

# THE NEW AGE

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## 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 matériel, 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 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 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. To begin with, we do not see the practical use of discriminating between the virtual and the actual defeat of Germany if, in fact, the distinction fails to be recognised by Germany herself. From one point of view we have always maintained that the conclusion of the war was foregone from the Battle of the Marne onwards, as the conclusion of a game of chess might be regarded as foregone from an error in the gambit. But the actualisation of the conclusion, nevertheless, depends upon other factors than those inherent in the opening phases; and since it is obvious that Germany is still gambling upon these, the actual conclusion, as distinct from the theoretical conclusion, is by no means in her opinion inevitable. What, in fact, we have to do is to play out the game, not as if it had already been won, but as if it were still to be won; and it would be wiser, we think, of leaders like General Smuts to devote themselves to the means of 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 matériel. More and more, he tells us, the war is a war of matériel, 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 matériel 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. At the risk of annoying our readers by repetition, we will again say that, supposing General Smuts to be correct in his assertion that the factor of matériel operates always in favour of the defence, our reliance upon matériel is as great a mistake as our former reliance upon men. Exactly, therefore, as we have had to learn by bitter experience, that superiority in numbers is of no decisive avail 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. What, on the other hand, we can do is to point out, in the first place, the conclusions to which military experience has brought our Command, and to invite the authorities to face their own facts, and, in the second place, to suggest in general terms the new and untried factor. Men having failed, and matériel being about to fail, on the authority of a commander such as General Smuts, what is the alternative, the new factor, the untried means upon which we can count for the actualisation of the victory we have already theoretically won? Well, what is it? Our reply is that it is brains, and brains alone.

Turning from the military to the political field we cannot say that the progress here is very rapid. It is true that M. Ribot, on behalf of the new French Government, has paraphrased the chief clause of Mr. Wilson's Reply to the Pope and has declared that the signature of the Prussian dynasty to any peace-treaty must be endorsed by the German people before it can be accepted by the Allies; but the doubt remains as to the means, and it is common to all the Allies save America and Russia. What, in fact, are we fighting for in precise terms, if not for the supersession of the Prussian dynasty by the German people? Yet here we are, after more than three years of war, still hesitating to announce that under no circumstances, with or without the supplementary guarantees of the German people (as represented, by the way, by the Reichstag mainly composed of the Kaiser's nominees), shall we conclude a treaty with the militarists of the Prussian dynasty. Mr. Lloyd George and others have made great play with the Kaiser's inability to utter the clear word Restoration; and they have concluded from his hesitation a corresponding indecision of mind. Quite rightly. Are we then to conclude from the Allies' hesitation in joining with Mr. Wilson in his formula of No Peace with the Hohenzollerns that they too are undecided in their minds?

In the meanwhile precious opportunities of propaganda are being allowed to slip past. For the want of a formula as clear as this and spoken unanimously by the whole body of the Allies, that element in Germany upon which alone we can count for the maintenance with us of the future peace of the world is left to fight its battle without our support. We refer to the German Minority Social Democrats. The history of this little group of sincere and intelligent men of the world has been heroic in the extreme. Condemned to ostracism at the hands of their Majority colleagues in the early days of the war, they have nevertheless persisted in their anti-Prussian activities until, at last, they have begun to see some fruit from their labours. Opinion in Germany, thanks wholly to the German Minority Socialists, has slowly begun to turn from

a purely German to a more European and a more universal outlook. The autocracy is beginning to be weakened from within as well as from without. Even the German Majority Socialists have at last begun to realise the effects of the Minority propaganda; for within the three years of the war not only has the Minority group multiplied its popular support, but the membership of the Majority party in men has fallen from nearly a million to much less than a quarter of a million. As we have said before, the movement towards the Left in Germany is going on; it is continuous; and it is at an accelerating speed. What is needed to raise it to a revolutionary tempo is the reiteration by the Allies jointly of Mr. Wilson's declaration that it is with the German Minority group alone that the Allies will make a permanent peace. Such a declaration could in no sense be regarded as an unwarrantable interference with the internal affairs of Germany; for it is, in the first place, our present military mission to interfere forcibly in Germany's internal affairs, and, in the second place, we have surely the right to declare with what party in Germany we will or will not make peace, leaving it to Germany to decide whether she will have peace or no. Since, then, we have the right and our course is clear, an early declaration to this effect would be of inestimable value to the German Minority.

Professor Delbrück has not hesitated to announce on behalf of Germany what our own Statesmen hesitate to declare on behalf of the Allies. Germany, he says, cannot make a peace with Mr. Lloyd George or with a Government filled with his spirit. It is not intended, we may reply, that Germany should. On the contrary, Mr. Lloyd George owes his position to the popular belief that he intends no peace with Germany except upon the condition of our military victory over Prussia; and should he waver in this resolution it is not a pacifist that would succeed him in the war premiership, but a more belligerent anti-Prussian than himself. What Professor Delbrück fails to remember in attempting to turn the tables upon us is the difference in our two cases. Mr. Lloyd George and a Government filled with men of his spirit are not the self-initiated product of the British desire for conquest, but the British response to the maintenance in Germany of a Prussian aggressive government. Unlike the Prussian caste, Mr. Lloyd George is the fruit of defence alone. He is, in fact, as much the creation of the Prussian government as the British Army also called into existence by the needs imposed upon us by Prussian militarism. Professor Delbrück might therefore as well say that the Prussian army will decline to recognise the British Army as make of Mr. Lloyd George a stumbling-block to peace. What, on the other hand, we can safely undertake is to withdraw both our Army and the "spirit" of Mr. Lloyd George upon this one condition, that the aggressive power of Prussia that called them into existence be first destroyed in Germany itself.

