NOTES OF THE WEEK.

In place of our usual notes on current topics we are publishing this week a series of replies to questions relating to the war. The questions have been collected in part from correspondence received, and in part from pacifist and Labour literature in general. They are not, of course, put forward as being exhaustive.

(1) What is the war about?

Though, after nearly four years of war, this question should be ridiculous, it is in truth not so; for the real object of the war has only slowly manifested itself, and is only now coming into clear visibility. Various views have hitherto prevailed in both the Western world and scarcely within the European mentality hitherto unknown in the Slav peoples for the purpose, first, of dominating Europe and, afterwards, of dominating the world. This hitherto has been proved to be the aboriginal purpose of the war, not only does it follow that Prussia is alone responsible for the war, having actually initiated it with this object in view, but it also follows that the Allies have no other commensurate object but defence. Any positive objects they may have fancied themselves to entertain and the publication of which has often put the Allies in bad light have been irrelevant, subsidiary, or provisional. None of them is of the least importance in comparison with the object of defending the liberty of Europe and the world against the domination of Prussia.

(2) But is not the fear of Prussian domination a mere bogey?

On many occasions, it is true, the cry of "Wolf! Wolf!" has been raised by our governing classes. Lord Rosebery, we remember, prophesied the end of the world from the passing of the Trades Disputes Act. Lord Milner saw the ruin of the Empire in the abolition of the veto of the House of Lords. We have always, in fact, been on the eve of disaster in the opinion of one or other of our governing cliques. Faith in their word is thus after these experiences a plant of slow growth in the popular mind, and we are not, in the least surprised that even at this moment many people cannot be induced to believe in the reality of the Prussian menace. It, too, will pass, they say, when it has served the turn of our ruling classes. The truth, however, is that the long falsely-threatened Wolf is here at last. The menace of Prussia is real. The Wolf is at our doors; and between us and it stand only our armies and our wits. Once let either of these defences fail us, even in spite of all our incredulity they may, there is no means of preventing Prussia achieving her grand object of dominating Europe and the world.

(3) Is it conceivable that Prussians, being human like ourselves, should pursue such an aim, knowing full well all the horrors it must involve?

In dealing with Prussian militarism—the religion or cult of the Prussian military caste—Europe is faced by a phenomenon of mentality hitherto unknown in the Western world and scarcely within the European imagination. Hitherto we have experienced war for glory, war for adventure, war for trade, war for security; but never before have we encountered the spirit of war as a duty and for power. Both elements enter into the Prussian cult of war. It is war for power because only by perpetually striving after increased power can the spirit of militarism be kept alive. Militarism lives on power and by power. But it is also war as a duty because Prussia has come to regard herself as the predestined pioneer of a new world-civilisation—the civilisation of German kultur. From this "superior" and missionary point of advantage Prussia looks upon the rest of the world, in the degrees of their amenability to German kultur, as we Europeans have hitherto regarded "natives" everywhere; that is to say, as objects of mingled pity and contempt whom a superior race must simultaneously exploit and educate. With kultur in one hand and a bomb in the other, Prussia thereupon proceeds to attempt, first, to subject us, and afterwards she would attempt to improve us, the one thing being the means to the other. This assum-
tion of superiority and of the duty supposed to rest upon it alone explains the easy conscience with which Prussia has committed any and every crime in the pursuit of civilising the world. The end of the superior threat tacitly manifested not merely in the growth of German emigration had almost ceased during the Germany, but more clearly in the cultivation threat of forcible expansion on the part of her neighbours to dominate Europe and the amount of harmlessness on the part of her neighbours masters to dominate Europe and the kultur which Prussia means to impose upon the world is assumed to be of such beneficence that it will induce Prussia to abandon her imperialistic aims whatever, Imperialist or other. Their single purpose is the defence of Europe and the world against the positive war-aims of Prussia. The myth of the convenient militarist legend, Germany had nothing to do with the world-menace to the whole world. For various reasons, the kultur which Prussia means to impose upon the world of which the late Lord Milner has dearly stated that the treaties, while endorsed, are not vital objects of the war. They are rather war-plans than war-aims; and their design has been to unite the Allies and to provide, as far as possible, guarantees against future Prussian aggression. In other words, like all the rest of Allied action, they are, mistakenly or not, defensive and not aggressive. It must be further observed that not only, on Lord Milner's word, are the terms of these treaties open to modifications at any Peace-conference, but none of them has ever been endorsed by America, who is now the chief Ally, and may soon become the chief. Under these circumstances, therefore, it cannot be said that the "secret" treaties disclose any aims whatever of the Allies, save the aim of defending and securing themselves against Prussia.

(12) Are not the Allies fighting, like Prussia, for victory and the "knock-out blow"?
The householder may be said to fight for victory over the armed burglar, but the combatants are nevertheless morally different. The victory for which Prussia is fighting would secure her power over us; but the victory for which the Allies are fighting would merely secure us against Prussia. In fact, it is only in a relative sense that the Allies can be said to be fighting for victory. They are fighting to avoid defeat.

(13) What is to be the end of it all?
Setting aside the possibility that the war may end in a "draw," from which certain calculable consequences will follow, the end of the war must see (a) the total defeat of the Allies, from which would ensue a German Europe and, afterwards, a Germanized world; or (b) the total defeat and ruin of Prussia as a great fresh series of world-wars; in the course of which it is certain that not only a Germanised Europe would be arrayed against the world, but those European nations still retaining a spark of liberty would be moved to revolt against the rest. Altogether, in fact, Prussia's short cut to world-power and world-peace would be the longest and bloodiest road that humanity could choose.

(9) What is the worst that can happen to us if Germany wins or makes a draw of the war?
Meaning by us England, and without regard at the moment for the British Empire and all it contains, the present victory of Germany would inevitably be followed by the regular conquest of England, for this island would then stand clearly in the way of Germany's next step towards the domination of the world. In the event of the war being drawn, the permanent militarism of England is no less inevitable. From the fact that Prussian militarism would have survived the war and increased its strength, all the reasons we had before this war for defensive armaments would be multiplied tenfold. "No Government could exist here under those circumstances that did not instantly adopt the most rigorous militarism."

(10) Are not the objects of the Allies as Imperialist as those of Prussia?
Even if it were, they would be of less menace to the world than the objects of Prussian Imperialism. But they are not. None of the Allies is aiming at the hegemony of Europe, and, still less, at the hegemony of the world. Moreover, it is improper, as Mr. Asquith has observed, to attribute to the Allies any positive war-aims whatever, Imperialist or other. Their single purpose is the defence of Europe and the world against the positive war-aims of Prussia.
European Power; or (c) the democratisation of Germany and therewith her admission into the comity of democratic nations. One of these three consequences is inevitable from the defeat of one of the powers.

(14) But has not the method of war been proved to be useless?

Notwithstanding all that our civilised instincts have to say against the fact, it cannot be denied that for certain objects the method of war is not only "useful," but essential. Aggressive wars as well as defensive wars have undoubtedly "paid" in the past; and there is nothing to show that they may not "pay" again both in the present and in the future. Should Germany win, in the present conflict, her aggressive war will clearly have "paid" her in the satisfaction of the desires for which she went to war. On the other hand, should the Allies win, their defensive war will as clearly have "paid" them in the preservation of their independence and security. What those must prove who contend that the method of war is obsolete and useless is that the objects attainable by war, whether objects of aggression or defence, can no longer be attained by means of war or can be attained by other and easier means. But nobody has proved it. On the contrary, in Germany since the latest war has been proved that aggressive war may be useful; while, if she should lose, it will have been shown that a defensive war may be useful. Pacifists must choose between trying to demonstrate one or other of these two conclusions.

(15) How long will the war last?

Nobody can reply to this question, except in the most general terms. It will last while there is in the Allies a balance of defence over the aggressive spirit of Prussia; while, that is to say, the Allies are as able and willing to help themselves as Prussia is able and willing to continue the attack. But how long this will be nobody can say; it may be weeks, it may be months, it may be years. We cannot put a time-limit on our wrestle with the emboldened fate that is Prussia; but we ought to be prepared for as long a period as may prove necessary.

(16) But can there be a military solution, is a "knock-out" blow possible?

Assuming that the alternative to a military solution, namely, the democratisation of Germany and therewith the defeat of Prussianism from within, is delayed—the best judges and, in any case, the best available judges, of the practicability of a military solution are the soldiers of the Allied armies. If our military advisers in agreement with the military advisers of our Allies should announce that a military solution under any attainable circumstances is impossible; or, again, if they should declare that the only means to a military solution are such as in our common judgment to make the remedy worse than the disease, slavery under Germany less onerous than continuing the war—we should then have to submit to defeat and make the best of it. Neither of these contingencies, however, has yet arisen; and we are therefore justified in assuming in their absence that a military solution is still possible.

(17) Would not a military deadlock be the most convincing demonstration of the futility of militarism?

Remembering that there is only one militarism in the world to-day, the militarism of Prussia—for a war of defence, though necessarily carried on by military means, is not a military war—Prussia might very well argue that a "draw" under the present circumstances proved only that the occasion was unfortunately chosen. Assuming, moreover, her future control of the Slav peoples, in itself one of the objects of her present war, Prussia would prepare the next war in even more favourable circumstances both as regards her friends and as regards her enemies. To the former would be added a considerable part of Russia; and from the latter would be subtracted not only so much of Russia as fell under German influence, but several of our present Allies who could no longer engage with us in resistance to Prussia. Far, therefore, from demonstrating the futility of her militarism, a deadlock would only serve to convince Prussia how nearly she had come to winning; and the "next time" would be her inevitable cry. The Allies, on the contrary, by just so much as Prussia might look forward with hope to the "next time," would be disposed, from a present deadlock, to look forward to it with fear. Their case would be not how nearly we won, but how nearly we lost; and apprehension of the future would be inevitable.

(18) Have not the peoples everywhere had enough of war?

Undoubtedly, but, unfortunately, the Prussian militarists have not, for, after forty months of it, the Prussian Chancellor, Count Hertling, still speaks of Prussia's "unbroken joy of battle;" and since the Prussian militarists are the determining factor, the war-weariness of the peoples in every other country save Germany itself is of no account. Exactly as it would be useless to urge weariness as a reason for ceasing to combat plagues, pestilence, or wild beasts, it is useless to plead weariness of itself a reason for abandoning our defence against Prussia. While such a phenomenon as Prussian militarism exists and its power remains, the peoples must fight, however exhausted they may be, or surrender.

(19) Is not Prussianism at home as offensive as Prussianism abroad?

Prussianism at home is a burden, but it is not a menace and a danger. It is not a cult but a necessity, not a trade but an accident; not positive and aggressive, but negative and defensive. The comparison between the positive militarism of Prussia and the defensive military arrangements in the Allied nations is once more the comparison of the burglar with the householder. Offensive to all our former habits the present military dispensation of our country may well be; and we are far from saying that much of it has not been necessary; but dangerous in the sense of likely to become permanent nobody can maintain—unless on the supposition of a "draw" in the present war.

(20) Is not democracy to be won at home rather than in Flanders?

Our case is that we are a political democracy on the way to becoming an economic democracy. Admittedly, the process has been slow; but the fault is our own. There are still over a thousand Trade Unions catering for no more than a score or so of industries; and while this division of forces exists among us, our progress in economic or any other kind of democracy must needs be a snail's. If Prussia should win, however, out there in Flanders, not only shall we no longer be able to progress, but even at a snail's pace in democracy, what democracy we have won will be taken from us. It may, therefore, be true that democracy is only to be won at home, but democracy must first be preserved in Flanders. We are fighting, in short, to defend what democracy we have, and for the right to develop it in our own good time.

(21) Our military people having so far failed to end the war, ought not we pacifists and democrats to be given their chance?

We agree that the military should not rule out the diplomatic weapon. We agree, moreover, that the official diplomatic should not rule out the unofficial diplomat. Far too little use, in fact, has been made
of unofficial diplomacy; and far too many blunders have been committed by our official diplomacy. But precisely because we assert the right of every form of diplomacy to employ itself in a national war such as this, we maintain the right of the military to employ the sword as well as diplomacy, in other words, that rules out the sword against Prussia is as unjustifiable as a military policy that rules out the use of diplomacy. It is not, in fact, a choice of weapons that we ought to be called upon to make, but the fullest possible use of both, with a preference, however, for the diplomatic, for there is no doubt whatever that, other things being equal, the diplomatic is to be preferred over the military. As it is, however, other things are not equal. Prussia is not amenable to diplomacy only; any more than the German people will prove to be amenable to the sword only. Hence, both weapons must continue to be used.

(22) If peace were established now, would not the German people at once proceed to democratise their constitution?

