

THE NEW AGE

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

WE do not think we can be accused of not supporting the war. From the very first week of its declaration to the present moment we have done what we could to make the issues of the war clear and to urge the importance of settling them. At the same time, as it became the professed spokesmen of the proletariat to do, we have insisted on the need to carry Labour with the nation, and more particularly when it grew apparent to everybody that Labour or nothing would have to carry the nation on its back. To this end we have been at the trouble during the last eighteen months to read practically everything accessible on the subject of the war, its origin, its conduct, and its possible consequences. So that, if diligence and good-will together with a fair intelligence and plenty of opportunity were enough to give a journal an adequate notion of the state of the war, we should have it if anybody should. Strangely enough, however, we have had to come to the conclusion during the last few days that we are, almost without exception, the most ignorant of readers and writers upon the conduct of the war. Every journalist appears to know more about it than we have been able to gather in hundreds of hours of reading and study. The precise number of men engaged, the numbers already in training, the numbers under attestation, and, above all, the numbers needed for three, six, twelve, eighteen months ahead—all these very particular items which we can only guess at appear to be matters of the most exact familiarity to almost everybody but our unfortunate selves. We observe, too, that their familiarity is of recent date, though it is none the less assured upon that account. For only a few days before the burst of omniscience fell upon the Press, its leading representatives were complaining bitterly of the very ignorance that we still deplore in ourselves. The Government, said the "Times," was conducting the war behind an impenetrable veil of secrecy; the public knew nothing; and all the various operations in all the various theatres were being carried on without the knowledge of even the House of Commons. We agreed with this, and we agree with it still. But what are we now to believe when the self-same journals that only a few days ago confessed their

complete ignorance to-day write as if they knew everything? Have they recently become informed of more than we have been able to pick up—and of such authority and moment that they cannot hesitate to stake everything upon it, including the last and most precious privilege of Englishmen, personal liberty? Or is it all a pretence, and are they still as ignorant as ever? For our part we incline to the latter view, and for two reasons mainly. First, it is unlikely that the Press should know much more to-day than it knew yesterday; and, second, the Press cannot know what even the Government does not know.

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Now if we were not by profession a democratic people, complete ignorance on our side would be anything but incompatible with confiding obedience in the utter wisdom of our rulers. Such a case, we see, is illustrated in the examples of both Germany and Russia, whose rulers, it is understood, have only to issue an edict or a ukase to be obeyed by their millions without question. But we gather from what our fathers have told us, as well as from our own recollections, that we are not as these heathen, under a despotic government, but a people whose acts are self-determined after, and only after, we have been fully seized of the facts of a given situation. Moreover, we used to have in our bones two maxims of democracy of which it is difficult to say which is the more important: that our rulers must trust the people and that the people must distrust its rulers. During the present war, however, these maxims, it would appear, have got completely reversed. We trust our rulers, but our rulers do not trust us. And the worst of it is that at no time, as far as we can judge, was the ground for the reversal so shaky. At no time, that is, were our people more trustworthy or less trusted, or our rulers less fitted to be trusted, or more trusted. About the first, indeed, we have evidence that is not to be questioned, namely, that of our rulers themselves. Mr. Asquith and the rest are never tired of telling us that, as a people, we are the most stable, resolute, sensible, intelligent and trustworthy of any in the world. Given the confidence of our rulers and the full facts of the national situation, we can be relied upon to come to a

right conclusion and to carry it through, no matter at what sacrifice in men and money. To our rulers, on the other hand, it is difficult for us to return the compliment; for it is to be observed, in the first place, that trustworthy as they allow us to be, they never trust us; and, in the second, that from all we can gather, muddle, corruption and incompetence mark everything they do. This, we say, is an accurate account of the situation as it stands in our democracy at this moment: a people of a trustworthiness unparalleled in history, and a governing class of unequalled incompetence and corruption. And this is the moment chosen for making a demand upon us for the abandonment of our last birthright of liberty without so much as a lying apology for its need or for the guarantee of its return to us.

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The circumstances accompanying the introduction of Conscription are such as to raise every doubt it is possible to raise in the human mind concerning both its military necessity and the bona fides of its sponsors. As regards the first, if even we admit (which, of course, we do not) the right of military necessity to override every other consideration, the fact remains that we have not been persuaded of the military need, nor has the Government taken the least pains to persuade us. Other journalists, as we have seen, write with an air of omniscience of the organisation of the war as if they were in the secrets of the General Staffs—nay, as if they knew more than all the General Staffs of all the Allies together appear to know. But having some remnant of veracity we cannot follow them in it. And nor, we think, can the public at large. Where is the review that was promised us of the present and prospective situation of the war? What are our commitments? Under what obligations are we supposed to be as regards both our own Empire and the countries of our Allies? We do not say that more men may not be necessary in view of the immensity of the resources, and the menace involved in the victory, of Germany: but, before giving the present Government carte blanche to draw blood in floods at their discretion, are we not entitled to demand, first, an account of what they have done with all the blood they have so far spent; secondly, a pledge and proof that they are not wasting blood; and, thirdly, the grounds of their assurance that still more is not only necessary, but cannot be had for the proper asking? It would not be the first time in our history that England has been drawn into an Alliance as a partner and left in it as a principal! And, again, it must be remembered that, long before the present presumed military crisis, Conscription was advocated in this country on its merits as anything but a military necessity. Are we to suppose that all those who advised Conscription during the first weeks of the war on theoretical grounds now advise it on practical grounds only? That it is with reluctance and under painful necessity alone that they now support what formerly without necessity they gladly advocated? And if, again, the four or five millions of men who have voluntarily enlisted are not enough for our purpose, is there any guarantee that the remaining million, compulsorily to be enlisted, will determine the scales for us? Light, more light, is what we need; and, by God, if we were the English people we would have it of our rulers before consenting to the drafting of another man to be the tool of such bloody bunglers as compose the Government.

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Of all the reasons contemptuously offered a nation for surrendering its last right, surely the maintenance of the "pledge" of Mr. Asquith is the most despicable. We have yet to be taught that Mr. Asquith, because he is the chief of the Executive, is also a Kaiser and Tsar rolled into one, whose lightest word must be observed as if it were the promise of the Creator of our being.

No public opinion, to our knowledge, authorised Mr. Asquith to make such a pledge in our behalf, nor were even all his colleagues consulted before they were committed. It is obvious, moreover, that the pledge to Lord Derby was obtained by fraud and confirmed by trickery. As it runs, and as, we believe, Mr. Asquith intended it to run, the pledge was one of those indefinite formulæ in which Mr. Asquith's mind loves to involve itself. It might mean, that is, something or nothing. By inquisition and repetition, however, it was narrowed down to the precise significance it has now come to acquire, and quite in the sense contrary to its original intention. But because Mr. Asquith has for once been tricked by cunning men—more concerned with the pledge than with its objects—is the nation to be tricked as well? A bad promise, we have always understood, is better broken than kept; and when, in addition to being a bad promise, the promise has been wrenched from its meaning by malicious misinterpretation and extracted by deceit, the breaking of it we should regard as rather a positive virtue than the mere avoidance of vice. The "Times," we see, has played the leading part in this attempt to exploit the reputation for veracity enjoyed by Mr. Asquith. "The word of an Englishman," says this Irish authority, "is believed all over the world." But setting aside the question whether any pledge of any Englishman, however idiotic or criminal or careless, must needs be kept at everybody's cost save his own, what of the pledge, even more solemnly made in the earlier days of the war, that if men volunteered Conscription would not be established? Did this only mean that if every eligible man volunteered then no eligible man would be conscripted? But in that case there was no need for the pledge. It can only have meant, on a reasonable view, that if a satisfactory number enlisted of their own accord, they would save the country the ignominy of compulsion. Well, have they not done it? Are four or five million men not enough to prove that Compulsion is not desired; but, on the contrary, detested? And is not the pledge to them broken when, after having voluntarily enlisted to save us from Compulsion, Compulsion is, nevertheless, established? As justly as the married men newly attested may claim exemption if Mr. Asquith's present pledge is not kept, all the men now in the Army may claim their discharge on the ground that the Government's pledge with them has not been kept. We naturally do not anticipate that this course will be taken; but when the "Times" talks of the word of an Englishman, we are entitled to set against it the word of the whole English nation.

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Another circumstance that adds to the vileness of the present proposal to conscript men is the absence of the correlative, and, we should have thought, the precedent conscription of capital. The need for money, even among our impecunious Allies, is at least as great as their need of men. Money is to be had in this country, for our wealthy classes are still the most wealthy classes in the world; and they are growing richer every day on the very debts the nation is incurring to them and largely on their account. Money, moreover, is more reluctant to volunteer or to take risks than any man in the land. There is not a sovereign in the pockets of our moneylenders that is not a shirker to the last penny of its value. The need, again, of money is even more urgent than that of men; for with money we could buy support in various parts of the world that all our men will never be able to take by force. We have it on pretty good authority that a few hundred millions, judiciously spent, would have secured us the assistance of Greece and Roumania, and possibly of Bulgaria, and even of Turkey. But men, it appeared, were more easily to be obtained to fight than money to buy. And much the same circumstances prevail at this moment. Yet with all this need of money, and with all this shirking of service, money, we are told, is to

be left to volunteer itself with every security for its preservation and increase, while men are to be compelled. The argument, we understand, is that men are more amenable to conscription than money. Our rulers would not know how to proceed to conscript wealth, even if they felt disposed to it. What paltry lying and trifling! Because it has not been done before (in our time!), is the conscription of capital necessarily impossible? And because every criminal despot can conscript men, must we do it also, merely because we can? The nation that, having freed itself from conscription once, consents to the renewed conscription of men *without* the conscription of money, deserves, like Moses' willing slaves, to have its ears pierced as a mark of inveterate servility.

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That the voluntary system has not even yet been fairly tried goes, or ought to go, without saying. The anxiety with which the conscriptionists awaited its death led them, indeed, to attempt to bury it while it was still living. We saw the ghouls at it. Who, for example, determined that the Derby scheme should be the last effort of the voluntary system? The conscriptionists. Who put obstacles in the way of its success by refusing permission to their employees to attest? The conscriptionists. Who deliberately refrained from a conscientious canvass and the tracing of removals, so that at this moment some half of the eligible men have never been approached? The conscriptionists. Who has anticipated the figures before anybody could possibly know them, and pronounced doom upon the voluntary system before its case has been properly heard? The conscriptionists. The very man chosen to conduct this "last" experiment with the voluntary system—Lord Derby—was not only himself a life-long conscriptionist, but as Lord Stanley (or whatever he called himself when Postmaster-General) he declared that workmen who asked for higher wages were blood-suckers. Little he cared for the liberties of England. And to crown it all, the voluntary system has had to encounter the malignancy of that enfant terrible, that Peter Panic, Lord Northcliffe. The irresponsibility combined with the power of this wretched man is past the belief of the English nation to entertain. That he can possibly mean as ill to us as he does ill to us nobody can believe. Like Germany before him, he can go mad in front of our eyes, prepare every kind of attack upon our liberties, and carry on his mischievous play, while we either applaud him or spend our time in speculating whether he is really Judas or a journalistic Jesus. Under such auspices there is no wonder that the voluntary system has "failed." It was meant to fail. Without saying a word against those who have voluntarily enlisted—whose bravery we honour more than we admire their political sense—we still believe it to be true that amongst the residue whom the Government has not yet reached there are, with a deal of scum and dregs, men who are part of the cream of England. The compulsion of these men will not be easy!

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Then it is impossible not to associate military conscription with industrial conscription. There is too much evidence, indeed, that the one is being made the stalking-horse of the other. For, as we say, the need of military conscription, even if undoubtedly, has at least never been proved to us; while of industrial conscription not only the need to the governing classes is clear, but it has been made apparent. Let us turn back our minds to the Insurance Act, and recall the avowed reason of Mr. Garvin for supporting the new element of compulsion contained in it. The working-classes, said this other renegade Irishman (and not so renegade, either!), needed to be accustomed to compulsion in view of the need that might arise for military compulsion, and every other kind! And did not we warn everybody that submission to the Insurance

Act would prepare men's minds for submission to the Servile State? Here it comes along in the form of the Munitions Act of the same authorship (Welsh!) as the Insurance Act. Under its provisions, as even Mrs. Webb sees, the once "free" workman is free no longer; he is a chattel slave liable, for disobedience to profiteers, to fine and imprisonment. But even this is not enough, for at any moment, as the South Wales miners and the Clydeside engineers have shown, the liberty of the working classes can still be effectively affirmed, provided they can act as a body and be proceeded against only singly and by law. What is therefore needed against them is power to deal with them collectively, as associations, as unions, as mobs of strikers. Military law with military punishments! Armies of workmen compelled under martial law to make profits for private employers! You may say, if you please, that such an object is remote from the minds of conscriptionists; and from the minds of some of them it may be—there are honest men in every gang of criminals—but that it is within the compass of men like Mr. Lloyd George, with his notorious hatred of the Trade Unions, and of Lord Joicey and others, with their notorious fear of them, only the same persons will doubt who once believed Germany to be designing friendship with us. Every man attested under the Derby scheme, and every man still to be attested, becomes by the fact of attestation a soldier under the Crown. He draws a day's pay and is under military law until he receives his discharge into civilian rank. When is he discharged? Of all the men now attested not one, we think, is yet officially discharged. In the meanwhile, they are under military law. Now will anybody say that there is no ground for suspecting a blood-relationship between the present movement towards military conscription and industrial conscription under military control?

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If there were any doubt about it, the experiences of Mr. Lloyd George in Glasgow last week should set the matter at rest. Under the instructions of the Press Bureau, the daily Press, we happen to learn, was forbidden to publish a true account of his pilgrimage; but the "Herald," the "New Statesman," and, to some extent, the "Nation," all support the accounts we have ourselves received. What appears to have happened is that everywhere where Mr. Lloyd George went he not only found dissatisfaction, but he left dissatisfaction multiplied by his folly. It is not surprising that a Minister who cannot by fair means obtain his ends should turn in the anxiety of his ambition to foul means. Once more the illustration of Germany is before our eyes. Why did Germany adopt the method of universal compulsion by armed force but that she despaired of gaining her objects by the methods of reason and persuasion? Having failed on every occasion to persuade the working-classes, it is not surprising, we repeat, that at each rebuff Mr. Lloyd George's resolution to try force as an alternative should be strengthened. And when could he hope to forge the weapon if not now? Now, in fact, was the very moment to strike if the stroke was ever to be brought about. The ground had been prepared by the Insurance Act and by the Munitions Act. The public had been prepared by the propaganda of the military Conscriptionists. The Trade Union leaders had most of them been bought in one sort of coin or another. And even the men were patriotic, and, at the same time, sufficiently confused in mind to be divided. We do not know for certain that Mr. Lloyd George returned from Glasgow with an ultimatum to the Cabinet in his pocket. It is only our guess. But we should not be surprised to discover a century hence that what finally tilted the Cabinet scales for Conscription was the attitude of the Clydesmen to the author of the Munitions Act.

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The official reports of Mr. Lloyd George's meetings give, naturally, a false as well as an inadequate idea of

what actually was done and said upon either side. But we gather from them, and our conclusion is confirmed by the private reports we have seen, that the outstanding demand of the men's meetings was a share in management in return for the further relaxation of the Union rules. Nothing, from our point of view, could well be fairer. For the demand, it will be observed, is not for higher wages or for easier conditions of labour, but for greater responsibility. Since when has it been in England a crime to aspire to the honour and status of increased responsibility? Only since Cabinet government, with its resuscitated notions of despotism, has come in! In reply to this demand, however, all that Mr. Lloyd George could say was that the men were asking for a revolution. So they were, and so, we hope, they are. And Mr. Lloyd George's own language, even if only rhetorical, gave plenty of ground for it. "If you will carefully watch," he said, "what is going on in belligerent lands, you will find that the war is bringing unheard-of changes in the social and industrial fabric." And in his peroration he returned to the same subject: "I beg the skilled workmen of this country, in whose keeping are the destinies of Labour [and, he might have added, of the nation as well], to lift up their eyes above the mirk of distrust and suspicion, and ascend to the height of the greatest opportunity that ever opened before their class, and, by so doing, there will emerge *after the war* [italics ours] that future of hope which the greatest leaders of democracy in all ages have pictured in their dreams." For revolution, however, there is no time like the present; and this we have learned from our rulers themselves. It is not to after the war that they have postponed the fulfilment of many of their dreams; but they are bringing them true here and now. It might as well be asked that our soldiers should be satisfied with victory when the war is over, as that our industrial soldiers should be content with servile labour now in the mere hope that "after the war" a great opportunity will emerge. No opportunity that Fate can offer can be better than the opportunity now offered. Labour, as Mr. Lloyd George himself has said—there is no treason in repeating it—has at this moment not only Capital but the national destinies in the hollow of its hand. To-morrow, after the war, we do not know what may occur. To-day is the appointed day, and there is no time to lose. Without urging the impending of the war—for we must win, and shall win—we, nevertheless, urge the workers to sell their lives as dearly as possible in the terms of capitalist privileges. For every relaxation of Union rules the capitalist system should pay with a beam of its castle. For every co-operative effort of the Unions as Unions, profiteering should be shorn of a privilege. If the end of the war does not see Capitalism dethroned and Labour in partnership with the State, the war at home, whatever may be its result abroad, will have been lost.

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Returning to the subject of military conscription, we must remark upon the un-English habit of our Press of holding up other nations for our example. This new feature of both Fleet Street and of Parliament is perhaps not to be wondered at when we recall the cosmopolitanism of both. Jews and Welshmen, Scotsmen and Irishmen, denationalised Canadians and men who never had a country at all—of these there are enough to colour our national psychology with all the hues of Joseph's coat. And naturally, since they are over-honoured guests—for we English are still hospitable, thank God—they return our good manners with comparisons to our disadvantage. The French, they say, do this; the Russians do that; and the Serbians and Italians, the Belgians and the Albanians do the other; and always better than we do. It is in vain that we protest mildly that we are aware of it all, have seen for ourselves and have not been inspired to imitate. They try a new method of attack. What will our Allies think of us if we do not adopt conscription?

