NOTES OF THE WEEK.

We should like to warn the political Left of Labour of the danger it is running in associating itself with disillusioned Liberals. The "Herald," the "Call," the "Labour Leader," and several other professedly extreme and even revolutionary Labour journals are at this moment engaged in calling for peace much more loudly than they ever called for democracy. And assisting them audibly in their campaign are the Liberals whom we have called disillusioned—men like Mr. Brailsford, Professor Pigou, Mr. Massingham, Mr. Lowes Dickinson, and many others, few of whom before the war were particularly distinguished by their sympathy with the Labour Left, and all of whom, if we know anything, would remain Liberal against Labour to-morrow if official Liberalism became pacifist again. Even these, however, are not the most serious or compromising elements now openly or secretly supporting Labour's campaign for peace. Behind the scenes are the financiers who are so little concerned for democracy that a peace fatal to democracy is a welcome to them if only it should spare them the fire for them? The onus of an experiment, such as it is the privilege of European: nor is it one that concerns us only for a present time. Assuming German militarism to have won its present aim, Europe will be of the junkers. Democracy, as we understand the word, would certainly have no place in it. Of personal liberty there would only be so much as was safe in the opinion of the military clique. Political and economic experimentation, such as it is the privilege of democracy to make, would come to an end; for only the tried and the efficient could possibly be allowed. But before this state was brought about, we ask our Labour and Liberal friends to imagine the events of a thousand years. Should Germany be successful in her present aim, Europe will be for her the jumping-off ground for a fresh spring upon world-power, the successful issue of which would assuredly place her in the position of wielding the hegemony of the world. Only a little insight into the character of German militarist mentality is necessary to conjure up the vision of a world under the hegemony of the Junkers. Democracy, as we understand the word, would certainly have no place in it. Of personal liberty there would only be so much as was safe in the opinion of the military clique. Political and economic experimentation, such as it is the privilege of democracy to make, would come to an end; for only the tried and the efficient could possibly be allowed. But before this state was brought about, we ask our Labour and Liberal friends to imagine the events of the intervening period. Assuming German militarism to have won the present war and to be hit at the end of it, does anybody believe that the world will then peacefully submit, without any further struggle, to a prospective universal German dominion? Even if England should have compromised, it is not to be expected that America and Japan will not fight to retain their world-position. An undefeated Prussia would, therefore, be under the necessity of preparing herself to meet first America and then Asia—with prospects altogether of a century or two of wars upon a world-scale. This is, indeed, the contingent probability of an immediate peace; that is to say, of a peace with the present German militarist autocracy: a century or so of world-wars, followed, if all goes well for Germany, by the German mastery of the world.

Wednesday his old tag that the war is for the purpose of saving Europe—as if, in fact, we were merely repeating Napoleonic history. But in that event, it might be asked, what has America to do with it; still more, what has Asiatic Japan to do with it? The most comprehensive and, at the same time, accurate formula for the meaning of the war is this: that the aim of the Allies is to prevent Germany from making use of the peoples of other nations, and particularly of the peoples of the Slav race, to become the autocrat of the world. The issue, it will be seen, is not alone European: nor is it one that concerns us only for a period. It is world-wide, and it concerns history for the next five hundred or a thousand years. Should Germany be successful in her present aim, Europe will for her the jumping-off ground for a fresh spring upon world-power, the successful issue of which would assuredly place her in the position of wielding the hegemony of the world. Only a little insight into the character of German militarist mentality is necessary to conjure up the vision of a world under the hegemony of the Junkers. Democracy, as we understand the word, would certainly have no place in it. Of personal liberty there would only be so much as was safe in the opinion of the military clique. Political and economic experimentation, such as it is the privilege of democracy to make, would come to an end; for only the tried and the efficient could possibly be allowed. But before this state was brought about, we ask our Labour and Liberal friends to imagine the events of the intervening period. Assuming German militarism to have won the present war and to be hit at the end of it, does anybody believe that the world will then peacefully submit, without any further struggle, to a prospective universal German dominion? Even if England should have compromised, it is not to be expected that America and Japan will not fight to retain their world-position. An undefeated Prussia would, therefore, be under the necessity of preparing herself to meet first America and then Asia—with prospects altogether of a century or two of wars upon a world-scale. This is, indeed, the contingent probability of an immediate peace; that is to say, of a peace with the present German militarist autocracy: a century or so of world-wars, followed, if all goes well for Germany, by the German mastery of the world.
No doubt to pacifist Liberals and catspaw Labour men this sketch of the issues and issue of the present war will appear fanciful. Being "good" themselves by nature and training they cannot conceive that it can be in the heart of a caste, even of the German militarist caste, to aim at world-domination at the cost of the remnants of a Russia that had militarily disowned herself by nature and training they cannot present war will appear fanciful. Being "good" railway—by which means Germany would become the power or to submit to subtractions from its existing power is paramount, and must be discharged even at the sacrifice of common humanity. Moreover, this obligation of militarist philosophy is reinforced by Commons: "Times," again, whose well-known scepticism was the exploitation of the Slav peoples; and though his conviction that the object of the German autocracy was the amelioration of the Slav peoples; and though the consequent opening up to Germany the Pan-German plan had failed—what would have resulted had the Pan-German plan had not been dealt? The sacrifice of the French, it will be remembered, was the exchange of potentiality is that of President Wilson—to insist, with German militarists are thereby ensuring for the world both a prolonged period of war and the ultimate defeat of democracy. The White House is the case, is it not treachery to peace as well as acts of war?" And the quotations could be multiplied from all the journals, now either willing to consider peace cannot be made secure with the Hohenzollerns (though we read him otherwise), nevertheless, has to admit that "until the military power in Prussia has surrendered to the democratic power in Germany, there is no security for democracy anywhere."
The "Times," again, whose well-known scepticism of the existence of any German democracy was evidenced again in its comments upon President Wilson's speech had within a day or two to ask, apropos of the sinking of a hospital ship: "Is any peace thinkable with the authors of the system by which such crimes are coldly sanctioned as necessary, and therefore legitimate, of war?" And the quotations could be multiplied from all the journals, now either willing to consider peace—terms with the autocracy, or to laugh at us for believing that only the democratisation of Germany can secure lasting peace. Surely, however, the contravention involved in their attitude is obvious. If peace cannot be made with the German autocracy, why are they consenting to discuss such a peace? If peace with the authors of these crimes is unthinkable, why are they thinking of it? We ourselves are not a whit less opposed to war than any pacifist in this country. But to work for peace, as we have said before, is not necessarily to work against war, and still less to work for democracy. On their own showing; by words from their own pen—we find the pacifists themselves declaring that a secure peace can be made only with the German people. And if that is the case, is it not treachery to peace as well as to democracy to make peace with the German autocracy? But let us consider what kind of "revolution" in Germany it is that we want. It is nothing bloody. Heine, indeed, under. President Wilson's declaration that he was considering the German Revolution, when it came (and he was certain of its approach), "the French Revolution will be only an innocent idyll." "At the sound of the drum the eagles will fall dead from on high, and the lions in remote desert in Africa will rise up and tear down their royal caves." But that was nearly a hundred years ago. We have learned since then the secret of revolution without too much violence, revolution by nearly everything; and if in the one case Germany might have found herself heir-apparent to the Balkans and to the Turkish Empire, in the other case she would have found herself heir-apparent immediately to the whole of the Russian Empire and in the not remote succession to the hegemony of the Balkan Slavs and the Turks. Even to appear to consent, he asks in his condition of the War, is it not the case, is it not treachery to peace as well as acts of war?" And the quotations could be multiplied from all the journals, now either willing to consider peace—terms with the autocracy, or to laugh at us for believing that only the democratisation of Germany can secure lasting peace. Surely, however, the contravention involved in their attitude is obvious. If peace cannot be made with the German autocracy, why are they consenting to discuss such a peace? If peace with the authors of these crimes is unthinkable, why are they thinking of it? We ourselves are not a whit less opposed to war than any pacifist in this country. But to work for peace, as we have said before, is not necessarily to work against war, and still less to work for democracy. On their own showing; by words from their own pen—we find the pacifists themselves declaring that a secure peace can be made only with the German people. And if that is the case, is it not treachery to peace as well as to democracy to make peace with the German autocracy? But let us consider what kind of "revolution" in Germany it is that we want. It is nothing bloody. Heine, indeed, under President Wilson's declaration that he was considering the German Revolution, when it came (and he was certain of its approach), "the French Revolution will be only an innocent idyll." "At the sound of the drum the eagles will fall dead from on high, and the lions in remote desert in Africa will rise up and tear down their royal caves." But that was nearly a hundred years ago. We have learned since then the secret of revolution without too much violence, revolution by
constitutional means; and if, indeed, it has taken an external war to bring home to the German people the incompatibility of their autocracy with democracies elsewhere, the inner transformation need not involve anything more terrible than a series of political crises. Already there has been a change of them in Germany during the war; and, if we are not mistaken, they have grown in significance and intensity. Only last week the Kaiser was called upon to choose between Baron von Kuhlmann and Generals Ludendorff and Hindenburg; and if upon the latest occasion he has repeated his choice of his military advisers, that is not to say that his next may not be under greater pressure in favour of the Reichstag. All that we regard as democratic opinion in Germany is on the side of this decision; and much of it, as we happen to know, is disposed to pray the Allies not to cease hammering at the militarist gates. Baron von Kuhlmann himself would rather see the Prime Minister than the Chancellor of Germany; and his ambition to be a constitutional rather than a favourite Minister is shared by many leading German statesmen. To provide the conditions in which their democratic and liberal aspirations can be satisfied is surely to co-operate with German democracy; but the means is to continue the war until the autocracy is finally discredited. When that event occurs—when between the Allies without and democracy within, Prussian autocracy finds itself crushed out—democracy cannot be brought about.