The German people, it must be owned, have shown themselves to be singularly susceptible to militarist ideals. They have lapped militarist suggestion as a cat laps milk. Only one thing is needed to confirm them in the cult and to harden them for all time in their militarist superstition—namely, the proven success of their idol in the greatest of all the wars of history. In such a triumph, even if it should only take the form of a 'draw,' all the Germans would be sacrificed and all the crimes of the Prussians forgiven. Prussianism would, in fact, be as much admired at home as feared abroad. Moreover, it must be remembered that as well as power to gain, Prussia has inspired Germany with the hope of spreading German culture. Germany, in other words, will have this task to perform when Prussia has completed hers. After conquest, culture and trade, administration jobs, opportunities of promotion! What offices will Prussia not have to offer her Socialistic leaders and her captains of industry in the territories newly brought into the Prussian school. The cultural and every other kind of exploitation of Russia alone would provide Prussia with a means of choking with butter every German democrat that opened his mouth. We do not see the democratisation of Germany following a draw in the present war. On the contrary, the Prussian defeat or a Prussian 'draw' for Prussia would postpone to the kalends any such event.

But can it be expected that the German people will revolt against militarism while the war is still being fought?

We see no moral reason against it. Reasons of a material character there are, of course; though even these have been much magnified by our own pacifists. Certainly the loss in German life from a German Revolution, even if it had taken the shape of a forcible revolution, would not have nearly equalled the German losses in defence of Prussia. We can go further and say that the losses yet to be sustained by Germany in the continuance of the present war are likely to be far greater than the sacrifices necessary to an immediate revolution. This question, however, is one for the Germans themselves to consider. We cannot make a revolution for them. We can only, at immense sacrifice to the world, create the conditions in which their revolution is possible; and, failing their seizure of the moral opportunity, we can only continue to create more. For their difficulty, it must be observed, is by no means ended when the war has ceased. Either Russian militarism will remain, or in which event German life every other democracy will be impossible; or Prussianism will be defeated by military means, in which event the work of revolution will still be to be done in Germany. Once again the Germans must choose between making a democracy during the war, or after a Prussian defeat—or never.

(24) Would not a popular revolt in England against continuing the war do more than anything else to prove our democratic good faith to the German people?

To this question we must reply, in the first place, that those who advance it are more mindful of Germany than of their own country. The German people, they say, can scarcely be expected to go on strike during a war, even when that war is an Imperialist and predatory war initiated by rulers for whom, in the last resort, the German lives remain unimportant. Yet the Allied peoples are to be invited to go on strike during the war, though the war for them is wholly defensive and their share in it is innocent! In the second place, the demonstration of our democratic good faith to the German people through striking, might also be ineffective in converting them from passive obedience to active resistance to their Prussian masters. They would still need to revolt, and what if our example were not quite sufficient to inspire them to it! In the third place, this method of appeal has been tried on the largest possible scale and with the maximum conditions of thoroughness and poignancy. Russia has made herself a Tolstoyan martyr in vain. Finally, since for the present our effective enemy is Prussia, we have to ask what would be the effect upon Prussia of our adoption of pacifism as a national doctrine. It is obvious that an event which Prussia would pay millions to bring about—a popular strike against war in Allied countries—would not be treated by her as a moral disaster to militarism, but as an additional triumph. To the cult of militarism, to be in any way "moved" by the moral superiority of your victim is "immoral."  

(25) If all the working classes of all the belligerent countries were to go on strike simultaneously, would we not have peace?

The question almost implies that such a simultaneous act is possible. But the war is in the region of fact and not of fancy. Labour is not only not organised internationally, even as between the Allies, let alone the Germanic Powers, but Labour is not even fully organised nationally. There are divisions of opinion in Labour in home and in every country; and these of necessity militate against any common international action of any decisive importance. On the other hand, we are in favour of as much simultaneous action by Labour as possible. The only condition we would impose is that, what there is of it, shall be simultaneous in all the belligerent countries.

(26) Suppose the German people were to go on strike and to show unmistakable signs of revolting against their Prussian militarists, what action would the Allies take?

There are people, no doubt, in the Allied Governments, who, in this event, would counsel the ruthless prosecution of the war; who, in fact, would follow the example of Prussia in Russia, and strike harder because the victim was already stricken down. Against such counsel it would be imperative upon democrats to protest by every means at their disposal. Since it is Prussian militarism that alone is the enemy, the overthrow of Prussian militarism from within would, in fact, terminate the war by removing its cause. To continue it for one moment longer would be not defence, but a transference of militarism from Prussia to the Allies. In face of such an event as the revolt of the German people, Labour everywhere would be not only entitled but bound to support them, even to the extent of striking against the continuance of the war by so much as a national apprenticeship. Labour everywhere should be followed, if necessary, by a national strike in all the belligerent countries. Then, indeed, would be the moment for Labour to take control, if the present governing classes were disposed to victimise the new democracy. The question, however, is not immediately urgent.
Foreign Affairs.

Dear Herr Scheidemann,—In common with President Wilson, and with all those who have given careful consideration to the one political question of the moment, very many of us are looking forward to the democratisation of Germany as an essential condition of the future peace of the world. We are assured by duties bringing them into closer touch with ourselves with public men who claim some right to speak for the German people that, even if the war were to end only in a draw, a democratic constitution for Germany is inevitable when peace is signed; and we welcome the assurance. At the same time we may venture to draw your attention to some facts which we have never seen discussed by the German Social Democrats. We know that not even a democratic constitution will alter, in this generation, the view of the Junker classes; we know that it is still the place merely of the disposal of the manufacturing classes—the National Liberals—and we know that the Centre Party in the Reichstag is what a Catholic Party is anywhere. These groups will always exist. In the liberal countries of Europe their power has been drastically curtailed in the German groups if they forget that you Germany they have unfortunately guided the destinies of the country up to the present time. When, therefore, we speak of democracy in Germany—meaning democracy in the immediate future—we have to rely, naturally enough, upon the Social Democrats.

From your own recent utterances it is evident that your views regarding the origin of the war have become sensibly modified, and we need not go into that question again. It is still to be feared, nevertheless, that your party as a whole has not yet adequately reconsidered its attitude towards the more advanced democratic parties in Western Europe to which it stood, before the war, in some kind of direct relation. The French, Italian, Dutch, and Belgian Socialists, and our own Socialist and Labour groups, observed with satisfaction the rapid growth of the German Social Democratic Party, and we were especially pleased to think of the 110 seats which had been triumphantly captured by you and your colleagues in 1911. At the various international conferences held before the war the German Socialists always took a prominent part; and it was indeed the fault of the non-German groups if they forgot that you called yourselves Social Democrats and not Socialists merely. When we resume international relations after the war, we should like to feel sure that such misunderstandings as have arisen will be satisfactorily adjusted. It is only common frankness to say that there appears to us to be a few shortcomings in the Social Democratic Party which might very well be considered; and the sooner the better.

(1) Long before the war began there was a distinct and noteworthy cleavage in the attitude towards foreign affairs taken up by the German Socialists and that taken up by the Socialists of other countries. You may remember that our own Socialist and Labour leaders resented not only every threatening form of expansion but anything that savoured even remotely of aggression in international affairs. Hence the common patriotic jibe by Mr. Keir Hardie, by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, and by many others, on the Anglo-Russian agreement over Persia, on our Egyptian policy, on our Indian policy, on our support of France against the wanton German aggression in Morocco, and in the recent case, the attacks by the French and Belgian Socialists on the policy of their respective Governments. It was not that these men were bad patriots—with the exception of a few insignificant pacifists, Socialists generally have a clean war record—but that they believed in the fundamental principle of democratic government. There is nothing to show that the German Socialists have realised these principles before the war, and but little to show that they have recognised them since. They have always supported their Government; and the record of the Government they supported is one of continual aggression. How could it be otherwise, when aggression was the cardinal principle on which no Social Democrat ever risked his skin to alter?

Remmerger Stuttgart, where, at the 1907 conference, Bebel flatly refused the French proposal to declare a general strike in the event of war. Can you recollect what we can only call the excessively patriotic sentiments to which the Social Democrats gave utterance at the time?

(2) It may be true, as is often urged against us, that the English people do not read enough about foreign affairs and are too insular to take an interest in them. Well and good. But you must surely admit that our Labour leaders, our Trade Union Conferences and Congresses, have for a generation taken a profound interest in foreign questions; and this is evidenced by the reports of their proceedings. Their principle was that Governments might suffer, that capitalists might suffer; but that, at any cost there must be no aggression, no invasion, no expansion. This was their creed; this was the creed of the French Socialists, and of the Italians, the Belgians, and the Dutch. No Socialist Party in any of these countries would compromise with any of the "official" parties on this great principle. But is it not a fact that the Social Democrats have hardly ever thought for themselves on such points, that most of their ideas on foreign affairs were taken, consciously or not, from the teaching of the Pan-German school, and that even the ultra-Imperialistic Bagdad Railway scheme found enthusiastic supporters amongst the Social Democrats? We could quote names; but why waste space when you already know the facts?

(3) Do you not also agree with us that the Social Democratic Party had become so far infected with the Pan-German virus as to take too much for granted in regard to its international programme? The word "German" covered more sins of omission within the party than it did elsewhere; and only too often, we fear, the Social Democrats remained satisfied with an axiom as a deduction, simply because it was "German," whereas the more advanced parties in other countries were applying the axiom in a new way or carrying the deduction a stage further. We know that at Stockholm not many months ago, and also in Switzerland, representatives of the Social Democrats were surprised and indignant to know what the world thought of them. Provincial in peace-time, the German Social Democrats seem to have become positively insular in war.

(4) Examples of this insularity may be mentioned in 2 separate paragraph; they are worth it. In the last fifteen years there have been four historical developments of Socialism—the agricultural programme of the Russian Revolutionists (which was made known in 1905); the rise of the I.W.W. in the United States, Australia, and one or two other places; the development of Syndicalism in France and in Italy, and the despotic trade unionism of the new movement in England known as National Guilds. All these movements involved long discussions on wages, the relations between employers and employed, modern aspects of capitalism, the moral and legal rights of the worker. In all these fields, the German Social Democrats were but ill-informed regarding any of them, despite the fact that stacks of pamphlets, addresses, books, and magazines had grown round each of these programmes before the war began.
(5) One more point. All these movements presupposed complete political freedom of speech and action; it was presumed, taken for granted, that any decision reached by your friends and yourself could be translated into law through the accredited representatives of the people in Parliament, or whatever the assembly might be called. But the German Socialists had not even arrived at this elementary stage of political development. When you and your friends talked to Western European and American leaders, you were often talking at cross-purposes. You Germans had not really studied economics at all; you had the impression that nothing had happened since Marx, and as the newer movements were not originated by Germans how could they matter. The German Social Democrats were not really the daring leaders of the proletariat they imagined themselves to be; they were rather in the nature of a drag on the wheel.

(6) We sincerely hope that you have all learned something from the war. The war would never have taken place if there had not been one determined Government in Europe bent upon it; and that Government was yours. You supported it, all of you, before the war (we remember Liebknecht as the one exception); and time after time your party refused to modify its attitude even at the earnest appeal of men more qualified to speak on behalf of Socialism than you. We all mean to have peace after this war; but it rests with you to say whether you will assume the responsibility for that peace in Germany. The mere fact that "Vorwärts" is controlled by the Government need not prevent it from putting forth a new international programme. Has your party ever thought of considering one?—Yours fraternally,

S. Verdad.

The "Super-National" Authority
By Leighton J. Warnock.

In my absence of the last few weeks my colleague, Mr. S. Verdad, has dealt wisely (or so, at any rate, it seems to me), with Mr. Leonard Woolf's criticisms of my previous article. Recent references, in Parliament and in the Press, to various kinds of "authorities"—a "super-national" authority, in particular, appears to be invoked most frequently—embolden me to make a few further suggestions which the advocates of a League of Nations may be inclined to consider. It has often been remarked that people generally, and not merely social reformers, fall into contradiction from not having sufficiently co-ordinated their views; and from the evidence now at our disposal, I feel justified in saying that the remark is particularly applicable to the protagonists of a League of Nations. Apart from the weighty objections raised by Mr. Verdad, other objections, it will be remembered, were raised a few weeks ago in the Editorial Notes. One of these was quoted so enthusiastically a passage as Mr. J. Ramsay MacDonald himself, who, he said to his credit, pointed out that a super-national authority would have to over ride in foreign affairs the authority of the national Parliaments; in other words, that England would be ruled not from Westminster, but from The Hague or Versailles, or wherever the League might have its permanent abode. No answer, so far as I know, has been made to this objection; and, in fact, the advocates of the League are so busy inventing reasons for it, that they have scarcely time to reply to the reasons against it. Like the engine-driver who has lost his head, they put on full steam and whistle past all the danger signals, pretending not to hear.

There is a nemesis, however, for this kind of driving; and it has come on this occasion in the form of a hopeless breakdown into self-contradiction. If we should find the loudest advocates of a League of Nations disavowing one of the very conditions of such a League, would not that be enough to convict them of self-contradiction? In such a state we had found them; and I am gratified that the occasion is no more disastrous.