We have called attention before to the dangerous distractions in the discussion of national policy introduced by the little group of doctrinaire Liberals. Having only discredited ideas in their armoury, they are now running about to pick up any notion that strikes their fancy and that promises at the same time to enable them to attract attention to themselves. The League of Nations having failed to have much effect as an idea upon the conduct of the war, and disarmament after the war being plainly a weapon of no present importance, the next suggestion to be launched upon the public with all the ceremony the "Nation" and the "Daily News" can give to such an event is the threat of an economic boycott of Germany for twice as long after the war as she insists upon prolonging it. That such a policy is as clearly anti-Liberal as any policy can well be—for Liberalism rests at



bottom upon promises rather than upon threats—is the least of the objections to it. The greater are these; that it is futile as an immediate, and impossible as a future, policy; that it ignores the central fact of the situation which is the irremediable character of the Prussian military domination; and that it inevitably distracts attention from the slowly-evolving common policy of the Allies in favour of no other object than the elimination of autocracy in Germany. Even the Liberals who support it do so with an inconsistency that admits the weakness of their case; for we find them upon successive occasions, and sometimes simultaneously, declaring that no peace is possible with the Hohenzollerns and yet that a peace could be made to-morrow if only we would threaten Germany with an economic boycott. In the interests of the world we beg our Liberals to be consistently right or wrong.

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The Board of Trade has apparently made up its mind in regard to one of the principles of industrial reconstruction after the war—the principle of industrial combines. Not only has Mr. Paish, of that Department, been recently instructing the Brass Masters of Birmingham to combine or to go under; but other industries, such as the electrical, the lead, and the explosives, have been individually urged to follow the same counsel. The ostensible object is efficiency, and the means to this end are the co-ordination and centralisation of buying and selling and the elimination of the middlemen. Concerning these last indeed, we may quote an interesting discovery on the part of the "Times" Business Editor: "to eliminate the unnecessary middlemen who are mere parasites of industry and whose operations add to the price, but not to the value of an article." Who has been stealing Socialist thunder now? The objections to commercial combinations have, however, been certainly not reduced by our experiences during the war. So long as they remain profiteering—that is, organised to make profit—so long must they continue to endanger the community in its capacity as consumer and as wage-earner. What is more, no provision sufficient to secure either of these parties against the depredations of a commercial trust can possibly be devised. Mr. Paish (or was it the "Times"?) announced that, of course, it was intended that the prices charged by the proposed monopolies should be subject to State control; but the reply to this is our experience of the attempts of the Government to fix the prices of articles during the war; it can only be done when the Government controls the commodity from the source to the mouth, and eliminates not only middlemen's but all capitalist profit. However willing, in fact, the State may be to protect the consumer against the effects of a complete monopoly, the monopoly must prevail against the State while it remains in private profiteering hands; it is a law of human nature. As for the wage-earners, their case under a system of combines, each intent upon reducing the costs of production (of which the chief is Labour), can be easily imagined. Their area of choice of employer will infallibly be restricted by the system of the trade-card condemning them to work or starve at the discretion of the combines. All the evils of a bureaucracy together with those of capitalism will descend upon them; and only counter-combination in the form of blackleg-proof unions (or Combines of Labour) will prove an effective shield. Black, however, as the immediate outlook is, we would not lift a finger to postpone the organisation of industry, even when, as now proposed, it begins at the wrong end. That end can be made right if simultaneously with its organisation the other end is organised—if, in a word, Labour betters the example of capitalism and organises itself afresh.

## Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

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 newspapers 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., cabling 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.

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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 Germany, 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 England, France, Italy, and Portugal have provided either trained troops or labour battalions for use against Germany. So it comes to this, that the only neutral countries left are Sweden, Denmark, Norway, Holland, and Spain. Switzerland is in a position entirely peculiar to itself, with a mixed population and a neutrality which no one wishes to see broken.

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. Those 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 which might lead to an attack on Sweden. 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, are democratic in their opinions, and consequently anti-Prussian in their views on the war.

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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 Margaret of Connaught for twelve years has not made a visible iota of difference to the attitude of the Swedish Court towards our cause. The mother of the ex-Tsar Nicholas (sister of Queen Alexandra) was a Dane; but that fact did not prevent her son from discussing with the Kaiser the possibility of Denmark's having to be overrun—see the "Willy" and "Nikky" dispatches. Danish feeling is distinctly hostile to Germany on account of Schleswig-Holstein; but the people fear to express themselves very openly lest they provoke their touchy neighbours to carry into effect what the Kaiser merely considered as a possibility 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 George Victor of Waldeck-Pyrmont—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 here 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.

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Now, as the world is becoming democratic very rapidly, these neutrals cannot be surprised if we ask them 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 bad; but after all Germany's 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, it is urged, accumulate 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 speak for himself, before I venture to suggest reasons for believing in the relative harmlessness of the investments abroad of Allied capitalists, and in the very questionable motives by which German financiers have been stimulated to exploit undeveloped countries. A few months before the war began 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 connected with the school I have described; and his right to express himself 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 judged from a quotation or two which I may be allowed to make from what in its way is, let it 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 we may explain it, 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 where it has invested. . . . With rare exceptions, a British financier will not use his money in any affair which has or may acquire a political colour, 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 compacter 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. (P. 222.)

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 avowed 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, equally 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. (Pp. 223-4.)

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 so long as we allow our diplomacy to be used to serve finance. (Pp. 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 rather backward State. Mr. Brailsford, I suggest, errs in ascribing Europe's political uneasiness before the war to Morocco; for it was surely due much more to the Bagdad 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 Constantinople, declared himself the friend of 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 her aggressive action in dispatching the "Panther" to Agadir, and certainly fourteen years before Morocco was seriously discussed 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 they simply wanted 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 intervene 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) accounts for half our exported capital; 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 the 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. Part of their outlook was due to the lynx eyes of the authorities, part to the teaching of the Treitschke type of professor who has predominated in German educational institutions for more than half a century. Germany's views on development abroad have been greatly influenced by a need which has been less and less felt with the progress of German industrial organisation, namely, the need of finding suitable colonies for emigrants. Before the industrial era—which, in Germany, is quite recent—the country could not adequately support its population, and the consequence was an enormous outpouring of emigrants, chiefly to the United States and to British possessions. 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 a 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 interfere. 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 by Mahmud II with the task of reorganising the Turkish Army. Moltke, who had been an eager student of the scientific aspects of a soldier's life, thought long and deeply on the problems of holding off the Egyptian armies, frustrating the Arabs in their attempts to gain an ascendancy, 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 to 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 various metals. So securely had the Australian metal 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 Pan-German League published a pamphlet which 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 not desolate:  
The flower, complete unto herself,  
Never pursues a wraithy elf:  
O black-eyed Melancholy,  
I never shall be wed!

