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CONTENTS.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The penalty of not stating our terms clearly is that as the war continues it is we and not our enemies who will be made more and more to appear implacable. This has already begun to be the case in the instance of the superficially reasonable speech of Count Czernin, the Austro-Hungarian Minister of Foreign Affairs. Speaking at a banquet at Vienna last week, he outlined a programme, and invited the assent of the Allies to it, the terms of which included all or nearly all the ideals of Liberals everywhere. There were to be universal disarmament, compulsory arbitration, international free-trade and a League of Nations to preserve all these; and the Central Powers, we were given to understand, would be among the first to see that they were all carried into effect. What more, it might be asked, could the Allies wish for than a conclusion to and from the war of this nature? It is a programme of an enlightened kind in which all the catch-phrases of Liberalism are embodied and surrounded by an atmosphere of manifest sincerity. For there is little doubt that, for the moment at any rate, Count Czernin meant every word he said. Why then was it inevitable that his speech of rapprochement should be treated with something like contempt in the Allied countries? What other objects than those defined and conceded by Count Czernin are we pursuing that we should find inadequate the imposing programme he has laid before the world? The answer to this question, though it is too seldom given and never with that unanimity we expect from a body of Allies, is that all the promises and as many more like them are useless save upon one condition, namely, that the Prussian militarist dynasty is abolished. For it is not detailed terms of peace we want, nor concessions of territory, nor promises of reparation and restoration. All these can be offered to us and will be offered in vain. The only object for which the Allies are fighting and the only concession, therefore, we are likely to accept as an inducement to leave off, is the transformation of the Prussian constitution from militarism to parliamentarism. But why, as we have suggested, is not this master-condition repeated more often and repeated more in unison? It would save a good deal of idle flutterings if the Counts Czernins, the Pope and other personages abroad, who are interesting themselves in the terms of peace, were definitely informed that the only condition the Allies will accept, and the only condition they demand, is the democratisation of Germany. We should not, on the one hand, be pestered any further with substituted and, under the circumstances, irrelevant offers of peace; and, on the other hand, we should not have our own Liberals urging us from time to time to accept these offers.

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We are glad to say that in his preface to the collected statements of policy by President Wilson (Allen and Unwin, 1s. net), Viscount Grey, our late Foreign Minister, and, perhaps, our next Foreign Minister also, has announced himself clearly as on the side of President Wilson and the democratisation of Germany. Viscount Grey, indeed, goes a little further, in our judgment, than President Wilson, for he will not contemplate a peace on the mere promise and expectation of the democratisation of Germany after the war. "To make peace on this hope," he says, "would be gambling upon a chance, and the things at stake are too vital and awful for gambling." Until, therefore, we can be certain that the Allies will meet at the conference table German plenipotentiaries who both represent and are responsible to the German people, the war, he says, must remain and continue on the part of the Allies a defensive war. This is plain speaking, and, coming from Viscount Grey, it ranks as only second in importance to the declarations of President Wilson himself. Moreover, we may hope it will have the effect of uniting the Allies with America as they have never yet been truly united. For what is it that has hitherto been wanting to that unity of spirit and aim which we desire to see among all the Allies but the common formula which Viscount Grey has now endorsed with his particular authority? Far from being the merely sentimental formula which the "Morning Post," the "Saturday Review," and the other club journals profess to see in it, the democratisation of Germany is actually the only formula common to the whole body of the Allies, and hence the only formula capable of keeping them together to the very end. It is thus at once the most ideal

and the most practical of all the formulas submitted for our consideration. On the authority of Viscount Grey we therefore again beg our Liberals to reconsider their present attitude, and to ask themselves once more whether in criticising the democratic formula, or in substituting for it some other particular object, such as disarmament, they are not prolonging the war by dividing the Allies.

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It is by no means certain that the War Cabinet has yet made up its mind to adopt the impolicy of reprisals. The Government, however, has such strange ways of communicating its decisions to the world that there is some doubt about it. And the speech of General Smuts last week lends some colour to the positive supposition. General Smuts, as we said on a recent occasion, is not always as clear a speaker as could be wished; and on the occasion of his speech last week as the Air representative of the War Cabinet he was as dubious as an oracle. The contradictions in which he involved himself were almost endless. To take only one or two of them. He told us, in the first place, that the objects of Germany in adopting the policy of air-raids were two: the terrorism of our civilian population and the denudation of our front of air matériel. But in both objects, he said, Germany had miserably failed. Very true, no doubt; but then, in the second place, he went on to declare that we must ourselves adopt a similar policy and for similar objects, as if, in fact, a policy that has miserably failed with us must gloriously succeed against the people with whom, after three years, we are still at war. The absurdity is obvious. So far from our reprisals (*as* such—that is, as a deliberate policy of counter-terrorism) being likely to have more effect upon Germany than the initial attacks of Germany have had upon us, they are likely to have less, if only for the reason that such counter-attacks are fully expected and are being completely prepared for. We are not going to take German towns by surprise in the darkness of the nights; we are not going to produce in Germany the panic of the unexpected, and thus, in the elegant words of one of our Mayors, make the German people yell for mercy and appeal to the Kaiser to stop the war. On the contrary, if we are foolish enough to adopt reprisals in the hope that Germany will suffer by them what we have suffered by her surprise attacks, we shall do so only to discover that Germany is in the matter of defence, not where we were when her attacks began, but where we are to-day, if not even where we ought to be to-day.

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Another of the confusions in General Smuts' speech was his contradictory account of the motive of the War Cabinet in adopting (if it is really about to adopt) the German air policy. On the one hand he tells us that the extension of the air line over the whole of Germany is now not only a military possibility, but a military advisability. Independently, therefore, of any popular demand in this country for "reprisals," the policy which the Government now proposes, it is said, to pursue would have been pursued in any event. But, on the other hand, he informs us that the "bitter temper" engendered in the people of this country by the German raids is such that no Government can ignore it: in other words, that the Government's policy has been determined by the attitude of the "Evening News." Which of these two accounts of the genesis of the Government's policy are we to accept? Are we to accept the military theory, for which, we may say, there is a good deal to be said? Or are we to accept the gutter-Press theory, for which there is nothing to be said? The discrimination between the two is of no slight importance; for, in the event of the confusion of practical aims as they are confused in General Smuts' speech, we may expect success in neither of them. Either, in fact, our policy must be wholly military, in which case counter-terroristic reprisals, however gratifying to the jelly-bags of the "Evening News," must be ruled out as the strategy of mere terrified amateurs; or our military authorities should assure us that there is no military object to be gained by terrorism. One or the other; for what is quite clear is that we cannot hope efficiently to accomplish two separate objects in conflict with each other; we cannot, that is, base a successful policy simultaneously on the lowest motives of terror and on the highest motives of military science.

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Reference has been made to the possible military value of an extension of the air front. This, of course, is quite independent of pursuing reprisals, and needs none of General Smuts' apology if it can be proved. The possible value, it appears to us, turns upon the question of a superiority of matériel and upon how best to employ that superiority. Now it is plain that, if as between two armies the matériel of one is superior to the matériel of the other, the object of the superior must be to lengthen the front, and the object of the inferior to shorten the front on which they are both engaged, for the purpose in the one case of extracting the full advantage from his superiority, and in the other of avoiding the disadvantage of his inferiority. Thus in general terms, and upon the supposition that the Allies are now superior to Germany in matériel, it would appear to be the proper Allied policy to lengthen our front, and the proper policy of Germany to shorten hers. But how are the Allies to set about it, since the contraction of the land and sea fronts is largely in the control of the enemy? It may be anticipated, indeed, that as the German matériel diminishes in comparison with that of the Allies so will the German line be shortened at the discretion of the German command. And we cannot see that we can help it. But if now, by a new stroke, we can create a fresh front and extend it indefinitely at *our* discretion, the strategic shortening of the German line upon the present front can be counteracted, and our superiority of matériel can be once more brought into play. What fresh front, however, is there to create? The Germans have been foolish enough themselves to supply the answer: it is the air front. It is very probable that, if Germany had not begun the policy of bombing "military" places situated in civilian centres, the Allies would have never initiated it. At any rate, such operations would have been confined to places immediately within the range of the military front. Having, however, quite contrary to her own interests as the party with the inferior matériel, initiated this new front, it may be to the advantage of the Allies to follow Germany in it, and to extend it beyond Germany's effective reach. This, at least, appears to be a possible motive of the decision of the Cabinet, and it is obviously more respectable than the wretched motive of counter-terrorism, in which there is not even the glimmer of an idea.

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We do not know exactly what Herr von Kühlmann, the German Foreign Secretary, means by his phrase "psychological diplomacy"; but if he means what we think he means, we confess that we should like some of it ourselves. General Smuts was expressing a common opinion when he declared that the present war differs from previous wars in the complication of its "fronts." These are not merely military, naval, economic and diplomatic; but they are, he says, political and psychological as well. This is all the more reason for organising the political and the psychological fronts with the same method and to the same extent as the others have been organised; and Herr von Kühlmann is simply first in the field with his significant phrase. Moreover, we are not at all sure

that Herr von Kühlmann's methods, in spite of the somewhat heavy fun the "Times" makes of them, will not prove to be effective, and in the "Times" office first of all. For what is it at which Herr von Kühlmann is avowedly aiming in his "psychological diplomacy" but to establish as an axiom in Allied countries the belief that the Prussian Government and the German people are absolutely united? Herr von Kühlmann is frank to the point of Shavian subtlety upon the subject. He admits that the declaration of President Wilson in favour of dividing German democracy from Prussian autocracy has endangered the unity of Germany; and he says, in effect, that if the rest of the Allies become of President Wilson's opinion, German unity is lost. Hence the need to direct the new psychological diplomacy to the task of "proving to the Allies the unity of the German people and Government," as a means, further, to maintaining that unity as a fact at home. What could be more explicit; and how could a trap be set more plainly in the sight of the Allied birds? Nevertheless that certain of our statesmen and journals will fall into it we have no doubt. As Herr von Kühlmann produces his evidences of unity (mainly by the suppression of public opinion in Germany) our "Times" and other old birds will delightedly swallow them, turning to us at whiles to remark that they always told us so, that the German people and Government are inseparable, and that the signs are multiplying. Thus will Herr von Kühlmann's policy be justified by its fruit; for, indeed, no conclusion could suit him better. Exactly, however, as Germany may discover that two can play at the game of extending the air-front, Germany should discover that two can play at the game of psychological diplomacy. Plainly our object cannot be the same as that of the Prussian dynasty, but some of our methods may be similar, and most of all when they are not immoral. There is no ethical wrong in copying Herr von Kühlmann's methods of psychological diplomacy. All we need do is to counter every one of the Prussian "evidences" with a disproof and with evidences to the contrary.

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Tucked away in an odd corner of the Press might have been found last week by an industrious reader a fact of some little importance, namely, that the French Chamber of Deputies has succeeded in maintaining parliamentary control, not merely over the debates in the Chamber, but over the actual administration of the French armies in the field. Twenty parliamentary commissioners have been appointed with power to accompany the army wherever it goes and to report directly to the Chamber upon all matters connected with administration, commissariat, pay, leave, medical attention and the like, only military direction being reserved. The practical logic of such an arrangement is what we should expect from our French Allies; but the fact is nevertheless surprising to an Englishman. Parliament in this country, in spite of all its pretensions to sovereign power, is not only afraid to interfere (as it calls it) in military administration, until a post-mortem report like that upon Mesopotamia is to be drawn up; but there is even a theory current that it is beyond Parliament's province to enter at all into military affairs while they are still in progress. We say nothing against this theory so long as it confines itself to objecting to civilian control of military technique; but when it lays an embargo upon the discussion by Parliament of the practically civil administration of the army, we protest and point to France. In reply, no doubt, our Colonel Repingtons and other military retainers will point to Russia and ask if we wish to see in our own army the system of committees which has transformed the Russian army. And if we answer that better that than no civilian control, and point again to France, we shall be left without an audience. We remain of opinion, however, that inconvenient as Parliamentary commissioners may be, they are not so humiliating as Parliamentary Reports.

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The want of some more effective control than the Army itself over Army administration has been already shown by the returns just published of the discharged men. In the early days of the war we were one of the few journals to doubt (indeed, to deny) the wisdom of admitting into the Army men whose fitness was not certified by their own civilian doctors. Such men, we said, were more numerous than any of our authorities had any idea of; they were the product of an industrial system which itself is the most prolific source of disease ever known in human history; and as well as being unhappy themselves, such men would be a costly trouble to the Army. The latest figure of the men already discharged from the Army bear us out. Of every thousand discharged over five hundred owe their discharge to diseases existing in them before they were taken into the Army—diseases, in other words, that ought to have kept them out of the Army altogether. Here, if anywhere, was a case in which Parliamentary control, had it been exercised, might have done untold good to the Army, to the nation, and to the unfortunate men themselves. The Army would have been saved the waste in training useless men; the nation would have been saved the cost; and the men would have been spared the aggravation of their disease. This triple bill for no advantage whatever is what we owe, in the first place, to the most squalid section of the London Press, and, in the second place, to Parliament's dereliction of its duty. The whole has only to be put side by side with the other fact for which Lady Jellicoe has vouched to make a dismal picture of our health resources. "It is more dangerous," Lady Jellicoe assures us, "to be a baby in this country than to be a soldier in the trenches." We are burning our candle of life at both ends.

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The general deduction from the "Times" articles on "The Ferment of Revolution," to which we referred last week, was tersely expressed by our colleague "A. E. R." It was that the "Times" is preparing to justify in advance another capitalist attack upon Labour. The reception accorded to the articles, however, not only in the rest of the Press, but in the "Times" itself, must be very disappointing to the agents-provocateurs who inspired them; for with the exception of a few obsequious letters which the "Times" has published, and a false deduction or two in the "Saturday Review" (a journal now entirely given over, it would seem, to the opinions of butlers and club-waiters), all the comments on them have been sceptical or hostile. The reason is plain, though we flatter ourselves that we have done something to make it plain. The initiation of whatever revolutionary feeling there may be in this country lies at the doors of the men who refused at the outbreak of war to forgo their chance of special war-profits. That is really the sum and substance of the whole matter; and it has been confirmed during the week by the explicit statement made by Mr. Smillie, the President of the Miners' Federation, that "the miners would rather a thousand times that the cost of living for everybody had been kept down than that their own wages should have gone up." You cannot make criminal revolutionaries of men of this character and sentiment; for it is obvious that they are victims rather than agents in the matter. What the "Times" ought to look for and direct the Government's attention to is the handful or so of "individualists" who refused point-blank to treat the war as anything more then an unparalleled piece of commercial luck for themselves. Their number and their names can easily be discovered, since they are at this moment paying excess war-profits.

