THE

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Contrary to the prevailing notion, we have always maintained that the chief enemies we have to fear to a conclusive war are our business and financial men. Being for the most part practical men, priding themselves upon their freedom from ideas, they are incapable of realising what else is to be expected of the war than the immediate ruin of Germany's foreign trade. But however it may be for them, for the country at large, for our Allies and for the world in general, Germany's foreign trade was the least of the menaces to the progress of mankind. It was, on the contrary, the Prussian obsession that in these days of internationalism national trade might be advanced by the aid of aggressive militarism that united civilisation against Prussia; and, by the same reasoning, it is this particular survival from barbarism that must be put an end to if the war is to result in a conclusive peace. Once and for all, and as a first condition of a new era in the world's history, it has to be shown that even under the most apparently favourable circumstances a nation can no longer hope by militarist means to impose its hegemony upon the world. Prussia has had, indeed, every advantage both for challenging this dogma and at the same time for illuminating the fact of its permanent establishment. Save for Prussia it is obvious that the world within the years preceding the war was disposing itself for a century of peace. International trade was increasing by peaceable means, vast schemes of federation were being leisurely prepared, nations were more and more concerning themselves with their domestic and economic affairs as a condition, perhaps, of erecting upon these newly found bases such cultures as history has not seen before. The refusal of Prussia, however, to join in with the common stream was always a cause of apprehension; and, in the end, our apprehensions have been justified. Now, therefore, is the moment to establish the doctrine of a pacifist world finally, let us hope, and, in any case, memorably for a century or two. If Prussia, with all her relative as well as absolute advantages, can be demonstrated nevertheless to have failed in the employment of militarist means, the world may surely expect that for many years to come no other nation will attempt to repeat her method. But the demonstration must be made. Before the eyes both of Germany and of the world the proof must be given that militarism is obsolete, and not solely or even mainly because militarism is immoral, but because, no matter at what cost to themselves, the rest of the nations will not submit to it.

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From the discussions now going on in the Press and elsewhere among our business men, however, it would seem that this proper conclusion of the war is being by them either underrated for the importance belonging to it, or, perhaps, despaired of. On the one hand they have calculated the present economic results from the set-back to German commerce, and have begun to arrive at the conclusion that the handicap to Germany is now sufficient to enable themselves to recover their late leeway. And, on the other hand, they are saying amongst themselves that the war is lasting too long, and shows signs of costing too much. These reflections, it will be seen, imply either that our object in the war is no more than a set-back to German trade, or that any other object is beyond the willingness of business men to pay for it. It is true, no doubt, that the length of the war is a surprise to most people; and it is no less true that the cost will prove to be stupendous. And if, as business men are apt to suppose, the war is for trade, both the loss in men and money may well be out of all proportion to the gain. But if, as the nation believes, the war is for a greater object than trade, what is there to be done but to persist in it even when the trade object has been attained? Moreover, is it so very certain that if Prussian militarism remains unbroken, German trade, however damaged during the war, will not recover more than its old strength in the days to come? While militarism remains a menace, German trade must needs remain a double menace. It follows, therefore, even from their own narrow point of view, that in the long run business men have as much to gain from crushing militarism as has civilisation itself. And as for the length of the war, what is there for business men to complain of in that? To begin with, it has been their own neglect of public affairs that has brought the country to the present pass, for who, if not they, have had the direction of national policy during the nineteenth century? Again, it does not become them of all men to reproach the military General

Staff with incompetence, seeing that in a score of respects their own affairs, in which they have profit as well as honour, are worse managed than the war. Finally, it must be said that for once the nation is disposed to leave them out of account. Cry out as they may that the war is lasting too long, until it is properly concluded we believe the nation will pay small heed to them.

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We may be sure, however, that it is not upon humanitarian grounds that our bnsiness men are showing an inclination to stop the war. It is not by any means that the war is lasting too long that terrifies them, but the fact that it is costing too much. Whispers of the confiscation of Capital have been heard; there is talk in the air of abolishing profiteering; strange rumours are current of a radical re-organisation of our industrial system to eliminate the parasitic elements of Rent, Interest and Profit; revolution is everywhere being vaguely talked. And we can well understand, since we have long foreseen it, that in face of such threats as these our business men will consider whether they have most to fear from war or from peace. It is already to be observed that, having control of the Press, the discussion which was everywhere being begun of plans for conscripting capital has now been damped down. Scarcely in a single journal during the past week have we read a word upon the subject. And, on the other hand, slavish pens have been set to work to prove—what surely will need some proving—that far from finding it difficult to finance the war, however long it may last, by the conventional means of large loans and light taxes, the State will find it easy. Sir George Paish, the editor of the "Statist," and our old friend "P. W. W." of the "Daily News"—not to mention again the industrious knight, Sir Leo Chiozza Money—have lately been attempting to show that really the confiscation of Capital is unnecessary. Our present debt, after eighteen months of war, is only about two thousand millions, on which the interest is the trifling sum of a hundred millions a year. And what is this to a nation that could save before the war four hundred millions a year? But such easy calculations provide cold comfort for anybody who chooses to look at the matter more closely. From the frenzied, vulgar and loathsome appeals for money now being issued by the State, you would not conclude that money is as easy to obtain as our soothsayers profess. Look at this. "The soldier does not grudge offering his life to his country. He offers it freely, for his life may be the price of Victory. But Victory cannot be won without money as well as men, and *your* money is needed. Unlike the soldier, the investor runs no risk. . . Repayment in full is guaranteed on December 1, 1920." Is that the appeal of a State with ample funds at its disposal? And again, "P. W. W." and others are surely reckoning without their principal. Not only is the war not yet over, or two thousand millions anywhere near our prospective total indebtedness; but we have undertaken, as to a considerable part of it, to repay in full in five years. To interest charges amounting to at least a hundred millions must, therefore, be added a sinking fund,—and then, "P. W. W.," where are we? Not a Budget of three hundred millions will suffice for our needs, we fear, but we shall require a Budget of four or even five hundred. And this it is that gives men pause even though "P. W. W." assures us that we have no occasion for fear. For upon whom, we may ask, is it anticipated that these burdens will fall? In theory they will fall upon the class that has hitherto been saving four hundred millions a year out of the national income. We are familiar with the notion that their savings are "our" money. But in fact they will fall where they can be placed; and we are false prophets if the honour of bearing them is not disputed. Does "P. W. W." really think that the Capitalist classes will readily forgo after the war their former profits in order to pay off the debt? Or, if not, that Labour, wage and salary, will pay it for them without a protest? On the contrary, we foresee that a large part of the domestic politics of the coming generation will gyrate about the simple question who shall pay the war-bill. And wilder doctrines than the peaceable confiscation of Capital will then become articulate.

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We cannot leave the topic of the Conscription of Capital without remarking upon the strange paralysis of mind that seems to befall our publicists when brought in contact with it. Ordinarily their ingenuity is most praiseworthy, and we are continually being astonished by the impossible things they make easy. To rob us of our oldest liberties, to force the manhood of the nation into the fighting line, to procure the assent of the people and to devise the means for carrying on the war by pawning the future of four-fifths of the nation to the remaining fifth, to pass off upon us scoundrelly profiteers, dunderheaded politicians, a corrupt parliament and the whole crew of noodles and boodles as pillars of the State, to thimblerig the Trade Unions out of all their privileges and to establish the servile status in the name of patriotism—for these and a score of miracles besides, our publicists have proved they have the means. But for so simple an operation as nationalising a moiety of the capital, as distinct from the income, of the wealthy, they have, it seems, no prescription in their pharmacopœia. It is in vain that we have suggested the Government appropriation of gold—a means of financing the war to which no possible commercial exception can be taken. Or we plead that the method of taking fifteenths is time-honoured, and has been practised within the exact knowledge of English historians. Or, again, we point out that if capital exists to be lent to the State without dislocating industry, it exists to be taken. Finally, for the present, we may suggest the allotment to the State of a proportion of the shares of every limited company in the land. But will these suggestions provoke others and better? No, but the paralysis will continue.

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To the foregoing reflections disposing business men to wish the war at an end may be added the news that Germany likewise is considering her economic future. Ah, then, it may be said, so German business men are also contemplating peace! But the reply is that in such economic proposals as are now being discussed in Germany it is not only peace, but victory, that is assumed. The plans of Herr Naumann, with which in subsequent issues we shall do our best to make our readers familiar, include, we are told, the creation of an economically self-contained Middle Europe, composed of Germany, Austria, part of the Balkans, and of both Turkeys. These constituent parts of an economic whole are to form what amounts to members of a single Trust, having reciprocal obligations to each other under a common direction, and presenting a single front to the world at large. With such organisation as we know Germany is capable of, with such wealth to exploit in the countries thus included, with the proven ability of Germany to apply ideas to industry, what may not be expected from such an economic machine? It is useless to hope that in foreign trade we shall be able, with or without our Allies, to meet this fresh German competition by resistance alone. The laws of supply and demand are, as everybody assures us when it suits their purpose to say so, inexorable; and in any case other countries than our own cannot be expected not to buy in the cheapest and best market as soon as the world is once more at peace. We see, therefore, a considerable menace to our national future in the new plans of Germany. Nor can we comfortably assume—as we might in this country—that they are mere talk. Germany has the habit of putting ideas into practice. Middle Europe will certainly be created if Germany wins.

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Now what have our business men to say to it all? They are ready enough to blame the late Cabinet for having failed to prepare the country for military war; and we must agree with them. But how much better

are they likely to be prepared themselves for the economic war of which, with her usual veracity, Germany is giving the world due notice? Let us see. At a meeting last week convened by the London Chamber of Commerce, and presided over by the Lord Mayor, Sir George Pragnell, one of the principal speakers, announced to his fellow-countrymen that what was needed in the new campaign was not "idealists and essayists," but practical business men. We cannot give Sir George Pragnell credit for intending by "idealists" the schoolmen of a particular metaphysic. No doubt he had in his mind's eye simply men of ideas, and it is these for whom he says he has no use. Sir George Paish, again, in a lecture to the London School of Economics, was at pains to inform intelligence that business could get on best without it. "A clever nation or a clever man," he said, "is a public danger." "Our mediocrity is one of the causes of our strength." We have heard it before. In fact, this complacency of stupidity is one of the familiar qualities of English business men. But we have seen no evidence that the nation is the better for it. While, indeed, we had natural advantages and a long start over other nations, mediocrity, which often follows security, was perhaps no great impediment, since we had only to preserve what we had won. But, in the future, unless "idealists" are idiots, mediocrity and not uncommon cleverness will ruin us. Compare, however, Sir George Pragnell's notice to Brains to quit business with the criticisms of the military General Staff passed by these same business men. Of the General Staff of the Army nothing too evil can be said for its lack of intelligence, foresight, and co-operation with men of ideas. Is the General Staff of Industry now to repeat the errors of the General Staff of the Army, and with so much more openness? We imagine that it is.

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The sequence from a repudiation of intelligence to a demand for Protection is natural, and, sure enough, the advisory Committee of the Board of Trade (composed wholly of practical business men) have made it. We have not taken the trouble to verify the details, but in sum the result of the Committee's labours was to recommend a tariff on the particular articles manufactured by its own members. Sir Albert Spicer, for instance, is a paper-maker, and served upon the Committee; the Committee recommends an import duty of fifteen per cent upon foreign paper. Other members insured their respective interests in the same fashion. This, we suppose, is what may be expected of practical business men, unencumbered by the views of "idealists and essayists." And desperately laughable, in our opinion, Germany will find it. As well meet the German army with grimaces as German trade with Protection; for, in truth, not only does Germany owe no more than a small proportion of her commercial success to Protection, but Protection is not even a possible policy in a nation that has no central disinterested control of its industry. The condition of successful Protection is that it shall be directed in the common interest; and from this point of view Germany, with her uncommercial militarist Government, has succeeded where America and we must fail. Listen to the "Times": "Germany has had a unique control over her whole commercial system. It has been mobilised with almost military discipline; its members have been taught to think of themselves as Government agents." Does anything like that state of things prevail here? Not only does it not, but a revolution will be needed to make it. But without such a central control, and subordination of private profit to national welfare, Protection is a mere policy of scramble. Interest after interest will bribe its way to the steering-wheel of State (as in America), each to drive the nation on its own road. If Protection of this kind is all our business men can suggest without the help of "idealists and essayists," but by their own light of nature, the sooner they are set to apprentice-work the better. God save even business from such a business government!

Before continuing a subject on which we shall never finish, an illustration of the uselessness of Protection without national organisation may be taken from the recent discussion at the Farmers' Club of the employment of agricultural machinery. For near upon two years now, farmers have had such Protection, owing to the war, as they are never likely to get during peace. Instead of a tariff of fifteen or twenty per cent. upon corn and food-stuffs the tariff our Shipping profiteers have instituted to their own customs-profits has been fifty to a hundred per cent. But has this Protection led farmers to better their methods of production? Has it, as per theory, given them a breathing-space in which to reconstruct their obsolete machinery? The general complaint at the Farmers' Club was that in spite of the unparalleled incentives and the extraordinary opportunity, farmers everywhere were clinging to their old methods with all the tenacity of limpets. They would not buy machinery themselves, they would not co-operate with their neighbours to buy it, they would not be told by scientists what to do with their soils and crops, they would not economise in labour, and they would not look forward to next year's markets. But having a brief spell of high prices they would simply put the money into their pockets without a thought of the duty they owe to national agriculture. Assuming that industry in general continues to be run in small farms and allotments, as at present, might not the same phenomena be looked for from Protection when it is applied to them? Assuredly it might; for security is a drug that affects all but the most intelligent. And does it not prove that without a policy to Protect, Protection is itself worse than useless, an encouragement to stupidity, selfishness and conservatism? The policy, we repeat, that alone makes Protection scientific is a national policy. But the formulation of this is not, it seems, for practical business men, but for "idealists and essayists."

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Among the more enlightened comments of recent writers, we have the rare pleasure to quote Dr. Shadwell, who, in the current "Nineteenth Century," deprecates a trade-war with Germany on the ground that "the relations existing between Capital and Labour are not in a state to stand the strain." At the meeting of the Chambers of Commerce to which we have already referred, the Lord Provost of Glasgow and Mr. Neville Chamberlain, the Lord Mayor of Birmingham, both spoke to the same effect. It was desirable, said the former, that representatives of Labour should be included in the deputation to the Government. And the latter added that, in his opinion, Trade Union representatives should be admitted to the Council chambers of both business men and of Ministers. Lord Milner, again, in a speech at the Leeds University, remarked that among the effects of the war he looked to see the entry into industry of the State as a joint partner with Capital and Labour. "The right of the State to share in exceptional profits had," he said, "been accepted; and he did not see why the application of the principle should be confined to war-profits alone. The control by the State of the investment of Capital was a startling innovation, but it was not," he thought, "an unsound principle." We, as our readers know, would go much further. Not only would we have the investment of Capital controlled by the State, but the administration of Capital should be in its hands as sovereign, with Guilds as its executants. For only by such central control coupled with delegated responsibility can we ensure a really national system of industry. Nor, we may say, with due disrespect to Sir George Pragnell, is the idea Utopian. If so phlegmatic an observer as Dr. Shadwell can doubt whether Labour will put up with the hardships inseparable from a trade-war with Germany carried on by profiteers, we may well believe that such a war without the willing co-operation of Labour will prove as ruinous as the present military war without its help would surely have proved.

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

At different stages in the course of the war I have dealt with the relations existing between the United States and the belligerent Powers. It has never been pretended by anybody that President Wilson's task was or is an easy one; but there is no doubt on one point, namely, that throughout the war we and our partners have as consistently tried to defend the principles of international law as our enemies have tried to violate them. In those cases where we have departed from the strict letter of international usage—as, for example, in the famous Order in Council of March 11, 1915—we have always given sound reasons for the attitude we have chosen to assume; and in no case have we taken steps, not in accordance with usage, which tended even remotely to endanger human life. Both on land and on sea we have patiently submitted to violations of accepted law, contenting ourselves with a formal protest to neutrals at the time. When our enemies sowed mines in neutral waters, or seized hostages, ill-treated prisoners, and bombarded open towns, we did not retaliate in kind. It followed that we had every right to expect that neutral nations would show us sympathy, especially the greatest neutral nation of all; the neutral which had laid almost fantastic emphasis on strict adherence to the spirit of international law and of humanity.

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Readers of The New Age do not need to be reminded that this sympathy, so far as the United States was concerned, was lacking for many months. The outrages of various kinds committed by the enemy naturally produced a deep impression on the minds of Americans of all classes; and even now the question of the attack on the "Lusitania" has not been settled as between Washington and Berlin. The Washington Note of July 23, 1915, specifically asked for an official disavowal of the crime which America judged Germany to have committed in this instance; but up to the time of writing, despite all the exchanges of Notes, no disavowal has been given. Even if the German Government does choose to disavow the torpedoing of the "Lusitania" before these words appear in print, the length of time it has taken to make up its mind on the matter (if nothing else had occurred) would be sufficient to indicate to the Washington Government how small a value is set on legal arguments in Berlin. It is, indeed, only within the last few months that the American people have begun to realise what this war means, and to what an extent the Allies are fighting for ideals which the Americans themselves profess to hold.

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But, despite the American quarrel with Germany over the question of submarine warfare, it would be useless (as I have often emphasised) for us to overlook the fact that there are disputes outstanding between Mr. Wilson's advisers and ourselves. In the last ten or twelve days the President has delivered a series of addresses in which he has called upon his fellow-countrymen to prepare for a dangerous diplomatic situation; a situation, we are given to understand, likely to lead to serious military and naval developments. There has been a tendency to assume that the dispute between America and Germany over the submarine question cannot be settled peaceably, and that, in consequence, we may expect to have the assistance of a new Ally. There is too little ground for such a supposition to be openly expressed. The best we can venture to hope for is—in view of the most recent statements relating to the "Lusitania" case—that the United States may find it necessary to settle with Germany before dealing with us; but it is very questionable whether any move which the American Government can make now could be of an effective military or naval character. It is proposed to increase the American Army to half a million men; and Mr. Wilson, in one of his latest utterances, demands that the American Navy shall become the greatest in the world. Half a million soldiers and the greatest navy in the world—a tall order! We know what it means to try to raise an army, to train it, and to equip it; and American organisation is not of such a nature that the task can be made any easier for the Washington Cabinet. The present naval and military forces at the disposal of the President are, to speak frankly, negligible: they could be used with some pretence to effectiveness only in conjunction with stronger armies. The American navy, assuming the worst, could damage our food supplies very greatly until Japan redressed the balance for us, as she certainly would. The threat of cutting off our munitions would have less effect now than a year ago. There are, however, other factors to consider.