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 interconnected ideas, that of objective value and that of function. From either of these or their union follows 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 sanctity (or the reverse) it possesses from association with 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 be certain that 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 no quite 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 most uncertain; which is one of the reasons that tempt people quite seriously to advocate the separation of theory and practice. That the tradition has not failed in Mr. de Maeztu's case is certain. Take his position in one way, and it is almost common to all reasonable men. Carry it a little further, and those who do not sneer at it for paradox will call it nonsense. Out of these confusions we can extricate ourselves only by way of more exact discussion of the nature and applications of the common principles. What I am to try to show is that from the attempt to maintain the ob-

jectivity of values together with a functional view of society, and something approximating what Mr. de Maeztu has called the primacy of things, it does not follow that we should condemn liberty or welcome restraint and assert that compulsion is likely to be the better and not the worse choice; but on the contrary that we should extend liberty more and more, because social progress (or, at least, the absence of retrogression) will be through the development and extension of autonomous voluntary groups and the breakdown of the absolute sovereignty of the formally unitary state.

Certain very general points concerned with the notion of value arise first: after which we may go on to examine the alleged distinction of personal from political liberty. Should any one complain of the abstract and arid nature of the discussion of value, I shall refer him to Mr. de Maeztu, who began it when he tempted me by discussing the doctrine of consequences in ethics. He may urge in his defence the existence of the argument itself and the obvious possibility that a mistake about these things will involve as an indirect consequence the most decided differences about other matters on which surely we should agree. It is essential to Mr. de Maeztu's position that liberty should be only an instrumental not an ultimate value, and this, he thinks, clearly damns it as a political principle. To which it may be replied that liberty may very well be both an instrumental and an ultimate value, and that even if it were only the latter it might, nevertheless, be a political principle. Both of these propositions require proof, and, first, a remark on the kind of proof that is possible. Judgments about value, I assume, cannot in the end be proved, but must simply be seen to be true or false. Hence, if you disagree with your neighbour's estimate of what sort of things are really worth having, there is no direct means whereby either of you can bring the other to his senses. Something may perhaps be done indirectly, by attempting to show him that he does not really mean what he imagines he means; or, again, by discovering the reasons that led him to the easy assumption of a false belief. Both methods are difficult, and are easily made offensive; but in the abstract they are legitimate enough, and in the end nothing else seems available.

Personal liberty does seem to me to be one of the things that have at least some value for their own sake. A thing has intrinsic value or has value for its own sake when it would be worth having though nothing else at all existed in the universe. Though it had no consequences of any kind, its value would remain unaltered. Whatever other value may attach to it is not intrinsic but fortuitous. The thing, of course, may be a complex and not simple; liberty is in this case; and about the intrinsic value of its parts I say nothing at all. Such a judgment is of the type not susceptible of proof in the ordinary sense, but I may try to clear up the meaning of it a little, for the attainment of clearness of thinking and the avoidance of ambiguity. By personal liberty, I mean the free and responsible direction of one's own life, which is what its defenders have always meant by it, though their eagerness to draw practical conclusions has frequently induced them to use misleading language and still more misleading arguments. It ought to be clear that the important thing about this idea is not exclusiveness. The suggestion of this is mainly formal and wholly unavoidable, in the necessary and tautologous and rather insignificant sense in which no reasonable man desires to take charge of the lives of other people, and no man can really direct his own except himself. It is all very well for Mr. de Maeztu to talk about personality being the incommunicable, and take refuge in the primacy of things. That A and B and X and Y will the same objects does not make them the same persons, for though there are

many-one relations, they do not make the many collapse into one, much less into the other. And so when Mr. de Maeztu accuses the partisans of liberty 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 Maeztu's error is in imagining that the exclusiveness he objects to lies in the content of the object willed, whereas it really is contained in—or rather is—the psychological conditions 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 similar views in theory of knowledge, 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 Maeztu'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) falls 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 Maeztu wrote in *THE NEW AGE* on Liberty and Morality that he also accepts this view. The problem is pretty familiar in recent ethical discussion, and can be worked out with a considerable degree of subtlety and very 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 Maeztu'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 may conceivably be true that an action 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 Maeztu obviously accepts (though, like other people, he does not always succeed in maintaining 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 Maeztu argues 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 Maeztu 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 psychical 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 false.

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 reflective consideration shows me that it is so, I assert that liberty has some degree of intrinsic value. And this by itself is sufficient to modify Mr. de Maeztu's transports over compulsion.

O. LATHAM.

## Studies in Contemporary Mentality.

By Ezra Pound.

VII.

### FAR FROM THE EXPENSIVE VEAL CUTLET.

~~WEARIED with the familiar scene,~~ 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 *squero*. 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 were 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 projected taciturnity of the 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 gulfs are unbridgeable. 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 deep as their specific weight will permit; but at any rate terra incognita, unknown to the most popular writer, inarticulate, unreceptive.

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 this a sort of pustulent dough, the plutocracy, the hog-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 raiment; below them people to whom the boiled shirt is a symbol of gaiety, gaiety 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 "frac" and for "smok'ing."

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 tawdry, rather despicable servant of the civic instrument fixed in the head. There is also organised labour.

But with all these one has come nowhere near "The Great Heart of the People." There must be, in all this waste of low dung-coloured brick, "the people" undependable, irrational, a quicksand upon which nothing can build, and which engulfs everything that settles into it; docile, apathetic, de-energised, or, rather, unacquainted with energy, simply The Quicksand. About them we are ignorant, we are as ignorant, or more ignorant than we were about Dublin before James Joyce wrote "A Portrait of the Artist"; we have had a few books "about them"; the books from them are unwritten, or unprintable. Even the manuscripts I have in mind are not of them, they are of Whitechapel, with a tinge of foreign, Yiddish, Polish, expressiveness. They divulge only something alien in the mass, they are not the mass expressing itself.

With the exception of "The Strand," I have as yet, unthinkingly, been concerned only with "Reading Matter for the West End." Last evening I began to ask the questions: What do the people read? Answer: Had I ever heard of the "Quiver"? No, I had not heard of the "Quiver"; I had heard of the "Shield," the "Clarion," and a curious American and religious paper called the "Ram's Horn." (This latter has, or had, a cover portraying a priest or levite of Israel blowing the instrument.)

Knowledge or opinions regarding the "Quiver":

My first informant: It had knitting patterns. It was widely known. Informant believed that no man had ever read the "Quiver."