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

IN a speech delivered at New York on September 29, and in a subsequent correction (October 2) of certain newspaper comments, Viscount Ishii, head of the Japanese Mission to the United States, laid down international principles which cannot be too strongly emphasised at the present time. They had reference to the economic (and consequently political) development of China, and were in substance a definite assertion of the policy of the open door. Viscount Ishii said, inter alia :—

Gentlemen, I assure you that the closed door in China has never been and never will be the policy of my Government. The door is open, and the field is there; we welcome co-operation and competition, all tending to the betterment of the equal opportunity. . . . The policy of Japan with regard to China has always been the same story. We want good government, which keeps peace, security, and the development of the opportunity in China. . . . Circumstances for which we were in no sense responsible give us certain rights on Chinese territory; but at no time in the past and at no time in the future do we or will we seek to take territory from China or to despoil China of her rights. . . . Not only will we not seek to assail the integrity or sovereignty of China, but we shall eventually be prepared to defend and maintain the same integrity and independence of China against any aggressor. For we know that our own landmarks would be threatened by any outside invasion or interference in China. We (i.e., Japan and the United States) guard the Pacific Ocean together with our ships; but more than this, and better than the ships or the men or the guns, is the assurance of the Notes exchanged between your Secretary of State, Mr. Elihu Root, and our Ambassador, M. Takahira, in 1908, in which it was mutually agreed and "formally resolved to respect the territorial possessions belonging to each other in the region of the Pacific Ocean."

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I have quoted only the most essential phrases of what is really a most important anti-German declaration of policy—anti-German, because the principle of co-operation, which Viscount Ishii so cordially invites, is precisely the principle which Germany has consistently refused to consider in relation to her own colonies or protectorates. Germany, in the words of her own spokesmen, must not be dependent upon anybody's good will; and a nation in that frame of mind cannot co-operate with, or even tolerate, another independent nation. In his correction of some of the views expressed on his speech, Viscount Ishii stated that he did not accept the definition of his policy suggested by several American newspapers, namely, that he had enunciated a "Monroe Doctrine of the Far East." This term, he said, was misleading, inasmuch as Japan had promised that she herself would not invade the rights of China, and would observe the principle of the open door and equal opportunity, "whereas the Monroe Doctrine carries no similar assurance by the United States in regard to Central and South America." The implication was quite a friendly one, for Viscount Ishii went on to commend America's fair dealing with other nations. True, Germany had not an opportunity of pegging out many claims for herself in China, apart from her lease of Kiau Chau, now in possession of the Japanese. But this is no longer an enclave, for the terms of its surrender by Japan to China after the war stipulate that the whole of Kiau Chau shall be opened as a commercial port. In spite of their comparatively recent interest in China, nevertheless, the Germans managed to entrench themselves there pretty well. The last census showed that foreign countries owned 2,328 business firms in China, with a resident foreign population of 144,754. More than half of these were Japanese, who had 733 business houses to their credit, and a resident population of 75,210. Apart from this, Japan had a large and in many instances a controlling share in Chinese industries and railways; not to mention her share in Government and provincial loans. Of the remaining foreign population, 8,960 were British, with 592 firms; 3,869 Americans, with 133 firms; 2,817 Germans, with 276 firms and hosts of commercial travellers; 45,908 Russians, with 323 firms; 3,133 French, with 107 firms; and 2,785 Portuguese, with 44 firms. There were in addition certain posts occupied by foreign soldiers with the permission of the Chinese Government, for the purpose of maintaining free connection between Pekin and the sea. These troops, according to the returns for 1913, numbered in all 9,188, of which 1,581 were American (United States), 2,845 British and British-Indian, 459 German, 1,777 Japanese, and 1,100 Russian.

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The influence which Germany sought to obtain in China, however, is not to be measured by the number of her business houses, her commercial travellers, or her resident population. In a highly significant and noteworthy article contributed to the "Hamburger Nachrichten" (May 4, 1913) Dr. Max Thumm filled four informative and, according to its lights, well-reasoned columns on the very first page of the paper to explain how America and Germany were both aiming at cultural supremacy in China. The point of view is curious. America, says Dr. Thumm in substance, was seeking political idealism; and the innumerable American schools dotted all over the country had their curricula drawn up accordingly. George Washington, we are told, was the hero of the Chinese youth, and the Revolution was due directly to American politico-cultural influences. Furthermore, Dr. Thumm expresses great surprise because the American schools had nothing to do with the State. "In the case of the Americans the State never takes up questions of this kind. Private interests are so strong that they fulfil all requirements on their own initiative, and have no room for the intervention of the State." China is, in consequence, says the writer, becoming very susceptible to American ideas and aspirations. Different, far different, he assures us, is the case with the German schools which were being slowly established in China as a corrective of American and British influences. "The *essential distinction*," says Dr. Thumm, "*is that the* German schools have been founded by the State through the intermediary of the Minister at Pekin." The usual "State" consequences follow, though Dr. Thumm, honest and dull pedant that he is, does not realise what they mean. He tells us with self-satisfaction that the natural bonhomie of the Chinese student is giving way, in the German schools, to "our iron German discipline"; and he flatters himself that the teachers are not selected by the school board, as is the case with the American schools; but—characteristic touch!—by the Berlin Foreign Office. Again, in the German schools the German language alone is used during the greater part of the lessons; and the scholars, though they find it utterly strange and exceedingly difficult, have to put up with it as best they can.

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In the course of the war, when China has happened, on rare occasions, to become a subject of discussion, I have often thought of Dr. Thumm's article and of the prospect opened up by "our iron German discipline" in China. Dr. Thumm concludes by saying that the Americans are "naïve" in their political idealism, in that they hope to supply the Chinaman with an individual will of his own, and that they have announced their intention of turning their schools over to the Chinese authorities entirely as soon as the Chinese pupils have made sufficient headway to get on without their American teachers. This policy is quite beyond Dr. Thumm; but it is exactly the policy which the Allies are now trying to practise on the German people

in a somewhat different form. The ability and tenacity of the Chinese in sticking to their Republic since 1912 is precisely the measure of their "individual will," and of their superiority over the Germans, who still allow themselves to be led by the nose by the State, even when it comes to organising a school at the other end of the world.

The National Mission.

THE Church of England, or rather the Anglican Church, according to her official statistics, numbers just 5 per cent. of the population of London. The percentage of communicants is slightly higher in some of the rural dioceses; that is to say, where the population is less intelligent and instructed. And unless we are mistaken we have seen in the columns of that very ably conducted paper, the "Church Times," an estimate that the number of laymen who would be qualified to share in the government of the Church, in the event of disestablishment, is 400,000, or about 1 per cent. of the population of England.

Unless to be in possession of the national endowment of religion makes a church national, it is evident that this shrinking sect has lost all claim to the title. The most elementary knowledge of human nature justifies the belief that even these numbers bear some proportion to the endowment, and that were this spiritual fund resumed by the nation, and restored to its original purpose, the Anglican Church would soon find itself second to the Wesleyan in point of popularity.

The reasons for this decadence are not far to seek. The Anglican Church shares, in common with all the other Christian Churches, the misfortune of having survived Christianity. Beyond a vague belief that Jesus of Nazareth was probably a real personage, who anticipated a good deal in the Gospel of Humanity, little is left of that fiery faith for which Christians were wont to slaughter and be slaughtered while it still lived. Few of us can imagine the present Archbishop of Canterbury thrusting his hand into the flames of Smithfield, or the present Pope of Rome closing the door of St. Peter to the German Emperor until he should have done public penance for the devastation of Belgium. In most parishes the Sunday services are regarded as a distraction by the women of the middle class, though the movies are hitting them hard; and the upper class is too indifferent to the education of its sons to interfere with the discretion of clerical headmasters in the matter of teaching the catechism. But the chaplain is expected to break it to the boys gently that the earth was not fashioned in a week, and to concentrate himself on morals rather than faith.

The Anglican Church also suffers from a cause peculiar to itself in the feud between the clergy and the laity set up by the Oxford Movement. The Ritualists have only captured the Church at the cost of expelling the congregation. The Catholic vicar intruded by an episcopal patron into a Protestant parish acts in the spirit of a German commandant taking over the municipal government of a French or Belgian town. He converts his church from being the hearth of the community into a proselytising mission station. In a word, the clergy have succeeded in transforming a National Church into a Catholic sect, in the interest of their own order.

The ordeal through which the nation is passing has been a test for all the Christian churches, and they all have been found wanting. But the failure of the Anglican Church has been the most conspicuous, for the reason that its pretensions, and indeed its obligations, are the greatest. From its ministers the nation has received nothing in the shape of true prophecy, nothing of wise interpretation, nothing of high example beyond that of the common man. To use old-fashioned language, the Holy Spirit has not been found among them. Their National Mission has not been blessed.

Here and there we have had exhibitions of imbecility and superstition, revealing the barrenness of the land. One clergyman has thrown out the suggestion that we should abandon Gibraltar—a post which the submarine and airplane between them have rendered all but worthless, indeed—to propitiate an enemy who was out to seize a Gibraltar in the English Channel. Another announced that the Unseen Will behind the veils of this material universe had caused Louis XIV. to devastate Germany in the seventeenth century, and Bismarck to tear away Alsace from France in the nineteenth, all in preparation to punish certain British cockneys for riding past his suburban church on motor-'buses in the twentieth, by visiting them with Zeppelin bombs. A newspaper story was greedily accepted as evidence of the appearance of angelic protectors in the air, such as are seen to hover over the head of the Bishop of London by pious little girls. It would be interesting to learn whether the credulous minds to which such tales appeal accept the conventional angel literally, with its human form, swan's wings sprouting from the shoulder, long hair, and white gown, or whether their obscure brain is ever troubled by the reflection that a real Messenger from out of Eternity should rather be like an Apocalyptic vision of One holding the moon in his right hand and wearing the sun upon his forehead, and stretching his fiery sword from end to end of the horizon.

Alas! true messengers of Heaven are always on the earth, and they are in human form; but they are rarely seen, and still more rarely listened to, and the good news they bring has to become old and new again before it is acceptable to men.

And so it is not strange that the Church of England has been disappointed by the result of her National Mission. There have been successful missionaries in the past history of the Christian churches. One of them, some of whose letters have survived, was never even ordained; he suffered imprisonment, was made to fight with wild beasts, and carried his life in his hand, yet he seems to have done something for the cause. In the Middle Ages there were missionaries who went through England, walking barefoot and wearing the rudest clothes they could devise, yet they also achieved something. A certain John Wesley, although excluded from the pulpits of the Establishment, did not labour altogether in vain. In our own days some not unsuccessful work has been done by the Salvation Army. How is it, then, that Canon Brown, and Prebendary Jones, and the Very Reverend Robinson have achieved so little?

Can it be that the National Mission has failed through being too respectable? Can something more be wanted than for the Rector of Easthampton to preach one of his usual sermons to the usual congregation at Westhampton, while the Vicar of Westhampton addresses one of his regular discourses to the regular attendants at Easthampton? It would almost seem so.

Those who are hopeful enough to expect some serious changes after the war must expect that the Anglican Church will be called to account for its stewardship of the endowments which it retains by what comes perilously near to embezzlement. If the proportion of Anglican Catholics in the nation is only 5 per cent., what is this church doing for the other 95? We cannot all dwarf our minds down to the stature of the Ritualist curate. The common man has a soul to be saved, and only the truth, only the highest truth, that he is capable of apprehending, can save it.

The Anglican Church is in the position of a panel doctor who is taking public wages and dosing his patients with obsolete drugs and remedies no longer in the pharmacopœia. It is offering us charms for

warts, and amulets against fever in the place of quinine. From twenty thousand pulpits it is reciting to us creeds which are incredible and psalms of which it is ashamed. And having extruded from its midst by force or fraud all who would take in hand the work of reformation, it is left incapable of self-reform. The Dr. Winnington Ingrams and the Lord Hugh Cecils sit among the ruins they have wrought, striving to warm their freezing hands at the dying embers of the fire they kindled for their own destruction.

It may be that the new wine can never now be poured into the old bottles. It is certain that it cannot be poured by the old vintners. The Church must reform herself before she can reform the nation. A new gospel must be preached by a new order in a new age.

SAINT GEORGE.

Was Germany Overcrowded?

By J. M. Kennedy.

IT has often been contended that Germany cannot be blamed for seeking ways and means of expansion because—so it is urged—the population had increased with such rapidity that the land could scarcely contain the people. More than once word pictures have been drawn for our benefit showing a densely populated German Empire vainly striving to find room and employment for its rapidly multiplying sons and daughters. A common argument before the war was that the population of France was almost stationary, if not actually showing symptoms of decline, whereas that of Germany had increased by twenty millions or more since the Franco-German War; and that, therefore, the German population, not being able to find room at home, was inevitably destined to overspread the thinly peopled lands of France. Let us see whether these arguments had any real justification.

In 1910, the year of the last census, the population of the German Empire was returned as 64,925,993, giving an average density of 310.4 to the square mile. (In June, 1914, the estimated population was 67,812,000, or 320.5 to the square mile.) In 1911 Italy had a population of 313.4 to the square mile); Holland (in 1910), 513; England and Wales (in 1911) 618; and Belgium (in 1910), 652. From this point of view, then, Germany had really little to grumble about. Nor can it be urged that certain districts (as in Brandenburg) are not particularly fertile, and that in consequence other parts of the Empire, notably the industrial districts, had become congested. The Rhine Province and Westphalia have always, in recent years, been the most thickly populated parts of the German Empire. In 1910, the density of population in the Rhine Province was 683.4 to the square mile, and in Westphalia, 528.6. But the Italian manufacturing provinces of Liguria, Lombardy, and Campania (the first including Turin, the second Milan, and the third Naples) could show, in 1914, respective densities of 622.9, 535.3, and 545.9 to the square mile. Consider Belgium again. In 1910, the density of population in the province of West Flanders was 699 to the square mile; in East Flanders, 967; in the Antwerp area 884. Or, consider Holland. In 1915 the density of population in the Utrecht province was 567; in the province of North Holland, 1,145; and in the province of South Holland, 1,385. In the French manufacturing department of the Nord, the density (in 1911) was 850 to the square mile, and in the province of the Rhone, 778. On the whole, Germany seems to be better off in the matter of space, even in her most crowded manufacturing districts, than some of her neighbours with whom a perfectly fair comparison can be made. The truth is, of course, that there never was any foundation for the assertions that Germany had to choose between overcrowding and losing a large proportion of her people annually by emigration; and this can be shown even if we refrain from comparing Germany with her much more cramped neighbours, and judge her merely from her own statistics.

