverified, and nothing is done either to dispel them or to punish the accused, popular resentment will continue, and will not be allayed by an artificial lowering of the price of bread or by fixing the price of meat, which will reduce the supplies by war and apply to his industrial organisation the same principles of self-government as will then be applied to his political organisation.—"Socialism After the War," by J. R. Macdonald.

Mr. Henderson goes right to the root of the matter by telling us flat out what it is that the delegates to Stockholm would propose to do. "We are not trying to substitute negotiation for military effort," he says.

"We are trying to supplement military effort by a clear exchange of views. ... We shall tell the German delegates:—Unless you people get control of your Government we must go on destroying. There is no other way."

Now that is straightforward and unequivocal talk, and it hits the nail on the head, not only in so far as Labour is involved, but also in so far as reason and reasonableness, and, one might almost say, necessity of such a policy, will wish to put the smallest difficulty in its way. For myself, I don’t think it is possible of realisation. I don’t believe that the German delegates would be in the least impressed by it, and, even if they were, I don’t believe it would make the slightest difference in the conduct of the war. But if Labour thinks otherwise, and its conviction proves unshakable, there certainly can be no harm in trying; whereas distinct and irreparable harm might accrue if the question were not engaged in a casus belli as between Labour and the Government.—"The Man in the Street" in the "Daily Sketch."

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