France in particular, glorious France. Be it far from us to say a word that could offend a French patriot in these days, but English patriots may surely ask whether French conscription is a virtue or a necessity. And with it all, what has France done to entitle her to control the manner of our co-operation? It is said, for example, by the "*Manchester Guardian*" (et tu, Brute!) that if we have a Continental policy we must needs have a Continental army to match it. That is, we suppose, a conscript army. France, otherwise, will not look at us or only with contempt. But are we not only to supply a conscript army like France, but in addition to support our Allies with a Navy; with munitions and with money, and to throw our institutions into the sack into the bargain? We might as well be slaves as partners with our Allies at this rate! But the parallel of America is even more offensive to an Englishman. It may be true, as we have been told, that Lincoln initiated compulsion in the latter stages of the Civil War—though in what a loose form only Mr. J. M. Kennedy, writing in the "*Economist*," has accurately described. But how much better off, we ask, is America for it—that land of everything but noble liberty? That Colossus stands for nothing in the world, has not a principle to its name, and is inhabited chiefly by Philistines. We would rather learn of the Greeks than of the Americans. But the fact is, though we say it, that while England has still much to learn in politics, there is no nation to teach her. Other nations are our pupils, not our masters; and we throw away our superiority when we consent to go to school to nations that should come to us. If only for the reason that France and the rest wish us to adopt conscription we should beware of it. The advice of the fox that has lost its tail is never wholly disinterested.

There are a score of considerations to give us pause that we cannot touch upon this week. But, be it said with every wish that it may be so, the issue is not determined yet, nor will it be until after a long, a bitter and a memorable struggle. The light-minded journalists and publicists who imagine that under *any* circumstances—even a threatened invasion of devils—Englishmen unanimously will consent to the conscription of men to fight, without the most costly accompaniments of the conscription of wealth, of service, of property and privilege, are under the wrong impression of our character that is natural to them. They will discover their mistake, like Germany, and perhaps have equal cause to repent it. It was not without their book that both Mr. Asquith and Mr. Bonar Law expressed only a few days ago their serious doubts whether the institution of Conscription would not divide the nation. "Better," said the "*Times*," in smart reply, "better a divided nation than a defeated nation." But how if a divided nation means also the certainty of a defeated nation? What then! For the division will not take place on the mere policy of the war or upon this or that item in its conduct; but upon a tradition of English life of which the war itself is only an incident. Infallibly, we believe, there will be gathered into the Cave of Adullam now being provided by the Conscriptionists all the elements of discontent that have hitherto found no common meeting-ground. The English traditionalists of the old school—a little the worse for criticism by Mr. de Maeztu, it must be admitted—will be there. The opponents of war in general—every Christian, that is—will be there. The opponents of this war in particular will be there. The Trade Unionists who fear industrial conscription will be there. The real shirkers and cowards—we are not afraid to avow it—will be there as well. The company we shall keep will be mixed, but it will be powerful. But neither among them any more than among the conscriptionists shall we ourselves find a permanent home; for while they would conscript nobody, and the conscriptionists would conscript only a few, we unfortunately would conscript everybody—or nobody.

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

MR. H. G. WELLS is, I believe, the first Englishman of prominence to express definitely the opinion that Germany is not going to be thoroughly crushed as a result of the present campaign. He makes this statement in the January issue of a rather vulgar-looking organ called "Cassell's Magazine of Fiction."

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Mr. Wells holds that Germany, to use his own phrase, will be beaten but not completely crushed, with the consequence that she will maintain her military attitude and habits of thought, and that, further, she will continue to be united with Austria-Hungary. Out of this state of things, so Mr. Wells believes, will arise "the hope for an ultimate confederation of the nations of the earth." Quite a good reason is adduced for this. Mr. Wells suggests that, assuming that the Central Powers are left in this condition, "attempting recuperation, cherishing revenge, dreaming of a renewal of the struggle, it becomes impossible for the British, the French, the Belgians, Russians, Italians and Japanese, to think any longer of settling their differences by war among themselves." To conclude Mr. Wells's argument, he believes that the present Entente Powers and their smaller Allies will have to set up "some permanent organ for the direction and co-ordination of their joint international relationships." It would be the duty of this body to carry out a joint fiscal, military, and naval policy; to keep peace in the Balkans and in Asia, to establish relations with China, and to come to some sort of arrangement with America as to arbitration. One of its chief concerns, Mr. Wells adds, will be to maintain the right of way through the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles, and to watch the forces that stir up conflict in the Balkans and in the Levant.

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It may be true that in these circumstances, as Mr. Wells adds, there would be only three Great Powers left in the world—the Pan-Americans, the Central Europeans, and the present anti-German Allies. Against this possibility Mr. Wells suggests that the Allied Powers may be "too various in their nature, too feeble intellectually and imaginatively to hold together and maintain any institution for co-operation." In that case Mr. Wells foreshadows a general peace imposed by Germany. From the concluding sentences of the article I gather that, although Mr. Wells is writing a series, he does not propose to modify his view on this particular point, which is merely one of several questions he proposes to consider. It may not, therefore, be too soon to comment upon what he has said.

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What occurs to me at once is that Mr. Wells, like the many people who think with him, has not quite faced, or rather has not overcome the difficulty with which, as I indicated in a recent article, our Foreign Office has been confronted. That difficulty consists of the status of the Balkans and of Turkey. Mr. Wells is certainly not alone in thinking that the Entente Powers ought to be strong enough to secure not merely the opening of the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus, but also the independence of the Balkan Peninsula, and the freeing of Turkey from the economic fetters imposed on her by the German Government. Turkey entered the war in November, 1914, and both the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus have been closed to Turkey's enemies ever since. We have seen that the great resources of the Russians have not merely been unable to prevent the junction between Germany and Turkey through the Balkans, but have also been ineffective in adequately defeating the Turkish army in the Caucasus. It is this fact which even in peace time will make the posi-

tion of the Allies in the Balkans a very difficult one, and that of the Germans and Austrians relatively simple. Experience has shown us that it is impossible to reconstruct the Balkan League of 1912 with even a remote possibility of its lasting for a short time. Economically, strategically, and consequently politically also, the Balkan States and the Central Empires gravitate towards one another. It follows that no "watch" which the Allies could maintain over the Balkans would be equivalent to the natural attraction exercised on the Balkans by the Central Empires. We can only assume that, in the event of the partial German defeat which Mr. Wells predicts, the Balkans could be watched by the Allied Powers only in the sense that they would be guarded and kept from doing mischief by much superior forces.

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It is clear that the only two Powers which could adequately maintain this "watch" are Russia and Italy. This leaves Turkey entirely out of account, as Mr. Wells has done. He does not appear, for instance, to have considered the fact that Asia Minor is a wealthy area, which must sooner or later be exploited, if only in the general interests of humanity. In the present stage to which humanity has developed, such exploitation presupposes capital and skilled workmen, both of which up to the present the Germans have been producing for Asia Minor in a greater proportion than any other people. In return they have secured innumerable concessions, of which that for the construction of the Bagdad railway is the most important. What is to become of these concessions? Clearly if they are taken away from the Germans they must be handed over to the representatives of some other country or countries, and once again we have the possibility of economic disagreement even among the Allied Powers. Mr. Wells speaks of the Allies as being perhaps too feeble in intellect and imagination to hold together and maintain any institution founded for the purpose of co-operation and action, but at our present stage both intellect and imagination are not so much calculated to produce dissension as is economic antagonism. It is fairly certain that when peace is restored, and the conditions and horrors of the war are gradually forgotten, we shall once more be faced with the economic disagreements, even among the Allies, that prevailed before the war began. Up to July, 1914, Serbia was regarded as a nuisance, and Belgian and French engineering firms as serious competitors of ourselves.

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I do not think that Mr. Wells can have any economic plans to propose which are likely to overcome these difficulties, and until he can do so his theories on politics, military affairs, and diplomacy, must be set aside as ineffective when confronted with a severe economic test. In short, we cannot will the ends without willing the means also. If the Allies could set aside all their differences and undertake the perpetual guard on the Central Empires and the Balkans which Mr. Wells foreshadows, the Council or Congress for which he asks would certainly demand the fulfilment of at least one specific condition, namely, that this country should establish conscription on the Continental model, and that England should be ready, at short notice, to ship to the Continent an army, not of sixty or seventy thousand men, as Sir John French had under his command at first, but of eight or nine hundred thousand men, with a couple of million in reserve—really trained men, too, not raw recruits of a few months' experience. This condition would, in the circumstances, be reasonable enough; for, as even Mr. Wells himself acknowledges, the Central Empires would strive ceaselessly to secure the mastery again. We can hardly ask Continental Powers to enter into alliances with us if we do not agree to some such commitment; but I think that neither manufacturers nor workmen here would agree to any such commitment. I fear Mr. Wells will have to try again.

War Notes.

In answer to a request for an explanation of the delay in the publication of the Dardanelles report, Mr. Tennant said that as Sir Ian Hamilton was a writer of distinction, he was probably taking some time to polish up his phrases.

Mr. Tennant explained that the name of the general responsible for the failure of the Suvla Bay landing could not be given, as the publication of the name would be too punitive. In answer to a further question, as to whether this general still retained any command, Mr. Tennant said that a general could only be removed from the Army as the result of a court martial, and that, of course, could only follow on some *really disgraceful act*.

If we take all the circumstances into consideration, it would be no exaggeration, I think, to look upon the incident recorded above as one of the most disgraceful of the whole war. The bad taste of the first reply is a small matter; what is important is the revelation of an attitude which is only too clearly that of our rulers generally. From that point of view nothing could be more depressing.

The news that, after all, we are to have compulsion, comes not very long after this incident. The two things may profitably be discussed together; for they are not merely events closely related in time, but there is a real connection between them. In the forms distributed by the canvassers under the Derby scheme, men if not willing to enlist were invited to state their reasons. In a town in the North with which I am acquainted, among many foolish answers, there was this very sensible one. "When I see some signs that a real attempt is being made to end the disgraceful mismanagement of the war, both on the part of civilians and of the generals, I shall be prepared to enlist. At present I have no inclination to join such a rotten concern." I want in these Notes to offer some justification of this.

* * *

None of the men, who will now be compelled to serve, have ever been brought up to contemplate the possibility of this compulsion. It is, undoubtedly, tragic, that such men should in the middle of their lives be suddenly by force taken from their occupations, perhaps to their deaths. It is certainly very painful to think of. But there are certain conditions in which the whole business becomes to some extent less painful, and men's minds more easy about it. The psychology involved is worth examining; it depends, I think, on the notion of *inevitability*. Everyone on active service is bound at one time or other to get extremely depressed. I used to think that in such moments the state of mind of the volunteer would be better than that of the conscript; he would not have to bear the additional depression of knowing that he had been forced, unjustly, in this situation. But this, I now see, is bad psychology. Probably nine-tenths of the depression a man feels not only in this particular instance, but in ordinary life also, is due to the thought that it might not have been, that had he pursued a different course it would not have happened. If an unpleasant situation is seen to be *inevitable* it still remains unpleasant, but the element which exasperated it into a *worrying* depression has been removed. It might be argued, then, that in some ways the state of mind of the conscript may be better than that of the volunteer. It is for reasons of this kind that the *embusqué* is hunted out. It is not because the numbers then obtained are important, but because of the effect on those already serving. The *inevitability* is made more absolute. It is then a kind of mental hygiene.

Take, now, a more specific instance of the same phenomena. Consider what happened in any one of the numerous, small, and often unrecorded, minor attacks we made early last year. Everyone knows beforehand that the attack is to be made. The men stumble up in the night to the shallow special trenches which are dug in preparation for an attack. They lie cramped up there till dawn, when the attack is to take place. At dawn, however, it is perhaps misty, the

artillery cannot "prepare" the attack, and it is postponed till the afternoon. When it finally comes off, the men amble up hill three-quarters of the distance to the German trenches, by which time most of them are shot down. Probably most of the officers will have been killed. Consider the state of mind of the officers before they get over the parapet to lead the attack. The prospect is not a cheerful one. But if you postulate that the attack has been ordered by an infinitely wise commander for a definite, clearly seen purpose, then a man might go cheerfully to such an attack even knowing that it would bowl him out. For the business would then have seemed necessary and *inevitable*. The greatest cause of depression would then be absent. If, however, he imagines that some of the bungling asses who direct our operations had merely ordered this attack because they felt *something* must be done, and this was the only idea that occurred to them—looking at the map of the line of trenches, they said, "There's a *kink* here. Let us order it to be straightened out"—then his depression is likely to be very much greater.

I give this as a parallel for what is on a much bigger scale the position of the man who is to be "fetched" at this moment. He can make this perfectly legitimate objection. This war so far, he might say, has been carried on by incompetent Ministers and incompetent generals. Moreover, enormous illegitimate profits have been made by certain capitalists, whose names are well known to the Government. *But in spite of this, since the beginning of this war, no member of the ruling classes has been punished.* No names are given; that "would be too punitive"; and in spite of terrific blunders, the same people still direct affairs. Well and good, if you prefer to be governed in this way, let it continue. But you have no right to use my life as further material to feed your incompetence. In the case of the free citizen who is compelled to serve, there should be an *implied contract*. He has not the right to expect that everything will go well. But when he surrenders his liberty, he has the right to expect that what he then suffers, if it is the result of incompetence and stupidity, will always be followed by the drastic punishment of those responsible. It is not a matter of punishment according to ordinary standards, but there ought to be a much greater severity to balance the sacrifice of his liberty made by the citizen. Above all things, it is necessary that he shall feel that this implied *contract* has been loyally carried out. It is necessary that he shall have this feeling of *inevitability* about the sacrifice he is called upon to make. Otherwise, he might object. "I am forced against my will into a position in which I may lose my life, yet the name of the man responsible for the failure at Suvla Bay cannot be given, for it might hurt his feelings. But if *things are so serious that I must be forced to fight, then they are also so serious that incompetence should be punished by disgrace.*"

* * *

The incompetence, and the fact that no one has been punished, are patent to everyone. Take the subject of the first quotation at the head of these Notes. It is well known that the general in command at the Dardanelles made repeated demands for reinforcements which were never sent till months after they were asked for, and then always in inadequate numbers. The people, whoever they were, who were responsible for this, ought to have been removed from office. Instead of that, we get the report delayed, and the delay excused by insolent remarks like the one quoted. Much worse than this is, of course, the Servian business. The consequences of this criminal stupidity are by no means finished with. Yet no one has to leave on account of it. In France, whose interest in the question is infinitely less than ours, it has led to the fall of Delcassé. The reason for our policy, then, whether it was the result of a too great reliance on Russia or not, does not matter; the *implied contract* should lead to the disgrace of the Minister responsible. Yet, greatest farce of all, even his opponents "chivalrously" defend Grey when he is attacked. And, now, apparently, the same tragic policy

of indecision is being repeated over the East African expedition. It is the same with our generals. The commander at Suvla Bay still remains in the army, for "he will only be dismissed after he has done something *really disgraceful*." But what will be more disgraceful in time of war than failure? It does not matter in the least that a general pockets the silver spoons from the mess table; if we had a really successful general, we could well afford to let him swindle us out of half a million in stores; he would be cheap at the price.

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The loyal carrying out of the *implied contract* with the citizen soldier demands a ruthless and drastic punishment for all these failures. But this objection will be made. If every failure is followed by removal, we should soon have neither generals nor Ministers.

We need not trouble to ask anxiously in the case of Ministers: "But who shall we put in their place?" We have got past the stage of thinking that no one could replace the politicians. The objection has greater plausibility in the case of the generals. It does seem here as if this were a very technical profession, in which only a few people, after long training, had qualified. But this is fallacious. Talent in military leadership is a peculiarly hidden quality; there are probably few outward signs by which it can be detected in time of peace, and it might be possessed by a head waiter.

The only way to discover it is by a continual process of trial and error. Such a method is *hard* on generals of long service. But things are not to be judged in this way, "what is *fair* to a general or not." Increased severity is called for in the *first* place by the military situation, by the necessity of winning. But much more is it called for by the necessity of keeping loyally the *implied contract* with the citizen soldier.

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The motives behind this refusal to punish are diverse. While some of them are interested motives, the most powerful of all, one, I think, shared by almost everyone in this country, is the feeling of toleration, the sentiment of good taste, which prevents us telling the truth in public about public characters. This hypocrisy is really a kind of moral blight over the country, and the German writers who describe it are certainly right in this one point. It is no use our calling it toleration, and thinking that it is a special virtue of this country. It is not a virtue, nor has it always been characteristic. It is merely a secondary by-product of Victorian security. In the times before this period of security we were as drastic in punishment, and as coarse in polemic, as any nation in Europe. The French were surprised by the way we hung admirals, and even Casanova was shocked by the license of our Press. We may as well rid at once of the idea that toleration and good taste are peculiarly English characteristics. Our security has gone, and these will soon disappear with it.

At present, however, we are in an unfortunate position, as we combine the disadvantage of actual insecurity with a complacent ignorance of the fact, and a method of thinking appropriate only to security.

I intend to deal at greater length later with this extraordinary inability to realise how entirely our security has disappeared. It is to be seen not only more positively in our conduct of the war, but also indirectly to writings of the pacifists. Behind most of the categories in terms of which they think lies the assumed *postulate* of security. In proposing terms of peace, they always behave like the sons of rich people, entirely ignorant of how money is made, and who propose to *give away* money which they have not even got to spend.

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I shall begin to admit that this fatuous sense of security has at last disappeared, when, one morning, I see Lord Haldane swinging from a lamp-post—whether justly or unjustly is immaterial. I shall then begin to think two things: (1) that we are at last developing the kind of spirit which will make the army efficient and win the war, and (2) that we have at last earned the right to *compel* men to sacrifice their lives.

NORTH STAFFS.

The Last Chance.

