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A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART.

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

RAIN has been known to damp a revolution, and Easter this year has mitigated the Naval panic. Meanwhile facts are beginning to filter into the papers, with the result that our debauchees are beginning to look a little pale and foolish. There is no declaration of war, and no intention of war on either side. With every new Dreadnought and every new Zeppelin the chances of war diminish, not increase; and we look forward to the time when warfare will be confined to the inventors of respective countries. We are inclined to believe that the world has seen the last great European war.

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The proposed union of forces of civil servants and trade unionists in Paris is good news, if only because the anxiety of the bourgeoisie will be thereby maintained. To keep the ruling classes perpetually apprehensive is the first maxim of revolutionaries. We fear there is little prospect of the civil servants permanently combining with artisans, though the incomparable Pataud may succeed in bringing about a temporary union. We demur entirely to the assumption that civil servants should not strike. So long as class rule continues, it is obviously necessary for civil servants to retain the weapon of the strike as much in the interests of the nation as in their own; and in our opinion, they would be fools to part with it or even to let it rust. A Socialist Government would, of course, find means of dispensing with such a weapon by the application to civil servants of the principle of the mediæval gilds. There is no reason why the rights of corporate self-government, including the selection of their own hierarchy of officers, should not be granted to civil servants in return for the specific responsibility of carrying on the nation's work efficiently. We shall certainly come to this in time.

The Housing and Town Planning Bill, which reached the Committee stage last May, has been reintroduced, and was read a second time on Monday last. Of the three sections of the Bill, the third is to our mind the most important. The town-planning section (II.) might be important if there were the faintest signs in our municipalities of either an æsthetic sense or a long view. As there are signs of neither, this section will probably remain a dead letter outside the fortunate areas of garden cities and the like. Section three, however, offers some practical improvements. Medical officers are to be general over all County Councils (till a few weeks ago only half of the 62 Councils had appointed an officer at all), they are to be partly under the supervision of the Local Government Board (this will give them a certain amount of local independence), cellar kitchens are to be entirely abolished, and back-to-back houses are to be prohibited. This last provision is as bold as it is necessary. We observe that Leeds is already up in arms against the prohibition, preferring, apparently, to house its poor in kennels. Also Mr. Lupton, late of Leeds, now of Sleaford, contends that back-to-back houses are sanitary. But these professors seldom go right on matters of fact. Infant mortality in back-to-back houses is over 500 per thousand.

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The second and third readings of the Army Annual Bill were rushed through on Tuesday, though the House had to sit until six in the morning to do it. We cannot understand why more indignation was not aroused by this successful attempt of the Government to burke discussion. And where, we should like to ask, were the Socialist advocates of the Citizen Army? Everybody knows that the Army Annual Bill fixes the conditions of the soldiery for a period of twelve months, and that it contains anomalies surviving from feudal times completely destructive of democracy under arms. Yet year by year the Bill is allowed to be hurried through without more than spasmodic protest. Mr. J. Ward played Horatius very well, but Herminius Thorne and Spurius Lartius Grayson were absent. The worst of it is that none of the Democrats seems to have realised the possibly sinister meaning of the Army Council, with its seven members, of whom three can form a quorum and *any two* can sign a document. It may be all right, but we share Sir Charles Dilke's anxiety; and in any case a little light on the subject would be welcome.

On the motion for Adjournment two subjects were discussed. By the exercise of commendable patience, Mr. Barnes found the opportunity of pleading for the abolition of the pauper disqualification for Old Age Pensions. Such a measure would increase the number of pensioners by over 200,000 and the cost by some three or four millions per annum. This, however, is nothing to the cost we are prepared to face, once granted the free use of the national Rent and Interest. Out of that 600 millions we should be willing to provide Old Age Pensions for everybody after the age of 60, and without turning a fiscal hair. Mr. Burns' reply to Mr. Barnes was sympathetic after the official manner.

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The other discussion was on the recent Declaration of London, the first instance in the world's history of the establishment of an International Arbitration Court. Mr. Bowles maintained that the advantages we derived as neutrals from the Declaration were more than counterbalanced by the disadvantages imposed on us as belligerents. Sir Charles Dilke, however, completely disposed of this objection by observing that we are neutrals for the major part of our time, and even in war our neutral interests outweigh our belligerent interests. The most striking contribution to the discussion was not in the House of Commons, but in the "Times." Sir John Brunner declared that, as a trader, he preferred the protection of recognised international law to the protection afforded by our Navy.

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It is significant that the motion for the complete rejection of the Railway Amalgamation Bill was lost by only 14 votes, and the Second Reading carried by only 25. These figures prove our contention that the Companies have over-reached themselves in over-reaching Mr. Churchill. We are glad to see that Mr. Churchill appeared, on this occasion, in a more chastened mood, and with less of the manner of the special pleader on behalf of the Companies. Faute de mieux, there is nothing but amalgamation possible if the Railways are to continue their private sponging operations on the nation; and we confess we see no power in the present Parliament to stop them. On the other hand, we insist upon dispensing with cant. The Companies want to reduce their expenses (including wages) in order to increase their profits; and they bring in a Bill for the purpose. Very well, then it is the business of the Commons either to drive a good bargain with the Companies, or to force them into bankruptcy. We ourselves should not hesitate to take the second course; but we do not admire Mr. Churchill for refusing to take either course wholeheartedly.

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Both the I.L.P. and the S.D.P. have been holding their annual Congresses this Easter, the former at Edinburgh and the latter at Bristol. In the absence of detailed reports, we refrain from judgment. One outstanding contrast strikes us, that while the S.D.P. were repudiating the proposal to affiliate with the Labour Party, on the grounds that the Labour Party was not a Socialist body, the I.L.P. was enthusiastically renewing its affiliation on precisely contrary grounds. One other feature of the I.L.P. Conference may be noted: though Mr. Keir Hardie appears to have done his best to introduce bitter personal elements, the "rebel" opposition in the I.L.P. mustered a fourth of the Conference on some questions, and on others as much as a half. We are quite satisfied with this as a start.

According to the "Labour Leader," THE NEW AGE must have undergone such a transformation as St. Paul spoke of, so sudden it was, as if in the twinkling of an eye. In the "Labour Leader" of April 2, THE NEW AGE was complimented on its notes on the Naval question, which for insight, etc., etc., contrasted favourably, etc., etc. (the usual clichés of incompetent praise). By April 9, however, THE NEW AGE had "achieved the very bottom depth of journalistic degradation." Whence this descensus averno? The "Labour Leader" thoughtfully attributes it to the "general collapse" of the editor, the knowledge of which, however, we have been mercifully spared. We hazard another explanation: our Letter to Mr. Keir Hardie, in which we convicted him out of his own words of attempting to lower the status of the I.L.P. from a political Party to a propagandist society. If that is disputed, why does not the "Labour Leader" argue the point with evidence instead of abuse? It should know by this time how to fight a losing battle on a bad case.

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Would it be believed that the "Labour Leader," which so virulently attacks us for a perfectly legitimate criticism of Mr. Keir Hardie, in its previous issue deliberately charged Mr. Hyndman with fomenting the war panic because he is or was interested in the manufacture of guns? Mr. Hyndman is neither directly nor indirectly interested in or concerned with the manufacture of guns. The "Labour Leader" is therefore guilty of a gross libel on a veteran Socialist of world-wide repute. Oddly enough, the matter referred to is, in fact, all to Mr. Hyndman's credit. At the time of the Boer war he was engaged on the financial side of a great gun factory. War and plenty of it would have financially suited Mr. Hyndman's interests. Yet who more vigorously attacked that infamous war? We have our differences with Mr. Hyndman, but shall always recognise in him the faithful soldier who has never turned his back upon the enemy nor diverged from the straight path. By the way, can nothing induce Mr. Hyndman to write his reminiscences?

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We hope all Socialists will see to it that because Easter is past the Children's Care Committees shall not consider their responsibility at an end. In the "voluntary feeding" days all our out-of-work parents were supposed suddenly to drop into work at Easter, careless and drunken parents were imagined to be reformed, presumably by the influence of Holy Week. There was, at any rate, no feeding of children after that sacred festival. It is more than time that the L.C.C. took the matter seriously in hand. It has some dozen "assistants and care committees" watching to see that "non necessitous" children shall not be fed. There is far greater need to see that the necessitous children shall be fed, and for this there seems no machinery provided —the responsibility is lightly laid upon the already overburdened shoulders of the teachers. The L.C.C. has a large staff of attendance officers, whose duties take them daily amongst the families who may be in need. Why cannot these officers be instructed to report all cases of necessity which come within their ken? Why cannot they do the visiting for the Care Committees, as they do in Bradford? As it is the business of these officers to get the children to school, are not they likely to be more successful if they can offer a good square meal in addition to the regular course of lessons? Is there any other way by which we can be sure of getting the 122,000 underfed children (Dr. Eicholz's computation) provided with the food they need?

Women v. Prehistoric Men.

It is time that the leaders of the Women's Suffragists surveyed the battle-field; for the situation needs the greatest care. For the moment the movement is stopped by a solid wall. The women have made out their case by such conclusive logic that, with the exception of a few intellectual freaks, every impartial mind is convinced. The women are in the same position as Galileo when he had conclusively proved that the earth went round the sun. Like Galileo, they have convinced all properly educated persons; and yet find in front a vast, conglomerate host of prehistoric people who omitted to get born a few odd centuries before. There is no accounting for some people's stupidity in choosing the wrong century. But there they are; a mass of stolid, geological human beings who would have joined the Carlton Club clique in the Ark. And, at the head of the host, stand Mrs. Humphry Ward, the Lords Cromer and Curzon, and Mr. Austen Chamberlain, with their bows and arrows and other instruments of martial argument which would do credit to cave-dwellers.

But what need the Suffragists fear from this antediluvian army? Granted that the men of flint arrowheads are no match for women who use Maxim-guns, nevertheless, there are elements of strength in the opposing position; and careful generals will analyse them in order to attack in the most effective manner. First, the anti-Suffragists are entrenched behind the privilege of sole power in the Constitution: they alone have the votes which can change the law. Like Mr. Asquith, they can refuse to argue the matter; they can sit tight. It is not a heroic policy, but it is effective.