Writing several times between 1840 and 1850, Moltke—from whom, by the way, many awkward quotations can be made; awkward, I mean, for those who refuse to recognise Germany's shortcomings—complained bitterly of the fact that the Germans had to emigrate in such large numbers on account of the lack of work for them at home; and one of his proposals, as I have mentioned in a previous article, was to colonise the Balkans with Germans as the Turkish Empire gradually disappeared. The outcome of the war with France rendered this procedure entirely unnecessary. The indemnity wrung from the French was skilfully used to help in the development of German commerce; and, despite reckless speculation and a financial crash in the 'seventies, Germany's industries really did improve very considerably within a decade or so; and their modern development is so well known that figures are almost superfluous. I will quote, therefore, only a very few to indicate how Germany's production has increased of late. The coal output in 1892 was 71,000,000 tons, valued at M.526,979,000. By 1902 this had risen to 107,400,000 tons (M.950,517,000), and by 1912 to 175,000,000 tons (M.1,839,943,000). Lignite: in 1892, 21,171,000 tons (M.58,506,000); in 1902, 43,126,000 tons (M.102,571,000); in 1912, 80,934,000 (M.175,622,000). Potassic Salts: in 1892, 1,351,100 (M.17,952,000); in 1902, 3,285,000 tons (M.40,006,000); in 1912, 11,161,200 tons (M.119,625,000). Iron Ore: in 1892, 11,539,000 tons (M.41,280,000); in 1902, 17,963,000 tons (M.65,731,000); in 1911, 29,880,000 tons (M.114,532,000). Pig Iron: in 1892, 4,928,000 tons; in 1902, 8,518,000 tons; in 1912, 17,617,000 tons. Crude Steel: in 1892, 2,756,000 tons; in 1902, 7,422,000 tons; in 1912, 17,302,000 tons. It may be imagined how every branch of business—banking, shipping, canal traffic, insurance, not to mention retail trades, the professions, and the arts—developed in proportion to this amazing increase in the essential industries of the country. It is impossible to deny that the working classes shared in the general prosperity, for they obviously did; and before the war the Social Democrats and working classes generally were able to afford themselves the luxury of dozens of Socialist daily newspapers all over the country, and hundreds of weeklies and monthlies. Further, Bismarck's protective tariffs succeeded in bolstering up the agriculture in which the junkers took so intense a personal interest, with the result that even the supply of German-born labourers failed, and thousands of aliens had to be brought in from Poland for the Eastern Prussian harvests every year, and sent back when the crops were in. This annual influx and efflux is a curious commentary on the suggestion that Germany was overcrowded; for in the years before the war the Polish labour invasion seldom amounted to a smaller average than half a million labourers a year; and, apart from this specific agricultural incursion, skilled foreign labourers, before the war, were encouraged to offer their services in the manufacturing districts of Westphalia and the Rhineland.

It should be noted that the growing demands in Germany for foreign workers of all kinds to supplement the native workers were not due to a continuance of emigration from Germany itself. Poles, Croats, Hungarians, Austrians, Russians, Scandinavians, and many other races and nationalities were represented in the emigrants leaving German harbours in German ships; but the annual German element had fallen, in recent years, to as low a number as 18,000 or 20,000—which compares favourably with the annual exodus of 150,000 to as much as 200,000 at the time Moltke wrote. The reason is clear. After the war with France Germany's industries developed at such a rate that the population

was, if anything, unable to keep pace with the demand for skilled and unskilled labour. Country dwellers, somewhat to Bismarck's anxiety, flocked to the towns; but skilled labour had to be imported as well. In proof of this assertion, let me refer to the census (1910) showing foreigners resident in Germany—not the shifting ebb and flow of labour, skilled and unskilled, already mentioned; but the *permanent foreign population of the German Empire*. It was distributed in that year as follows:—

	Male.	Female.	Total.
(1) Agriculture, gardening, farm work generally	100,568	57,836	158,404
(2) Industries, including mines	327,627	56,690	384,317
(3) Retail trades, hotels, etc.	50,407	14,192	64,599
(4) Traffic employees	13,586	217	13,803
(5) Wage-earners not included in the foregoing lists, including servants not living in	11,263	7,268	18,531
(6) Public services and professional classes	15,023	10,439	25,462
(7) People of independent means	36,241	41,746	77,987
(8) Unskilled workers and unclassified persons	161,308	329,175	490,483
Totals:—	716,023	517,563	1,233,586

Of these foreigners, 634,989 were Austrians, 137,668 Russians, 104,265 Italians, and 68,233 Swiss. Russian and Austrian Poles are included, but not the Poles from German Poland. It is to be noted that a very large proportion of these foreigners are skilled and unskilled workmen, who are engaged for the most part in mining, textiles, the iron and steel industries, and in engineering. But, above all, what these figures do show is that the more Germany's pre-war policy is examined the less excuse there is to be found for it. The Empire is not densely populated in comparison with its neighbours; its emigration had dwindled to a mere fraction of the population, and it had to rely on the permanent services of over a million foreigners, with substantial seasonal additions. What conceivable excuse is there here for forcible expansion on the ground of overcrowding?

Notes on Political Theory.

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

However important it may be to show that liberty has some value for its own sake, the consideration of other values which it may involve is still more necessary if we are not to resign ourselves to apathy and compulsion. Mr. de Maeztu does not deny that liberty has some degree of instrumental value, and we may adopt his terminology without admiring it. At the best it is extremely ambiguous, and an imperfect appreciation of certain of the different senses in which there may be such values is perhaps responsible for his coldness towards personal liberty. Instrumental values are, of course, those that men seek, not for their own sakes, but as indispensable means to intrinsic values, the things that they really want. It is a familiar paradox that these things which really occupy men's minds are of the former sort; their attention is taken up with means, and ends tend to slip out of sight. To say that this ought to be so sounds perverse, and is certainly opposed to the first lesson taught by many eminent moralists, but it is sound enough as a counsel for common men. For very many great values follow directly and with certainty on the means to them, and are best attained and enjoyed when the immediate attention is absorbed elsewhere. It seems to be so with wisdom, which philosophers have praised with complete if intelligible unanimity. And a similar fact can be regarded according to taste as an argument for or against pleasure. Therefore no contradiction of our ordinary experience would be implied were we to admit that liberty was only an instrumental value and yet assert that eternal vigilance in the guardianship of it is the price of the great goods to which it leads. This is not to detract from the value of these goods, or even to imply that the watchfulness need require much devotion, except in a State given over, as the old Scots phrase had it, to its own devices.

Before considering how instrumental values may be divided, a remark must be made on a type of value easily confused with them. The value of a whole, we know, by no means necessarily corresponds to the sum of the values of the parts, but may be greater or less or the same. Therefore by the addition of a further element to a whole whose value we already know the value of the whole may be greatly increased even if the value of the additional element for its own sake be nothing at all. If then it should happen that liberty was in this case of having no intrinsic value, the possibility always remains that the values of the wholes into which it does enter are incalculably greater than those of otherwise quite similar wholes into which it does not. And I think that when by the usual method of reflective intuition we consider the detailed values in question the theoretical possibility becomes a certainty. Values freely attained yield as a result a type of experience enormously more valuable than experience in which these values only happen—a fortiori than that into which they are introduced by compulsion, in those cases, if any, where this is possible. From which it follows (so far as one can draw a valid conclusion on these highly abstract grounds) that liberty greatly increases in general the value of an experiential whole in which it occurs; and that, therefore, there is a presumption that the increase of it as much as possible will be great gain. At the same time (as Mr. de Maeztu sees with great clearness) no basis is afforded for the argument that any whole in which liberty occurs is more valuable than any whole where compulsion is substituted: still less that it is better for a whole not to occur at all than to occur with compulsion in it, which is the view (on some selected points) of the Liberty and Property Defence League. The name given to this principle is not of much moment: what really matters is that we should recognise the possibility. Merely to assume that liberty has no value as an end and discuss whether it has any as a means does not do justice to the subtlety of the problem. With regard to values, end and means are not the fundamental ideas, much less the only relevant ones. No two things are more easily confused than an element which adds to the value of whole, though it has itself no intrinsic value, with a thing which has value only as a means. And so in a second respect we see the deficiency of Mr. de Maeztu's abstract arguments against liberty.

About instrumental values themselves it hardly seems possible to say much in general terms. They are a multitude with little in common, and analysis could divide them in ways as numerous as they are insignificant. Some variations in importance there must be, and these are probably roughly correlated with the intimacy of their association with their ends. By definition instrumental values are not as such worth having for their own sakes; like the pain in the dentist's chair we submit to them lest a worse thing should befall, and they must be justified of their children. Some of them are easily dissociated from their ends; they are alternatives or little more—as 'bus and tube are both means to the end of arrival at Oxford Circus. Or, again, where you have the means you may have in practice the end also, and it may be the sole means. The means is the very substance of the end, you can distinguish them by analysis, but you may not separate them in fact. So for instance is intercourse with many men related to a comprehension of human nature, and the enjoyment of it as a spectacle, which is clearly the greatest of all goods. Many psychical dispositions must be admitted to be of this sort, even if it be denied that they have intrinsic value or value as

elements in other wholes. Their importance comes from this, that all values—or at least all with which human beings seem to be concerned—are realised in persons, and experience, which is the process of realising them, falls in time. The point is so familiar as to be almost a platitude. Men only gradually learn to appreciate what values are, and the process has to be begun over again in each of them. Except when they find it for themselves, they have only knowledge and not appreciation. If they can see only a little way, as Loene said, they will nevertheless be impelled to try to push back the horizon that separates the enlightened from the dark parts of things. And therefore what must be presented to them is the untrammelled use of all these spiritual dispositions which must form the vehicle of whatever they may arrive at, though in the nature of the case it may be impossible to define these in detail. As a value, then, liberty, which is one of these spiritual dispositions, may be instrumental not to the things which we now know but to the less certain things we know not yet.

As before, I shall go on to particularise this abstract possibility in the most approved classical fashion. First, I desire to deal with two subsidiary points. It may be said that this argument is on the same level as the thirty-nine reasons of the Mayor of Coventry for not ringing the bells of the town at the visit of Queen Elizabeth: Ringing the bells of the town: Imprimis, we have no bells. Similarly it is not more economical or pertinent to argue and attempt to prove (a) that liberty is an intrinsic value, (b) it is an instrumental value, (c) that it is a peculiar sort of instrumental value to be treated with special respect, (d) that whether it is a value or not it is at least an element which greatly adds to the value of wholes in which it occurs. To this I reply that there is nothing whatever to prevent a thing playing these diverse parts, because they are not self-contradictory nor need they conflict in fact. The notions involved are simply different. End and means are not part and whole, though the most popular philosophies make great play with their alleged indifference. Though A have value for its own sake, it may also be a means to B; and there is no reason why the element X, which adds so greatly to the value of the whole in which it is, should not have something to recommend it when it is considered by itself. A complex notion like liberty, which, I may recall, is the free and responsible direction of one's own life, and therefore is part of its very substance, is of the sort likely to have all these aspects. The inconvenience no doubt follows that the simplicity of political theory is distinctly endangered, for different liberties, we must be prepared to admit, may have quite different reasons. That even where a single general principle can be laid down its application may permit much divergence of opinion, especially in marginal cases, has always been recognised by publicists; but how much more complicated (though not theoretically more uncertain) the problem becomes when we abandon the attempt to reduce the various operations of Government—e.g., to the hedonistic principle, that each man will in general be the most suitable judge of his own happiness, is more often forgotten. Sidgwick, for example, was in much greater difficulty from the attempt to reduce the most various sorts of liberty to the elementary right to non-interference with one's pursuit of one's own happiness than ever from his passionate attachment to the English customs of inheritance and bequest. But in the abstract nothing is firmly established by our discussion beyond the presumption that into a connected orderly and varied social life liberty will enter at every point.

I do not know precisely how attached Mr. de Maeztu is to certain abstract theories about part and whole. In any case, either he himself, or some patron of his who is, might argue against any discussion of instrumental value that hangs on an assumption admissible only on a logical theory I have rejected. For I have assumed that certain wholes have their parts more indissolutely connected than others have, so as to be able to suggest that liberty is so intimately bound up with some as to be indispensable if they are to exist. But unless you claim (as you do not), the argument might go on, that the logical deduction of one part from another and of all from the whole is possible (as Loene maintained was the ideal of Science), you must simply say that one empirical connection is as fortuitous as another; and since you admit that some of these connections are so accidental as to make impossible any argument that the means is specially relevant to the end, you must also confess that it would be impossible to know or establish such relevant connection, supposing them to exist. Hence, the attempt to defend liberty as an instrumental value must break down. The answer to this is easily indicated. Though a connection be empirical and therefore established by induction and incapable of taking you beyond probability, there is nevertheless a sense in which probability may be said to have degrees. Loene himself saw this clearly enough: the difference between an arithmetical proposition and the statement that the sun will rise to-morrow is not one of practical certainty. It depends on a divergence in the kind of evidence available. Similarly in this case. The value of liberty cannot be laid down as one can determine that there are no even primes greater than 2; but it can be established with a sufficient degree of probability to satisfy the requirements of a reasonable man.