Second informant (a woman of thirty): "Oh yes, when I was about ten, the cook used to have it."

Third informant (news vendor), would get it for me, did not believe me likely to find a copy in Kensington; looked it up on a list, price 7d. I felt it could not be as popular as I had hoped.

Fourth informant (news vendor): Oh yes, used to have it. What was it like? "Oh it had . . . it was more intellectual . . . er . . . er . . . perhaps you might say more scriptural. It had good reading in it. Servants read it. A friend of theirs used to get it: read it first." (I did not make out its ultimate destination.) It is not "more scriptural."

THE QUIVER (price 8d. . . , published La Belle Sauvage).

(A large pile of them discovered at "Smiths") "Mlle. Gaby Deslys (heavy black type for the name), famous Parisian artiste, writes (anent Saltrates):—I find that a handful dissolved in the bath makes the

water Oh! so fragrant, refreshing and invigorating. A teaspoonful in the footbath quickly fills the water with oxygen, etc., foot troubles disappear."

(autograph reproduced.)

Animadversion: Gaby has been mugging up chemistry.

"Mr. Harry Pilcer (black for name as above), the well-known dancer, writes:—In one week I was able to walk without discomfort, etc."

FIRST STORY. Young female journalist ascends from flat or "diggings" through sky-light, descends through another after losing herself upon roofs; finds young man seated before a revolver.

Result, the Altar!! No, gentle reader, I was about to fly to that conclusion myself, but we both show our ignorance of popular writing. We forget that the unexpected is often the key-note of interest. "Result, the altar" is crude, it is too simple for the popular mind. Result young man sulky (despite the luxury of the illustrations), young man with literary ambitions resents interruption in suicide, tells of his failure, conversation on suicide and on the beauty of his literature lasts until morning, he shaves, she is about to leave in order to prevent her "char-lady" "having a fit on the spot." Postman knocks: two letters; for these things do not occur one at a time, the first requests author to call on theatre manager, the second announces legacy of £20,000 from uncle in Australia. Result: the altar, plus "brilliant" literary collaboration, and they become "owners of one of the most charming little 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 magazine heading and title. The illustrations are of the school used by "The Century." The sub-headings are: On the Leads; Stella Intrudes; 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." "Love and the quiet and the pleasant surroundings of their home proved grateful comforts" after hospital and farm labour. Her "daughters have become domesticated. They have not had time to study cookery or housecraft in detail, but they have acquired the real domestic spirit." One of the maids left and they had to turn to. "If they do not marry they will still want homes of their own" even if only a cheap flat or rooms. "To know something of the practical side of home-making, to grasp the art of shopping and to know the value of foodstuffs, etc., will be of immense value to girls living alone." "The war has shown my girls, and the girls of 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 Bernhardt and other Teutonic praisers of War, but I have no doubt that they will be grateful for the hint, and will use it in future appendices to 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 Orenfels." 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 that . . . limpid eyes . . . Was not Otho a foreigner . . ."

Illustration, 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 Nilè, with its periodic overflowings to make the desert blossom as the rose, gangs of slaves, etc." Continental females also have tilled, etc. 7 pages, counting the illustrations.

FIFTH ITEM: "The Duchess of Grandmont must have been an interesting lady—Auntie often speaks of her to me." "Call me Louis, he murmured." £50,000 worth of jewels, villain plans theft, or abduction of heiress. Villain's manners much more polished than those of handsome young knight of the shires. 6 pages.

SIXTH ITEM: Village comedy, sub-Jacobs, verbs in present tense, "thank-ee . . . 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 Fouron—butcher by trade, and, faith, I'm not ashamed of it! I've butchered to some purpose to-day." "He glanced with an evil laugh." Danger from mob, revolution: bloody monster. Lovers united.

EIGHTH ITEM. Informs us that "Before the War, fox-hunting was certainly one of the most familiar of British rural sports. Zoographical data re foxes translated into idiom of "Sometimes papa will make his appearance, but he never joins in the gambols of his family," 2½ pages, plus 4 photos, three 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 cleave this 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. Bazillac 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 obviously melodrama 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 Russia 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 judge by~~ contrast what the newly won liberty of Russia means, not, perhaps, to politics, but to humanity, to those eternal verities of human nature that melodrama can never forget and never express. 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 symbolical terms of melodrama.

We expect, and we get, the virtuous maiden, the cruel monster, and the heroic rescuer. There is no doubt about the virtue 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 legs 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 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 symbolism, 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 basic right of humanity to liberty. She refuses 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 profession that it regulates, and shall report herself periodically to the police; a condition with which (being the heroine) she does not intend to comply. Lest it should be thought that the possession of the ticket implied a wanton intention, it is explained, first of all, that she had no knowledge of its nature at the time that she applied for it, and that, when its nature was explained to her, she accepted it, because it offered her the only opportunity of obeying the dictates of humanity. Her father was dying in Petersburg, and by no other means could she get to him to perform the last offices of filial devotion. She was not even a revolutionist; she was simply a good girl, a domestic divinity who had sought to make vice yield its privilege of liberty to Virtue in the sacred cause of family affection. And by doing so she had put herself in the power of the Okhrana.

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 those exhibited in the shop windows of the furniture dealers, he even exchanges his tunic for a dressing-jacket. Think of the terror that all these operations must have caused to a young and innocent girl; think of it, I say, because Miss Gladys Cooper does not exhibit it. On the contrary, she runs about the stage panting like a tired dog. When she has completed the measured mile, she stabs the wicked Baron with her hatpin, telephones to the chauffeur and returns to her lodgings with her Virtues still unsullied, but with one more offence to her account.

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 correspondent of the "Morning Post," for he is accused of understanding Russia and of telling the truth about her affairs. For this, and his interference with the affairs of the Okhrana, so far as they relate to Marya Varenka, 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 be missed. But the Englishman, even the English journalist, 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 intention of visiting the headquarters of the Okhrana. The English Ambassador, having received his cue, telephones 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 ears, 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 animosity towards the Revolution that is expressed by the correspondents of some English journals. For if the Revolution has abolished the Okhrana, 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 melodrama. The play is certainly educative, for what is all melodrama 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 kindleth 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 your issue of the 6th September. Rationalism, 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 attitude 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 nothing 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 remain 'Rationalists.'" The alternative of "sterility or hypocrisy" exists solely in "R. H. C.'s" misunderstanding of the subject. Rationalism aims at the balanced development of imagination, the love of 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 Shelley and Swinburne, or to Meredith, or Hardy, or Anatole France, or Mark Twain, or Gilbert Murray—to mention some of the more prominent among the passionate apostles of Rationalism? Even the scientific writers allied to the cause of Rationalism cannot fairly be described 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 traditional theology.