I am not going to pronounce judgment on the wisdom of the decisions taken at the Versailles Conference which formed the subject of the angry debate in the House of Commons on February 12. I think I know what the reason for the decision was; and I think that any body who can read between the lines can guess what the decisions were. I only wish to observe that the taking of these decisions, and the creation of the authority required to carry them into effect, were acts absolutely inseparable from the privileges of any super-national authority such as the League of Nations would have to be in order to fulfil its purpose. Consider what the circumstances were. The Allies were in a League to oppose the enemy of world-peace, viz., Germany. They met and unanimously decided upon a certain plan of campaign. This they then recommended to their respective Parliaments—whereupon in our Parliament and in the Press. Now, if these speakers and papers had been opponents of the League of Nations, nothing could have been more consistent. But were they? Let me quote Mr. Asquith, who said: "With such experience as I have, and such knowledge of history as we all possess, I look, or should look, with very great distrust upon confiding to a body of this kind anything in the nature of executive functions." Mr. Asquith supports the League of Nations in theory; but we find him here strongly resenting the most elementary function of such a League of Nations in practice. If he "looks with distrust" upon confiding executive power to a body of this kind at Versailles, what can he possibly find to defend in such a state we had found them; and I am gratified that the occasion is no more disastrous.

The "Daily News" shall be my next example; and what paper has advocated a super-national authority more warmly than the "Daily News"? The whole purpose of the war, indeed, according to this school, is the establishment of such a League. Yet, criticising this very debate, the "Daily News" says: "It is for Parliament to make it clear, come what may, that this country is governed from Westminster and not from Versailles." We do not want a League. We want self-determining Powers, peaceably inclined, with sense and sensibility enough to co-operate when co-operation is necessary, each party being sovereign in its own action. We cannot permit Parliament to delegate any of its powers to a super-national authority. The official executive would have only a partial control. We are ready to conduct our affairs in the broad day of the world—and, despite "secret diplomacy," even our past actions will stand the test—to be warred upon if we behave intolerably; to make war on others if they behave intolerably. We are prepared to remit our sovereign powers to any super-national authority; and we have the right to demand that people who think as we do, such as Mr. Asquith and the readers of the "Daily News," shall make up their minds consistently to declare against the League of Nations instead of in favour of it.
Gilds and their Critics.

VI.—DISTRIBUTION.

"For my own part, I agree heartily that the basis of the Guild Society will be producer control in the economic sphere, but I am anxious, too, to see every opportunity offered for the user and buyer to make known their desires. Let us hope that this will be remembered in time of peace. Whether under Capitalism or National Guilds, whether in peace or war, distribution is the basis of society, the distribution of physical, intellectual, and spiritual sustenance.

Of all the economic functions, distribution comes closest to the intimacies of life. Men and women, fathers and mothers, young and old pray its aid that they may live in comfort and with such external dignity as they can command. The agents of distribution see life and minister to it, touch it as do others.

A retail grocer in an industrial district knows more about the domestic life of the community than the charity organiser; in times of depression or during strikes he may know not only of the debts but of their hopes and fears. The milkman, calling at the door, sees more than the judge; he fills a philosophic dressmaker—so with other hands. The作家 may, in consequence, clothe distribution with social or mystical attributes, it remains a definite economic factor in the material world. But this contact with the pulse of life is also a fact which we cannot ignore. We live in families and communities; therefore, families, communities, expressing themselves through their appropriate organisation, must play their part in the business of distribution. It is by reasoning such as this that National Guildsmen argue for local representation upon the Guild distributive machinery.

In addition to the purely domestic life, with which distribution is so closely concerned, municipal or national comes also within its purview. It is no mere coincidence that our municipal councils are largely composed of retail tradesmen; on the contrary, these enterprising gentlemen, no doubt public-spirited, have learnt by experience how vitally their businesses are affected by municipal policy. The organisation of local life largely revolves round the centres of distribution. Trains, trains, and 'buses, the very streets themselves, radars and troop transport, are assuming without compunction a beautiful cathedral and always deaf to every aesthetic appeal. In many of the older towns, we still find the railway station at some distance from the heart of the city, a perpetual reminder of the days when the inns and posting establishments were strong enough to protect their threatened interests. In these days of war, the Food Controller has had to recall his local committees; he found that those appointed by the town councils were in equitable distribution, instead of fixing foodhoarders, we should hang them. The bareness of the national cupboard is teaching even the unregenerate that human needs must have priority over the claims of gold-owners. They may hoard their gold, but not food; they may eat as much gold as they can digest, but each week they may eat one shilling's worth of meat, if it be only a shilling. Let us hope that the lesson will be remembered in time of peace.
packed by retail tradesmen, women and co-operators being excluded.

We must, however, look to the future. Is it too much to expect that a more enlightened Labour policy shall transform municipal life and lay the foundations of a greater and more aesthetic tradition? May we not hope that a goodly supply of high explosives shall be reserved for the soil of the Virgin land, and that the building of dilapidated towns will no longer be impatiently for organic expression. Wherever these re-building of dilapidated towns, will no longer be

The architecture of the near future, charged with the sense of industrial craftsmanship, will probably still find its impetus in the workshop and from the centre, the supply creating the demand In my last chapter, I drew a distinction between the industrial and aesthetic craftsman, and in the latter context, I did this because it is obvious that local life, if not the inspiration, is at least an indispensable element in art craftsmanship. A group of craftsmen in Leeds will design differently and with a different result from the group of craftsmen in London. Doubtless, they will have much in common, because they have a common language and literature. But their differing local traditions, habits and customs, must find expression in their work. If they fail in this, we must regretfully assume that the centralised organisation is without form, void of justification. Why should Manchester and Salford, and a dozen similar instances, be governed by two separate councils? Without inquiring, I presume it is due to the difficulty of unifying the rates and the amour propre of certain elected persons and officials. In the whole of industrial England and Scotland, I doubt if there is a single municipality that can really speak the mind of the community which it is supposed to represent.

My own view is that the municipal reorganisation of England must proceed on the theory of the smallest and the largest unit. The smallest unit is undoubtedly the parish, a body whose powers to-day are strictly limited and tyrannically kept in subjugation to the County Council. I know not how many attempts to make parish life effective have been made, but it is as the meaning and history of these regimental emblems. You cannot mistake Yorkshire for Welsh choral singing, and I dare say a Lancashire brass band has its own distinctive rendering of Handel.

The vitality of local life being granted, the problem remains how to fit in the art craftsman, since his work must generally be local and his talent locally appreciated. In my opinion, it will not be long before the demand for his work will be in excess of the supply. The architecture of the near future, charged with the rebuilding of dilapidated towns, will no longer be content to work on models supplied from an unimaginative centre. The revolt against conventional municipal architecture, begun by Larner Sugden, of Leek, will spread over the whole country, when the final consumer comes into his own. Interiors, with their fittings and furniture, must, of course, keep pace with the architectural advance. If I am asked why I emphasise architecture, I reply that buildings are the most accurate index of local spiritual and material conditions. But craftsmanship travels beyond bricks and mortar; it is concerned with everything from books to fabrics.

My own solution of the problem, long since adumbrated in "National Guilds," was that the craftsman should gradually work free from the discipline of the Guilds by creating a personal demand for his own products. The case I cited was a carver, who had gone through the usual training of a carpenter, but whose genius finally asserted itself in fine and individual carving. I predicated a special demand for his work amongst his fellow-Guildsmen, who gladly paid him privately for work privately done. In time, we find him so busy with private commission that he cannot do the routine work assigned him by the Guild. He is accordingly released for private work, subject to payments to the Guild ensuring him maintenance in sickness and old-age. It is possible that even yet this is the true solution, bearing in mind that the artist can do without restraint; but what I proposed when we have discussed the functions and organisation of the Distributive Guild.

In this section, it will be observed that the argument is based upon the assumption that art and craftsmanship thrive best in the sympathetic atmosphere of local neighbours and friends. But that assumption does not preclude a local growing into a national reputation, with all its attendant results. Nor does it preclude a great artist from forming his own school and attracting artists and craftsmen from other localities or countries. My only proviso is that artist and pupil alike shall retain their connection with their proper Guilds.
With the local power of the parishes balancing the central power of the Provinces, we should not only see a new local life springing up, in its turn a counterpoise to the intellectual life of the national capitals, but we should also have a local government powerful enough to deal with the National Productive Guilds on terms of equality.

S. G. H.

[As several of the points raised by Mr. Cole will be dealt with in "Guilds and their Critics"—notably in the current chapter on "Distribution," and subsequently when I come to consider the State—I hope he will forgive me if I conclude our personal discussion with a footnote.

Some important conclusions emerge from Mr. Cole's statement.

(i) State intervention in Guild administration is to be the normal routine. "Self-government in industry" is to be limited by State interference on behalf of the consumer. I can only remark that, having regard to the Ukraine Treaty, by comparison, would be a proclamation of producer's control by the consumer's protagonist, the consumer. I can only remark that, having regard to the Ukraine Treaty, by comparison, would be a proclamation of equality. s.

(ii) Guild capital expenditure is subject to the voice of the consumer, functioning as the State. In shorting the State could never, Mr. Cole thus confer upon it greater powers than I dare contemplate.

(iii) Mr. Cole concludes that my theory would place the Guilds in an "essentially derivative and secondary" position. Derivative, certainly; but "secondary" conveys no meaning to my mind, unless he means subsidiary. Different functions are hardly comparable, except in the order of their urgency. In that sense, the economic function is surely primary. But, whether derivative or secondary, I would give the Guilds far greater power than Mr. Cole postulates in his division of economic power between the Guilds and the consumer acting through the State, which becomes in practice the monopolyp firmly embodied in national law and life.

(iv) My criticism of Mr. Cole's conception of "public policy" is that he does not distinguish between the sense of public policy, which ought to penetrate over every activity, and its expression in the economic sense, which becomes in practice the "derivative" connoisseur, who is content if his wants are supplied. How to do this is the business of the producing Guilds in concert with the Distributive Guild, representing the consumer. The real problem of the "final consumer" will be the "final consumer." The State or the local authorities, representing both producers and consumers, will be themselves "final consumers" through the Civil Guilds.

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(vi) The consumer is not only to be represented by the State, but also by the Distributive Guild. This is a dual representation to which the producing Guilds would naturally and legitimately object. Moi aussi! One or other, but not both.

(vii) Mr. Cole has not yet convinced me that I am wrong in my belief that the State is the representative, not of the consumer, but of the citizen, in whom is merged both producer and consumer. Nor do I agree with the assignment to the State of certain specific functions. In due course I shall argue that the State is the representative not of the consumer, but of the citizen, in whom is merged both producer and consumer.

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A history of Hayastan has never seriously been attempted. The chronicles of the native historians from Moses of Khorene to the so-called authoritative history of Chausigh, from which Finley drew so largely for his Byzantine history, are one and all unreliable and prejudiced, with the largely and stereotyped, and consequently inferior work, as it is more correct to call the producing Guilds on, terms of comparison with a dog in purity of blood, so it is more correct to call my country Hayastan and not Armenia. Hayastan, then, I shall call it: because (1) Hayastan is the real name of the country founded by the patriarch Haik; it was called Armenia (which is perhaps a perversion of Aram), the country of the Armenians, or the followers of the great King Aram, "the terror of Asia," whose Empire stretched from the Caspian to the Propontis first in the time of Darius Hytaspes, and is to this day called Armenia only by foreigners and in foreign languages. Because (2) Hayastan sounds better—and so it is a sufficient reason in itself for a change of name—without a touch of that contempt which is hinted at, at least to my oppressed ears, in the foreign name Armenia, once a title of admiration for the exploits of a great conqueror.

George Borrow, pungent though he was in all matters of philology, wavered whether to call us Haiks (pronounced Hy) or Armenians, and at last compromised by calling us now by the one and now by the other. And my daring ends where Borrow's caution begins.

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have done, giving Hayastan, their subject, too disproportionate a place in their own eyes, making casual mention of such figures as Cyrus and Pompey, as of a king who exercised only a momentary influence on the affairs of their country, whereas the world shook with their victories and defeats.

Of all those mighty countries and empires, so proud then with their lists of vassals and conquests, one and all buried now in the bookshelves of students; only Hayastan remains to-day with its three-thousand-year-old capital of Van still a town where Nineveh, Carchemish, and Susa are helpless ruins. Says Walter Raleigh, as in the Tower he experienced to the full the fall of pride in man as in empire, "Yet hath Babylon, Persia, Macedon, Carthage, Rome, and the rest, no fruit, no flower, grace, nor leaf, springing upon the face of the earth, of those seeds: No; their very roots and ruins do hardly remain. Omnia qua manu hominum facta sunt, vel manu hominum eventans, vel stant et durando deficient." It is but a commonplace on the ultimate end of all human adventure; but who better than that Elizabethan soldier of fortune, one of the builders of just such another Empire, to feel and to express in wisdom?