The business of democrats is to encourage democracy. That, we should have thought, was as plain a duty as the old claim that the business of Socialists is to propagate Socialism. It appears to us, however, that the pacifist democrats of this country conceive it to be their business, not to encourage and develop democracy in Germany, but simply to stop the war. Their love of democracy, in other words, has succumbed to their hatred of war. If this were not the case, we should find them welcoming rather than opposing the declarations of President Wilson and others in favour of democratisation of Germany; and they contend that democracy cannot be brought about by force, would, at any rate, be supplemented by an attempt to bring about the democratisation by other means. It happens, moreover, that an opportunity has been extended to them by the recent speeches of Mr. Lloyd George and President Wilson of which it is their proper policy to make the best use. Mr. Pichon, Mr. Wilson and Mr. Lloyd George have all recently re-affirmed in the words of the last-named that "the adoption of a really democratic constitution by Germany . . . would make it much easier for the Allies to conclude a broad general peace with her." Here is the very invitation to democrats at home and in Germany to work out their own salvation by their own means. On the supposition, here, plainly contended, that the democratisation of Germany desire it so much that it will be welcome and respected; and if our democrats were to concentrate upon this, we are disposed to pray the Allies not to cease hammering at the militarist gates. Baron von Kuhlmann himself would rather see the Prime Minister than the Chancellor of Germany; and his ambition to be a constitutional rather than a favourite Minister is shared by many leading German statesmen. To provide the conditions in which their democratic and liberal aspirations can be satisfied is surely to co-operate with German democracy; but the means is to continue the war until the autocracy is finally discredited. When that event occurs—when between the Allies without and democracy within, Prussian autocracy finds itself crushed out—democracy cannot be brought about.

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Foreign Affairs,

My dear S.—I cannot mistake the tone of sincerity in your reply to my open letter to you, and I gladly acknowledge it. It is no less creditable to your good nature that you refrained from mentioning my identity at a time when you obviously believed that I was the first to say who “Sagittarius” was. This is a point of detail, but I should mention that the man to whom you make reference as the vagrant creature sent by Northcliffe to spy about Germany openly mentioned your connection with the “Continental Times” months ago.

Now, before coming to the case against you, which is only left naked by your sincerity, let me point out that you somewhat naively admit (for a subtle person) that of course the “Continental Times” is friendly to Germany: and that, if it were not so, the German Government would cease to tolerate it. Can you call it freedom merely to be allowed to say what the German Government wishes you to say, or, at least, does not wish you to say? Such freedom is common to your confrères in America and all over the world. Every Government gives freedom to writers who will write what pleases it. But I should scarcely envy your fate in Germany if you should change your view of the war and commence writing against the German Government. You would no doubt soon discover the length of your rope. However, this is beside the mark: I want to get at more important considerations.

Accepting, as I willingly do, your assurances that you write from conviction, I will now put it to you that you have scarcely comprehended all the facts. To give a decision against the country of your birth is surely a serious act: one would need to be very certain of the justice of one’s cause. But at the very best, my dear S., we can none of us be certain that we know all the facts; and I am sure that in the Spring of 1915, when you left England for Germany, you had not enough to judge upon. A war of these dimensions is not just a melodrama in which one side is right and the other wrong. It is a tragedy in which the struggle turns upon the degree of rightness in one and the other protagonist. Your black-and-white assumption I find surprising—in a country which the struggle turns upon the degree of rightness in one and the other protagonist. Your black-and-white assumption I find surprising—in a country which

You say, however, that the fruits of Government are even more important than their forms. That demonstrates again your naiveté that so little justifies you to pass judgment on the policy of the Allies. You have Pope’s approval; but Pope was no philosopher, still less a statesman. As a matter of fact, both Pope and Swift suffered from the Constitution of Queen Anne. Since, my dear S., the Prussian Constitution is militarist by nature. I could believe that the Kaiser might be a man of peace and the Prussian Junkers might be peace, and still Prussia would be militarist. In industry we are familiar with the complaints of capitalists that they cannot help making profits during a shortage. Prices, they say, go up by no volition of theirs, and they must sell at the market price even at the risk of seeming to profiteer. No doubt their belief in their argument is genuine enough; but our reply is that the system they support is designed to make profits: its whole aim is profit; and it must make profits or collapse. The present Prussian Constitution is similar. Its design is military power. Military power is the sole pursuit of it. The pursuit of world-power is necessary to it. Without military power it would collapse. My warning to you is therefore this: that whatever be the ostensible causes of the war, the real cause is to be found in the military character of the Prussian Government. You will forgive my omission of the technical evidences contained in the Prussian constitution.

Overlooking this root fact, as if it were of minor importance, you naturally compare the immediate fruits of a military autocracy with the fruits of democracies. And you naturally conclude in favour of the former. Why? I say naturally: but that is offensive. Let me say that you so conclude without having thought much about it, or, at the very least, you will see that a comparison of the ripe fruits of an autocracy with the sour fruits of democracy is altogether unfair. The nature of a thing is known, says Aristotle, only when its development is complete. Prussian autocracy is completely developed. It has nothing more to do to become itself. Any reform in it must be a departure from autocracy and in the direction of democracy. You cannot have more autocracy than in Prussia; it has reached its height; and if you wish, its fruit, on the other side, is a militarism which has both terrified and shocked the world.

To compare this perfectly developed form of government with any existing democracy is to darken counsel. The New Aox is always saying that our democracy is imperfect. You yourself “hope and believe” that one day “Germany will become democratised”; not, as you put it, “not because I have deep faith in the panacea or the millennium of democracy, or because I hold her (Germany’s) present form of constitutional monarchy a greater danger to peace than that form which has proved its futility in this respect elsewhere, but because the principle at least is just, and because with a people such as the German even the most liberal democratic and parliamentary forms would not prove a peril.” You do not appear to have examined this argument with sufficient care. If democratic forms of government have not been able to keep the peace, that is because the autocratic government of Germany forced the democracies to fight for their very existence; and this fact is proved—take only one glaring incident—by the almost entire lack of even defensive military preparations on the side of the Allies. The Socialists in France and Italy, like the Labour Party in England, invariably opposed even the modest naval and military votes put forward by the respective governments in the years before the war; the inadequacy of all the Allied armies in the matter of guns, shells, and aero-
planes was notorious from the first day of the war; and it was not until the struggle had lasted for a year; and a half that conscription could be introduced into this country; such was the bitterness of democracies towards even a defensive war. We "hope and believe" that equal bitterness towards war will be shown in Germany when the German people jettison their mediaeval constitution—the last of its kind in Europe—and come into line, politically as well as culturally, with the other civilized nations.

We say that our democracy is imperfect because we are impatient to develop an economic democracy; and, as you know, before the war we were doing it: what time our German Socialistic colleagues were still mewing their political democratisation of Germany. When, therefore, you say that democracy is poor, we agree with you. Our reply is that it contains the seeds of development. We can perfect democracy, but for the perfect German autocracy there is only corruption or defeat. I dwell upon this to the exclusion of the common material of belligerent polemics because the point is to us vital. But for the democracy—infantile, if you like—of the Allies we should be against the war. What, however, I cannot understand is your decision to side with an autocracy against the democracy you profess to wish to see—even in Germany. You pride yourself on being like us, poor democrat than an efficient autocrat? But for all we know, natural laws, the constitution of the world, may be as arbitrary as they are certainly compulsory. Likewise their democracy is indisputable. Not even Mr. Ewer would propose to abolish the sovereignty of the laws of Nature. But why not? In the first place, of course, because it is not possible. Nature is made better by no means but Nature makes the means. In other words, the sovereignty of Nature can only be disputed by the sovereignty of Nature itself. And, in the second place, we are the less disposed to challenge the sovereignty of natural laws because, even if arbitrary and compulsory, they are nevertheless regular, consistent, and constitutional. Regularity, consistency, and constitutionalism are not, in fact, incompatible with a notion whose origin is arbitrary and whose weapon is compulsion. We therefore submit to Nature not only because we are unable to dispute its sovereignty, but with a much better grace because its sovereignty is wielded regularly, impartially, and consistently.

Returning from our brief digression with its conclusion in mind, we find that the sovereignty implied in the State is in some respects similar to the sovereignty of Nature. It is "arbitrary" and it is compulsory. We say, moreover, that we can no more "abolish" it than we can abolish the sovereignty of Nature, and for the parallel reason that as the sovereignty of Nature is implied in the nature of God, the sovereignty of the State is implied in the nature of Man. Wherever there is a God there is a sovereign Nature; wherever there is an association of men there is a sovereign State. What, on the other hand, differentiates the sovereignty of Nature from the sovereignty of the human State is that whereas the former, as we have seen and do know, is regular, consistent, and impartial in its exercise (in a word, subject to Law), the latter is far the most part irregular, inconsistent, and partial. In other words, while the sovereignty of Nature is just (at the same time, be it remembered, that its origin is arbitrary and its method compulsion), the sovereignty of the State, being no less arbitrary in origin and compulsory in method, is very often unjust.

And this is where the discussion once more turns; for it will be seen that Mr. Ewer in his natural anxiety to abolish the "injustice" wrought by State sovereignty by reason of its irregularity, inconsistency, and partiality, proposes as a means to this end, not to abolish these defects or to reduce them as far as they can be reduced, but to "abolish" the sovereignty in which their opposites as well as themselves are implied. This is to empty out the baby with the bath with a stick, and partially (in a word unjustly), therefore we must abolish the sovereignty of the State. The sovereignty of the State must be abolished because by no other means can we secure justice and freedom. But our reply to this is, in the first place, that it is impossible to abolish the sovereignty of the State, for the reasons we have given; and, in the second place,
that it is unnecessary to attempt to do so, since what is within our power is to see that the sovereignty of the State shall be exercised more and more regularly, more and more justly, more and more impartially - in a word, more and more justly.