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The United States, acting against Germany, and endeavouring to use her forces alone, could do little. She has no men to spare; her sailors and ships—such as she could spare—are unnecessary in view of our completed naval programme. The United States can render the Allies little aid beyond arranging for bankers' credits. Supplies to Germany are already, for the most part, stopped. But if the circumstances were altered, and the United States decided to help Germany, her economic war on us might be of much greater consequence than her military and naval war. Our own Navy could no doubt prevent the United States from trading with Europe, Africa, Asia, and Australia, leaving her only South America. But the total prohibition of trade with England, which would naturally follow any rupture of diplomatic negotiations with us, would have serious consequences. I mention these matters because the one question on which we have never reached an agreement with the United States has once again become pressing and acute. Washington has never admitted the legality of our Order in Council of March 11 on the ground that it included naval operations which partook of the nature of a blocade of Germany, though a blockade was not proclaimed. It was not proclaimed because it could not be made "effective," which is simply saying in other words that we could not exercise complete control over the Baltic—at one time it was thought we could do so by means of submarines. American trade was severely hit by the severity of the regulations in the Order in Council; and the only satisfaction which Washington could find was in questioning the legality of the Order.

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We on our part have never admitted the illegality of this Order; and in any case there is a considerable difference between the promulgation of an Order in Council, which affects the pockets of neutral traders, and the German order with regard to submarines and their attacks, without warning, on merchant shipping. The fact remains that hundreds of thousands of American exporters blame the Order for their loss of trade, and demand that it shall be cancelled and a regular and "effective" blockade proclaimed, if necessary. With this latter demand it is hardly in our power to comply. In any case such a demand forms what we know so well as a legal quibble. It is nevertheless being made in good faith, and we must reckon with it. We should remember, too, that Mr. Lansing has suggested to the belligerents that merchant ships ought not to be armed—a proposal which might enable the Germans to settle the "Lusitania" question skilfully by saying they thought she was armed when the submarine attacked her. We have heard a good deal of hyphenated Americans and pro-Ally Americans: we must not forget that there are many Americans who are just Americans and wish to be let alone. It is, in the circumstances, an unheroic attitude; but we can do little to change it. We shall only irritate these people by professing to see in Mr. Wilson's speeches ideas of friendliness which he did not put forward.

War Notes.

REASONS which are sufficient to make us reject "pacifist philosophy" are not sufficient to make us accept this *particular* war. The fact, for example, that a high value should be attached to military heroism, has nothing to do with the justification of a particular event in which such heroism may be displayed. This is an absolutely different question.

There are, moreover, at this moment, a class of pacifists who do not accept a "pacifist philosophy," and whose reasons for objecting to this war are based on the nature and causes of *this* war itself. I was talking recently to a pacifist of this type, and what he said threw a good deal of light—for me, personally, at any rate—on the nature of a certain opposition to the war. He had no objection to killing; and conveyed the impression that he was quite prepared to fight himself in some more "ideal" type of struggle—one with some positive and definite aim—in a war, for example, which would bring about the final disappearance of capitalism. But he was not prepared to fight in *this* war, which in as far as it was not an entirely unnecessary stupidity, was concerned with interests very far removed from any which had any real importance for the individual citizen, and more definitely the individual workman.

I admit that this attitude, if we *agree to certain tacit assumptions,* does seem justified. As the attitude is very real and fairly widespread it is perhaps worth while examining the nature of these assumptions. Though it may not be very conscious or formulated, I think it demonstrable that there is floating before the mind of the man who makes this objection, a certain false conception of the character of human activities. What makes the objection possible and gives force to it, is the conception of Progress. By that I do not mean merely the hope that capitalism will ultimately disappear. It is rather, that progress is looked upon as *inevitable* in this sense—that the evils in the world are due to definite oppressions, and whenever any particular shackle has been removed, the evil it was responsible for has disappeared for ever; for human nature is, on the whole, good, and a harmonious society is thus possible. As long as you hold this conception of the nature of history, you are bound, I think, to find nothing in *this war* which makes it worth while. But this is a false conception: the evil in the world is not merely due to the existence of oppression. It is part of the nature of things; and just as man is not naturally good and has only achieved anything as the result of certain disciplines, so the "good" here does not preserve itself, but is also preserved by *discipline* also. This may seem too simple to be worth emphasising, but I think this way of treating the objection justified, for it really does spring from this quite *abstract* matter, this false conception of the nature of evil in the world. It is only under the influence of this false conception that you demand an *ideal* war where great sacrifices are for great ends.

So it comes about that we are unable to name any great *positive* "good" for which we can be said to be fighting. But it is not necessary that we should; there is no harmony in the nature of things, so that from time to time great and useless sacrifices become necessary, merely that whatever precarious "good" the world has achieved may just be preserved. These sacrifices are as negative, barren, and as *necessary* as the work of those who repair sea-walls. In this war, then, we are fighting for no great *liberation* of mankind, for no great jump upward, but are merely accomplishing a work, which, if the nature of things was ultimately "good," would be useless, but which in this actual "vale of tears" becomes from time to time necessary, merely in order that bad may not get worse.

This method of stating the question avoids the subterfuges to which those who hold the optimistic conception of man are driven—of inventing imaginary positive "goods" which the war is to bring about—"to end war" and the rest.

But if this argument is to have any effect, it must be possible to give a clear account of the definite evils which would follow our defeat.

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We are fighting to avoid (1) a German Europe, (2) the inevitable reactions which would follow this inside the beaten countries.

The consequences of such a defeat seem so perfectly clear and definite to us, that we think that if we could only for once actually *focus* the attention of a pacifist on them, we should convince him. But we are mistaken; to perceive things is not enough; it is necessary to attach *weight* to the things perceived. It is not sufficient that you shall merely *perceive* a possible German hegemony; it is necessary that you shall have a vivid realisation of what it means. It is like the distinction which writers on religion are accustomed to make, between *assent* to some proposition, and real *faith*—leading to action. There are many pacifists who will assent to what you say about German hegemony—they agree verbally, but the things they remain interested in, the questions which excite them, show that they do not attach importance to the facts you point out. The facts seem so clear to you that this behaviour is exasperating, even baffling. It is as if you pointed out to an old lady at a garden party, that there was an escaped lion about twenty yards off—and she were to reply, "Oh, yes," and then quietly take another cucumber sandwich.

But it won't do to ignore these consequences of defeat. If you are sitting in a room carrying on a discussion with another man, on some very abstract subject, and suddenly you notice that the floor is begining to tilt up, then you have to pay attention to the fact. In comparison with the abstract discussion it interrupts, it may be a low, material fact, but it has to be dealt with. This is exactly the position many pacifists are in. German hegemony, in the effects it would produce, can be compared exactly to the tilting up of the ground. We should all (including the neutrals) be living on an inclined plane, and the whole of our life would be artificially altered in consequence; whether we thought it reasonable or not—it would limit our liberties, and would, for example, greatly alter the conditions under which the struggle between capital and labour is carried on. But these people talk vaguely of a hundred irrelevant things.

What stands in the way? Why cannot they realise the importance of the fact? In our innocence, we are unaware that most people are, as it were, physically incapable of *seeing* facts, which would necessitate a change in their opinion, or in some other way, humiliate them. Trying to indicate the consequences of German hegemony to this type of pacifist is like trying to show a cat its reflection in a mirror. It isn't interested, its mind is full of other interests—it smells, for example, Mr. Blatchford.

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In approaching this subject (the consequences of German hegemony) I feel at once the presence of certain difficulties. The people one wishes to convince seem instinctively inclined to *discount* what one says in advance. Before going into any detail, then, it is best to deal with the reasons which prevent due weight being attached to these things.

(1) They seemed disinclined to consider reasons drawn from the consequences of German hegemony because they think that reasons we give are not the real causes of our actions. We are in favour of the war because we are moved by certain impulses of national pride and aggressiveness, and we then desire to *find* good reasons to justify our attitude. This scepticism has a good deal of force because it does describe accurately the position of many people. Many people are moved not only by the impulses mentioned above, but by a certain instinct which makes men want life at a higher

pitch and intensity (the instinct which makes a man seek the excitement to be got from gambling)—and they imagine that war will provide them with this. Under these circumstances we might deceive ourselves; we should tend to think the issues at stake were much more important than we shall think them in peace time. There is, then, something unreal about the justification we give for the war, because our action is really not dependent or the reasons we give.

But, without any undue concert about the matter, I feel convinced that I am, personally, at any rate, free from such influences. I do not say that I was not moved by such impulses at the beginning of the war; but I am writing now at a period when any such bellicose impulses in us, any exuberance in this direction, have been cured by experience; I don't think I have an ounce of bellicosity left. I probably have quite as intense a *desire* for peace as any pacifist. I am fully aware of the wretched life led by those in the trenches —practically a condition of slavery—and would like to see it ended at once. It is true that if I read in a German paper some vainglorious boasting over our coming defeat, I should at once feel a very strong revival of these impulses of aggressiveness and pride, and a desire to humiliate at all costs the people who have written these things. But putting such moments out of court, I can honestly say that my convictions about the consequences of defeat, whether right or wrong, are founded on observation, and not on *impulses*. The reasons I give are in no sense special pleading. I think they are true, but wish they were not.

(2) There is another way in which such reasons may be misleading. People who can read foreign newspapers, and who take an interest in foreign policy, tend to acquire certain special interests, which they often mistake for the real interests of their country. They tend to look on these things as a kind of drama, and wish their own country to play a distinguished part. If I know the whole history of a certain disputed part of Africa, if I am fully aware of the secret designs of some other country, I have a great longing then to see my own country intervene at all costs. I then attach an undue importance to the matter, for my special interest in the subject is out of all proportion to the country's real interest. It is like the passion which may be aroused by a game of chess. The pacifist who wishes to think of all these problems in terms of individual welfare rather than national glory, tends to treat all reasoning of this kind with a smiling and tolerant disdain—"funny little German professors who write about weltpolitik . . . these dreams of writers on foreign politics are not very real when compared with the actual interests of the workman."

The answer I make is the same as in the first case. I am fully aware of the influence of these things on one's opinion, and I think that I am able to discount their effect on my own mind. The fears I have about German hegemony have nothing whatever to do with the concern of the man interested in foreign policy. The things at issue are realities which will affect very strongly the life of the ordinary citizen.

(3) This last objection has proved more effective than either of the other two. The usual presentment of the consequences of German hegemony as it might be given, for example, by the "Morning Post," is soaked with false reasons, which make it seem entirely unreal to you. It is based on assumptions—Imperialist and others—which you do not share. But many false reasons can be given for true things. The two should be carefully distinguished here. I share most of your assumptions. I have no disguised reactionary motives. I am not in favour of the war, because I think all wars favour reaction. I am, on the contrary, inclined to think that this war will hasten the disappearance of the rich. I think it possible to state the reasons based on the probable reactions that would follow German hegemony, in a way that should be convincing to the democrat. I shall endeavour to do this in next week's "Notes."

Holland and the World War.

By W. de Veer.

(A second letter from the man in Rotterdam to his friend in London.)

VIII.

To W. ——,

London. Rotterdam, March 28, 1915.

Dear W.,—For the last three weeks I have been anxious to go on making myself as disagreeable as possible to you. But I have not had a spare moment. Now that things have slackened off a bit, let me get at once to business, and invite you first to contemplate this interesting case: a *big* Power (A) negotiating with a *small* one (B) about . . . anything you like to mention.

What strikes me most in the pourparlers is not the actual words exchanged, but the attitudes of the contracting parties: the character expressed in their behaviour towards each other. The patronising airs of A, the forced modesty of B, speak volumes to the onlooker.

No wonder B is absurdly modest. Between a Great Power in the full enjoyment of its superjority and a small country handicapped by its natural limitations *cordial relations are impossible* until the latter shall have cheerfully acknowledged its inferior position. Stripped of all ornament and diplomatic wrappings, the two stand revealed in their naked *in*equality. Involuntarily, the big man, instead of conferring with the other, simply tells him what to do; till the pigmy gradually decides he has either to give in or to break off negotiations. He finds his antagonist impatient with him, as though in his heart of hearts he were saying to himself: "I am a fool to take so much trouble with this 'contemptible little fellow.' I shall just say straight out: 'Thus, and thus it has to be!'"

I exaggerate, you think? Read the leading papers of the leading countries and you will find examples of the spirit I describe, not once but ten times every day. Without exception, the underlying idea is that it would be going too far to extend to the smaller States the same patience, consideration, fairness, which their more important neighbours are able to *insist* on being shown to themselves by all with whom they come in contact. It must be painful to you to be reminded that in international affairs "Might is Right" has always reigned supreme, though you would brand it as a new invention of the Germans. For you like to dream that the Millennium will be within our reach as soon as these wicked Huns are finally defeated. Cast your thoughts back a little. Twenty years ago there was a free South African Republic. Who crushed it? Who knew no rest till it had become a vassal, an appanage of their Empire? When the peoples concerned are semi-civilised or downright savages we take it pretty much for granted that, the moment they come up against a strong organising country, "Might" shall be "Right" with regard to them. England had not this excuse for her conquest of the Boers. No, Might *is* Right, wherever it sees the chance to assert itself successfully. That is the sober truth.

It is no mere coincidence that makes Germany, in her tempting and soothing lectures to the neutrals, lay so much stress upon the fact that her civilisation is superior to any other, and for this reason alone should rule the world. So it is superior in her eyes; and to make this use of it has been the custom in every age and in every climate. Columbus justified himself in the same fashion when he claimed possession of the unknown world he had reached with such tremendous difficulty. Thus we Dutch also justify ourselves for our authority in Java, and your English friends for their presence on the shores of the Ganges and the Nile.

No State, European or otherwise, *likes* to play second fiddle to another. It will only do so when compelled, either by force or by the certain prospect of

force being applied. The secret fear at the back even of a Great Power's mind is that some day he too may have to bow the knee to a stronger than himself. This acts as a constant spur, urging him at all costs to maintain his present dignities; while the smaller brethren have a craving to expand and to rank equally with full-grown competitors. Great and small, all are driven forward by the wish to secure an uncertain foothold, tighten a feeble grip, retain what they have won in the face of others' constant attempts to oust them and replace them. It is an endless race they run, and the devil takes the hindmost.

The outlook is very poor for smaller States that Fate, assisted by diplomacy, has brought within the sphere of *vital* interests of Ambition backed by Power, no matter what the countries' names. No claim from the weaker State upon the strong can ever be admitted. For this would imply sacrifice, concessions; and as there is no one to exact them, why should they be made? The case of the smaller State is still more desperate when the "irresistible" big brother is seized with the desire to round off frontiers or help home industries by increasing his square acreage. How is the defenceless one to say him nay? The chance that he will get fair treatment or even a hearing—being unable to demand it—is small indeed.

It makes no difference whether the compelling State be Germany or another. The fact that small nations living under the shadow of a stronger are only semi-independent you will not deny. You are much too clever to deliver yourself up like that into my hands. For I could pelt you in return with proof upon proof that in *every* case the position of the small State is most "unhealthy." It will have to study the other's plans and wishes and hope that it may be left in peace, but can only expect to be considered in so far as outside interests make such consideration feasible. And this is the most favourable of many possibilities! If the Great Power in question throws all restraint and regard for Justice to the winds, the prospects for the inferior become infinitely worse. Also the more disproportionate their respective standing in the world the more limited is the small nation's freedom to act without reference to promptings from its monitor. Top-dog and under-dog—that is what it comes to. . . . Then there are the methods of peaceful invasion, every day harder to resist now that railways, post, and telephone are everywhere, making us all cosmopolitans and isolation a thing of the past.

The truth is terrible, yet undeniable, that when he treats the smaller nations within his reach as helots the German stands on firmer historic ground than do those who are convinced we had already entered the anteroom of the temple of perfect brotherhood when the war came and spoilt it all. Impelled by his brutal instinct, his primitive logic, his snobbish contempt for minor values, the Hun has only accentuated the imperishable fact that between nation and nation *there is no law you can enforce*. An attempt was made to call such a tribunal into being. "International Law" was the pompous title given at the Hague Conference to the weakly infant, whose sponsors were our Asser and den Beer Portugael. But it could be welcomed by no German. The Prussian delegates were expressly instructed to employ every means to stifle it at birth as directly standing in the way of Germany's adopted programme. Judged in the light of Prussia's attitude towards other States for the last half-century or more (including those wonderful years of peace Wilhelm II gave Europe!), what a farce and a parody was their presence at that Conference!

Yet, though Germany looks upon small States as out of date and denies to their rulers the "divine rights" enjoyed by Hohenzollerns, she might be a little more grateful than she is to these indispensable adjuncts of an Imperial organisation. For, as you remarked the other day, what would become of the shark if the small fish were all devoured? But your simile is imperfect. I am going to improve on it. The rôle reserved by the Germans for small nations resembles much more closely that played by certain insects kept in serfdom by the ants. To turn the surrounding weaker units into milking cows so that Berlin may never be wanting in fresh dairy products—behold the dream of the practical Teuton.