Finally, I would like to invite "R. H. C." to step outside 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 themselves.

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 bury 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), has 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 improvements of modern science, still only twenty-four hours in the day? And if I should cease to write this column 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 ingenious piece of self-flattery see Demosthenes' "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 expositor, 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. Doubtless I owe it to another reader, more convinced than even 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 is, 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." 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 these sources of belief a bad name in the hopes 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 ink-pot 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 strict 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, what time 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 professed Rationalists "who secretly indulge in other faculties while professing to be Rationalists."

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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 discredited 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 the vast 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 discrediting 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 Encyclopædia 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 leader of the Rationalist movement 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, ætat nine, and Annie Maria Wilkins, his sister, ætat 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 murmuring and a mumbling familiar to them as betokening the presence in her two rooms above the disused 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 garage rooms, and, disputing playfully for precedence, pattered on all fours up the narrow, steep, dark, sharply turning stairway.

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 and called again, but even then she did not seem to hear. Through the aperture they saw her familiar crooked figure, in a flannelette bedgown, her sparse white hair fallen about her hunched shoulders, shuffling, mumbling about the tiny, neat, poorly furnished room. Then turning, she perceived them, and "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 sea.

"The day?" she repeated, staring at them with rheumy eyes, "What day?"

"The day for going to the seaside! We fought you'd like to 'ear as it was fine."

The word seaside seemed to rouse the old woman to consciousness. 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 emitting coherent sound. Then, "Run away now, little ones," she whimpered. "Ye're good children, but run away now. Tell your Ma I'll not be coming. . . ." and, snuffling a little, 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 déshabillé than her husband, busied herself with table-cloth and crockery. In the inner room the two younger girls, Gladys May Doris and Lily Elsie, effected their toilet in the intervals of soothing the baby, John Willie, ætat 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. Then, grumpily, as an afterthought, "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 upstairs. "She's all right," he pronounced gruffly, on returning. "Thinks she's going to die, as usual, that's all. I ast 'er whether she'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 charing to earn!"

"Shall I see if she'll 'ave a drop o' gruel, Jem?" asked his wife, hardly convinced.

"I ast '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 daylight . . . 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 oppersite 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 alone. It's only 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 fusser. I tell you she's all right. As for nobody bein' about, I've 'eard you say yourself that 'ardly a day passes without a parson or a doctor drops in on 'er. Ye're talkin' through yer 'at. 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 stow 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 their 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 bounding on noisily ahead. "Will 'ave it she's goin' to die, and says since she's got no folks we may as well 'ave 'er sticks. Hm. It's quite a decentish chest o' drawers. Worth every farden o' 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 whimpered 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, in the preparation of a meal. After a while, she beckoned her eldest daughter to her. "Run, Annie," whispered she, lest the policeman should hear, "and 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

door preventing it opening, and that something, wedged in between the door and the lowest part of the sharply turning stair, was Granny Moon's head, the face showing unearthly white in the semi-darkness, the mouth open, the eyes wide, expressionless and staring.

Little Annie, seeing her mother's face, began to cry. The effect of the sound upon her mother was as if a stone woman were suddenly endowed with life. "Go in," she said, hoarsely, turning to the children clustering in the other doorway. "Halbert, too. Take John Willie. And Gladys and Lily. Go into the bedroom and shut the door, all of you." Then, flying past them to the wash-house stairs, "Jem! Jem!" she cried. The unusual note brought the policeman rushing up, and, guided by her eyes, out to the other door. A pause, and she heard him clambering through the fan-light; another pause, and the creak of the stair boards bespoke him ascending slowly, evidently carrying some heavy inanimate object. Then, the fatigue of the day as much as the continued silence conspiring, she wept, but only gently, just as a relief to the suspense.

Her husband's face, as he entered, told her everything. Nevertheless, "Not dead?" she said, and, at his nod, burst into a passionate fit of sobbing.

"It's us what did it!" she reiterated, monotonously. "We didn't ought to 'a gone. I said so all along. We're as good as murderers!"

At her wild cries the children in the inner room began to whimper in sympathy. Only by threats could the policeman quell the general tumult.

"Tell us," she said at length, great sobs bursting from her at every other moment.

"Nothing to tell. Got a fright in the night. Wanted air. 'Ad a candle in 'er 'and, but was in too much of a 'urry to put anything on 'er feet. 'Ad slippers upstairs, too. Tried to get down too quickly—you know 'ow nasty them stairs are—fell and caught 'er 'ead, and 'as been there ever since. Nobody's fault." He was not really apathetic; merely professionally stolid. She, now that the tale was told, renewed her first paroxysm of grief.

"It was *our* fault!" she moaned. "We didn't never ought to 'a left her. She said 'er time 'ad come. I'll never forgive meself, never!"

Nor could her husband's "'Ush, for Gawd's sake, unless you want to fetch in the 'ole neighbourhood!" calm her.

"Oh, Jem!" she sobbed. "She looked frightened! 'Er eyes looked frightened. I saw 'er well enough for that. She must 'a tumbled and lain there all alone! A old woman, too, all alone!" She bent her head over her arms stretched out upon the table and wailed unrestrainedly. Occasionally an isolated sentence broke from her—"Likely, when she fell, she cried out for someone, and there wasn't no one anywhere!" or "We could so easily 'a been here. It was only a day to us, and to 'er it was just everything!" or another time, "She was young once. 'Ad a 'usband and children. She never thought in them days that she'd come to die like this, alone!" Her husband paced the room uncomfortably, attempting now and then to soothe her with a "There, lass!" or a clumsy pat.

But she was evidently in no mood to be comforted. To let her have her cry out was the only thing, the policeman, who understood her, saw. So he disappeared softly into the inner room, and with the help of Albert put the tired children to bed. When he fetched in their supper his wife was still sobbing at the table. All the evening, after the children were asleep, and the pair of them were left alone, she sat listless, still travel-stained, with tears rolling down her cheeks. And her husband, sympathetically silent, sat within a few feet of her, sucking his pipe, and wondering whether old Granny Moon's chest of drawers was too big to fit in between the fireplace and the wall.