They call Hayastan "the brain of the East," but she is more truly, as her greatest writer has said of her, "the courtesan of the East." Unwillingly she has given herself to master after master, and in her unwillingness to give herself lies the excuse for her faithlessness and treachery to each, for that "extraordinary levity towards her rulers," as Tacitus has described her incessant rebellion from authority. No new power has swept Lesser Asia but has desired her, and she has given herself to him only for his ruin: but even as he took her, she has given herself eyes, as forced women will, to some rival power, whom she has allured to her help with only a little of the beauty which is still with her for all the blood and carnage which fills her valleys: she has coquetted with Bajazet even while Tamerlane sneered and laughed at the pyramids of skulls which he had had built to the glory of her once embattled mother-country. If she has accepted no master, Assyrian or Median, or Persian or Mogul, but she has brought him down to her own state of misery, and in equal darkness has laughed at his wretchedness; for she has grown used to chains and bears them lightly, but to them it is a new humiliation. Hayastan, the courtesan still lives! and now it is the turn of the Osmanli to be dragged down into the darkness, that Hayastan may laugh at his past upstart pride which in five hundred years she has brought down to the dust.

It is sometimes good to know when you are beaten, and after I had spent many delightful hours with these classic historians, whom, perhaps, I had never re-found but for this ambitious bid of mine for historic fame, from Herodotus (who says that "the Armenians were the oldest race on earth", and that they "experienced to the full the fall of pride and planned out my history, I realised at last that a history of Hayastan was not for me to write as yet; that even with a more mature and comprehensive grasp of my subject I might never be able to write it.

In my failure I had at least consolations; for even Gibbon failed dismally in his first attempt to prove himself an historian, and his "Age of Sesostris" and "History of Switzerland" never saw the light of the world; and it was only when more than thirty years of life were behind him that the ruins of the Capitol gave him the first real impetus to write that great history by which his name will ever be remembered.

Surely, Armenians, it is time that someone of you, however few you may now be, should write down and write the history of your country from the beginning to the end, from the time when Pahl in the history of Europe to that rock of Mount Caucasus to which Prometheus is chained for the theft from great Olympus of that very fire which he has brought so faithfully, and fittingly, to the confines of Hayastan. We would stand on that rock towards evening, about the hour when the eagle of Jupiter flies from the West to ter at his lacerated body, and the sun is setting over the countries at our feet. From there, with the groans of the impotent giant in our ears, we would look down upon our mother-country, her fields and forests as fresh and green as at her first birth, her rivers and lakes as calm and placid as though never patterned with blood, her hills rising splendidly to the great white-peaked crest of Ararat, monument to all things in the past and present but peace and happiness—Hayastan, the fairest and the richest land in all Asia, as she was once called! And as our eyes grew used to the distance we would see the dim ruins of her once embellished castle—witness the past splendour of her capitals: of Ani, the "city of the thousand and one churches," which, to the elms of all her bells, fell at last to the Tartar hordes of Jenghis Khan; of Tigranokert, the citadel of which the rocky peak of the eagle's wings as he soars, is the setting sun from the city, and she lay in darkness while all the country around was agleam with its last rays: which the Roman took to be an omen to raise the rebellious capital to the ground. As our eyes leave searching the past we would see, by the last light of the sun and to the whisper of the eagle's wings as he soars, the earth of Hayastan, patches of smoke which cling to the wide greenness here and there, hiding from us what were once, in our own lifetime, towns and villages, with their men and women who lived and loved and died, and their children who played about their mother-country and loved the earth, until they, too, grew to be men and women and knew that the earth of Hayastan is quickly hidden under smoke. But the smoke, for all the multitude of death that lies beneath it, hides only a very small portion of the land, the towns and valleys and fields, hillsides and lakesides, untouched, for many towns and villages to be built, in which men will live again, perhaps morosely for a time because of the reek of smoke, but they will live. And
Out of School.

If an intuition is the consummated union in the mind between a purpose believed in and a realised function, the training of the intuitions should mean continued practice in recognising, under every possible aspect, some unifying principle that is common both to faith and knowledge. We have yet to see whether such a principle can be brought within the bounds of conscious statement; and first, perhaps, we ought to consider whether an attempt to define it is likely to be worth while. I have just said, I hope, certain distinct and positive attitudes in relation to belief on the one hand, and to understanding on the other; such as the deliberate exaltation of hypothesis above dogma as the true vehicle for a living and a striving faith, and the deliberate quest of wholeness at every stage in the growth of knowledge, so that nothing shall be taught in the vain, an unrelated fragment, left to find its place in the learner’s philosophy of life at some vague moment called “later on.” These attitudes can be defended on their own single merits, apart from any question of education of genius: hypothesis, demonstrably, the living tissue of faith, while dogma is the dead shell; and the “later on,” for the drawing together of knowledge, never comes, because, meanwhile, the fragments have sublimated into the air in which they have been left.

But the governing principle of intuition, it may reasonably be argued, must be, of its own nature, unceaseable. Confine it in a formula, and you have, not intuition, but fact (or falsehood, as the case may be); or, at the best, you have caged the lark and silenced it. It is the penalty of bad thinking, that all children should be told to keep its paws off the life things of the spirit. I can only promise that if I make a cage, it shall be a cage with an open door. There are two reasons why it is good to formulate. If the formulation is honest, you can’t escape it—which is very much more important than finding out what you can; and you get one end to pull at. If the other end is fixed, immovably, beyond the stars, and you cannot pull it towards you, you can pull yourself towards it; while if the other end is simply the ‘growing end’ of the imagination, somewhat nebulous as yet, you may get a closer view of the question how it works. But these two last alternatives are not mutually exclusive: the more nebulous ‘growing end’ of the superconsciousness can only be thought of as growing in some direction, and we must consider the alternative of the trend, and postulated a belief in something that is being groped for, as the only explanation of the trend’s existence.

But to find our common term, if it is to be found, we must identify ourselves as closely as possible with the growing, rudimentary organ of nature, and keep our eyes upon it. The ultimate thing that it is after as vague as we can. We must enter the being of the tendril, which may be reaching out towards a stick, or a bit of lattice work, or a stretched cord—it does not know which, until it touches and coils itself round it, and then only knows it in some analogous to that in which we can know reality. We have to trace knowledge, or judgment, into its more tenuous, distant extremities, to see if we can gain a dim apprehension of the moment when it touches and unfolds the substance of truth that it has been seeking. The precise nature of the thing is not determined by the context; but we may be able to determine the conditions that govern the act of successful reaching out. First, we have noticed the fact that fully conscious thought will not extend into this region of the subtler perceptions. It coils back upon itself—“racking one’s brains” for an idea or an insight gives the same impression, but more vaguely, in closed curves. But there is another experience, besides that of worrying one’s reason till it goes sickly to sleep, waking up, later on, with the full-blown idea suddenly and magically present. We lapse, sometimes, into a state of reverie—given certain conditions, which at present seem to be entirely accidental—in which we follow, very dreamily, it is true, the movements of the superconscious tendril beyond the tangle of our habitual thought-muddles.

Some thinkers, and more artists and mystics, can settle down deliberately to this state of meditative reverie, when they have sensed an idea within customary reach. To take an intermediate instance, I know a philosopher who always, the moment a hint of an inspiration has come his way, casts about for an opportunity to escape and get quietly to sleep, making no attempt to think out his find until he can bring newly weakened thought to bear upon it. People know, have developed a power of dreaming their discoveries into shape. Others, equally abandoning any help from conscious faculty, go in for physical exercise, or for any available form of light social amusements. (I know a poet who is embarrassed in jolts of the utmost banality whenever he was “brewing” something good.) In all these instances, meditation is purposely kept out of the conscious range; and it is a common idea that this is the only way to catch an inspiration. “Poet, never chase the dream.” But there may be a third course, between a restless and fruitless chase after an idea and a deliberate looking in the opposite direction until it comes within grabbing distance. The trouble is that we have no art of meditation, and the primary example, prayer, has been imprisoned in the cage of Sunday religion. But the East knows how to meditate, and perhaps it is for this reason that the East can capture inspirations, profoundly impressive to anyone who is not put off by their weak and babyish quality in the intellectual region. Under the dissecting knife of analytical logic, an Eastern thought and a Western thought are frequently side by side, but there is no intellectual content; but step back from it again, let the parts reunite, and it is a fragment of Original Truth.

The Eastern mystic, I suspect, carries what rudimentary intellectual technique he possesses over into the meditative region; we deliberately leave our most complex and more cumbrous intellects behind. Only the child-minded seem able to think their daydreams. Then we make the usual mistake of people who can only hold one idea of value at a time, and conclude that thought and the dream are incompatibles. But it is possible, at any rate for certain minds, to induce a visionary state in which thought, although certainly less crystalline, more fluent, is supreme and clothing itself in a crowding procession of imagery. Alcohol and opium are, for some nervous systems, catalysts of rather uncertain and fugitive action, and the components of thought are never in combination. Both, however, with increasing use, flavour the compound unpleasantly. Morphine is good, in particular, has a sickly effect that is all its own. It is not altogether surprising that the Philistine, with such influences pushed under his nose, is likely to get a walk and a brisk walk, and as rapid an escape as possible from the superconsciousness whenever it tries to emerge. But it is not fair to judge the superconsciousness when it is drugged; and our superconsciousness

...
generally is drugged when it gets out—if not by interferences with our nervous chemistry, then by the accumulated psychic poison of past inhibitions.

Can we not study an art of meditation, and train the function-thought and the purpose-dream to run amicably in the mind? We have not even the rudimentary technique of the monks of Mount Athos, who sat doubled up and contemplated their navel till they could see through them into eternity. These absurdities always spring to mind when we begin to think of means, and it is much better to let them spring, so as to get them out of the way. The Christian does not stop praying (though he may well reflect upon his method of prayer) for the thought of Chinese praying-wheels. All machinery is ridiculous. None the less, we certainly admit that there are difficulties, he certainly endowing it with immortality. I don't know how some mechanism of meditation cannot be developed in school work.

Kenneth Richmond.

Drama.
By John Francis Hope.

As I suspected, the writer of the articles in the “Nation” on the drama of to-morrow has concluded that, in spite of industrialism and the monotony of modern life, the renaissance of drama is possible. He certainly admits that there are difficulties, he certainly asks for a miracle, insists that we, who walk in darkness like Nicodemus, must be born again, and “born different”; but none the less, he is sure that the decadence he has diagnosed is capable of cure by his method. It is unfortunate, perhaps, that Mr. Robb Lawson should, in the same number, remind him that, according to the criticisms examined by Sarcey, “French drama has been in a decadent condition for the past 150 years; equally, so our fathers have told us, has the English drama.” Decadence is the badge of all our arts, since Homer; we are not the men we used to be—and we never were. But still, “a fallible being will fail somewhere,” and perhaps we have failed in drama because we have made decadence permanent, in other words, converted a vanishing trick into a survival value, or, to bring the matter home to “B.,” cured the decadence by ennobling it with immortality. If critics will go only to vaudeville, their diagnosis of the decadence of drama is as accurate as would be a musical critic's judgment of English music based entirely on the consideration of music-hall songs, or a literary critic's judgment of the decline of English literature because he could find neither style nor ideas in the popular Press. If we want to seek and not to find, we have only to look in the wrong place, and we shall remain forever convinced that what we are looking for has vanished from the universe.

But few people bother about diagnosis in England; our faith is pinned to prescriptions. “B.'s” prescription is, as I have said, simple and miraculous; he imports to the discussion some ideas from the economic sphere, discusses and dismisses the autocratic theory of private enterprise, discusses and dismisses the Syndicalist theory of “the stage for the actors,” discusses and approves what is very like an adaptation of the Guild theory. “The ideal solution is for the public to provide the theatre, and to lease it to a troupe of actors who should provide the plays.” The only person who seems to be forgotten in this prescription is the dramatist, and as it was from his supposed derelictions that the whole controversy started, the omission is unfortunate. Drama is not in a state of decline because the theatres are privately owned, or because actors are individually employed; it is, on the hypothesis, in a state of decline because dramatists do not write good plays. The mere fact that the actors will be an organised company with a repertory, playing in theatres publicly owned, will not elevate the drama, will not alter the quality of the plays in the repertory, unless the dramatist writes better plays. The objection raised was not to the economics or the mechanics, but to the drama, of the stage; and “B.” has not shown us how these suggested reforms of the conditions of production will affect the dramatist's spirit of creation.

Indeed, he has not shown us how they will affect either the public or the actors. Both parties must be born again; “if the drama of to-morrow is to earn the true praise carried by the word ‘quality,’ not only must we substitute an active and critical intelligence for tolerant inertia among the audience, but we must have an end of plays written round the vanity of individuals, of ‘produced’ voices and calculated mannerisms, and all the trivial tricks that go to make the technique of modern acting.” In short, we must have reality and not art on the stage; Sir Arthur Pinero’s “freaks,” for example, would have to be real freaks, and any vocal effects not possible to the natural voice in ordinary conversations must be ruled out. All tragedy is therefore ruled out, for I defy anyone to play “Othello” or “Macbeth” without voice. But I do not want to slide into technical criticism; I want to know how we can “substitute an active and critical intelligence for tolerant inertia among the audience.” Will the public ownership of the theatre endow the audience with a fine, discriminating taste in drama? But if not, from whence, if not from the experience of drama, are they to derive it? And how can they derive it from drama if drama is in a state of decadence?