You will protest that though "Might is Right" has in the past been the maxim now of this, now of that, strong nation, this does not mean it is to be the guiding axiom in days to come. Could I accept your suggestion I should be among the first to applaud it, and to hail the new era as throwing wide open to us all the promised land; in which we Dutch, among others, will enjoy complete immunity from outside interference, not as a *favour* but as a matter of *Justice* pure and simple. I should be overjoyed never again to be insulted by the preposterous airs of one or other foreigner who, because his country is so much bigger than my own, naïvely feels his personal value immeasurably higher, his fibre finer, than that of any Hollander! The day I can take up an English, French, or German paper without being met by expressions of conceit and haughty scorn the moment their all-conquering race has something to claim, to extract, to snatch from one of punier dimensions, I am ready to give a thousand guilders to the poor. . . . When the swollen communities of men cease speaking of restricted gatherings in the patronising tone which older children use in mentioning the "kiddies"—only a few years younger than themselves—we can begin to discuss a brotherhood of nations—not before. And this coarse, snobbish spirit is not by any means confined to rulers, Governments, or diplomats. Individual members of the leading countries are equally imbued with it—a milder version of what, in its extreme form, you very properly denounce as "hubris" in the Hun. It is a common experience for the citizen of a small State to hear those who by the merest chance were born under a more powerful flag boast of "their" army, "their" fleet, "their" wealth, "their" industries—using the terms as instruments of direct or indirect humiliation for their hearers. What is behind all this but the blind worship of Might—that unanswerable aggressive weapon? If no appeal to national brute force is in future ever to be allowed, then let the rich, overbearing bully stop grinning at the inability of other peoples to keep pace with him in armaments. "He arms in self-defence!" you will exclaim. Perhaps. But the deplorable fact remains that preparedness for war—indicating a nation's readiness to march upon the foe—fosters a martial spirit out of all proportion to that required for defensive purposes alone.

This, you will tell me, is inevitable, adding that Germany started it in any case. Of that I am not so sure. I cannot help remembering how, not so very long ago, English papers used to delight the Imperialist and the Empire-builder with floods of patriotic stuff, inflammable to a degree from the point of view of the amenities of international intercourse. Half the globe was painted (British) red (including 300,000,000 natives of British India!). This to show how invincible and all-pervading was the Anglo-Saxon race. The Jingo Kipling sang his absurd eulogies, "Let them all come!" etc., a veritable challenge to every other nation. For the Boer War and its sequel this self-glorification was deemed necessary. Now a different note is struck. Britain, we are told, is the upholder of the cause of the small nations against tyranny and bondage, and the British Empire seems in constant need of allies. No wonder. This time the war is on a colossal scale. But can we outsiders help thinking that if by a miracle the Germans should henceforth number forty-five instead of seventy millions, and the English seventy instead of forty-five, the tone would change again?

Frankly, we here do not believe in the unselfishness of Britain's aims. We are convinced that what is happening is simply and solely a fight to a finish between Prussia, the leading German, and England, the

leading Anglo-Saxon, Power. We are sure that if we joined the Allied forces only for the time being should we be allowed to pose as equals—once the war is over we should be quickly relegated to our position of a negligible quantity again. Even on the peace negotiations we should not exercise the influence demanded by the enormous sacrifices we should have made. Our claims would not be permitted to extend one fraction beyond the restricted limits imposed by the big contracting parties.

Believe me, the recognition of the *full* rights of a weak State is, under prevalent conditions, exceptional and artificial; whether Europe be at peace or turned into a huge battlefield as at present. Nothing could be more instructive in this respect than the attitude of the Balkan States, who talk openly of the "Big Powers" as if these were the guardians deputed by Providence to look after them.

Conditions of mutual confidence, of better understanding, can only be created by an almost incredible self-abnegation on the part of the more powerful nations. In matters of that Justice which they all pretend to rate so highly, not Might but simply Right should invariably prevail. Motives like the earning capacity of the huge arsenals for the manufacture of engines of destruction should never be allowed to enter into any question of fair play to be accorded either to a humble friend or to a rival. Should, for instance, France and the Republic of Andorra disagree, the dispute must be solved quite apart from the consideration which is the better able of the two to *enforce* its standpoint.

Is such a future possible? Theoretically, yes. Why should not the same principle be adopted in international relations as in all civilised countries has long been the rule, as well between individuals as between the citizen and the State? Why should not a weaker State enjoy the same privileges as a strong one? Are not the inhabitants of a country, are not children in a family, taught to respect each other's persons, irrespective of biceps or of their relative status in the community? Though the comparison does not quite hold good—for in a family there are the parents and in the community there is the law to smooth out inequalities of years, or wealth, or prowess. Between State and State is no such compelling factor.

However, *in theory,* this vision of yours appears quite feasible. I only ask, How would it work out in practice? How long a life would the principle, Equality for all, enjoy, supposing it were ever instituted? Can you imagine a strong, self-conscious nation setting the example by voluntarily repairing an injustice committed, say, within the last generation—and can you see the rest make haste to follow the precedent established, and live up to the high standard it entailed? No, you don't; and nor do I.

What happened in England a short while ago when the headmaster at that big school Eton preached to his boys to the effect that England must lead the way in international self-sacrifice, and might perhaps begin by handing Gibraltar back to Spain? He was shouted down by his compatriots as a seditious, dangerous fellow and a traitor to the cause. I am sure many parents began to wonder whether it would be safe or wise to leave their boys under such doubtful tutorship. The majority of Englishmen were horrified. I shall not discuss the wisdom of his suggestion in the circumstances that prevailed. I only submit the fact to your attention that the prospect that we small nations may be allowed to exist in peace and work out our special destiny, each in our own fashion, seems as remote as it has ever been.

In so far I agree with you that the next best thing would be the decisive victory of the Allies. Even then Holland will always be small and insignificant. We Dutch are, unfortunately, dependent on the goodwill of the bigger brothers whether we take sides with one or other of them in this frightful war or not. This conclusion you cannot wriggle out of.—Yours, A.

Habeas Corpus: Yes or No?

LIBERTY is now a purely academic subject. Apparently no one in public life thinks of it; a speaker who happens to refer to it usually hastens to add a depreciatory word or two, covering up his slip of the tongue with some remark about our one duty being to win the war. Who in the world—the world of the Allies and friendly neutrals, at any rate—dreams of saying No to that? Nevertheless, proportions being considered, the Napoleonic War was no small affair; and, if you would find out to what extent it taxed the energies and resources of the country, look at some book dealing with the financial and industrial conditions in England at that time. (There are a few casual remarks in Mill's "Political Economy" which are not without interest.) It is consequently to the point for us to know why, if the Napoleonic Wars were waged during more than two adventurous decades, and finally won, without such a measure as the Defence of the Realm Act or the suspension of Habeas Corpus in an unprecedented and unconstitutional manner, legal circles should be talking in grave tones about the removal of a time-honoured barrier of English liberty against the arbitrary oppression of rulers, though the present campaign is less than two years old.

A decision of the High Court (January 20) has just been given which, in the words of one critic, "will be a subject of measured comment long after the military exploits of this war are buried in forgotten tomes on dusty shelves." (The "Nation," January 28.) The history of this realm tends to show that there is ground for a criticism which at first sight may appear to be exaggerated. Let us glance at the few and simple facts of the case.

A naturalised British subject wrote a letter to the King regarding an interned enemy alien whom he expressed a wish to have released. He himself was thereupon interned under Section 14 (b) of the Defence of the Realm Act. As it had been understood that no British subject could be imprisoned without trial, the interned man sought, through the writ of Habeas Corpus, to secure either his release or a trial—i.e., the King, in theory, was to be called upon to issue a writ against the Commandant of the internment camp, summoning him to show cause why he should not bring up the prisoner for trial. Sir F. E. Smith, Attorney-General, appeared to show cause against the rule asked for. His argument—which was upheld by the Lord Chief Justice (Lord Reading), Mr.. Justice A. T. Lawrence, Mr. Justice Rowlatt, Mr. Justice Atkin, and Mr. Justice Low—was that the Government were not acting ultra vires by imprisoning a British subject without trial, under Sections 1 (1) and 14 (b) of the Defence of the Realm Regulations. Section 1 (1) began: "His Majesty in Council has power during the continuance of the present war to issue regulations for securing the public safety and the defence of the realm . . . ." The first three lines of the subsection conclude at this point, and here, according to the Lord Chief Justice, end the words upon which the decision of the Court had to turn. On the authority of this sentence Regulation 14 (b) was issued by Order in Council on June 10, 1915, viz.: "Where, on the recommendation of a competent naval or military authority . . . . it appears to the Secretary of State (i.e., the Home Secretary) that for the securing of the public safety or the defence of the realm it is expedient in view of the hostile origins or associations of any person that he shall be subjected to such obligations and restrictions as are hereinafter mentioned, the Secretary of State may by order require the person forthwith to be interned." The Court held the view put forward by Sir F. E. Smith, declared this regulation valid, and ordered the rule *nisi* to be discharged.

The Defence of the Realm Regulations were passed very hurriedly after the war broke out; but, in consideration of the agitation which followed, a special Act

was passed (March, 1915), for the purpose of securing to British subjects coming within the scope of the Regulations the customary right of trial by a civil court with a jury. The issue of Regulation 14 (b) deprived the subject of the right which Parliament specifically conferred upon him three months previously. In a word, the Court practically said that Parliament, having abrogated its own powers of control, leaving the Home Secretary to act as he pleased, had ipso facto abrogated the powers of the Courts as well, thereby, of course, leaving the Executive to judge of the legality or otherwise of its own actions. In defiance of custom and precedent, a British subject may now be imprisoned without trial, solely on the authority of a regulation issued by an uncontrolled member of the Executive. In other words, the Executive is playing the part of King John, whose powers had to be controlled by the Great Charter, forced upon him by the barons.

Let us see now what the text-books and earlier decisions have to tell us. The following excerpts (in some cases abridged and modified) have been chosen from records of cases and various law books of unquestioned authority:

Habeas Corpus in English law is a writ issuing out of one of the superior courts, commanding the body of a prisoner to be brought before the court. There are various forms of this writ, according to the purposes for which it is intended.

The most famous form of the writ is the *habeas corpus ad subjiciendum*—the well-known remedy for the violation of personal liberty. It is addressed to the person in whose custody another is detained, and commands him to bring his prisoner before the court, with a statement of the day and cause of his capture and detention, "*ad faciendum, subjiciendum, et recipiendum,* to do, submit to, and receive whatsoever the judge or courts awarding the writ may consider on that behalf." It is described as a high prerogative writ, i.e., it is one of a number of extraordinary remedies, such as mandamus, prohibition, and the like, which the courts may grant on proper cause being shown. The writ of habeas corpus issues only after motion before the court or application to a judge, made on a sworn statement of facts setting up at least a probable case of illegal confinement. It is a common-law writ. "From the earliest records of English law," says Hallam, "no freeman could be detained in prison except upon a criminal charge or conviction, or for a civil debt. In the former it was always in his power to demand of the Court of King's Bench a writ of *habeas corpus ad subjiciendum*, directed to the person detaining him in custody, by which he was enjoined to bring up the body of the prisoner with the warrant of commitment that the court might judge of its sufficiency and remand the party, admit him to bail, or discharge him, according to the nature of the charge. The writ issued of right, and could not be refused by the court." Habeas corpus is, in fact, the appropriate instrument for enforcing the law of personal liberty, as declared in the great Charter—that no "freeman may be taken or imprisoned but by the lawful judgment of his peers or by the law of the land."

In Darnel's case (3 Car. I, 1627) the judges held that the command of the King was a sufficient answer to a writ of habeas corpus. The House of Commons thereupon passed resolutions to the contrary, and after a conference with the House of Lords the measure known as the Petition of Right was passed, which, inter alia, recited that, contrary to the Great Charter and other statutes, divers of the King's subjects had been imprisoned without any cause shown, and when they were brought up on habeas corpus, and no cause was shown other than the special command of the King signified by the Privy Council, were, nevertheless, remanded to prison, concluded "that no freeman in any such manner as is before-mentioned be imprisoned or detained." In Jenke's case, 1676, the Lord Chancellor (Lord Nottingham) refused to issue a habeas corpus in the vacation. Shortly afterwards was passed the famous Habeas Corpus Act (31 Car, II. c. 2), which is sometimes described as a consequence of the harsh if not illegal refusal of the writ in Jenke's case, but which, as Hallam shows, was really due to the arbitrary proceedings of Lord Clarendon. The Act itself passed the Lords after many similar measures sent up by the Commons had been rejected.

The Habeas Corpus Act, it will be seen, applies only to the case of persons imprisoned on criminal charges.

In times of public danger it has been found necessary to suspend the Habeas Corpus Act by a special statute. This was done in 1817 by the Act empowering the King to secure and detain such persons as his Majesty "shall suspect are conspiring against his person and government." More recently this extreme measure has been judged necessary in the case of Ireland (see 29 Vict. c. I, continued for a short period by annual Acts; but always followed by Acts of Indemnity).

In the history of constitutional liberty, of which the Great Charter is the beginning, its specific provisions are of far less importance than its underlying principle. What we to-day consider the great safeguards of Anglo-Saxon liberty are all conspicuously absent from the first of its creative statutes, nor could any of them have been explained in the meaning we give them to the understanding of the men who framed the Charter. Consent to taxation in the modern sense is not there; neither taxation nor consent. Trial by jury is not there in that form of it which became a check on arbitrary power, nor is it referred to at all in the clause which has been said to embody it. Parliament, habeas corpus, bail, the independence of the judiciary, are all of later growth, or existed only in rudimentary form. Nor can the Charter be properly called a contract between king and nation. The idea of the nation, as we now hold it, was still in the future to be called into existence by the circumstances of the next reign. The idea of contract certainly pervades the document, but only as the expression of the always existent contract between the suzerain and his vassals which was the foundation of all feudal law. On the other hand, some of the provisions of our civil liberty, mainly in the interest of individual rights, are plainly present. That private property shall not be taken for public use without just compensation, that cruel and unusual punishments shall not be inflicted, nor excessive fines be imposed, that justice shall be free and fair to all—these may be found almost in modern form.

But it is in none of these directions that the great importance of the document is to be sought. All its specific provisions together, as specific provisions, are not worth, either in themselves or in their historical interest, the one principle which underlies them all and gives validity to them all—the principle that the king must keep the law. This it was that justified the barons in their rebellion. The chief feature of the Great Charter, apart from all its specific enactments, that on which it all rests, is this, that the King has no right to violate the law, and, if he attempts to do so, may be constrained by force to obey it. That also is feudal law. It was the fundamental conception of the whole feudal relationship that the suzerain was bound to respect the recognised rights of his vassal, and that, if he would not, he might be compelled to do so; nor was it in England alone that this idea was held to include the highest suzerain, the lord paramount of the realm. Clause 61, which to the modern mind seems the most astonishing of the whole Charter, legalising insurrection and revolution, contains nothing that was new, except the arrangement for a body of twenty-five barons who were to put in orderly operation the right of coercion. It is certainly not necessary to show by argument the supreme importance of this principle. It is the true corner-stone of the English constitution. It was the preservation of this right, its development into new forms to meet the changing needs of the State, that created and protected constitutional liberty, and it was the supreme service of the Great Charter, far beyond any accomplished by any one clause or by all specific clauses together, to carry over from feudalism this right, and to make it the fostering principle of a new growth in which feudalism had no share.

STATUTORY JURISDICTION.—Although the right of the writ of habeas corpus is a common-law right and is not created by statute (see *In re Bessett*, 1844, 6 Q.B. 481; 66 R.R. 465), it has been confirmed and regulated by various statutes. The Statute 16 Car. I, c. 10, s. 6, after reciting the provisions of the Magna Carta and several statutes of the reign of Edward III relating to the liberty of the subject, enacted that any person restrained of his liberty, or suffering imprisonment by command of the King or of his Privy Council, or of any of the lords of the Privy Council, upon demand or motion made to the judges of the Court of King's Bench or Common Pleas, in open Court, should without delay upon any pretence whatsoever, for the ordinary fees usually paid for the same, have forthwith granted to him a writ of habeas corpus to be directed to the gaoler or other person in whose custody he may be. The person to whom the writ is directed must, at the return to the writ, bring, or cause to be brought, the body of the party so committed or restrained before the judges of the Court from whence the writ issued, in

open Court, and must then certify the true cause of his detainer or imprisonment, and thereupon the Court within three days after such return must proceed to examine and determine whether the cause of such commitment appearing upon the return be just and legal or not, and must thereupon do what to justice shall appertain either by delivering, bailing, or remanding the prisoner, under penalty of treble damages forfeitable to the party grieved.

This statute, which is still in force, was intended further to secure the liberty of the subject by regulating the issue of the writ in the particular cases of infringement of the right of personal security at the hands of the King or of the Privy Council, and was necessitated by the cases of arbitrary imprisonment which were very prevalent at the date of the statute (cp. *Darnel's Case,* 1627, 3 St. Tri. 1).

The Habeas Corpus Act, 1679, 31 Car. II, c. 2, probably one of the best known, and certainly one of the most valuable of the enactments upon the statute roll, was passed "for the better securing the liberty of the subject." This it effected by specifically meeting the various devices by which the common-law right to the writ had hitherto been evaded, and, in particular, by making the writ readily accessible during the vacation, by obviating the necessity for the issue of an alias and *pluries,* by imposing penalties for the refusal of the writ and the procedure upon its return.

In the face of such arguments as these, based on the experience of centuries, there are authorities who suggest—privately—that Sir F. E. Smith did not make out a very good case from the point of view of our constitutional practice. What he did was simply to defend the action of the Executive—in other words, to support the bureaucracy, irrespective of English legal traditions. Habeas Corpus is the best-known provision in our Constitution, giving effect to a genuine English idea. Let us not say a principle; for Habeas Corpus amounts rather to an absence of principle. The "absent" principle is that there shall be no official law in England. In every other country it has been found necessary to bolster up the Government by hedging officials round with various forms of privilege. There is no such idea of privilege in English law. This idea is even more ancient than the Charter, which, indeed, gave effect to it. The Charter is best regarded as a protest against abuse of power. The Habeas Corpus writ came into existence later against further abuses, and the Habeas Corpus Act was another attempt by Parliament to keep intact the old idea of English Government. It is impossible, therefore, to say that in English law the Habeas Corpus Act or any similar guarantees of personal liberty give effect to any legal principle. They are rather checks which have been invented from time to time against the encroachments of false and alien legal principles. The fundamental idea of the law is that every man is free save in so far as he has a duty to serve the king. The king was, in consequence, interested to see that the subject remained free to perform services. All writs now issue in the King's name. (This was not always so, for certain persons, such as the Prince Bishops of the County Palatine of Durham, were responsible for the peace of their own districts, and writs ran in order to maintain that peace.)