Another element of strength is that the "anti's" are very numerous. Every thoughtless person is on their side. It is a doubtful distinction. But the women must not attach undue importance to convincing the dull-witted. They never really count: and, besides, there must be a limit to patient argument. Are we bound to stay all reform until we have converted the village idiot? And if Lord Cromer collects all these behind him, does he expect the Suffragists to go through the whole case with each of his protégés?

There are more effective elements in the opposing ranks than its mass of thoughtless stupidity. There are the men who fear that the feminine vote will upset their political supremacy. Half of them seem to imagine that the women will vote Tory, and half that they will vote Liberal: men have always had a rather muddle-headed knowledge of politics. Thus, we find Mr. Asquith and Mr. Balfour and the members of the House of Commons hiding behind policemen rather than risk any definite decision on the question. Most of these valiant gentlemen said they were in favour of a Suffrage Bill; but discretion is the better part of political honour. The women will do well to recognise them as their worst enemies; and, in any case, cowards make poor friends. If Mr. Asquith and Mr. Balfour haven't the nerve to come into the firing-line with Mrs. Humphry Ward, then, of course, they will stay behind with the camp followers. One point is worth noting. The appearance of Mr. Austen Chamberlain on the anti-Suffrage platforms is fairly good evidence that it is not the intention of the next Conservative Government to bring in a Suffrage Bill.

Then comes the main body of Mrs. Ward's effective fighters. She has enlisted every man who dreads lest the political independence of women is but the beginning of a wider movement towards their economic independence. The Anti-Suffrage Society has therefore with it every sweater in the kingdom. Every one who wants cheap labour and cheap harlots, married or unmarried, is against the vote for women. Beside these stand all the men who are afraid lest women will come into commercial competition with them on equal terms. In this group of men who are determined that women shall not have economic freedom, we have the core of the anti-Suffrage cause: shorn of its verbiage, it comes to a determination that the female sex shall remain at the disposal of men, to be used as underpaid workers or toys, according to pleasure.

Such are the varied persons who have placed their causes in the hands of Mrs. Ward, the Lords Cromer and Curzon, and other lesser lights. These, after all, are merely innocent decoy ducks, who never think of the weird collection behind them: the sweaters, the voluptuaries, the crafty politicians, the dull and stupid people. One hopes the leaders are proud of their followers.

The practical problem before the Suffragists, without the political weapon of the vote, is how to scare one of the political parties into conceding a vote to the voteless. It is an appalling problem, in all truth. I use the word "scare" deliberately, for it is evident that the men in charge of Liberal and Tory Cabinets are not capable of being moved by a logical appeal. Mr. Asquith's idea of statesmanship is perhaps a little misty, but probably he does not look beyond the effect on his voting strength at the next election. Let the Suffragists think of some way of drawing away his supporters at the polls, and Mr. Asquith will become wonderfully sympathetic. But the raids on the House must stop. They have had their effect, and have made the movement a subject of general conversation. The advertisement is no longer necessary. If the raids continue, Mr. Asquith will grow conceited; he will think that the Suffragists really want to argue the matter with him. For myself, I would as soon raid the House in order to argue with the Mace. The women have got with infinite courage all they intended by the raids: the advertisement; and can now go on with the more direct work of undermining Mr. Asquith's and Mr. Balfour's voting strength until one of them gives way. How can this be done? They must decide.

At present their policy is woefully disjointed. At Croydon, half asked the electors to return the Liberal, the others asked them to return the Tory. Now that may supply an admirable argument against the stock objections that if women get the vote they will all unite (against men); but it is not their main business to supply their opponents with answers to absurd statements. Their great business is to settle on an effective and united election policy which will "scare" the Cabinet in power.

There is another very important point. Some of the finest fighters in the movement are wasted because of the attitude of the leading societies towards adult suffrage. I venture to say that the reception of the Howard Adult Suffrage Bill was, to say the least, indiscreet. It is going a little too far to say that the people who wanted to enfranchise ten million women, instead of two million, are traitors to the cause. Even the suggestion to amend the limited Bill, by removing the marriage disqualification, has received a scornful reception. There is no use burking the fact that the limited Bill will give the "fine ladies" an undesirable start; and it is probable that their class bias will prevent their further help in extending the Bill later on. Whereas, if the leaders insist on a wider Bill the fine ladies will have to drag their democratic sisters into the political Paradise along with them. Perhaps they will rather withdraw their support altogether; in which case, in return for their loss the Suffrage movement will possess an amount of democratic support which it has deliberately thrown away by advocating the limited Bill. It is very possible that here we have the secret of the women's failure so far: they have not chosen a wide enough base. All the leaders of the movement worth considering are Socialists; and, in fact, want adult suffrage. Why not unite the movement and the people in this demand? The support they will lose is not worth keeping.

G. R. S. Taylor.

A Note of Discernment to Mr. Arthur Henderson, M.P.

SIR,—We offer you our congratulations upon the position you have attained as Chairman of the Labour Party. Unlike Mr. Redmond, who is a titular chief only, you possess power as well as position. Your grip upon the organisation is firm and secure. More showy men pass before the Westminster footlights—pseudo-intellectuals and others—but they cannot supplant you. The reason is not far to seek. They do not conform to type; you do. Et voilà tout! Unkind critics say of you that in the kingdom of the blind, the one-eyed man is king. The remark is ill-natured and not in the least appropriate. Professor Gardner ascribed Cromwell's hold upon the minds and imagination of his countrymen to the fact that he was "the typical Englishman." Without the least desire to flatter, we believe that you occupy your present eminence (such as it is) because you are the typical Labour politician.

The story of Trade Unionism is one of the romances of modern English history. The memories of the older generation can run to a time when Trade Unionism was prima facie an illegal conspiracy. To-day it is the sign-manual of the skilled artisan. Indeed, it is no exaggeration to say that skill and Trade Unionism are almost interchangeable terms. So-called "unskilled" labour is really unorganised labour. If anyone doubts it, let him try hedging and ditching, or even street scavenging. To cut a long story short, the British proletariat owes an incalculable debt to Trade Unionism.

Now there are about 2,250,000 Trade Unionists in this country, of whom 1,500,000 are affiliated to the Labour Party. We are told that they represent the cream of the working classes. But there are 13,000,000 manual workers in Great Britain. Probably the majority of these non-unionists will always remain unorganised. They are not therefore necessarily untrue to their class interests; the nature of their occupation or their local circumstances may preclude effective regimentation. There are 1,200 different industries carried on in the British Isles, and a moment's reflection will show that literally hundreds of these trades are not susceptible of Trade Union organisation. We do not, therefore, depreciate your task as Chairman of the Labour Party, if we tell you frankly that we, as Socialists, appeal to a vastly greater constituency than do you.

We have, however, to consider the real function of Trade Unionism. Undoubtedly, primarily, you must wage your warfare in the industrial sphere. You must do nothing in politics that would weaken your organisation, numerically or financially, as a fighting force in the unceasing class-struggle in factory and workshop. Yours, therefore, is the responsibility of so guiding your party that nothing shall be done to antagonise or exclude any eligible member of a Union. Thus, you must not outrage the convictions of Liberals, Tories, Socialists, or even of non-politicians. An independent line in Parliament is safe; but you must not commit your party to any definite political creed to which others may reasonably object.

The industrial struggle by no means excludes Parliamentary representation. Every Session a mass of legislation has to be considered that directly affects wages. Factory rules and regulations, limitation of the hours of labour, old age pensions, poor law administration—all these have a direct bearing upon wages and wage conditions, and the Unions would be criminally negligent if they did not send you and your colleagues to guard their interests in Parliament. We beg you, however, always to remember that capital fights hardest in the market-place, its power being greatest there. Just consider: the Unions as a whole could not command much more than £4,000,000 if any combined attack were made against them by combined capital, which in its turn could command untold millions. Organised capital could crush you in a month.

When, therefore, we argue that politically, Socialism and Labour can never amalgamate, we argue as much in your interests as our own.

We entertain a suspicion that you regard us as a cantankerous crowd of impractical dreamers. Harbour no such delusion. We understand politics quite as thoroughly as do you or your I.L.P. colleagues. And we are deeply concerned that the Labour Party shall succeed. We are your friends and well-wishers. We desire to co-operate with you in securing all industrial legislation that strengthens your grip upon the industrial machine. But Socialists cannot do this if they are cabined, cribbed, and confined by subscription to a party constitution that compels them to fight with one hand tied behind them. We ask you to believe that mutual freedom would give us mutual strength.

No doubt, you are pondering upon your line of action should the Lords confirm the judgment of the Court of Appeal in the matter of Osborne v. The Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants. You had better prepare for an adverse verdict. Lawyers are generally agreed that the Appeal Court's decision is good law. Personally, we think it was based upon sound public policy. It would be futile to expect Parliament to rectify the law in your favour. What, then, are you to do? You may seek to evade the law by giving sinecure appointments to every member of the party. The Courts would make short work of that. You are thrown back upon a voluntary levy. Nobody knows better than yourself how extremely unsatisfactory such a method of raising cash would be *over a period of years*. You would hardly have begun before a large proportion of your members would be reserving their shillings for Socialist candidatures. We urge you not to let pass any time before starting a vigorous agitation in favour of payment of members and election expenses. This should have been secured long since. We have never forgiven Mr. Keir Hardie for a certain article in the "North American Review." No sooner were he and his I.L.P. associates entrenched in your financial citadel than he arrogantly proclaimed in that article that Labour did not ask for payment of members; that, in fact, it was better to maintain the voluntary system because it would exclude middle-class adventurers, lawyers, and other cattle. Mr. Keir Hardie is meeting Nemesis in many shapes just now: one of them will be the dissolution of the Alliance *as at present constituted*, should the Lords confirm the Court of Appeal. Doubtless this will stimulate his languid interest in payment of members. You will hardly be surprised if we tell you that we should welcome any breach in the Alliance that restored to Socialists full freedom of political action.