The most familiar of all criticisms of J. S. Mill suggests that he regarded society as a sort of magnified Utilitarian debating society. Even if we admit the justice of this, we must be careful not to mistake the reason. Sidgwick was hampered by a similar deficiency, and it is because their equipment was inadequate and not because their principle was false that the argument they developed on behalf of liberty requires much restatement. A decent psychology was almost altogether lacking, and its absence was supplied by a sublime faith in the less defensible parts of the little they did possess. By now we have perhaps for the moment enough material, and require instead some attempt to make it exact and intelligible. Already signs are not wanting that the forces of reaction are ready as usual to draw from it suitable and edifying conclusions, while the proscription of the intellectual is in a fair way to have its usual results. I will assert with anyone that the Utilitarians were hopelessly intellectualistic, and that we now know that it is the emotional basis of a man's soul that controls his conduct; but I will not admit that that is any reason for subjecting the herd still more strictly to the leaders that happen to it, for they after all are only those that have the gregarious instincts most strongly developed and are most at home in the accepted and respectable set of idlers to which these instincts attach. Nothing is more necessary, I should say, than to develop at the expense of established order the socially unstable mind, the mind open to reason and to experience and less controlled by the suggestions of the herd. I admit that all our prejudices are against it, especially in the case of those of us who think ourselves enlightened: and that the dominant school of psychology (the Freudian) tends to represent the normal man as a dull, self-confident, cat-witted, middle-class official. In this I think it is inconsistent, and I shall try later to point out why. For the present I content myself with saying that the restatement of the Radical doctrines of liberty must be brought about by reconsidering their guiding principles in the light of less narrow ideas about value, and substituting for their mechanical associations a richer psychological material, and bringing the two into whatever relations they will bear.

O. LATHAM.

Studies in Contemporary Mentality.

By Ezra Found.

VIII.—THE BEATING HEART OF THE MAGAZINE.

I return with interest undiminished to the "frank" and middle-aged mother—my periscope for surveying the no-man's land of the unexplored popular heart.

"Those days of peace which now seem so remote were not altogether happy for parents" I take this sentence from near her beginning. For the word "peace" substitute almost any other temporal designation, for "parents" substitute any other noun indicating any other group of humanity, the sense of the statement will remain, I think, unimpaired. "Cliché," as generally used, has meant a set phrase; we have here something slightly different; it may be called the "gapped linotype."

From style we proceed to matter: mother states that there was restlessness and vague discontent finding expression in the crudest form of violence. Home was the last place where her girls cared to spend their time. The home of the "gapped linotype" had ceased to allure them. They preferred to study "pharmacy," "music seriously," and "secretarial work"; the one desire common to all the three daughters was that of escaping the home of gapped linotype and reaching London. Mother felt that she had "ceased to play a part that mattered in the lives" of her daughters. Can we deduce from this that there is still a large section of the community which has not accepted the idea that the human offspring must at some period of its development cease sucking at the mental dugs of its parents; or at least a vast area in which this idea comes as a shock—a shock to the middle-aged maternal, and perhaps paternal, parent?

I say, advisedly, "large section of the community," for the moot points in "The Quiver" must be the moot points of its extensive audience; just as the moot points of an art journal are the moot points of a certain number of artists. I mean that obviously the people who read this drivel must be people to whom these questions are of interest, people who get a certain thrill of satisfaction, a certain stimulus to their self-confidence or relief from their self-diffidence, in reading that Mary ought to have her own latch-key, or may stay out until ten, or that (as further in this "Frank Talk") Mary should be not only allowed but encouraged to bring James home to dinner, or to invite him "to the house."

Mother in the present case of offspring-desiring London was distressed, her helplessness was "disheartening," she could but wait, "ready always with patience and sympathy and understanding." We should, perhaps, add "with an almost overwhelming assurance of modesty." We deduce from this last quotation that there are numerous readers who are not surprised that an author, speaking as one of a great number, as one who knows, "of course, that most mothers have felt these fears"; that such a representative of maternity should believe herself fully endowed with these three superhuman endowments. Mother, in this case, is fully convinced that she possessed "patience, sympathy and understanding"; her equipment has never been subject to self-suspicion.

In the next sentence, she hopes "that in the bitter struggle of life, and with the coming bitter experiences, they might be glad to return as wanderers to their home." It is perhaps over-severe to translate this formulation of the unconscious into: "Hoping life would be so dam'd hard that daughters would be driven back to the locus of the gapped linotype."

Note that we have attained an almost peasant or folk pessimism in the forecast of "the struggle of life," and "coming bitter experiences." This is deeper than the scriptural turn at the end: "Wanderers to their etc."

When the war came, the family was preparing for separate holidays; war, however, united 'em; they realised what it meant to have a home (herd instinct in presence of danger?). Mother does not mean home in the material sense. (Nor did Lord Haldane, but we must stick to the point.) Family "realised in the flesh the comfort and beauty of a common life." (Immaterial flesh?) "They saw that, when all is said and done, blood is stronger than water."

Does the popular "common sense" consist in the huddling together of proverbial phrases (often indisputable facts, or, at least, relatively indisputable metaphor), with incoherent deductions, contradictions, etc., leading to yet other proverbial phrases; giving the whole fabric a glamour of soundness? The popular reader gets a proverbial phrase which he accepts; he then passes through something which is but a blurr to his mind; he is worried for a moment, then he comes on the next proverbial phrase, is soothed, thinks the "whole thing is all right."

"Just as the coming of war linked up our far-flung" (not battle-line, but) "dominions, so it gathered together the members of my family, glad to have the common centre of a beloved home." The action of the adjective "beloved" is a little hard to determine. However, we must accept the metamorphosis from centrifugal to centripedal. The family mobilised. Pharmacy was, "of course," useful in hospital. Brothers become "adored brothers," home-surroundings become "pleasant surroundings." I am not, however, concerned with an extraordinary condition. I am searching for the popular intellection. Mother also is looking towards the end of the war, despite the fact that it has so embellished her home life. After declaring on p. 891 that all her three female offsprings were anxious to escape from the home, via the diverse channels of pharmacy, etc., she states on p. 892, that "It is the restless, wavering temperament that seeks escape from home." She forebodes that this family characteristic will burst out again after the war, or no, she forebodes that it may be necessary, despite their war-acquired domesticity, for them to go. The prebellum characteristic of the junior members of the family was indubitably, according to the trend of her statement, "restless and wavering"; the middle-aged maternal characteristic was "patient, sympathetic, understanding."

Another popular assumption soon follows, or, rather, several, in the lines "helpless woman, living alone in diggings," "dishonest landlady." Before the war the girls made beds, darned stockings, occasionally went to market, but "were too busy with intellectual experiments to come down to home-making." "They would discuss Shaw and Nietzsche, but they would not discuss a leak in a gas-pipe, or the making of a simple soup." The verb "discuss" is most interesting. "They still find time to read the best in to-day's literature. But they are not concerned with intellectual freaks or bizarre ways of thought."

Ah, mes amis, we must go further. We must find some family where they did not read Shaw and Nietzsche. However, let us keep on with this stratum, the stratum where the middle-aged "discuss" the leak in the gaspipe, and the daughters abstain from "bizarre" ways of thought. This designation is very helpful. It clarifies very considerably our concept of the "Quiver" readers. To the gas-leak-discussing mother "The Question of Marriage" brings the following words: "I want my girls to marry. The wise

Creator did not intend man or woman to live alone. I am old-fashioned enough, etc."

Note possessive "my" before girls; "wise" before Creator. Tribal possessive. Primitive, folk or peasant pessimism as to bitterness of life, overlaid with unhellenic belief in wisdom of Creator. Stand made for the "old-fashioned" wifehood and motherhood. Note the association of "virtue" with old custom. This association dates at least from the Roman era.

Mother however approves of wage-earning by wives. "If a woman has special talents let her exercise them after marriage and earn money for herself." The tincture of modern theoryism has not left mother unscathed. This overlay is of extreme interest to us. She opines (I believe that word is correct) that no "woman is the happier for deliberately refusing wifehood and motherhood because of the possibilities of a great career." Greatest women have not so refused. "Their work is better, not worse, because they have known the joy of motherhood." We note here the introduction of dogmatism: the more or less quiet introduction of dogmatism. The dogmatic element is, we note, wholly unconnected with the "fruits of experience" and other matter of the "talk" that has preceded.

However, mother proceeds to say that a woman writer told her "my best work has been done since baby came." Mother, because of her belief in "these things," substantiated by woman writer's improvement on advent of "baby," proposes to match-make as hard as she can, and to lose no time in setting about it. "The nation must have mothers." Note here the tendency to State concept. The need of the State tending to coerce the act of the individual. The greatest "peace work" for middle-aged mothers is, according to our authoress, "to help their daughters to find husbands with whom they can lead happy, nationally useful lives." We note here that internationalism has not reached the gas-leak stratum.

The next paragraph is most interesting:

"I know, as a middle-aged woman, that it is not always easy to be polite and genial to the friends of our children who come in at all sorts of unexpected times."

Deductions: 1. Politeness is not habitual, or at least it is not second nature, in the gas-leak stratum. It presents difficulties to the middle-aged mother.

2. Politeness is in some way confused with, or associated with, "geniality."

3. The simple method of letting said friends of offspring alone has not occurred to gas-leaking mother.

3a. Housing accommodation probably not sufficiently ample to permit or facilitate such non-intervention.

4. "Friends of our children" enter at "all sorts of unexpected times."

Note this last as indication of habits of the stratum. Mother was discussing marriageable and suitable males. These appear to be free and idle at "all sorts of unexpected times." Do they call on the way to employment? Are they employed? Are they "travellers" whose hours of employment are unfixed? Does the remark refer to schoolboys and students, or to female friends? In the latter case, how does it connect with potential husbands? It is easiest to suppose the Shaw-reading daughters are to marry into the student stratum. But will they?

Mother continues: "We would much rather read the evening paper and settle down to a quiet evening than make ourselves charming." The implication is that such settling down would irrevocably damage daughter's chances of matrimony. However, mother advocates "most informal hospitality," "men friends to tea or dinner," make them feel at home, any time, never a nuisance, not to be welcomed with scowls. But must not let every man who comes to house think you regard him as possible husband. This is the narrow bridge, the hair stretched over the chasm.

But preventing "his" feeling this, is not enough; there is "more in matchmaking" than just this one bit of camouflage. The male population is less numerous than the female. Deterrent causes of matrimony; as per mother: 1. Men afraid girl's standard of comfort too high (this to be remedied by the war); 2. Men have not, "in hundreds of cases, the chance of meeting women of their own position"—this "obstacle will remain unless the mothers of the country overcome it." Mother once heard a young business man say the only women he met were barmaids and girls in tobacconists' shops. "Father could be useful here. Both parents should help more." Foreign ideal of match-making utterly repugnant to English mind, not suggested that father should deliberately seek potential husbands among his friends. Simple hospitality to lonely young employees and colleagues. Riches not to be expected of the young male, provided he "has ambition." Father should not frown on every y. m. not making £500 per annum.

Mother has another plan; does not think girls should marry Australians and Canadians until they have crossed waters and inspected colonial life. Suggests exchange hospitalities between parents of Dominions (sic) for one son rec'd in Eng. one daughter to be entertained in colony. (*cf.*, Roman *hospitium*) Mother says that "before the war such exchanges of hospitality were frequently arranged between French and English parents." (This interesting point has been overlooked by many hurried sociologists.)

Mother thinks Empire League and Agents-General should do something about it—she does not say what. She does not, as I indicated in a former chapter, intend to wait for the Agents-General. Cost would not be greater than sending girl to cheap German school, or French family. Better do with fewer servants, etc., than deny chance of marriage and motherhood. £100 total cost of long visit to Australia or New Zealand, and "money spent on travel is never money wasted."

This is the first indication we have of economic status of mother's family, and those for whom she writes. Families with £100 epargnes chance it on Australian bridegroom. Canadian chances cheaper. Cost of emigration to domestic servant, until recently, £3 to Australia. Better grade female now wanted. Reduced passage rates to ladies investigating colonies, with probable motherhood, highly recommended. War has brought colonies nearer, with "flaming patriotism"; cheaper travel will bring them still nearer.

(Note: Nothing could possibly be sounder than this last contention.)

Girls brought back to home-circle by war, mothers should seek to provide them with (peroration à la the Countess of Warwick) "another nome in which to dwell, there to hear the laughter of little children about their firesides as we heard it in the long ago." Observe that this scheme is slightly different from the procreation tempered with emigration scheme which we noted in an earlier study.

So much for what mother has put down on the printed pages (four pages double column). Note the ground tone. The ground tone not only of this little "frank talk," but of all this sort of writing. Whether the talk is "frank" makes little difference; if it is not the talk of a mother, or of someone expressing her own personal and typical mentality, but merely the tour de force of someone writing for a given audience, it is at least a successful tour de force. It represents the mentality of the not innumerous readers who accept it. This sort of didacticism proceeds by general statement, it is specifically ignorant of individual differences, it takes no count of the divergence of personalities and of temperaments. Before its swish and

sweep the individual has no existence. There are but two conclusions: 1. That these people do not perceive individuality as existing; 2. That individual differences in this stratum are so faint as to be imperceptible.

Compare this abstract sort of writing with an earlier form of abstraction, to wit, the Morality Plays. In the morality of "Everyman" the abstract or generalised Everyman is confronted with Death, Pleasure, Riches, etc. Both he and they become strangely and powerfully "humanised." They become so humanised, in fact, that a later generation insists on having "Iago" instead of "Cunning," and "Hamlet" instead of "Hesitation" or "Dubiousness." The equations of the Morality Play are basic equations of life.

It is perfectly possible to contend that there is a basic equation under mother's "talk": the difference lies in the treatment. Traduisons!

In our allegory or morality play, youth (female) desires to be exposed to the attack of the male; to exercise its predatory capacity for being seized. Middle-age (female) equally desires youth (female) to be mated, but desires herself (Middle-age) to be surrounded by youth (female), desires stimulus of young female's magnetic whirr, desires male, if possible, to make its spring in vicinity of Middle-age; this, however, can be dispensed with, so long as youth (female) is somewhere or somehow mated, plus more or less assurance of lifelong sustenance. All this is however weakened, covered with sickly pall of circumstance, state-theory, matriarchal sentimentality, minute attritions, mental inexactitudes. Similes of weaning and severance of umbilical cord, arise in the critic's mind. Maze of incoherence and proverbial statements. Fundamental element reduced to a minimum by the stylistic treatment. Sex-heave of the individual entirely circumlocuted, passion of the individual with its infinite ricochets untouched.

Question again arises: Is this critical estimate correct, or are the people, for whom this stuff is poured out, so devitalised that question of individual passion, individual drive, is not a factor in their existence? At any rate, the tension of "Everyman," or of the hero of the Morality Play, is obviously absent from anything presented by this modern general and aphoristic treatment of situation.