Here, again, we are on ground made holy by the feet of many Guild pilgrims - for with what other questions have our philosophic writers been recently concerned but with this question: how to secure that the sovereignty of the State shall be exercised justly? Allowing, we repeat, that the origin of the sovereignty of the State is the arbitrary act of the human mind (performed for the sake of practical finality) and that its method is compulsion (and for the same practical reason), our ethical and practical problem is now to endeavour that, in spite of its arbitrary original and its arbitrary possession of compulsion, the sovereignty of the State shall nevertheless be exercised as little arbitrarily as possible and with as little compulsion as possible. The arbitrary and the compulsory are repugnant to perfect personal liberty. But to practical personal liberty the elements of the arbitrary and the compulsory implied in State sovereignty are necessary. Our problem, then, is, while accepting as necessary the sovereignty of the State, to see how and by what means we can secure within that necessitated personal liberty as practical as possible. (Forgive the repetition, but we are more anxious to make ourselves clear than succinct.)

The problem involves us in ethics, in the question of what is right to be done. Right, we say, is distinguishable by its character of regularity, consistency, and impartiality. From right action the arbitrary is excluded; and, as we shall see later, in right action the element of compulsion is reduced to its practical minimum. Our question, then, can be restated in this form: How are we to see to it that the sovereignty of the State shall be exercised as justly as possible? And the answer that arises from the present discussion is that "justice" can be best assured by requiring of the State that its sovereignty shall be exercised right.

But what, you ask, is Right? And how much nearer is the light we are for having substituted Right for Justice? Very likely we are no nearer in theory; but in fact there is a practical difference in favour of Right. The word "justice" is nowadays under suspicion in the eyes of many men, in that it entails what has been poetically but Right is still a word of the world; it is in daily use among all men. Moreover, to say that an act is right to submit to the rule of Right, independently of judgments based on personal preferences. The right is the right, and no personal equation is admitted to determine it.

The word "Justice" is nowadays under suspicion in the eyes of many men, in that it entails what has been poetically in its poetry, and Right is kept has been poetic. But Right is still a word of the world; it is in daily use among all men. Moreover, to say that an act is right to submit to the rule of Right, independently of judgments based on personal preferences. The right is the right, and no personal equation is admitted to determine it. As one of our pioneers would say, the right is a fact. With this in mind, our problem of securing that the sovereignty of the State must be maintained because it must be. At the same time it is our duty and interest to see that its sovereignty shall be exercised rationally. Not "No Force" is our motto for the State; but "La Force Oublie."
to correcting this error in French minds! When I got a chance, during the picnic-meal which all prepared unblushingly, I informed the courageous passenger about the English language, tried to propitiate and to change the assurance companies. "Ha! we shall have similar things tumbling on our heads here if we don't look out," he returned. And I telegraphed. They will have it on their heads, too. Did he order only the grocer's shop or somewhere even nearer the Place de la Concorde? The voice of the people was talking of Byng, our Byng. What is the good of the payroll of a bourg, killing himself and his wife and children to be sold! Perhaps it is only the restaurant diners and the bourgeois who hear the echo of their own "Matin" in the "Times," and hearing the native voice. The bourgeois, however, with their wonderful confidence to keep their end up, do seem to hope that revolution may happen in Germany. Do they hope it? It is so difficult to know from day to day what people want whose aim is to keep and make business. This aim does not necessarily imply intelligence to achieve it. So now the bourgeois hopes that Germany may revolt, end the war with his business; and then he fears lest the revolt should be à la Russie, with division of costs and even house-room. The capitalist, he, is blue-pencilling references to Germany revolt, a thing which may be unhealthy for him. But what a moment to choose for taxing the workmen's wages, with forty cases before the courts of corruption, bribery, and robbery in high places! But the German people apparently has not realised its true position. It still seems to think imperially. And it has the misfortune to be over-educated while politically enslaved. One may object that England also is politically enslaved at this minute. But we are not over-educated, and that saves us. Ours not to reason why! Whereas every unhappy Teuton ever since he first sat on a kitchen bench has had to reason why, from a false Berlin basis. So now in the trenches and elsewhere he reasons and constructs British syllogisms: where it goes well with me, there is my Fatherland: it goes well with me in Belgium, in Roumania, in Italy, in Servia: therefore, there is my Fatherland. And he sticks, seeing, as yet, no reason for locking his Kaiser in a Innacius asylum and sending back all the deported Belgians and others with fraternal apologies. It remains to be seen whether the Russians will not teach him more in three months of peace than three years of war has achieved. We all our lack of culture and logic, are yet not capable of teaching him.

Well, night fell. We advanced to where the snow-drift was, outside Lyons, and duly came to a standstill. The thermometer was below zero. It snowed. Snow rumour began to run. The trains behind would be stopped at Saint Etienne, so that there would be no danger of collision! Telegraph interrupted! A new and last communication! Finally, just in time, for the old nobility was growing restive, they moved us back to a tiny station, where we all packed into the waiting-room, and I fell asleep on Helena's bosom. I dreamed that Paradise was really in Paris, as the Americans say it is, where tea, milk, butter, and eggs are still to be had for the asking, anywhere without a card; and sugar and coal are suf- ficient, albeit ordered cards and, when I left Paris, we lacked for nothing. If this statement arouse envy in any heart, consider that London comes a long way down the list of war-sacrificing places. Think of Servia, even of Italy, while not forgetting how newspapers lie, and how often have we been assured during three years that Germany is on the edge of famine. People write comical letters to me saying that things in France, the want and the high prices. It is simply not true. France is not in an awful state, and people in general have plenty of money. Prices are not anywhere near the height. Frenchmen can still live in London is worse-managed than most places. Last year, indeed, we suffered from lack of coal in a very severe winter, but this year coal and wood are almost plentiful. Tobacco is as cheap as ever. When we arrived in Paris, the war-bread is an example to the country, the hospitals are no better than anywhere else in France. One notes appeals to English sympathy, etc., in the names of hotels and sub-titles of shops: "Oh! to own, and, of course, and Tommy's Tea, or something like it. The number of people here who speak, or at least understand, English is a little more truly flattering. January 17, 1918

Alice Morning.
Out of School.

In any study of inspiration, however slight, it is necessary to thread one's way in and out of the nebulous. We reach back into the unconscious region and grasp, unconvincing and thrilling, something not precisely identifiable. The consumer, so to put it, is content with the thrill; the producer, or artist, has to consider how he may symbolise and so recreate it in crystalline form; the investigator, in the long run a producer himself, must run away from the thrill the moment it has touched him, and start pursuing the straws that show which way the wind of inspiration blows. A teacher has to be investigator and artist by turns. It is not enough for him to show the product, or to waft his children, by the force of an infectious enthusiasm, through an occasional rosy cloud. This cuts no ice; it is only a momentary thaw. I hope I escape so rich a confusion of metaphors with an excuse for abandoning high considerations and spending a paragraph or two upon a simple experiment with playing cards, of which the psychological import will appear as we go along.

I once found myself absent-mindedly turning up cards from the top of a pack, and informing myself in an undertone, before each card was turned up, what it was going to be. After about nine cards, a surprised expression came over me that I had come to the surface. I recognised, "instinctively," as one says, that this consciousness would disturb the special polarity of the attention that was making the phenomenon possible, and tried to disregard it and to hold my mind in its existing posture. I succeeded in this until fifteen cards in all, as I counted them afterwards, had been accurately foretold. Then the pressure of surprise got the better of me and I could work the magic no longer. I have tried many times since, with deliberate intention excluded, as far as possible, from my consciousness, but without the least success.

There are four alternative explanations of this incident:-(1) Chance, coinciding with, or inducing, a subjective impression of knowledge. The odds against this are, of course, enormous, but an irrational rationalist might well snatch at it, and look no further. Probably he would say that it would be time to take note of the phenomenon when I could repeat it to order, in someone's psychological laboratory. (2) Illusion, dependent upon some kink in the memory, analogous to that by which one may receive the impression that an experience of the moment is an exact repetition of something which has happened before. I may have only imagined, as I saw the face of each card, that I had already pictured it mentally. But it is more difficult to suppose that I also imagined myself to have spoken the name of the card before turning it. (3) Unconscious trickery—the use of some indication present to the unconscious, but not to the conscious, mind. There were no reflecting surfaces, and I had named each card before separating it from the pack; but the pack was an oldish one, and every card may have been effectually "marked," for an all-recording unconscious mind, by faint smudges of dirt on the back and slight differences in the wearing of the edges, imperceptible by the normal vision. It is difficult to set a limit to possible hyperanalysis of this kind. There remains hypothesis (4), not unrelated to (2): a temporary and limited extension of time-focus, so that I was conscious of myself-about-to-turn-the-card and of the unconscious, making naively futile attempts to help.

The probability of (4), implications apart, is, I think, higher than that of (1) or (2), and about equal with that of (3). There is good evidence for the unconscious perception of very faint identifying marks; and for that which I have called extension of time-focus there is not direct evidence so much as a great mass of unexplained event which the hypothesis might cover. To stick to playing-cards, I will only instance the firm refusal of "runs of luck and "happenings" to turn them into form to mathematical probability, and the lifelong tenacity of certain individuals to win or lose at cards. The whole atmosphere of popular superstition connected with the pack, the whole vague feeling that there is "something queer about cards," may have its source in the unconscious recognition of a faculty that is brought into play by the only book of which all the pages are known by heart, and equally known. (A digression on divination by book will suggest itself to many readers.)

The single, spontaneous incident that I have given would hardly have been worth citing if it had not led up to a controllable experiment. I have familiarised myself with the game of poker patience till I can play it, solitarily, almost mechanically. For those who do not know the game, it will be enough to explain that the cards are laid out, as they come, to form a square of 25, with 5 possible discards; the object being to arrange them in sequences, flushes, and other "poker hands" of 5 cards each perpendicular and each horizontal row of cards in the square constituting one "hand." No card may be placed except in contact with one already in place; and after the deal of the game the structure of your square gives mild anxiety. As a rule, some particular card is highly desirable, after the first four or five are out, so as to complete a sufficient basis for the square and enable subsequent cards to be placed where they belong. Also, visions of a "flash sequence," the highest-scoring hand, are suggested by the first few cards; and you form a strong wish for a card that will at once add to your projected sequence and help the structure of your square.