For Socialism has been paralysed to a tragic degree in recent years. Every proposed advance has been countered by the I.L.P. junta with one unfailing formula: "It would be contrary to the terms of the Alliance." It has always acted as an instant sedative; the oracle spoke, and we were submissively dumb. But we shall be silent no longer. Socialism is a new scheme of life; Trade Unionism is but a palliative of life as it is lived to-day. The old and the new are fast coming to death grips. The workers' Armageddon will be fought, not in the narrow confines of trade combination, but in the wider area of the whole community. The battle will be between the possessing classes and Socialism, and not only between industrial capitalists and Trade Unionists. For these and many other reasons, we genuinely desire to be your friend; we emphatically decline to be your paid servants.

Faithfully yours,

THE NEW AGE.

"The C. O. S. and Fair-play."

There are many hard things said and written about the Charity Organisation Society (known as the C.O.S.), but many of these harsh accusations owe their origin to the imperfect knowledge of the speaker or writer. With a view to mitigating, and perhaps removing, the prejudice existing in the minds of many against the Society and its work, as a lover of fair-play and justice I write this article.

Let me begin by defending myself from an accusation of partisanship. I am a strong supporter of, and believer in, the Minority Report of the Poor Law Commission. I consider that Report to be a monumental work, a literary treat, sound and far-reaching in the principles it lays down, and in the scheme it advocates. That is certainly *not* the opinion of the C.O.S. Again, I am distinctly opposed to the attitude the Society takes up on the question of Old Age Pensions. I not only gladly welcome that measure, but, in common with many others, I desire and hope that the age limit (70) may be shortly considerably reduced. The Society knows as well as I do that it is almost an impossibility to get any man or woman over sixty years of age any employment other than that of "caretakers" or, in the case of men, "watchmen," and billets such as these are naturally very limited. The reason for the difficulty is obvious: an employer of labour gets rid as soon as he can of the old men, and takes on in their place more active and younger men, generally between the ages of 25 and 45.

Further, I am in favour of the State providing employment on productive or reproductive work for the bona fide working man who is unable to get work, and who is out of work through no fault of his own. The Society is strongly opposed to this, on the ground that such a measure would undermine the working man's independence and energy and render him lethargic and dependent. To this I reply (1), that if a man be out of work for any substantial period of time both moral and physical deterioration are not unlikely to set in; he is apt to lose both physical and moral energy, to become more or less hopeless and despondent, and he may in his condition of enforced inactivity sink from the first class into the second or third class worker. (2) That the important and essential thing to do is, before any such mischief occurs, to find the man work of the character I have specified. (3) Much of the relief given by the C.O.S. is far more calculated to produce the evils the Society apprehends as arising from State employment than any such measure of State employment is likely to give rise to. The Society, when such a man as I have described as a first-class man is out of work through no fault of his own and cannot get work, in the hope or in the expectation of the man getting employment within a month or two, gives the man, if he be single, or his family if he be married, relief in the shape of an adequate weekly allowance, called interim relief. I have known cases in which relief of this kind has been given by the Society for as long as three months. Is the effect of this sort of relief upon the man better or worse than that of the State finding productive work for him promptly at the current rate of wages? Is the man more likely to retain his physical and moral energy unimpaired by eating his heart out in enforced inactivity and at the same time receiving a charitable subsidy, or by being employed on remunerative work? It will thus be seen that on three very important matters (1) the respective merits of the Majority and Minority Poor Law Reports, (2) Old Age Pensions and the necessity for a considerable reduction in the standard of age, and (3) State employment for the bona fide working man who is unable to find work, I am quite opposed to the views held by the Society. Having thus, as I hope, placed myself on good terms with my jury, I now proceed to examine some of the multifarious work which is being daily done by the C.O.S. In so doing, I shall not touch upon the work of the Central Council, but confine myself to the work of the numerous District Committees, and I trust that when I have concluded, the verdict will be that these District Committees are doing, and are doing efficiently, good and valuable work of an extensive and diversified character.

Let me commence with the work that the Society does as an enquiry agent, not in regard to applications made to itself, but for residents in London and elsewhere all over the kingdom, to whom appeals for help are made. Very many of these appeals are sent on to the District Committee within whose district the person appealing for help dwells with a request from the householder, to whom application for help has been made, to enquire into and report upon the case and the applicant. Careful and searching enquiries are then made by the District Committees from employers, landlords, and near relatives of the applicant, and the result of these enquiries is in due course reported to the householder, with a recommendation either to assist or not to assist. In many instances it is found that the applicant is a well-known begging-letter writer, and that the address which he or she has given is what is known as an accommodation address. But the Society's functions as an enquiry agent do not stop here. The various Distress Committees have in a very large number of cases employed these District Committees of the C.O.S. to enquire into the history of and report upon those who have applied for help to the Distress Committees.

The District Committees have also been made considerable use of in the same way by the Personal Service League, by the Infant Children's Aid Association (commonly known as the I.C.A.A.), and by many other philanthropic and charitable societies. Thus the Society's work as an enquiry agent covers a much wider field than is generally supposed to be the case. In addition to this, there are of course numerous applications for some assistance of some sort or another made to the Society itself, applications for interim relief while the husband, or mother, if she be a widow, is ill, incapacitated, or out of work, for convalescence of a member of a family, help to find work, help with rent, admission to Homes, surgical appliances, training for boys and girls who have left school, clothes to enable a girl to go into service or for a boy to go into employment, grants to the blind, etc. All these applications, again, necessitate careful and searching enquiries, and if the results are satisfactory to the District Committee, and it has either sufficient funds at its disposal or can raise sufficient funds for the purpose, the application is granted and the assistance asked for is given. Sometimes the interim relief, in the shape of an adequate weekly allowance, has to be extended over a considerable period of time, until, in fact, the husband or widow, as the case may be, has recovered his or her normal condition or has succeeded in obtaining employment. Again, to relieve families, as to whom the result of enquiry is satisfactory, who are overburdened with more children than can be maintained, District Committees get some one or more of the younger children into Homes, and find billets or situations which promise permanency of tenure, either in the country or in town, for the elder children of both sexes. For the bona fide working man who is not incapacitated, but who is out of work through no fault of his own, whose record is good, and who has shown some evidence of thrift, every effort is made to obtain work for him, sometimes successfully, but in many instances, I regret to say, the effort is not successful, and in the meantime, as I have before stated, an adequate weekly allowance is made to the man, if he be single, or if married, to the family. Then, for applicants over sixty years of age who, on account of their age, are unable to obtain employment, who have a good record, who have shown evidence of thrift, and whose near relatives, if in a position to do so, are willing to assist, the Society organises or raises pensions, adequate in amount and payable weekly.

I may here mention three of the principles upon which District Committees invariably, as far as I know, act; (1) that whenever relief is given, whatever the nature of the relief may be, it must be *adequate*; (2) that no relief is to be given unless there be a reasonable prospect of effecting some substantial and permanent good,

e.g., setting a family, not temporarily, but permanently on its feet again; (3) that relief is to be withheld where the giving of it would serve to encourage a vice in one of the members of a family, in the husband or wife, as, for instance, in those cases in which the man or his wife drinks, or in which the man has lost his employment, not on one occasion only, by laziness or unpunctuality. It is adhesion to this principle, which reflection will show is a sound one, that is the main cause of the charges levelled against the Society of being hard and unfeeling.

Another important branch of the Society's work is that known as "The Mutual Registration of Relief." The object of this is to prevent the overlapping of charity or relief, and to suppress concealment or misrepresentation on the part of applicants. The scheme is a simple one. The other various and often numerous relieving agencies in the district send monthly, sometimes more often, a list to the C.O.S. District Committee which contains the names and addresses of the various persons or families in the district relieved by each relieving agency, and also a short statement of the nature of the relief given. A careful, tabulated statement is then made by the C.O.S. District Committee of the information thus given, and if relief is being given to the same family or person by two or more agencies, or by the C.O.S. and any other agency, the relieving agencies concerned are at once notified. The District Committees have also a sub-committee called "Friendly Visiting Sub-Committee," whose function it is to advise and give a helping hand to many families to whom the District Committees have been unable to give the assistance for which application has been made. There is a good deal of other valuable work done by these District Committees which time and the consideration of space will not permit me to enumerate.

It is hardly necessary to state that all this multifarious work, of which I have given but a short and imperfect sketch, is a great chain upon the funds of the various district branches, and that there are many cases in which the Society is reluctantly compelled to withhold assistance on the ground of want of funds. The criticism, so often made on the Society's work, that it is slow is no doubt to a certain extent true, but it is better to proceed carefully and surely, even if this involves some delay, than by well-meaning but precipitate action to do what may prove to be merely mischievous. In conclusion, I desire to pay a just and emphatic tribute to the many self-sacrificing men and women who cheerfully and willingly spend day after day of each week in assisting to carry out what all fair-minded persons must admit is a noble, valuable, and good work.

HARTLEY WILLIAMS.

The Economic Test of Unemployed Policy.*

II.

IF the hypothesis of under-consumption or over-saving as the chief cause of cyclical unemployment be rejected, how can it be contended that to take money from taxpayers in order to furnish materials, tools, and wages for unemployed workmen has any other effect than merely to shift the personnel of unemployment? If the money taken in taxation must either have been spent upon commodities or have been saved and invested, *i.e.*, spent upon new forms of capital, the labour that would have been expended in making these commodities or these forms of capital will now be unemployed. There will be no addition whatever to the volume of employment as a whole. Instead of a number of men being employed in the ordinary course of trade to make goods for consumption, or to make more mills and machines, a number of other men will be employed by public departments to make a road or an artificial lake; the aggregate amount of employment will be just the same, though the product will be a good deal smaller.

The plausibility of this argument, however, disappears before closer inspection, in the light afforded by our analysis of income. The money income of a man represents, as we have recognised, some product actually made by the factor of production which he owns; it is nothing else than a demand note enabling him to obtain possession of consumptive goods or capital goods already in existence, equivalent to the product which procured for him this money income. He can, without doing any other productive act, withdraw some food or clothing from the existing stock for his own consumption, paying this money for them, or he can withdraw from the existing stock some machine or some materials and apply them to his business. By this act of purchase, whether of consumptive goods or capital goods, he stimulates a large number of producers engaged in various processes to make another product similar to that which he has bought and withdrawn.