Many questions flow round one: Is this stratum maintained, reproduced, by multitudes verging on impotence? One cannot ask the ratio between impotence and genteelness, for even genteelness is absent; we are in the presence of almost every vulgarity. We might ask the ratio between lack of mental grip and vulgarity; but that question does not reach anything. Lack of mental grip is equally consonant with good manners. Yet good breeding and the gutter both make for some sort of mental directness. The "gas leak" stratum is obviously in a gap between gutter and breeding. I don't know that we can determine much else.

I have not yet come to the end of the "Heart Throbs." Besides, we *must* get lower than the strata that reads Shaw and Nietzsche.

Note in the first method of abstraction mentioned above, the emphasis is on the fact of certain similarities or universals in the lives of all men, however superficially diverse; in the latter method there is the assumption of a lack of divergence. No mediæval writer ever thought or wrote of any man as "a unit" in the modern sociological or statistical fashion. Apart from the tax-roll ancient empires had no statistics. The individual might be murdered for a whim, but modern democracy has invented the present method of melting him into a compost. Or is it merely a recognition of compost—compost actually existing in nature? An unconscious, or semi-conscious recognition?

Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

"R. H. C.'s" remarks on the relation of the cinematograph to the drama deserve some attention, principally because they revive a fallacy that has long been exploded. My own difficulty has always been to discover the pretended relation between the two; why should drama, and not painting, be the art selected as the one most affected by the cinematograph? For the cinematograph produces a picture, not a play; it is limited in its appeal to the sense of vision, while drama also appeals to the sense of hearing. It would be going beyond my present purpose to revive the old controversy of photography v. painting; but I may say that painting, far from being affected by photography, has affected photography. The artist photographer attempts to produce something that looks like a painting; he is a mechanical mimic who, like all mimics, misses the essential quality of his model, which is the personal touch. The photographer can show you what a person looked like at a given moment; but the genius of the portrait painter is to reveal what the sitter is. I need not labour the point, for photography, the better it becomes, the more it recognises the supremacy of painting. Why, then, should the mere fact that it is now possible to photograph not only posture but the modulations of it in a continuous picture be regarded as likely to work a revolution in a totally different art? The fashions are not affected, they are advertised and stereotyped, by the illustrations published of them; nobody pretends that the art of dressmaking suffers, or will have to alter its technique, because the fashions are portrayed in innumerable fashion-plates, and are reproduced in material by the hundred thousand. A reproduction cannot, by its very nature, affect the original, not even if it moves; the Teddy Bear "with a growl inside" has not, so far, effected any change in the constitution of the ursine species, and is not likely to.

But, it is argued, the cinematograph is popular. So was the circus, which also had motion; but the effect of the circus upon drama was practically nil. The fact that millions of people flock to the "pictures" proves only that another stratum of the population has been reached. It used to be said that Lord Northcliffe founded the "Daily Mail" for those who could not think, and the "Daily Mirror" for those who could not read; he found a public in both cases, and a very numerous public too, and probably a public that never before bought a paper regularly. But the "Daily Mirror" has had no effect on literature, for I refuse to ascribe the now prevailing custom of pictorial illustration of reading matter to its influence. And I must dissent from "R. H. C.'s" assertion that the theatre is in a bad way; there are more theatres now in London than ever; this week, for the first time in its history, the London Pavilion has changed from variety to comedy, and there are several instances of plays in waiting until a theatre can be secured. At the Criterion, "A Little Bit of Fluff" is becoming grey with age; at the Lyric, "Romance" is nearing its second anniversary; at the Haymarket, "General Post" is round about its three-hundredth performance; "Chu Chin Chow," at His

Majesty's, is in its second year; Brieux's two plays have been running for months, and Irving, and Gladys Cooper, and Miss Compton can probably play their respective parts until they are tired of them. The quality of these plays matters nothing to the argument, which is simply that drama, in the sense of theatrical performances, shows no sign of decline. I have said nothing about the innumerable revues, or the everlasting melodrama at the Lyceum; but I have said enough to show that the difficulty at present is not to save drama from the cinema, but to save it from its own success.

Drama, it is clear, has its own peculiar appeal, and its own peculiar public; it is no more affected by the cinematograph than is music affected by the gramophone or the pianola. So far as it attempts to compete with drama, it makes itself absurd; "Hamlet," for example, without the book is not "Hamlet." If geometry, as Diderot said, is the science of the blind, cinematography is the drama of the deaf; its literature is, and can only be, the literature of lip-reading, and even in its own province of the reproduction of action it has not ousted pantomime, for "L'Enfant Prodigue" was revived successfully about a year ago. We might as well discuss the probable effect of Braille type upon literature as consider that drama is in any danger either of destruction or reform from the cinematograph. For the picturesque play remains at His Majesty's, and what would a revue be without its spectacular effects? Drury Lane has not repented, and opera is becoming more spectacular than ever; and I may remark that "The Miracle," one of the greatest spectacles ever produced, was witnessed by, I suppose, millions before it was photographed and sent to the heathen who were unable to go to Olympia.

The final fallacy into which "R. H. C." falls is contained in his supposition that the cinematograph will take from the theatre certain elements which he regards as superfluous. But I must resist the limitation of drama just as vigorously as I resist its extension to vacuity. There is nothing in the nature of spectacle, or, as "R. H. C." calls it, the "picturesque," that makes it unsuitable for the stage; a dramatist has as much right to work with a crowd as with individuals. Even from the point of view of psychology, there is mob-psychology as well as individual psychology; and it may frequently be dramatically necessary to use even a crowd to illustrate the psychological effect of the individual. Marc Antony's speech, for example, was a definite advancement of the action of the play; it was dramatic, and no photography could ever make that crowd unnecessary. The difficulty with drama at the present time is that it is provided mainly by literary men, men trained in a different medium, and who do not devote themselves to the study of the peculiar medium of theatrical expression. They have tried, during the last generation, to produce everything but the dramatic effect; they have offered us introspection, argument, "views," as "R. H. C.," calls them, when what we wanted were people. These are the writers who should turn their attention to the cinematograph, for such things are best done in dumb show; it is a shame to waste words on them. But for the men who can think in terms of human beings there is always an audience; for drama is the art of the living, and those who prefer the cinematograph reproduction are dead already.

Readers and Writers.

THE following list of books reprinted in whole or in part from THE NEW AGE has been prepared by an anonymous colleague, to whom I offer my thanks herewith. The comments are his, and the omissions, if any, are likewise his. That there are omissions, I am pretty sure, without having any item particularly in mind; but these, no doubt, will be made good in subsequent issues. The list as it stands is considerable for a journal that has been in existence for only a little more than ten years; but it is nothing to the list that could have been compiled if publishers had fulfilled their function. For without reflecting in the least upon the contents of the present catalogue it can truthfully be said that as good and many more fish as have come out of the sea are still in it. However, there is no hurry. THE NEW AGE is in no haste. One of these days, when the war is over, and a few of us have two or three hundred pounds to play with, I propose to begin publishing a cheap series of reprints from THE NEW AGE as an example to publishers. They will be in paper covers, convenient to carry in the pocket, and will be presented to the public at a little more than cost price. The sale of a thousand of every one of them will be ample to cover the expenses. Let publishers hear and tremble.

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ANONYMOUS.—"THE MAID'S COMEDY." Cr. 8vo. London: Stephen Swift. 1911. 3s. 6d.
A piece of imaginative writing, whose neglect is a testimony to the present condition of literary criticism in England.

ABBOT (G. F.)—"THE PHILOSOPHY OF A DON." Cr. 8vo. London: Stephen Swift. 1911. 5s.
A sustained parody, in which are exposed some tricks of the verbal trade.

BECHHOFER (C. E.)—"RUSSIA AT THE CROSS ROADS." Demy 8vo. London: Kegan Paul. 1916. 7s. 6d.
A rescension of the articles contributed by the author as the correspondent of THE NEW AGE in Russia during the early months of the war.

BECHHOFER (C. E.).—"FIVE RUSSIAN PLAYS." With one from the Ukrainian. Cr. 8vo. London: *Kegan Paul. 1916. 3s. 6d.*
Translations of "A Merry Death," "The Beautiful Despot," by Evréinov; "The Choice of a Tutor," by von Vizin; "The Wedding," "The Jubilee," by Chéhov; and "The Babylonian Captivity," by Lésya Ukráinka.

BECHHOFER (C. E.)—"A RUSSIAN ANTHOLOGY IN ENGLISH." Cr. 8vo. London: Kegan Paul. 1917. 3s. 6d.
"A *compte rendu* of all that is best in Russian literature to 1917." In addition to the Editor's own translations, those of Mr. P. Selver are also reprinted from THE NEW AGE.

BELLOC (HILAIRE).—"THE PRESENT POSITION AND POWER OF THE PRESS." London: Allen and Unwin. 1917.
Announced as a forthcoming publication.

BENNETT (ARNOLD).—"BOOKS AND PERSONS." Cr. 8vo. cloth. London: Chatto and Windus. 1917. 5s.
A selection from the weekly causerie which appeared over the name of "Jacob Tonson" during the years 1908-1911.

CARTER (HUNTLY).—"THE NEW SPIRIT IN DRAMA AND ART." Cr. 4to. London: Frank Palmer. 1912. 12s. 6d.

CARTER (HUNTLY).—"INDUSTRIAL RECONSTRUCTION." Cr. 8vo. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1917. 6s.
The publication in book form of the "Industrial Symposium," conducted by Mr. Carter in THE NEW AGE during the early months of the present year.

COOK (H. CALDWELL).—"THE PLAY-WAY. Heinemann. 1917. 8s. 6d. net.

COLE (G. D. H.)—"SELF-GOVERNMENT IN INDUSTRY." London: G. Bell and Sons. 1917.
Announced as a forthcoming publication.

CUNHA (V. DE BRAGANCA).—"FIVE CENTURIES OF PORTUGUESE MONARCHY." Demy 8vo. London: Stephen Swift. 1911. 15s.
An uncompromising analysis of the events which brought about the destruction of the monarchy in Portugal.

CURLE (RICHARD).—"SHADOWS OUT OF THE CLOUD." Cr. 8vo. London: Stephen Swift. 1911. 6s.
A volume of short stories, by the biographer of Conrad. The first story, "Whispers," is reprinted from THE NEW AGE.

DUKES (ASHLEY).—"MODERN DRAMATISTS." Cr. 8vo. London: Frank Palmer. 1911. 5s.
This is still the only book written by an Englishman which deals with the principal European dramatists.

ERVINE (ST. JOHN G.)—"EIGHT O'CLOCK AND OTHER STUDIES." Cr. 8vo. Dublin: Maunsel and Co. 1913. 2s. 6d.
In acknowledging the sources from which these sketches are reprinted, Mr. Ervine has omitted THE NEW AGE.

FIGGIS (DARRELL).—"STUDIES AND APPRECIATIONS." Cr. 8vo. London: J. M. Dent. 1912. 7s. 6d.
Contains the articles contributed to THE NEW AGE before the perfection of the "Figgicism."

FLINT (F. S.)— "THE NET OF STARS." London: Elkin Mathews. 1911. 1s.

GRANVILLE (CHARLES).—"THE HUMAN COMPLEX." Cr. 8vo. London: C. W. Daniel. 1910. 3s. 6d.

GRANVILLE (CHARLES).—POEMS. F'cap. 4to. London: Stephen Swift. 1911. 5s.

GRANVILLE (CHARLES).—"SOME NEIGHBOURS." Cr. 8vo. London: C. W. Daniel. 1911. 6s.
Three volumes of essays, verse, and short stories.

GRIERSON (FRANCIS).—"PARISIAN PORTRAITS." Cr. 8vo. London: Stephen Swift. 1911. 2s. 6d.

GRIERSON (FRANCIS).—"THE INVINCIBLE ALLIANCE." Cr. 8vo. London: John Lane. 1913. 3s. 6d.

HERTS (B. RUSSELL).—"DEPRECIATIONS." Cr. 8vo. New York: Boni. 1914. $1.25.
The intention of this title is hardly realised. The only answerable essays are those from THE NEW AGE.

HOBSON (S. G.) (Ed.)—"LETTERS TO MY NEPHEW." By Anthony Farley. Cr. 8vo. London: George Harrap. 1917. 5s.

HOBSON (S. G.) (With an Introduction by A. R. ORAGE).—"GUILD PRINCIPLES IN WAR AND PEACE." Cr. 8vo. London: G. Bell and Sons. 1917. 2s. 6d.

JUVENAL.—"AN ENGLISHMAN IN NEW YORK." Cr. 8vo. London: Stephen Swift. 1911. 5s.

KENNEDY (J. M.)—"TORY DEMOCRACY." Cr. 8vo. London: Stephen Swift. 1911. 3s. 6d.
A revaluation of Lord Randolph Churchill's theme.

LEVY (OSCAR).—"THE GERMAN AND THE EUROPEAN." A Dialogue. Cr. 8vo. London: THE NEW AGE Press. 1915. 3d.

MAEZTU (RAMIRO DE).—"AUTHORITY, LIBERTY, AND FUNCTION IN THE LIGHT OF THE WAR." Cr. 8vo. London: Allen and Unwin. 1916. 4s. 6d.

MANSFIELD (KATHERINE).—"IN A GERMAN PENSION." Cr. 8vo. London: Stephen Swift. 1911. 6s.
If publishers could reprint intelligently, these sketches would now be in the hands of the buyers of shilling series. They might have been written "for the duration of the war," so great is their *actualité*.

NORMAN (C. H.)—"ESSAYS AND LETTERS ON PUBLIC AFFAIRS." Cr. 8vo. London: Frank Palmer. 1913. 3s. 6d.
The author's pursuit of the English Junker is recorded here in a collection of the serious and the commonplace.

ORAGE (A. R.) (Edited by).—"NATIONAL GUILDS." Cr. 8vo. London: G. Bell and Sons. 1914. 5s.

ORAGE (A. R.)—"AN ALPHABET OF ECONOMICS." London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1917. 4s. 6d.
Announced for immediate publication.

PENTY (A. J.)—"OLD WORLDS FOR NEW." London: Allen and Unwin. 1917. 3s. 6d. net.

SELVER (P.)—"AN ANTHOLOGY OF MODERN BOHEMIAN POETRY." Cr. 8vo. London: Drane. 1912. 3s. 6d.
This volume represents only a small part of the work of translation which the author has been doing for many years in THE NEW AGE.