It may be objected, of course, that the substitution can be initiated by dramatic critics; but who reads dramatic criticism except to discover what is produced and who is playing in it? My own experience is that if the critic deviates into criticism, he is accused of venom; if he reminds us, as old as the drama, the metropolis and provincial standards which are maintained in fact by every manager who sends a company on the road, he is accused, as I have been, of gratuitously insulting the provinces. The “active and critical intelligence” of this country is reserved for the critics, not exercised on the artists, who begin the whole trouble; and the usual platitude is enunciated in various forms that “criticism is easy, but art is difficult”—although there have been thousands of fine artists, and few good critics. It is precisely the lack of critical intelligence which is at the root of the matter; but so long as everybody who has not given two minutes’ thought to a subject has the right to object to the judgments of those who do sometimes think, so long will it be impossible to make the substitution desired by “B.” Dramatic critics are suspect either of venom or log-rolling; and the substitution can therefore only occur spontaneously or be effected by a miracle.

But it is a safe rule to distrust all diagnoses that are followed by the prescription of a miracle. If a man cannot advocate a reform without demanding that we must be born again, he is as useless as a doctor who should define all disease as incurable. The world is not ours to re-create every time we wake up our watches; we are obliged to admit that human nature is very complicated, and that there is room for all of us in the world. Even to-day, with all its disabilities, drama shows an extraordinary variety of types; and to pretend that revue is its only expression is to ignore the facts and to object to revue, not because we demand a dictatorship of drama which will put us all on rations of fine art. It is not to any form of communal ownership or management that we can look for the solution of artistic difficulties; by this means, we only “escape from the monotony of life” to the mediocrity of many, multiply our fecklessness, and aggravate our deficiencies.” It is to the dramatist that we must appeal, and we can do that without a social revolution.
From a Southern Slav Anthology

(Translated by P. Selver.)

A. SERBIAN.

(I) JOVAN DUTCHITCH (b. 1874).

MY POETRY.

Staidness of marble, coolness the shadow strews,
Thou-are a still, pale maid, all pondering:
Let songs of others be as a woman, whose
Wot in it is in the unclean streets to sing.

I will not bedizen thee with baubles, nor
With yellow roses bespread thy flowing hair:
Too beautiful shalt thou be for all to adore,
Too proud to live that others may think thee fair.

Be too sorrowful with the grief that is thine,
Ever to come with solace to them that pine
Be ever-placid, the while thy body holds
Not a sumptuous garment in heavy folds,
Too shamefast ever to lead the jostling throng.

(ii) VOISLAV ILITCH (1862-1894).

THE LAST GUEST.

Midnight is long since past: not a soul still left in the
tavern,
Save for the aged host, who, close to the chimney-side
Fingers a heavy book. Without, there is heavy stillness,
And delicate drizzle of rain and burdensome darkness
Then a tapping begins: to the tavern swiftly approaches
An uncanny guest, on his lips a smile of terrible
His eyes with the hollow sockets stare round with an
He bears a scythe in his hands: it is Death with his

But clusters of riddling mist that hover along.

(3) MILAN RAKITCH (b. 1876).

THE DESERTED SHRINE.

Christ upon His cross lies in the ancient shrine.
Down His riven limbs blood leaves its clotted trace;
Dead His eyes and pale and lulled, Death's very sign;
Welded silver weaves a halo o'er His face.

Gift of old-time lords and pious populace,
Ducats on His throat, linked as a necklet, shine;
On the frame the purest silver meshes twine,
And the frame was carved by smith of Debar's race.

Thus amid the lonely church doth Christ abide,
And while gradual darkness falls on every side,
With a swarm of night-birds, on their prey intent,
In the lonely shrine, where vampires wheel around,

(4) ALEXANDER SHANTITCH (b. 1868).

DALMATIAN NOCTURNE.

Sea bluey gleaming,
Dreaming;
Chill darkness earthward falls.
The last red glimmer
Dinner
O'er blackened ridges crawls.

And chimes are drowsing,
Moaning,
Trembling where rocks and vales
Prayers have ascended,
Blended
With poor men's long-drawn sighs.

(5) SVETISLAV STEFANOVITCH (b. 1877).

THE SONG OF THE DEAD.

We have perished, 'tis said, and now are no more, . . .
Ruthlessly time all life bears away.
Over our bones sleep the days that are o'er;
And all that is left—a mere phantom of grey.

But we yet it better, and smile at the race
Of beings that live. Man, a moment abide.
We know, thou wouldst deem that thy life's fleeting
Space
Was lavished from heaven itself to thy side.

But lo! it was I who gave thee thy hair;
And mark thee, thine eyes, were they some time not
With my lips thou the mind of a maid didst ensnare.
'Tis my youth within thee cloth blossom and pine.

From us thou hast all that is much thy delight,
For thou art our fruit.
With the past do not strive,
Because upon tombs thy tapers burn bright;
We are not in the tomb—we are in thee, alive.

Each step that thou takest, besides thee we stay;
And behind thee, as true as thy shadow we throng.
While with space and with time thou waging the fray,
Unnumbered to conquest we bear thee along.

B. SLOVENE.

(1) F. PRESHERN (1800-1849).

From the "Sonnets of Unhappiness."

Life is a jail, and time grim warder there,
Sorrow the bride made young for him each day;
And rue, his watcher with unwearied care.

Sweet death, O do not overlong forbear,
That guideth us from places of dismay
Yonder where ranges no pursuing foe,
Yonder where bedded in a murky grot,
Sleeps, whoo lays him there to sleep below,
That the shrill din of griefs awakes him not.

(2) Alexander Shanitch (b. 1868).

DALMATIAN NOCTURNE.

Sea bluely gleaming,
Dreaming;
Chill darkness earthward falls.
The last red glimmer
Dinner
O'er blackened ridges crawls.

And chimes are drowsing,
Moaning,
Trembling where rocks and vales
Prayers have ascended,
Blended
With poor men's long-drawn sighs.

Before God's altar
Ponder,
This wailing haggard brood.
But never is spoken
Token
By God upon His rod.

And dreams are nearer,
Clearer;
Chill darkness earthward falls.
The last red glimmer
Dinner
O'er blackened ridges crawls.
Dostoyevsky and Certain of his Problems.

By Janke Lavria.

VII. - THE RELIGIOUS INDIVIDUALISM.

I.

In Raskolnikov, Stavrogin, Kirillov, and Ivan Karamazov Dostoyevsky exhausted all the ways and all the possibilities of an individual self-assertion, on the basis of self-will. Each of these ways proved illusory, leading to self-destruction and to the void.

Further, Dostoyevsky demonstrated by means of them that man cannot create an Absolute Value which is necessary for an absolute individual self-assertion. An incontestable Value must exist outside of man, as an objective transcendent reality, but not as a subjective and illusory projection of one's self-will. On the other hand, in Ivan Karamazov he showed that it is impossible to receive by intellectual means knowledge or a certainty that such an objective Absolute Value really exists: Ivan's intellect perished in the daring effort to penetrate to an Objective Value, i.e., to find, out the "secret" which is beyond man's will and mind.

Thus we get a position without any issue. On the one hand, the "secret" is concealed for ever, there even is no certainty that it exists; on the other hand - a higher consciousness - a "secret" like that of Ivan, cannot and has no right to accept life as long as there exists the possibility that life may be a casual play of blind forces.

For if our consciousness and life be only a casual temporary play of blind cosmic forces, then the life of man and mankind is a senseless cosmic mockery. In such a case man is bound to protest against the mockery, to hate the whole of Cosmos and to desire in his protest its destruction together with his own self-destruction. The individual revenge for the "mockery" becomes his only craving, the cosmic Nihilism becomes the only state of his consciousness. A "serious conscience" is bound to destroy itself since it does not find a meaning, a "superior idea" in its individual existence, as well as in the existence of mankind and of Cosmos.

In other terms - in spite of "science and reason" - there is and there must be for a higher consciousness a moment when one is placed in this dilemma: either my individual ego must be eternal or it does not want to exist at all; my consciousness, my soul must be immortal - otherwise I shall destroy myself.

Hence Dostoyevsky is absolutely right when he states in his "Diary of an Author": "Without a superior idea there cannot exist either the individuality or the nation. But here, on earth, we have only one superior idea - and this is the idea of the immortality of the soul, because all other superior ideas have their source in this idea."

And on another occasion he expresses himself still more precisely on this topic in following words: "The idea that the life of mankind is only a flash and that all will be reduced afterwards to nothing, kills even the love for mankind. And the consciousness that one cannot give any help to suffering humanity can change the love that you had for mankind into hatred of mankind... I assert even that the love for mankind is in general but slightly comprehensible and beyond the grasp of the human soul. This love could be justified only by the feeling which is derived from the belief in the immortality of the soul. Without the conviction that our soul is immortal the attachment of man to his planet would be abolished, and the hopes for a higher meaning for life would lead undoubtedly to suicide."

It may be of interest that one of the most important followers of Dostoyevsky, the philosopher and poet Dmitry Merezhkovsky, states still more categorically that there exists no other path for a real individual self-assertion, than an individualism sub specie aeternitatis - i.e., a projection of the individual ego into eternity. If mankind, says he, became empirically immortal, but death existed only as a metaphysical possibility somewhere on the farthest domains of Time and Space - the man with a complete religious consciousness could not be able to accept the world. The religious, i.e., the absolute assertion of life requires an absolute negation of death, an absolute victory over death.

This projection of individuality as such into eternity, this individualism sub specie aeternitatis we may define as - religious individualism.

II.

Thus the question of Absolute Value receives a new modification. After having conjectured the path of self-will to the end Dostoyevsky was left with only two possibilities: either the mental catastrophe of Ivan, whose consciousness became engulfed by the "two truths," or the immortality of the soul and the value of Christ as a spiritual Imperative... The life of man and mankind must have a religious basis, otherwise it has no basis at all. And as Christ (in Dostoyevsky's interpretation) has given to life the most synthetical, the absolute religious basis, so in Him must be Truth and Value. And if there is no "logical" guarantee for this He must be accepted in spite of logic - i.e., voluntarily, by faith.

It is here that the passionate struggle of Dostoyevsky for faith begins. It is here that the divergence between Dostoyevsky and Nietzsche becomes irreconcilable. Both of them began with the same questions and statements; they came, however, to opposite poles; Nietzsche came to the highest expression of egotistic self-will which excludes God in the name of man-God, while Dostoyevsky came to the highest expression of religious individualism which projects our individuality into eternity and even more, because His existence is the only condition for existence of individual immortality.

Nietzsche's highest ideal is man-God; Dostoyevsky's highest ideal is God-man (Christ). Dostoyevsky came, however, to the necessity of God-man through - man-God. . . On the very path of Nietzsche Dostoyevsky...
went further than Nietzsche had gone. He saw more than Nietzsche; hence he transvaluated also Nietzsche's transvaluations—without having known Nietzsche even by name.

In some of his chief heroes Dostoevsky led the famous "Superman" (or man-God) ad absurdum, i.e., to those consequences of self-will which Nietzsche could or would not see. But parallel with these heroes Dostoevsky's tried to create characters of the opposite type, too—though with less success. One of his interesting attempts in this respect is the "holy" Prince Myshkin (the hero of the "Idiot").

First of all, he is interesting because we see that with all his "foolishness" he was more a refuge than an ideal for Dostoevsky.

The Christianity of Myshkin does not infect us at all: it is too passive, too contemplative. Myshkin is not a dynamic figure, as Ivan or Mitya Karamazov; he is perhaps the most static of all heroes created by Dostoevsky's genius. We do not see in him an intense struggle between good and evil. The "magical" element of his consciousness seems to be absolutely abolished by the mystical element. In other words: he is good because he cannot be evil. The only thing he can do is to pity and to forgive.

And his virtue? Yes, his virtue is incontestable, but it is the virtue of a born ascetic, nay, of a eunuch: he states even himself that he does not know women—because of his "physical defect." Such a static virtue can neither persuade nor infect us.

He is far more interesting in another respect: his mystical consciousness is enlarged to the cosmic limits. His flashes of higher consciousness, though due to his sickness, are on the brink of those conditions where "time is no more," and where man "either must die or become physically changed." Sometimes he gives the impression of a bloodless spirit who has been sent by a mistake in his earthly, too earthly, surrounding where he is not even a tragic, but only an unhappy figure.

The underlying motive, placed by Dostoevsky in Prince Myshkin, is, however, of great importance. This motive is expressed by the young Aglaya in the following words: "There are two types of mind—the main type of mind and the secondary mind."