I began to find that my wishes, in proportion as my play became more mechanical and they less directly conscious, were being assented to or negatived by some curious inner sense, which was very often right. It would have been easy to form the upside-down impression that this was the case. Following the clue given by the previous experiment, I played my game with a little conscious thought as possible until an "impression" turned up, and then noted the name of the card and the number of cards already out. If the impression was verified, I noted the card and placed the number of cards already out. If the impression was refuted, I noted the card and placed it where it belonged, and then noted the name of the card and the number of cards already out. If the experiment the card "foretold" turned up in 15 instances, being generally the second, third or fourth card following the impression. The more positive the impression (as noted when it occurred), the sooner the card made its appearance. In two of the five failures the card that came into my mind was one that had scored a success just before; this suggests interference by a lower stratum of the unconscious, making naively futile attempts to help.

I will not go into the numerical odds against coincidence, except to say that they are less prohibitive than might appear at a first glance. I should be less interested in much higher odds, unconnected with a distinct subjective impression. Quantitative and objective tests, in psychology, have to be strictly observed but strictly limited to their proper function. If a pack of cards is treated, and important that the odds against it are 5 to 1, the cards all the same, and have to be distributed at random, it will be very unusual, but quite dull. On the other hand, an accumulation of reasonably suggestive evidence for an elementary faculty of prevision would be highly important and important that the plain card which all the pages are known by heart, and equally known.

KENNETH RICHMOND.
Dostoevsky and Certain of his Problems.

By Janko Lavina.

DOSTOYEVSKY AND MODERN ART.

I.

Art in general and literature in particular may be traced through two main paths of creation—the horizontal path and the vertical path.

The representatives of the former are, in the main, concerned with the surface of reality, with all its diversity of forms, its odd complications and its external conflicts. Self-styled naturalism is merely one of the logical extremities of this path.

"Reality for reality's sake,"—that is more or less its watchword.

The vertical path, however, shows a tendency to "penetrate even to the very essence of, the real" as Dostoevsky himself expresses it. It is attracted most not by the surface of reality, or by external reality, but by reality's depths, its mysterious and transcendental essence.

"A realibus ad realiora"—that is its emblem.

But here we encounter a great danger. It consists in the possibility of losing touch with reality, while probing its interior, and, as a result, straying into an abstract mysticism or into a pseudo-symbolism, which distorts not only reality as such, but, above all, art itself... Modern European literature abounds in examples of this cheap "symbolism" and its "profound" platitudes, which reveal, not reality, but the artistic incapacity of their authors.

But it is always possible to investigate internal reality (the "essence of reality") without the help of abstract symbols and enigmatic formulas—by endeavouring to fathom its essence without departing from external reality; by tending to fix, to "symbolise" internal reality within the limits of, and by means of, external reality. The watchword, "A realibus ad realiora" is then replaced by "Per realin ad realiora."

And it is here that realism and symbolism meet: realism becomes symbolical and symbolism realistic. It is here that great art begins—art sub specie aeterni...

We find a few attempts at this realistic symbolism or symbolistic realism in several of Ibsen's plays. But the symbolism of Ibsen is often not organically co-ordinated with his "realism" and thus, where Ibsen endeavours, at all costs, to be a symbolist, he is more of an allegorist than a symbolist. But in modern European literature there is a giant who, without the slightest attempt to symbolise in the conventional manner, achieves "symbolistic" revelations in his purely realistic works. By means of external and commonplace reality, and almost entirely within the limits of this reality, he has revealed to us the greatest, the most tragic mysteries of internal and transcendental reality.

This is Dostoevsky.

II.

Huysmans gives an approximate image of his realism when he writes: "The main path, so deeply worn by Zola, would have to be followed, but, at the same time, a parallel track would have to be pursued in the air, in order to attain the things of beyond and the things of afterwards—in a word, to produce a spiritual naturalism. At the very most, the one who could be mentioned as having come near to this conception, is Dostoevsky" (L'âge de l'art, p. 6).

"Let us call it, if you will, mystical realism," says M. de Vogue in his book on the Russian novel. And Dostoevsky himself has written somewhere: "I am called a pessimist—but it is wrong; I am merely a realist in the higher meaning of the word." In other terms, he is a transcendental or symbolical realist.

By this fact alone we can explain the method of his realism and the "pathology" of his heroes. Dostoevsky is very far from concerning himself with pathology for pathology's sake, as some of his critics allege. His pathology is not the end but the means. It is through exaggeration, by straining the "normal" to its utmost limits, or perhaps through the abnormal, that he seeks to fathom the essence, the secret of the "normal" itself.

As soon as man falls ill, as soon as the normal, earthly order of his organism becomes disturbed, immediately the possibility of another world begins to reveal itself, and the more ill man is, the more he feels the proximity of our world to another," says Svidrigailov in "Crime and Punishment." And the illness of Prince Myshkin in "The Idiot" is characterised by Dostoevsky thus: "He (Myshkin) often told himself that those fugitive moments which are marked by the most intense self-realisation, and, consequently, by the most exalted vitality, are due to nothing but sickness, to a rupture of normal conditions, and, that if it is so, then there is a superior life there (i.e., in normal life) but, on the contrary, a life of the lowest order, an inferior life..."

This explains sufficiently why Dostoevsky, that "Shakespeare of the madhouse," is not even capable of taking any interest in the normal as such; reality begins to interest him only when it becomes abnormal and irrational... Exterior or normal man is in Dostoevsky's eyes only the cipher of irrational man, who has to be deciphered. And in the manner of an inquisitor he devises the cruellest experiments, the most unheard-of tortures to decipher him, to drag from him his secret, his "essence."

For this reason his main heroes are always in conflict, not with their "environment," not with "social conditions," but with "irrational forces" revealing themselves in their consciousness, of which they become victims and martyrs. Raskolnikov, Svidrigailov, Stavrogin, Ivan Karamazov do not fall beneath the burden of external conditions (as victims of an external complication) but rather beneath the oppression of internal necessity. Rational man falls overwhelmed by the irrational man, whom he bears in his own consciousness.- That is why each of Dostoevsky's novels is rather a majestic internal tragedy, a spiritual tragedy.

In contemporary art Dostoevsky is the greatest and perhaps the only true tragedian, and his whole art can best be summed up as tragic art par excellence.

In what does this tragic art chiefly differ from current art, from self-styled modern art?

To understand Dostoevsky and his position in European literature this question must first be answered.

III.

If we classify works of art, not from a superficially aesthetic, but from a psycho-aesthetic point of view, we shall observe two main sources of creation.

The first arises from an inner necessity to obliterate one's own self and reality; the second, to divine one's own self and reality.

To the representatives of the first tendency, creation becomes an artistic game, a beautiful illusion, which alone conceals, now idealises and corrects reality so-called. The artist takes refuge in the new reality created by himself, bathing in it, toysing with its combinations, like a child with soap-bubbles. Art becomes a spiritual hedonism, a spiritual Epicureanism. This art finds its acme especially in what is known as "aestheticism," which declares art as a whole to be nothing but the art of lying and a beautiful game.

To the representatives of the second tendency, creation is not a spiritual hedonism, but a spiritual tragedy. For them, art is an unending Golgotha, an unceasing struggle...
against their own downfall. Thus did Nietzsche create. Thus did Baudelaire, in part, create (although his tragic utopias are often artificial). Thus, and thus only, did Dostoevsky create his chief works.

This art we may define as tragic. It is always the result of an inner spiritual necessity. It is very seldom "pleasant" as this word is applied to art for entertainment's sake "; it often attaches little importance to formal prettiness; but, in place of this, it has another quality which is peculiar to itself—it can be majestic and elemental.

An example of this is seen in Dostoevsky's art, which bursts forth beyond the bounds of all plastic form, as a river overflows its banks during a flood. It bursts forth also beyond the bounds of all conventional aesthetics, because it is stronger than aesthetics: it is not to be dragged along by aesthetics, but vice versa...

Turgenev's aesthetic and sentimental writings bear the same relation to Dostoevsky's novels as a beautiful and graceful rocket to the majestic chaos of a volcano, when an ocean of fire is mingled with lava, with smoke and ashes, with howling and thunder, at which the earth seems to be rent asunder, bringing forth apocalyptic monsters.

Only in tragic art is a great synthesis possible between beauty and ethics, between aesthetics, psychology, religion, and philosophy—and this synthesis we find in the works of Dostoevsky.

Being pervaded by the profoundest ideas, this art is beyond any moral or utilitarian tendency, just as it is beyond all rules of commonplace aesthetics. Nay, more—commonplace aesthetics so far possess no standard by which to estimate this art; for this purpose it would rather be necessary to create a new and less dogmatic type of aesthetics, which might be termed psycho-aesthetics.

Such is tragic art. That is why it is unsuited to the reading mob— and even more to the writing mob.

Dostoevsky's influence on the contemporary literature of Russia and of Europe generally, is enormous—far greater than that of Tolstoy. But the great synthesis of his tragic art has been split up into fragments by his followers.

Some of them have seized upon the "clinical" aspects of Dostoevsky's work, as a new species of "sensational" literature—frequently lapsing even into pornography, as, for instance, in the case of Artsibashev. Others have taken unto themselves the tragic antitheses and antinomies in Dostoevsky's method, but as they have not organically experienced them, they produce, not tragic art, but a tragic pose: this can be observed even in so talented a writer as Andreyev. The third variety, again, have been possessed of the catchword "naked soul," i.e., psychology for psychology's sake. (A typical example is the well-known Polish poet Stanislaw Przybyszewski.) Yet a "fourth variety" has appropriated, more or less, Dostoevsky's external manners. Such writers are found not only in Russia, but also in the rest of Europe.

Knut Hamsun, the best contemporary novelist of Scandinavia, is an instance.

In other words, the synthetic art of Dostoevsky is dissolved into its component parts. There are writers with the affectation of tragedy, i.e., desiring to convince themselves and others that they are tragic figures; there are aesthetes who, on principle, shun all tragedy; there are entertaining journalists who prefer the spiritual circus to the spiritual Golgotha. But truly tragic artists there are none.

Dostoevsky was, after Dostoevsky, the only one who hurled himself thither, but even he was not strong enough to hold out.