But his own act of spending, whether upon consumptive or on capital goods, is not conditioned by any act of employment or production on his part; he has already performed this act before he has got possession of the money he expends. Now, suppose, instead of allowing him to spend this "income" in buying consumptive or capital goods, the State seizes some of it and applies it to unemployed relief works, is the State spending it under the same conditions as regards employment as if the man had spent it himself?

The real issue depends upon the pace of the application of spending power. If the taxpayer would have paid away his money in "demand" as quickly as the State would have paid it in relief works, no increase in volume of employment is produced by taxing him. If, on the other hand, the effect of taxing him is to apply the money in demand for labour *more quickly* than it would have been applied, the aggregate of employment within a given period is increased by this acceleration of demand. The entire economic case for State relief insurance seems to turn upon the question of the acceleration or retardation of demand. Now, assuming that my hypothesis, that the largest proportion of saving proceeds from the upper portions of high incomes not required to satisfy any keen or constant pressure of need, be correct, the normal effect of taxing or rating such incomes for unemployed relief will be to accelerate the application of such income in demand for labour. For, during a time of depressed trade, saved income cannot be applied in furnishing new forms of capital as easily or quickly as during good trade; large quantities of savings will be kept waiting for investment or will be applied in acquiring the existing properties of weak owners. While, therefore, saving which is immediately applied as a demand for labour to produce new plant and other concrete capital employs as much labour as the same income if it were spent in buying commodities, this is not the case when the condition of trade retards the rate of effective investment. Taxation, therefore, properly directed to fall upon the unearned incomes of the wealthier classes, will have the effect of accelerating the use of such income in demand for labour.

This argument of the effects of transferring private income by means of taxation into expenditure on public relief cannot be dismissed as vague hypothesis. Every financier and business man is aware that, during a prolonged depression, quantities of loanable capital stand out of all new industrial uses awaiting an opportunity to operate productively. It is hardly disputable that a process of taxation which should arrest some of these stagnant savings, and apply them to production through public expenditure would secure an earlier demand for labour than would otherwise have occurred. Workers would have in their hands wages which they would apply in consumption at an earlier date than if they had to wait until some bank felt justified in making an investment in a loan which some business man should employ for paying wages. During a depression there is no motive to apply savings in demand for labour because such application implies the further congestion

* From a forthcoming work: "The Industrial System: An Enquiry into Earned and Unearned Income." By John A. Hobson. (Longmans.)

of a market already congested. Therefore, there is a reasonable presumption that a taxing process which intercepts such savings and converts them into immediate employment of unemployed labour will have the effect of increasing the aggregate volume of employment within a given time, and not merely of changing the personnel of the unemployed.*

J. A. HOBSON.

A Shriek of Warning.

Part I.

By G. K. Chesterton.

I HAVE occasionally made in these columns the fantastic suggestion that the possessive pronoun, still admitted in grammars, has some meaning attached to it; that when you say "his house" or "my hat" you may possibly not be uttering gibberish like "pooje house" or "punk hat." This paradox, which some call mystical, has caused my Socialist friends not only distress, but some mental disorder. When I speak of "a wish to own," the Socialists, in reply, divide their time and argument between two main positions. First, they say that there is no such wish. Secondly, they say that Socialists feel it keenly, and will satisfy it to repletion. My friend Mr. Jepson, for instance, says there is no desire to own in a human being. But then Mr. Jepson (if I remember right) says there is no such thing as a human being. He resented Belloc speaking of "the fact, Man": it seems there is no such fact. What can one say of such vapours? That mankind is not a fact is bad news for all the decent Socialists who have made human solidarity the pivot of their just anger and pity. It is good news for all the tyrants who have tried to divide men and rule them, to split them into slaves and freemen, into fit and unfit. A sweater would be glad to believe that Man is not a fact. A Socialist would be sorry to believe it. But fortunately no sweater or Socialist could be such a madman as to believe it seriously at all.

Mr. Jepson has used one most unlucky argument. He has told me that I am quite happy in my Battersea flat, at the very moment when I am leaving it. I never liked a Battersea flat, except in so far that I liked living in Battersea. And even now, when my boxes are almost labelled, if Mr. Jepson will give me a small house of my own in Battersea, I will die there, blessing his name. Of course, I can eat, sleep, and praise God in a flat. I can eat, sleep, and praise God in a railway carriage. But a railway carriage is not a house because it is a house on wheels. A flat is not a house because it is a house on stilts. If Mr. Jepson says he feels no such differences, I accord him my credulity and my compassion. But when he says that *I* don't, I give him the lie, with my love.

As to the general denial of a possessive passion, it is as sweeping and simple and incredible as the denial of any other passion. If Mr. Jepson said that men did not desire women, I don't know what I could reply—except that, in that case, all the men who have blown out their brains with pistols or written out their brains in sonnets have somewhat mysteriously wasted their time. So the denial of the sentiment of property makes large tracts of experience dark and unintelligible; and that is all. Perhaps the shortest answer is this: bring me any books from any bookshelf (barring astronomy and mathematics): travel or ballads or theology or the Newgate Calendar, and I will undertake in twenty minutes to mark in red pencil as many paragraphs depending on this non-existent passion of mankind.

This brings me to Mr. Cecil Chesterton and Mr. Muggeridge, whom I am always delighted to meet. Assuming for the moment a sentiment of property to exist in some degree (which they, I think, would not deny), it will scarcely be disputed that this sentiment is ill-satisfied under our present oligarchy of town and country landlords, just as the sentiment of bodily freedom must be unsatisfied among otherwise comfortable negro slaves, or the sentiment of local patriotism unsatisfied among otherwise amiable Bedouins. Our present circumstances tend to make us mutilate or forget this function. Now, the Chester-Bellocian contention, right or wrong, is this: that we are passing easily from Oligarchical to Collectivist ideas precisely because they are so like each other: the earth-love of the common citizen is at a low ebb in both, and will not therefore be an obstacle in either. We are only niggers, being handed over from one overseer to another, without once having felt freedom. We are only Bedouins pitching another camp in the same inhuman desert, having missed the village which is the home of men. This is our contention, and to this Muggeridge and C. C. make their reply.

Now, I could best express my feelings towards my brother and Mr. Muggeridge by shouting at the top of my voice "Hi!" or "Look out!" as one shouts at a man walking gaily over a cliff, or at a child playing in front of an express train. Their innocence has something awful about it. They are both sincere and able persons; they know much more of economics than I do, and perhaps as much of history and that more reliable thing literature. The only thing that they do not in the least know is where they are. They have not the faintest conception of what country they are living in, to what generation they belong, or of what is going on under their own noses. They take for granted things that have never happened at all, like "the popular movement" for Socialism. They admit the faint and far-off possibility of things that have happened already, such as the conversion of the upper class to the essential ethic of Socialism. Sir William Harcourt, that typical aristocrat, said, with perfect truth, "We" (that is the oligarchy) "are all Socialists now."

But let me illustrate the fatal simplicity with which—all unconscious of their doom—the little Fabians play. Perhaps I can do it most shortly by answering Mr. Cecil Chesterton's most direct question: "If G. K. C. were a Socialist candidate, would he rather run for West Ham or for St. George's Hanover Square?" To this I reply at once, "If I wanted to call myself a Socialist, to wear a red tie, to talk about Ruskin and the New Jerusalem, to be quite incorruptible and quite powerless, I should run for West Ham. If I wanted to get rapidly to work on the Imperial machine, to run it nearer to Socialism, I should without hesitation stand for St. George's, Hanover Square." And so I should think would anyone else, with even the feeblest knowledge of the world. Coming in a frock coat from

* The Minority Report of the Poor Law Commission points out that, without any considerable amount of taxation, the Government can, in times of trade depression, borrow at low rates large quantities of unemployed floating capital and idle plant, operating it by unemployed labour, so as to produce wealth (p. 1198). The only new taxation involved in this process would be that required to pay the interest on the borrowed capital, and to meet any deficit due to the inferior quality of the plant and labour got into employment by Governmental action.

Hanover Square, I should be put on the Front Bench to pass Bills regulating the lives of the poor "in the public interest," raiding their houses to see if they had the right soap, or sending round the State barber to shave them once a day. Coming in a red tie from West Ham, I should be universally respected as an honourable lunatic, and die without having given one Socialist touch to the Constitution. My opponent has innocently touched upon just such a case as I should have chosen myself. It is my whole point that the man now in possession is much more likely to increase the State powers while he himself holds them, than to leave it to be done by less practised, though purer, hands. The oligarchy will beat Grayson as it has beaten Keir Hardie, because neither of those admirable men understands what the oligarchy really is or wherein lies its smooth and slippery strength. "Let it be granted," says C. C., "that a despotic State, or an aristocratic State, or a Papal State" owning the means of production would be correctly describable as a Socialist State, practical men will still answer that no Socialist in Europe wishes to see the means of production owned by a despotic, aristocratic, or Papal State. If this means that the system set up by Socialists would be called a Democracy, I daresay it would. Has it by any chance occurred to him that the present system is called a Democracy? There would be no legally established oligarchy of Socialism. But there is no legally established oligarchy now. Mr. Winston Churchill is not supposed to be in power as a prince of one of the great houses; he is supposed to be the particular private citizen upon whom the local affections of the people of Dundee have chanced to fall. The question which I always ask Socialists, and which they never answer, is simply this: "As the English trust everything to the Churchills and call that Democracy, why should they not trust everything to the Churchills and call that Socialism?" At least it is no answer to say that most Socialists vaguely desire self-government. Most Englishmen vaguely believe that they have got it. But if it means anything more than this dim admission of the self-governing principle, if he means that Socialists are generally full of the democratic feeling, that they are allied by instinct to the habit and humour of the people, then I say with certainty that they are not. I have never met men so anti-popular in their passions as most Socialists. Blatchford is an immeasurably better man than Joe Chamberlain; but Chamberlain has been less secluded from common sentiments. Bernard Shaw is a better statesman than Asquith; but he has fewer links with the life of the street. Keir Hardie is a much finer character than Mr. Chaplin; but the nearest omnibus conductor is more likely to be Chaplin than Hardie.