"We could define them as the intuitive and intellectual "minds." Myshkin has a maximum of the former and a minimum of the latter. He is extremely intuitive, being, at the same time, almost an idiot in the "intellectual" respect... In him Dostoevsky attempted once more to discredit "science and reason," and to demonstrate another way of penetrating of cosmic mysteries—the intuitive, the religious way.

Nevertheless, Myshkin cannot be accepted by us as an ideal religious type—because he is too little from the earth: in spite of his higher consciousness and life he is too little alive.

Later on, Dostoevsky tried to give more living and more dynamic representatives of this kind—in the monk Zossima, and especially in Alyosha Karamazov.

The sympathetic elder, Zossima, and the young and fair Alyosha Karamazov are not bloodless hagiographic figures, as Myshkin is. But it is most strange that both of them are too much sketch-like, made hurriedly. There were no of which Dostoevsky did not complete. Besides this, he shows us the inner harmony of both of them already as a "fait accompli."

Have they been tortured by the cleavage and questions of Ivan Karamazov? How did they overcome them?

Dostoevsky was skilful and prudent enough not to speak about this, but to transfer all those questions suddenly to quite another spheres—to the sphere of the "main mind," i.e., of intuition.

Ivan sought for the meaning of life by his "secondary mind," and he tried to get at life through the meaning of life, while Alyosha went to the meaning of life through the life itself... He is neither a mental brooding type as Ivan, nor a physiological one as his father, nor a "holy" one as Myshkin, nor purely passionate and emotional as Mitya. He rather contains both. His consciousness has found a new focus for the reconciliation and synthesis of the whole of life, of the soul and body, of logic and faith, of Heaven and Earth... His Christianity is not the ascetic Christianity of the cutecobes; it is too little of Earth, but the highest expression of the love of life, of sun, of earth and of heaven alike. It is the fullest, the highest assertion of individual life, and of all God's creation.

"Love all God's creation, the whole and every grain of sand in it. Love every leaf, every ray of God's light. If you love everything, you will perceive the divine mystery in things," said Father Zossima, to whom belong also these beautiful words: "God took seeds from different worlds and sowed them on this earth, and His garden grew up and everything came up that could come out of lives, and what is alive only through the feeling of its contact with other mysterious worlds. If that feeling grows weak or is destroyed in you, the heavenly growth will die away in you. Then you will be indifferent to life and even grow to hate it."

In these words is contained the most characteristic feature of Christianity of Zossima and of his beloved pupil Alyosha, who, by his youth and fullness of life, seems to be an antipode of the bloodless "Christian" Myshkin.

V.

Was Alyosha a pius desiderium and a refuge for Dostoevsky (as "Zarathustra" for Nietzsche) from Ivan's cleavage, or was he a real attainment?

How ever it may be, for us Alyosha is real in his typical moments, as real as Ivan, and this is the main thing. Does not everybody feel the reality of this wonderful scene when Earth and Heaven reconcile themselves in the consciousness of Alyosha: after His symbolic dream about Cana of Galilee?

"He went quickly down; his soul overflowing with rapture, yearned for freedom, space, openness... The vault of heaven, full of soft, shining stars, stretched vast and fathomless above him. The Milky Way ran in two pale streams from the zenith to the horizon. The fresh, motionless, still night enfolded the earth. The white towers and golden domes of the cathedral gleamed out against the sapphire sky. The gorgeous autumn flowers, in the beds around the house, were slumbering till morning. The silence of earth seemed to melt into the silence of the heavens. The mystery of earth was one with the mystery of stars... Alyosha stood, gazed, and suddenly threw himself down on the earth. He did not know why he embraced it. He could not have told why he longed so irresolutely to kiss it, to kiss it all. But he kissed it weeping, sobbing and watering it with his tears, and vowed passionately to love it, to love it for ever... Oh! in his rapture he was weeping even over those stars, which were shining to him from the abyss of space, and he was not ashamed of that ecstasy. There seemed to be threads from all those innumerable worlds of God, linking his soul to them, and it was trembling all over in contact with other worlds. He longed to forgive every one and everything, and to beg forgiveness for all men, for all and for everything. With every instant he felt clearly and, as it were, tangibly, that something firm and unshakable as that vault of heaven had entered into his soul.

This and the following quotations are taken from the translation of Mrs. C. Garnett.
The portrait painter's liberty runs just as far as is compatible with leaving the centre of interest always in the personality, the character, the individual who is the sitter. When this centre shifts the canvas becomes a fancy picture or whatever else you like, but it ceases to deserve attention as portraiture. Man used as an excuse for a study in sunlight, or even woman used as a clothes-horse, cannot rise to the apex of portrait-painting.

In the present show the negro supporting the pink abortion is not, and is not labelled a portrait; neither is De Smet's picture of the back of a lady's neck. This neck and the two small boys are labelled "Mon Foyer." Other cases are not so clear. We have here a case of Picasso's "Decorative Portrait" in the worst phase of so-called modernism; and despite Swanzey's arrangement of brush-strokes in quadrilaterals. Katherine Mayer paints "Louise's" kimono so that the painting is quite as pretty as the dress goods, but she has neglected Louise's pretty face. The same painter shows "Mrs. A. G. Eddy" as if it might be a history, there to squirm for posterity as Sisyphus or Ixion. "Mr. Chas. Sims, R.A., appears to 'have got a likeness' of Mrs. Hart, and he has put a lot of his own spirit into it.

Let us return to the star performers, as shown in the "large" gallery or first room as you enter. Mr. Ambrose McEvoy exhibits one of the best portraits of The Lady Diana Manners contained in this exhibition. True, it is only competitively the best, but the tear consequent with the expression of Mr. Eves' drawing has been conveniently taken away. In Mr. Eves' painting the lady's face is neither drawn nor stylised. Mr. McEvoy's portrait is "decorative;" the sitter or stander is in the position of a god. He has put in his "ladies"; she appears as if leading to higher things. The canvas also appears as if it might have been put out of some larger composition, some fantasy after Reynolds or Gainsborough. There is tradition for this sort of thing. Sir Edwin Landseer was never able to tell beforehand. He used to paint on the large and cut out as much as would "compose." One questions Mr. McEvoy's knowledge of anatomy, as one might question Landseer's sense of composition. As for McEvoy's pigment and colour-quality, we can only refer the reader again to the stucco ceiling of the soda-bar so convenient to the Oxford Circus "Central London." Mr. Glyn Philpot, A.R.A., exhibits an inimitable imitation of Picasso's "Mann am Tische." (The public is unacquainted with the earlier work of Picasso.) Sir J. Lavery, A.R.A., in his "Mrs. P. Ford" displays all the possible faults of muddiness, from the feet in a Boldini smear through the pink mud, the brown mud, the blue mud disposed on the rest of the canvas. McEvoy's "Young Man" is done in blobs of light, but the young man is recognisable. Mr. Strang makes an honest endeavour to transmit the face of his Picador's wife; the virtue is in the drawing not in the painting.

Wm. Nicholson's rather bad picture is so hung as to look worse during daylight, the feet and spats thrust into the lime-light and the face left in darkness. This is the fault of the hanging, for the picture should be more carefully concealed after the electric lights are turned on. Cadell, again, in "The Fawn Dress" seems scarcely the artist who could have painted the other picture attributed to him in the catalogue. Here he shows a typical French lightness and grace, and has placed his pretty figure most admirably on the canvas, which for the most exquisite boudoir in Mayfair. The rest of the exhibits do not merit individual condemnation.
There is some poor archaism. One man has seen a book illustrated with prints of Gaugin and perhaps Matisse and Kadinsky, and has introduced a little of their stylisation judiciously, and with caution, into his background, “seeing how much the public will take.” Philpot’s “The Lady Mary Thynne” is reminiscent of a Little Child Shall Lead Them. The interest in the exhibition, such as it is, may well be centre in Alvaro Guevara. I must confess to a preference for his dancers and acrobats. In this show his Dorothy Warren” is a lacy picture, and the lady’s hair is not that colour. His Wallace is needlessly reminiscent of his Thynne’s. At thirty yards distance—that is, from the very end of the other gallery; but paintings are not normally viewed from thirty yards distance; that is, from the very end of the other gallery; but paintings are not normally viewed from thirty yards distance, and unless this portrait is particularly intended to decorate some unusually large room this focus is an error.

There is only one thing in the show that is “safe” for an art student to look at. It is labelled “Alf. Stevens” but the artist is given his full praenomen in the catalogue. The texture of the blue velvet in his picture is rendered with the technique worthy of the name. It matches, despite its being hotly so many years afterwards, the technique of early Dutch masters; and so also the surface of the paint on the screen and of the table-cover. The face is the weakest spot in the picture; but the artist has turned it as far as possible from one, obviously wishing to make as pleasant a picture as possible. He has turned it as far as possible from one, obviously wishing to make as pleasant a picture as possible.

Axiom: The portrait painter not only attempts to make a good painting, but he attempts to bring that painting into a definite relation with an extraneous object called the—“Sitter.”

Obiter dictum: Between the revelation, or portrayal, or interpretation of The Sitter, and the concealment of the fireplace, in the little bookcase, between books and inside them—there is a drawer. The hungry maw of the waste-paper basket has fastened upon many sweet innocents, and no doubt it will devour as many more before long.

In the little Kashmir table with the devils there is a drawer. I opened it this morning and found that a small heap of papers had nested there. One or two of them seem intelligible; if not very intelligent. The first is about a life of Lord Byron.

An Open Letter to a Popular Writer who, after many misquotations from foreign tongues in his works were attributed to printers’ errors, had the Impudence to make the Same Misquotation Twice.

Festina lente, ne quid nimis; neu, caecaethes quotidian
A chacun son goit; de gustibus non est disputandum. Au royaume des aveugles les borgnes sont rois; audaces fortuna jurt. Sans pareil copia verborum à la main, bons mots con amore, façons de parler ardentia verba à propos de rien. Sed facilis descensus Averni! O lingua franca; o sancta simplicitas; o variæ lectiones; o nemesis! Lapisus calami? C’est vrai, quandque bonus dormitat Homerus; hoon solit qui mil y pense. Sed his peccare in bello von lect.

Chacune, sauf les enfants de la liberté. Non omnia possumus omnes; was Hauschen nimmer lernte, holt Hans nimmer ein. Ergo, bene subrecre currente calamo, suaviter in modo. Ne sutor ultra crepidam, requiescat in pace.

Scrubbed on the back of this interesting epistle I found a far gentler exercise in inkcraft. In this I pay the sighs of such sonneteers as Shakespeare had the additional misfortune not to write in English. This particular echo is a translation from some agreeable verses by Melvin de Saint Gelais, who flourished in the middle of the sixteenth century, and went finally to seed in 1572; he introduced the sonnet form to France. And he mentions the Thames and its swans!

There are no ships in Venice nigh to many, Oysters at Bruges, nor hares in all Champagne, Bears in Savoy, nor calves in Brittany,

Nor on the Thames so many a white swan:
So many Loves the Church doth not maintain:
Nor vie so many folks in Germany,
Nor honours hath a gentleman of Spain,
Nor falsities are found in King’s Court any:
So many are a public man in Afric,
Nor sentiments with a public man:
Nor amnesties in Rome at feasts bestowed:
So many rascals ply not law and physic,
So many dare not conflict theologic,
As there are factions in my Lady’s head.

Then there is a sheaf of papers which contain notes for a vast work I projected. This was to be nothing less than The Veritable History of the Marvellous and almost Incredible Deeds achieved in the defence of Religion and Virtue by that Oratorian and Pilgrim, a most Ingenious Hidalgo, so called (by the grace of God) Don Orimar de la Temuza.

First I intended to set down the chance meeting of my Hero with the lawless but powerful tribe of Liberaldos, and how he pursued them with unrelenting and irresistible arguments and attacks, until they fled the field. “Heavens!” said the Liberaldos, “which is the end of living, is only to be attained through liberty.” “Indeed,” cried Don Orimar, “then I am at liberty to break your heads, which will cause me the highest happiness, and you, too, no doubt.” Next he urged that the Divinity may not destroy the Divinity may not destroy the Divinity.

“Authority is ours,” said the Temuza; “so, what we do is right.” “In that case,” cried Don Orimar, “charging into their ranks with drawn sword, “it will now be right to run away; for you are about to do this.” In many an onslaught the divine Don routs the Temuzares from their positions.

I have no space for further details of my unattempted masterpiece, but only for a sweet song which was intended to appear at about page 276 of the fifth volume of the completed work. Don Orimar de la Temuza, I may explain, decides for the purposes of disguise—so much has he come to be feared by all knights and giants—to adopt an assumed name, which he chooses by anagram from his real one. His pseudonym, then,
distress, who recites the following charming and tuneful verses:

Don Ramiro,
Dauntless hero,
And a united pair.
Dum spiro specto—

But hope’s at zero,
If you flout my prayer.

Don Ramiro,
Horseman debonair;
Scourge my Nero:
Never fear! Oh,
May you be his slayer!

By the bishop who baptised you,
Don Ramiro de la Maestu—
Win my freedom and your prise too!