## The Head of Eton.

### I.

MR. POUND'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, entitled "Shrewsbury Fables, being Addresses given in Shrewsbury School Chapel."

#### THE ELM AND THE RIVER.

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 some strange things, and that was perhaps how I came the other night to overhear a conversation between the Trees and the River. . . .

"Oh, I don't know about that!" said 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 so I always rather sympathise with them when they are leaving, and want 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 sing 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. Anyhow, 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  
'With every league I go,  
But I, who flow for ever,  
Am still the same great river."

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

"Though here their days be over,  
From worlds beyond our ken  
Their homing spirits hover  
Round Shrewsbury again.  
Brave spirits, unregretful [for what?],  
Remembered, nor forgetful. . . ."

And when I went to bed the River was still singing the song to itself. Perhaps it is singing it still.

Such doggerel as this can only result in vulgarising the schoolboy's mind to an extent that will render it insensible to sounder inspiration.

### 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 Headmaster 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. Alington, entitled *A Schoolmaster's Apology*, published in 1914, when he was Headmaster of Shrewsbury.

As an indictment 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 showing 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 story of those bad times; in any case, I do not myself regard the facts as matters for controversy (p. 150).

So far as modern English Church history is concerned, it must, I fear, be said that the intolerance which we are only slowly outgrowing is mainly due to Laud (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 the good old English one of avarice rather than the new one of intolerance (p. 179).

[We also had had the Statute de Heretico Comburendo 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, no doubt, is difficult, though I myself believe the Gospel to have been written by the son of Zebedee; but to imagine the Gospels to be mainly late, the Acts to be other than the work of an eye-witness, or (*sic*) the Epistles of St. Paul to be largely inauthentic, seem (*sic*) to me the wildest freaks of literary criticism.

Similarly I am quite unable, with such historical power as I possess, to reconstruct the early history of the Apostles, or the early history of the Church, on any other basis than that the facts on which they (*sic*) assumed themselves to be relying were true. I do not wish to rest on the argument that God would not have suffered the world to be deceived, but on the simpler view that, after a testing of evidence to which no similar period has been subjected, and a cross-examination which would have discomfited almost any witnesses either before or since, the events to which the Gospels and the Acts bear witness do in fact appear to have occurred (p. 160).

If one is once convinced, as I certainly am, that Incarnation is, so far as one can presume to say it, a natural if not an inevitable method of revelation, controversies as to the manner of its occurrence seem to me to fall into a strictly secondary place. If we have a right to any opinion as to probabilities in such a matter, of which I confess I am rather doubtful, the Virgin Birth seems to me far more probable (*sic*) a priori; and the fact that I cannot comprehend the manner of it seems not only not disturbing but very much what was to be expected (p. 165).

The evidence for the resurrection seems to me to be much best accounted for by accepting it as a literal fact;

but I have sympathy with those who wish to inquire, at least, whether Our Lord's real and undoubted resurrection may not have been preceded by those same phenomena which will, we believe, precede our own. The evidence is, I think, strongly against them [against inquirers?], but I doubt if the question is illegitimate (p. 167). [On which of the conflicting accounts of the resurrection is this evidence to be based?]

ON A CERTAIN DIFFICULTY.—It is difficult for the average instructed Christian of the present day to remember with sufficient clearness that a very few years ago it would have been hard for him to believe, and still harder for him to say, that Plato was as truly inspired as the author of the book of Chronicles, and certainly more fully than he; or to realise that Robert Elsmere was seriously shaken in the faith by discovering the late date of the book of Daniel (p. 159).

ON ACORNS.—No one blames an acorn for not being an oak, but no one seeks for rest under its shadow, nor for healing from its leaves (p. 123).

ON SNOBBERY.—It is probably the obstinate plainness of my mind which makes me feel more anxious that a boy should have to deal, and know that he is dealing, with gentlemen than that he should be taught the best subjects by the best methods. [It is perhaps as well to add I no more mean that no gentleman can be a man of method than that no gentleman can teach Greek (which I take to be the best of subjects)] (p. 19). [His brackets.]

I do not believe that the way in which the great public schools can help education is to take selected boys from lower-grade schools, even (which is very unlikely) if they were willing to come. The risk of failure would be too great from their parents' point of view (p. 27).

In any case, the objection, such as it is, to the admission of boys of another class does not come from boys themselves. I have no doubt that, were the experiment found desirable, they would accept it readily, and bring it, so far as they were concerned, to a successful issue (pp. 27, 28).

ON BEING DEMOCRATIC ENOUGH.—I am not a democrat—I often wish I were, for it (*sic*) seems to allow great laxity of thought and guarantees a clear conscience—but I am democratic enough to believe that to rob the clever boy of the poorer classes of the chance of learning Greek just when we are trying to expand his intellectual horizon is to dash away, or at least to spill, with one hand the cup which we are offering with the other (p. 47).

ON HEADMASTERS' OBJECTION TO PARENTS' BAD GRAMMAR.—"Now, Doctor So-and-so, what in your opinion is the best age for a boy to be confirmed?"

The question is one which fills every headmaster with sorrow, not because he denies its right to be asked; or (*sic*) even because he questions its grammatical form (p. 126).

A PARENT'S POSSIBLE OBJECTION TO A HEADMASTER'S BAD GRAMMAR.—I have had to change my own pronunciation ten times, and found it as easy, though less profitable, than Laban did to change Jacob's wages. . . .

I do not believe it to be the case that foreign nations pronounce Latin in one consistent way; and even if they do, what is right for them need not be right for us, because it is obviously so very much harder (p. 42).

ON CONTENTMENT.—Another section, but it shall be the shortest in the book, must be devoted to "the moral question." This exists in all schools, and some doctors would say that the present generation feels its dangers more keenly than the last. But in all decent schools [which are they?] there is a public opinion among the bigger boys which does more than anything else to solve it, and I am myself content to leave it there (p. 32).

The only good reason that I know of for being a Conservative—and I think it a very good one—is that that party is less the slave of theory, or rather is the slave of the eminently practical theory, that we should make the best of what we have (pp. 130 and 131).