In my last two articles I tried to adumbrate the situation created by the folly of our rulers in the Muslim East with the advantages for Germany, the menace for ourselves, which it contains. My tone was despairing, as is that of every man at the present juncture who is bound, however slightly, to Islam by sympathy. And yet there ought to be no reason to despair, since all that has been done amiss could easily be undone, if the British Government were really independent, as one hopes it may be. All that is required is a return to our traditional policy, which was immensely popular with Mohammedans. The majority of these have only just begun to realise that we have changed that policy for the traditional policy of Russia, allowing Germany to play our former rôle of high protector of the rights of Muslim nations; and the result of their awaking is to be *Jehâd* or Holy War against the British Empire—the very thing for which the Germans have for years been working, and which our greater statesmen of the past desired to make impossible. From news which reaches me from various sources, I gather that it is not yet too late to save the situation, though it soon will be too late. The majority of Muslims still retain some sentimental feeling for the British as their old protectors, some hesitation with regard to Germany, an untried, upstart Power. If it could be publicly announced that we have no intention of destroying Turkey, and that the Caliphate shall not in any case be interfered with, as a result of this war, I believe that we should recover by that mere announcement all our Eastern influence. The present defection of Islam is due to our design, too plainly advertised, that the Mohammedan Power which is at war with us shall be worse treated than our Christian enemies, simply because it is Mohammedan, and so outside the European family party. There is only one remedy for the indignation which has thus been roused. I see in the newspapers that Monsieur Maurice Barrès, after travelling in the East, has returned to France with the opinion that the Sherif of Mecca is the true "overlord of Islâm," the Sultan of Turkey a false overlord whose claim is based on violent usurpation. He suggests that the best means to conjure the peril of a Holy War would be to suborn a number of French and British Muslims, and send them as a deputation to the said Sherif, begging him to assume the Caliphate without delay, and play the game of the Allies. It hardly seems worth while for a Frenchman to travel to the East to bring back something made in Paris; yet that is precisely what M. Barrès has done.

Every Muslim knows that the authenticity of the Muslim Caliphate does not depend on any question of heredity, that the Prophet on his deathbed was at pains to state that he left the choice of his successor to his followers. And every educated Muslim knows that the Turkish claim is not based upon violence or usurpation; that the Sultan Selîm I did, indeed, conquer Egypt by violence; but that the Caliph, who had been living as a purely religious personage under the aegis of the Sultans of Egypt, of his own free will abdicated in favour of the Ottoman conqueror, and invested him as Caliph with his own hands, considering that the highest rank in El Islam ought to be vested in the greatest Muslim ruler; and that the formalities of free election and of homage were fulfilled on that occasion by the faithful without the least suspicion of compulsion. Nothing could be better calculated to affront Mohammedans than the attempt to impose on them by violence an altogether false idea of their own faith and customs; and for that reason, if for no other, I adjure the British Government to reject all French schemes for the reconstruction of Islâm. The reason why we have been more beloved by Muslims than the French, is that we accepted the Mohammedan's own view of his religion and polity—in fact, encouraged him to be a decent Muslim. The French have done the very opposite;

they have first crushed and then corrupted the Mohammedans beneath their rule, with the result that France is hated in the East almost as much as Russia, though for other reasons. Besides, this whole idea of interference with the Caliphate is part and parcel of the new—what one may call “allied”—British policy, responsible for the situation we so much deplore.

By attacking the whole political and social structure of the East, by wantonly affronting Muslim sentiment, that policy has jeopardised the British Empire in a degree beyond the wildest hopes of our most bitter foes. Based on the idea of violence, in curious contrast with our former worship of legality, it can be justified by force alone. Its success would be a very great calamity for some three hundred million human beings; and, in any case, would be a triumph, not for England, or for what we are accustomed to regard as English ideals, but for French ideas and Russian policy. Why should it not be changed? Who takes a pride in it? Can it be said to be established, or even recognised, among the idols of the race? It may have been cherished secretly by a particularly ill-informed, fanatical and foolish section of our politicians for—say, ten years at the most; but it has been the declared policy of England for no more than twelve months; though already it has proved sufficiently disastrous. It has not yet had time to overlay remembrance of the old, enlightened, honest British policy, which made the East—Muslim and Christian—aye, and heathen, too—pro-British almost to a man. There could be no shame in our discarding it, since so much shame has come to us from its adoption. The need to change it must be evident to all our rulers. What is it that prevents them from renouncing the mad scheme?

“England no longer stands alone. We cannot alter policy in wartime. We are bound to our Allies”: that is the usual answer. England no longer stands alone: that is a fact which it took the Young Turks six years of persecution and of disillusionment to realise in all its dire significance; that is a fact which British Muslims are only now beginning to perceive. The name of England has for centuries been associated with certain very definite ideas of justice, progress, and straightforward dealing in the minds of Orientals—ideas the very opposite of all that Russia stands for in the East. Now England has succumbed to Russia as regards her Eastern policy, and accepts the Russian view in its entirety, or so it seems. The sentiment of Orientals is not worth considering. Let it be outraged, trampled under foot. The birth of an enlightened public spirit in Islam—the most amazing product of the agitations of the last few years—is altogether disregarded by our reckless Government. That England could no longer stand alone was the excuse. A Power in so precarious a situation that it can only support itself by dependence on another, by giving up its own ideals and adopting an ideal dictated by its old opponent, is no longer an Imperial Power, no longer to be coveted as a protector. Yet that was the official view of England’s state before the war—the view inculcated in Eastern peoples. Would anybody dare to plead it now? England, we see, could stand alone as well as ever if her rulers had not bound her fast to others’ chariot-wheels. Had she stood alone, she would have had the world behind her, for the love of her old fame for liberty and justice. In 1896, at the time of the Czar’s famous visit to Paris to cement the Entente, I remember seeing in the Rue de Rivoli a banner bearing this inscription: “Liberté, égalité, fraternité—el le Tzar!” The intrusion of Russia as a controlling influence on British Oriental policy is as incongruous. Orientals can find no common denominator for Russia, England, France and Italy, which, our rulers say, have now to be regarded as one Power. They trusted England; they never trusted Russia, France or Italy. They would have preferred England alone to Germany alone; they prefer Germany to Russo-Franco-Britain, simply because her aims are more intelligible, and, as

far as the East is concerned, more sensible. They represent, in fact, Disraeli’s Eastern policy which Germany stole from us while our rulers slept.

“But we cannot change our policy in wartime”? Why not, forsooth, when the existing policy has proved itself the most disastrous that could be imagined? Behind all these excuses, one suspects the unmentionable, shameful truth, that definite engagements had been entered into, long before the war, with a view to the partition of the Ottoman Empire; that, considering the Turkish Empire thus foredoomed, our rulers set to work to reconstruct the Muslim East according to their partial and imperfect lights—Egypt was to be the Sultanate; the Caliphate should be established there or elsewhere. And that, directly Turkey had been forced into the present war, our rulers tried to execute their plans, not waiting, as mere sober wisdom would have counselled, to make sure that their intentions with regard to Turkey were going to be sanctioned by a higher Power. If this supposition is correct, and our rulers have indeed made England helpless in the bond with Russia, then we have every reason to despair. Then all the hope for England in the East resides in one of two contingencies: either a complete and revolutionary change of Government and policy, which seems outside the bounds of probability; or the conclusion of a separate peace with Germany by Russia, absolving us from any obligations which our secret lords may have contracted towards our great Ally. If England really cannot any longer stand alone, cannot uphold at least some remnant of her great political traditions, but must flourish those of her allies, then her victory in that alliance will be infinitely worse for her prestige in Eastern lands than would defeat by Germany have been, supposing her to stand alone. If only she could prove her independence and at once. A few weeks more, and it will be too late.

MARMADUKE PICKTHALL.

On Right and Might.

By Ramiro de Maeztu.

II.

We call the militarist theory that which says that might is in itself right, and, therefore, subsumes the concept of right in that of might. This theory is upheld in Germany, first, by the most popular of its ideologies, the “Monist,” and, secondly, by the most scholarly of its schools of Law, that represented by Prof. Jellinek, of the University of Heidelberg. I leave aside the influence which may have been exercised on the formation of the German mentality by independent writers such as Nietzsche and Schopenhauer, or by semi-independent publicists like Bernhardi. Neither Ostwald, the Pontifex Maximus of German Monism, nor Jellinek, has ever said that might is in itself right: how, then, can this assertion be attributed to them? Simply by the weight of logic. Our thesis will be sufficiently proved if we can show that from certain principles maintained by these men the inclusion of the concept of right in that of might is practically derived.

The most popular ideology of the New Germany is to be found in the Monist Sermons (Monisten Predigten) of Prof. Ostwald. The secret of his success lies in his clearness. Ostwald confines himself to telling his readers that the times of religion have passed away, that men must now be guided by science, that there is nothing but energy in the universe, that every concept which does not refer to energy lacks content, and that human morality must be energetic, too. The great thought of Prof. Ostwald consists in substituting for the Categorical Imperative of Kant his own Energetical Imperative, which says: “Do not waste energy, but give it a value.”

These ideas are so simple of understanding that they are known in Germany as: “Die Weltanschauung der Halbgäbilden,” or, as one might say in English, the

religion of the half-baked, if the concept of religion included also that of those people who believed in a God unconnected with goodness, like the Energy of Prof. Ostwald. The historical reasons are well known which have turned the German mind into a favourable field for the propagation of this "ethics" of the Energetical Imperative: first, the religious wars of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries in Germany were so bloody that they sowed in every mind the seeds of invincible repugnance towards all kinds of religious speculation; secondly, the fact that in the eighteenth century, when the New Germany was beginning to be formed, there was a prevalence of rationalistic materialism; thirdly, the difficulty or impossibility which the masses of the people found in understanding the philosophic terminology in which the idealistic reaction of Kant and Hegel against the materialism of the eighteenth century was expressed; and, fourthly, the need felt by the people of filling the vacuum felt in their souls by the economic interpretation of history. Marx and his followers gave to the Germans a theory of life. What they did not give them was an ethics. But ethics is necessary for action. We cannot take a single step forward without being guided by some criterion of right and wrong. Thus, in the absence of any other, the ethics of the Energetical Imperative was spread. Those who cannot understand how it was possible for such an extraordinary morality as that revealed by the present war to spring up in the centre of Europe should take the trouble of meditating for a few hours on the significance of the "Monist Sermons," which, two years ago, were being read in the barbers' shops and in the public-houses of Prussian towns.

For the postulate: "All is energy" amounts to the assertion that there is no right but might. It is true that Ostwald, side by side with the "bellum omnium contra omnes," which characterises men in their natural state, recognises also the existence of a natural law of sympathy and a feeling of solidarity. Ostwald says, in fact, that sympathy is a natural law, that is to say, something which must inevitably be realised. "The will of the Law cannot be other than one's own will," he says, in words that recall those of Kant. But this assertion is purely theoretical, in the sense that it applies only to the nature of our will, and does not provide us with a standard of conduct. That this assertion is false is proved by the present war: there would have been no war if human solidarity were a natural and inevitable law. But what Ostwald's Imperative commands is not that we shall serve human solidarity, but: "Do not waste energy; give it a value."

If we had to analyse this Imperative we should say one of two things: either energy cannot be wasted, by virtue of the natural law of the conservation of energy; or, if it can be wasted and valued, one must admit the existence of evaluating ideas—the old ideas of right and wrong! which cannot be reduced to energy, because they are qualities and not quantities. Either the Energetic Imperative is lacking in moral meaning and is a purely utilitarian piece of advice, equivalent to saying: "Don't spend your nights without sleeping"; or, if it has a moral meaning, it simply tells us: "Don't use your energy for evil but for good"—with which formulation I am in agreement, but which pre-supposes the existence of the ideas of right and wrong, absolutely distinct from that of energy. In this case it would recognise that the element of morality works in the world as well as the element of energy. But then the Monism of Prof. Ostwald would no longer be a Monism but a dualism.

Let us now imagine the type of man who accepts without criticism the Energetical Imperative. What will he do if his only criterion is energy? Either he will devote himself exclusively to increasing his own power—in which case he will become the perfect egoist—or he will passively surrender his own energy to a

greater mass of energy, as a river surrenders its waters to the sea—in which case, of his own free will, he will accept his position as one more workman of Krupp's, or as one more soldier in the Kaiser's armies, as if it were his natural fate.

But Ostwald's ideas cannot be considered as representative of the German mentality precisely because of their popular character. It is not so with Prof. Jellinek, of Heidelberg. Georg Jellinek, until his death in 1911, was the highest authority in German juridical thought. His theory of the State is still the "official" theory. It is the organic theory which conceives the public power as the right of the State, and affirms the moral personality of the State. The reader need not be frightened by these words. German professors do not share my opinion that these questions of politics, law, and ethics are not technical questions, although they may be difficult, and ought not to be treated with a special terminology. German professors believe them to be technical questions, and they treat them with a vocabulary through which we have to find our way if we seek to refute the juridical theory which they would like to impose on humanity—unfortunately not only with books.

I choose Jellinek because he is not at first sight a theorist of might. His conception of Law is that of the "ethical minimum which society needs at every moment of its life to go on living." From this conception of Law as the ethical minimum arises that of the State which realises it. "The existence of Law depends on the existence of an organisation which realises it." Up to this point there is no objection to be made; for State and organisation—dangerous words—may be understood in the sense of government and administration—exact words. What is important for us is that Jellinek clearly distinguishes between the nature and the ends of the State. The nature of the State is might; its end is morality. When this distinction is made, it would seem as if we were far removed from every theory which tries to consolidate might by urging the human mind to render obedience to it.

The nature of the State is defined by Jellinek thus: "The State is the unity of association, originally endowed with power of domination, and formed by men settled in a territory." In simpler language: the State is might. But in defining the ends of the State Jellinek says: "The State is the association of a nation, possessing a sovereign juridical personality which, in a systematic and centralising way, availing itself of external means, promotes the individual, national, and human solidary interests in the direction of a progressive and common evolution." This means that the Government ought to be good, that might ought to serve right.

To distinguish between might and right is already to profess an ideal. That is why Jellinek stands out in Germany among the idealistic jurists. Some young men look in his books for principles which will enable them to put new life into Liberalism. But Jellinek is also the first of the upholders of the organic theory of the State, and this is the German theory—"the German idea." But the organic theory may adopt a crude form, as when Gierke says that "The State is a human-social organism with a life distinct from that of its different members." This theory is not accepted by Jellinek, because the State lacks the fundamental character of all living beings: renewal by the change of generations. Many modern States owe their existence to the sword; and this is certainly not an organic means of procreation. Nor does Jellinek believe in the mystical character given by Hegel to his organic conception of the State when he defines it as: "A self-conscious moral substance, the rational and divine will which has organised for itself a personality." This belief in an ultra-material substance is rejected by Jellinek as metaphysical. To Jellinek the State: "Is the internal unity of a nation guided by one will."

But if the unity of the State is of an associative

character, it is no longer of an organic character; and it can no longer be said that Jellinek upholds the organic theory of the State. And yet he does uphold it. He upholds it when he says :

"Every association needs a will which unifies it, and which cannot be other than that of the human individual. An individual whose will has the character of the will of an association ought to be considered, so long as this relation with the association subsists, as the instrument of its will, that is to say, as the organ of the association."

From this principle is derived the whole of Jellinek's organic theory. The organs of the State are divided into immediate and mediate. The immediate organ is what, in England, is called the Sovereign; it may be a single individual, like the Kaiser, or a corporation, like the British Parliament. The mediate organs are formed by the different branches of the bureaucracy. The immediate organ is completely independent; that is to say, it is not subject to the will of any other. The plurality of the immediate organs "is always menacing to the unity of the State and cannot last for long." "The State needs a unique will." "Every State needs a supreme organ." "The organ, as such, has no personality in face of that of the State." "There are not two personalities, that of the State and that of the organ; but State and organ are rather a unity." While in the representative theory, "representatives and represented are always two, the association and the organ remain at every moment the same person." "The organs never become persons: chiefs of State, Chambers, authorities, have never a juridical personality; the sole and exclusive personality belongs to the State." "The organ has no rights, and only juridical competence." Thus "disappears the doctrine of the right of the monarch to the power of the State." "This power belongs to the State, and the monarch, as such, is the supreme organ of the State." "On the other hand, the individual may have the right to occupy the place of an organ." "If the organs of the State were eliminated, there would only remain, juridically speaking, nothingness."

Such is "the German idea." Every State requires a unique will. A unique will requires a supreme organ. If this supreme organ and this unique will be suppressed, juridically only nothingness remains. This is the "official" doctrine of Germany. In Russia there is the fact of the absolutism of the Tsar. But the intellectual classes protect. It is in Germany that political science and the universities proclaim the supreme organ and the unique will.

This theory is based on the assertion that: "Every association needs a will which unifies it, and which cannot be other than that of the human individual." In these two lines is condensed the whole system of German obedience and docility. But the assertion which they express is false. It is not true to say that every association needs a will which unifies it. The characteristic feature of every association is the plurality of wills. There are as many wills as individuals in the association. If it were true that without a unifying will there could be no associations, we should have to deny the existence of associations, for that of the plurality of wills cannot be denied.

Nevertheless, every association presupposes unity. Where lies the source of the unity of associations? We have seen that it is not in the will, for the very simple reason that wills cannot become united in one without disappearing. But it is not necessary for wills to be united in one in order that they may associate themselves. That in which wills associate themselves is a common object. This common object may be to play football or the desire of self-government. But it is the common thing and not the unique will which is the basis of associations.

By basing the association on a unique will, Jellinek has to found his State upon an "originary power of domination." That is basing right on might. It is not enough to say subsequently that this might ought

to be employed in the service of right. That is entrusted to the conscience of the individual who is acting as the "supreme organ" of the association, or to the mediate organs. The members of the association have no other function than that of acknowledging the necessity of the "unique will" and the "supreme organ," and obeying them.