What a book this would have been! What a masterpiece! But, alas, it never will be, never can be, perhaps never ought to be completed.

Woe is me; I am too weak: the wanton words will out. I cannot, cannot keep back what is perhaps the finest passage in the fifth book of the ninth volume of this unparalleled work. It is the choice meeting of Don Orimar de la Temuzza with a wifely Knight named Laurencio. They meet in an Italian twilight, a time consecrated to sons and lovers. As Don Orimar rides into sight, Don Laurencio advances towards him with a strange, delirious outcry. Don Orimar listens and hears these extraordinary words: "Amo; amas; amat; our lithe, voluptuous limbs are swaying; your lithe, voluptuous limbs are swaying; their lithe, voluptuous limbs are swaying. O, my red lips! O, your dilated eyeballs! O, plumbers and passions!

With these strange sounds ringing in his ears, the intrepid Don Orimar approaches Don Laurencio and sprinkles holy water on him, whereupon Don Laurencio recovers his senses and is cured of his distemper for ever.

To conclude, I may mention that Don Orimar dies in the final chapter. The time has come for him to pass away, for he has emptied the world of heretics and he stands solitary in the otherwise ghostly ranks of chivalry. It is supposed that, despairing of finding death in combat, since there was no one left powerful enough to cross swords with him, Don Orimar died by his own hand. At least, he was found dead one morning, run through with his own sword.

There is, I may say, a curious and elusive legend that Don Orimar, though he expired in the circumstances I have mentioned, did not die by his own hand; but that, as he was the only combat with a knight unknown, his proper weapon was turned against him by the fatal adversary! Will the truth ever be known?

Oriental Encounters.

By Marmaduke Pickthall

We had arrived in a village of the mountains late one afternoon, and were sauntering about the place, when some rude children shouted: "Hi, O my uncle, you have come in two!"

It was the common joke at sight of European trousers, which were rare in those days. But Suleyman was much offended upon my account. He turned about and read those children a tremendous lecture, rebuking them severely for thus presuming to insult a stranger and a guest. His condemnation was supported on such lofty principles as no man who possessed a particle of religion or good feeling could withstand; and his eloquence was so commanding yet persuasive that, when at length he moved away, not children only but many also of the grown-up people followed him.

The village was high up beneath the summit of a ridge, and from a group of rocks within a stone’s throw of it could be seen the sea, a great blue wall extending north and south. We perched among those rocks to watch the sunset. The village people settled within earshot, some below and some above us. Presently an old man said: "Thou speakst well, O sage! It is a sin for them to carry such things behind a guest of quality. Their misbehaviour calls for strong correction. But I truly think that no child who has heard your honour’s sayings will ever be so impudent again.

"Amin" cried one of the delinquents, "Allah knows that our intention was not very evil."

I hastened to declare that the offence was nothing. But Suleyman would not allow me to decry it. "Your honour is as yet too young," he said, severely, "to understand the mystic value of men’s acts and words. A word may be well meant and innocent, and yet the cause of much disaster, possessing in itself some special virtue of malignity. You all know how the jinni attend on careless words; how if I call a goat, a dog or cat by its generic name without pointing to the very animal intended, a jinni will as like as not attach himself to me, since many of the jinni are called by names of animals. You all know also that to praise the beauty of a child, without the offer of that child to Allah as a sacrifice, is fatal because there is unseen a jealous listener who hates and would deform the progeny of Eve. Such facts as these are known to every ignoramus, and their cause is plain. But there exists another and more subtle danger in the careless use of words, particularly with regard to personal remarks, like that of these same children when they cried to our good master: ‘Thou hast come in two,’ directing the attention to a living body. I have a rare thing in my memory which perhaps may lead you to perceive my meaning darkly.

A certain husbandman (fellow) was troubled with a foolish wife. Having to go out one day, he gave her all his instructions what to do about the place, and particularly bade her fix her mind upon their cow, because he was afraid the cow might stray, as she had done before, and cause ill-feeling with the neighbours. He never thought that such a charge to such a person, tending to concentrate the woman’s mind upon a certain object, was disastrous. The man meant well; the woman too meant well. She gave her whole mind to obey his parting words. Having completed every task within the house, she sat down under an olive-tree which grew between the stone and house, and before the whole intelligence of every ignoramus, their cause is plain. But there exists another and more subtle danger in the careless use of words, particularly with regard to personal remarks, like that of these same children when they cried to our good master: ‘Thou hast come in two,’ directing the attention to a living body. I have a rare thing in my memory which perhaps may lead you to perceive my meaning darkly.

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"Another neighbour came along. She told him of her fears, and saw the Sheikh Mukarram, of his well-known kindness, had befriended her by cutting off the damaged tail."

"Of course," cried the newcomer, "that accounts for it! The animal is now ill-balanced. It is always a mistake to take it from one end without removing something also from the other. If thou wouldest see that cow in health again, the horns must go."

"O, help me; I am all alone! Perform the operation for me," said the woman.

Her friend saved the horns and gave them to her. She examined them, and there was no sign of life, but still, when he was gone, the cow appeared not better. She grew desperate.

"By then the news of her anxiety about the cow had spread through all the village, and every able body came to help her or look on. They cut the udder and the ears and then the legs and gave them to her, and she thanked them all with tears of gratitude. At last there was no cow at all to worry over. Seeing the diminished carcass lying motionless, the woman smiled and murmured: 'Praise to Allah, she is cured at last; she is at rest! Now I am free to go into the house and get things ready for my lord's return.'

"Her lord returned at dusk. He told her: 'I have been obedient. I watched the cow and tended her for hours. She was extremely ill, but all the neighbours helped to doctor her, performing many operations, and we were able to relieve her of all pain, the praise to Allah! Here are the various parts which they removed. They gave them to me, very kindly, since the cow is ours.'

"Without a word the man went out to view the remnant of the cow. When he returned he seized the woman by both shoulders, and gazing straight into her eyes, said grimly: 'Allah keep thee! I am going to walk this world until I find one filthier than thou art. And if I fail to find one filthier than thou art, I shall go on walking—I have sworn it—to the end.'

Suleyman broke off there suddenly, to the surprise of all.

"I fail to see how that rare thing applies to my case," I observed as soon as I felt sure that he had done his story.

"It does not apply to your case, but it does to others," he replied on brief reflection. "It is dangerous to put ideas in people's heads or reuse self-consciousness, for who can tell what demons lurk in people's brains... But wait and I will find a rare thing suited to the present instance.

"Say, O Sea of Wisdom, did he find one filthier than she was?"

"Of course he did."

"Relate the sequel, I beseech thee!"

But Suleyman was searching in his memory for some event more clearly illustrating the grave risks of chance suggestion. At length he gave a sigh of satisfaction, and then spoke as follows:

"There was once a Turkish pasha of the greatest, a benevolent old man, whom I have often seen. He had a long white beard, of which he was extremely proud, until one day a man, who was a wag, came up to him and said:

"'Excellency, we have been wondering; When you go to bed, do you put your beard inside the coverings or out?'"

The Fasha thought a moment, but he could not tell, for it had never come into his head to notice such a matter. He promised to inform his questioner upon the morrow. But when he went to bed that night he tried the beard beneath the bed-clothes and above without success. Neither way could he get comfort, nor could he, for the life of him, remember how the beard was wont to go. He got no sleep on that night or the next night either, for thinking on the problem thus presented to his mind. On the third day, in a rage, he called a barber and had the beard cut off. Accustomed

as he was to such a mass of hair upon his neck, for lack of it he caught a cold and died.

"That story fits the case before us to a nicety," said Suleyman in conclusion, with an air of triumph.

"What is the moral of it, deign to tell us, master!" came from all sides in the growing twilight.

I suppose," I hazarded, "that having had attention called to the peculiar clothing of my legs, I shall eventually have them impudently or wear Turkish trousers?"

"I say not what will happen; God alone knows that. But the mere chance that such catastrophes, as I have shown, may happen is enough to make wise people shun that kind of sport."

I cannot to this day distinguish how much of his long harangue was jest and how much earnest. But the fellahin devoured it as pure wisdom.

Views and Reviews.

THE SURVIVAL OF PERSONALITY.

There is a danger of heresy, both religious and scientific, in the modern discussion of the immortality of the soul. The Apostles' Creed asks us only to "believe in the Holy Ghost . . . the Resurrection of the Body, and the Life Everlasting." The body, of course, is in great dispute among those who are not Christians, and imagine that the "spiritual" is in some way superior to the "material"; hence also both the teaching of St. Paul: "Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost which is in you, which ye have of God?" and the modern scientific demonstration that matter is force or force is matter, whichever way we prefer to express it. So when we talk of the survival of the soul, or the survival of human personality, we have to beware of being "spiritual" to the exclusion of other considerations; it is always possible that the soul, or the personality, may, like a captive balloon, be tethered to the material earth, and be unable to transmit messages even by wireless without the use of a mechanical instrument. I am prepared to concede everything to those who argue for the survival of human personality if they will first expound the necessary conditions of the existence and operation of human personality.

It is easy enough to make assumptions, and the usual mystical or metaphysical assumption that the soul is something separate from and superior to the human body which only needs, and uses, the human body for expression on the physical plane of existence, assumes the very point at issue, while, at the same time, it concedes everything to the physiologists. Obviously, if the soul is a unity, the indivisibility of its expression even on this plane must reside in its medium; nerve impulses are not specific, and the activity of the nerve-impulse is determined by the end plate. Graft the nerve that inhibits the heart (it has been done) to the nerve that expands the iris of the eye, stimulate it, and the eye will expand; the character of nerve impulses depends on the nature of the tissue or organ in which they end," says Prof. Fraser Harris. If the soul be a unity which can operate through the body or without it, if it can exist independently of it, then, on the analogy, its impulses must be general, not specific, vital and not characteristic, and what would survive bodily dissolution would not be the personality, or the soul (as we call it) for which we desire immortality.

There is no need to rely entirely on analogy, for the physiological conditions of both consciousness and personality are known. "Psychometric researches demonstrate every day," says Ribot, "that the more complex a state of consciousness is the
greater length of time it requires, and that, on the contrary, automatic acts—whether primitive or acquired, and the rapidity of which is extreme—do not enter into consciousness. We may, moreover, admit that the appearance of consciousness is connected with the period of disannihilation of nervous tissue, as Herzen has distinctly shown. And as the very definition of "person" is "the individual as clearly conscious of itself, and acting accordingly," we cannot accept without proof equably cogent to that provided by physiology any argument which requires us to believe that the soul, the personality, can really exist apart from a body capable of periodic assimilation and disannihilation of nervous tissue. A sleeping man is not a person; and although I have not read "In Memoriam" for ten years, and have no copy to refer to, I remember (subject to correction) that Tennyson argued a similar contention in these words:

The baby, new to earth and sky,
What time his little palm is pressed
Against the circle of his breast.

Has never thought that "this is I,"
But as he grows he gathers much,
And learns the use of "I" and "me;"
And finds I am not what I see,
And other than the things I touch.

So grows he to a firmer mind
From whence clear reckoning may begin.

In short, the content of the consciousness of self, no less than the consciousness itself, is determined by the existence and the experience of the human body. The mystical assumption that the human personality is a perfect unity, simple and identical, is not demonstrable; what is demonstrable is that the personality is a whole by coalition, varying in complexity at different times and in different occupations.