There are no more tragic creators.

There is no more great tragic art.

Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

This year that has just ended has been a most successful year for the theatres; that is to say, there is scarcely a play now being performed that has not received its hundredth performance, and there are plays which are in the second and third years of their continuous existence. The demand for theatres (even at present prices, and £2,700 a year is not extraordinary) is greater than the supply; we have at this moment thirty-two theatres in the West End whose only complaint (apart from air-raids) is that seating accommodation cannot be suddenly expanded. I said nothing of variety theatres, which do not fall in my province; but there is the fact—that, in spite of all difficulties, the theatre flourishes and would expand if it could. But there are still people, like "H. W. M." in the "Nation," who are desolate at the prospect of this success, who ask: "Where shall the art-famished soul, whose particular food is the drama, find the wherewithal to feed on?" and project plans for an after-war theatre.

The implied censure of the theatre rosses me to a defence of it; although a correspondent has detected "venom" in my writing, I do feel that the "art-famished souls" do not make sufficient allowance for the difficulties under which the theatre labours, and, also, that the habitual playwright, like myself, is entitled to demand a better quality of drama than is at present offered.

The first difficulty, of course, is the difficulty of man-power. The stage, at this moment, is occupied by men above military age, unfit for military service, or men who have served and been discharged—and women who mean well enough, but can do nothing but "dilute" drama. All the objections to the revival of the "star" must seem to be merely cantankerous to those who have to cope with this prime difficulty; Irving's valiant attempt to produce "Hamlet" with only three actors who had the Shakespearean sense is an example. There is much that could be done for the "art-famished soul" if only the men who could do it were not in the Army, or already added to that Roll of Honour that the stage, equally with any other occupation, possesses. But with the stage denuded of the most able and vigorous of the younger generation of actors, we are obliged to fall back on the men whose skill is traditional, and, like everybody else, are unable to make experiments without material.

The second difficulty, equally, of course, is the dearth of writers for the stage. Whatever we may have thought of the younger generation of dramatists, the facts remain that they were young, that they had their lives before them, that they represented, however feebly, the possibilities rather than the accomplishments of our generation. But the same monster that devoured the actors devoured the dramatists; most of them are serving, or have served, or have already given their lives for the sake of the country. They are compelled to fall back on the older dramatists, on Americans, and on women; Barrie is a stage artist, and Binnie is the Army on the stage. In his own way Baringer is a portrait; his mental attitude is an
authentic representation, although not the only one of the spirit of the Army, and that it is agreeable to soldiers and civilians alike, a visit to the Oxford will prove. I hold strongly to Ruskin's opinion that what people were not pay for, they are not ready or fit for; and although I think that they would pay for better comedy than now holds the stage, if they could get it, I am certain that they would not pay, at this moment, for what the "art-famished souls" desire. Lest readers should suppose that we are only frivolous in London, I may remark, "The Invisible Foe" has made way for the Christmas entertainment of "Alice in Wonderland" and "The Private Secretary," it also was successful in putting the fear of ghosts into theatre-goers.

I hold, also, the opinion that it was a sound instinct that prompted the theatre managers to give a preference to comedy during this period. Nothing more certain than that this is a war of endurance, and whatever will make it easier for us "to carry on," as the phrase goes, is a reinforcement. It may be regrettable from the point of view of an artist, but the fact remains that the mass of Englishmen do not find it easy to "carry on" under conditions of emotional stress or intellectual effort; the people who want to make us "feel" the war, or "think" about the war, are really, although unconsciously, sapping our moral. The fact that the Greeks reacted to such a crisis with tragedy, or that the French are flocking to the classics, is no condemnation of us; each of us has to find his own working conditions, and the Englishman works best when he is least self-conscious. The man who has come out of hell does not want to talk about it; he wants to forget it for a time; he does not want a kathartic, but an anodyne, and there is none better than laughter. It is not that the Englishman is less, he is probably more, emotional than his Allies; but he is not so conscious of his emotions, has not developed adequate expression of them, and their excitement only embarrasses him in the performance of his duty. "They are manly rather than war-like. When the war is over, the mask falls from the affections and domestics, which must have "worn men in kindness"; and as the whole psychological purpose of tragedy is to educate us "to become hard" by purging us of the emotions of pity and terror, I am by no means sure that the Englishman is not really preserving the spirit of civilization by his refusal either to "think" or to "feel" the war in his drama. Call it sentimentality if you will, but the Englishman still cares more for "England, Home, and Beauty" than for all the forms of art for which more exotic souls are famishing.

But although I agree that the drama could theoretically be improved, I admit that I do not see how it can be done except by convincing those who write for the stage that the public will tolerate a better quality. My own "venomous" criticism has no other purpose than this; I write as an intelligent playwright, and not as a fish-fag that my correspondent imagines. The suggestion made by "H. W. M." in the "Nation" does not, in my opinion, offer any real hope of improvement; it is all very well to collect subscriptions from your enthusiasts, to take a theatre from an artistic point of view, and to encourage unknown writers, but when some of you have done so, you are obliged to cater for your audience. And that audience is, self-confessed, an exclusive and "superior" audience, and liable to develop singular tastes, to express a preference for exotics and to become incapable of appreciating anything except a national drama. It is not Russian psychology, nor French wit, nor Japanese symbolism, that we need on the English stage; but the authentic spirit of the English genius which found expression through Shakespeare, and has been mute ever since. It is not the drama of culture, but of human nature as represented by the English, that we need, and we cannot obtain that by anything different from what is now acceptable, but by trying to inspire the drama of the day with the critical-creative spirit of its period of glory.

Readers and Writers.

I have been invited to join with several correspondents in deprecating Mr. Pound's series of studies in contemporary mentality concluded in last week's issue. I can do nothing of the kind. Many comments of a critical character may be passed upon Mr. Pound's work, and, indeed, they have been from time to time in these very columns. Mr. Pound's prose style, though showing signs of improvement, is still willfully wooley in patches; while deploring literary formlessness in others, he very often falls into it himself. His pose, moreover, is still a little that of the enfant terrible: a pose, no doubt, impressive in America, but much less terrifying than irritating in this ancient world of England. I shall have something to say, again, of Mr. Pound's elementary attitude towards religion in general and towards Christianity in particular; likewise a criticism to make of an omission in his diagnosis of the contemporary Press. But none of these things appears to me to justify anything more than qualifications of the praise to which his series is entitled. Men of culture, as I have often observed, are too often so self-satisfied both with their own superiority and with the inferiority of the rest of mankind, that beyond an occasional sneer they will not trouble to recognise the chivalrous obligation of the possession of culture, which is to spread it, and, as Matthew Arnold said, to make it prevail. Very seldom, indeed, will any professor artist descend to particular criticism of popular literature, to examine and diagnose it with the honest purpose of improving it. In a word, culture usually shrinks its duty of grappling with philistinism. Now Mr. Pound, it must be admitted, has gone into the arena and fought manfully. Not satisfied with an occasional sneer they or silent contempt of men of letters for the literature of the masses, he has been at pains to collect specimens of that literature and to analyse and criticise as if, at any rate, its victims have souls to be saved. The diligence, patience and sympathy necessary in such a work should be obvious; and, for having carried it through, Mr. Pound deserves our gratitude.

He has been called over the coals for his impolite dismissal of Mr. G. K. Chesterton as one of the dangers of English literature. But, good gracious, Mr. G. K. Chesterton's reputation is not so frail that it cannot take care of itself against a spirited idiosyncrasy. Mr. Pound has expressed his honest opinion, and I, for one, do not intentionally agree with him; but what is discussion for but to elicit opinions and then to extract the truth from them? Is there undoubtedly a fragment of truth in Mr. Pound's view of Mr. G. K. Chesterton's influence. It is this: that Mr. Chesterton is a most dangerous man to imitate. His imitators really become apes. But that is not to say that Mr. Chesterton is not himself a great writer. Shakespeare is likewise a dangerous man to imitate; and we should only be repeating good criticism if we affirmed that the influence of Shakespeare on English style has been on the whole bad. But this is not to detract from the greatness of Shakespeare. Every writer of a unique style is liable to ruin his imitators; and, from this point of view, the wise thing to be done is to classify good writers as writers to be imitated and writers never to be imitated. Among the former are the
writers whom personally I prefer; for I love best the men of the eighteenth century who aimed at writing as nearly as possible like the world and through whom the common genius of the English language spake. But there is pleasure and profit also in the highly individualised styles of the latter sort of writers, beginning, let us say, with "Euphues" and represented to-day by Mr. Chesterton. Nietzsche and the rest, in fact, were not critical of religion and of Christianity, because they were themselves indifferent to religion, but because they were too intensely concerned with the religious problem to accept the popular solutions. Mr. Pound, on the other hand, does not appear to me to be a profoundly serious thinker on the subject. He dismisses the current popular solutions not only as if they were, as they mostly are, superficial and absurd, but as if the problems of conscience, the soul, sin, and of salvation, to which these solutions are trial replies, were non-existent or trivial. It is his indifference to the reality of the problems and not his criticism of the popular solutions that keeps my mind at a distance from Mr. Pound's when he is writing on religion. He does not, therefore, so much as even irritate me, he simply leaves me as indifferent as he is himself.

The omission from his analysis of the Press to which I referred concerns his proposed remedies for the states of mentality he has discovered. After his painstaking series, nobody can deny that the English Press is in a bad way. It is a disgrace to the nation. Yet the disgrace is not mainly, as Mr. Pound leaves us to suppose, the presence of so much popular vile rubbish circulating among us, as the absence of more than a very small amount of good popular work. And the consequent remedy is, therefore, not to attempt to suppress, even by means of education, the former kind of work, but to encourage by every means the latter kind. Progress, in short, is always a positive and additive, and not a negative or subtractive, process. Our critical work is, therefore, to create and encourage the better literature of the day, and then, having examined it, to leave the worst to struggle as long as it can. Mr. Pound, I freely admit, has done both to the best of his present ability. He has both examined critically the much existing bad, and supported heartily the little existing good. My present comment is confined to a regret that in suggesting the remedies for our contemporary mentality he has forgotten his own better part.