Clearly, then, it is a sound theory that when war breaks out the King, as always, merely looks on the subject as an instrument for performing services. If the interests of the country demand that the King shall take certain measures, and those measures should interfere with the liberty of certain of his subjects, those subjects could certainly not get any writ issued by the King. In so far as any of them happened to be imprisoned by the direct command of the Executive acting properly for the defence of the realm, it is probable that no writ would issue as a matter of right. It follows that the Defence of the Realm regulations need not have been issued—at any rate, so far as the conduct of the war is concerned. On the strength of the Royal prerogative alone the Government could have acted with the requisite boldness in any emergency. To express this slightly differently, the Defence of the Realm Act does not add anything to the powers which the Executive can command in the event of war. The difference between the Act and the Royal prerogative is that the former may remain in force until it is repealed (thereby giving the Government immense powers even after the war) while the extended use of the prerogative comes to an end automatically with the end of the emergency, i.e., with the ending of the war.

Now, though the King, by virtue of his prerogative, and by virtue of necessity, could do anything in the way of suspending the writ, in practice there is very rarely any need for this to be done. As we have seen, the Habeas Corpus Act saw us through a revolution and through the Napoleonic Wars without having to be superseded by any such measure as the Defence of the Realm Act. Pitt in 1794 and 1798, and the weak administration that followed his in 1801, had to deal with a delicate situation in a very different way. It is precisely during a period of war or revolution that the Act is particularly valuable—it is not a fair-weather Act; for the circumstances it was devised to guard against do not, as a rule, arise in calm and untroubled times. Further, the writ of Habeas Corpus cannot possibly do any harm to the interests of the country, since it merely gives the arrested person the right to have his case heard. The Attorney-General argued that there were exceptional cases where the Executive suspects a person and cannot find enough proof to bring him to trial. But in those cases the Royal Prerogative is quite strong enough to secure arrest in time of war. Even in such cases the issue of the writ of Habeas Corpus need not have been interfered with. If one may gather anything from their attitude on such a point, one may regard it as highly probable that Lord Halsbury, Lord Parmoor, and perhaps Lord Loreburn also, would have recommended a much more constitutional as well as effective course, viz., that the arrested person should be brought before the judge, and the Executive invited to convince the judge of the bona-fides of the arrest. The Executive could reply—and this, in war time, would be held to be a sufficient answer even to the Habeas Corpus writ—that the person (say) was living in a dangerous area where the military authorities could not allow anybody to reside unless they knew all about him. Any judge would hold such an answer to be adequate, on the assumption that he was convinced that the arrest was bona-fide.

The Attorney-General will appreciate the distinction. It may be said without offence that Sir F. E. Smith is relying too much upon Blackstone and too little upon the spirit of our old Common Law. Blackstone's eighteenth-century definition of law as a classification of rights is hardly adequate to the circumstances. Rights are negative. The old Common Law looked rather to the powers of the subject, which were positive. If we are informed that a subject has rights, we may think of something which may be given or withheld, according to circumstances; but when we are told that he has powers we realise that he has become a political factor. The theory is that a man, a subject, has powers to serve the King; and the Great Charter plus the Habeas Corpus Act guarded these powers from interference even by the King.

This distinction is vital to the whole war; and I hope to have an early opportunity of devoting a special article to an explanation of its far-reaching importance. It is a unique absence of the official privileges which, as I have said, prevail in other countries. The principle acknowledged by the Charter and the Act is the one essential element in our Constitution which we can oppose to the principles which have made Germany the most formidable, highly organised, and tyrannical State in the world. Examine German law, Roman-Dutch law, and the Code Napoléon itself, which has served as the basis of so many other codes, and you will find nothing like this. It is uniquely English; the one thing that distinguishes us from the Continental countries against (and with) which we are now fighting.

J. M. KENNEDY.

More Letters to My Nephew.

MY DEAR GEORGE,—The Don Rodriguez duly appeared at his own chosen dinner and turned out to be a merry cricket. I could see, however, that under the cloak of the farçeur is a body trained to endurance and a heart not easily daunted. Intellectually he is a Stoic, even if his habits indicated the gourmet. (The two attitudes are by no means mutually exclusive. A Stoic may be a man of good taste; a man of good taste may be a gourmet.) He belongs to an old and clean-bred Spanish family of large estate. The President of this Sambo republic cut a big slice off their possessions. One of the brothers was charged with insurrectionary sympathies. The noble President, fearing the verdict, had him shot out of hand, and without further ceremony seized Naboth's vineyard. The Don is a young man. He has patience; he can wait. He will surely remember.

Rafael had evidently told him that I was to be trusted, so our conversation was unrestrained. Undoubtedly, there is an insurrection on the Pacific slope, but it was agreed that it must fail. There is money; there is enthusiasm; there is anger at the memory of evil things done. But the Army remains solid for the President, who has always judiciously pampered it. Rodriguez, with a sigh, said the movement was hopeless. "We must wait a better chance," he said.

"For the sake of Rodriguez, I hope it will come soon," said Rafael, "but, if successful, how will it mend matters?"

"It will feed revenge," came the simple answer.

That is how things are out here. Politics is a fierce personal struggle. The only known political principle is Liberalism, and the President is its high priest. It is curious that the word "Liberal" has a special connotation in England, where it implies some generous impulse, some social compunction. But elsewhere (perhaps also in England) it is surely the most abominable creed ever devised. If you would be a master-politician, you must thoroughly grasp the inner meaning of the vile thing and realise also that it is the most powerful force in world-politics. As Liberalism is understood out here, it is a combination of anti-clericalism with full liberty to exploit labour. It implies that the Government, backed by the exploiter, must leave the exploiter alone. It also implies that the exploiter must play fair with the Government. The ancient Catholic hegemony of Central America had at least a negative virtue: it would not permit its children to accumulate large profits for anybody save Mother Church. Of course, it did its own spoliation to the glory of God. As bourgeois population and habits grew stronger, it is hardly surprising that a stern struggle ensued between the Church—mainly guided by Jesuits—and the trading classes for a fairer division of the spoils. Out of that struggle came the independence of the republics (their constitutions models of bourgeois morality), and the final expulsion of the Jesuits and other religious orders. Then followed the reign of the exploiter, who naturally had the Government in his pocket. Every insurrection that followed has been a grab, sometimes successful, at power; not for Liberty but for plunder. And always their watchword was Liberalism.

The story of European Liberalism is in essence similar but necessarily more subtly contrived. It had to give a greater content to the concept of liberty, and it squared the circle by drawing a sharp line between political and economic liberty. What you must understand is that, from its earliest days, Liberalism has been impregnated with economic motives. Its doctrine is simply this: that happiness comes through accumulation. When Adam Smith and the Physiocrats were propaganding, any interference by the State with money-making was deemed to be unnatural; it was "artificial." The State must leave industry alone. Let it stick to its own last—the proper application of force against outside enemies and inside agitators, particularly those who form combinations "in restraint of trade." Possessing the economic power, they naturally had the political power. Need we wonder that they made a Hell of Great Britain?

They did more: they performed a miracle; for they made our people proud of it.

I think I have remarked more than once that economic power dominates political theory and action. But that does not mean that political movements and methods are impotent or futile. If I buy a newspaper and pay an editor to expound my views, it by no means follows that no power inheres in his work and personality. It merely means that I can exercise power over him. In his turn, however, he exercises influence (which is power) over as many faithful readers as are attracted by his skill and persuasion. So it is with politics. The power behind the throne is money; but the power of politics is proved by the fact that Liberalism was able to enslave the population and yet make it proud of its liberty. Liberalism—essentially an economic movement—has commanded the ablest statesmen and politicians during the past century. Just think of them: Peel, Lord John Russell, Cobden, Bright, Gladstone. They were the bell-wethers; they lured the flock to be sheared. Nor were they without their prophets and their sacred writings. Adam Smith, Quesnay, Turgot, Malthus, Ricardo, John Stuart Mill, Bastiat, with his discordant "Harmonies," J. B. Say, Yver Guyot. Read them all: in their diversity you will find one harmonious strain—the liberty of the exploiter to exploit. Not once do you find a glimmer of the simple truth that the power to buy labour is the power to enslave.

Nothing grieved these gentry so much as the suggestion that the State might properly step in and protect the weak against the strong. Shaftesbury's agitation was before your time. In my youth, I heard its last echoes. I remember him as a very austere old man. His work was done; but he lived to see it as a buttress and not a curb upon Capitalism. I once watched him in church—went there to see him—and wondered whether he knew that he, more than any other man, had taught Capitalism how to hitch factory legislation to its own coach. He taught it that inhuman conditions do not pay; that factory laws and regulations, properly conceived, improved the quality of labour and bound it more securely to the wage-system. All was serenely well, so long as you could buy labour at a market price and sell its product at a profit. The rest was leather and prunella. This has been the theme of all the State Socialists from Rodbertus to Webb. I remember as a young man advocating the eight hours day because a man could produce more in eight hours' intensive work than in nine or ten hours' prolonged work. And I remember Sidney Webb proving to our satisfaction that the Factory Acts were a blessing because they had transformed the shoddy trade into a profitable, and, therefore, a respectable industry. Competitive confusion had given way to regulation. It had become imperative, not in the interests of the workers, but of the profiteers. All the younger fry of economists take this ground. Within the bounds of wagery, State interference is good for the worker and better for the Capitalist. It is merely one aspect of the economy of high wages. More corn in the belly, more work in the shafts.

But what an ideal! All the sanctities of life, "les longs espoirs et les vastes pensées," reduced to the measure of money and commodities. It is not a political economy, but a degraded philosophy. When, then, did it take the wrong turning? I believe in its definition and appreciation of "value." Take Adam Smith. Of course, you learnt in the schools his distinction between "value in use" and "value in exchange," afterwards so effectively developed by Marx. In either alternative, value resides in an inanimate thing. Ricardo argued that value is determined by the cost of production. Again, value resides in the thing produced. Marx carried Ricardo's theory a step further. "All value is the product of labour." Again, value in the thing. All the economists are agreed on that point. Granted the

premise, I suppose it logically follows. But how if we do not grant the premise? Suppose we say to Adam Smith, to Ricardo and to Marx: "Gentlemen, behind your definitions there is something you fail to mention —to wit, human life. Have you nothing to say about that? Consider! Human life goes into the production of a necklace and into the supply of water. It goes into the production of pâte de foie gras, but it also goes into the scavenging of our streets. Please don't fob me off with some futile reply about effective demand or human life being the common denominator—I know all about that. Please tell me whether you have any gauge to the intensity of life, to its quality, its distribution. Have you ever measured your commodities by the natural demand for them? Oh! You are not moralists, aren't you? Then why do you call yourselves *political* economists? Let me tell you that political economy involves morals. If it does not, then you are mere counting-house pen-pushers. But it certainly does involve morals, as I can prove in a trice. Thus, in your various definitions of value, how do you distinguish between slavery and wagery? You tell me it is a purely economic distinction. But how? Greater productivity under wagery. Why, good sirs? The higher status produces a higher standard of wealth production and consumption. Ah! Then you can't escape after all from an inquiry into the quality of life!"

Being neither a dreamer nor an impossibilist, I recognise that the political economists have done their best with their available material; I am grateful to them; they interest me immensely. Please don't run away with the notion that I regard them as capitalistic pimps. I don't; even though they lay themselves open to the imputation. They were all of them exceptionally good and kindly men. But how could they help taking on the colour of their environment? Quite literally, none of them knew anything about life. To them it was a thing of abstractions and phantoms. Nevertheless, if I find another man's hand in my pocket, and a saintly old gentleman standing by and applauding the act as sound political economy, he won't escape on the score of his unblemished reputation. He will be charged as an accessory.

. . . . . .

I had written the foregoing while Rafael and Don Rodriguez were closeted on urgent affairs. Rodriguez came to bid me adieu and gaily rode away, looking a very gallant gentleman. Rafael asked me what I had been doing, so I told him of this tedious screed to you.

"It is odd," he remarked, "that the new school don't look up Sismondi. They idolise Saint-Simon, or Fourier, or Owen, or Marx. Why do they forget Sismondi?"

"Hanged if I know. Why should they?"

"Well, you know, he gave the orthodox crowd some deuced uncomfortable quarts-d'heures. And he anticipated your theory about life values regarded in the economic sense. Read his 'Nouveaux Principes.' You will find there that he objected au fond to the aim of orthodox political economy. To them, it was the science of material wealth; to him the real object of the science should be man, or, at the very least, the physical well-being of man. For the economists to forget man was a sure way to make a false start. It is the very beginning of his argument. I'll write down two sentences for your charming nephew:—'The accumulation of wealth, *in abstracte*, is not the aim of Government, but the participation by all its citizens in the pleasures of life which the wealth represents. Wealth and population in the abstract are no indication of a country's prosperity; they must in some way be related to one another before being employed as the basis of comparison.' Tell your nephew to put that in his pipe and smoke it."

"I will, by Jove; and if he reads it to the Professor of Political Economy, he'll drop down dead."

"Worse things might happen."

"An alert Press could make great game of it. Imagine the heading: 'Death of a Professor from shock on discovering a human political economy.' How did Sismondi apply it?"

"By laying great stress on distribution. I daresay his argument was all wrong. He wrote in the early part of last century, you know. But I like him because as an economist and an historian he had compassion for those who suffer from trade crises. The invention of new machinery, the freedom of competition, and all the other stock-in-trade of the Liberals made him furious, because they had no compunction for those who suffered during the transition. To him, political economy, broadly conceived, is a theory of goodwill, and any theory that in the final analysis does not increase the happiness of mankind does not belong to the science at all. Doubtless, he was hopelessly wrong-headed, but I like him for it. His work is full of good things. You know the old argument about the spontaneous rearrangement of society following increased mechanical production. Sismondi jumps on it with both feet. He flourishes his fist; he shouts in his anger. 'Show more regard for men and less for machinery' is his indignant cry. 'Let us desist from our habit of making abstraction of time and place. Let us take some account of the abstracts and the friction of the social mechanism. The immediate effect of machinery is to throw some of the workers out of employment, to increase the competition of others, and so to lower the wages of all.'"

"Of course, he admits that a certain equilibrium is re-established in the long run, but only after frightful suffering. And ex hypothesi, suffering is uneconomic. Then, again, he spotted the waste involved. Competition has induced women and children to bear the burden of production instead of adults. Cheapness, in such circumstances, is useless. The meagre advantage enjoyed by the public is more than counterbalanced by the loss of health and vigour of the workers."

"By the same token, and apart from material results, woman in industry is uneconomic."

"I daresay it is. We instinctively hate the idea of our women living bedraggled lives in factories."

"Thanks for telling me about Sismondi. George Moore showed his intense love for the Irish language by making his nephew learn it. That's the kind of vicarious learning that suits me. I'll make my nephew stew up Sismondi. But a dreadful doubt oppresses me. These historical writers are nearly all pure inductionists. Deduction for me! When a man says that his experience leads him to conclude that economic law is moonshine, I back that law without hesitation. We must have the abstract before we can distil the truth."

"Poor Tony; orthodox and doesn't know it!"

"Perhaps and perhaps not. But, after all, there is more science in the classical than in the social-economic school. I prefer to build on the classical. There is less to reject and a vast deal more can be added. If I were a theologian, I would choose the Catholic and not the Baptist theology. The one may be right in this or that particular, but the other has the broad sweep and encompasses the living issues—such as they are."

"And the deuce of a lot more inertia."

"True; that is our problem."

"I doubt if it is really a problem. Take the commonly accepted emotional Socialism—the ethical stuff. I remember that the Socialists were never tired of proclaiming it to be the very essence of Christianity, and the Church rejected the claim. The Socialists fought their way into a sentimental popularity, and now the Church asserts that it is the one and only Socialist body. In like manner—touch wood!—if you were to go for a scientific study of human life as the greatest economic factor, the classical fellows would first laugh at you, and finally assert that you exactly express their sentiments. The fact is that all the inexact sciences are more or less humbug. The wise thing is not to be bulldozed by them."

Your affectionate Uncle,

ANTHONY FARLEY.

Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

THE artistic soul of Manchester has recently been troubled; and its Playgoers' Club, the keeper of the artistic conscience of the metropolis of the North, tried to offer it some consolation in the form of a symposium. The question which it addressed to those whose opinions it invited was: "What, in your opinion, is the best form of Drama for the present time?": and the replies showed a general consensus of opinion in favour of light comedy. This was not the answer that was hoped for, and the secretary darkly reminds us that "Nero fiddled while Rome burned, and that when the Terror was at its worst, at the time of the French Revolution, the theatres and dancing saloons of Paris were in full swing." I may remark that Boccaccio's "Decameron" was written during a visitation of the plague; that the so-called Restoration comedy of England developed rapidly after the plague and fire of London. It is a known fact that the gayest and most licentious people are those who live in places which are subject to earthquakes or volcanic eruptions; and generally it would seem to be true that Comedy flourishes in the shadow of Calamity. Did not Byron declare that he laughed because he would not weep; and did he not live and write during what is now regarded as one of the most calamitous periods of European history? What should we do but laugh, we who are spectators of the most stupendous, and what is rapidly becoming the most stupid, conflict in history? "Eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die," is the complete philosophy of recklessness; and although, thanks to our sumptuary laws, it is difficult to eat and drink, it is comparatively easy to be merry at this moment.

Certainly, there is plenty to laugh at. About a fortnight ago I was invited to the production of a play by a lady named Miss Monica Ewer. The play was entitled: "My Lady Poverty"; and it was a poor play, poorly produced, and poorly acted. But it has been suggested to me that a critic ought to define the significance of a play, so I hail Miss Ewer as a prophetess. Poverty, she sees, is going to be "the thing"; and she has written her play to prepare us for the inevitable, and to teach us to meet it with the spirit of St. Francis. Was not St. Francis the light comedian of what Socialists call the calamity of poverty; and is it not, therefore, appropriate that this teaching should be revived at this moment? Wealth is not money, as the mercantilists thought it was; wealth is not happiness, as the psychological hedonists thought it was; wealth is nothing but wealth, and is not always even that. It is a pillar of cloud by day, it darkens our life by its cares; it is a pillar of fire by night, for then it is that wealth is burned; "'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands." The girl who married £10,000 a year, and a motor-car that sounded like a Ford, because she hated poverty, only found happiness when their wealth was dissipated in speculation, and she and her husband had nothing but the clothes they wore (that was more than St. Francis began his mystical marriage with), and friends who were poorer than themselves, but were absurdly happy. At this moment, when profit is being piled on profit, when interest becomes more interesting with the issue of every loan, Miss Ewer says unto the rich: "Repent! for the Kingdom of Heaven is in Kennington."