SELVER (P.).—"MODERN RUSSIAN POETRY." Text and Translations. Kegan Paul. 2s. 6d. net.

SQUIRE (J. C.)—"IMAGINARY SPEECHES AND OTHER PARODIES." Cr. 8vo. London: Stephen Swift. 1912. 3s. 6d.

SQUIRE (J. C.)—"STEPS TO PARNASSUS." Cr. 8vo. London: Howard Latimer. 1913. 3s. 6d.
It was in the pages of THE NEW AGE that Mr. Squire first established his claim to rank as one of the best parodists of to-day.

TAUBE (BARON VON).—"IN DEFENCE OF AMERICA." Cr. 8vo. London: Stephen Swift. 1912. 5s.
A counterblast to "Juvenal's" impressions of "An Englishman in New York."

THORLEY (WILFRID).—"CONFESSIONAL AND OTHER POEMS." Royal 16mo. London: Elkin Mathews. 1911. 1s.

UNTERMEYER (LOUIS).—"CHALLENGE." F'cap. 8vo. New York, The Century Co. 1914. $1.00.
The former of these two poets is still a name familiar to readers of THE NEW AGE.

VERDAD (S.)—"FOREIGN AFFAIRS FOR ENGLISH READERS." Cr. 8vo. London: Frank Palmer. 1911. 3s. 6d.
The first attempt to popularise the elements of diplomacy.

VISIAK (E. H.)—"THE PHANTOM SHIP AND OTHER POEMS." F'cap. 8vo.

VISIAK (E. H.)—"BUCCANEER BALLADS." F'cap. 8vo. London: Elkin Mathews. Each 1s.

ICONOGRAPHY.

BEERBOHM (MAX).—CARTOONS: The Second Childhood of John Bull. London: Stephen Swift. 1911. 21s.
Facsimile reproductions in colour of fifteen cartoons illustrating the John Bull of the Boer War period.

TIT (TOM).—CARICATURES. London: THE NEW AGE Press. 1913. 5s.
A volume, uniform with THE NEW AGE, containing reproductions of seventy-three caricatures of well-known artists, writers, and public men.

* * *

I am no salesman, nor do I wish to be. It is, on the contrary, my weakness both to be and to be satisfied in being inclined rather to give than to sell. The sight of money in return for literary commodities embarrasses me: I scarcely know where to look until the transaction is safely over; I would that we could all be communists in these matters. Nevertheless, it usually falls to my lot to have to stand in the market-place and to cry the wares of THE NEW AGE, which duty, however, I perform so ill that I wonder some one has not dismissed me. Competition for my office, however, is not keen. My present mission is to draw the attention of our readers to the existence of a small stock of bound volumes of THE NEW AGE, running with gaps to as far back as Volume VI, I think. The price is a guinea a volume, carriage free.

R. H. C.

Oriental Encounters.

By Marmaduke Picktball.

VIII.—THE KNIGHT ERRANT.

WE had left Damascus after noon the day before, and had spent the night at a great fortress-khan—the first of many on the pilgrims' road. We had been on our way an hour before Rashîd discovered that he had left a pair of saddlebags behind him at the khan; and as those saddlebags contained belongings of Suleyman, the latter went back with him to retrieve them. I rode on slowly, looking for a patch of shade. Except the khan, a square black object in the distance, there was nothing in my range of vision to project a shadow larger than a good-sized thistle. Between a faint blue wave of mountains on the one hand, and a more imposing but far distant range upon the other, the vast plain rolled to the horizon in smooth waves. I was ascending such an undulation at my horse's leisure when a cavalier appeared upon its summit—a figure straight out of the pages of some book of chivalry, with coloured mantle streaming to the breeze and lance held upright in the stirrup socket. This knight was riding at his ease till he caught sight of me, when, with a shout, he laid his lance in rest, lowered his crest and charged. I was exceedingly alarmed, having no skill in tournament, and yet I could not bring myself to turn and flee. I rode on as before, though with a beating heart, my purpose, if I had one, being, when the moment came, to lean aside and try to catch his spear, trusting in Allah that my horse would stand the shock. But the prospect of success was small because I could see nothing clearly, till suddenly the thunder of the hoof-beats ceased, and I beheld the knight within ten yards of me, grinning and saluting me with lance erect, his horse flung back upon its haunches.

"I frightened thee, O Faranji?" he asserted mockingly.

I replied that it would take more than such a wretched mountebank as he could do to frighten me, and showed him my revolver which, until the fear was over, had escaped my memory. It pleased him, and he asked for it immediately. I put it back.

"A pretty weapon," he agreed, "but still I frightened thee."

I shrugged and sneered, disdaining further argument, and thought to pass him; but he turned his horse and rode beside me, asking who I was and where I came from, and what might be my earthly object in riding thus towards the desert all alone. I answered all his questions very coldly, which did not disconcert him in the least. Hearing that I had attendants, one of whom had skill in warfare, he said that he would wait with me till they came up. I tried to frighten him with tales of all the men Rashîd had slain in single combat: he was all the more determined to remain with me, saying that he would gain much honour from destroying such a man.

"But I do suspect that thou art lying, O most noble Faranji, and that this boasted champion is some wretched townsman whose only courage is behind a wall," he chuckled.

At that I was indignant, and I lied the more.

Thus talking, we came near a piece of ruined wall, which cast sufficient shadow for a man to lie in. The knight dismounted and tied up his horse. I was for riding on, but he made such an outcry that, wishing to avoid a quarrel, I alighted also and tied up my horse. We lay down near together in the strip of shade. He passed me a rough leathern water-bottle, and I took a draught of warmish fluid, tasting like the smell of goats. He took a longer draught, and then exclaimed: "There are thy friends!"

Far off upon the plain two specks were moving. I could not have told man from man at such a distance, but the knight was able to distinguish and describe them accurately.

"The younger man who sits erect upon his horse—he is no doubt the warrior of whom thou spakest. The other, plump and lolling, has the air of greatness—a Pasha, maybe, or a man of law."

I told him that Suleyman was a man of learning, and then let him talk while I took stock of his appearance. The figure out of books of chivalry was shabby on a close inspection. The coloured surcoat was both weather-stained and torn, the coat of mail beneath so ancient that many of the links had disappeared completely; the holes where they had been were patched with hide, which also was beginning to give way in places. His age was about three-and-twenty; he had bright brown eyes, a black moustache and beard and a malicious air. He looked a perfect ragamuffin, yet he spoke with condescension, talking much about his pedigree, which contained a host of names which I had never heard before—a fact which, when he realised it, filled him first with horror, then with pity of my ignorance. He expatiated also on his horse's pedigree, which was as lengthy as his own.

When my friends came up, I quite expected them to rid me of the tiresome knight. But they did nothing of the sort. They took the man and his pretensions seriously, exchanging with him compliments in striking contrast with the haughty tone I had till then adopted. Rashîd refused his challenge with politeness and, much to my dismay, Suleyman, the older and more thoughtful man, accepted it upon condition that the combat should stand over till some more convenient time; and when the knight proclaimed his sovereign will to travel with us, they seemed pleased.

"He will be useful to us," said Rashîd, when I complained to him of this deception, "for his tribe controls a great part of this country. But it will be best for me to carry our revolver while he rides with us. Then I and not your honour can deny him, which is more becoming."

The knight had asked for my revolver thrice already.

That evening, near a lonely village of the plain, the battle with Suleyman was fought with equal honours, each rider hitting his man squarely with the long jerîdeh—the stripped palm-branch—which is substituted for the spear in friendly combat. The heroes faced each other at a regulated distance. Then one—it was Suleyman—clapped spurs into his horse's flanks and fled, keeping within a certain space which might be called the lists; the other flying after him with fearful yells, intent to fling the missile so that it should strike the victim in a certain manner. This lasted till the throw was made, and then the order was reversed, and the pursuer in his turn became the hunted.

The knight applauded his opponent's skill reluctantly and with regret that he himself had not been in his usual form.

He journeyed with us after that for many days. It seemed that he was out in search of exploits, so did not care a jot which way he rode. In former days, he told me, there used to be a tournament in every town each Friday, where any stranger knight might show his prowess, winning honour and renown. But in these degenerate days it was necessary for the would-be champion to cry his challenge in some public place, or else arrange the fight beforehand meanly in some tavern. I should have been delighted with him on the whole if he had not been quarrelsome and had not expected us, as his companions, to extricate him from the strife in which his arrogance involved him. We dreaded the arrival at a town or village. If he had possessed the prowess of his courage, which was absolutely reckless, he would have been a more endurable, if dread, companion. But in almost every quarrel which he brought upon himself he got the

worst of it, and was severely beaten, and then would talk to us about the honour of the Arabs till we fell asleep.

One night in the small town of Mazarib we rescued him from two Circassian bravoes whom he had insulted wantonly. They had nearly stopped his mouth for ever when we intervened. I cannot say he was ungrateful upon that occasion. On the contrary, he swore that he would not forsake us until death—a vow which filled us with dismay, for even Suleyman by that time saw that he was useless; and Rashîd, our treasurer, resented his contempt of money. He had a way, too, of demanding anything of ours which took his fancy, and, if not forcibly prevented, taking it, peculiarly obnoxious to Rashîd, who idolised my few belongings. We were his friends, his manner told us, and he, the bravest of the brave, the noblest of the noble Arabs, was prepared to give his life for us at any time. Any trifles therefore which we might bestow on him were really nothing as compared with what he gave us every hour of every day.

It grew unbearable. The people in the khan at Mazarib were laughing at us because that wretched Bedawi, a chance adherent, ruled our party. We plotted desperately to get rid of him.

At length Suleyman devised a scheme. It was that we should change the whole direction of our journey, turning aside into the mountain of the Druzes. The Druzes were at war with many of the Bedu—probably with this man's tribe; at any rate, a Bedawi, unless disguised, would run grave risk among them while the war was on.

Accordingly, when we at length set out from Mazarib, Suleyman, with many compliments, informed the knight of a dilemma which distressed us greatly. I had been summoned to the bedside of a friend of mine, a great Druze Sheykh, now lying very ill, whose one wish was to gaze on me before he died. Rashîd chimed in to say how tenderly that Druze chief loved me, and how depressed I was by sorrow for his grievous illness. In short it was imperative that we should go at once to the Druze mountain. What were our feelings when we suddenly bethought us that there was danger in that region for an Arab knight! Must we then part from our beloved, from our soul's companion? Suleyman declared that we had wept like babes at such a prospect. No, that must never be; our grief would kill us. We had been obliged to think of some contrivance by which our heart's delight might bear us company without much risk, and with the help of Allah we had hit upon a splendid plan, yet simple: That he should lay aside his lance and armour, dress as a Christian, and become our cook.

"Why need he seem a Christian?" asked Rashîd. "Because all cooks who go with English travellers are Christians," was the earnest answer, "and because no man would ever think to find a Bedawi beneath a Christian's cloak."

"A person of my master's standing ought to have a cook," murmured Rashîd, as one who thought aloud.

Never have I seen such horror in the face of man as then convulsed the features of the desert knight. He, a cook! He, the descendant of I know not whom, to wear the semblance of a heathen and degraded townsman! Rather than that he would encounter twenty spearpoints. If we were going to the mountain of the Druzes, we might go alone!

We all were eager to express regret. He listened with a sneer, and answered nothing. After a while he beckoned me to speak apart with him and, when we were beyond the hearing of the others, said:

"I leave thee now, O Faranji, and journey towards Nejd to seek adventures. Thou lovest me, I am aware, and so I grieve to part from thee; but thy adherents are low people and devoured by envy. If ever we should meet again I will destroy them. If thou shouldst travel south and eastward through the Belka, remember me, I beg, and seek our tents. There thou shalt find a welcome far more hospitable than the Druze will give thee. I shall never cease to pray for thee. My grief will be extreme until we meet again. I pray thee give me that revolver as a souvenir."

A Modern Prose Anthology.

Edited by R. Harrison.

XII

"The Two Gods." By J-m-s St-ph-ns.

PART THREE.—EILEEN MAGOUL.—CHAPTER XX.

They had come into a barren, flat sort of country, but away on the skyline were great jagged hills looking like the edge of a cracked jug.

No one was awake. Once in every hour the ass lifted his head slowly to flick a fly off his nose. He was standing in a pool of water. After a while he noticed this, and stood out. Nothing else stirred but the trees; there weren't many of them, God help the place, but the ones that there were rustled and creaked and sighed in the stillness till you'd have thought the place was full of trees or the trees full of bad spirits.

When the wind was sick and weary of the noise the trees would be making, it dropped suddenly; and only silence brooded and drowsed, lying heavy and cold on the heather, and heavy and wet on the grass.

How shyly at length the sun peeped out from the thick, damp clouds! the bright god dropped a shower of golden beams and retired behind a cloud to watch, laughing gaily because he was in a mischievous mood. The beams fell with a thud on the sodden ground and were immediately put out by the damp grass, except one little beam, ever such a little one, which hid behind a clump of heather and would not come out.

The ass had paid no heed to the wind and the silence, and he paid no heed to the sun; but when he saw the little beam hiding timidly in the heather he took pity on it. So he spoke to the beam.

"It's a hard world," said the ass.

"So it is," said the beam, "and a cold one, and a wet one. I don't think much of it myself," said the beam.

"Why did you come down?" asked the ass.

"I've been wondering that myself," replied the beam.

"What is it like up there?" said the ass.

"It's hot like," said the beam.

"Do they beat you?" inquired the ass.

"They do not. But if you're a wicked beam they shoot you down here; and that's worse."

"I've been here a rare while myself," remarked the ass. "You get used to it. There's grass and things, and carrots. I'm very fond of carrots."

"What are carrots?" inquired the beam, thinking he might as well find out as much as possible if he was to stay for any length of time.

"They're red sort of things," explained the ass. "You eat them."

"Do you?" said the beam, respectfully.

"You do, indeed," said the ass.

"There's an opening in the cloud," said the beam. "I'll be getting back, I'm thinking."

"Well, good luck to yourself."

"Good luck to your honour."

When Eileen awoke she saw a man marching straight for their place, and in a little while he drew close to that. So she waked Patrick.

"I know the look of that man's walk," said Patrick. "But I can't tell where I saw it."

"I know the look of it, too," said Eileen. "It's the little small man we met yesterday, and he talking

of this and that the way no one could make out a word of it, and he making eyes at myself, I'm thinking."