I have read in manuscript the short series of articles on Dostoyevsky, of which the first is published in the present issue. The author is a young Slovene of twenty-eight, now exiled in London. Like my colleague Mr. P. Selver, Mr. Jurko Lavrin has the gift of tongues, and the more difficult they are the easier they seem to come to him. He writes, I believe, in nearly a score of languages, in several of which he has published works of criticism, study, and travel. As a student in Petrograd, he was the editor of the "World," and during part of the war he has been the Correspondent of the Russian daily, "Novoye Vremya" on the Serbian and other fronts. The present studies of Dostoyevsky were originally written in Russian, afterwards translated into French, and are now condensed into English; the last of which transformations owes something—but he would be the first to say how little—to Mr. Selver. That they are remarkable in this respect is, however, to claim only a curiosity on their behalf. They are, indeed, much more remarkable for the depth, vigour, and range of their treatment of one of the greatest writers that ever lived.

R. H. C.

A Modern Prose Anthology
Edited by R. Harrison.
XIII.—THE USE OF BOOKS.
By Mr. A. G. ST. KE BRR-LL.

"Books do not teach the use of books." A sound opinion, most surely. "Many things are tiresome," says Gautier's friend, but: "I write a novel and more so to read one." In these book-read days we are reminded of the truth of this aphorism, and would fain escape on some such easy raft to float buoyantly above the tide that threatens us. These are terrible days, indeed, when (as the old countryman said): "we do all hearken in this ere printin'—terrible strange it be and no kind o' manner o' good to no one." I am of the old countryman's opinion in this matter. As Cleone wrote to Aspasia's: "Let me confess to you, I do not like your shee democracies. What are they good for? Why, yes, they have indeed their use; the fifth and ferment of the compost are necessary for raising rare plants."

"Shrimps and oysters are the lower order of the inhabitants (thus Anaxagoras): and these, it is pretended, have reason to complain of the aristocracy above them." They may complain, but now their voices have risen to a very din; their pens have become articulate, and even the library, the home of learning itself, is no longer saecular. We are visited in this our age by a plague of books of all kinds. It is worse than a plague of lice, and I am one of those who believe that only the rumour of it would have delivered the Israelites from the hands of the Egyptians. Our consolation in this grievous affliction is that it cannot last for ever. There may likely be, indeed there must be, a lull; a sudden turn in the tide, a momentary weakening of the opposing forces. I am aware that this and metaphor will ultimately be the end of me, but in the meantime, like Job, we refuse to be comforted. For of all old; craves the craze to be for ever reading new books is one of the oddest. There is no new thing under the sun, and you cannot put old wine into new bottles. If you are stranded and ill-at-ease, and the Deluge is upon you, I say: back to the old masters. If the flood of cheap rubbish has caused you to forget that (as Lamartine said) the memory of peoples begins with their literature, I would quote Dryden:

"Strong were our Syres... Theirs was the Giant Race before the Flood!—it is true to-day. Believe me, I would rend you a sermon on it, but, like Parson Adams in a similar predicament, "I have not got about me."

One of the results of this flood of illiteracy is that we no longer dare to trust our own judgments. We no
longer read books ourselves, but like another to read them for us; and, like most hirelings, he gives us only what suits his purpose or has affected his intelligence. He is either a rogue or a dunce. Do not trust his discipline. Every great man nowadays has his discipline, and it inculcates and it ridicules the biography." These are odd days when it is thought better to read about an author than to read him. Look at that fountain! Gods around![Image 723]

**Footnotes:**

1. "The purpose of literature was to instruct, to edify."

2. "He is either a rogue or a dunce."

3. "Every great man nowadays has his discipline, and it inculcates and it ridicules the biography."
Oriental Encounters.

By Marmaduke Pickthall.

XL.—THE UNWALLED VINEYARD.

One morning, as we rode along, we came to vineyards on a hillside. Rashid dismounted and began to pick the grapes. Suleymân dismounted likewise, and invited me to do the same.

"But it is stealing," I objected.

"Allah! Allah!" moaned Suleymân, as one past patience. He hung his head a moment, limp all over, as if the spirit had been taken out of him; then called out to Rashid, who was devouring grapes:

"Return, O malefactor; O most wicked robber! Thou art guilty of a fearful crime. Thy master says so."

Rashid came back to us immediately, bringing a purple bunch, which he was going to give to me when Suleymân prevented him, exclaiming:

"Wouldst dis honour our great lord by placing in his hands the fruit of infamy, as if he were a vile accomplice of thy crime? For shame, O sinful depredator, O defaulder of the poor!"

Rashid gaped at him, and then looked at me. I held out my hand for the grapes.

"Touch them not, for they are stolen!" cried Suleymân.

"I know not what thou wouldest be at, O evil joker," said Rashid with warmth; "but if thou callest me a thief again, I'll break thy head."

"I call thee thief! Thou art mistaken, O my soul! By Allah! I am but the mouthpiece of thy master here, who says that to pluck grapes out of this vineyard is to steal."

Rashid looked towards me, half-incredulous, and seeing that I ate the grapes with gusto answered with a laugh:

"He does not understand our customs, that is all. By Allah! there is no man in this land so churlish as to begrudge to thirsty wayfarers a bunch of grapes out of his vineyard or figs or apricots from trees beside the road. To go into the middle of the vineyard and pick fruit there would be wrong, but to gather near the edge is quite allowable. If we were to come with sumpter-mules and load them with the grapes, that would be robbery; but who but the most miserly would blame us for our own refreshment as we pass, any more than he would stop the needy from gleaning in the fields when corn is cut. What your honour thinks a crime, with us is reckoned as a kindness done and taken."

"Aye," said Suleymân, whose gift was for interpretations, "and in the same way other matters which your honour blasphemes in us as faults are in reality but laudable and pious uses. Thus, it is customary here among us to allow the servant to help himself a little to his master's plenty in so far as food and means of living are concerned. The servant, being wholly given to his master's service, having no other means of living, still must live; aye, and support a wife and children if he have them; and it is the custom of our great ones to pay little wages, because they have but little ready money. Upon the other hand they have possessions and wide influence, in which each servant is their partner to a small extent. No one among them would object to such small profits as that cook of yours, whom you condemned so fiercely, made while in your service. If the master does not care to let the servant gain beyond his wages, he must pay him wages high enough for his existence—certainly higher wages than you paid that cook."

"I paid him what he asked," I said indignantly.

And he asked what he thought sufficient in consideration of this profits he is sure of making in your service—a foreigner and a young man of many wants."

"I had told him that thou art of all men living the most generous!" put in Rashid.

My dismissal of that cook had long been rankling in his mind, "It is the custom of the country," he subjoined, defiantly.

"It is a custom which I very heartily dislike," I answered. "It seems to me that people here are always grasping. Look at the prices which the merchants ask, the way they bargain. They fight for each penny as if it were their soul's salvation. They are mad for gain."

"Again you are mistaken," answered Suleymân. "They do not ask too much from avarice, but for the sake of pastime. Indeed, you will find sometimes that the price they ask is less than the real value of the object, and still they let the buyer beat it down—for mere amusement of the argument and for the sake of seeing what devices he will use. In addition they will give the buyer a nice cup of coffee—sometimes two cups of coffee, if the argument is long—and as many glasses full of sherbet as he cares to drink."

"And if the buyer will not pay the price, though much reduced, the merchant often will present the object to him, as happened to your honour in Aleppo only the other day," put is Rashid.

"Thou was only a device to shame me into buying it."

"No, by your honour's leave!"

"Rashid may well be right," said Suleymân, "although I cannot judge of the peculiar instance since I was not present."

Just then we came around a shoulder of the hill, and saw some people, men and women, harvesting the grapes in a much larger vineyard.

"Now you shall see!" exclamined Rashid exultantly. He got down off his horse and strode over to the nearest vines. The workers, seeing him, set up a shout of "Iftaddâlî!" (Perform a kindness). the usual form of hospitable invitation. Since we refused to join them in the middle of the vineyard, a man came wading towards us, bearing on his head a basket tray piled up with grapes. Suleymân picked out three monstrous clusters, one for each of us, with blessings on the giver. To my offer of payment the fellâh opposed a serious refusal, saying: "It would be a shame for me."

"You see now!" said Rashid, as we resumed our way. "It is not robbery for wayfarers to take refreshment."

"And as for the custom of the merchants," added Suleymân, "in asking a much higher price than that which they at last accept, what would you have? The merchants are rich men, who have money for all their needs. Their aim is not that of the Frankish traders: to increase their wealth by all means and outdistence rivals. Their object is to pass the time agreeably and, to that end, detain the customer as long as possible, the more so if he be a person like your honour, who loves jokes and laughter. The greatest disappointment to our merchants is for the customer to pay the price first asked and so depart immediately. I have a rare thing in my memory which hits the case."

Everyone has heard of Abû, the great Egyptian singer, who died recently. His only daughter met her death in a distressing way. It was her wedding night, and bride and bridegroom died of suffocation owing to the scent of flowers and perfumes in the bedroom where they lay. At sight of the two corpses Allah broke his lute and swore a solemn oath never to sing again. He was rich—for he had earned much by his singing, often as much as a hundred pounds a night—and he sought some means to pass the time till death should come for him. He took a shop in Cairo, and hoped for pleasant conversation in the course of bargaining. But the Egyptians wished to hear him sing again, and men of wealth among them planned together to buy him up his whole stock-in-trade immediately. This happened thrice, to the despair of Abû, who saw his hope of pastime taken from him. In the end he was
compelled to get the Cadi to release him from his vow, and sing again, although he would have much preferred to be a merchant. That shows the difference between a trader in our cities and one in any city of the Franks, whose sole desire is to sell quickly and repeatedly."

"There is no accounting for tastes," was my reply. "For my part I detest this bargaining."

"When that is understood by decent merchants they will not afflict thee. They will ask thee a fair price and let thee go—though with regret, for they would rather spend an hour in talk with thee," said Saleymán. "It is a game of wits which most men like."