And if we ask what physiology has to say concerning the continuum, the stratum of memory that is the basis of personality, physiological psychology, as taught by Ribot and others, finds it in general sensibility, discovers that the phenomenon of dissociated personality is accompanied by anaesthesia of the skin, and that the more extensive the anaesthesia the more complete the dissociation. Ribot mentions several cases, but the case of the old soldier, Lacoste, is the most striking and the most important from this point of view, because it is practically free from intellectual elements. After the accident, he never said "I," but spoke of his body as that thing, that "wretched machine," and often his skin was insensible, and often he would fall into a state of complete insensibility and immobility, lasting several days." Ribot thus explains the psychology of the case. "Before his accident, this soldier, like everybody else, had his organic consciousness, the sense, the feeling of his own body, of his physical personality. After the accident an internal change was brought about in his nervous organisation. Concerning the nature of this change, unfortunately, we can only form hypotheses, the effects alone being known. Whatever it may have been, it resulted in giving birth to another organic consciousness—that of a "wretched machine." No kind of amalgamation had been effected between the latter and the former consciousness—the recollection of which had tenaciously remained with the patient. The feeling of identity, accordingly, is lacking, because the old organ states as well as in others this feeling can only result from a slow, progressive, and continuous assimilation of the new states. Here the new states did not enter the old ego as an integral part. Hence that old ego which the old personality appears to itself as having been, and as being no more, and in which the present state appears as an external strange thing, and as not existing. It may be remarked, in fine, that in a state where the surface of the body no longer yields sensations, and where those that do arrive from the organs are equivalent almost to none at all; where both superficial and deep sensibility is extinguished, that in such a state the organism no longer excites those feelings, images, and ideas that connect it with higher psychical life. The organism is simply reduced to the automatic acts that constitute the habitude or routine of life, or, properly speaking; it becomes a machine. If we are to talk life after death (it has been repeatedly clairvoyed that he was dead), here is a case which offers at least as veridical a proof as may be derived from other sources of what will happen when we are evicted from our earthly tabernacles. Like the baby and the soldier, we shall never think this is I, unless the body is resurrected.
only unknown, but is contradictory of what is known, we shall land in the position of the 'ardent missionary' to whom Emerson talked, and who thought he knew more about the other world than he actually did know about the world of the nation; and I admit that all the suggested improvements of machinery, all the improved organisation for producing and selling in bulk, all the reformation of our bad business habits, will avail us nothing if Labour remains hostile or suspicious. It is not the recognition of Trade Unionism that he demands; that has already been won; it is the alliance with Trade Unionism for the purpose of increasing production that he sees is necessary. That 'share in the management' that Labour demands would, if conceded, remove from the employer the most harassing of his tasks, would enable him to concentrate on his real business of organising and improving his production, and finding a ready market for it. The employer who wastes his time in annoying his workmen either by refusing recognition of their undoubted right to choose their own method of bargaining for the price and conditions of their labour, are lowering the standard rate of wages by trickery in price-fixing, is simply a bad employer; what he savcs in wages he loses in overhead charges and in actual production, what he gains in price by doing as he likes with his own he loses in the leisure he gains in the peace of mind that he could have had if he had allowed other people to do better for him with his own. Autocratic government is always a failure when it attempts to go beyond self-government, which is all that the word literally means; for power must be delegated before it can be used by other people, and the attempt to keep everything in one's own hands fails in practice because there are so many things. Until Queen Victoria nearly broke her heart, and developed writer's cramp, through signing Army officers' commissions (there were 16,000 in arrears), she did not welcome the Act which dispensed with her autograph. Until the employer learns that by trying to do everything himself he can get nothing done effectively, the present system may continue; but Mr. Ramsay warns him that he will soon discover that, whatever may be the advantages of a particular period, and in the absence of a concluding chapter and a preface Mr. Seton-Watson's volume bears not a little of the character of an undisguised record. The first 140 pages may be described

canny." That lowering the cost of production does not mean cutting wages, but cutting waste, is his chief argument; and his experience as an engineer enables him to offer many cogent examples. But he sees quite clearly that it is the man who works with the machine, that all the suggested improvements of machinery, not merely the highest rate of production possible, but the health and efficiency of the employer depends on the "ca' canny." Thus he is an engineer who exhibits an engineer's insight into human nature. His book is a guide to an industrial welfare system that combines the highest efficiency of production, the maximum of employee satisfaction, and the maximum of profit to the employer. It is a book that will be read by employers, by workers, and by students of industrial organisation.

Mr. Ramsay attempts to reconcile them in the necessity for increasing production that he sees is necessary. That 'share in the management' that Labour demands would, if conceded, remove from the employer the most harassing of his tasks, would enable him to concentrate on his real business of organising and improving his production, and finding a ready market for it. The employer who wastes his time in annoying his workmen either by refusing recognition of their undoubted right to choose their own method of bargaining for the price and conditions of their labour, are lowering the standard rate of wages by trickery in price-fixing, is simply a bad employer; what he saves in wages he loses in overhead charges and in actual production, what he gains in price by doing as he likes with his own he loses in the leisure he gains in the peace of mind that he could have had if he had allowed other people to do better for him with his own. Autocratic government is always a failure when it attempts to go beyond self-government, which is all that the word literally means; for power must be delegated before it can be used by other people, and the attempt to keep everything in one's own hands fails in practice because there are so many things. Until Queen Victoria nearly broke her heart, and developed writer's cramp, through signing Army officers' commissions (there were 16,000 in arrears), she did not welcome the Act which dispensed with her autograph. Until the employer learns that by trying to do everything himself he can get nothing done effectively, the present system may continue; but Mr. Ramsay warns him that he will soon discover that, whatever may be the advantages of a particular period, and in the absence of a concluding chapter and a preface Mr. Seton-Watson's volume bears not a little of the character of an undisguised record. The first 140 pages may be described
as a useful and accurate summary of Balkan history from early times; and the chapters on Serbia, Bulgaria, and Roumania are especially well done. In his chapters on Austro-Russian rivalry and on the Concert of Europe a great deal of history is boiled down, but the author would hardly ask us for calling him a good precis-writer. The latter half of the book is more valuable, in describing the formation of the Balkan League, the first and second Balkan Wars (1912 and 1913), the disputes among the members of the League, and its final break-up. But in the absence of an interpretation these disputes, quarrels, and intrigues read like an account of the thorny questions which divided the empires of Belfuscu and Lilliput, and the characters concerned appear to be little more than Flimnap the Treasurer and Bolgolam the Admiral. It is worth while calling attention to a few anticipations of aspects of the present war. As has been seen to be the case more than once in the last three years or so, victories were won in 1912, "not by the superior strategy of the commanders, but by the heroism and enthusiasm of the rank and file." Mr. Seton-Watson applies this remark to the Bulgarians, but it is equally true of all victories. Victory was often purchased by heavy losses, and there can be no question that many lives were recklessly wasted in frontal attacks (p. 182). There were few Serbian and Bulgarian emigrants beyond the borders of the Balkans, but thousands of Montenegrins and Greeks returned from America to fulfil their military obligations (p. 189). It may be recalled that thousands of Italians returned in the same way during the war with Turkey in 1911. It is worth noting how Austria, in 1913, directly took steps that resulted in the present war by forbidding Serbia access to the Adriatic (p. 217). The Great Powers were induced to support Austria and the Serbs were encouraged, indeed almost instigated, to turn towards the sea in another direction and thus embroil themselves with Bulgaria and Greece. The attitude of the Great Powers, however, was vacillating from the very beginning. They declared at the outbreak of war that no territory would be allowed to change hands; then they acquiesced in the dismemberment of Turkey's borders of the Balkans, but it is equally unlike that no territory would be allowed to retain Adrianople when they had forced the Bulgars to leave it. It is too little to say that the policy was one of expediency from start to finish; they were, in fact, induced to support Austria and the Serbs. The Ministry of Education spends millions a year on buildings and plant. It has recently seen its endowments restricted to a few anticipations of aspects of the present war. 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Pastiche.

THE SONG.

Born of my grief, I sang a lay
Unto a maid apart;
Singing, my sorrow stole away
And crept into her heart.
For as I sang, she looked at me
With tearsful eyes that smiled.
But ere I ceased, she turned from me
Her eyes with sorrow wild.
Without one word she went away,
She made nor moan nor cry.
With bitter words that selfsame day
I laid my singing by.

And yet this maiden loved, I know,
Its burden, spite her pain.
I'll sing it to the winds that blow,
Maybe she'll come again.

D. R. GUTTERY.

A WARNING FABLE.
(To whom it may concern.)

A caravan was making its way across a desert. At noon it came to a halt, and during the halt the four members of the party held a conference in the shadows of their cacti. They had good reason of taking counsel, for, to tell the truth, they had lost their way.

"At any rate," said one of them, "we know the way we have come."

"But I do not," said the fourth and the tallest of the party, who bore a strong resemblance to those whom this fable concerns.

"Surely," said the second, "there can be no dispute about that. Did we not pass Oasis 73 and then Dead Camel 89, and did I not call your attention to the odour of the beast?"

"What evidence have you at this moment of that, if I choose to deny it?" asked the fourth.

"As to that," said the third, "I remember it too; and you know I was there."

"What I know and what I don't know are far you to prove," said Number Four. "Meanwhile, none of you has convinced me."

"Very well," said all three together; "which way do you say we have come?"

"All we can be certain of," said Number Four, "is that we have come the way we have come."

"No matter," said the three, putting their pistols back into their holds reluctantly. "The important point is where we are now. Have you any ideas upon that, Number Four?"

Thus directly challenged, Number Four replied: "That is for you to discover. I don't know what I do know; but, unlike the rest of you, I do know what I don't know."

Here the second broke in: "To my mind, our position is clear. We have travelled due north three days at twenty miles a day since leaving Dead Camel 89, and that was four days north-east from Oasis 73. We must be now 140 miles from Oasis 108, due north, and hence within three days of Oasis 99."

"Good enough," said the third.

"For you, but not for me," put in Number Four.

"This man assumes what is still to be proven,—the facts of our passage of Oasis 73 and Dead Camel 89. Having left those open, he takes all the rest as given work."

"Well," said the first, "I agree with Two and Three; but, for the sake of truth, tell us where you think we are."

"Why should I, since you are satisfied you know?" replied Number Four. "Admit that you do not know, and I may say something."

The three, having peace in view, admitted it, whereupon Number Four said: "My opinion is that we can only be certain that we are where we are and nowhere else."

Hereupon three pistols went back to their holds reluctantly, and with an impatient jerk.

The first then said: "We have still the most import-

ant question to settle. Which way shall we now go? What are your views on this, Number Four?"

Thus once more directly challenged, Number Four replied: "We shall go the way we shall go, and that alone is certain."

"Yes," said Number Two, "but that is only to be wise after the event. Have you any idea of the way we should go?"

"Certainly," replied Number Four; "the way we ought—but we shall probably not go that way."

"But which is it?" asked the third. "Tell us the way we ought to go in order that we may take it."

If you don't know which way you ought to go,

began to reply Number Four; but three pistols rang out, and the party of three went on together.

Moral: Have something to say when your advice is asked, and don't quibble when you are lost in the desert.

SOLOMON.

Memoranda.
(From last week's New Age.)

After other notable services, Russia has performed this fresh great service for the Allies, that of trying the nature of Prussian militarism; and her failure ought to be our lesson.

Not reason or force, but both.

Thus once more directly challenged, Number Four

"Yes," said Number Two, "but that is only to be wise after the event. Have you any idea of the way we should go?"

"Certainly," replied Number Four; "the way we ought—but we shall probably not go that way."

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Moral: Have something to say when your advice is asked, and don't quibble when you are lost in the desert.

SOLOMON.
PRESS CUTTINGS.

New York, January 25.—Charles M. Schwab, president of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation, declared in an address at a dinner here last night that the time is near at hand, "when the men of the working class—are not a single voice and we fear it will be for our country and the world at large."—New Brunswick "Star.""

The New Age, Mr. Bello's other example of the free press, may be compared to the venture of a too clever painter who, finding the Academy and all the regular galleries closed to him, opens a Salon of the "average" middle of his contemporaries, though it may be less plausible and trade-finished. But outside Mr. Orage's own notes the paper has no policy and no character. It is a hotch-potch, stimulating thought in the uplift of the nation, but I am one who has come to a belief that the workers will rule, and the sooner we resolve this the better it will be for our country and the world at large."—New Brunswick "Star.""

"The Free Press" (Allen & Unwin) is a reprint in volume form of certain articles by Mr. Hilaire Belloc which I remember in the trenchant pages of The New Age. In them he sets out to prove that the Common AGE. In them he sets out to prove that the Common freedom is the freedom of the explosive which is not confined in a cannon, spending itself incalculably in all directions.—"G. B. S." in "The Nation."

cause a nation of men who had been dupes and slaves for centuries were incapable of conducting themselves with the wisdom and tranquillity of freemen so soon as some of their earlier errors were partially loosened."

Perhaps that was easy wisdom for Shelley, but it was wisdom; and we shall do well to remember it now, when we see another nation of men who have been dupes and slaves for centuries showing a like want of wisdom and tranquillity. Nothing is stranger than the eagerness of some Englishmen to think democracy impossible or their desires to prove it impossible for ourselves by the failure of those who attempt it for the first time. That eagerness exists now as it existed a century ago. But is there no failure in the despotism of Prussia? And would not any one of us rather belong to the Russian nation with all its chaos and immeasurable disappointed hopes than to the finite despising order of Germany? . . . Is he [Shelley] not right in believing that we shall only make this world like that other by dreaming of it? At least, what have those who never dream made of this world? They call themselves practical men; and look at their practice. They are not concerned with abstract standards of right and wrong; and look at the wrong they do.

Wars happen because men believe that it is in the nature of men for ever to make war; and poverty persists because they believe that the struggle for life is the inevitable result of the struggle for life. But these beliefs are seldom held by the private soldier or the poor. They are the beliefs of those who refuse comfort and which I remember in the trenchant pages of The New AGE. In them he sets out to prove that the Common freedom is the freedom of the explosive which is not confined in a cannon, spending itself incalculably in all directions.—"G. B. S." in "The Nation."

"Tell me, what are you? What do you call yourself?"

"I am a Pacifist." Proudly the man replied: "I am a Pacifist." "I have failed," the Pacifist replied, "from the warring murderous turmoil of Europe to this world of peace! I will try and forget the horrors and awful misery I have seen.

The Lion, eyeing him with a satirical look, inquired: "Tell me, what are you? What do you call yourself?" "I am not," said the Lion, struck him down with a powerful claw, and ate him! H. A. H.

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