Let me take one test; an essential one to me. In my opinion, modern English prisons are by far the wickedest in the world, because they are not content, like feudal or Oriental prisons, with keeping a man quiet. They want to keep a man "clean"; that is, to impose on him the last priggish fancies of the rich about psychology or hygiene. Briefly, they forbid beer and insist on soap. Now, is there any bold Socialist who will have the hardihood to declare that the trend and soul of modern Socialism will be for the beer and against the soap? Will anyone assure me that Socialists will prefer (in case of such a choice) the old chaotic Pickwick prison, with its dirt and drinks and discussions, to the new scientific prison, with its cleanliness and silence? I want an answer: the point is of importance to me.

To summarise so far: if my brother means that Socialists will profess a formal Democracy, that is professed now by everybody, especially the oligarchy. If he means that Socialists have a Democratic force and fire, a spirit that can make Democracy real, then I say out of the depths of conviction and experience, that Socialists have rather less of that spirit than anybody else.

All this is preliminary: I want to go on to the Soul of Muggeridge and the Complete Ignorance of Our Obvious Danger. But for reasons of space, I must break off in the middle and defer the rest to next week. As has so often occurred to me, I come to the end just when I have come to the beginning.

The Convert.

By W. L. George.

"LET me tell you, gentlemen, that in Tariff Reform, and in Tariff Reform alone, will you find the cure of the evils which beset to-day this most ill-fated Empire. It will replenish the Store (John Bull's Store, I may say); it will feed the hungry, clothe the naked, secure for all men happiness and freedom; its triumph will make the Empire great, and turn out of office the rascally band of jackanapes . . . "—"'Ere shut it," cried a voice— . . . "yes, gentlemen, rascally band of jackanapes, into whose predatory hands the governance of the land has lapsed." I paused for a moment to regain breath and to survey from the vantage of the cart the grey vista of Westbourne Grove—its endless line of twinkling lights.

"What must we do? I ask you; what can we do for England? ("Go 'ome," yelled the voice.) Gentlemen, the noblest lines of our greatest poet ask that question:

What can I do for thee,
England, my England?
What can I do for thee,
England, my own?

("Shut yer 'ead," shouted the voice again.) While delivering the lines with proper pathos (slowly, that is, of course), I had looked at its owner. He was standing beneath a lamp-post, a youth or man; you cannot tell how old are the young men of the people, for they have no colour. A cloth cap overshadowed his insignificant nose, under which appeared a puffing briar. He was small, too, I could see.

Every other sentence he punctuated, excited more and more by the cheers and hisses of the people around him. It was a good meeting; a little electric. While my tormentor was entreating me to keep my hair on, a supporter of mine vigorously cuffed an inoffensive boy. The little lake of faces grinned. In a whirl of whistling and applause, I stopped. The meeting was getting too lively. And, while another martyr replaced me at the stake, I dived down between the shafts of the cart, squirmed through the crowd, and reached the young man by the lamp-post. I could see him better then. He was thin. A wisp or two of sandy hair dropped from under the cap. His underlip, hanging a little, showed his front teeth. His suit I had seen before in the Edgware Road.

We talked. He was a little shy, but by degrees I got from him, as we walked away slowly, the fact that he worked at a grocer's and the essence of his political faith.

"He was a Liberal. Oh! yes, and didn't 'old with Empire and all that, I mean ter say. No, he wasn't a Territorial; didn't see as 'ow they'd give him a fortnight off for camp! Not patriotic? Dessay as good as the others."

We must educate our masters, and so most of that evening, as we walked Notting Hill, I talked to him of Tariff Reform and art and religion and many other things. He seemed more inclined to listen than to argue; I slowly felt my liking for the democracy increase. As we parted an impulse made me ask him to dine at my house the next night; these men who do not know exactly what they think are part of the fluctuating majority which turns the tables at election time.

It is good to impress the lower classes: to impress those whom one would lead must at all costs be done. I saw to it, therefore, that the butler should first of all show him into the billiard-room after telling him that Sir John wouldn't be a minute. There I found him, his back to me, clothed in blue serge, two large red hands with bony wrists clasped behind him. He was looking at a small bronze of Venus of Milo. As I came in he turned, flushed, a little flurried. After we had shaken hands and told one another it was a warm

evening, he clearly sought to say something. For these great thoughts of the people I always wait: they are the key to the feelings a politician must stir. I was disappointed, however, for he jerked his thumb towards the bronze, and remarked: "Very 'ot."

I dined him very well. He did not say much, but helped himself to the *hors d'œuvres* so liberally that I realised he took them for the fish. My wife bore up bravely, as I had thought it advisable to tell her that he was the secretary of the local Conservative Association. I saw her look away, however, when he thoughtfully selected the wrong forks and tried to eat *bombe glacée* with a spoon.

However, I talked suitably and well, so that when we were alone and he meditatively tackled his port, I felt the time to capture him had come.

"Well," I said, "and how's the grocery?"

"I dunno," he remarked; "it don't make no difference to us."

"You?" I said; "who do you mean? Or, rather, what do you mean?"

"What I say," he replied, with a little air of triumph that generally accompanies this sentence. "Good times or bad, it's always sort o' the same, yer see."

I explained the inevitable results of Tariff Reform on trade.

"Yes," he said; "p'raps there's somethink in it, if you're rich."

These personalities annoy one. "Have another glass of port," I said.

"I don't mind if I do," said the young man, and drank off the glass at a gulp. "Look 'ere," he added, "there's other things than Free Trade."

"Other things?"

"Yes . . . Thenks for asking me 'ere . . . 'Ope I'm not keeping you . . . I'm orf." And he jumped to his feet with the suddenness of a jack-in-the-box.

I was a little taken aback. "Really," I said, "I can't have that: I want to have a chat with you. There, sit down; have another glass of port," and I coaxed him back to his seat.

After a little silence, he put his feet on the top of the fender stool, and said, "It's all wrong."

"What's wrong?" I said.

"Oh! I dunno," he replied; "queer like."

"But *what* is queer?" I insisted.

"Well," he said, "you're rich, yer know."

"Well?"

"Well, why?"

Elementary queries are hard to answer. I was explaining that the poor are always with us, that their care is our duty, when he broke in:

"I've been thinkin'," he said, "it's no go. I'll never be rich even if yer do 'ave Tariff Reform and no 'Ouse of Lords. Then, wot's the good of it? Wot's the good of anything if yer don't get nothing for yer work?" He sat up in his chair, a faint flush rising slowly on his cheekbones. "I'll tell yer wot it is," he resumed. "I didn't see it before; I see it now, when I see this 'ouse . . . and the silver dish there . . . and the flowers and all. 'Course, I knew people 'ave twenty servants and motor-cars and . . . dress suits. But it's all different now."

I could see what was coming. The position was not comfortable. I suggested a game of billiards, but he seemed not to hear me as he sat gazing into the fire. And the spectral voice reeled out unexpectedly the demagogue tirade I have heard before on Clapham Common. With his chin down, I could just catch the spoken thought:

"Now I've seen it: some 'ave a 'ouse and some 'ave a room. And you 'ave a different wine with every dish. And billiards, with nothing to pay for the hundred. Footmen, carriages." He meandered on, babbling. "And it'll all 'ave to come down. Yes, come down, if we 'ave to go up. Tell yer wot, guvnor, yer can't pull us up: we've got to pull yer down. Yes, I see it all. I didn't see it yesterday . . . it was sort of dream-like. I 'eard a chap in the Park: tax 'em, 'e was sayin'. Tax 'em, and we'll capture the means of . . . I forget wot—the means to do somethink. It's a class war, 'e said, that's wot it is, class war. Why should some 'ave everythink, e' was sayin,' and we 'ave nothink? We've got to take it. Yes, I see it all now."

He stopped. I held my breath and for a second gazed at the narrow, bent back, the straggly head of hair. Drunk, of course!

He rose to his feet. "I'd best be going," he said, and walked to the door.

"Stop," I cried; "you're not a Liberal, you're a . . . a Socialist."

He looked at the carpet, gently digging into the pile the toe of his boot, at the pictures, at the table still loaded in picturesque disarray with the remains of the feast. "I dessay," he said.

THE MARCHERS.

In the light of the bright electric world
Running up, running down the Strand,
In the light of the hard electric world
The cohorts of the damned
Pace the thick street, and beat by beat,
We mark the tramp of their aching feet
Beating away till morning.

Christ, how weary they are of it all!
Only to rest a little while,
Lean a tired head on a kindly hand,
See for a moment a kindly smile,
See for a moment something else
(They say) than the street, which outstares our eyes,
And the pitiless, laughing luxury,
And the blow and the spit, or a word more vile,
And the terrible urgent will to glide
Down the lane to the bridge where the water flies

The rich sit oozed in the houses near,
They eat and laugh, and their jewels shine;
But we sit nowhere—we're not allowed;
We walk and walk in a haggard line:
Yes, we've been walking some time now,
And so, of a long soft rest we are fain;
But the only rest is the river's rest;
And oh, the pain ere the end of pain.

If here, as we crawled by this theatre door,
Death seized, shook once, and then left us spent,
Flung us before a starlight crowd,
Made of our corpse for their feet a floor,
And everything over, there and then—
Stunned, shocked, dead, as we stepped a step,
With the crowd around gone black and blind,
And only the white policeman's shield
Remaining a quivering disk, till that
Turned moonily into a moony field,
And a man picked up our poor old hat,
And they lifted us, muddy boots, torn face,
And lo, while they carried us down came sleep! . . . .

Sleep! We have long desired it, our eyes are stinging for sleep;
Are there not in our ears and hearts always the words, "Be still"!
How can we face the phantoms that set and beset our path—
Horror and want, and not only those, but the soul of the soul we kill?
Nights in the Strand, when craving to be miles off by a lonely farm,
Watching a face grow thin on the pillows, and a pulse beat higher and lower,
Watching the tremulous, innocent life, and we the cause of the harm;
Trying to help, to cure, and then—we strike a post in the street.

No, there is nothing to hope from This but mud and glare and jeers;
Let us dive down to the place where water is lapping against the piers:
And over once—well over—sure, rough and bitter men
Must cease their curses and spits and blows when they see us rolling then!
And after the strangle, the deadly ache in the heart is stilled, is stilled,
And nobody but a pauper dead, and a fellow himself has killed.
What is it holds? What is it? This evening it must be done. . . .
Now, now—while I lean—*Now!*—oh, now!—the hard old life is spun.