But this theory is false. The true essence of associations does not lie in the unique will, but in the common thing. Things unite men. And that is why, in face of domineering wills, Democracy is still possible.

Mr. Balfour at a Cinema;

Or, A Poor Substitute for Charlie Chaplin.

Reported with aversion by Charles Brookfarmer.

(SCENE : Empire Theatre. Dec. 29. Matinée of various cinema films patronised by the Government. After one and a half hours' not particularly instructive or amusing films of small portions of the New Armies in training, a selection of rag-time is played, the curtain rises and Mr. Balfour strolls upon the stage.)

Mr. B. (with too much contempt for the occasion to worry about what he is saying) : Ladies and gentlemen, if I appear in this to me rather unaccustomed theatre ("Ha, ha") of operations it be—is—cause—(short pause)—is because the spectacle you have just seen and much more that you are about to see is much more than an am—aft—use—ter—much more than an afternoon's amusement for idle folk. The wonderful pho—the wonderful films you have seen are not only marvellous examples of the photographer's art, but they are big with import for us and for the world of the rest—for the rest of the world. It is unfortable—unfort—unfortunately impossible even for the most modern forms of photographic art to show us the great battles that have already taken place. (Sententiously) What would we not give, for example, for reproductions of the marvellous exploits of our army in Flanders and of the wonderful deeds of the Australians at Anzac?

But the wonderful films you are just about—I—we are just about to see will give us some notion of the wonderful work of our great fleet. The great medium of communication now between the fa—a—ar portions of this unexampled war are maintained by the wonderful British Navy. I doubt whether in our ordinary moments we conceive the magnitude of the task that has been thrown on the British Navy. You could not have driven German commerce from the seas, you could not now be strangling her economic powers, you could not transfer your troops for military operations thousands of miles away entirely sec—sec—sec—(Wakes up)—secure from any species of attack of—(slight pause)—of any vessel, except the submarine.

Our economic stability, not less than our military operations, depend on the British Fleet, a portion of which you are about—you will—you—you—are—you are privileged to be about to see in a few moments, and mark it well! For the British Fleet is performing a great part in the drama now being played out, not for Britain alone, not for al—her—her allies alone, but for the freedom of the world. ("Hear, hear.")

Ladies and gentlemen, our imuns—iminations—imaginings at this moment are sluggish, but these wonderful pictures, which I have done my individual best to further, will do much in this country and in other countries to show what the Grand Fleet is doing. The world has yet to know and it does not yet know—"Hear, hear")—how much it owes to the British Fleet.

This is the lesson I want to inculcate this afternoon, and if I have done so in the abstract truths I have tried to lay before you this afternoon. I shall feel that this entertainment is more than an entertainment, it is a deep and vital lesson for all who are interested in the future of mankind.

(Strolls off. Loud applause. Exit STUD. pondering on abstract truths and eats four for tea.)

The Imperviousness of Literature to War.

By Ernest A. Boyd.

THERE has been much speculation during the past year as to the effect of the European War upon literature. In the main, inquiry has taken two forms. It has either been directed towards ascertaining the reactions of the reading public during war-time, or it has dwelt upon the losses sustained by letters through the death of young writers while on active service. Almost all the belligerent nations have had to record promising young talents cut off prematurely from the realisation of their highest development. Naturally there is, in every such case, a tendency to allow patriotic affection to colour one's estimate of the actual or potential loss. The charitableness of the traditional obituary is increased when recollections of devotion to duty, or of military prowess, come to modify the already less critical attitude with which a recently deceased contemporary is viewed. Such instances as that of Charles Péguy, one of the most original personalities in modern French literature, suggest that too much importance must not be attached to these expressions of regret. During his life Péguy was heartily detested and abused by the majority of French critics, his work could find publication only in "Les Cahiers de la Quinzaine," an eclectic review, edited by himself. Curiously enough, the most noteworthy of the other young French writers killed at the front also published their work in Péguy's "Cahiers." Nevertheless, the loss of these comparatively neglected and despised authors is now declared irreparable! Péguy, in particular, has been the recipient of much posthumous honour—even to the extent of the re-edition of his works, although it is doubtful if posterity will find much intellectual or artistic substance in his ponderous and verbose neo-Catholicism. His enormous poems of from six thousand to eight thousand lines will probably be more easily forgotten than his great services as an editor. In that capacity he will be remembered because of his publication of almost all that Romain Rolland has written.

Leaving aside the purely commercial interaction of war upon literature, we may attempt to consider the question from a general point of view. Reference to the case of Charles Péguy has been made in order to illustrate the tendency to exaggerate the merits of the man of letters turned warrior. Nobody, of course, can positively deny or assert the potential losses literature has incurred. There are doubtless many brains shattered or weakened which would have enriched the intellectual treasure of European literature. But we can, with a certain security, estimate the extent to which we are losers by the death of writers who had already built up a considerable achievement. It will probably be admitted, in due season, that we have not, in those cases, been deprived of anything of the first importance. If we turn, then, to the general question of the literary aftermath of the present war we shall find that a somewhat similar situation presents itself.

Just as exaggeration is the tendency noticeable in all judgments of writers killed in action, so there is over-emphasis in most conjectures as to the literature which will follow the cessation of hostilities. Here, again, the same allowance must be made for potentialities as in judging the possible achievement of those who have been cut off in their youth. It is neither more nor less justifiable to assume that every young poet who has left us but his first volume would have become famous, than to assume that every valuable talent which would have created the literature of the next generation has been lost on the field of battle. In both cases the supposition is the same, namely, that the war has made an indelible mark upon the literature of the future. Inasmuch as this is nothing more than an affirmation based upon conjecture, it cannot be directly disproved. Enthusiasts

have hinted that Rupert Brooke would have ranked with the greatest poets of England had his life been spared. At best, no reasons for, and many against, the probability may be deduced from such of his work as we possess. Expressions of conviction, formed under the stress of patriotic emotion, cannot be accepted as very accurate forecasts of what literature has in store for us. It is probable that sterile years will follow peace, especially in those countries whose physical resources have been heavily taxed. But that is merely a negative statement of the effect of the war upon literature.

In order to arrive at some more affirmative conclusion, we must adopt the same method of deduction which enables us, in considering individual writers, to estimate what the abrupt termination of the work will mean for posterity. Conclusions as to the influence of the present war upon literature can be reasonably formulated only by reference to what has hitherto proved to be the response of letters to such crises in history. In other words, existing facts and experience are the only basis upon which to rest speculations as to the future. Within the space of a lifetime there have been a sufficient number of wars to furnish the necessary data. The danger of having to go too far away from modern conditions for analogies is, therefore, avoided. It may be objected that the Russo-Japanese or the Anglo-Boer wars were fought at such a distance from Russia and England that their repercussion was as remote as if the conflicts had occurred in the seventeenth or eighteenth centuries, when the main stream of civil life was hardly disturbed by the outbreak of war. To parallel the present circumstances a case must be found where invasion and devastation were at the very heart of the belligerents' social and intellectual life. The Franco-Prussian War of 1870 answers perhaps even more exactly to that description than does the war of 1914, so far as France is concerned. Yet, what influence did that cataclysm have upon French literature? The young men who should have reflected all that the Franco-Prussian war had meant for France failed remarkably to live up to the theory of war's ineluctable imprint upon literature. They were Daudet, Maupassant, A. France, Bourget, Loti and Zola, among the novelists; Richepin, Coppée, de Heredia, Verlaine, Mallarmé, among the poets. Maupassant, it is true, found in the war the incident of one of his most remarkable stories, Zola's "Débâcle" is an extraordinary prose epic of the great disaster. But it is noteworthy that the book appeared as a mere episode, towards the end of the Rougon-Macquart series, in a history of the Second Empire. It is evident that his interest was in the social conditions of France prior to the war, not in the events or result of the war itself. The generation which achieved fame after 1870 might have lived in the antipodes for all the interest shown by their work in that great war. The novelists were, for the most part, impersonal, dispassionate realists, whose principal concern was to carry on the tradition of Flaubert, who wrote during and after the war in the same imperturbable manner as before it. The turning of a phrase remained his constant preoccupation. His young disciples failed no less signally to emulate him in this than they failed to take any cognisance of the national and international upheaval which preceded the establishment of the Third Republic. Neither Bismarck nor Louise Michel left any greater impression upon the realistic novel than the humblest of Maupassant's Norman peasants. The war and the Commune supplied the purveyors of popular fiction with considerable material, the great novelists found only matter for an occasional short story. With the exception of "Boule de Suif" and "La Débâcle," there is nothing of importance in the French literature of the period to indicate the recent visitation of war.

Outside the Naturalistic school the echo of Sedan is even fainter. In 1873 Anatole France made his débüt with "Boèmes Dorés," and as early as 1876 "Les Noces Corinthiennes" revealed the talent of the future

author of "Sur la Pierre Blanche," and "Le Jardin d'Epicure." During his early years France was a respectable young Parnassian, writing correct and somewhat frigid verse, deeply absorbed in literature, and apparently oblivious of the loss of Alsace-Lorraine. When he attracted the favourable attention of the Academy it was not by means of any poignant reflection of the Franco-Prussian tragedy, but by that simple idyll "Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard." Paul Bourget, too, had not yet put on the motley garment of nationalist-clerical royalism—but was writing those admirable studies of contemporary psychology, both in the novel and essay form, which are still the best part of his work. Pierre Loti revealed himself at once as the prose poet of the Orient and of the seafaring life, and can no more be regarded as moulded by the influences of the war than can either of the writers just mentioned. Contrary to the popular belief that contact with an enemy results in an exchange of ideas, there is little trace of the action of German thought upon France in the years following 1870. The foreign influences which coloured French literature during the 'eighties were Russian, Scandinavian, and English. Neither Hauptmann nor Nietzsche was translated before 1893, so that the clash with Prussia would seem to have made no impression, moral or intellectual, upon those Frenchmen who were writing immediately after the event.

The poets proved as unsusceptible as the prose-writers. Verlaine suggested the age of Villon rather than the period following a national tragedy. In 1875 Mallarmé found no more urgent impulse to literature than the translations of Edgar Allan Poe, which was succeeded the next year by "L'Après midi d'un Faune," clearly indicating how remote were the poet's preoccupations from any thought of international affairs. Moreover, he was to forecast the direction in which the younger generation found its expression, for he was at once hailed as the father of their movement by the Symbolists. The latter were not only unmoved by the war, which occurred when most of them were still very young, but they took pains at the outset to announce their contempt for the political situation thereby created. In the chief Symbolist review, the "Mercure de France," an early article, which cost Remy de Gourmont his position in the "Bibliothèque Nationale," voiced the general attitude of his contemporaries towards the Franco-German problem. De Gourmont explained, with elaborate precision, why he would not give his little finger to recover the lost provinces, because the said finger was more usefully employed in knocking the ash off the author's cigarette! The Symbolists guided the stream of French literature during the late 'eighties and right through the eighteen-nineties, without a single care for anything but the beauty of words and rhythms. They have dominated the literary scene since the collapse of the Naturalist school, they have given France some of her most delicate poets and thinkers, but they have remained absolutely free from any suggestion of the humiliation of Sedan.

In fine, if we wish to ascertain the effect of war upon French literature, we are more apt to find what we seek in the literature just preceding the present than in that which succeeded the previous war. Within the past ten or fifteen years a noticeable change of tone has been apparent in the work of the younger writers. Mauricé Barrès has been recognised as the leader of this new generation, although he does not belong to it. His early work, the three volumes of the series entitled "Le Culte du Moi" (1888-1891), and "L'Ennemi des Lois" (1893), are typical of the period in which they were conceived. It was much later that the author discovered himself to be *un professeur d'énergie*, a fervent patriot, eternally brooding over Alsace-Lorraine, and a champion of intensively cultivated nationalism. His original phase was that of the sceptical disciple of Renan, with a tendency, like that of Anatole France, towards intellectual revolutionism, and the most convincing part of his work belongs to that period. Strenuous patriotism, however, the cult of physical strength

and a renaissance of combativeness, induced by the contemplation of *les Marches de l'Est*, are the dominant traits of the new literature, at the head of which Barrès found himself. The advent of Bergson with a fashionable philosophy of anti-intellectualism was just what was required to sever the link between the older and younger generations. Rapidly a number of writers sprang into notice whose common characteristic was their Barrésisme—a word which covers a multitude of qualities and defects. These men no longer tolerated the artistic aloofness of their predecessors, they were deeply engaged in sport, politics and religion, and their arrival was soon signalled by the appearance of numerous studies of the new tendencies for which they stood: "The Re-awakening of French Soul," "The Renascence of French Pride," such was the key in which most of these works were pitched. They obviously announce the ideals of men of action, and their prophetic character needs no emphasis to-day. Under these auspices we learned to know the generation which went to the trenches in 1914.

An examination of French literature during the quarter of a century after the Franco-Prussian war seems to show that the reaction of the man of letters to such stimuli is very slight. Minor writers find in war a field for the exploitation of their talents, but the creative mind appears to reject the influences of war and all its essentially destructive elements. Of the authors mentioned, those who actually took part in the campaign of 1870 show no greater sensitiveness to that great national experience than do those who did not serve in the army. In fact, the position is reversed: Richépin and Coppée have left no memory of the war at all comparable to some of the stories of Daudet and Maupassant. Verlaine played an active part in the rising of the Commune, yet "Romances sans Paroles" and "Sagesse," the works which he published afterwards, breathe a spirit utterly remote from the troublous times which had preceded them. It is not until two literary generations have come into their own that the passage of war makes itself felt. The third generation of French writers since 1870 has shown itself far more sensitive to the events of that time than did those more immediately in contact with the reality. When the possibility or menace of approaching conflict is sensed, then literature is coloured by the thought of war. Before the crisis is reached the mutual exasperation of the prospective combatants fires the blood and the imagination to the point where past history is invested with actuality and the beauty of heroism. Those who have just come through the nightmare of war cannot view its developments with such artistic detachment. They hasten to escape from everything recalling their recent experiences.

It is possible, therefore, to argue that the present war will leave no deeper mark upon the creative literature of the next two or three decades than did the wars of the past. Now, when our minds are haunted by the tragedy and horror of militarism, we are inclined to under-estimate the fortunate imperviousness of literature to war. The proverbial superiority of the pen over the sword is capable of a wider interpretation than that generally accorded to it. Wars are destructive only of what is physical, the spiritual entity of a nation cannot be obliterated by the greatest armaments. The domain of the intellect is as impregnable to the assaults of 42 c.m. guns and poisonous gasses to-day as it was to the burnings and torturings of the Middle Ages. The present war, like its predecessors, can affect literature only so indirectly as to deprive it of any claim to having done so. In so far as social reorganisation follows the declaration of peace literature will reflect the transformation. But the national genius of a people imposes definite lines along which such evolution may take place. Changes imposed arbitrarily from without rarely become absorbed into the body politic. As national literature is the expression of a nation's genius the new literature will have to be true to itself and its origins.

Readers and Writers.

It is a long while since I read any of Bolingbroke; and now chance has thrown into my way quite a lot of him. Mr. Arthur Hassall has just republished with amendments his "Life of Bolingbroke" (Blackwell, 3s. 6d. net) that first appeared in the Great Statesmen series of 1889; a friend has given me Bolingbroke's Essay on "The Use and Study of History" (Reeve, 1s.); and I was just reading, on my own account, Burke's first exercise in style, his celebrated satirical imitation of Bolingbroke, "A Vindication of Natural Society." As one of the grand dark horses of English history, Bolingbroke will always have an interest for the connoisseurs of character; but whether he will ever be understood is another matter. A man of genius, who inspired the admiration of Swift and almost the worship of Pope; of whom Disraeli said that he was one of the ablest men that ever lived; a Voltairean before Voltaire; a modern in the eighteenth century—Bolingbroke baffles definition more by what he failed to do than by what he did. With such gifts as he possessed, with such friends, with such opportunities, it might be thought that there was nothing Bolingbroke might not have done had his heart been set upon it. As it was, any trumpery cabal seems to have been able to embarrass him seriously, and, in the end, to ruin him. I am indisposed, of such a century, to affirm that Bolingbroke's weakness was a too radical scepticism unbalanced (as it was not in the case of Voltaire) by a naturally benevolent heart. Yet there is Burke's satire, on the one hand, and Bolingbroke's life, on the other, to show that his principles were fundamentally anarchic and his conduct without a compass. He appears politically and in every other respect to have been a Machiavellian in a society of simple knaves and fools—but a Machiavellian without a prince's purpose. All his ability, all his genius, all his array of talents, while they could not help but exhibit themselves, failed to produce their maximum effort for the want of orientation. Never at any time (or, at any rate, for long) did Bolingbroke either wish to do anything or find himself set to do anything. He was essentially one of the great unemployed. As for his style, I confess that a little of it goes a long way. It is eloquent, it is witty, it is occasionally grand. But the subject is never quite worthy of it as a whole. A grand style is out of place in a rationalistic exposition; for, on purely rational grounds, passion is an excess, a superfluity. To have Voltaireism written in the style of Burke is to have something very near to parody.

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Among the articles in the January issue of the "Quest" (2s. 6d. quarterly) is one on the "Poetry of Brezina" by my colleague, Mr. P. Selver. This Czech poet, whom Mr. Selver has introduced into England, has certainly a great gift of imagery and language; but I doubt whether he is to be taken more seriously than, let us say, our own Mr. Edward Carpenter. One of the phenomena of recent years is the touching of men by "cosmic consciousness"—on which subject, by the way, Dr. Buck's book under this title contains some curious information. It is undoubtedly (in my opinion) a real experience, and one on which any man is to be congratulated. But is it really inevitable that the after effects should be so disastrous to form? Brezina, I gather, has come under the influence, not only of Whitman, but of the same ideas of which Whitman was a raw initiate; he has felt, that is, a touch of "cosmic consciousness." And at once, as in so many of his predecessors, the effect is seen in an incontinence of language that reminds us more of Dionysos drunk than Dionysos sober (in other words, Apollo). Some of the dithyrambs here translated by Mr. Selver have appeared, I believe, in THE NEW AGE already; but the longer ones are new to me. A single couplet must suffice:

From the azure of a thousand azures flashed up in gigantic orbits,
Tier upon tier of thy structure, ever more clarified, with boundless perspective.