## 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 generalise 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 arbitrament 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 returned to prison 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 (for conscience does not object to any honest labour), but to a deliberate breach of the law. "For these men," says Mrs. Hobhouse, "the alternative to prison is not the trenches, but work in the Home Office Centres. . . . Yet, though the way of escape is always open to them by recantation, they return to prison again and again." That they are where they are because they choose to be there is the statement of their advocate; and it is perfectly clear that they are not there for any conscientious objection to war, but for a seditious resistance to an Act of Parliament.

"These men argue, rightly or wrongly," says Mrs. Hobhouse, "that when they are ordered under the Military Service Acts to change their occupations, for example, to engage in agriculture instead of teaching, the purpose of the change is the better organisation of the nation'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 conscience that objected to the organisation of the nation's resources for the purposes of war would reject the one as the other alternative. Actually under the conditions of modern 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, as Emerson said he did not want to live, to wear out our old boots, 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 inspired the preparations for rebellion in Ulster, inspired the wanton outrages of the Suffragettes, has even, at last, found its final expression in the Malcolm case. There is no shorter cut to barbarism than disrespect for the rule of law, and in a state of barbarism, there is no respect for the conscientious objector. It is the law that has given him his importance; without it, he would, in the present state of public opinion, have been at the mercy of the mob; and if he cares as much for the consequences of his actions as his advocate declares, he should beware of encouraging ever so remotely the peril of lawlessness.

A. E. R.

## Reviews.

**The Road to Understanding.** By Eleanor H. Porter. (Constable. 5s. net.)

The road to understanding seems to be misunderstood deliberately maintained until the last chapter. This would not matter if the intervening incidents were themselves interesting; but the device by which the author maintains the eighteen years' separation (until the nurse-girl wife could meet her husband without making him ashamed of her unladylike ways) is that of simple refusal of the wife to acquaint her husband of her existence until she has trained her child in the knowledge of Egyptian antiquities and the deportment of a lady, and exhibited to other people the exquisite delicacy of her feelings. The nurse-girl wife has her wish; she becomes a real lady, and her daughter, if we remember rightly, descends like an angel (disguised as an amanuensis) on her father. She had her mother's eyes, bless her; and at last, this stupid, obstinate man went and embraced his wife, who was now a real lady, and had a daughter who would help him to classify his antiquities. And that is what Miss Porter calls "a pure love story"; we prefer them mixed.

**The Great Gift.** By Sidney Paternoster. (The Bodley Head. 6s.)

A trivial story of the sentimental failure of a Cabinet Minister. His history is presumably taken from Smiles' "Self-Help," for he begins his business career as a newspaper-boy, but rises by dogged perseverance, rigid economy, successful speculation, and strict attention to business, to be the head of a great firm of ship-owners. His entry into politics must have been fore-ordained; a man who could say: "The processes of the human brain are usually too intricate to enable even the one who gives birth to a thought to track it to its conception," was naturally qualified for the Front Bench. His great idea was to solve the unemployment problem without abolishing the capitalist control of industry; but his habit of success failed him in his love affair. "The great gift" was not for him; and after some conventional episodes related in cliché, his fiancée married his young secretary, and the Cabinet Minister, after blessing them, consoled himself with his share of the direction of the war. Moral: You cannot serve Cupid and cupidty.

**L. of C.** (Lines of Communication). By a Temporary Officer in the Army Service Corps (Capt. J. E. Agate). (Constable. 6s. 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 Réjane in Provence, of "Herodiade" and "William Tell" as performed by a travelling opera-company in the same place. The chapter on "A 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 wears a civilian's heart upon his sleeve as well as his stars; and has really written the best sort of war-book, that which says very little about the war.

**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 Humanitarian League. The preface has, of course, the most literary interest, and really runs counter to

the general tendency of the essays; for while most of the essayists accuse the sportsman of cruelty, Mr. Shaw accuses him of stupidity. Mr. Shaw's paradoxes are splendidly audacious: "I know many sportsmen; and none of them are 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 sportsman 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 surprising and even dangerous way the law was ignored by the jury at the trial for murder of Lieut. Malcolm. The law was made for man, not man for law. A few similar cases, and the law would be amended, 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 complaints against mob-law—should follow the level of public sentiment, not spasmodically but uniformly. R. F. C.

### RATIONALISM.

Sir,—As a rationalist, Mr. R. B. Kerr's views 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 pièce d'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 asserts that: "Pope Julius II hit the bull's-eye when he said 'that fable of Jesus Christ pays well does it not?'" A rationalist 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 writes to me to-day (September 10) 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 high place, but this surely seems to justify Señor Ramiro de Maeztu in apparently considering the Church a negligible influence and not alluding to it. G. BERTRAM COOPLAND.

### 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 Lecky, "that a master of advocacy . . . will fail to feel some thrill of triumph if by force of ingenious 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 effrontery of an advocate." In the opinion 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 plea 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." will accept the judgment of commonsense: if the circumstances do not warrant the advocate in entertaining a reasonable belief in the soundness of his cause, then his advocacy is dishonest. Q.E.D. W. D.

### 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 that literally does not exist. He says that, after Rafael's speech in Parliament, the effect was spoilt 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 saying, "The effect was spoilt." The bathos was in connection with Rafael's discovery of the falsity 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 snip, but personally I have celebrated for a similar reason, and more than once. So there!

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 multitude, but only for a single 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.

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, Singleton, 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 no 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 one of the Farley stories by an actual experience—certainly in Argentina and Brazil and even among the Indians in the South-West. If Farley had any particular purpose, which I doubt, it would almost seem as if he meant by his stories to picture the different ways of living and thinking between the temperate and tropical climates. If you want negro melodrama, you will find it a-plenty on the music-hall stage, in coon songs and the like. The old negro leper's chanty in Farley is, as a fact, the real article. VERY PATHETIC PERIPATETIC.