But even more significant was the production by the Stage Society of Mr. Sturge Moore's rendering of the story of Judith and Holofernes. Here Feminism was opposed to Militarism; and with real feminine subtlety, Mr. Sturge Moore did not allow Militarism to state its case. Feminism monopolised Mr. Moore's very ordinary blank verse, and stated its own case at inordinate length; and then chopped off the head of Militarism while it lay in a drunken sleep. All the conditions of success were enumerated in Mr. Sturge Moore's play; the moment must be the moment before victory, the woman must be neither maiden nor wife, but a widow, the weapon must be Militarism's own weapon. Adapting everything to modern conditions, the symbolism is clear: Mrs. Pankhurst must kill Hindenburg the night before he begins his victorious march into London. Perhaps the most appropriate method would be the luring of Hindenburg into the lethal chamber at the Battersea Dogs' Home, and there asphyxiating him. However it may be done, there can be no doubt that Drama has here given direction to a more than national desire, has lifted the whole question of war high above politics, high above morals; and here, in the pure realm of spirit, has "exalted the humble and meek." But it must never be forgotten that Feminism must get its blow in first.

If I may continue prophesying from the stage, man may expect the worst after the war, perhaps even during it. Melodrama joins with tragedy in showing what will happen to the "I, a Sinner" type of man beloved of Señor de Maeztu; and at the Garrick, in "Tiger's Cub," he is shot in the back by a woman. Here we see man at his worst; the brutal husband leaving his invalid wife to die of neglect, refusing shelter to a lone, lost woman, and flogging his own daughter because he refused to believe that a baby she had found was not her own. There was your real anti-feminist; and man's eternal injustice to women is illustrated by the end of this scoundrel. He is hanged not for anything that he did to a woman, but because he had once murdered a man. His companion in villainy, who is shot by a woman, is not shot by her when he casts her off, but at the moment when he is murdering a man. But in spite of these apparent injustices to women, I congratulate Mr. George Porter on having written a very fine melodrama. It is more American than real American melodrama is, and its language is vividly vernacular of the stage; but it affords opportunity for some very fine acting, notably by Miss Madge Titheradge, Mr. H. A. Saintsbury, Mr. Ambrose Manning, Mr. Charles Glenney, and Mr. Sam Livesey.

But lest it should seem that the stage has become serious for a moment, let me hasten to add that even the Stage Society offered a very light comedy as a foil to Mr. Sturge Moore's tragedy. "So Early in the Morning" contained some of the wittiest dialogue that has been heard of recent years on the London stage; and although it was unfortunate that "Peg o' My Heart" (minus her dogs) should have strayed into this noble family, she acted more wisely than before by marrying the butler instead of the peer's son. I am afraid that I can find no significance in this play except that a writer should be witty if he can, unless it be the teaching that a woman with money can marry whom she likes. "A feast is made for laughter, and wine maketh merry; but money answereth all things." Indeed, if we turn to Mr. Oscar Asche's revival of "The Taming of the Shrew," we see mercenary marriage as the origin of the lightest of light comedy; for Mr. Asche does not treat the play as an anti-Feminist tract, but rattles through it as though it were the lightest of raillery. The issue is never in doubt for a moment; the man exploits his physical advantages as shamelessly as any woman could, and against that imperturbable assurance, that rude health, that insensitive vigour, nothing could prevail. Here is no tragedy of a broken spirit, of a humbled pride, as Ada Rehan made it; but a woman learning to school herself to the exercise of common courtesy under stress of a series of practical jokes. A delightful production, delightfully played, which seems to tell us not to take the tempers of women too seriously. But, in that case, what are we fighting for? I cannot say; but that is no reason why we should not laugh, and let the war be the occasion, if not the cause, that wit is in us.

Readers and Writers.

I HAVE many times pointed out that the danger of Ireland, as of other small nations, is provinciality. This is shown in the easy standards of excellence applied by Irish critics to Irish writers living in Ireland. A young Irishman has only to set up as a writer in Dublin to rank immediately as a promising genius; and he has only to emigrate to London to lose immediately his Irish reputation. But I need not say that patriotism of this kind has nothing to do with judgment. An Irishman writing in London may be a good writer; and an Irishman living in Dublin may be a bad writer. Or it may be the other way round, for there are examples of both. But to inquire of geography as if it were an oracle is superstition disguised as patriotism. These remarks are provoked by the appearance of a new "unique monthly," "The Irishman," and particularly by the editorial notes in the first issue. The writer, Mr. A. Newman (of whom I, for one, have never before heard), addresses his readers not only as if they were his familiar and somewhat contemptible friends, but as if their one concern in life were his personality. "When," he begins, "some eight months ago, the publishers of 'The Irishman' approached us, with the request that we would edit a high-class non-political monthly journal, we hesitated. We thought and pondered; we consulted our friends, etc., etc." Is not that the very style in which a lad would open the first issue of a school monthly? And is it not, in a word, provincial? As a matter of fact, there is no excuse for the existence of the new magazine in print—it might be cyclostyled, perhaps. For A. E.'s "Homestead," and the recently initiated "New Ireland"—not to mention the new monthly "Irish Review"—cover the whole potato-patch.

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It may seem ungracious to continue to discourage the publication of new journals; and, no doubt, their Columbuses will reflect complacently upon my motives. For instance, if I say (as I do) that the "Ploughshare" (the organ of the Quaker Socialists), which has now appeared as a sixpenny monthly, is a laborious and costly waste, Mr. W. L. Hare, its co-editor (and a disputatious correspondent of THE NEW AGE), will, no doubt, reply in the words of the Ephesian silversmith. To borrow, however, the words of my military colleague, I can only counter-reply that "it is not so." There are things past argument for which only affirmation or flat denial is fitting; and this is one for denial: that when I deplore the appearance of any given new journal my motive is jealousy for the present journal. Not many even of my readers can guess how lightly, and, at the same time, how tightly, we hold on to THE NEW AGE. Nothing human can unloose our grip; but at the first nod of fate we should drop it without a regret. Comfortably in mind, therefore, can I condemn the "Ploughshare" to be drowned as superfluous, since my prayer is that THE NEW AGE may die if ever it becomes as useless as Mr. Hare's journal. Quaker Socialism—what the deuce does one paltry and obscure term gain by being associated with another? Quakers are a sect of a sect; and Socialism is usually no more than a misunderstanding of a footnote to economics. The admixture, therefore, of a shaveling of Christian doctrine with a chip of economics is not likely to be very useful. Yet the new magazine starts in a shower of blessings poured out on it by bigwigs, littlewigs, and earwigs of all sorts, sizes and descriptions. Once more I wish it dead.

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A correspondent sends me from New Zealand the "Literary Corner" of a leading New Zealand daily, "The Press." It contains an article on a recent local novel contributed by the Hon. Sir R. Stout, K.C.M.G., I.L.D., Chief Justice of New Zealand, and Chancellor of its University—in short, by *the* representative of culture, I suppose, in all the country. If Irish criticism is provincial, New Zealand criticism must from this example be concluded to be barbarian—for a more avoirdupois scale of values was never applied to literature. Not only in material things, says Sir R. Stout in his exordium, have there been beneficent changes during the last forty years, "but we should realise that in the higher things of life our progress has been great." Examples? The "Spectator" of 1712 was a daily of a single sheet, twelve inches by eight, containing only about 1,500 words and seldom more than a couple of advertisements; whereas to-day—well, Mr. Strachey is in the place of Steele and the rest follows. Again, when Scott announced himself at the Scottish Academy dinner as the real author of "Waverley" such enthusiasm was witnessed as no other dinner has seen the likes of. "We could not to-day get up any such enthusiasm about any novelist; *good novels are too numerous*!" Sixty years ago novels were very few indeed. Nowadays they pour in thousands from our presses every year. And not only are they more numerous, but, "as a whole, they are finer in every way than the novels of the past centuries." As for drama and poetry, Bridges is as great a monument of human genius as Homer, and Pinero as Aristophanes. At this point my readers will become incredulous; but I have quoted the very words of the New Zealand authority. My own cannot be printed.

* * *

The astonishing thing is that criticism of this primordial slime can exist contemporaneously and in the same language with criticism like, say, Matthew Arnold's. The good does not, that is, supersede the bad; but both grow together until the harvest that never comes. Not even the present Armageddon has done any winnowing for us; but, as we see daily, stuff is published during the war, and will continue to be published after the war, that contains no grain of wheat nor even wholesome chaff. By the year 1909 the number of books published in England had grown to 10,000 per annum, or about two hundred a week. During the year of war just closed, well over ten thousand books were again published. Some hundred or so of them may, in a tolerant mood, be said to have justified the expenditure of labour upon their production—but of the rest, nobody, save their authors and publishers, can have any profit. Once more, I know, I expose myself to the retort that my opinion is only opinion and biased at that; and, once more, I can only reply that it is not so. Surely there is knowledge absolute in such matters; somebody, at least, is right. But I am much mistaken if the years following the war will see anything like the present overcrowding of the book-slums. Thank goodness, we shall be too poor to provide sustenance for so many blow-flysheets.

* * *

In making up their Budget for the coming lean years, I ask my readers to exercise the care they attribute to providential Evolution in the selection of the types for survival. There exist at this moment in the literary world examples of every type of organism from the amœba to man; and the expenditure of the reading public is really the only agency of selection at work: evolution by national expenditure! The question, therefore, to ask of ourselves, before exercising sixpennyworth of providence, is whether the object deserves, or does not deserve, relatively to its contemporaries, so much of the, after all, limited amount of life-force at our disposal. For to buy is to encourage, and with the same coin we cannot encourage two things. Already, it is to be feared, the course of the war has seen the gradual elimination of certain better, and the multiplication of certain worser, literary organisms; and if this careless selection continues the world will infallibly be degraded by some decades in consequence. But is it to continue? The responsibility, no doubt, is on the public in general; but, since everybody's responsibility is nobody's, in practice it is upon the individual—in short, upon each one of us. Our own readers will,

I expect, be called upon before very long to make their choice in this matter. The cost of printing and the cost of paper are rising—which is *our* side of the account; and, at the same time, the cost of living is rising—which is our readers' side of the account. The moment will come when each must decide whether THE NEW AGE is to be thrown overboard to lighten the ship—or, if not, what shall be dispensed with instead of it. As for me, I hope, but I do not fear. R. H. C.

Man and Manners.

AN OCCASIONAL DIARY.

FRIDAY.—"I won't have him swearing at me; I'm damned if I will!" said the sprightly Duchess of Eighty in a play I saw the other week. Chestnut! (Don't mean the Duchess!) Yet how the audience hee-hawed from donkey-stalls upwards! And a critic the next day remarked that the Duchess could say her damn with the best of us. It is to this "best of us" that I object. For the "best of us" do not say "damned" unless we mean exactly "damned." To swear not by meaning but from habit implies a lack of vocabulary and invention, particularly in the matter of the small change of conversation. For the use of swear-words in expressing every-day emotions produces a false emphasis comparable to the bang of a drum in a flute obbligato. For a man to swear in women's company is ill-mannered for the same reason that it would be unknightly taste for a soldier to wear his helmet in a drawing-room, or to attend a concert with his sword drawn. Helmets and swords are for particular emergencies; and so are swear-words. To go about hacking people's feelings with inapposite expletives is only the parallel of doing bodies unwarranted injury. Here, then, comes the reason why women shouldn't swear. (Why do women copy men's vices instead of their virtues?) A swear-word is the equivalent in words of a blow in deeds. There are occasions, no doubt, when it is fitting for a man to swear, just as there are occasions, no doubt, when it is fitting for him to use his fists; but it is never for women to employ these methods of defence. For a woman to swear is to challenge man with his own weapons in her own want of them. She is even more ridiculous a-swearing than a little man without authority employing enormous terms—issuing I O U's of violence that he cannot honour. Epigram—sarcasm—a penetrating truth—manner alone—these, on the other hand, are woman's proper means of pointing an argument. In general, swearing indicates a poverty of vocabulary; but slang, again, indicates a poverty of meaning. Slang has its currency among the least intellectual of us. It is the language of the insider, vulgarised by the outsider. The phrases professional to the politician, the sportsman, the student, the social man, the artist, the business man (and only rarely employed by them) are seized by the hangers-on as crumbs from the tables of the great to be passed off henceforward as the real loaves of intimacy. But such use only brings both speaker and profession into contempt. Slang, says Nietzsche, is "a language of inverted commas and grimaces." To use slang is to rob the beasts of their ways of expressing delight or annoyance. A pig grunts: a cat purrs: a child Goo-goos—a man barks damned fine—beastly jolly—or any other phrase of the day. Have you never heard a conversation like the following?

Ripping, eh?
Oh, ripping!
Ripping—absolutely!
By Jove, how ripping!
Ripping!
RIPPING!

Sunday.—Tremenjus talk with Joan last night! Work work, work, she complained. That's all men think about. Women? Oh, all right to flirt with, but nowhere, of course, to their rotten old work. Well, of course, I said, men think more of work than of anything else—but why not? Work is to men what love is to women; it's their whole existence. After all, it's a fair division of romantic labour: women supply the love, men provide the cottage. Both jerry-built, said Joan viciously. Well, at any rate, I said, the cottage usually lasts longer than the love. Men stick to work longer than women stick to love. Even when they don't love their work men don't go flitting about from profession to profession as women go flitting about from man to man. No, said Joan, and why? Because work is a thousand times easier to live with than a man. There's a good deal in that, I agreed. And yet why should it be so? Both love and work run through the same stages. Both start as a pleasure, continue as a duty, and remain as a necessity: so that when pleasure goes, there is duty to hold us, and when duty flaps its wings there is necessity. Yes, said Joan, but at each stage the woman is a lot worse off. Let's suppose that the pleasure in the first instance is equal; when the pleasure has gone out of love, the duty and, still more, the necessity, are very painful; but when the pleasure has gone out of work, there is still plenty of satisfaction left. Things, you know, don't lose their temper; you can't hurt their feelings; they don't get jealous; and they stay where they are left. Besides, the domestic career carries no salary, and even if you can't be dismissed, neither can you give notice. And then you mustn't even grumble about it. Harry can say, "Oh, damn the office," as often as he likes, but, my word, if I were to say, "Oh, damn Harry!" But, said I, you're not blaming men for what cannot be helped, are you? Oh, dear me, no, scoffed Joan. But they ought to see the pull they have over us, and make up for it in manners and consideration. Manners, yes, I said: but what sort of consideration? Well, said Joan, if work is everything to men and love everything to women, they ought to exchange on equal terms. Men, I suppose, get brains out of their work, or they should. Well, why should they not give their brains to women, as women are supposed to give them love? But not a bit of it! Men expect women to shower love about as if they were conducting a Christmas tree or running a charity. It is their nature to! But ask a man to dispense his time or his conversation, ask him to explain anything—unless there is the prospect of a flirtation at the end of it—he's simply rude. Look at Harry! I'm to be ready with kisses and dinner at any moment. I've to be sympathetic about his work and about the work of his friends. My job is sympathy, if you please. But if I go into his study when he's working, or if I expect his friends to talk intelligently to me—wow, wow!

Tuesday.—Do or don't men want women in cafés? If they don't, why do they pretend they do? If they do—and men always say they do—why do their ways belie them? Suppose women stopped talking as soon as a man joined, say, a tea-party, would he feel himself welcomed in the paralysis? Yet that is the unhappy experience of the woman who joins a group of men at a café. Silence, awkwardness and neglect. All silent and all damned! For example, the scene at the Café République last night when Norah came up. One man she didn't know insisted on vigorously shaking hands, while another remained anonymously pawing in the background, like a bear waiting to catch a bun. Of the men she had met before, two didn't budge, and another broke a glass in nearly jumping out of his hide to find a seat for her. For ten minutes no one spoke more than the weather permitted. Then three of the men returned to a formulary philosophical discussion in which they were joined for an hour by a man who had left his woman-companion alone in another corner of the café, to reflect, I suppose, on philosophers! Finally, a youth came churning up like a cattle-boat and anchored himself, without excuse or sign of compunction, between Norah and the man with whom she was, at that very moment, struggling into speech. Now what does such behaviour indicate—destitution of ideas and indigence of vocabulary?—that men cannot initiate and sustain a conversation on subjects and in terms fit for a woman to hear?—that most men's capacity for speech

has never ranged between the shop and the public-house? It isn't (Heaven forbid!) that I want men to confine their topics to Irish poets and theatres. (As a matter of fact, the less a woman understands of a subject the more flattered she will be at the implication, by the simple means of a look, a word, or an illustration, that she is thought worthy to suffer in the cause of the discussion on hand. What irritates women is silence or the feeling of being talked down to by men who haven't yet learned to talk up to them.) But, anyhow, a café isn't a debating hall, nor yet—I have it on masculine authority—a place to think in, so that high-falutin discussions yield more verbiage than fruit. After all, for thinking purposes, one, if not two's company, but three's certainly none. Thinking is therefore not for society. The very raison d'être of a café prohibits its employment for tête-à-tête technalysis. A café is a public drawing-room for the use of the world at leisure, where, instead of being entertained by mimes and lecturers, the people themselves are supposed to provide their own mutual entertainment. The public-house, England's greatest social institution, is—was, at any rate—for men only; the café, on the other hand, is an epicene institution, wherein the men who talk men's shop are not doing their social duty. They are taking the benefits of society, without paying toll to maintain it. Their coffee-bill is no more than their price of admission. Surely, however, the feminist movement might have provided us with a real café. Instead, it has allowed the Café République, the once promising beginning of the public-house of future society, to be so mishandled by men that only women of a certain type can be sure of enjoying themselves there. For no intelligent woman is going to submit to being treated like a pack of cards—shuffled and cut, hummed and hee-hawed over like a doll or a dolt. Neither is a nice woman going to a place where the presence of one proper-mannered person puts all the company ill at ease; where at sight of an unknown woman every man becomes tongue-tied and possessed of a mill of left hands. Yet the same men—though few men less deserve women—complain of the sort of woman who goes there! How can they? Are they blind or stupid? One of the accomplishments of café-going should be easy talk and easy manners. (Easy—but how difficult!) As it is, I declare the Café République holds London's most ill-mannered assemblage of men—(and women, but of them anon!).