VINCENT O'SULLIVAN.

An Interview with the Tsar.

By Maxim Gorki.

(Translated by David Weinstein.)

IF the manner of reception at Tsarkio Selo is not exactly amiable, it at least has the advantage of being original. From the moment of my entrance I was surrounded by a group of gendarmes, whose hands evinced a decided predilection for diving into my empty pockets with a most insatiable curiosity.

"Gentlemen," I said, politely, "it's not of the least use you searching me; knowing the place I was coming to, as well as the kind of people I was likely to meet, I took the precaution of leaving every kopeck at home!"

But they paid not the slightest heed to my assertion, and continued searching the inside of my clothes, my boots, my hair—in short, every part of my person visible to the naked eye, even to the inside of my mouth.

The reception room in which this perquisition took place was simply, but tastefully, furnished. At each window stood a number of cannons in juxtaposition, the mouths towards the street; a quick-firing gun occupied an elevation near the door, while each of the walls was thickly furnished with all kinds of racks, containing a variety of arms.

The search went on assiduously. It was evident that the gendarmes had not only the vices of their calling, but that they liked it besides. I was tossed from hand to hand like a mere ball, until one of them, receding a few paces, and scrutinising me mentally from head to foot, ordered me to undress.

"Undress?" I exclaimed, angrily.

"Completely!" he categorically declared.

"Thanks. I am much obliged! But it is useless you trying to get me washed, as I have taken a bath only this morning."

"None of your tomfoolery!" he answered, pointing a revolver at my head. This gesture did not, seemingly, surprise his comrades in the least, who immediately threw themselves on me, with an energy worthy of better things, and in a twinkling I was stripped of my clothes as easily as an orange of its rind. Again the Chief examined me in silence. Then feeling convinced I had no bomb concealed about me, and that my neck possessed the requisite qualities entitling it to a hanging, exclaimed, stentoriously:

"Walk this way!"

"But can I not have my clothes?"

"No!"

"Yet . . . . Permit me." . . .

"No comments. MARCH!"

Two of them, with drawn sabres, placed themselves to my right and left, whilst a third followed behind with a revolver levelled at my naked shoulder. Thus we silently traversed the many halls of the Palace, filled with soldiers armed from head to foot. The procession we formed had, visibly, nothing of the extraordinary for them, only one of them enquiring, in a harsh tone:

"To be birched or to be hanged?"

"He is a journalist," came the reply.

"Aha! Then he is to be hanged," he concluded, instinctively.

Next, I was led into a spacious chamber, windowless, and with only one door—that by which I entered. A massive iron lamp, suspended from the ceiling, threw a dismally pale light on the small cannon standing in the centre, but for the presence of which the room would have been entirely empty. I was disappointed. I had expected to find a sumptuous installation, and the barren simplicity of it all displeased me. Dark and gloomy presentiments began invading my soul.

"There is nothing to interest you here," said the guardian with the revolver.

"So it seems!" I answered.

My escort bound me tightly with my abdomen towards the mouth of the cannon, my hands alone remaining free. The breach of the cannon was then connected with an electric wire, at the extremity of which was a contact-plug, which hung suspended from the wall facing me. The cord, in the coils of which I was imprisoned, was tested, after which I was commanded to hold my hands vertically above my head. I obeyed. A complete silence followed, only broken by the grating noise of hinges coming from beneath the floor. The cold steel of the cannon set my body a-trembling, and fear caused the hair of my head to stand on end.

The thought that this might be my last interview overwhelmed me with grief; and I felt like lowering my arms to embrace the steel cannon, just as one would endeavour to caress back to kindness a jealous mistress on murder bent. But at the same instant a weirdly-strange noise, akin to a heavy sigh emanating from a grief-stricken heart, assailed my ear once again, and I beheld, as in a dream, a huge square of the floor rising gradually before me, as a cork from a bottle, and carrying beneath it a large cabinet, in which was seated the Emperor of Russia, King of Poland, Grand Duke of Finland, etc., etc., etc., clad in plate and in armour! Fear and consternation seized my soul, my arms lowering involuntarily.

"Hands up!" shouted the Emperor, in a voice shaking with fear. Seeing that his hand was ready to press the electric button, my arms flew up instantly, like the wings of a mill driven by an impetuous wind.

"You understand," said the Tsar, and something resembling a smile spread itself over his wan features, "when we see one of our subjects approaching us hand in pocket, we suppose, as a rule, that he is going to throw us a bomb, even though, on the contrary, he is ready to give us a rouble!"

"But, Majesty!—I have no pockets!"

"Yes, yes," he replied, "but we nevertheless prefer you keeping your arms in the air. The people's inventiveness nowadays is only equal to their cupidity." . . .

"Quite so, your Majesty!" I acquiesced, in all sincerity.

"I trust you are none the worse for the little precautions taken to protect Our life?"

"Have no fear, your Majesty; I have already grown habituated to them," I answered, without taking my eyes off the finger placed near the button, the slightest pressure of which would have sent the whole of my body into the limbo of forgotten generations.

One becomes most affable, though not unaccountably so, with a prospect like this in store.

"As you see, we are Ourselves not quite at our ease; but our duty to God behoves us to suffer," he continued, his head shaking mournfully.

Fortified as he was in the armour of a knight, he still sat on a throne of bayonets, as do all the other monarchs of to-day! But his costume was too heavy, whilst his throne was tottering and infirm. When the Tsar moved in the least degree without the minutest precaution, the bayonets threatened to give way, and so he was obliged to keep himself constantly poised in awkward equilibrium.

"We have read your interview with Our brother, the Emperor of Germany—Our brother!" exclaimed the Tsar, dreamily, with half-closed eyes. "Yes, he is a monarch in the true sense of the word; he is a king, even when his liver is out of order! Would that I could say as much for Ourselves!" he added, with a sigh. He lifted the peak of his helmet with a hand scrupulously cleaned, and drawing from beneath his armour a sheet of paper, scanned it hastily: "'The Human Mind—that assassin of gods and of kings!—has, in the person of the German Emperor, a relentless enemy. No one knows better than he that the loyalty of a people has always been inspired by the Goddess of Folly.'" . . .

"And of Falsehood, your Majesty!" I interjected.

He threw me a quick glance of the eye, and said, drily: "When the Tsar speaks one should hold one's tongue. True, you have written some justly beautiful things concerning Our brother, the German Emperor; yet, even that does not give you the right to interrupt Our discourse. . . . It is the duty of everyone to keep the place assigned to him—the Tsar on his throne, the subject at his feet! But pray do not allow that observation to trouble you; we are well aware that you are not consumed with a desire to fall at our feet; and we are also aware," he added, with a renewed sigh, "that the time has long gone by when subjects were ready to throw everything—aye, even their hearts!—at the feet of the Sovereign, as the Court historians tell us. Now even that saintly tribe is no longer esteemed by them! There you have in a nut-shell the lamentable results that have attended the modern spread of education. To-day we have the ignoble sight of people throwing themselves at the feet of the Tsar, in no matter what order—killed and wounded in chaotic promiscuity! What strength of will-power, what depth of wisdom, a Sovereign must need have to keep abreast with the currents of his time; to stem the Torrent of Ideas into the Bed of Respect—ever gliding towards the Horizon of the Ideal, the Fear of God and of the Monarch!" . . . . He tweaked his fingers nervously, and his nostrils quivered, as if they scented from afar an odour sharp and cutting.

The features of his face did not strike one by their majesty; it was, above all, the visage of a man sickly and obstinate.

His arms sank back exhausted on his knees, and the steel fell from his body, filling the hall with clangorous and poignant sounds.

The Tsar trembled, looked around him, and continued, his eyes still resting on the paper:

"'Yes, it has been said that the hands of the Tsar are stained and gory with the blood of his people. What falsehood! Is it credible that We Ourselves are likely to do

any such thing? Moreover, Our hands are washed five times daily, and even more, in warm water and perfumes, in order to dissipate the odour of that liquid. O, would that some Hero would arise prepared to tell the truth about Us! Thanks to the babblers of the European Press, we are judged everywhere with prejudice, and treated with injustice. If only those hirelings were to know how sincerely concerned We are in the plght of our people! How Our heart goes out to them at the thought that their revolt against the power of the Tsar should be construed as denying the authority of God Himself!'"

"I promise faithfully to repeat everything your Majesty will tell me," I suggested.

He threw an eloquent glance of the eye on the electric button, and said:

"Yes, to be sure! You are placed in a position where it would be an exceedingly rash thing to say anything but the truth." Then drawing from the side of his helmet another sheet, read: "'Ceratin newspapers have said thta We have massacred "innocents" by dozens and by hundreds. That is a complete lie!—and its lack of veracity is on a par with what those same newspapers have written about us ten years ago, what they may say of us to-day, or what they will say of Us ten years hence. Words not glorifying the bounty and wisdom of the Emperor of Russia must be taken for lies, and as such they will ever remain! Europe considers us a Despot, a Tyrant, a monstrous Vampire sucking the living blood of the people, and then devouring its flesh—Russia's Evil Genius!'"

He paused abruptly, his eyes ran once again over the paper, and, shrugging his shoulders, said, under his breath:

"Why has he written that down—the imbecile! . . . . H'm . . . . Yes, here is the commencement:

"'Every right-minded person believes in the integrity of the Sovereign! Having received his power from Heaven, from the Hands of the Master of the Universe, it is incumbent upon him to preserve his divine gift at no matter what cost. And with that end in view, the monarchs have the full right to hang, to kill, to bludgeon all those denying the sacred rights of the Sovereign and the authority he possesses over the lives and property of his subjects! The Tsar is the Heaven-sent Shepherd of his people! Know you in what the security of a Sovereign rests? I will tell you. In the naïve practice of virtue, and in the unquestioning acceptance of all the manifestations of the will of the Tsar, in silence, submission, and respect, as a gift sent direct from Heaven!'"

The Tsar interrupted his reading, closed his eyes, and smiled with an air of satisfaction.

"How neatly turned is that last part! That dog of a poet has some talent. He expresses other people's thoughts with as much felicity and verve as if he himself had originally given birth to them. It was not for nothing that he was driven out of the regimen for his knavish tricks. . . . What a rabble!"