### MR. FERNAU AND HEGEL.

Sir,—According to your contributor, S. Verdad, Mr. Herman Fernau's book, "The Coming Democracy," is valuable on account of the analysis it contains of the conditions leading up to the present German constitu-



tion. "The root idea of that Prussianism which finally triumphed under Bismarck" is presumably traceable to "Hegel's doctrine, that the State is a divine entity and that man is not an end in himself, but only a brick in the fabric of the State, and that the people is that portion of the State that does not know what it wants." It would be interesting to know how far this definition of Hegel's doctrine rests on a direct study of his works, but its worth may be inferred already from the fact that Hegel seeks the guarantee of a Constitution in the spirit of the whole nation; that is to say, in the degree to which a nation is rationally self-conscious. (See sec. 540, "Encyclopædia of Philosophical Sciences.") At any rate, that he cannot be charged with a denial of our birthright to rational self-determination—in a word, to Freedom—is made quite plain in a lengthy remark, appended to sec. 552, in explication of the relation between the State and religion. The following quotation must suffice:—

"From the preceding it follows that Morality (Sittlichkeit) represents the State as reduced to its elementary inwardness, or that the State is Morality in its development and self-realisation, but that the substantial element in both is Religion. Accordingly, the State rests on Morality, and this latter on Religion. Just because Religion is the consciousness of Absolute Truth: Right and Justice, Duty and Law, i.e., all that claims to be true in the world of free will, can be so only in so far as it is part and parcel of that Truth, comes under its head and follows therefrom. . . . Of course, in order that Morality be truly a consequence of Religion, it is necessary that Religion have its content in truth, i.e., that the expounded idea of God be true. Morality is the divine Spirit as indwelling in Self-consciousness on the side of its actual present, when embodied in a nation and the individuals composing it; in so far as this Self-consciousness supersedes its empirical actuality, and in this way becomes conscious of its true nature or realises itself in its Truth, it preserves in its Faith and Conscience its immediate Certainty of self or its spiritual actuality (in Morality). Both are inseparably united; there cannot be two kinds of conscience, a religious one and another moral one differing in content and purpose. In so far, however, as they are formally distinguishable and the distinction is an object of Thought and Knowledge—Religion and Morality are forms of Intelligence, and therefore a Thinking and Knowing—the empirically valid Morality is sanctioned only by virtue of its religious content standing for the purely self-subsistent and hence highest Truth. So comes it that to Self-consciousness Religion is the basis of both Morality and the State." In so far, now, as the standpoint of Religion is in Germany wholly subordinated to military purposes can the German State be viewed as an embodiment of Hegel's idea of State?

As regards, finally, the assertion that Hegel views in the people only that portion of the State that does not know what it wants, sec. 544 fully explains that distinction must be drawn between *vulgus* and *populus*, between a mere mob and estates of the realm. Space forbids further quotations. Besides, is any one really anxious to know what Hegel really taught? It is so easy to pretend to knowledge without study.

FRANCIS SEDLAK.

#### DEMOCRATIC TRUTH.

Sir,—*"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin."* What one? Shakespeare's Ulysses (you cannot always believe what he says!) says:

"that all, with one consent, praise new-born gawds":  
 . . . "The present Eye praises the present object."  
 And, previously, Ulysses, agreeing with Achilles that

"Speculation turns not to itself  
 Till it hath travell'd, and is mirror'd there  
 Where it may see itself,"

says:

"I do not strain at the position,—  
 It is familiar,—but at the author's drift:  
 Who in his circumstance expressly proves  
 That no man is the lord of anything  
 (Though in and of him there be much consisting)  
 Till he communicate his parts to others."

All this artfully to persuade Achilles to his task.

"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 "Troilus 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 commonsense. 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.

HORACE C. SIMMONS.

## Memoranda.

(From last week's NEW AGE.)

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, but 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 conciliate.

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 Guildsmen."

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 laudation, but his school enjoys all the credit that is denied to the school of Jeremiah.

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.—EZRA POUND.

John Smith is in my conception of commonsense the criterion of truth.

Commonsense 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 pro-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 1772, but in spite of that it was found possible to prosecute and convict offenders. This was done in 1800, when bread riots occurred, as related in the late Professor Smart's "Economic Annals." The magistrates, in many places, gave notice that all persons guilty of forestalling, regrating, or engrossing provisions—otherwise 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 engrossing (holding up) hops.

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 now 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 disprove 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 rationing, which is going to cause more irritation than the previous system of distribution.

I beg the Government to take this suggestion into serious consideration. Either they do not realise the extreme gravity and urgency of the matter—which threatens to lose us the war—or they do not understand how to deal with it. The great evil is not prices, but the belief that the Government are shielding evildoers.

A. SHADWELL.

The war has given a new significance to some of the later movements within Trade Unionism and Socialism, especially to that known as the Guild movement. When we had to deal with the Syndicalism of the Sorel school, we had to oppose it. It was inadequate; it did not face all the problems of labour; it had no promise of permanence because it was not a stage in the further evolution of Labour's power in society; it was only a revolt towards negations. But it is not that Syndicalism which now demands our consideration.

However imperfect the Socialist view of the limitations of State authority as revealed by the war may have been, this at any rate we can say, British Socialism never imagined that the political State, working from a bureaucratic centre by political agents, could control the factories and workshops. It is therefore not precluded by past declarations from considering proposals of workshop control on the Guild plan.

Our conception of the Socialist State must provide for a great measure of industrial control in the industrial organisation of society. The central authority of the State must be used for the co-ordination of production and distribution, of supply and demand. It must issue general laws providing for national standards of pay and conditions; it must be the final arbiter on all otherwise unsettled questions of demarcation and of disputes between industrial organisations; it must be the unifying influence dealing with sectional aspects of problems,

and with relationships and interests wider than those which these industrial combinations can be expected to consider; it must organise and be responsible for the great national services, though always working in co-operation with the Guilds of Labour concerned—in a sentence, it should deal with the general obligations of citizens to each other.—"Socialism After the War," by J. R. MACDONALD.

Details will have to be worked out in view of after-war experience, but meantime it is necessary that no doubt should be left regarding the fact that the Guild must play a characteristic part in the Socialist industrial State. It is required to guard against the deadly evil of over-centralisation in a political servile State, of a community the material comforts of which will stifle spiritual spontaneity, of a working class deprived of the stimulus of freedom by legal arrangements of a mechanical nature. If the workman's spirit is freed by education, by skill of a technical kind, by work which is no longer deadening toil, it will be necessary to give him a direct responsibility for working management, 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 common sense are concerned.

No Government in the world, having any sense, any reasonableness, and, one might almost say, necessity of such a policy, will wish to put the smallest difficulty in the way of its realisation. 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 permitted to resolve itself into a *casus belli* as between Labour and the Government.—"The Man in the Street" in the "Daily Sketch."

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