"He it is, I'll warrant," said Patrick.

"Let you whist your blarney, Patrick McGee. Is it the likes of himself I'd be taking up with, when there's a real man like yourself to smoke a pipe and eat a crust with, Patrick darlint, if yourself is a white-livered sort of creattur without the pluck of a louse, and not the one to stand up for a woman at all, God help us, and she tormented with thieves and varlets and such, the way she's fit to die. And that's the way of it."

"That's the way of it," said Patrick, "and it's so too that you are the arguing kind of a woman and your mouth is never at rest. And don't you be letting the potatoes and like rot in the can, but let you be cooking it all the way you know how, and let you be laying it out for a body, and let we be eating what the good God gives us."

Eileen did cook what she found in the can, and when she had cooked it she laid it out, and they ate it and were glad.

When the Philosopher reached this, he stopped.

"God be with you," said he.

"Who else?" said Patrick. "You'lll be hungry, belike?"

"Why wouldn't I be?" said the Philosopher.

"Why not, indeed," said Patrick. "There's a little dinner in the pan," said he.

So the Philosopher looked in the pan, and there was bread and there was potato.

"It's a good dinner," said he and sat down.

And when he had finished, he said:

"Food is as necessary to the body as thought is to the mind.

"You'd be saying that," said Patrick.

"The human race subsists on a variety of foods, some of which are cooked and some are not, but they are better not. Cooking——"

"Talking of cooking," said Patrick.

"Do not interrupt. Cocking destroys the natural salts in foods. The primitive races do not cook their food, but live only on such natural products as bananas and cocoanuts."

"I knew a man once who kept a shie——" said Patrick.

"You did," said the Philosopher. "Many savage races eat nothing but cocoanuts. They are reared on the milk till that time they can digest the fruit. They also make their houses with the shell of the cocoanut; they are frequently killed by a fall of cocoanuts, and when they die they are buried in cocoanuts. It is worth remarking that monkeys are very fond of cocoanuts."

"Why shouldn't they be?" said Patrick. "I knew a man——"

"It was," continued the Philosopher, "in order that he might not resemble a cocoanut that man commenced to shave. It is therefore shaving which differentiates man from the vegetable species and the more primitive races such as negroes and children. Shaving demonstrates the possession of wisdom, for a beard according to the ancients was an infallible indication of wisdom, and to shave implies having a beard. According to Sterne, every man chooses to be present at the shaving of his own beard, and shaving thus takes rank with birth and death, at each of which events the subject is invariably present."

"Do you know what he is talking about?" said Eileen.

"I do not," said Patrick, "but it's about death among other things, and it might be more cheerful, so it might."

"To proceed," said the Philosopher.

"Why not?" said Patrick.

"Shaving is the practical satisfaction of an abstract desire——"

"It's that or nothing," said Patrick.

"To shave is to possess a soul, for children and negroes do not possess souls."

"I wouldn't have thought that, myself," said Patrick, "but now you mention it——"

"It is obvious," said the Philosopher, "from the common use of its terminology on the greatest of mortal occasions. A youth is invariably referred to as a shaver, and sometimes as a young shaver."

"Patrick, Patrick, darlint," cried Eileen, "could you not be stopping him some way, heart of my heart? For the sound of his tongue is buzzing in my ears, the way I can't hear myself think."

"Faith, you're the rare woman, and all. You're full of fun," said Patrick.

"It is in the nature of women to be rare," said the Philosopher. "It is the essential quality of a woman that she should be different from every other woman. Now man——"

"Would you wish a bowl of stirabout, sir?" said Patrick.

"I would not," said the Philosopher. "Rareness is an aspect of the mind, like reasonableness or virtue. Rareness is not in itself a virtue, neither is virtue. On the other hand——"

"I knew a man," said Patrick, "who talked just like your honour. He was a silent kind of man——"

"He was," said the Philosopher. "To proceed——"

"He was a silent kind of man till the day he swallowed a threepenny piece, your honour."

"On the other hand——" said the Philosopher.

"Sir," said Patrick, "after swallowing it, he went very red in the face, your honour, like a baby with the croup, choking and swinging his fists about, till his good woman, seeing him so put about at the loss, and thinking he'd swallowed more, belike, and times what they were, God help her, and not liking the idea of his being so wasteful, takes the hard grab of his hair, so she does, and hits him a kick in the chest with the heel of her shoe. And himself on the edge of spitting it past his gullet, when her kick knocks it farther down. That man's language, your honour, took in every word in the libraries of Dublin City and a fair many that's not it any library and never will be, being his own coined in her honour and mostly unprintable. And when he's said his say, up he gets and out of the house he walks without saying another word, not wishing to repeat himself, and it's herself has never set eyes on him since, begorrah. You wouldn't believe it, sir."

The Philosopher was dozing off, but sensing a pause in the conversation he woke up.

"That's a good story," said the Philosopher. "It had both a beginning and an end, and a good end. Story-telling is natural to——"

"Patrick, for the love of God——" said Eileen.

"That's fine talk, so it is," said Patrick.

"Do you do this for a living, sir?" asked Eileen humbly.

"So he does. Why wouldn't he?" said Patrick.

"Ach, I have no patience with him at all," said Eileen, "wid his pratin' of women and such and he getting on in years, so he is, and himself only a little, small, dried-up sprig of a man at that, the way he'd crack or crumble up like any heathen mummy if you went near him, glory be to God. And is it yourself, Patrick McGee, that'd be sitting listening to himself, and not a word to whist his blarney at all, at all?"

"Everything has both an end and a beginning," said the Philosopher. "Talking is everything. Talking has an end. I will stop."

"God be thanked," said Patrick.

"I'll be going," said the Philosopher.

"You will, indeed," said Eileen heartily.

When the Philosopher had gone, Eileen's tongue shook itself and commenced. For a woman's tongue is like a hot-house plant, it knows neither time nor season.

While she talked the dusk gathered slowly. It began at the end of the world, which lies somewhere beyond the Clac na Goul mountains, and it advanced rapidly and noiselessly. And with it came Silence, Peace also, and the Thing Which Has No Name. All these came with it. And when these come with it, it is darker than night. It is darker than the ways of Brien O'Flaherty, and they are darker than sin; it is darker than the night of man's soul. It is darker than anything. It is very dark.

Night came upon Patrick and blotted him out; it came upon the ass and the little cart and blotted them out; and it was as if they had never been. Only the voice of Eileen MaGoul rose out of it all, talking, talking, and would not stop.

Views and Reviews.

THE CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR AGAIN.

THE discussion that has arisen in consequence of my review of Mrs. Hobhouse's appeal on behalf of the conscientious objectors is certainly developing, but in no unexpected manner. In my review I doubted whether Mrs. Hobhouse had any right to speak for the conscientious objectors; in the last issue of THE NEW AGE, Mr. Boothroyd accuses me of being ignorant of the fact that Mrs. Hobhouse does not represent the conscientious objectors. I said in my review: "The inviolability of conscience carries the consequence that men who obey a categorical imperative must also accept the whole train of events that follows from their obedience"; I said that "no man can relieve another from the consequences of his choice," and argued therefore, that the "appeal to Cæsar" was illegitimate. I am now told that "according to 'A. E. R.,' we are all whining because the Government is so unkind to us. It is simply not a fact." It is certainly not a fact that I said so; I am in agreement with the conscientious objectors on the point that conscience asks no relief from the consequences that it entails, and that Mrs. Hobhouse's "appeal to Cæsar" is illegitimate because men who will not "render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's" cannot logically accept from Cæsar the gift of pardon. On this point my correspondent agrees with me. We have now reached the point that the plea for mitigation of sentence made by the self-appointed advocate of the conscientious objectors is withdrawn. The conscientious objectors are not merely prepared, they are determined, to suffer the consequences of their action, although I do not understand what better right to represent them Mr. Boothroyd has than Mrs. Hobhouse. Having thrown their advocate overboard, they also throw their case after it. I said in my last article that they were not suffering for conscience; Mr. Boothroyd agrees. He says that the conscientious objectors are "trying to set a pacifist example," that it is not conscience that compels them, but a "principle," a "policy," that they are applying and developing. That principle, as I said in my last article, is seditious; it is that the law of the land shall be brought into contempt, shall be flouted at every turn, by men who, as Mr. Boothroyd says of himself, "alter [their] position about once a week," men who have not "one motive, but thousands." The boast, I may say, is bad psychology; and a man in that state of mind usually accuses the world of being mad, as Mr. Boothroyd does.

We are confronted, then, not with an appeal to our sympathy, but with a defiance of the fundamental principle of government. Not even the anarchism of Kropotkin will tolerate this extreme assertion of individualism; we have to go back to the Voluntarism of Aubern Herbert for its statement as a social principle. We have to imagine a society from which all the order maintained by the rule of law has disappeared; we have to imagine that when a road has to be made, or even swept or repaired, those who want it done do it, with the help of those who choose to help them. We have to imagine a society where there are no public services of any kind, no regular maintenance of what services may be improvised, no general rules of conduct, no general funds, no general credit, where the only thing that is continuous is the exercise of choice. There is no escape from the conclusion; repudiate the rule of law, and you are not entitled to any of its benefits. You must either retire into the wilderness, or try to form a society like that of the brigands in "Man and Superman." The only pacifists in such a society would be slaves.

I cannot, of course, convince a correspondent who admittedly changes his position once a week (and, I suppose, twice on Sundays), nor can I pretend, or even desire, to understand him. There is the simple fact that the prime condition of existence of society is law, that is to say, a general rule of conduct capable of modification in individual cases; it is also the necessary condition of that state of peace which my correspondent desires. Even judgment in equity, which, by the way, was practised in Sparta (a military State), interprets some general rule; and the imperative necessity of such general rules has been felt throughout history, has led to the codification of law, has led even to such requests as that of the Savoyards who, when Savoy was united to France, asked as the first favour of the King of France that they should no longer be judged by equity, but according to some law, no matter what law. Even lynch law testifies to the same necessity, the necessity of imposing a general rule of conduct by force; and when Mr. Boothroyd talks of being superior to the law, claims the right of opposing it, he is really asking us to allow him to destroy society. Unless, of course, these are the mere airs and graces of the conscientious objector, who seems to adopt a tone similar to that of the passive resister. "I appeal to a Higher Tribunal than the Bench," said one of them in an attempt to overawe with his moral grandeur a quite ordinary Bench of Justices. "You may apply for a mandamus," retorted the Chairman. The pathway to the other world seems to be paved with conscientious objectors.

My correspondent, of course, would like to discuss not only this war, but war in general, to justify this anarchical resistance to law by the usual arguments of pacifism. I decline: I have, in innumerable articles, said all that I have to say about pacifism, and, at the moment, I rely on the general judgment of mankind, which is against the pacific settlement of disputes. It is not in Mr. Boothroyd's power to declare war, or to decree peace, and conscience will only tell him to mind his own business; that is the prerogative of the Crown, acting on the advice of the King's Ministers. Parliament, representing the people, has approved; and in the course of prosecuting the war, has passed the Military Service Acts. Those Acts make all men between eighteen and forty-one liable to military service, but also contain provisions for the possible exemption of certain classes. There is no man in this country, between these ages, who is above the law; my beautiful eyes, my correspondent's beautiful soul (any source of pride in, ourselves), none of these things matter. A general rule for the military activity of this country has been passed, and it is the duty of every citizen to obey it. The man who does not obey it is a criminal; if he justifies his resistance to it, he is not a pacifist but a revolutionist; if he succeeds in establishing his principle of resistance to law, he is a successful Anarchist. That he may disagree with the law is no excuse; I disagree with it myself; there is a constitutional method of procedure as well as a revolutionary. But the constitutional method entails submission to a bad law until it is repealed, or replaced by a better one; we suffer for a

constitutionalism as well as for so-called conscientious objection to the rule of law. But it is the rule of law, and not conscience, that enables Mr. Boothroyd to state his resistance to it in the columns of a public journal. A. E. R.

Reviews.

The Russian Revolution and the War. By Charles Sarolea, Ph.D. (Allen & Unwin.)

Dr. Sarolea is ambitious. He attempts, in this pamphlet of a hundred pages, "to explain why and how the Russian Revolution arose, and what course it is likely to take; to explain the inner meaning of the catastrophe, how it involves not merely the collapse of the Russian autocracy and theocracy, but why is it certain to bring about the collapse of despotism everywhere; to explain how it is likely to help us to win the war, and, what is even more important, how it is likely to help us to achieve a lasting peace. Nor shall I overlook the dangers which are still to be faced, but shall try to suggest how those dangers are most likely to be overcome." The "Do It Now" Government could not be more brief or more comprehensive than Dr. Sarolea; his pamphlet might well be described as a course of Foreign Affairs While You Wait. He admits that "our main difficulty in dealing with the study of Russian problems arises from the magnitude, the complexity, and the remoteness of the subject"; none the less, he attempts the task in about ten thousand words. He generalises amazingly, as one can do if one uses general words; but does the reader really learn anything from such statements as this: "Hence the curious rhythm of Russian history since 1800. The reactionary regime of Paul I. was succeeded by the liberal regime of Alexander I. The liberal regime of Alexander I. was succeeded by the reactionary regime of Nicholas I. The reactionary regime of Nicholas I. was succeeded by the liberal regime of Alexander II. The liberal regime of Alexander II. was again succeeded by the re-action under Alexander III. and Nicholas II." This is history written in the Morse code, and Dr. Sarolea is never more explicit than this. He draws a distinction between the "aristocratic" revolutions of 1762, 1801, and 1825, and the Nihilist movement, but what the distinction is we cannot discover. The usual general distinction is that between "palace" revolutions and "social" revolutions, and the Russian aristocracy has had as much to do with the one as with the other. However, Dr. Sarolea works in his adaptation of Carlyle: "The Romanov despotism has always been tempered by assassination." It is rather a curious commentary on Dr. Sarolea's description of these peoples that he should write of the 180,000,000 of Russians who are going to do this, that, and the other, as one man ("the solidarity of freedom has taken the place of the solidarity of despotism"), when we know that the Ukraine, representing 30,000,000, is already being administered as a separate Republic, that Finland and Poland tend to become independent, that the Transcaucasian conquests will probably fall away because they have no affinity with the Russian people, and that the Russia that will remain when the revolution has established itself is not likely to be the Russia of the Romanovs. In spite of his generalisations, Dr. Sarolea overlooks a rather important one. He says that "the 'Mir' or village community is the most vital political institution of the race, and it is the most democratic institution known to history"; he might also have told us that the family is still a vital institution, and is one of the most autocratic existing at present, and perhaps its only historical rival is the Patria Potestas of the Romans.