"Your majesty, may I know who is the author of that work of art?" I asked.

"One of the officers of the Gendarmerie; a sharper of some importance, as are all the rest of the gendarme-poets. . . . We had the intention of reading this discourse at the Duma in the guise of a Speech from the Throne, but we were told that poetry and politics were incongruous elements. . . . Moreover, those members of the Duma are so frightfully savage and backward! Their capacity for ignoring that which is Cæsar's cannot find its equal in any period of our history! Well-dressed and well-groomed as they may be, they are not quite what I should term patricians of the first water. But in the course of time we shall include them in our List of Honours in the hope that perhaps that will help to efface their vices. Our speeches at the Duma cannot at all be demurred to on the grounds of obscurity! They were succinctly brief, and perfectly accessible to the merest mind in Flunkeydom! Yes, it is the flunkeys who represent the most honest and loyal section of our people! True, they have occasionally been guilty of spiriting away things not belonging to themselves, but their loyalty to the throne—well, it is distinctly flunkeylike! Ye were Ourselves perfectly willing to dissolve the Duma once again, but Our Ministers have advised us that it is *too soon*. They rather recommend, in true Radical fashion, the fusilading of the members. . . . We will reflect upon it. . . . We hope, however, through the medium of your good offices, to announce to the world all that I have read—I mean, all that I have told you; in order that the true thoughts and ideas of the Head of the Russian nation may be known, at least for once. Now, let us continue; where were we? Oh, yes! 'As a gift sent direct from Heaven. We will endeavour to recite it by heart." . . . He closed his eyes and began:

"'We have ordered the killing of—' No! It's the wrong part! 'We have killed men, women, and children without number.' . . . No! No! It is very difficult pronouncing a speech without reading it. Besides, we are now obliged to speak in rhythmic prose; the sense of the words when treated in that form is more obscured, and takes on greater majesty. But it is not a very convenient way of arriving at the truth. . . . . We shall begin again."

(To be concluded.)

Books and Persons.

(AN OCCASIONAL CAUSERIE.)

THOSE people who read "Modern Mysticism" and "The Celtic Temperament"—two small volumes of essays which "intrigued" the inquisitive a few years ago—will be curious about Mr. Francis Grierson's new and much larger book, "The Valley of Shadows" (Constable. 6s. net). Mr. Grierson is one of the most mysterious individualities now before the lettered public. He began life, ceremoniously, as a musical prodigy; but before the beginning he had been page to a general in war—and civil war, which is more intimately bloody than common war. And all that happened ages ago, happened in a civilisation which, both in Europe and America, is dead, killed by such phenomena as Sedan, the English Education Act, and the rise of Abraham Lincoln. I know not what Mr. Grierson was doing between the early seventies and the late nineties, when the first of his essays tumbled out of the sky at our feet. I well remember my conviction that "Francis Grierson" must be a pseudonym. For I could not conceive that a man who had lived so long, enccuntered so many people, and thought so much, could possibly then be publishing for the first time. However, it was so, and all our surmises were incorrect. Mr. Grierson is probably not specially interested in the practice of literature. He is probably impartial among the arts, and esteems literature as merely one of them. He writes when it occurs to him to write. I should say that he is, in the fine sense, mainly a dilettante. Therefore I should not be surprised if he never wrote another book. But I shall be sorry if he doesn't. Indeed, if several more books do not follow, I shall consider that the faithful have been deceived. For "The Valley of Shadows" is really the first volume of Mr. Grierson's life; and in the matter of Mr. Grierson's life, it is certainly his duty, having lived it so far, to spend a fair portion of the rich remainder in writing it. His life has been quite special in its inclusiveness. Not every amateur of life can talk of Lincoln and Mallarmé with equal knowledge and sympathy, as Mr. Grierson could if he chose.

* * *

"The Valley of Shadows" is a series of pictures—chiefly in Illinois and Missouri—of American life immediately before and during the Civil War. It is a disturbing book, because, though it deals with scenes and atmospheres that have been very frequently described and that are now docketed in history, it continually leaves impressions which refuse to tally exactly with conventional notions left in the mind by years of reading. In going through it, I was always expecting to meet types of men that I had met before; and I never did. But I often met types whose unlikeness to them was too subtle to be easily seized. For instance, when Mr. Grierson got me to the Mississippi I at once thought to be back on the Mississippi of Mark Twain's greatest book, the incomparable "Life on the Mississippi." But it was another Mississippi—and they were both real! The simple explanation, of course, is that Mr. Grierson is original in a rather naïve way. Not original from a wish to be original, but unconsciously. He writes as if nobody had ever written of

those times before. This is one of the principal things that give its extraordinary value to the book.

* * *

I can tell you it is not an everyday book. You feel that from the very start, when the author introduces you to the religious life of the countryside. Harsh, narrow, and grotesque Puritanism, naturally! The Puritanism of ten thousand novels and memoirs. But when you have read chapters such as "The Meeting-House," "The Load-Bearer," and "The Camp-Meeting," you will perhaps not again think of that Puritanism precisely as you used to do. You will see it as romantically as now you see the ritual and the piety of Indian temples. You will see it drenched in mysticism and in the vapours of sex. Mr. Grierson's description of a devout woman singing a hymn in meeting-house reminded me of the description of the singer at the beginning of d'Annunzio's "Il Fuoco." It has the same detaching sentiment of beauty, the same absolute visual quality. You perceive that a meeting-house is just as exciting, as spectacular, as lovely as the Costanzi at Rome—that indeed all life is one in the homogeneity if its romance. I think that Mr. Grierson has thrown a new light on American Puritanism here, and that he could not have done it had he not lived a long time in France. Assuredly, he has somewhat modified my own attitude towards Puritanism (which has, nevertheless, received the laudation of Nonconformists). I don't know why I should have been so blind. But one never does know why one has been so blind.

* * *

Evidently Mr. Grierson is deeply interested in the religious pageant. The finest pages in the book describe the Sundays of St. Louis before the war (pp. 203-206): Sunday school. Chapel. Cold luncheon (cooking forbidden). Second Sunday school. Third Sunday school. Cold dinner. Chapel. And this was correct; nothing could be more correct. In St. Louis in 1860 it was as impossible for polite persons not to be familiar with chapels and schools, as it is impossible for polite persons in London in 1909 not to be familiar with fashionable restaurants. The chapels stood for all elegance and all beauty. The chapels were "the thing." You bowed your dazzling, elegant, and expensive inamorata into her pew with a bow that all might see and admire. And the preachers were forbidden to be sensational. And the choirs were well paid, and they were operatic. In listening to "the gifted Annie Dean" you forgot both heaven and hell. This was how it was. And as the congregation emerged from chapel all the latest Parisian fashions emerged, too. "All the churches were full on a Sunday, and when the people streamed out, long stately lines of beauty passed through the central part of the town; and as we came to Pine Street we met the major portion of St. George's congregation coming up the street, and these intermingling with people from Christ Church, made the streets glow with delicate colours and the southern type of beauty . . . " And there was the comet. "Over Decatur en Fancy Creek way they built meetin'-houses with steeples on 'em, en the wimin-folks tuck te wearin' store-clothes, en the men-folks put on bi'led shirts. But when the comet came into view the wimin put on their ole sun-bonnets, allowin' pink calico te be more'n enough to be jedged in."

* * *

All these things have passed, together with the Mississippi steam-boats, and the fire-eaters, and the Sioux, and the buffalo herds and the mysticism, and the slave-running, and about nine thousand ideals. Everything has gone: a civilisation has been utterly changed. But doubt not that the romance still remains, and that some day someone will bring it out as Mr. Grierson has done out of the fifties and sixties. I have only mentioned some 5 per cent. of the matters in his strange, true, and fine book. Mr. Grierson assisted, in Paris, at the decline and fall of the Second Empire, and there is an indication, in his preface, that a book of his reminiscences of the Second Empire is among the possibilities of the future. It ought to be among the certainties of the future.

JACOB TONSON.

REVIEWS.

Justice and Liberty. By G. Lowes Dickenson. (Dent. 4s. 6d. net.)

We are inclined to believe that at last we have got what we have waited for so long: a book which will teach Socialism to those very timid, rather puny persons, the cultured middle-class man and woman. It is little use planting before their eyes tables of statistics, telling the tragedy of the slums and starvation: for the atmosphere of tragedy never seems real in the calm of the libraries, where cultured people live their lives. Neither are they captured by abrupt speaking, by vigorous assertiveness. Everything in life, in their opinion, must be carefully weighed; at the best, there will be always nearly as many reasons on one side as on the other. Thus, Socialism must be presented to them as a weighing of possibilities of a situation which is hedged round with infinite difficulties. Mr. Dickenson plays with the man of culture and wealth at his own game. He does it with brilliant success. He discusses the broad issues of Socialism as a philosopher; he dives into the details as an economist and a statesman. He flavours it with wit, and colours it with notable thinking. It is almost the most masterly exposition of Socialism in print. Mr. Dickenson, in the light form of a dialogue between three men, leaves little more to be said in defence of Socialism or in attack on Individualism. There is only one thing he hesitates to tell: how he intends to vote at the next election. That is an essential point, we think. Will Mr. Dickenson please give us a whole book on that question?

England's Story for Children. By M. Baumer Williams. (Grant Richards. 3s. 6d. net.)

Our congratulations to the present generation between the ages of five and ten, and we hope they will have this book for a birthday present. We were not so kindly treated at that age; we had to take our first steps in history in a far less agreeable manner than the children of to-day. There are some alterations which the writer of this book might make to its great advantage: but take it all in all, it is the best thing of its kind we have seen. The alterations we would suggest are in those few places where a little old-fashioned sentiment slips, almost unconsciously, we believe, before an historical view which, on the whole, is modern. "Dear, kind, sensible Queen Victoria" is the sentimental summary of that departed sovereign. On the other hand, "Queen Anne herself was certainly not an amusing queen" is a delicious thumbnail sketch. Again, "Mary [of Scots] loved her religion and would not change it, although many people, who intended to be kind, talked to her and lectured her and preached to her till she grew quite tired of the subject" gives history the reality of a Nonconformist tea-party. And the conclusion that "it was terrible that a bright, happy girl should have come to such a shocking end" brings down royal humanity to the possibilities of a police court tragedy. We cordially commend this book because it makes history real. The full-page illustrations by Mr. Norman Ault show the sense of decorative form and colour; and are distinctly pleasing.