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Your honour was relating yesterday," observed Rashíd, with grievances in his tone, "how an Englishman of your acquaintance in our country accused his servants of dishonesty. Doubtless he distrusted them and looked things up, which is the same as saying to them: 'It is my locks and my vigilance against your wits.' Few men of spirit could resist a challenge such as that, which is indeed to urge men on to robbery. But where the master trusts his servants and leaves all things to their care, only a son of infamy would dream of robbing him. Let me put it in another way, for understanding. Seeing that open vineyard, with a wall but two stones high, no man would think of plundering the crop of grapes. But surround that vineyard with a high, strong wall, and every son of Adam will conceive the project of clearing it of every cluster."

"I should never think of such a thing."

"That is because your honour is accustomed to restraints and barriers," said Saleymán. "We, in the Sultan's dominions, have more freedom, praise to Allah! For us a high wall is an insult, save in cities."

**Art.**

**THE NEW ENGLISH ART CLUB.**

In Rule 10 of the New English Art Club we read: "There are no restrictions as regards frames, except that paintings in oil must be framed in gold." Whether this quaint bit of folklore is an inheritance from Bocquée or Madame Blavatsky or only from the aureate period of the late Sir Frederick Leighton, the present critic is unable to say. Indeed, as I have already read the "Rules" after leaving the building, I am unable to say if the tenth rule is strictly observed in the present exhibition. The question whether or no all oils are gold-framed is, however, without reasonable doubt, vital to the health of the N.E.A.C., especially in the absence of Mr. Augustus John and Mr. William Orpen. Not that this absence is by any means as grave a matter to the club's health as the "Daily Mail" would have us believe. In reference to these two most distinguished members "we say, however, that whatever British official art has been, the Canadian Government has recently set the rest of the Empire a fine example and that the committee in charge of the Canadian war records is to be congratulated on the courage and discrimination with which it has been able to choose its works the best artists in the contemporary schools, without favour, and in defiance of various makers of municipal monuments, moulagers of mice and other official furniture.

There are, for all tastes, from water-colours à la Turner (not bad), an oil à la Turner (appalling, by Mr. William Shackleton, really appalling!), to pseudo-Japanese backgrounds and Mr. Nevinson from bad imitations of six or seven early Italian masters—imitation confused usually to one part of the picture, seldom covering in its discipleship the whole of any one canvas—to pointillism, spotty impressionism, de Smed, Mr. McEvoy (naturally), Mr. William Rothen-
views and Reviews.

The Feminism of Men.

The resumed debate in the House of Lords on the subject of woman suffrage produced no new argument for or against this extension of the franchise; but it did elicit an opinion that is surely one of the most amazing that has ever been uttered in that assembly. According to the "Times" report, the Earl of Selborne said: "It was said by Lord Loreburn that men had indefensibly a greater share in the sufferings of war than women. No statement had ever surprised him more. Could the physical sufferings of a man be compared for one moment to the anguish of some of the mothers who lost their sons, or the wife who lost her husband. To him there appeared no comparison. (Hear, hear.)" That is a sentiment that, I think and hope, not even the suffering wives and mothers would endorse; it misplaces the real object of human sympathy so deliberately, reverses so completely the order of importance, that it can only be called an unnatural sentiment. Certainly, if the man is dead, as the Earl of Selborne supposes, he is presumably suffering no longer; and the anguish of the bereaved is the only object of human sympathy. But the men do not always die, nor die easily; and to assert that their suffering is in any degree less moving than that of their wives and mothers is to travesty the facts in the attempt to express a misguided chivalry. Apply the sentiment to the typical example of physical suffering, the Crucifixion of Christ, and its callousness becomes obvious; it is the agony of the Cross, and not the grief of the Virgin Mary, that has at all times moved the heart of humanity, for there are compensations for grief, but none whatever for pain. When a man is screaming in agony (and men have screamed during this war), it is worse than idle, it is inhuman, to pretend that he suffers less than his wife or mother will do when she hears of his loss.

I say all this without prejudice to the argument that mental or emotional suffering is more acute, and may be more prolonged, than physical suffering. It may well be true, as Nietzsche says, that "the curve of man's receptivity for pain seems, in fact, to undergo an uncommonly rapid and almost sudden lowering, as soon as the upper ten-thousand or ten-million of over-civilisation are once left behind, and I, for my part, do not doubt that, compared with one single painful night of one single, hysterical, dainty woman of culture, the sufferings of all animals so far questioned, when in hand, with a view to scientific answers, simply fall out of consideration." But the comparison here is still between degrees of physical pain; Nietzsche does not pretend that the person who actually suffers suffers less, or is less worthy of compassion, than the one who suffers either by sympathetic emotion or the more self-regarding passion of grief. Grief itself may be assuaged by the knowledge that the loved one did not suffer; but the fact that our soldiers bear with praiseworthy fortitude the agonies of the modern battlefield justifies no one in attempting to depreciate the value of their sacrifice. For the anguish of the wife or mother is useless even to herself; but "with his stripes we are healed," by his sacrifice we are saved and have the leisure to indulge in the luxury of grief and commiseration with the sorrows of one another. There is truly "no comparison" between the physical suffering of the man, and the anguish of the woman; the value, even to

colours of a Navajo blanket. Both those pictures are "ready to hang in one room.

If we are still to retain Aristotle, and still to believe that the excellence of a work of art depends largely on what one intends to do with it, i.e., whether it is made to stand on the pinnacle of a church-spire it is so made as to look well in that excited position; if made to hang in a room, then so made as to look well in a room—we must take some count of the suitability of modern pictures for conceivable modern interiors.

Mr. Taylor's two pictures are made without any appearance of struggle, without any sign of eccentricity. There is much in the show, and quite enough of them to make one feel that the show's average is rather high, in which the painters have shown the results of long and honest work—results such as to cheer anyone who has not a determined pessimism concerning English painters.

The general proclamation of the collection, as a whole, is that: There is no set current criterion; there is no type, and there are no ten types of picture that represent the present decade. Painting has achieved a condition of absolute individualism. Apart from knowing the work of at least a hundred painters, there are no common symptoms by which the future connoisseur will know the work of this generation. Anti-academism is having its innings, whether for better or worse I do not know. But it is having its innings, and if one will spend enough time at the N.E.A.C., one can find evidence of a good deal of thought and a good deal of skill among the exhibitors.

"Endymion," by Mr. H. Morley is another of the points where patience fails. The head of Diana is cleanly drawn, but the rest of the work is a caramel, and a dammed indigestible caramel. Mr. Meninsky is after Holm. Mr. Dodd gets a likeness. Miss Labov Leinweber works after the romantic, after the co-oo of Celtic balladry. Mr. N. M. Sumner shows merit. Mr. R. Schubert presents a portrait, a perfectly good John, done with rather more care than the original painter has made habitual during later years. Miss Ethel Walker in "The Sacrifice," uses her smarly colours and swarily lines to good effect.

To "The Chelsea Figure" one says a violent "No!" at close range, but finds, from the other side of the gallery, that Mr. C. Harnett has put quite good work into it. "Le Chiffe d'amour," uses her smeary effect. Mr. Archibald Welsie "Portrart in Time," shows humour and a desire to make painting resemble a textile, and his light shows well from a distance. The pseudo Goya of "Christopher St. John" cannot be called "achieved." Mr. McEvoy's sitter was lucky; this is one of the times he has painted quite a good portrait. "Stacking Turf" is one of Mr. Schubert's better tries. Mr. Louis Sargent presents "Dans un Studio Ami" and "No" shows. Mr. L. M. Jefferys shows "Course, and not the grief of the Virgin Mary, that has at all times moved the heart of humanity, for there are compensations for grief, but none whatever for pain. When a man is screaming in agony (and men have screamed during this war), it is worse than idle, it is inhuman, to pretend that he suffers less than his wife or mother will do when she hears of his loss.

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women, of the sufferings of men in this war is incomparable. But the sentiment is valuable as an indication of the real danger of woman suffrage. I do not share the optimism of its advocates, nor the pessimism of its opponents; but it has always been my contention that women have more to fear from male feminists than from women. It is the feminists on the bench who have transformed marriage from a contract with mutual obligations into a contract that allots the rights to the wife and the duties to the husband; it was the feminists on the bench of Bishops who prescribed flogging for men, and exempted women from the same punishment for the same offence. Power passes with every concession to weakness; and in the name of equality, the male feminists have elevated women to a position of irresponsible superiority.

The most extravagant laudation of the services of women during the war has come from male feminists, who apparently were surprised that women should descend to help us in this crisis; but they leave us to discover from what source we can (I find the figures in Miss B. L. Hutchins' pamphlet, "Women in Industry After the War") that although about five millions of men have been withdrawn from industry, "the number of females directly replacing males is given as 376,000 in industrial occupations, and 1,071,000 in the total"; and, by the way, nothing but abuse of the men who remain in industry is usually uttered publicly by the friends of women. The men have to be combed out of industry, but at the mere suggestion of "combing in" the women, the male feminists would faint. If the women of this country ever exercise to the full the powers they already possess, if they ever adapt in its entirety the extravagant conception of their powers into practice, the men would be as near to revolution as some of the Lords think that woman suffrage has brought us.

For there is a limit even to the uxoriousness of the Englishman, and that limit will probably be reached when the hopes of the advocates of woman suffrage are realised. If, as Lord Burnham prophesied, "the struggle of the immediate future in the factory and the workshop would be between men and women," it is useless to expect that men will defer to women in a struggle for their livelihood. As Emerson put it: "The Englishman is peaceably minding his business and earning his day's wages. But if we offer to lay hands on his day's wages, or his cow, or his right in common, or his shop, he will fight to the Judgment. Magna charta, jury-trial, habeas corpus, star-chamber, ship-money, Popery, Plymouth Colony, American Revolution, are all questions involving a yeoman's right to his dinner, and except as touching that, would not have lashed the British nation to rage and revolt."