Of this Mr. Selver says that "its pinnacles grow dim in the altitudes of dream." It is well said, for more than dream is certainly not conveyed in it. Vision is exact and describes things seen in precise terms of utter realism. Look, for instance, at "Revelation" or Blake. Dream, on the other hand, loses itself in the void.

* * *

One of the best articles yet written upon Germany and the War appears in the same issue of the "Quest." It is by Baron F. von Hügel, LL.D. The "Soul of Germany," according to this most intelligent writer, is characterised by a need, upon awakening, of a theory, a system, implying an enormous capacity in the mind for auto-suggestion and mono-ideism. It follows that the faults of the German mind, unlike the faults of the English mind, are more likely to be Excesses than Defects. In England it is not enough, in Germany it is too much! As a sequel to the awakening of the German soul in the first half of the nineteenth century, the German mind became ready for a theory, and seized with monomaniac avidity upon the first to its taste. This, unfortunately, turned out to be the theory of Pan-Germanism and of the State as Force, both of which aspects of a single doctrine received successive waves of reinforcement from philosophy, religion, commerce, and politics, until the theory culminated in the obsession now in arms against the Allies. Baron von Hügel is no neutral; but, on the contrary, he is imperiously pro-Ally. For the sake of Germany herself, no less than of the world, it is imperative, he says, that Germany should be so far crushed as to be made to realise that all these years her people have "lived for a legend." "The German people has long shown how much it cares for success in war, and how little it minds Absolutism"; and it must be cured of the obsession of both. But is it possible, and what is the final means? Rightly, to my mind, Baron von Hügel dismisses the notion that national character (or, let us say, national mood) is unchanging. Nothing, in fact, is more evanescent than what is usually regarded in any particular age as national character; it is a passing fashion simply. Contrast Becket with Henry VIII; Cromwell with Charles II; George II with George V; or, again, compare the French under Louis XIV or Napoleon with the French of to-day—it will be seen how widely different are the national characteristics of one epoch and another. It is by no means, therefore, the case that the present German obsession is everlasting. Once shattered, it is under no psychological law to re-form. Like Napoleonism it can be definitely and permanently deposed. As well, however, as the military means, Baron von Hügel affirms that intellectual means are necessary. If ever they fell under the obsession of an idea the English, he thinks, would, on recovering from it, renounce all ideas. The Germans, on the other hand, must have a new theory to replace the old. What is this to be?

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If only for the practical conclusion to which the author, Mr. Arthur Christensen, comes in his "Politics and Crowd-Morality" (Williams and Norgate. Price unknown to me), the publishers should have sent THE NEW AGE a copy of his book for review. For, unless I am much mistaken, Mr. Christensen advocates the formation of National Guilds and their political representation in a Lower House of Parliament. This apart, however, his work contains many ideas, not the least of which are his discoveries in the field of research first opened by Le Bon and Tarde. That the psychology of a crowd differs from the single or even collective psychology of the units composing it, is by now an accepted fact; but the exact determination of the difference has been left for Mr. Christensen (a Dane, by the way) to define. Roughly, it is this: that the mind

of the crowd is determined by the lowest common factor of the individuals that form it. The applications of this discovery to crowds in general, to crowds forming nations, and to the various conducts and politics arising from each, make a fascinating study, none the worse for challenging easy optimism.

R. H. C.

Man and Manners.

AN OCCASIONAL DIARY.

Monday.—Really the boy has so many manners he doesn't know what to do. If only he could see the difference between manner and manners. Though, indeed, it's so subtle it almost defies definition. I only know that the boy may run a mile to pick up my glove; he will only annoy me with the way he hands it to me. His clothes may fit him; he will never fit them. He may ride like a Centaur; he will look like a butcher's boy. He may bring me red roses, they become cauliflower in his hands. The fact is, no amount of manners will ever produce manner. Now Jim never looks ridiculous, no matter how ridiculous the thing is that he's doing. I've seen him drop all the conventional bricks—at least it was best Worcester in the case of my teapot—but how could anyone be vexed with a man who spills china and tea in the manner born! In a glance he tells me that of course he is awfully sorry, and I shall have another tea-set to-morrow, but really he and it did look so funny it was worth doing, wasn't it? In a glance—and the boy would have stammered and blushed himself into a scarlet fever. Yes, that's just the difference. Manner is inarticulate. Bad manners are noisy. I shall invent a new proverb: Good manners should be seen and not heard.

Tuesday.—I'm always complaining about men's manners; but really! that woman in the 'bus this afternoon! Fancy refusing to sit down when a man takes the trouble to stand up for you. And what a way to refuse. "Thank you, I'm quite as capable of standing as you are." Oh-h-h, Women! If that man has more sensitiveness than sense, he will never run the same risk again. He will sit on, calling himself a cad, rather than chance being made to look ridiculous in the eyes of other passengers. As a matter of fact, he needn't worry; public opinion will always be against the woman in the case; the laugh against her, not him. But though I see the difficulty, I'm afraid that until women learn better manners men will have to choose between being rude to the woman who deserves politeness, and being rebuffed by the female who doesn't. Of course, there is the type of man who cannot "see why" he should stand up for a woman. She competes with him in industry; let her compete with him for a 'bus seat. The question, however, is not one of sex, but of chivalry. Shouldn't a young man give up his seat to an old one, or to an invalid, or to anyone, in fact, obviously less fit to stand than himself? Should he hesitate in the case of a cripple, even if the poor fellow had dared to get a job in the same office as himself? Not that I need compare women to cripples and invalids! But when it comes to capacity for standing, what on earth does it matter whether a woman *does* think herself strong enough for a man's work? No, I'm afraid reasoned rudeness is too often only an excuse for native boorishness. The man who won't give up his seat to a woman "on principle" is either a fool or a hypocrite. Talking of 'bus manners, I wonder whether that woman did the kindest thing in standing up for the soldier. Poor lad! one eye had gone. But the easy way he swung himself on to the 'bus showed that the sight of the other eye was all right. I suppose we all were moved to stand up for him just to show our respect. But, surely, to do so was only to draw attention to his misfortune. Perhaps he had been cheering himself with the thought that, after all, he was still as good a man as any. And then to be pitied in public! And by a woman! I could imagine the agony of his thought. Had it come to this?

Wasn't he to be able to stand in a 'bus like any other man? Was he indeed an object of pity for life? Perhaps the woman was right. I doubt it.

Wednesday.—I don't wonder J. J. says he can't stand women. They can't stand him. Why doesn't he see that his rudeness to them only gains him the contempt of those he pretends to despise? I know it is said that the ruder a man is to her the more a woman likes him. I don't believe it. The difficulty is to tell whether a man is being intentionally rude, or simply failing to be witty. Few women put up with unmistakable rudeness. There is quite another solution to the mystery of their particular interest in women-haters. I remember when the rumour went round that Joan couldn't bear the other sex. Men were always on their best behaviour with her. She told me she never knew they could be so nice. Actually, I suppose, what they were trying to do was to show her that men weren't such a bad lot after all. It wasn't fair, they thought, for her to be judging the majority by the exceptions she had chanced to suffer from. Similarly, when women exert themselves to charm the professing woman-hater, they only want the credit and thrill of a conversion to be theirs. A missionary expends more time and trouble over a heathen than a Christian, which by no means implies that he undervalues the latter. But suppose the woman-hater will not be converted? And, indeed, he might find the treatment so pleasant that he would refuse to get well! Will women continue their efforts for ever? Not very encouraging for the average nice men! Poor lions, they will be left without any Christians! No, surely women soon tire of being "played" by the professional woman-hater. Um. Do they?

Thursday.—Might have known the crowd was watching an accident. Strange taste, elbowing your way through a mob to watch a man or an animal suffer. The more blood the merrier, I suppose, to those in the front of the ring; but the greater proportion of the crowd is there simply, I believe, because it loves a crowd. Deprived of the curiosity inspired by the sight of a crowd, the average person would probably pass a street accident with a shudder. But as one of a crowd, his personality is lost. Off it goes on a holiday! And glad enough he is to be rid of the responsibility of it. Now he can chatter and jostle and gape arboreally. So much for mob-manners—for the infecting psychology of the crowd. Oh, how society loves a crowd! It won't give one time to grow a personality. In fact it hates to give you a chance to know yourself. How often one hears the remark, "I can't bear being alone!" If you want to be alone you are odd! If you say you never go out in the evenings, you are rude or unkind! Well, I only know that by preference I avoid those who love company, and seek those who shun it. Is not to be able to avoid a crowd a sign of culture? Which brings me back to my point—the impertinence of putting a finger into other people's pies. It is really no business of mine if a man has broken his leg, or a 'bus its window. I cannot help in any way by stopping to stare. My eyes are neither doctors nor glaziers. If a policeman wants assistance he'll whistle for it. "For God's sake, gentlemen, don't look at a great man in distress," said Lord Coventry to the crowd pressing round to gloat on a nobleman who had slipped and fallen at a Court presentation. Those who line the pavements to watch ambulances with wounded troops go by, might remember his words with advantage. I have discovered, however, a sufficient excuse for those who gather at stations to welcome or wave farewell to soldiers unknown to them personally. What is usually only curiosity, here perhaps serves an excellent purpose. Rather than suffer, and see their relations suffer in public, most men prefer to "get over" their intimate partings at home. An anonymous send-off, therefore, does a valuable service. Who knows? Perhaps the noise of the crowd may deaden personal sorrows. Let us trust so, at least.

Friday.—Men are child-like too seldom. Women are childish too often.

More Letters to My Nephew.

Concerning Politics

MY DEAR GEORGE,—Rafael does his work with smooth celerity. He never fusses, never hastens, never forgets. A cool and balanced mind like his radiates confidence throughout the staff, and even the labourers are finally seized with a sense of permanence and comfort. It sets one thinking about the va'ue of temperament in the affairs of life, in the material no less than in the artistic. We heap our treasure into the lap of some great artiste, more, I think, because of temperament than technique, however supreme. We are apt to forget that the time spent on business is greater than the time allotted to leisure and pleasure. We, in fact, spend most of our lives on wealth production. Why not, then, make our working hours happier? Granted, that with the vast majority, work is a daily grind, may it not happen that some man with a sunny and urbane temperament may soften the grind and come near to making it bearable? Our industrial system is rapidly killing out any kind of pleasure in work, and, in the large sense, the killing process will continue until a new order of society kills the killing process. But in the local and restricted sense, a humorist in the workshop is worth far more than his wages. Men work better when they laugh than when they are glum and moody. Perhaps, one of these days, we shall see advertisements for mechanics and other artisans with a vein of humour, for which there shall be extra pay. I do not doubt that the Court fool earned his money. Have you ever heard a group of Russian peasants singing together as they mowed? Alas! harvesting machinery cuts down more than the crop.

Rafael rode up after a long day in the saddle, equable, self-poised, breathing a spiritual serenity. He was tired, and a lounge-chair on the verandah was obviously agreeable. His "boy" relieved him of his spurs and riding-boots, and the stately Smith brought us drinks.

"Did the Creole, with the high-falutin Spanish title, rob you?"

Rafael laughed. "It hardly amounts to robbery; the Government does not pay them, so we must, I suppose. However, I did a trade with him. You know that, unless we keep in with them, the officials have a little way of drafting your labourers into their opera-bouffe army. His Excellency suggested that I might with advantage make a small loan to the Government. I told him that the Government was far off, whilst he was very near, and that in England they say that charity begins at home. His Excellency smoothed his moustache, and remarked that it, the motto, was good and appropriate to the moment. I replied that the name of his Excellency stood high for dignity and honour. His Excellency said that I was very kind. Not at all, said I, but I feared whether a little proposal I had in mind would offend his Excellency. His Excellency begged me to believe that he would surely understand. I therefore offered him fifty sols for every labourer he could turn over to me from the army. Net result: his Excellency pockets five thousand sols, and I get a hundred labourers."

"Thus do all things work together for the good of those who own the land."

"An irreverent jape, my dear Tony; but good Physiocratic doctrine."

"The Physiocratic movement was a delightful comedy."

"There's a lot to be said for it. Look at it how you will, we all instinctively realise that the ownership and cultivation of the land is altogether superior to industrialism."

"A habit of mind formed by tradition. The head of the tribe owned the land; it was a concomitant of his majesty. Ever since, we have associated land ownership with social dignity and power."

"Fudge! It's because we draw our necessities out of

the land, and he who owns or controls it is king. And that's not all: from time immemorial, there have been well understood social duties as well as rights assigned to owners of the land."

"Likewise fudge! These duties were mere allurements to extract rent. The landlords have always instinctively known that the exaction of rent is fundamentally immoral; so they have wrapped it up in a napkin of social responsibility. The land-owner draws rent, and his wife gives blankets. A salve to the conscience. I do it myself!"

"So do I; but you forget that you do not pay wages. You pay maintenance; it is the labourer's point of view. For example, I do not contract to pay hospital charges. If I refused, they would think it strange. An industrial wage-earner expects to pay his own doctor. No; we must regard ourselves as tribal patriarchs and act accordin'."

"Oddly enough, I learnt my first lesson on economic rent from an Irish landlord. The Irish landlords' idea of social duties is to crack jokes with their tenants and go hunting with them. I met him at Carlsbad. I won some money from him at écarté. 'Take the money, my boy,' said he, 'but it's hard on my poor tenants, so it is.' 'How so?' I asked. 'Well, ye see, it affects me mental vision when I come to consider the rent reduction.' 'What principles do you act upon, anyway?' 'Faith, it's simple enough. I find out what they have earnt during the last year. If they've done well, I generously reduce the rent ten per cent.; if badly, why, twenty or mebbe twenty-five.' 'But, if they've done well, why reduce it at all?' 'We must always maintain our reputation for generosity; so we fixed the original rent with an eye to regular reductions. It's a great notion. When I announce a reduction, I feel the wings sproutin' out of me shoulder-blades. Let's go and look at the fat Jews gurglin' the beastly water. Man, dear, I'm thankful there's none of them in Ireland.' 'It's just as well; they'd see through the rent reduction dodge.'"

Rafael sat silent and pensive for some time. I think he was a little troubled in spirit. Sprung from the governing class, his spirit finely tempered by good breeding and an exceptional culture, the cynical attitude of the Irish aristocrat hurt him.

"The Irish landlords have had their reward," he finally remarked. "But their devilish indifference only throws into bolder relief the old Physiocratic ideal. The Physiocrats harped perpetually on duty. Apart from capital outlay—the '*avances foncieres*,' in their jargon—the land-owners must carry great responsibilities and respond readily to social duties. They were to be stewards of the national wealth. They must devote their leisure and their best efforts to furthering the general interest; their services to society must be gratuitous. And they must bear the whole burden of taxation."

"Yes; they were the first single-taxers. I had that in mind when I described the Physiocratic movement as a comedy. The modern single-taxer wants a land tax to dislodge the landlord; the Physiocrats wanted it to secure the maintenance of their system."

"But they were right and Henry George was wrong. Obviously, the tax-payers would dictate policy; for where the tax-payers are, there you will discover economic power."

"My dear Rafael, you're a generation behind the times. The economically strong habitually shift taxation on to the shoulders of the economically weak."

"They try but they don't succeed. 'Cos why? They have the money and the other fellows haven't. If you look more closely into it, you will be convinced that taxation disputes are between the different moneyed classes, each class possessing what the bureaucrat calls 'taxable capacity.' Landlord, manufacturer, brewer, farmer, tradesman. The bulk of the population in England and elsewhere lives on a small margin. Invade that margin and bang goes purchasing capacity,

and that hits all the exploiting classes—first the tradesman, then the manufacturer, and last the landlord. Of course, I don't defend it; but I am attracted by the Physiocratic doctrine that duties necessarily inhere in property."

"It depends upon what you mean by duty. If duty be a spontaneous response to some call, then it is not related to the routine of propertied life. However well ordered such routine may be, it nevertheless remains a defence of property and status. It may be duty to one's own order, but that is a far cry from duty to society, as a whole. This war has taught us that noblesse oblige is a quality of the spirit and not of property. My own Quaker ancestors have known it from the beginning."

"I fear," remarked Rafael, with a touch of regret, "that the fundamental assumption of the Physiocrats was wrong. They argued that the landed proprietors were of a 'natural order.' It would be rather nice, my dear Tony, if you and I belonged to a natural order, and were, therefore, beyond justification or reproach; that we could always do what we jolly well liked."

"We don't, and there's an end on't. The Physiocrats had no sense of humour, or they would have listened to Voltaire and Rousseau."

"I fancy Voltaire smelt Mother Church in the movement. They were all either good Catholics or politically committed that way. And, of course, property in the eyes of the Church was sacred. Gide makes a queer comment on this point. I'll just look it up. Here it is: 'We shall encounter this cult of property even during the terrible days of the French Revolution and the Reign of Terror. When all respect for human life was quite lost, there still remained this respect for property.'"

"Of course! The French Revolution was not an attack on property; it was a protest against the theory that land is a more sacred form of property than hardware. The next revolution, imminent before the war, will be a proclamation that labour is more sacred than both land and hardware."

"That, my dear Tony, would not be a revolution; it would be a new epoch. Revolutions come either with force, or the threat of force, but a new epoch is when God says let there be light, and we are all suddenly reminiscent of the departed dark age. It is His greatest miracle. A change of civilisation's heart!"

"I am prepared to pray for it—but without much confidence. It is difficult to forget that the same God ordained that there should be no light without heat. Doesn't the heat come first?"