A Yarn for Marines.

THE æsthetic difficulties in describing a man's beauty are scarcely to be welcome. Say that he had dark, curling hair—one were well-advised to add, not to be imitated save by the pure in spirit among hair-dressers. Say that his eyes were dark—it were none too near the safe side of the novelette to claim for them the expression which David cast upon Bathsheba when he saw her bathing in Jerusalem. Say that his ears made even the old women rave, that every feature was as if chiselled and painted—one nears getting him disliked!

Marlowe, as he may be called, naval officer, was admitted a handsome chap among the marines; so there is no need to state that he was fairly well at home on the sea, well-built and handy.

Marlowe, one evening in 1915, was leaning against the side of a Dreadnought sailing out, with decks clear as a cat's plate, from X——, as the Censor would say. Marlowe was talking nonsense, "red nonsense," said Beresford. "Red nonsense! All the same," said Beresford—"if it is true . . . if I were in your shoes, sir"—Beresford was Marlowe's superior, so, you understand, his name was not exactly Marlowe—"if I really dreamed once of a fairy who changed in my arms from a fly to a living woman. . . ."

"What?"

"I should add the final clauses to my last will and testament."

"Confound you, Beresford!"

"As much as you please. But it is uncanny. I believe in the uncanny!"

"Therefore, I had better make my last will. Perfect."

"Oh, it is not so simple as that. If I tell you something, you won't think I'm pebbling? . . . I *saw* a—a kind of fly, to-day, on the bridge—and it had only four legs. And it was not hurt! It flew up on the flag. It was covered with stuff like silk, fine silk. And it had *sparkling teeth*. I sweated. Thank God, the ——s noticed nothing!"

"Well . . . Beresford . . . you have seen *her*!"

"I tell you that I believe in the uncanny. I believe every word you have told me. These things happen!"

"I'm going below, Beresford. If I don't come up for dinner,—say—say I'm drunk."

"Don't be a ——, no, sir, something more likely than that! Besides, discipline . . . ?"

"All right. I'll turn up. If you were to say that I'm mad—so long!"

Marlowe went down to his wonderful, monstrous large and elegant cabin. And sitting on the side of his bed, robed in his bath-gown, was a lady, as golden and violet as fabulous Helen.

The effect of violet eyes gazing into black ones is a trick with the gods and the demons play upon mortals. True mortal lovers have the same colour of eyes; and they end their days in love, if not in peace. The others end in aversion, or in indifference.

"You! What a surprise!" softly exclaimed the lady—"I'm so hungry!"

Marlowe locked the door; and felt a need to throw off his jacket and vest. He threw them off. The lady insisted—"I'm so hungry!" Marlowe rang. The lady hid behind a crimson curtain. Marlowe kneeled and kissed her shoulder, bath-gown and all. The lady took his head between her hands—

Rat-tat!

The lady kissed Marlowe, nevertheless. Marlowe kissed the lady.

Rat-tat!

The lady kissed Marlowe, nevertheless. Marlowe kissed the lady.

Rat-tat!

The lady . . . nevertheless. Marlowe . . .

"Bring me a whisky and soda and a beef sandwich."

"Y'sir!"

"Whisky and soda and a beef sandwich!" exclaimed the lady at his ear.

Marlowe . . . The lady . . .

Rat-tat!

The lady covered herself completely with the curtain. Marlowe unlocked the door. The whisky and soda and beef sandwiches entered; and someone departed. The bugle sounded for dinner.

Marlowe put on his coat and vest. "Discipline!" he whispered.

"Trust me!" returned the lady, diving deep under the curtain.

Marlowe . . . ! The lady said—"No, no, no, no, no! Go, and return quickly!"

Marlowe returned ready to expire. The lady . . . !

Rat-tat!

"Good-night!" cried Marlowe—"er—o—eh? ——!"

"Good-night, your . . . 'ss! . . . I've never known him drunk before!"

. . . . .

Now, who could believe that even the most well-appointed ship's cabin contained Summer, azure seas, flowers, skies full of golden rays, vineyards heavy with grapes, Stars, Moons, and Everything to Eat and Drink? Well, it was all there in Marlowe's cabin; or, at least, if it was not really there, nobody noticed. No-

body noticed for ever so long, until, in fact, the watch-bells rang four.

Then never was heard such a long and deep sigh as rent those two loving but ill-regulated bosoms, and turned the cabin into a desert. Neither spoke a word. Each knew what the other was thinking. Their night was almost gone and would never be renewed except by fortune! The sigh broke in two rivers of tears which were no way to be dried up by kisses, and so the two lovers did the next best thing and mopped each other's burning eyes with the sheet while searching under the pillows for handkerchiefs. They gazed, gazed, gazed.

She seemed to say—"You remember our last meeting?"

And he: "But it was all in a dream."

"What is this more than a dream?"

"I hold you."

"I must go away at sunrise. You will believe it again all a dream."

"And you will come no more!"

"Not often enough to weary you, at least."

"Not often enough to content me, even. But you have no mortal will, I know that. You wander here and there, a desire; and I who would keep you forever in my heart—I have not power to do so. One cannot capture for ever the fancy of even a mortal woman. What hope, then, of a fairy's constancy?"

The lady laughed aloud, or almost, and Marlowe smiled. This burst of mirth was very much out of order. As everyone knows from the poets and Beresford, tragedy and death ought to await the mortal who loves a fay: and here were these two beginning to end by making a comedy of the affair! Marlowe said, nevertheless—"Let me carry you about with me by day—thus you will remain always with me."

"Gracious," returned the lady—"how little is dreamed of in your philosophy! Why, I weigh in my own form at least thirty infernal tons. Consider! Anything imaginable would seem light to you in comparison with the weight of a desire which you carried about for every second, minute, and hour of the day. No, no, your daily discipline is a very sensible institution—you must attend to duty and you will be relieved of me. How clever men are in managing themselves!"

"No doubt I shall be glad of something to do all day," returned Marlowe; "but you, my desire, you who have no discipline to distract you?"

"Ah, I have enough to do to preserve myself! If I were seen I should be hunted. Some would hunt me to get possession of me, and the rest to destroy me. And remember that each sundown I am bound to realise on pain of returning to punishment. Now suppose that I were driven to realise in the middle of the hunting crowd: even those who had wished for me might be shocked and might join with the others to destroy me. But do not look so aghast, my love! The very danger of all this attracts me to your earth—although I must say that the life is more simple than I expected to find it, everything being merely a question of money and clothes. A naked and penniless desire alone has a chance of adventure. . . ." She murmured and murmured, and soothed him with her voice, saying nothing more intelligible than what one hears in dreams and poems and old wives' tales.

Marlowe took the lady's hands in his, laid his head down on the pillow, and sweetly, sweetly sank into sleep. Presently, the lady pressed his hands, and withdrew hers. His eyelids fluttered, but did not open.

Marlowe awoke when the sun was full in the port-hole. He leaned up on his elbow, gazed around the cabin, jumped out of bed, and searched. Nothing remarkable was anywhere there. In his bath, suddenly he stopped splashing—"Can old Beresford have played me a trick! But how . . . where . . . no, impossible."

But, in fact, which would you have found easier to believe—that old Beresford had concealed a lady on a Dreadnought or that . . . as here has been related?

ALICE MORNING.

A Notebook.

By T. E. H.

THE RELIGIOUS ATTITUDE.—In discussing the religious as contrasted with the humanist attitude, in my last notes, I said, "While it tends to find expression in myth it is independent of myth; it is, however, much more intimately connected with dogma." I want to make this clearer by a more detailed account of what I mean by "an attitude" in this context.

* * *

The main purpose of these notes is a practical one. I want to show that certain generally held "principles" are false. But the only method of controversy in any such fundamental matter of dispute is an "abstract" one; a method which deals with the abstract conceptions on which opinions really rest.

You think A is true; I ask why. You reply, that it follows from B. But why is B true, because it follows from C, and so on. You get finally to some very abstract attitude (h) which you assume to be self-evidently true. This is the central conception from which more detailed opinion about political principles, for example, proceeds. Now if your opponent reasons correctly, and you are unable to show that he has falsely deduced A from B, then you are driven to the abstract plane of (h), for it is here that the difference between you really has its root. And it is only on this abstract plane that a discussion on any fundamental divergence of opinion can usefully be carried on.

* * *

Any attempt to change (h), however, should be prefaced by some account of the nature of such abstract attitudes, and the process by which we come to adopt them.

It is possible to trace, in every man's mind, then, trains leading in various directions, from his detailed ethical and political opinions, back to a few of these central attitudes.

A..... B..... c.....g.....(h)

Instead, of the first concrete statement "A is true," we might have "A is good"; in which case (h) would be an ultimate *value;* the process, however, is the same. Another metaphor, by which we may describe the place of (h) in our thought, is to compare it to the axes, to which we refer the position of a moving point, or the framework, on which A and B are based. This is, perhaps, a better description, for the framework, inside which we live, is something *we take for granted;* and in ordinary life we are very seldom conscious of (h). We are only led up to it by this dialectical questioning, described above. All our "principles" are based on some unconscious "framework" of this kind. As a rule, then, we are quite unconscious of (h), we are only conscious of the detailed principles A and B, derived from it. Now while we probably acquire the opinions A and B consciously, the same is not true of (h). How do we come to hold it, then? For we did not produce it ourselves, but derived it ready made from society. It came to be an essential part of our mind without our being conscious of it, because it was already implicit, in all the more detailed opinions, A and B, society forced upon us. It was thus embedded in the actual matter of our thought, and as natural to us as the air; in fact, it *is* the air that all these more concrete beliefs breathe. We thus have forced upon us, unconsciously, the whole apparatus

of categories, in terms of which all our thinking must be done. The result of (h) having in this way the character of a category, is that it makes us see (A) not as an opinion, but as a fact. We never see (h) for we see all things *through* (h).

In this way these abstract categories, of course, *limit* our thinking; our thought is compelled to move inside certain limits. We find, then, in people whose mental apparatus is based on (h) while ours is not, a certain obstinacy of intellect, a radical opposition, and incapacity to see things which, to us, are simple.

Now the limitation imposed on our thinking by such categories is sometimes quite legitimate. Some categories are objective. We cannot think of things outside of space and time, and it is quite right that we are subject to this limitation.

But (h) often belongs to the large class of pseudo-categories—categories which are not objective, and it is these that I wish to deal with here. They are exceedingly important, for the difference between the mentality of one great period of history and another really depends on the different pseudo-categories of this kind, which were imposed on every individual of the period, and in terms of which his thinking was consequently done. It is not difficult to find examples of this.

(1) A Brazilian Indian told a missionary that he was a red parrot. The missionary endeavoured to give some explanation of this statement. You mean, he said, that when you die you will *become* a red parrot, or that you are in some way related to this bird. The Indian rejected both these plausible attempts to explain away a perfectly simple fact, and repeated quite *coldly* that he *was* a red parrot. There would seem to be an impasse here then; the missionary was *baffled* in the same way as the humanist is, by the conception of sin. The explanation given by Lévy Bruhl, who quotes the story, is that the Indian, has *imposed* on him by his group a conception of the nature of an object, which differs radically from ours. For him an object can be something else without at the same time ceasing to be itself. The accuracy of this explanation need not detain us. The point is that it serves as an illustration of the way in which minds dominated by *different* pseudo-categories, may have a very *different* perception of fact.

(2) Greek. It has been recently argued that the only way to understand early Greek philosophy is to realise that it continued on the plane of speculation the categories, the ways of thinking that had earlier created Greek religion, . . . the conception of *Moira,* to which even the gods submitted, . . . etc. The difference between the religion attitude and myth is here quite clear.

The more intimate connection with dogmas I referred to, depends on the fact that dogma is often a fairly intellectual way of expressing these fundamental categories—the dogma of Original Sin, for example. At the Renascence, in spite of opinion to the contrary, the philosophy did *not* express the categories, the ways of thinking which have earlier been expressed in the Christian religion; it reversed them.

* * *

It is these categories, these abstract conceptions, which all the individuals of a period have in common, which really serve best to characterise the period. For most of the characteristics of such a period, not only in thought, but in ethics, and through ethics in economics, really depend on these central abstract attitudes. But while people will readily acknowledge that this is true of the Greeks, or of Brazilian Indians, they have considerable difficulty in realising that it is also true of the modern humanist period from the Renascence to now. The way in which we instinctively judge things we take to be the inevitable way of judging things. The pseudo-categories of the humanist attitude are thought to be on the same footing as the objective categories of space and time. It is thought to be impossible for an emancipated man to think sincerely in the categories of the religious attitude.

The reason for this is to be found in the fact noticed earlier in the "Note" that we are, as a rule, unconscious of the very abstract conceptions which underlie our more concrete opinions. What Ferrier says of real categories, "Categories may be operative when their existence is not consciously recognised. First principles of every kind have their influence, and, indeed, operate largely and profoundly long before they come to the surface of human thought, and are articulately expounded," is true also of these pseudo-categories. We are only conscious of A, B, . . and very seldom of (h). We do not see that, but other things *through it;* and, consequently, take what we see for facts, and not for what they are —opinions based on a particular abstract valuation. This is certainly true of the *progressive* ideology founded on the conception of man as fundamentally good.

* * *

It is this unconsciousness of these central abstract conceptions, leading us to suppose that the judgments of value founded on them are *natural* and *inevitable,* which makes it so difficult for anyone in the humanist tradition to look at the religious attitude as anything but a sentimental survival.

But I want to emphasise as clearly as I can, that I attach very little value indeed to the *sentiments* attaching to the religious attitude. I hold, quite coldly and intellectually as it were, that the way of thinking about the world and man, the conception of sin, and the categories which ultimately make up the religious attitude, are the *true* categories and the *right* way of thinking.

I might incidentally note here, that the way in which I have explained the action of the central abstract attitudes and ways of thinking, and the use of the word *pseudo*-categories, might suggest that I hold relativist views about their validity. But I don't. I hold the religious conception of ultimate values to be right, the humanist wrong. From the nature of things, these categories are not inevitable, like the categories of time and space, but are *equally objective.* In speaking of religion, it is to this level of abstraction that I wish to refer. I have none of the feelings of *nostalgie,* the reverence for tradition, the desire to recapture the sentiment of Fra Angelico, which seems to animate most modern defenders of religion. All that seems to me to be bosh. What is important, is what nobody seems to realise—the dogmas like that of Original Sin, which are the closest expression of the categories of the religious attitude. That man is in no sense perfect, but a wretched creature, who can yet apprehend perfection. It is not, then, that I put up with the dogma for the sake of the sentiment, but that I may possibly swallow the sentiment for the sake of the dogma. Very few since the Renascence have really understood the dogma, certainly very few inside the Churches of recent years. If they appear occasionally even fanatical about the very word of the dogma, that is only a secondary result of belief really grounded on sentiment. Certainly no humanist could understand the dogma. They all chatter about matters which are in comparison with this, quite secondary notions—God, Freedom, and Immortality.

* * *

The important thing about all this—which I hope to make clearer when I come to deal with its effect on literature—is that this attitude is not merely a *contrasted* attitude, which I am interested in, as it were, for purpose of *symmetry* in historical exposition, but a real attitude, perfectly possible for us to-day. To see this is a kind of conversion. It radically alters our physical perception almost; so that the world takes on an entirely different aspect.

Views and Reviews.

A Last Word on Conscription.

THERE can be no doubt that by the time that the Military Service (No. 2) Act becomes operative it will have received the "general consent" of the people of this country. The Labour Party Conference certainly passed some academic resolutions against Conscription in general, and this Act in particular; but its practical resolution enjoined acquiescence in the operations of the Act, and, undoubtedly, to agitate against it will be a criminal offence. Already the police have raided the offices of the Women's Anti-Conscription League, and no one has protested; and by the time that the Act becomes operative we shall all be discussing compulsory saving, or something like that, and resistance to the Act will have no news-value. There will undoubtedly be silence, and as "silence gives consent," Mr. Asquith's pledge will be as literally redeemed as even he could wish. What people are beginning to fear is not the Act, but the exemptions that may be granted; and if the molly-coddling ideas of Lord Derby are adopted, that fear will be well-grounded. Lord Derby has suggested, for example, that a man with a wooden leg should be accepted for clerical work, work which a healthy man could do far better, for how can a man write with a wooden leg? The advantage of a wooden leg is that it can never suffer from chilblains, and obviously its possessor is more fit for the trenches than is a healthy man. Lord Derby's softness of heart would deprive us of the real military advantage of the conscription of cripples.

But if we turn back to history, we find the strongest support for the exemption of the physically fit. It is too often forgotten that the Battle of the Nile and the Battle of Trafalgar were won by pressed crews, crews that contained a large percentage of conscientious objectors and the physically unfit. It is certain that the most enthusiastic, capable, and vigorous sailors could not have won a greater victory than those physical wrecks and psychical nullities achieved at the Battle of Trafalgar; and the fact should make us chary of these new-fangled theories of efficiency based on physical fitness. It may be true that our armies at the front show cleaner bills of health than have ever been known before; but can they show us a victory equally as decisive as the Battle of Trafalgar? They cannot; and their military value is, therefore, less than was that of Nelson's pressed crews. It is even being suggested at the present time that neurasthenia should be regarded as a disqualification for service; but Dr. Boris Sidis, in a recent work on psychology, says that "one may well ponder over the significant fact that it is the neurasthenic, the 'psychasthenic,' who is doing the world's work." Victory, it is clear, cannot be obtained by the physically fit.