If it comes to such a struggle, in the spirit of Lord Selborne's sentiment, whatever may happen to the women it is certain that the male feminists will discover that there is about as much sympathy with their ideals as there is with those of the conscientious objector. Luckily, the mass of working women in this country have more sense on bread-and-butter questions than their advocates credit them with, and the re-construction of industry will be more amicably arranged, and the relative values of the sexes more clearly recognised, than the male feminists expect. The triumph of women will not be to triumph.

A. E. R.

TO A PILGRIM.

All crooked style is camouflage, and when you wandered fearlessly through dog and fen Why you cast not away with hoots and sneer Your horrible deformity of style?

That burlesque buried in some spangled page,

Then Pound might rise supreme in this New Age.

THEMELEY.

"Producers by Brain."

[The New Age has placed this column at the service of Mr. Allen Upward for the purpose of carrying on his Parliamentary candidature as a representative of literature and art.]

THE TURNER BEQUEST.

From time to time we see allusions in the press to the Turner bequest, but so far as I know the matter is still in abeyance, and I shall be grateful if anyone interested will communicate with me.

As I understand it, Turner bequeathed a great number of his works to the nation in trust for the benefit of poor artists, with a particular direction that houses should be built for their accommodation, and named after him. The nation, or its Government, took possession of the pictures, cast most of them into a cell, and has never yet laid the first stone of the first Turner House, or done anything else to carry out the trust.

If a private person were to act in that way, he would be guilty of felony, and would receive a long term of penal servitude. It has been said that you cannot indict a nation, but you can indict Ministers, and the Minister primarily responsible in this case would appear to be the First Lord of the Treasury. The King can do no wrong, according to the theory of the Constitution, and therefore when a grave wrong is committed by what lawyers speak of as "the Executive," it is the Ministerial adviser who must bear the blame. The embezzlement of the Turner trust fund being a continuing wrong, every Minister who takes office without taking steps to carry out the trust becomes guilty in his turn. Mr. Balfour, Mr. Asquith, Mr. Lloyd George, and Mr. Bonar Law, therefore, it would seem, ought all to be doing time at Portland.

The only reason that they are not is because there is no one to prosecute. If Turner had left this wealth to build a home for insane horses or incurably diseased dogs, of course a stately palace in magnificent grounds would long ago have been put up. The Canine Defence League or the Equine Friends would have taken prompt action, and the illustrious statesmen I have named would have had to choose between carrying out their trust or finding themselves in the dock. But the artist has no friends. The servant of beauty ranks below the dog.

There is a Department called the Charity Commissioners specially charged with inquiring into the administration of charitable funds, and if ever there were a case for its interference this ought to be one. But yet it may be said that this is not a charity. When one artist leaves a legacy to others it is all in the family. The gifts and the rewards of genius are shared with an unprosperous one, and such a case for its interference this ought to be one. If it comes to such a struggle, in the spirit of Lord Selborne's sentiment, however, whatever may happen to the women it is certain that the male feminists will discover that there is about as much sympathy with their ideals as there is with those of the conscientious objector. Luckily, the mass of working women in this country have more sense on bread-and-butter questions than their advocates credit them with, and the re-construction of industry will be more amicably arranged, and the relative values of the sexes more clearly recognised, than the male feminists expect. The triumph of women will not be to triumph.

A. E. R.

ALLEN UPWARD.
Pastiche.

VLADIMIR NAZOR: NOCTURNE.

(Translated from the Serbo-Croatian by F. Salver.)

Gently, gently, spider
Spins a thread;
Where the fir-trees thinly loom, in woods, the stag has laid his head:
Night, the silent, lofty, presses
O'er the land with silvery glares,
And a quenched lamp she raises
From the water's deep recesses.

Guiding mortals by the hand, as blind sons, dream advances.
I will weave a nest, O mother, deep within their graces—
Crafter from the grass is prying:
See, os berry, see!
Gently, gently spins the spider
Threadlets three.

Woé, woé, woé has gathered round me,
Black and fierce.
In my breast a green-keed sprig of rose has made a thorn to pierce.
And my sobbing, sobbing, sobbing
In this lustrous night dostth scatter;
Pitiful tear-drops downward patter;
With restive wings I set them throbbing:
They are shaken, pitter-patter
On a marble platter.

O thou green-keed sprig of rose, within thy barb a store of pain is,
And my bosom is so frail, and in this woé a store of bane is!
From my heart the blood-drops patter:
Tap, tap, tap...

In that thorn from off the rose-tree poisoned is the sap.
Can the moon reveal no splendour, or the night-bloom scent engender,
With this cry allayed?
Canst not, earth, to sleep surrender,
With my weeping stayed?
Dost thou crave another's anguish, that thou lull to rest thy woe?
Stars are hotly dropping tears upon the meads and dales
Now as, where are thou, enchantress? Thee thy friend calls with glances—
A sweet forgetfulness of you
That is wafted, that a millionare cannot by any possibility
In England has Lord Northcliffe.

All plutocratic democracies have succumbed to noisy and self-confident personalities. Athens was not very plutocratic, and escaped with Alcibiades; but the later history of the Roman Republic is filled with characters like Lord Northcliffe. The life of Cicero was mainly spent in contests with men of that type, for Catullus, Cicero, and Mark Antony had all of them much in common with Lord Northcliffe.

In England it is inevitable that a powerful man should be a rich man. Money is in England the one real proof of capacity. The people of England would never trust a Lenin or a Trotsky. Men of that stamp point out with pride how a Lenin or a Trotsky, without money, could not gain power in England. On the other hand, a self-confident man who has made money is amazingly trusted in all English-speaking countries. Cecil Rhodes was a fine example, and Mr. Clifford Sifton is fast becoming another Cecil Rhodes in Canada. Mr. Hearst has hardly managed so well in the United States, but a wiser man may arise. Meanwhile England has Lord Northcliffe.

It is inevitable that a Lord Northcliffe should be ludicrous to persons of delicate perception, for a new millionaire cannot by any possibility be an aesthetic Person. The logical consequence is that a Lord Northcliffe is always funny to those who can perceive.
CATHOLICISM AND REACTION.

Sir,—For a Guildman, Mr. S. Verdad has evidently never reflected much on the implications of a visible and organised society like the Catholic Church. The "maintenance and [legitimate] increase of the power of the Church itself" is precisely the business of the higher officials of the Church; that is partly what they are for, and unless they performed that function there would be little elbow-room for what Mr. Verdad quaintly calls "the important cultural value of Catholicism." Owing to the imperfections of human nature, it may happen sometimes that ecclesiastical officials pursue aims and methods which are unwise or cor-

In the particular case in point, an alliance of the Irish Bishops with the highest officials of the Church; that is partly what they employ in watching for such transgressions and criticising them in the public interest if and when they actually occur, than in joining the Maxse-Kipling- "Morning Post." Press to drop bombs of poisonous suspicion on the oldest Church of all.

In the particular case in point, an alliance of the 

Catholic Church, and in the war, about half its members, desires to appeal, through THE NATIONAL GUILDS LEAGUE.

NATIONAL GUILDS LEAGUE.

Sir,—The Liverpool Branch of the National Guilds League—started about two years ago with a membership of twenty (all New Age readers)—having lost, owing principally to the war, about half its members, desires to appeal, through THE NEW AGE, for the active co-operation of supporters in Liverpool and District of National Guilds.

I shall, therefore, be glad to receive the names of National Guildmen who are ready to help in the work of the Liverpool Branch.

Sir,—

Suppose the little violet

Should hang its little head
And say "I'm such a little flower,
I'd better stay in bed."*

It no longer shall. I bought a hat yesterday, and the man said I was taking ½ size larger. I have serious thoughts of putting up for M.P. for Philosophy, Thea-

P. T. K.

P.S.—I am very busy just now, so perhaps you might make up the requisite copy yourself. I don't suppose your readers will really mind.

Memoranda.

(From last week's NEW AGE.)

If the inheritance of the Tsar falls piecemeal into the power of Prussia, all the problems that began the present war will be repeated upon a still larger scale.

The history of Liberalism has been the history of a struggle for constitutional reform. In virtually denying that a constitutional change in Germany is imperative our Liberals are, therefore, casting doubts upon the value of their own historic, not to say their recent, past.

The liberalisation of Germany is our only security for democracy; in other words, for our freedom to achieve economic emancipation.

If Labour is "pacifist" in international affairs it must in common consistency be pacifist in industrial affairs. —"Notes of the Week."*

Generally stated, skill and organisation have been coincident.

Quantitative production spells the indefinite prolonga-

tion of wagery and the final degradation of the crafts-

man. Capitalists mould production to their own consump-

tive purposes.—S. G. H.

The resentment which all the older Socialists and some of the newer felt against Liberalism even at its best rested on a just conviction that political and personal liberty were stoned offered them instead of bread.

Politics is in principle only an extension of morality.

The contrast of the writings of the greater and older 

Liberalists with the futility of their Parliamentary activities, and the ultimate outcome of the travail of the mountain in the shape of a little adder, like the Insur-

ance Act, is one of the most pathetic things in history.

The philosopher is like the serpent in the Garden of Eden, also one of the servants of Jahve distinguished from the others only by his peculiar subtlety.—O. Luh.

Current magazines and periodicals are a unified end-

avour to prevent thought.

The monotheistic temperament has been the curse of our time.—Ezra Pound.

Consciousness is the region of contact between per-

sonality and environment, and it is only in that region that the word education has meaning.

Consciousness is the threshold of that which we call the soul, as interest is the threshold of the external and material lies too deep: even Shakespeare's one ambition was to satisfy Lord Northcliffe.

We are all much too prone to assume that where re-

straint and magnanimity are displayed in an attack the attack itself and all its most mortal blows are, on account of the generous appearance of the assailant, entirely justified and beyond suspicion.

A form of government may be judged from the nature of the revolutions it provokes.

Despite the rude courage of this war, not one of the great lessons that might have been learnt from it has as yet been taken to heart.

You cannot have the freedom of the guide and of the guided at one and the same time.

Exploitation in the capitalist sense is everything that is horrible, because it neither leads to any great popular achievement nor does it ever fail to debase the people it exploits.—Zarthustrian.