"Oh, ye of little faith! But, you know, mankind is ready for a change of heart. The Physiocrats unconsciously proved it. Remember that they were the first to evolve any kind of political economy. (Adam Smith intended to dedicate his book to Quesnay, but the Frenchman died too soon.) Society hung together by vague religious sanctions which were wearing thin. Voltaire was asking searching questions, and there was none to answer him. Even the 'Contrat Social,' although remote, created a feeling of uneasiness. And then came Quesnay and his group with their delightfully welcome announcement that the proprietors were properly in possession; that it was the will of God; that it was the 'natural order.' If it were not thoroughly established as a fact, no one nowadays would believe that Quesnay's 'Tableau Economique' created an extraordinary furor and enthusiastic acclamation. It was the voice of a god. Mirabeau declared it was one of the three greatest inventions in the world, the other two being the invention of writing and the invention of money. The Abbé Baudeau was assured that all Europe would accept its teaching to the eternal glory of the invention and the everlasting happiness of mankind. Hector Denis ranked it with the discovery of the circulation of the blood. Even Turgot fell a victim. My point is that all this feverish joy over a new doctrine meant that everybody was waiting for an assurance—

for a modern Messiah, if you will. The Jews are not the only people willing to accept the Messianic idea."

"You must bear in mind that the Physiocrats proclaimed the divinity of the existing order. If somebody came along with a similar assurance to-day, I might be equally elated. But suppose Quesnay had hit the proprietors as hard as he soft-soaped them, what then?"

"True; but it does not affect my point. You see, they justified their extortions on a fallible authority. The next step was to discover the infallibility. They now had builded, well or ill, on human and not on divine authority. That is a tremendous step. Instead of an oracle, it becomes a working hypothesis. Let the true formula be found and mankind will go crusading. Find that formula and I will guarantee the soundness of mankind's heart."

"I hope you are right; but I remember that, from Adam Smith down, all the economists have based themselves upon the substantial equity of things as they are. Thorold Rogers is the exception, and he is not 'good form,' for some reason I could never fathom. Even Marx sees labour as a commodity—a theory which for a century has not only degraded the manual workers but the thinkers and the preachers."

Again Rafael remains silent, puffing vigorously at his pipe. It is delightful to be with a man who, whatever his predilections, will listen and give weight to what you say. With all his knowledge and experience he is modest. His motto might well be taken from Hannah's song: "Talk no more exceeding proudly; let not arrogancy come out of your mouth." The lengthened shadows merged into darkness, the whinny of a horse sounded from the paddock, the doves cooed in their cotes, the birds nestled in silence; from my angle of the verandah I could just descry the evening star. Smith stole in with the lamps, and almost simultaneously the mountain-side and valley became jewelled with cottage lights; that first glimmered uncertainly and then glowed steady. Down the winding road an Indian loped his way, his lantern swinging with slow rhythm.

Rafael at length spoke, almost solemnly.

"Do you know, Tony, the rejection—the indignant rejection—of the present creed that labour is a commodity—a thing to be ranked with manure and horse-carts—might well mark a new epoch. I really hadn't thought about it before. I had accepted it as obvious and practical. But when I examine it and even dimly realise its implications, I both see and feel that it is a damnable thing. It is not a creed, or even a theory; it is an obsession. An obsession implies a siege, a surrounding by the enemy. To set the people free from it! I stand by what I said: they are ready. I shall grow prophetic in a moment! It reminds me of Moses at the well of Beer. Do you remember the passage: 'Gather the people together and I will give them water. Then sang Israel this song:

Spring up, O well; sing ye unto it:
The well which the princes digged,
Which the nobles of the people delved,
With the sceptre and with their staves.

Great! Let's dress for dinner to-night and split a bottle of fizz. I feel like celebrating. Hum! Ha! Guests will wear their orders!"

Now that I have recorded our conversation, I wonder whether you will be bored when reading it. Perhaps it sounds commonplace in your modern ears. But, to an old fogey like myself, it was both delightful and thrilling to watch a new idea germinate in Don Rafael's mind. Nor did I do all the giving. I got more than I gave. I touched his torch and felt a new faith in the possibilities of the human soul and the willingness of mankind to mount high. This strong and clean man transmits faith—the substance of things hoped for—with a smiling assurance not to be resisted.

Your affectionate Uncle,

ANTHONY FARLEY.

Feminine Fables.

An Art Creation.

THERE is, on the first terrestrial shore which you reach on coming hither from the lower paradise, a solitary old thatched hut. The sea in winter beats up to the very door; and the windows, if there were any, would be continually misted by the spray of the high tides. But there are no windows to this hut. The frames are ages since rotten, and the holes are boarded across with old wood. On certain nights smoke ascends from the tiny chimney, but never by day. There is never seen anyone there by day. The old woman who lives in the hut goes out with her basket and gathers the herbs and simples which she sells for a farthing or two at the farms behind the cliffs. She is a drunken old creature, or seems always slightly drunk, and this defect of character is, curiously, just what makes her tolerable to the peasants. It is a human weakness, say they. If it were not for this, they would long since have persecuted her for a witch. Yet where she gets the means to be drunken nobody knows. Each supposes, perhaps, that the other secretly gives her a drop.

She is coming down the stormy cliff-path now with a step unlike her usual dragging slouch; a step very quick and vigorous for the old skeleton that she is. What a face of age and evil! She is yellow and grimy. Her chin and nose are sharp as points. Her heavy lips cannot meet over three huge black teeth. Her eyes are continually half-shut. She never opens them wide before people. If she did so, you would start back, for they are burning red, and she has double pupils.

The winds and waves shrieked as she approached the shore, striding over the rocks toward her hut. She threw her basket down beside the door and flung it open, shouting in a horrible roar which outdid the rage of the sea:

"Who dares break my peace?"

In the middle of the hut stood a young woman, unlike any young woman you have ever seen. She had wings. Her long black hair was hard as forged iron. Her eyes were large and black and bright as magnifying glasses. Her skin was yellow as gold, her hands were red claws. Her teeth were made of diamonds. Her waist was fine as a wasp's, and her hips and bust full and heavy as those of the imagined goddesses of the heathen. She was covered in veils fine as cobwebs and golden rings encircled her wrists and ankles.

She eyed the old woman without a sign of fear, although the hag continued to look enraged and to demand "Who dares break my peace?"

The two creatures with burning eyes gazed at each other. The old woman wavered, muttered, and broke down, falling upon the floor, howling and screaming for pity.

"Come, mother!" said the young woman in a sweet, broken voice, "I am not here to hurt you this time. You are to do me your service, and I will make you rich."

The hag sat up, cross-legged, on the floor. "Yes, yes!" she answered, eagerly, "What do you want of me? My beautiful, tell the old woman what you want her to do. But don't send me off poisoning, darling. It is too dangerous, too dangerous. They will burn me, if they catch me. And don't beat me, love! I'm old now, very old now."

The young woman stood over her, looking at her through those terrible great shining eyes, which would

never seem beautiful to us mortals. "Make fire," she said, and the witch hurried about seeking sticks and flints among the dirt and rubbish of the hut. The flame blazed up, and the old woman set an iron tripod over it and placed an iron bowl between the three legs right above the flames. Into the bowl she flung fat and herbs and poured a black liquid more ill-smelling than ten tanneries.

"There, dearie," she croaked, "now tell the old woman what you want her to do."

The other took a stool and sat on it, bending forward with her wings slightly outspread. "Listen, then, old earth-witch! I have come to stop on this planet for seven of our infernal years." The witch started. "And your task is—to make me resemble the earth-women. Melt my hair and turn it a Titian red . . ."

"My pretty pet, I cannot do it!" screamed the witch, and she went green with terror.

"What! Not do it? Nonsense!" stormed the fay. "Why, your common earth hairdressers can change the colour of hair to any other colour they please. Why, one of your famous writers states that for nothing more than a few pence he can re-cover anyone's bald head with the down of childhood! You will give me hair, or die! Also, you are to reduce the size and splendour of my infernal eyes . . ."

"Oh-oh! I cannot!" groaned the witch.

"What! Why, look at this advertisement here: 'Your height increased by two inches in two weeks.' If other witches can increase the whole size of a mortal you can decrease the size of the mere eyes of an immortal, which must be much easier. You will reduce my eyes—or die! Then you are to replace my diamond teeth by ivory ones, change my yellow skin to the tints of the almond blossom, my white lips to cherries, and my red claws to lily-white hands, all according as I have heard is done daily here on earth."

"Ah, my dear," said the witch trembling; "all that is simply Art imitating Nature. If only your nature were human. . . ."

"Bah! What you are to do, old witch, is to make Nature imitate Art."

"Do you realise what you are asking?" cried the witch. "You are asking me to turn the world upside down! If once such an idea got abroad, the women would all seize hold of it. They would every one become a queen and rule from year's end to year's end with all the men bewildered between one beauty and another, and wanting the lot of them. My dear—they might all become friends. For there is nothing holds women together like an exchange of the secrets of the toilette. And I, who live by their quarrels, would have nothing to do. Nowadays, I have only to whisper a word about one ugly woman to another and there is the devil to pay. Nature makes plenty of ugly women, I thank my luck! And ugly women have nothing to do but quarrel. But let your precious Art set up against Nature—why everyone can become a beauty so long as she follows the mode!"

"So much the better," replied the fairy, "especially since I am resolved to pass some time in the world. I do not want to waste my days in bickering and quarrelling. I mean to enjoy myself, and I want therefore to be great friends with heaps of women all beautiful à la mode, all joyous because all sure of awakening love, and so all that is amiable and friendly."

"But suppose one fell ill?" asked the witch. "How would one console oneself?"

"Ah! do not treat me to your melancholy philosophy. The ugly and unfashionable fall ill as often as the beautiful and well-arrayed; and they groan as much!"

"But suppose one grew poor?" asked the witch.

"The rivalry between the naturally ugly and the naturally beautiful creates human poverty. Wealth is made to please women. When all women can be beautiful, they will all be happy, and emulous luxury, which is a sign of despair or, at least, of fear, will cease to have any reason. Art supplanting Nature will not suffer the poor. Art wants its form to be perfect. The wife of the coalman would be as rich as a Cabinet Minister—and it is upon *her* contentment, not *his*, that the harmonious form of society depends. Let a man rage as he may, but if his wife pleases him and herself he will kill nobody. But do not bother me any longer! I am not come here to arrange the world, but to enjoy myself. The first necessity is to be beautiful à la mode! Once this is arranged, I shall understand as well as another how to conduct myself agreeably. You see that by Nature I am a Horror. You are to use your Art to make me a Charm. Cease your arguments and begin your work."

The witch began to weep, and the fairy frowned, continuing slowly: "Nothing can be beyond the powers of mortals since for one shilling and the mere swallowing of a pill, which to my knowledge was mostly made of common soap, millions have been snatched from the jaws of Death and restored to mortal Life. You shall give me Life—or die! Also, do not forget this: you are to make me a great number of coins, since Life without coins is unknown to the mortals of your part of the world. In return for your jewels and coins I will bring you real earth-treasures, such as you covet forever."

"Yes! yes! But you know, my beautiful, that I have no power against the sun. I can make you resemble the earth-women by night, but the first break of dawn will see you back in your own shape."

"Leave that to me. Begin your work."

"Yes, yes! But you know, dearie, that I can do nothing with anyone looking on. I'll not be long if you leave me. I'll be very quick!"

"I will go out while you brew," replied the fay, and she went out, flying along the shore and singing to the waters in her voice like a young bird's.

Suddenly the witch signalled, hallooing and roaring, and the fay hastened into the hut. The heat was intense, and the whole place full of what looked like blood-red fumes. The witch seized her mistress by the hands and laid her upon the floor. Never ceasing to roar and scream, slowly she scooped from the bowl and slowly sprinkled its contents over head, face, hands and ankles, and with a bundle of crystal sticks gently beat the prostrate form. The crimson smoke became thicker and thicker, darker, and at last quite black. The hag's eyes burned like lamps amidst the smoke. She ceased roaring and tapping and laid the golden sticks in the bowl. Instantly the fire went out, the heat died, the smoke thinned and vanished. The hag lit a great taper. And there was seen a new figure upon the floor, and in the bowl were no sticks, nothing but a little grey powder.

The new figure lay inanimate. The hag sat quiet, cross-legged, beside it. It was a graceful, incorrigible, very short frock, with high boots and bright hair under a military-looking little fur cap à la mode, 1915, and skin tinted like the bloom of orchards in spring. It was a coat, despised since 1815, but now seeming as fascinating as ever, with its bands of fur at the throat, wrists and hem. It was a declaration that Art is never out of the period.

The old woman waited, chanting low, and not taking her eyes from her work, until slowly opened the most beautified eyes in the world. The hag gasped with joy and rose and fetched a cup containing water, which she held anxiously to the cherry lips of the new creature. "Drink my beautiful," she crooned, with an inimitable gesture of mingled worship and pride.

ALICE MORNING.

A Notebook.

By T. E. H.

NEO-REALISM.—Having lived at Cambridge at various times during the last ten years, I have naturally always known that the only philosophical movement of any importance in England, is that which is derived from the writings of Mr. G. E. Moore. I now find these writings extremely lucid and persuasive, yet for years was entirely unable to understand in what lay their value. It was not so much that I did not agree with what was said, as that I was entirely unable to see how any meaning could be attached to some of its main contentions. I give examples of these contentions later on.

A few years ago I came across similar views differently expressed in the work of Husserl and his followers. I then began for the first time, if not to agree with these views, at least to understand how they came to be held. It is not that the Germans are better or more lucid than Mr. Moore—that is very far from being the case. The reason is entirely personal; but it seems to me worth while explaining, for my difficulties are at least the *typical* difficulties of the dilettante. It would be no exaggeration, I think, to assert that all English amateurs in philosophy are, as it were, *racially* empiric and nominalist; there is their hereditary endowment. And so long as their interest in the subject is a dilettante one they are unlikely to find much meaning in philosophers who are intellectualist and *realist*. For the reading of the dilettante in philosophy, though it may be extensive and enthusiastic, always proceeds along easy slopes. As he only reads what he finds interesting, the only arguments he is likely to come into close contact with—or, at any rate, into that extremely close contact which is necessary for the understanding of disputed points in this subject—will be those which approximate to his own position. If his own mental make-up, at a given moment be A, his only chance of understanding an opposed position B will be in the case when the detailed exposition of B as b_1, b_2, b_3, a , contains one element (a) which he can lay hold of. This is the only way in which he will ever obtain a foothold. From that he may gradually proceed to understand the rest. But without that he would never exhibit the concentration of mind necessary to grasp the meaning of an argument which he rejects. There is, you perceive, nothing very admirable about this type of mind. There is, however, something to be said for it. In the end it probably gets everywhere, though as it always shrinks from precipices, and proceeds along easy slopes, through a hundred gradations of a_1, a_2, a_3 , before it gets from A to B—it will always require an unlimited time. As its interests change, it may read many different parts of the same book, at long intervals, until finally as the result of many enthusiasms, it has read the whole. This blind following of interest along long and intricate paths may indirectly approximate to the results which concentration achieves directly. At any rate, I prefer people who feel a *resistance* to opinion. Except for the gifted few, this may be the best method to pursue in philosophy up to forty. It might be argued that a concentrated direct study of such matters should be postponed to this time, when a man really has prejudices to be moulded. There is, perhaps, more chance of getting *shape* out of stone than out of undergraduate plasticine. That this is a fair analysis of that very widespread phenomenon "Superficial thinking," we can verify by examining our own procedure in these matters. It, at any rate, enables me to explain my own difficulties. When, with entirely empirical and nominalist prejudices, I read Moore and Russell, there was no foothold for me; they dealt with logic and ethics, and holding, as I did, entirely relativist views about both, I naturally found nothing familiar from which I might have started to understand the rest. The Germans I mentioned were useful in this way; they

made the intellectualist, non-empirical method comprehensible to me, by enlarging its scope—applying it not only to logic and ethics, but to things which at the time did interest me. This provided me with the required foothold. When I had seen in these further subjects the possibility of the *rationalist, non-empirical* method, I began to see that it was this method which formed the basis of the writing on logic and ethics which I had before found incomprehensible.

This will be then the order of my argument here. I give certain views of the Realists, which I at one time found incomprehensible. When I began to see for the first time the possibility of a non-empirical type of knowledge, the incomprehensibility of these views disappeared. In this Note I am, however, not concerned with their realism, but with the attitude (the assumption of this type of knowledge) from which the realism and its attendant difficulties spring.

In this kind of knowledge, the same type of non-empirical reasoning is possible as in geometry; and its subject-matter stands in much the same relation to the concepts we generally, but falsely, call mental, that geometry does to physical matter. When the only admitted kind of knowledge is empirical, the only type of explanation considered legitimately is that which reduces all the "higher" concepts to combinations of more elementary ones. It is for this reason that I deal here with a subject that does not seem to have much relation to the general argument of this Notebook. For this false conception of the nature of "explanation" prejudices the understanding of the "critique of satisfaction." It is first of all necessary before entering on this subject to destroy prejudices springing from empiricism, which tend to make us think certain concepts unreal.

* * *

The first difficulty was that Moore's only book was about Ethics. To anyone taking a thoroughly sceptical and relativist view of this subject, the whole discussion would quite wrongly appear almost entirely verbal. The only solution to this difficulty is the gradual realisation of the fact that there are objective things in Ethics, and this seems to me the only solution. I do not think any argument on the matter would have any effect unless a man had by some change in himself come to see that ethics was a real subject.

* * *

The principal difficulty, however, is the importance the Neo-Realists seem to attach to *language*. Mr. Russell says, "That all sound philosophy should begin with an analysis of propositions is a truth too evident perhaps to demand a proof." "The question whether all propositions are reducible to the subject predicate form is one of fundamental importance to all philosophy."

"Even amongst philosophers, we may say, broadly, that only those universals which are named by adjectives or substantives have been much or often recognised, while those named by verbs and propositions have been usually overlooked. . . . This omission has had a very great effect upon philosophy, it is hardly too much to say, that most metaphysics, since Spinoza, has been largely determined by it."