There is another objection to the use of healthy men in the field; it robs our generals of that fine recklessness which is decisive at the right moment. One remembers that Napoleon lost the Battle of Waterloo because he hesitated to throw good soldiers after bad; it is conceivable that he would have won if, instead of his Old Guard, he had had another swarm of inefficient and incapable soldiers to throw away. We are naturally careful in the use of valuable things, and a general cannot reasonably be expected to achieve the impossible with a perfect army. He must hesitate to throw away good material, and he who hesitates in war has lost. It may fairly be argued that physical disability is the best qualification for military service; take, for example, the question of eyesight. The military custom of blindfolding a man before shooting him indicates the belief that a man with normal sight cannot face rifle-fire, but a blind man is obviously not so disabled. Battalions of the blind might be led to the muzzles of machine-guns without suffering panic, and no general would hesitate to sacrifice such men to achieve victory. The protests that have recently appeared in the correspondence columns of the "Times" against the enlistment of the feeble-minded, the epileptic, the tuberculous, are really sentimental, "dysgenic," Dr. Saleeby's word. If it is sweet and glorious to die for one's country, who are more fit to die than those who are not fit to live? No greater economy could be made in the conduct of the war than the use of men who, in normal times, are a burden to the State, and whose loss no one would regret.

It may be protested that we cannot achieve our noble, national purposes with the off-scourings of our gaols, workhouses, hospitals, and lunatic asylums. But it has already been proved by another writer in this journal that men are not dignified by what they are, but by what they do: "dignity is based upon labour." The end dignifies the means; and if the end be worthy, shall we condemn the means as ignoble? When Belgium is freed from the invader, should we denounce the redemption of our national honour if all our consumptives had coughed up their lungs in Flanders? Should we not rather erect a monument over their remains so massive that not one tubercle bacillus could ever arise from the grave? We should have made war successfully, and relieved civilisation of the contamination of the white scourge, and thus have doubly achieved a noble purpose.

I commend these suggestions particularly to the pacifists. Half their case against war is based upon the tragedy of the destruction of the good, the brave, the beautiful, the physically fit. It is the waste of humanity that they deplore, the turning to destructive purposes of powers that could be utilised in the maintenance and to the greater glory of all that we call civilisation. But war waged by the physically unfit would have all the hygienic value of a spring-cleaning; civilisation would smell the sweeter for every war and would still be glorious with military honours. I feel sure that, at the present moment, the military authorities would not need much pressing to make them adopt the suggestion; I heard only the other day of a doctor passing about a dozen men, only one of whom was physically fit—and he was short-sighted; and no other scheme would pacify the pacifists, or deprive their contention of the support it undoubtedly derives from the tragic incidence of modern war. At one sweep, the economic argument against war would be robbed of its validity, for industry would not be disturbed by the use of invalids and cripples in the Army. Some of the greatest triumphs of Science are based upon the utilisation of waste products; and perhaps the greatest possible achievement of Social Science will be the making of war with the waste of civilisation.

It is life that is difficult, death that is easy. It is life that requires health, strength, and intelligence: but any man with heart-disease can drop down dead, and, if my information is correct, many of our conscripts will do so. All the attempts to ameliorate war, or to make it more efficient by the services of a medical corps, would be unnecessary; indeed, from first to last, moribund or dead, such soldiers need suffer only from one disease, malingering, which was cured at the battle off Brest, 1797, with a rattan cane. The threatened shortage of doctors would have no terrors, for all the sick would be disposed of; and if it was a test of the revolutionary zeal of the Marseillais that "they knew how to die," there is no limit to the fighting passion that we might expect from men who do not know how to do anything else. If Garibaldi could recruit men by offering them "disease, and wounds, and deaths," what more fit recruits could we have than those who are already diseased, and crippled? There is only one step for them to take from the ridiculous to the sublime—the goose-step.

A. E. R.

Pastiche.

IMPRESSIONS OF SALONIQUE.

Briton, Jew, and Turk, and Frenchman, homeless Serb,
and furtive Greek,
Wretched nondescript, and German—they are all in
Salonique:
City that was fair to look on from the troopship in the
Bay;
Wretched hole you're glad to flee from when you've
smelled it for a day.

Think of Mars, and mud, and money—dwell upon the
second most—
Idols three you bend the knee to on this God-forsaken
coast;
Think of these, good folk in England, where the first and
last hold good,
And be grateful to your country that you need not worship
Mud.

Have you ever seen a lorry or a limber in the air
Tho' it's only for a second? You can see them every-
where
On the rocky roads that switchback from the city to the
hills,
Where it's Bump-and-Jump-and-Clattering, and not the
pace, that kills.

On the highway to Langaza, or the road to Monastir,
Crowds of hucksters kick the sand up, selling fruits and
sweets to clear
Dusty throats of beerless soldiers, who will take the tan-
gerine
For a worse complaint than Keats had when he sighed for
Hippocrene.

"Man must own," thinks Hilaire Belloc, and the Greeks
here think so too,
Buy thin donkeys for ten drachmes, pile them high with-
out ado,
Bulge their sides out with great bundles till you fear the
beast will fall,
Then, with infinite composure, mount the lot to crown it
all.

If a soldier's struck it lucky, after dinner, duties done,
With the lizard and the tortoise he lies basking in the sun,
Idly watches wild-fowl flying lakeward to their reedy nest,
Till at last a perfect "Turner" deepens in the crimson
west.

Is the city disenchanting? Are the hills too wild and
bleak?
Do the big guns sound too deadly on the air of Salonique?
Even so; but every soldier reckons on a westward leap
When his blankets are about him and he settles down to
sleep.

Salonique, January, 1916. J. STEEKSMA.

ALL INDUSTRY FOR WOMEN.

An argument to show that the abolition of male labour in every branch of industry will ensure the destruction of the Huns.

By W. Mears.

The "Times," the "Daily Mail," and other intelligent and patriotic newspapers have told us that the only way to secure the victory of the Allies is for this country to adopt conscription. Now it is far from my intention to dispute any statement made by the profound intellects of Fleet Street and Printing House Square; yet I feel compelled to point out that even the adoption of conscription will not give us soldiers in sufficient numbers, if millions of men are allowed to remain in the mines and factories. For instance, when Bulgaria joined the Huns, one of the greatest of our newspaper strategists demanded that the Army should be increased by 2,000,000 men. Since it is necessary, on such high authority, to oppose 400,000 Bulgarians by 2,000,000 Englishmen, must we not be prepared for further demands when other neutrals go over to the enemy? Suppose Roumania gives way to Hunnish threats and bribes; we shall then, according to the same high authority, be compelled to raise a further 4,000,000 men to fight 800,000 Roumanians. Now, the only way we can raise such vast numbers is by compelling *all* men to join the Army, and this can only be done by replacing every man in industry by a woman.

I will now proceed to show how this great scheme can be carried out. First of all, no objection will be raised by the women themselves. As a male, it pains me to state that far greater patriotism has been shown during this war by the women than by the men. On the one hand, we have women gladly sending, and if necessary forcing, their husbands and lovers to die in the mud of Flanders; and, on the other hand, we have men selfishly objecting to even a few women assisting in the workshops and offices. The patriotism of the women who have shown the utmost eagerness, not only to take the places of their husbands and brothers, but to take them at a reduced wage, has not been fully recognised, and has been left almost entirely unexploited. Again, while men have reduced their expenditure to the barest minimum, it is women who have raised many of our most important industries to a state of unexampled prosperity. What would have happened to drapers, actors, cinema proprietors, and erotic novelists, if they had relied on the support of men during the last fifteen months? Who support such great organs of the Press as the "Mirror," "London Mail," "Home Chat," and "T. P.'s"? It is needless for me to answer these questions; every male is guiltily conscious of the answer.

Now my proposal is, that all this magnificent patriotism, which has been thwarted by masculine selfishness, should be given the fullest scope. *All* the work of the nation should be carried out by women. We shall then have an Army of at least 20,000,000 men, and even Mr. Garvin will not ask for more. I am aware that certain objections will be raised to this scheme, and I intend to deal with them now.

Firstly, it will be objected that women have not been sufficiently trained to carry on many technical occupations. The answer to this is that the men in such trades, before joining the colours, will instruct the women who are to take their places. Women, owing to their superior intelligence, will be able to learn all that is necessary in a few weeks.

Secondly, it will be objected that some work, such as mining, is too heavy and laborious for women. This is a foolish objection, because women used to work in mines and can do so again; and the same applies to all other manual work.

Thirdly, it will be objected that, as all the work of organising and directing industry is carried out by men, there are no women qualified to take their place. This is the most futile objection of all. A woman who has managed a staff of thirty servants, or organised a war charity, has nothing to learn from the most ruthless speeder-up or the cleverest company promoter.

Having disposed of the objections, I will point out a few of the advantages of abolishing male labour.

(a) Female labour is much cheaper. Apart from the fact that it is the custom of many women to supplement their incomes by methods that need not be enlarged upon here, practically every woman wage-earner under this scheme will have either a separation allowance or a proportion of her brother's or father's pay.

(b) Women workers are unorganised, therefore strikes will disappear. In case women should show any tendency to agitate for higher wages, a plentiful supply of Suffragist and Carmelite literature will be distributed in every factory and office. Also, and this is most important, the substitution of women for men in industry will be directed and controlled by the present leaders of the woman's movement; so there is no danger whatever of any of our future workers showing too much independence.

(c) Since the control of the war will be largely in the hands of women, the foolish humanity that at present stultifies our efforts will entirely disappear.

It is hardly necessary for me to add any further advantages, but I might point out that the last is the most important of all. Let any man consider what his female friends and relations have been saying for the last fifteen months about how *they* would treat the Huns. He will know that our cultured matrons and virgins will devise tortures for the German prisoners, more refined and more excruciating than any that were ever invented by Indian squaws. He will know that the war will be carried on relentlessly until the whole German nation has been utterly destroyed.

I should mention that, under this scheme politicians, Labour leaders, and journalists will be classed as women.

When the men of this country have resigned their affairs into the abler hands of the women, there will only be one thing for them to do: to go out and exterminate the Huns.

Current Cant.

"What is the matter with the English?"—ROBERT BLATCHFORD.

"If this were a woman's war . . . each woman would fight like ten."—JESSIE POPE.

"Make the darkness profitable."—"Proof."

"New men are rising, men of the old Cromwellian stamp."—AUSTIN HARRISON.

"Mr. Wilkie is one of the soundest Labour members in the House."—"Daily Mail."

"As a result of the war, Christ is drawing all men unto Him."—Rev. DIMSDALE T. YOUNG.

"It seems that one part of the British working class is not sufficiently penetrated with the gravity of the situation."—"Temps."

"The Voluntary system has undergone its great trial and failed."—"Everyman."

"In 'T.P.'s Weekly' some years ago Mr. W. L. George gave an interesting account of his beginnings as an author . . . he has an inclination to doubt the value of his work if it finds favour."—"Mainly About Books."

"Kipling shows a national love of Biblical language and it is worth while to observe how he repeatedly goes to Holy Writ for sonorous expressions."—THURSTON HOPKINS.

"There was no lack of thrills from a woman's point of view. The Hon. Mrs. Mackenzie not only wore her wonderful pearls, but also used a bluish tint of powder, calculated exactly to tone with her sea-green gown. It was one of the most tricksily delightful things I've seen."—"Town Mouse" in "Sunday Pictorial."

"I believe that there is not one of us in the British Empire to-day who is not a nobler being—a better man, a better woman—for the chastening of this war. I know *I* am—and I thank God for it."—HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

"I feel that I am the only advertising expert. I have done some of the greatest things in advertising. . . . I always feel, when mounted on my serene throne, as the only expert, and when I see lesser men peddling soap, fountain pens, furniture or bicycles, that there are greater things in advertising than have ever yet been attempted."—CHARLES HIGHAM.

"I have a rooted objection to anything and everything in the nature of advertising."—HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

"The past year has been notable by the tardy recognition of the force of advertising by the British Government in its appeals for men and money. . . . I am glad to find that advertising men have already distinguished themselves in the new armies."—Lord NORTHCLIFFE.

"Mrs. Adair, the well-known beauty specialist of New Bond Street, relates how she originally discovered the secret of her remedies in the Himalayas from a native priest at the Temple of the Hindoo God, 'Ganesh.' So impressed was she that she adopted the word 'Ganesh' as her trade mark, and brought it back to England, where the efforts she has made to enable ladies to make themselves beautiful and attractive have been crowned with entire success."—"The Bystander."

"Be loyal to your country by using Sunlight soap."—LEVER BROS.

"The Versatile Editor of 'John Bull' and foremost publicist of the day—Tribune of the Trenches and idol of the Man-in-the-Street—pleads for firmness, with neither mercy nor forgiveness, in Britain's terms of peace."—"The Sunday Pictorial."

"There you are, Mr. Kaiser, that is my second message to you. Doesn't look as though we were beaten, does it? But you must decide quickly—or I shall think of something more."—Mr. HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

A DANGEROUS PEACE.

Sir,—I have for long perceived (as have, I suspect, many of your readers) that the really dangerous agitation for an inconclusive and therefore a ruinous peace would come not as fools and charlatans pretend—from the professional pacifists, Socialists, or Trade Unionists—but from the viler and more thoroughly worthless section of the Tory Party. And now a clear proof of this comes to hand. The following extract is from last week's issue of the "Bystander," an organ which may be said, without undue offence, to represent this type of Tory:—

"Is there nobody that recognises the possibility that this war may have *no* decisive ending—that as a war between two rival alliances it may end in a draw, and that such an ending may be the best in the long run for the peace and welfare of the whole world?" And, again, "What is good for the world is that all nations should win for themselves the right to live in peace and honour, and that is the only really ideal result of this war."

There you have it straight and flat. This baser section of the exploiting classes has always had a strong sympathy with Prussianism, its political methods and its modes of thought. And now that the grim spectre of the Conscription of Wealth is looming into view this natural affinity with tyranny and obscurantism is reinforced by sordid greed. These people care nothing for the fact that as certainly as night follows day such a peace would be followed after a short interval by another war, in which we should have, and should deserve, no allies, and which would inevitably result in our destruction as a nation. By that time they would no doubt have arranged matters satisfactorily with the ruling classes in Germany, and would be looking forward to a continued exploitation of this country in the thoroughly congenial rôle of the Kaiser's garrison. They are, it is plain, gathering their forces for an attempt to stampede the country into the peace that they desire; they are numerous, rich, and totally unscrupulous, and if we do not look out they will put the thing through, especially if the honest pacifists, who in most cases probably hate Prussianism as much as they hate war, are fools enough to play into their hands.

C. W. S.

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THE FOREIGN EXCHANGE.

Sir,—I have taken advantage of Mr. Kennedy's offer to communicate direct with him, but would like to ask Mr. Puttick to clear up one point which arises out of his letter, wherein he states definitely that the fall in the German foreign exchanges is attributable to the excessive paper issues, although at the same time he maintains that the "ultimate solvency of the Government does not affect the matter." He shows that an increase in the amount of money—whether gold, notes, or bank credits—causes a rise in prices, and that the abnormally high prices ruling in Germany and Austria are *paper prices*, which is undoubtedly true; but when he continues, relative to these paper prices, "but as an inconvertible paper is of little use for foreign payments, the exchange reduces these paper prices to their gold equivalent, and this registers the extent of the depreciation of the currency," then I fear I am lost. I take it that when he speaks of paper prices he means prices of goods measured in terms of notes, but, if so, I would ask whether such notes are ever of use for foreign payments either in war time or in peace; and when he says that the exchange reduces these paper prices to their gold equivalent, surely he is not now referring to notes, but to bills of exchange. Is there not confusion here in using the word "paper" to include both notes and bills of exchange? An excessive creation of the latter due to trading or financial transactions would undoubtedly lower the value of such bills, but I should like to be corrected if I am wrong in suggesting that the creation of bank-notes would have no such effect. The creation of bank credits will produce the same effect as the issue of bank-notes, and we have probably created as great an amount of such credits and emergency notes as Germany has of notes only, and yet our American exchange rate has not fallen to so great an extent as has Germany's. If the fall be due to the issue of notes, how do we account for the simultaneous rise in our Russian, French, and other exchange rates, whilst the American have fallen?

F. B. SINCLAIR.

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THE DEFORMITY.

Sir,—Has the futility of political Labourism been demonstrated with final precision during the past month? The débacle at the Labour Party Conference was not caused so much by moral renegation as by the constitu-

tional weakness of the Labour Movement which is deformed; a monster with two heads. Will political fiduciaries who have not appreciated that criticism which developed to such a height in THE NEW AGE be now persuaded by reviewing Labour's attitude towards the Conscription Bill? Had the Labour Movement been entirely dissociated from politics the Trade Union Congress would have been at least decisive in one way, since its feeling against Conscription could not have degenerated into a discussion about the place of Labour in the Ministry. By a last word on the subject from an Industrial Congress unshadowed by a political ghost (this ghost has a shadow!) the future of the Bill would have been very differently affected had no vote of definite agitation been taken. Labour without a weakening reflection in politics by giving a "dark horse" vote could have made the politicians whisper fearfully in their Cabinets. But such a Congress would more likely vote for active protest, as it could not trust an illusion and rely on a card-board sword. To perform a decisive action after decisive voice is an unpleasant task which human nature generally tries to shirk. The Industrial Congress passed on its task to the Political Congress which, it is supposed, was nearer in time and place to the subject. The Labour Party is a tender organ that has laboured to obtain ministers, and its history is the history of Mr. Henderson. Why should it cut its own throat? Its "prestige," not the Conscription Bill, was at stake, as the references to a general election show. Were the Labour Party delegates the same persons as the delegates at the Industrial Congress, it is quite possible that they arrive at a decision directly opposed to that made by Labour with no political expression. The delegate at the Industrial Congress sees a threatening industrial compulsion in its nakedness, but at the Political Congress he sees it behind the veil of his party's opportunism, and he finds that he has a political past to justify and political destinies to fulfil.

Men don't write long treatises on noses for nothing, said Mr. Walter Shandy, and a Labour Party delegate, who cannot be a pure industrialist, will not believe that ten years of politics is an illusion. Should an indiscreet vote dissipate so much labour? Why did they let their members enter the Ministry? Without the Labour Party, Conscription would be dead by now. The Labour Party is the excuse for the indecision of the whole Labour Movement. Two heads may be better than one, but not when they are on the same body. This is a freak with a double will, therefore no will. We cannot charge the monster with bad intentions and cowardice, as it is too deformed for proper action. This political head must be struck off, and, as the head itself will agree, a general election would do the job. But if this decapitation were executed by an election, what of Labour's connection with national politics, the conduct of the Allies, etc.? On Compulsion we find that the Radicals were more representative of those opponents of Conscription who are inside and outside the Labour Movement. It may be some Tories or nondescripts to-morrow. The political representation of different criticisms will come from anywhere but the Labour Party, which has not produced a national character in its career.