The Folk-Element in Hindu Culture. By Benoy Kumar Sarkar. (Longmans. 15s. net.)

Somewhere in this volume, Mr. Sarkar tells us that there are 33 crores (330,000,000) of Gods in India; and our general impression is that he has tried to get them all into this book. The book is admittedly "a result of preliminary spadework in the Data of Hindu Sociology," and is based mainly on the notes and writings of Mr. Haridâs Pâlit, of the District Council of National Education, Molda. It does no more than put on record the literal facts of the Gambhîrâ, or Gâjan, or Nîla, the actual details of the ceremonies, the very words of the invocations and prayers; but what they mean, what their relation is to Hindu culture, Mr. Sarkar does not demonstrate. These folk-productions may have an intrinsic value for Hindus, just as our own folk-song and folk-lore is immediately intelligible to an Englishman, without reference to its connections with culture; but to the European reader, that intrinsic value is not apparent. The whole compilation reads unintelligibly, because no clue either of interpretation or relation is given to us. All that we are offered for enlightenment are six observations made by the author in his preface; and we quote them here for what they are worth. (1). The masses and the folk have contributed to the making of Hindu culture in all its phases no less than the court and the classes.

(2). Secular, material and social interests, as contrasted with other-worldly and spiritual ideals, have had considerable influence in moulding Hindu life and thought.

(3). The caste-system has never been a disintegrating factor in Hindu communal existence, and is most probably a very recent institution.

(4). Hinduism is an eclectic and ever-expansive socio-religious system built up through the assimilation of diverse ethnic, natural and spiritual forces, during the successive ages of Indian history.

(5). There has ever been an attempt to govern the folk-customs, popular faith, image-worship and public festivals by the transcendental conceptions of the Divinity of Man and the Transitoriness of this World. The folk-lore of the Hindus is nothing but the adaptation of their metaphysical culture-lore to the instincts and aptitudes of the "man in the street"; or, obversely, the interpenetration of the grosser systems of thought and activity with the conceptions of a higher system of Life-values and Life-attitudes.

(6). The religious beliefs, practices, and customs of the people are fundamentally the same in *San goku* (or the three countries, viz., India, China, and Japan). What pass for Buddhism in the lands of Confucius and the Shinto cult are but varieties of the same faith that is known as Tantric and Purânic Hinduism in the land of Buddha. The reasons are not only to be found in the intercourse between the three countries both by land and sea during the Tâag-Sung period of Chinese history, the Augustan age of culture in the Middle Kingdom (7th-13th cent.) synchronous with the Vardhana-Pâla-Chola epoch of Indian history, and the Wârâ-Kâmâkurâ epoch of Japanese, but also probably in the common mentality that characterises the Asiatic peoples.

But what that common mentality may be, and in what way these records are indicative of it, Mr. Sarkar does not help us to understand. Apparently Indian sociology is in much the same state as biology in this country was before Darwin; there are masses of facts collected, but they all seem to be of the same value because there is no interpretation to relate them to each other and to European understanding. One might as well tell Hindus that English children clasp hands, dance, and sing "Here we go round the mulberry bush," and expect them to understand the folk-element in English culture, as offer this book to English readers for a similar purpose.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

LAW AND ORDER.

Sir,—Your correspondent, "R. F. C.," manifests more optimism than wisdom in his reply to my remarks on the Malcolm case. He argues that if we have a few similar cases, the law will be amended by the abolition of the penalty of death, apparently on the assumption that this would agree with public sentiment. But the whole essence of what the judge called Lynch-law, which the jury administered, is that it prescribes the death penalty and no other, and does so either without trial or with only a parody of trial. The jury by its verdict agreed not with the abolition of the death penalty, but with its infliction by a private person; and it also alleged by its verdict that it is not a crime to inflict the penalty without a semblance of trial; it went further, and alleged that it is not a crime to shoot an unarmed and defenceless man. That is the public sentiment on which your correspondent relies for the abolition of the death penalty, and I must say that his prophecy is more hopeful than convincing.

That the law will be amended if we have many more verdicts of this kind, which are a scandal to common sense and an outrage to law, is quite possible; but it will probably not be amended as your correspondent thinks. The jury system has for years been the subject of much criticism; and in certain forms of trial, the jury has been abolished. I quote Mr. Edward Jenks' "Short History of English Law." "The third recommendation of the Royal Commission [of 1867] was the abandonment of the jury system as the sole, or, at least, the ideal method of trial of questions of fact. The Report pointed out that, owing to the increasing complexity of legal business, there were many cases in which a decision of fact by a judge, or, in complicated matters of account, by a referee, was far preferable to the verdict of a jury. The Commission proposed, in effect, that the plaintiff should be allowed to choose, amongst these three, his own method of trial; subject, in the case of objection by the defendant, to the discretion of the Court. This recommendation was substantially adopted by the Act of 1873, and has been the subject of careful consideration by the Rules. But the unfettered choice originally proposed for the plaintiff has been, in effect, substantially restricted by the last-named authority. The plaintiff or the defendant may insist on a trial by jury in cases of libel, slander, false imprisonment, 'seduction,' or breach of promise of marriage; but the Court may direct a trial without jury of any question of fact which, before the Act, could have been tried without a jury, as well as any matter requiring any prolonged examination of documents or accounts, or any scientific or local investigation. As a matter of practice, Chancery, in spite of statutory powers, rarely employed the jury system; and this practice is confirmed by the Rules, which forbid the trial by jury of any matter assigned by the Act of 1873 to the Chancery Division—except upon a judge's order."

Now, it is quite clear that if the juries decide cases against the facts, if they say that a man is not guilty of the thing he has confessed to have done (and that is what the jury did in the Malcolm case, and also in the case at the Middlesex Sessions), that the law will most probably be amended by the abolition of the jury in criminal cases, or by a reform of the jury system from an amateur into a professional system, or by a reform of legal procedure which will not permit a jury to be judge of a whole case, but only of the essential fact of the commission of the act by the accused person. The plea of self-defence put forward by Sir John Simon, for example, was obviously a legal plea, and should have been addressed to the judge, not to the jury; and, personally, I should like to see such a reform of procedure as would end the jury's participation in the case at the earliest possible moment by limiting its function strictly to matters of fact. It should be limited strictly to determining whether the alleged act were committed by the accused person; and all other matters, pleas of extenuation or justification, be dealt with by the judge. But whatever reform occurs, it is not likely to be the abolition of the death penalty which public sentiment approves.

A. E. R.

Memoranda.

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

Incoherence is no effective weapon against incoherence; and it ought to be by our coherence, explicitness, and singleness of policy that the Allies are to be distinguished from our German enemies.

The recent series of strikes have had their origin in the simple fact that the profiteers declined at the outset of the war to stop profiteering.—"Notes of the Week."

The mere threat of an economic boycott is enough to make every German devote himself to the retention of those wealthy districts now in his occupation.

Germany must participate in the democratic feelings of the rest of humanity; and it is impossible to engender such feelings by economic menaces.—S. VERDAD.

Revolutions come to rest in their intellectual centre of gravity.

Revolutions are never made by depressed and disappointed men—these only riot or react.

Revolution is the winnowing of ideas; and it will depend upon our zeal to-day whether a revolution finds the nation full of chaff or grain.—National Guildsmen.

A rebellion that does not cost a party a single Conservative vote is hardly likely to gain it a single Liberal or Labour one.

The sale of peerages is in substance a bargain by which a wealthy man without political ability undertakes to pay the election expenses of a certain number of poor men with ability, in return for an imaginary rank to which no wise man any longer aspires.

The protégés of the "Morning Post" profess an opinion that brains are not of much consequence in the rulers of a great empire; but to the cynic this profession may not seem quite disinterested.—SAINT GEORGE.

What we ought never to do is to consider man as an end in himself.

The only thing that experience has taught us about men is that, as soon as they persuade themselves that they are good, they do bad things as a consequence of believing themselves good.

The fate of man is trial and error.—RAMIRO DE MAEZTU.

Independence anywhere else you like, but not in Leicester!—VETERAN.

To art we look for the perfectioning of the person; let us see that artifice does not ruin the populace.

The cinema, if it is properly developed, will draw off from the drama and the novel precisely those elements that are actually superfluous in those arts; and with their disappearance the play of character, of psychology, and of the spoken word may come to be written again.

Sir Herbert Tree was a cinema-artiste before his time.—R. H. C.

It is in the "Times" that most political kites are flown, that the intended development of political life is most clearly projected.

In government, the diagnosis of revolution is the preliminary to the prescription of drastic curtailments of liberty.

The public is easily convinced of the reality of hidden dangers.

The Trade Unions behaved at the beginning of the war as though their chief aim were the destruction of the Trade Union Movement by the Government.

The Trade Unions did stipulate for a limitation of the employers' profits, and the employers' profits were limited to forty per cent. more than they had previously obtained.

Revolutions, like Governments, must be organised.—A. E. R.

Those who question the ways of God are also, in their sphere, fulfilling God's will.—EDWARD MOORE.

PRESS CUTTINGS.

We must have a levy on capital. The capital of the individuals of the nation has increased during the war from 16 thousand millions to 20 thousand millions. A ten per cent. levy on this would realise two thousand millions. It would extinguish debt to that amount, and reduce the interest on debt by 120 millions. In doing so it would nearly balance our budget and preserve our national solvency.

The levy would be graduated—say 5 per cent on fortunes of £1,000 to £20,000; 10 per cent. on £20,000 to £50,000; up to 30 per cent. on sums over a million. If you have a thousand pounds you will pay £50; if you have £50,000, you would pay £5,000; if you are a millionaire, you will pay £300,000.

The collection would be on the individual in his own person, and not on the corporate institution from which he derived his wealth. He would pay it in what form was convenient, in his stocks or his shares, his houses or his fields, in personalty or realty.

There will be no diminution of capital owing to this levy—a fact of enormous importance at a time when we shall need the fullest command of our capital resources for the development of business. All that will happen will be the transfer of capital from the hands of the individual to the State, which will become a partner with the landlord in his land holdings, with the manufacturer in his factory, with you or me in our shares. There need be no fear about a flood of realisations. There will be no need of realisations. It will be largely a matter of book entries. My proportion of War Loan will be cancelled; the profits on your contribution will go to the Debt Commissioners in the form of rent from your land, or that portion of the land that was yours, or in the form of dividend from that block of shares you have given up. You and I will be nominally poorer, but what remains to us will be secure until another levy repeats the operation.

There is, I am convinced, no alternative to this expedient, and no escape from it. And no escape ought to be sought. On the contrary, it ought to be done at once. If the present Government will not do it, the position will go from bad to worse, and the remedy, when it is applied, will be applied more drastically. "A. G. G.," in "Daily News."

Lord Furness, at the annual meeting of the Prince Line at Newcastle on the 29th ult., deplored the fact that only a 30 per cent. dividend could be declared, and the carriage of only a quarter of a million to reserve.

This, he said, was due to the burthen of taxation, which was throwing trade into foreign hands. There was a real danger, he said, that after the war their company would find that through the heavy taxation their profits would be limited, and their trade would find its way into the hands of foreigners, who would be so securely established that they could not be dislodged.

It is by the action of these "profiteers" and of these "exploiters of labour" that our economic stability has been threatened, at a time when no other thing could give hope of victory to the enemy; and it is by them that our chances of success as a nation after war have been most impaired. They are, indeed, the darkest cloud on the horizon; they have added millions to the daily war bill; they had inflated the cost of production and of transport before war shortage operated, and have done so since to an extent far greater than that shortage warranted; they are responsible for most of the depreciation of the currency and lowering of the purchasing power of wages; they have created the vicious circle which raises the cost of living, and gives them their argument for so acting as to raise it more. And let us not forget that they have set up all the glaring injustices which make it so much harder for the patriotic to bear war's burdens of sacrifice, and that they have done their best to degrade us as a nation, and to rob us of the only compensations which come in the train of war, for they have marred its purifying influences and robbed us in part of that access of virility and sound national character which it brings.—Mr. C. ROBERTS in the "Times."

In an article headed "The Prescription of the Intellectuals" in THE NEW AGE of September 13, "S. G. H." protests bitterly against the hostile attitude assumed to-day by certain sections of the Labour movement towards Socialist thinkers outside the working class. The Editor also adds a Note in a similar strain, from which the following passage is taken:—

"The problem of the immediate future is therefore likely to be this: whether the Labour movement is intelligent enough in itself or has the intelligence to employ intelligence in sufficient amounts to ensure its beneficent use of the power that circumstances will shortly bring it. At the present, we must admit, there is some doubt about it. The hostility of Labour to what it calls the intellectuals augurs no good from its accession to power. On the contrary, looking as far ahead as we can, we may say that, if the present histility of Labour to intelligence continues, the accession of Labour to power will indeed come, for nothing can stop it, but it will be short-lived, and will end in a calamitous reaction."

Now these are words which, in our opinion, should receive the careful attention especially of every industrial Labour leader, and THE NEW AGE is peculiarly entitled to utter them. Some day the Labour movement may realise what it owes to THE NEW AGE, but at the moment all but a few are unaware that the most powerful and brilliant champion of working-class interests is not "Forward," nor yet the "Labour Leader," and only a handful have had their steps directed to that unfailing spring of constructive revolutionary thought that is in Cursitor Street.—"The Guildsman."

Mr. Fox, the president of the club, in introducing Lord Northcliffe, said that he was one of the great figures of the Empire, and extolled his foresight as revealed in his attitude before the war, and his immense services in rousing the Empire to the real character of the conflict and the necessity of adequate equipment and support for the forces in the field.

In the course of his speech, Lord Northcliffe described his visit to the Canadians at the front; paid a simple, quiet tribute to the genius and spirit of the Canadian troops; expressed his satisfaction with, and his admiration of, the preparations now being made in the United States; emphasised with great lucidity and gravity the problem involved in transporting the American Army and supplies to Europe, and urged the supreme necessity of stimulating shipbuilding to the utmost.

The speaker was followed with profound attention and manifestations of approval by an audience which offered marked evidence of personal respect and regard. —"Times."

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