Mr. G. E. Moore in an article on the "Nature of Judgment." "It seems necessary, then, to regard the world as formed of concepts . . . which cannot be regarded as abstractions either for things or ideas. . . . since both alike can, if anything be true of them, be comprised of nothing but concepts . . . an existent is seen to be nothing but a concept or complex of concepts standing in a unique relation to the concept of existence."

Such assertions must seem meaningless to the nominalist and empiricist. The whole thing seems to him to be a new kind of scholasticism. He cannot understand how the study of such an apparently relative and trivial thing as the nature of propositions, the study of the accidental characteristics of human speech should be an indispensable preliminary to philosophy.

The first step towards making the matter intelligible is to note the use of the word *human*. A proposition in the sense used in the above quotation is not something relative to the *human*. "A proposition . . . does not itself contain words . . . it contains the entities indicated by words." One recalls Bolzano's "Sentences in themselves." Logic, then, does not deal with the laws of human thought but with these quite *objective* sentences. In this way the anthropomorphism which underlies certain views of logic is got rid of. Similarly, ethics can be exhibited as an objective science, and it also purified from anthropomorphism.

All these subjects are thus placed on an entirely objective basis, and do not in the least depend on the human mind. The entities which form the subject-matter of these sciences are neither physical nor mental, they "subsist." They are dealt with by an investigation that is *not* empirical. Statements can be made about them whose truth does not depend on experience. When the empirical prejudice has been got rid of, it becomes possible to think of certain "higher" concepts, that of the good, of love, etc., as, at the same time, *simple*, and not necessarily to be analysed into more *elementary* (generally sensual) elements.

To make this intelligible, two things must be further discussed: (1) the possibility of this non-empirical knowledge; (2) what is meant by saying that these entities are neither physical nor mental, but *subsist*?

TO P. SELVER.

O Selver, this is most absurd of you!
Yea, it is more than any little odd
To find you looking on the world askew,
And blaming all its madness on to God.

God!—What has God to do with it at all?
Is it by His command that men obey
A Kaiser or a lawyer when they call
To men to leave their work to burn and slay?

Did God build Essen, then, or were the knaves
Who built inspired by God the spirit's breath?
Did He persuade those fools, the workmen slaves,
To sell their lives to manufacture death?

Does God inspire the varied Harmsworth muse?
Or treasure Bottomley upon His shelves?
Is He to blame because we do not choose
To break those heads, to wring these necks ourselves?

Nay, I must hold it most preposterous
To blame our God because, like silly sheep,
We strayed from Him, though He reminded us
"As a man sows, so also shall he reap."

And yet, and yet, oft in the silent night,
I ponder over those whose hearts are sore,
Because they saw their sons go forth to fight,
And shall not see their faces any more.

Never again the word, the smile, the kiss,
From those young millions done to death by war.
Yet must there not be something worse than this?
Or what the devil are we fighting for?

Was there not in that internecine strife
Which we call peace, with money for the goal,
Some deep-felt discontent, some scorn of life,
Some deep dissatisfaction of the soul?

We know not why we are, or whence we came;
Whither we go still less can we surmise;
But we can stray, and be ourselves to blame,
Reject the truth, and fool ourselves with lies.

Suppose that we were doing this, my friend;
And that was what the deep disquiet meant;
That only war and death could bring an end,
And make us see the way more excellent!

How little wisdom has our knowledge won!
To me it seems that those still profit most
Who wisely fear the Father, love the Son,
And seek the influence of the Holy Ghost.

JOHN STAFFORD.

Views and Reviews.

A Case for Domestic Reform.

It has often been said that the religion of England is the religion of the Old Testament, the religion of Israel before she fell into captivity and minor poetry; and it is, of course, possible to adduce much evidence in support of the assertion. The "eye for an eye" conception of justice, for example, is still held by some people in this country; the cry for reprisals that arises whenever the enemy carries the war into this country is an instance of it. The Lord God of Hosts is with us yet, for we are raising an army of four millions of men; and the Church Sycophant has become the Church Militant, as may be proved by many sermons which impress the duty of military service on all men except clergymen. But although the resemblances between England and Israel are many, the main contention cannot be sustained completely; it may be true that we never turn the first leaf of the New Testament, but it is none the less true that we do not intend to repeat the history of the Old Testament. Uriah the Hittite was a married man, and it will be remembered that David had him put in the forefront of the battle, so that he was smitten and killed. I forget whether David was a bachelor at the time, and really it does not matter: my point is that we have learned enough from the Old Testament not to be caught again, and our married men have insisted that the single men shall go first into the army.

I am not quite sure what is the object of this measure of conscription. At the present time, the Army is supposed to be the place of honour, yet the arguments adduced in support of this measure seem to regard military service as a penalty for bachelorhood. For some years there has been visible a trend of thought in the direction of the Spartan conception of bachelorhood as a disreputable state which should be penalised; and the married men have usually obtained something that they desired under cover of a campaign against bachelors. For example, the cry of "selfish bachelors" was raised in the Press only a few years ago; and the married men secured an abatement of income-tax. At the beginning of the war, the cry of "single slackers" was raised (although we now know that, in the first three millions of men, the bachelors outnumbered the married men in the proportion of two to one); and under cover of that cry, the married men secured better separation allowances for their dependents than the bachelors can hope to obtain. I cannot help wondering whether the conscription of single men disguises another purpose of the married men; whether it might not be, for example, the beginning of a reformation of married life in this country.

For if the married man has a right to insist that on the bachelor shall fall the primary duty of defending his home, wife, and children, a logical extension of the principle would transform the bachelor into a cavalier servente without the privileges. Just as in Sparta every boy had an adult sponsor, who could be fined or punished for every dereliction committed by his charge, so we could attach to each married couple a selfish bachelor on whom would fall all the responsibilities of matrimony. He could be made responsible for the maintenance of the wife, for her debts, her libels and slanders; on him could fall the defence of her honour, no less than the obligation of military service. Accord-

ing to the Anglican service, all that the husband promises to do for his wife is to "love her, comfort her, honour and keep her in sickness and in health"; and the legal obligations that have been forced upon him really degrade the fine rapture of the soul in which he takes the sacrament of marriage. All the discontent with marriage that has made the women of England clamorous during this century is probably due to the fact that the husbands have been over-burdened with responsibility. Everyone knows (for poetry, drama, and fiction are full of examples) that love is a life in itself, and few indeed are the men who can acquit themselves satisfactorily in this respect. Browning told us that one life was not long enough for love, and that real marriage would persist for an unlimited number of millenniums beyond the grave. If a man had as many lives as a cat is supposed to have, he might reasonably be expected to discharge all the responsibilities that he has now to assume; but as he has only one life, whatever energy he devotes to other purposes is diverted from the prime purpose of love, and he becomes the unsatisfactory person that our women have been deriding for years.

It is obvious that he must have someone to do what may be called the dirty work of matrimony. In barracks, for example, it is the custom for the unmarried orderly to carry the coals into the married quarters; and a simple extension of the principle should solve all the domestic difficulties that now perplex us, and should also provide a very wholesome discipline for the single slackers. One aspect of the idea has already found favour; women have been requested to "adopt" a soldier, that is, to correspond with him, to knit his mufflers and mittens, supply him with Woodbines and wisdom, and test his digestion with the products of their cooking. How widely the idea has been adopted I do not know; but that it should even have been mooted shows how near we are to a radical transformation of domestic life. Reverse the "adoption," attach the bachelor to the family and make him do the work of it, and we shall have progressed far indeed in our imitation of the bee-hive, that most highly organised social community. There, if anywhere, is our colony of specialists, and love is the labour of a lifetime; the philosophy of the functionary is completely realised, and a most wholesome discipline is imposed on the unmarried. The only defect of the bee-hive simile is that the successful and unsuccessful candidates for marriage are killed periodically; but this is a feature that we need not imitate, and which, I am sure, the married men will know how to obscure.

Undoubtedly, this is a war of ideas; but this hasty sketch of a development of one of them is not so revolutionary as it may seem at a first glance. It is really a good example of the English genius for compromise; it preserves the sanctity of the home, nay, it enhances it. It accords to love the high place that it has always occupied in our literature and in the best circles; and, really, it does not press as hardly on the bachelors as it may seem to do. It directs their aimless liberty to useful activity; it deprives them of none of the joys of labours, and as they have forsaken the delights of love, it is no hardship to them to make that fact the basis of their proposed status. Perhaps the most astonishing revelation of this war is that of the disappearance of what used to be called the "lusty bachelor." People who relied on memories of what young men were in their time confidently proclaimed a rise in the illegitimate birth-rate when the bachelors were gathered into the army; but it was the infantile death-rate that rose. It is generally agreed that the babies would not have died if they had received proper attention; and that agreement makes my case for domestic reform overwhelming.

A. E. R.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

NO CONSCRIPTION.

Sir.—It may be that the schemes of imposing Conscription piecemeal will prove successful in dividing the opposition and lessening the outcry; but there are some factors that must be pointed out. What are the classes of men who will resist Conscription in Britain, a country that has always distrusted military domination even in the times of Napoleon and the French Terror? They fall under six heads:

(1) Those who are conscientiously opposed to the taking of human life under any circumstances.

(2) Those who are opposed to the taking of human life under instructions from either the Government or military officers.

(3) Those who are opposed to all war and object to putting themselves under military law.

(4) Those who are opposed to *this* war, because they think that Britain is being made the tool of the abominable Imperialism of France and Russia. These people may be said to have taken the view of the proceedings of the British Government that Lord Morley and Mr. John Burns indicated by their resignations. The Independent Labour Party certainly represents one section of this opinion.

(5) Socialists who believe that until there is an equal division of property among the individuals composing the State the Government of the State has no claim to call upon *all* to support its policy.

(6) A part of the working classes who rightly distrust the motive for pressing Conscription and believe that it is aimed at destroying the power of Trade Unionism.

This classification is not complete, and some classes overlap; but it is, broadly speaking, inclusive of those who will be impelled to resist Conscription. What moral right is there to coerce any of these sections? Because the country claims their services? But what is "the country" so glibly referred to in these discussions? It is not the land or the waters or the trees. It is not "the people," who have had no voice in the conduct of the war, but have been sheep driven to the slaughter. "The country" is the Coalition Government and that is all! *Salus republicae suprema lex* becomes less impressive when defined as *Salus Asquithæ suprema lex*. It is all very well to pretend that there is unity on the subject of the war; but that is humbug when such measures as the Defence of the Realm Act and the Censorship have been at work for sixteen months, securing that only one side of the case is put. All the efforts of the Press, the Government, the Censorship, the Oxford pamphleteers, and the rag-tag and bob-tail of *litterateurs* like Wells and Arnold Bennett have not silenced the opposition to the war in Britain and Ireland. If the opponents are such a discredited minority, and the Government's case is so good, why all the prosecutions of pamphlets and persons in the last few months? Conscription may be justifiable for the supporters of the war; but it should begin at sixty and go downwards, rather than commence at 19 and go upwards. The Australian soldiers receive 6s. a day, and the British Tommy gets 1s. id. a day. Would the Government have any difficulty in securing recruits at 6s. a day? Why is not this attempted? Mr. Asquith has explained that he earns his £5,000 a year, and has no intention of surrendering a penny to meet the national emergency caused by his conduct. If Mr. Asquith is worth £5,000 a year, surely the British soldier is worth 6s. a day.

NO-CONSCRIPTION.

* * *

THE MUNITIONS DEPARTMENT FROM WITHIN.

Sir.—Mr. Lloyd George has been good enough to explain to a listening world what have been the defects in the administration of the Departments of State other than that with which he is concerned. We propose to turn the tables upon Mr. Lloyd George and examine the condition of things existing in the Munitions Department, so that the public may know the real cause of the "too late, too late" lamentation of the apostle of Criccieth.

When the Munitions Department was opened at Whitehall Gardens, the necessary steps were taken for securing the services of various specialists in different lines of technical work. Card index filers, men accustomed to the investigation of figures, men from other Departments experienced in negotiating with the general public, men skilled in the judgment of materials from samples, and men of general knowledge of the industrial customs in the metal trades were taken on. But these gentlemen were not employed on the work they had spent their lives in learning, but either sat doing nothing or were put on to writing correspondence or typewriting memoranda for

Mr. Lloyd George, who has a habit of firing off contradictory notions every hour or so.

For instance, a gentleman who was much valued in his own Department of State for his knowledge of figuration was transferred to the Munitions Department. This man was employed for weeks in drawing plans! Another highly skilled man of chemical experience was told to prepare a list of salaries of those engaged in the Department. He noted the occupations and the remuneration of the staff. The document was duly finished and presented; but the official who had ordered it thought one column of items was not in the right place. It was altered, and many copies made of the altered document. Then it was said that another column was misplaced; and that correction was dutifully made. In the event it was decided that this particular classification should not be further proceeded with, and the whole labour of this skilled chemist was wasted.

The reference filing system, which always needs accurate handling, was mismanaged in an extraordinary manner. The central reference filing system is the pivot on which all orthodox Government Departments revolve in their classification of correspondence. The various business men imported by Mr. Lloyd George from the suburbs of Cardiff and the terrace of the National Liberal Club stood out against this central system, each claiming to manage his own department according to his individual fad. The consequence was a muddle that cost thousands of lives—to adopt Mr. Lloyd George's happy method of describing the faults of others. Many correspondents wrote bitterly complaining of the delays in attending to their letters. The explanation was quite simple. No official dealing with correspondence knew where any special letter should go, and the result was that a letter would be opened and would repose with piles of others in the room allotted for filing, awaiting the time when disputes about the mode of filing were finally settled. The business cronies of Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Lloyd George himself were at last compelled to recognise that there was some virtue in this piece of bureaucratic machinery, and the central filing system was adopted. All the other Government Departments have been enjoying the joke ever since, especially the Ordnance Department of the War Office under von Donop, which is the only Department of State that has in fact produced any substantial quantity of guns or munitions, notwithstanding the cackling of Mr. Lloyd George to the contrary. Unhappily this Department has now been put under the control of Mr. Lloyd George and his satellites, with the result that the production has dropped.

All kinds of people have been introduced into the Department who are no earthly use to anybody. It is the home for the middle-class unemployable. People are put on to giving out contracts for materials about which they know nothing. Men who have never seen a lathe are sent to take over factories; men who do not understand the difference between Bessemer steel, fine steel, and steel, are put on to the selection of the class of steel to be utilised in certain processes; men who are without any experience of chemistry are employed in selecting the substances required by the munition factories in the preparation of shell mixings. There was the remarkable case of Mr. X, who thought the chemical abbreviation "Gd." meant Gold instead of Gadolinium, who imagined that bromide was an element, and who believed that Boyle's law had something to do with the movement of mercury. It is not surprising that some of the chemical mixtures for bombs and grenades were a little mixed.

Then, at one time, the game of moving on was much indulged in at the Department. The rooms of various sections were always being changed. Supposing B was working in the second room in corridor D on Monday, by Wednesday he would have departed to corridor G, and by Saturday he would be in an entirely different block. No one knew where anyone else was for more than a day or two. At one time, the story goes, one complete department vanished altogether for a fortnight and actually a duplicate was begun to be set up as it was thought that this particular department, through an oversight, had not been organised! In fact the missing department had only moved on with rather more frequency than was usual even in the Munitions Department. Secretaries and clerks have had their tempers most seriously affected and their time wasted in endeavouring to locate the whereabouts of their colleagues in other sections of the Department.

Two other samples of the conduct of Mr. Lloyd George must suffice for the present. It will be remembered that Mr. Lloyd George went down to Bristol to address the Trade Union Congress primed with considerable data concerning the alleged shortcomings of the rank and file in the munitions industry. All the matters forming the sub-

ject of his indictment had been investigated by officials in the Munitions Department some days before his speech; and their report completely discredited the various charges, except in some minor details, and bore out what the Trade Union committees themselves found were the facts! Yet Mr. Lloyd George went to Bristol and reeled off the unamended reports with much gusto.

C. STANHOPE.

* * *

TURKEY, MR. CHURCHILL, AND THE DARDANELLES.

Sir,—As the Foreign Office has withdrawn the official censorship on discussion of foreign affairs in the Press, and as the expedition against Constantinople has now been disembarked, there is no reason why the origin of the disasters which have occurred to Britain in the East should not be placed upon public record for the information of those who have suffered by this terrible calamity.

What was the situation on the outbreak of the European War so far as Turkey was concerned? Turkey was well disposed towards Britain and France and the Central Powers; but most distrustful of the motives of the Russian Government. At an early stage, public opinion in Turkey regarded the originator of the war as the Russian military party. Turkey's own condition was somewhat precarious. The two Balkan wars had injured her military prestige and her naval strength was weak in comparison with that of Greece. To remedy the latter state of things, two powerful ships had been ordered from Armstrong, Whitworth and Co., and these vessels were almost ready for delivery on August 1, 1914, when war broke out between Russia and Germany. On learning that Britain had determined to intervene, the present writer sent the following memorandum to Mr. Asquith under the date of August 3, 1914. The document speaks for itself in its reasoning:—

3rd August, 1914.

To the Right Hon. H. H. Asquith, K.C., M.P.
Dear Sir,—

The Turkish Battleship Contracts.

I have the honour to draw your *immediate* attention to the following points to be considered by His Majesty's advisers on the question of whether or not the right of pre-emption, presumably contained in the above contracts, under which the "Osman I" and other vessels are now being constructed by Messrs. Armstrong, Whitworth and Co. for the Turkish Government, should be formally exercised by the British Government.

The chief consideration in favour of taking over these vessels is that they would afford a *pro rata* strengthening of the naval forces at the disposal of the British Admiralty. But, in view of the relative gun and unit power of the British and Allied navies compared with the navies of the Central Powers, I trust that undue weight will not be given to this purely naval factor, to the exclusion of the weighty political arguments in favour of maintaining the contractual obligation undertaken by the contractors towards the Imperial Ottoman Government.

The arguments against the seizure of these vessels are most important in my judgment.