JOHN DUNCAN.

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"LETTERS FROM HOLLAND."

Sir,—The letters—apparently an interminable series—which you are publishing and which purport to have passed between two Dutchmen, contain strong evidence of the growing determination of the Continental peoples—whether Allied or Neutral—to cast upon Great Britain the blame and discredit for all the mistakes and failures which have hitherto marred the success of the Allies' Campaign. No. VII states that: "Though Belgium ought not to have relied to the extent she did on the assurances she had been given, England was certainly to blame when at the critical hour the Bill endorsed by her could not be met. This for 'the banker of the world' is a very serious thing. By the over-quoted Treaty of 1839 England had undertaken to uphold the neutrality of Belgium." England only, if you please, not a word of France, of Russia, of Holland, which were equally committed by their signatures.

This attitude may be in some measure due to the loose wording of the references made by our own politicians to the Treaty of 1839. It ought to be generally known that Great Britain did not guarantee the neutrality of Belgium; on the contrary Belgium, by Article VII, guaranteed her own neutrality, and in return Great Britain, in conjunction with the other Powers, guaranteed to Belgium the possession of the territory set out in Articles I, II, and IV.

As to these guarantees it must be remembered that Belgium broke hers by the fortification of Antwerp, by the maintenance of a standing army, by the annexation of the Congo territory; and that not an acre of Belgian soil has been annexed. Whether they really passed on the dates given or were ingeniously concocted for publication—it is a trifle difficult to believe that this intimate correspondence would be addressed in a foreign language—these letters suggest an uncomfortable feeling, on the part of the Dutch writer, that Holland has failed to act up to the responsibility she undertook: whether the attempt to stifle what passes for a conscience by the endeavour to shift the blame for her neglect entirely on to the shoulders of one—and one only—of her co-signatories is to be commended, is a matter for your readers' decision; personally, I feel very strongly that it should not be tolerated.

It is amusing to find in the sentence of letter No. V, commencing "Must I remind you of the scandal of the Flushing forts," refutation of the indignant denials given by two other Dutch writers to the statement made in my letters of last autumn, that the Flushing forts were reconstructed in 1911 at the bidding of Germany and in breach of this same treaty.

HOWARD INCE.

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WAR NOTES.

Sir,—In your issue of December 30 there is a most interesting review by "North Staffs" of Sombart's "Helden und Händler." "North Staffs" is such a sympathetic critic that he unconsciously assumes the tone of his author. For instance, speaking of painting, he says: "In Germany, since Dürer there has been absolutely nothing of any importance whatever." Such language seems to me a little extreme. Peter Paul Rubens of Cologne is not entirely to be despised. Holbein, of course, was a German Swiss, but it would be as pedantic not to call him a German as to refuse to call Rousseau a Frenchman. I am not quite certain that the whole English-speaking race has produced three painters superior to Dürer, Holbein, and Rubens.

R. B. KERR.

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MR. PICKTHALL AND TURKEY.

Sir,—I can do nothing but accept Mr. Pickthall's apology when he assures your readers (after I had demonstrated the fact) that he is a poor advocate of a strong case. I will add, however, that in my opinion a strong case is a plausible case, but not necessarily a good case. There is not, in fact, a "good case" for Turkey as compared with that of Russia and the Allies, and the better Mr. Pickthall's advocacy becomes the more plainly shall I be able to demonstrate that his case is really weak.

A. H. MURRAY.

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WOMEN IN INDUSTRY.

Sir,—With your permission I will indulge in a few more "tricks of debate," or "controversial gymnastics," or whatever Miss Alice Smith chooses to term them, and then, so far as I am concerned, this problem may have a rest.

To Mr. J. F. Horrabin's letter of January 13, the reply is that there will not be a reserve army of men threatening a labour monopoly in the sense that women threaten when used in industry. As has been so often pointed out, industry is a life work to all men; to nearly all women it is not, or is not intended to be. If "tall, dark" men were in the habit of bearing children and leaving the factory for home making and home tending, I should suggest that they also should be put in the same category as the women. For the rest of Mr. Horrabin's letter, I will leave the Horrabin smartness to play with itself.

To turn now to Miss Smith's letter in your last issue. Having stated her case, having told us what she wants, it seems to me that nothing further need be said on either side. She wants all available women in industry with men. She looks like getting them. Being a practical person who keeps theory in its proper place, she wants to drive the workers to desperation so that they will revolt. The "howling beautiful mess" in which we shall find ourselves after the war will cause labour to rid itself of the pressure of the wage system. Well, here we have something definite, and Miss Smith may, I believe, rest fairly confident that her desires, so far as the desperate condition of the masses is concerned, will be fulfilled. Her "theories" will be put to a practical test. She has, indeed, all the actual facts to play with, the result we may hope to live to see. Industry is absorbing all available women; automatic machinery is being developed at a surprising rate; the necessary evils for driving workers to desperation are accumulating; so, according to her pro-

gramme, her syndicalist ideal should be realised as soon as this petty European war is over.

For my part, I regard all this as pretty certain to lead to trouble which will end, not in emancipation but in the Servile State. Being a mere impracticable theorist, of course I must be wrong. I will wait and see.

ROWLAND KENNEY.

* * *

REALMS SPIRITUAL AND TEMPORAL.

Sir,—I am glad to see that "A. E. R.," according to last week's NEW AGE, is aware of the fact that there *are* spiritual and temporal realms. That is the first step. And he quotes Christ's famous saying: "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's." I have before now been myself so greatly stimulated by looking into a new subject and by the first realisation of its meaning, that I have too lightly assumed I could pass judgment on it, and that I grasped it better than its votaries. "A. E. R.'s" essay seemed to me extraordinarily good, but it did assume that Christians had never studied the question of the dualism of the universe, and in particular that they had never considered Christ's "Render unto Cæsar," etc. Now, in the first place, you cannot isolate a prophet's phrases and be quite sure that the literal is the best interpretation of them. I think some Christians, at least, probably feel that the whole episode of the tribute money was tinged with irony, that the stress was laid not so much on the importance of being quite fair to Cæsar, but on the unimportance of money. But even if Christ meant quite literally that you had got to render to Cæsar his utmost due, still "A. E. R." must not joyfully seize that phrase and brandish it lightheartedly in the face of all those who deny the State's authority over them in other matters. For it was precisely Christ's point that you had not got to render unto Cæsar the things that are God's, i.e., as "A. E. R." says, the spiritual things. And the Christian who will not fight but who will pay taxes to a State which is fighting is keeping these things clear. The act of paying money is not in itself an evil thing, though the tax-payer may be sorry the State is fighting and may even choose to perform the act of supererogation of refusing to aid the State with money; but he objects to fighting because he feels, as few writers for THE NEW AGE feel, that the act of fighting will necessitate the birth of evil passions in himself.

Into the whole terrific question of Dualism I do not propose to go. It is with inspiration that one first realises the fact of Dualism, and that "A. E. R." has had a real vision of it I think his essay shows. But I think also that Christ less than most prophets is open to Renan's charge, that his must always be a doctrine for the minority, for heretics, that it is not practical. It has been said that the real importance of Christianity is that it tried for a fusion of East and West, of the mystic and the practical elements in man. And perhaps it is better to say that it tried to solve the conflict between the subjective and the objective. The early Monkish ideal gave way in the Thirteenth Century to St. Francis and to the insistence by Aquinas that man is a unity and lives in a world of facts. I could say much more on this subject, but I content myself with pointing out how practical Christ's own teaching, anyhow, was. It is perfectly true that the laws which govern contemplation and those which govern the righting of social wrong seem to be so different that they operate in different realms. It is true that if you provide perfect opportunities for a mystic you are not doing much for the manufacturer. But, previous to all this question of *what* a man ought to be, Christ explained (not sentimentally, but as a matter of science) that the law which made it possible for men to be *anything* was the law of love. It is this law which covers all "A. E. R.'s" dualisms, and bridges the gulf between the spiritual and the practical spheres. The mystic who believes he is in a higher state than the man of action does not necessarily hate the man of action nor think he should be restrained from action. He believes in tolerance as the nursing bed of development. And similarly the man of action could act by the law of love without of necessity becoming forthwith a man of contemplation. Love, though spiritual, solves the problems of both spheres. It may sound strange, but there are people who believe it is a *fact* that the cry, "Meet damnation with damnation" is not so much wicked or vulgar, but unscientific, due to an ignorance of law. That is the true Christian position. And when you say the law of love cannot, in practice, be obeyed in a material, political world, you are not quite accurate; what is accurate is to say that you cannot, if you obey the law of love, maintain certain conditions of the political world which are based on lack of love. Thus, no doubt, Scots said a few centuries ago that love was all very well in theory and in church, but in practice it would be quite impossible for them as Scots to feel kinship with the English and live in union with them. If there is violent hate between English and Turks, then it is quite obvious that you cannot draw out from the law of love any scheme which will express the relations of English with Turks, but that is not the same as saying that the law of love cannot under any circumstances regulate the relations between English and Turks. There, indeed, would be a dualism, a dualism which is rejected even from the relations of a man with his dog. So long as we prefer a state of division and robbery we naturally try to maintain it. Men break the law of love and trouble arises because they break it, whereupon they say the law is a foolish law, indeed, no law at all; as if, being starved and growing weak, they should proclaim that they were no longer subject to the laws of nourishment and that, whatever else might do them good, food certainly would be useless. So do the capitalists and the militarists talk, saying, the one and the other, that socialism and peace belong to some vague Utopia.

That the *immediate* results of all Englishmen loving Germans might be unpleasant Mr. Dickenson pointed out in his admirable essay last week. But I have just heard an invalided officer declare that, should a peace be made according to which Germany kept Belgium, and should the German people protest against this act of injustice, and should they insist on justice being performed, the action might even secure what war never will secure, the end of war. The officer said that such an action would be magnificent, and we agreed that it would be the most important event that the world has ever seen. At any rate, sir, I am glad to deduce from the seriousness with which "A. E. R." treated the subject, and the improvement in the manners of North Staffs—(Through Abuse to Argument)—that your staff is beginning to recognise that whatever other effect the war is or is not having, it is causing an increased interest in, I will not say Christianity (with its loathsome memories of childhood the name evokes) but in all those modes of thought which are included in the phrase "The Wisdom of the East."

LEONARD INKSTER.

* * *

PRACTICAL CHRISTIANITY.

Sir,—How can Mr. Dickinson possibly expect to convince anyone with his "Practical Christianity" so long as he omits all mention of the Christian view of Wealth, Property and Power? He seems to ignore two very important facts to the detriment of an otherwise excellent article. The first is that far more value is attached to Property than Human Life, and, secondly, that Christianity has efficiently dealt with the existing fallacious idea of what constitutes Wealth, Property and Power. There is no need to say much in support of the former, one has only to note the ease with which Conscription of men is introduced into the freest of countries, while the equally essential material and money remain uncoerced. Another pitiable instance of this clinging to a material and destructible form of property is found in the many photos published of Belgian peasants who refuse at the peril of their lives to leave a scattered pile of bricks, the remnants of their erstwhile homes. The key to the Christian idea of true Wealth lies in the text, "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break in and steal. But lay up for yourselves treasures in Heaven where moth and rust do not corrupt nor thieves break in and steal. For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." Cannot this be taken as a direct exhortation to prize only ability, that sole inviolable possession of man, instead of the perishable and confiscatable material results it achieves? There is only one thing over which a man can have complete control, namely, his actions. And providing he is both skilful and courageous he commands both Wealth and Power. What need has he of big guns, ships, etc.? He has but to fold his arms to bring the world to its knees—an indisputably effective form of Non-resistance! Coupled with a keen sense of wisdom and justice, what could not such men achieve in the way of much-needed Social Reforms, in the twinkling of an eye?

I have tried as briefly as possible to show Mr. Dickinson the extreme significance of his omission, and I hope he will see that he cannot hope to convince modern man of the practicability of Christianity, without first divorcing him from the idea that to lose his property is to lose his all.

T. CONSTANTINIDES.

Press Cuttings.

"Among other sacrifices that our organised workers have been called upon to make is that of setting aside the Trade Union rules and regulations in many industries. Conditions which it has taken fifty years to establish have been abrogated. Unskilled workers have been admitted into the workshops to undertake skilled work. Women have taken the places of men at lower wages. And in spite of all the pledges and promises given in the enthusiasm of a national crisis, it will be one of the most difficult tasks that organised labour has ever had to face to restore the old position of matters. In many trades, I fear, it will take twenty years' hard fighting to get back to the former level."—ROBERT SMILLIE in "T.P.'s Weekly."

"When this war comes to be reviewed in proper perspective its social and economic aspects will be found at least as remarkable as the military events, and perhaps more instructive. And among them the influence of war on industry and the converse influence of industry on war will take a prominent place. We are, indeed, witnessing a phenomenon so extraordinary and unexpected that we can only see its surface as we pass, and are hardly capable of comprehending even that. Never before has the supreme concerted effort demanded by war been so fully brought out. . . . War has directly absorbed a far larger proportion of the common energy than ever before, and there seems to be no limit to its power of absorption."—Dr. A. SHADWELL, in the "Edinburgh Review."

"War, for Europe, is meaning devastation and death: for America, a bumper crop of new millionaires and a hectic hastening of prosperity revival. The coming of war orders has created more value by five times than the war orders themselves. When the great war began America had about 4,100 millionaires. If the war continues two years more there will be a crop of at least 500 more millionaires. The making of 500 more millionaires is a mere detail compared with the psychological brace which war orders have put into a slack and snail-paced return of prosperity. A grand total of about two billion dollars in war orders is estimated to have been placed in America."—J. GEORGE FREDERICK, in the "American Review."

"After a century and a half of British rule, after our bitter experience with English avarice in trade-grabbing and land-grabbing in general, we silently point to the Canadian graves in Flanders. Surely we are not hypnotised fools! No, but as an expression of our appreciation of the goodness of a mother who has erred, if at all, on the side of leniency, and at the same time as a guarantee of future continuance of the liberty and happiness which we have enjoyed under British democracy."—A CANADIAN, in the "Quarterly Review."

"Nothing can save our society from death except an internal reform so drastic as to deserve the name of a revolution. There are to-day thousands upon thousands of poor men fighting for freedom abroad, who have a right to have their say in any fight for freedom at home. The return of these men will make an entirely new world, a new epoch in English history. It will be an end of what I may call the gentry's monopoly of militarism. There has hung about all our modern industrialism an impression that only a man of the employing class could really ride a horse, or know the right end of a gun, or even travel in a foreign country. It will be simply impossible to adopt this tone of superiority towards men covered with the scars of Landrecies and Neuve Chapelle. It is true that their repatriation will probably precipitate an economic crisis in the matter of payment and employment. But, lamentable as this will be, it will be all the more likely to take the shape of a vehement demand for reform. It will be terrible for all of us that there should be starving men; but it will not be less terrible for the rich that they should be starving heroes. . . . If the Trade Unions drop their rules, the employers ought to drop their profits. I have never seen even an attempt at any rational answer to that."—G. K. CHESTERTON, in the "Sunday Chronicle."

"Those dreadful working classes are always giving trouble. They are fearfully suspicious of our patriotic statesmen, and seem to think there is some plot against their liberty. Why they should object to working day and night in order to increase the profits of employers who are making large fortunes out of the war puzzles a good many people. Apparently the only cure for this kind of insubordination is industrial compulsion. 'Put the beggars in khaki and shoot a few by way of example' is the popular remedy. Wages have risen, but the money earned is being spent, so we are told, on drink, pianos, and jewellery. In the old days, according to the financial experts, money spent by the rich on luxuries helped to maintain the poor, but now—well, why should working people indulge in music and other follies? Let them leave these things to their betters and get on with their work."—"New Days."

"I have long felt that Labour is not represented properly on the boards of directors of industrial undertakings. (I expect I should be shot for saying this!) Would it not be desirable that workmen who had been four or five years in our employment should be allowed to elect one of their own number as a director on the board, and thus tend to produce the co-ordination and co-operation that were desirable?"—Dr. J. E. STEAD, F.R.S., D.Sc.

"A Bold Experiment.—Unions as Contractors.— . . . The Hon. J. Jensen has decided that for the future alterations to transports will be carried out by the Navy Department. The work was previously entrusted to a private firm, but this has been unsatisfactory. Mr. Jensen is now entrusting the work to various Unions, and each foreman appointed is made responsible for the construction work in his branch to the Navy Department, which buys all materials. *The Unions select their own foremen.* Mr. Jensen says that he realises that the step is a bold one, but he feels sure that now that *each Union is responsible* for the faithful carrying out of the work entrusted to it, it will endeavour to rise to the occasion."—"Christchurch News" (New Zealand).

"Some day, sooner or later, the war will end. It would be a tragedy if we discovered on that day that for want of perspective and sanity of judgment some of the finest things we had been fighting to preserve had suffered irremediable injury. True, if the conflict passes into the stage of an elemental struggle for national preservation these things must go under; but until that time arrives educationists must keep their flag flying, tattered though it may become. . . . The shock of this terrible conflict has stirred the dullest imagination; it has created a desire for knowledge and enlightenment among many who have never known it before; and under the stimulus new aspirations and ideals are struggling to light. A new public has been created for education, and thousands are attending lectures and classes for the first time. This is the experience of educational bodies at work among adults, and witness to the same effect will be borne by extension centres which have been operating during the war, not a few of which will date their revival from this period. . . . Looking at the broader aspects of the question, there is need for all who value education to close their ranks. There may be a battle to fight against the forces of reaction when peace comes. Precisely at that moment the State will require in fullest measure the enlightened intelligence and public spirit of its citizens, and therefore there must be not less but more, not worse but better, means of education secured for the people."—E. S. CARTWRIGHT, in the "University Extension Bulletin."

Money by compulsion. . . . We are told that rich folks' purchases of expensive luxuries are in some cases more prodigal than before the war. . . In the matter of the compulsion of men, and we believe the *compulsion of money*, the Government totally misunderstands the attitude of the people. . . . Let there be compulsion of money as well as of men."—"Daily Mail."

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