(1) The political sympathies of the Turkish Government are most evenly balanced between the contending sides. Though Turkish sentiment may be possibly somewhat more favourable to Great Britain and France than to the Central Powers, the course and causes of the two Balkan wars, combined with past historical events, have made the anti-Russian feeling in Turkey the predominating factor which will certainly govern any decision at the present time.

(2) The peculiar circumstances connected with the ordering of these war vessels should not be overlooked, and it may be convenient to recall them to your recollection. At the conclusion of the second Balkan war, owing to the weakness of the Turkish Navy, there was a fear in the Ottoman Empire that the Kingdom of Greece might be tempted to utilise her superior sea power in a manner adverse to Turkish interests in the Aegean Sea in the immediate future. By means of a great patriotic agitation a national subscription was raised throughout the Ottoman Empire to defray the cost of two war vessels of a gun power sufficient to redress the Turkish naval inferiority in the event of complications arising with Greece. The funds having been secured by this unique method of individual subscription, the order was placed in Great Britain and the vessels were approaching completion when the European crisis developed in July, 1914. The outbreak of war has much increased the alarm felt in Turkey at the condition of the Turkish Navy, and undoubtedly the Ottoman Government and the Turkish people are relying upon

the British contractors to fulfil their engagements with all speed.

(3) As you may be aware, the mechanism of modern war vessels is so delicate and so complicated that the Turkish officers will require training for some considerable period before they can handle these new ships with the efficiency needed in the operations of active service. In these circumstances, as a matter of necessity, the vessels will have to be sent out manned by British crews, who will presumably be under the direction of the British Naval Mission now resident at Constantinople.

(4) Your advisers have much fuller information than I have of the present disposition of any hostile warships, but the advantages accruing to Great Britain and her Allies from having in the Dardanelles powerful war vessels manned by British crews and officers are too plain to require demonstration in the existing crisis in Europe. Obviously these vessels could prevent the exercise of any unfair pressure on the Ottoman Government by the officers of the German Military Mission, or by the German Ambassador. Further, this policy would have the indirect effect of closing up a means of escape for any isolated hostile vessels that may be cruising now in the waters adjacent to Turkish territory. Should any such vessels once secure admission to the Dardanelles, I need hardly dwell upon the momentous consequences that will ensue and the handicap that will be imposed upon British diplomacy at the Porte by the actual happening of this untoward event.

On these grounds, I urge you not only to prevent any seizure of these vessels, but to press the First Lord of the Admiralty and his Board to hasten the departure for the Dardanelles of either the contract vessels or substitutes of equivalent value, so that the pro-Ally influences may have a potent means at hand of checking the intrigues certain to be resorted to by the representatives of the Central Powers.

It must not be understood from the terms of this letter that I see any reason for British intervention in the war, but I have written in this strain and with this urgency because I have some knowledge of the facts of the situation in Turkey, and because I believe that no sacrifice is involved in this measure of precaution commensurate to the results likely to be achieved by adopting this quite legitimate plan, for preserving the *status quo* in Turkey.

I am addressing a letter couched in similar terms to the Foreign Secretary, Sir E. Grey.

Yours very truly, C. H. NORMAN.

Whether this letter went into the waste-paper basket at No. 10, Downing Street only Mr. Asquith and his secretaries can tell us; but it will be recognised now why the initial error in the Turkish tragedy was Mr. Churchill's conduct in grabbing the Turkish war vessels. It was the kind of rash proceedings to be expected from Mr. Churchill; and there are some elements which point to Mr. Lloyd George as being a party to this disastrous transaction. He was Chancellor of the Exchequer and must have been consulted on the financial aspect of this deal, which has turned out to be so costly to the Empire. The whole story only shows the obtuseness of Mr. Asquith and Sir E. Grey, and the smart dodges of men like Churchill and Lloyd George are the elements which have weakened the efforts of Great Britain at every turn in this war, with the results that are open for the world to see. Whether Lord Kitchener, Lord Fisher, or Mr. Winston Churchill, or the Cabinet as a whole, must bear the brunt of the responsibility for dispatching military expeditions to Turkey, future inquiry alone can establish; but that Mr. Winston Churchill alone must shoulder the responsibility for initiating the questionable tactics that inflamed Turkish opinion against Great Britain is beyond all question—while Mr. Asquith and Sir E. Grey cannot pretend that they were not warned of the possibilities underlying the easy policy of seizure.

One other word on Turkey and the Dardanelles. The expedition against Constantinople was undertaken at the request of and under the pressure of the Russian Government. That is now admitted. The British people should really appreciate that it is the presence of Russia in the Allied combination that is its source of weakness. The suspicion that Constantinople was to be handed over to Russia turned Bulgaria against the Allies and has kept Roumania and Greece neutral. In the spring, unless some restraint is put upon the Russian agents in Sweden and Finland, Sweden may be added to the enemies of the Allied Powers. A large body of European opinion looks upon the Russian Government as mainly responsible for the war; and very little sympathy is expended upon France and Britain, as those two States are regarded as

having only themselves to thank for their folly in putting their foreign policy at the mercy of Russian diplomacy. Unpleasant as these things may be, they are hard facts. It is high time that those in authority in Britain and France recognised the difficulties that have been created by the Russian Alliance, especially as its military value is now completely discounted, while the probability of Russia being able to effect anything substantial in the spring is distinctly remote.

C. H. NORMAN.

LETTERS ABOUT RUSSIA.

Sir.—Mr. Bechhöfer's answer to my letter contains the affirmation that no sentence by Court has been passed against the five Social Democratic Deputies who are now in Siberia. Here is the sentence pronounced by the Petrograd Justice Chamber: "The accused members of the State Duma—Petrovsky, Muranof, Badayef, Shagof and Samovlof, the literary man Rosenfeld, the student Yakovlev, the workers Linde and Voronin are recognised guilty according to Section 102, Part I. of the Criminal Code and sentenced to deprival of all rights and to deportation" (that means lifelong deportation to Siberia). I omit the rest. The quotation is taken from "Nashé Slovo" of March 13, 1915. The whole Russian press has published, not only reports about the trial, which in Russia and abroad has caused a very great impression, but also the sentence.

As for the strikes "involving great proletarian masses" that broke out after the prorogation of the Duma, here is the statement from the "Social Democrat," a party paper published in Geneva which receives ample direct information from Russia: "In connection with the prorogation of the Duma, the Petrograd Committee and other Committees declared a general demonstration—strike, that was already intended as answer to the governmental policy in general, even if the Duma had not been dismissed. Absolutely false are the reports that were circulated by the capitalist press, saying that the strike was a sign of 'solidarity with the Duma' or with the Liberals." ("Social Democrat," October 13.) And further: "The strike was intended to last 3 days, but when General Frolov issued his order about strikers having to be court-martialled, the Petrograd Committee decided to prolong the strike one day more in order to demonstrate that the strike has not been ended upon order of the General." "In Petrograd the strikers numbered 150,000 (not 75,000, as stated in the capitalist press), in Nizhni-Novgorod 25,000; great was the number of strikers in Moscow, Kharkov, Yekaterinoslav." General Frolov's order against strikers was published in many papers (for example, in "La Vie" of October 3). Was General Frolov also inventing "fantasies" and "fiction"? That Mr. Bechhöfer, living in some fashionable street in the centre of the town, did not see anything of the strike that was going on in the factories of Petrograd's outskirts, I am quite ready to believe.

As for Mr. Bechhöfer's ridiculing of the "political" Social Democratic Deputies and his flippant jokes about the strivings of the working class for political rights (he says, for example, that if political rights are given to everybody they must be given also to the animal and vegetable kingdoms), he explains them solemnly with "the axiom that economic power precedes political power." Are we to understand that the Russian workers must not strive for political rights until they have formed great and strong industrial organisations possessing mighty economic power? If it is so, Mr. Bechhöfer reminds me of the proverb saying that in order to catch a bird you must first put salt on its tail. It would mean that we would have to wait very long—to wait without end. It would be very interesting to hear from Mr. Bechhöfer how we can manage to get great and powerful industrial organisations of workers without the political rights which alone open the way to the possibility of creation of such organisations.

G. TCHITCHERINE.

Mr. Bechhöfer writes:—

Sir.—Mr. Tchitcherine is a little inaccurate in his account of my answer to him, but I observe he challenges the statement that "economic power precedes political power." Nevertheless all his evidence goes to prove it. The more I try to minimise the fate of the five Socialist Deputies to the Duma, the more he insists that they are to be transported for life. Surely the power which can remove five deputies so easily could at a pinch do away with fifty, and certainly prevent any political revolutionary party from enjoying the dimmest shadow of success. If I am not mistaken, I said that only the railwaymen at Petrograd struck as a protest against the dismissal of the Duma, so little is the love for politics. Mr. Tchitcherine

is now going to a great deal of trouble to show that not even they struck for this reason. He may be right; I wish he were. It would mean there are still less deluded workmen in Russia, though indeed I did suggest that it was as a protest more against the insult to the nation than against the actual dismissal. While I admit that Mr. Tchitcherine in London and a Socialist paper in Switzerland must know better what was happening on the railway between Petrograd and Moscow than I who was travelling on it at the time, I think his explanations only weaken his own case. I am indebted to him for a way to catch birds, but does he know a way to get rid of Tartars?

WAR OFFICE METHODS.

Sir.—After sixteen months' correspondence and personal communications with the War Office and the Territorial Association, I have been advised to-day by the secretary of the latter to apply to the former for a recommendation to the latter to recommend me to the former for a commission in the latter. The cause of this centrifugal tendency in my application is due, I am informed, to no personal insufficiency but simply to my possession of a horrid, wicked, treacherous, lecherous "alien name." But could not the first body suggest to the second to propose to the first that the second would be pleased, by permission of the first, to encourage the use of the two dots over the "O" as a wireless station?

29, xii., 1915 (New Style). C. E. BECHHÖFER.

"SONS OF ENGLAND."

Sir.—You were good enough through the medium of S. Verdad to speak well and kindly of the British Citizen Movement in Johannesburg. Those members of the movement who read THE NEW AGE were deeply gratified. Needless to say, the movement's efforts to break the German financial ring in South Africa do not inspire any enthusiasm in the breasts of the feeble tribe who live on the crumbs thrown from Corner House tables. Opposition from this scum you expect, and get. But it really is over the odds when a man like Advocate Stallard, a "Son of England," the only professed patriotic society in the country, smugly pockets a brief from a German firm, to wit, Ovenstein-Arthur Koppel & Co., now suing a British insurance company for damages. This same beauty is to be heard nightly just now at some or other public place in the town, appealing for recruits for German East. What are twenty German Easts compared with this hideous internal financial menace? Yet so beat are the Government by Corner House that they dare not so much as whisper finance. And the Stallards, "Sons of England" (fools or knaves, which?), are helping them to keep silence.

A SOUTH AFRICAN READER.

STENDHAL.

Sir.—"R. H. C." asks why Stendhal's translation has not been better appreciated; he seeks an explanation in the inevitable unpopularity of a new classic. To some of us Stendhal seems like some being from another planet, so different does the France he writes about appear from the England we know (and prefer). Stendhal's observations may be true, profound, and even (in the original) witty, if only one knew that which he writes about. But when he talks of a man ensuring domestic happiness and preserving the affections of his wife by taking a mistress a few months after marriage one can only assume that both the people and the affections he is describing are altogether different from anything that we know. I am sorry that "R. H. C." has been worried by "shockingly ill-written" letters referring to Stendhal as "piffle." I am afraid some of us are terribly insular, and it will be a long, long time before we get to understand what Stendhal means. But I cannot suppress a hope that when we do understand it we shall not like it!

D. J. BOLTON.

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Press Cuttings.

"Some staggering figures were given officially the other day to the House of Commons as to the total cost of munitions since the Ministry of Munitions was established. Under ordinary circumstances, we expect the cost of things to rise with the demand; but there is no obvious reason why, when the supply is increased as fast or even faster than the demand, the price should rise very much or at all. There is therefore a very strong *prima facie* case for inquiry when, as the House of Commons was told last week by Mr. Bonar Law, munitions cost three times as much as they did before the war. What is the cause? Are the contract departments of the new Ministry less efficient than those of the War Office? Are the new Government factories more costly and less efficient in their working than private firms? It cannot be said that materials are three times as expensive as they were before the war, or that the normal rate of wages throughout the country has risen so very considerably. To judge by our index number, we should say that the cost of living and materials might have risen 50 per cent.; and it is possible that the average of wages in all private industries may have risen upwards of 20 per cent. . . . The fact that the Board of Munitions, like the War Office and the Admiralty, is free from Treasury control—while the House of Commons, so far as we know, has not been informed what substitute has been improvised—supplies a further reason for endeavouring to ascertain whether in this enormous item of daily expenditure the nation is getting anything like value for its money. If, while the deadlock in the West continues, we are (as Mr. Redmond asserts) firing five shells to the German one, we are entitled to inquire whether these five shells ought to cost three times as much to manufacture as they did in time of peace. There are some thrifless administrators who seem to think that victory will be with the Government which can fire or spend the greatest number of silver bullets! But the silver-bullet theory of Mr. Lloyd George was at the time taken to mean that victory in the war would fall to the nation whose exchequer lasted longest. Now the strength of an exchequer depends on two things—the taxable capacity and total credit of the individuals composing the nation, and, secondly, the skill and economy with which the Government employs its funds. Obviously, at the present rate of expenditure, the war fund cannot last for ever. If, then, there is a *prima facie* ground for thinking that the Ministry of Munitions is wasting money on a vast scale, it is the duty of the Government and the House of Commons to examine into this matter without a moment's delay."—"The Economist."

"Mr. Colam, K.C., explained that Mr. Macleod offered to purchase Messrs. Schneider's stock of coats to sell to the War Office. Mr. H. Schneider said that, if plaintiff would put it through in their name, they would give him the difference between the price that they decided to sell to him and that at which the Government would purchase. There were some 4,500 men's large overcoats and 500 small coats. Defendants asked 16s. and 9d. each for the large coats and 11s. each for the small ones. Mr. Macleod's traveller persuaded the War Office to accept the 5,000 coats at a price of 19s. each. Mr. Macleod duly asked for a settlement, whereupon defendants said that they did not owe him anything at all. . . . In his evidence Colonel Bunny said that he received instructions from General Sir John Steevens to purchase overcoats. Never having done this before, he was handed a list of firms, and went to defendants first."—"Law Report."

"The Guild Socialist proposes that the purely defensive action of the past shall be superseded by active participation in the management of industry. This is a fine ideal, because it implies not only a greater share in the national product, but also far more scope for developing both the intelligence and the character of the manual workers. The difficulty is that the increased intelligence and improved character must precede as well as follow the transformation. The trade unions will have to find in their ranks as leaders abler men than heretofore, and will have to trust them."—MRS. SIDNEY WEBB.

"The old conditions and the newest woman produced by the war are incompatible. Without adjustment of labour, demand and supply, without finer organisation and utilisation of the resources of the country, the same discontent and the same struggle will arise, intensified and embittered by the sense of personal sacrifice. There would be a sex-war on a scale previously unimagined. We should witness the same acrimonious discussion, the same hysteria, the same brutal reminder of the fundamentals of sex-difference."—L. LIND AF HAGEBY.

"After all, has all this so-called civilisation and progress tended to increase the real happiness and well-being of humanity? We have built big cities and linked them the world around with steam and electricity; we have filled our towns with factories and our ports with shipping. And we have amassed in certain places all the riches of the earth, and we cram into twenty-four hours of life work and distraction which would formerly have been spread over a month. Yet is our last state really better than our first? Has it all been worth while? Can we see the water for the duck-weed? Have steam, electricity, the telephone, motor-cars, aeroplanes, submarines improved our life? All these are the product of a hundred years of 'progress.' What will the next hundred years, if no brake is put on the wheel, bring us in the way of diabolic inventions? And whilst we have been devoting all our energies and thoughts to things which have made the life of the fortunate more bearable, have we succeeded in distributing the added wealth and comforts, that they represent, more evenly amongst the seething masses perpetually more crowded and perpetually more driven, and in bringing home the meaning of civilisation to them in a practical form? We have had our Mines Regulations Acts, our Factory Acts, old age pensions and insurance schemes, and Heaven knows what else, to alleviate the conditions brought about by the strides of industrial progress—all confessions of failure to make the general conditions of the people march with the enhanced prosperity of the country. Luxury in food, raiment, living and locomotion have never attained such a giddy height. Yet misery has hardly ever reached such a depth! The chasm which divides the rich from the poor is ever widening. That is why subterranean mumblings have been heard for years. But, as a rule, they have remained unheeded. Combinations of the working classes—strikes, Socialism, and a thousand other things from time to time warned us that all is not right with the world. But none of them has diverted us for a single moment from our sports and pastimes, our palace hotels, or our limousines. We have dragged our rural workers from their fields and comparative independence to herd them in crowds in lives of dull grey, monotonous servitude. We have taken them from the free air and the healthy and vigorous life of the country and crammed them into unhealthy and hideous surroundings—enlivened, it is true, by the gas lamp and the gramophone, but stunting their growth and warping their character until they have become something very different from the man created in God's image. . . . Many thousands of our town dwellers who have lived the free and open-air life during this campaign will never return to their desks or their workshops to grind out a hopeless existence as slaves of convention. They will realise how little it is worth while to live in uncongenial surroundings simply with the object of earning sufficient money to enable them to do it. 'Why should I work myself to death to earn a living?' each will ask himself. He will prefer perhaps to earn less but to live a better, freer and more natural life. War brings us into touch with realities. For ages we have been living on shams."—HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

"When the war of powder ends and the war of prices begins, what then? . . . There is a possibility that the new Trade Unionist may arise, gifted with the new heart, and imbued with a few sound rudimentary ideas on political economy, who will engage his employer's federation in discussion."—"Daily Express."

"The reasonable thing is for the Government to take over all commitments. Where are we to find the money? The answer is easy. It seems we are ready to conscript men. We must, then, be ready to conscript capital. If we take men by force, we must take money by force."—"Daily Sketch."