Glimpses of the Twenties. By William Toynbee. (Constable. 12s. 6d. net.)

The light-hearted reader may somewhat hastily imagine that this volume is a most delightful storehouse of the raciest Court stories of the days of the most racy of English monarchs. He (the delighted reader) will be both right and wrong. It is true that none of the modern society-gossip papers can hold their own against the fruity flavour of Mr. Toynbee's tales of George the Fourth and his anti-Puritan relations. But, however fortunate it may have been, the fact remains that history and Court gossip did not run in altogether different channels in the days of the Twenties. A big proportion of history had far too much to do with the Prince's last amorous adventure; far too many men got army commissions or State appointments (it appears that the Church once got a

"BRAIN HUNGER"

THE SIMPLE SECRET OF THE MYSTERIOUS DISEASE NEURASTHENIA.

The most important contributions to medical literature made in our time are the remarkable facts contained in the lecture recently written by the eminent nerve specialist, Dr. A. Kuhner.

The work is vitally important for two reasons. *Firstly*, it deals with the difficult, mysterious, and increasingly prevalent Neurasthenia (a term which practically comprises *all* nervous disorders)—the most calamitous and intractable of human afflictions.

Secondly, Dr. Kuhner's work deals critically with Antineurasthin, the Nerve Food and Tonic discovered by Dr. Hartmann, which has achieved such uniform and complete success in curing the hitherto incurable malady —Neurasthenia.

For reasons which will presently appear, Antineurasthin is the only effective remedy for Neurasthenia which has yet been discovered. More—it is a completely effective and invariably successful remedy; as certain to benefit the nervous sufferer as a square meal is certain to benefit a starving man.

In very truth the matter cannot be put more simply or more exactly than by saying that Antineurasthin is to all nervous sufferers just what food is to the hungry.

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Antineurasthin is NOT a drug or a medicine, it is a FOOD which achieves its success materially by feeding, rebuilding, or toning the exhausted brain and nervous system. All drugs or medicines, on the other hand, act by artificial means which cannot be more than transitory in their effects, inevitably leaving the system still further weakened by subsequent reaction. The former is the natural method of cure.

This is the difference; an immense one. Antineurasthin works naturally by feeding, whilst drugs work artificially.

Antineurasthin has no ill after-effects; drugs invariably produce an evil reaction.

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To demonstrate in unmistakable fashion that ANTINEURASTHIN occupies a position totally different from any known Curative or Food, for the restoring of the nervous system, we issue the following unqualified challenge to the whole world.

WE CHALLENGE any person or persons (including Doctors, Scientists, Analysts, Chemists, or Food Specialists) to prove that ANTINEURASTHIN does NOT contain Lecithin in its active organic state, or that this is not presented in a form by which the Brain and Nervous System may wholly benefit.

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We believe in the conviction that comes of a personal test and a personal investigation. We accordingly offer readers a Gratis supply of Antineurasthin sufficient to demonstrate its wonderful efficacy, together with free copies of Dr. Kuhner's valuable treatise npon Neurasthenia, as well as an equally important pamphlet entitled "Nervous Disorders," post free upon receipt of application enclosing 2d. stamps to cover postage.

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EVERY RECOGNISED AUTHORITY

has to admit that Lecithin is the substance *by which alone* the brain and nervous system can be nourished. It was the impossibility of administering Lecithin in an active state that had previously been the stumbling-block to the successful treatment of Neurasthenia. Given Lecithin in a live organic and assimilable form, and the cure of any (or all) nervous diseases becomes as much a matter of certainty as (to use our former simile) the appeasing of the pangs of hunger by means of food.

For it is indisputable that "Brain Hunger" (i.e., starvation of the brain) is the sole cause of nervous disease—be the symptom what it may. The sufferer from hysteria, from languor, headache, melancholia, insomnia, nervous dyspepsia, insanity, or any of the troubles coming under the head of Neurasthenia, are each and every one suffering from a lack of the material of which the brain and nerve system are nourished and built up—and that material is Lecithin.

WHICH ALONE CAN SUPPLY THE NERVES WITH THEIR INDISPENSABLE PABULUM: PHOSPHORUS IN THE ONLY FORM PRESCRIBED BY NATURE. THE THEORY THAT PHOSPHORUS IN ARTIFICIAL (CHEMICAL) COMBINATIONS, SUCH AS GLYCOPHOSPHATES, PHOSPHATES, PHOSPHITES, HYPO-PHOSPHITES, ETC., CAN BE UTILISED FOR BENEFITING THE BRAIN AND NERVOUS SYSTEM, IS A *FALLACY!* THE HUMAN SYSTEM CAN NEVER UTILISE ARTIFICIAL OR READY-MADE ELEMENTS. JUST AS IN THE CASE OF ORDINARY FOOD FOR MUSCULAR BUILDING UP, IT DEMANDS FOR THE BUILDING UP OF THE NERVOUS SYSTEM THE NECESSARY AND INDISPENSABLE RAW MATERIAL, Viz., LECITHIN, OUT OF WHICH IT MANUFACTURES ITS OWN PHOSPHORUS. ALL ARTIFICIAL COMBINATIONS OF PHOSPHORUS ARE NOTHING MORE THAN STIMULANTS!

A FAMOUS PHYSICIAN'S CONFESSION OF DEFEAT

The uselessness of drugs or medicine to cure Neurasthenia, and the impossibility of otherwise curing it PRIOR TO THE DISCOVERY OF ANTINEURASTHIN is strikingly expressed in the words of one who may be truthfully called one of the cleverest and most famous of English doctors—a physician whose name is known all over the world.

Here is what he said to the students of St. Mary's Hospital: "I defy Sir Almroth Wright or anyone else to discover a vaccine for what I consider one of the most serious disorders of the present day—Neurasthenia, or nervous breakdown.

By that I do not mean the born-tired feeling of the unemployable, or the blasé, invertebrate condition of the born-rich without occupation, but the loss of nerve control and mental energy which comes to the neurotic when the nervous system is strained to breaking-point, and the hapless sufferer drifts like a ship without a helmsman, storm-tossed on the sea of his emotions."

If these words mean anything at all, they mean that a man at the very top of the professional tree knew and confessed that there was no drug or medicine known which would cure Neurasthenia.

It is still true to-day that—apart from Antineurasthin—medical science knows NOTHING which will cure Neurasthenia.

A sufferer was told by two nerve specialists in London that he "could take barrels of their medicine without the least chance of a cure."

The position has been this—that, knowing the impossibility of cure by drugs, the medical profession has simply used these to alleviate pain or to stimulate action. It was the only thing possible under the circumstances.

PROVED BY FACTS.

The whole case for Antineurasthin is readily proved by FACTS in the form of cures achieved, and we are able and willing to furnish *unlimited* proof of this kind in the shape of unsolicited and genuine testimonials of the marvellous effects of Antineurasthin on neurasthenic conditions of every kind.

From every direction we daily receive further convincing testimony to the uselessness of drugs on the one hand, and to the remarkable success of Antineurasthin on the other hand.

The triumph of Antineurasthin rests on the most powerful embodiment of truth, viz., ESTABLISHED FACTS.

Antineurasthin may be administered to any person, however young or old, however delicate or debilitated, without fear. Its effects are always beneficial and *only beneficial*. Antineurasthin is also of the utmost benefit to sufferers from Anæmia, Heart Weakness, Female Weakness, etc., since its action is always in the direction of blood-enrichment, and by that means of strengthening and building-up the whole system.

There are no after-effects—no reaction as in the case of drugs. Every tablet of Antineurasthin is a definite step in that process of rebuilding by which recovery is attained. From day to day, as you persevere with Antineurasthin, the symptoms lessen and disappear; the brain becomes clearer, stronger, more active, the nerves get "tone" and lose their extreme sensitiveness, and the body is more under control, every function returns to its normal condition.

THE CASE FOR ANTINEURASTHIN,

and the Cause and Cure of Nervous Disorders (Neurasthenia) are ably expounded in the two scientific treatises which we offer to send (together with a trial supply of Antineurasthin) GRATIS to readers of this journal.

With these pamphlets in their possession readers will be enabled to weigh the case for Antineurasthin in the scales of their own unprejudiced judgment; by means of the trial supply they will be in a position to make a practical test of the effectiveness of the remedy.

We are content to abide by the issue; all we ask is that readers will write for the books and the trial supply we offer.

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saintly Bishop) for services rendered under circumstances where discretion saved a deal of unnecessary scandal. Mr. Toynbee has written a delightful book for those who want to be amused; he has, at the same time, given to history that touch of reality and atmosphere which the ponderous historian cannot weave round his characters and narrative. A valuable book of history; a volume of national gossip.

Philosophers, Ancient and Modern: Hobbes, by A. E. Taylor; Locke, by S. Alexander; Stoicism, by St. George Stock; Early Greek, by A. W. Benn. (Constable. 1s. net.)

For those who desire a smattering of the philosophies—a very commendable desire—these introductory primers will prove useful. The only danger is that some of the handbooks may prove sufficiently interesting to stimulate readers to waste their time by poring over the originals. There is no danger of this from Professor Alexander's feeble exposition and criticism of Locke; a failure due to ignorance of the trend of recent physics and biology. Professor Alexander medleys his own views and Locke's, for instance, on pages 50 and 51, that the reader cannot readily distinguish who is responsible for some of the philosophical theories. Professor Taylor contrives a lucid account of Hobbes in 126 pages, and the two primers of Greek and Stoic philosophy are useful summaries.

El Greco. By A. F. Calvert and C. G. Hartley. (Lane. 3s. 6d. net.)

El Greco was an alien in Spain, having been born in Crete: yet he became more Spanish than Spaniards. As the pupil of Tintoretto he certainly learned the elements of colour; but it was not until his genius was transplanted to Spanish soil that his great discovery in colour was made. Thenceforward he set the model of Spanish art, and even Velasquez was in many respects not his superior. We gather all there is to be known of his life from the authors of this book, but it is painfully little. His inner life remains a mystery despite the revelation of his paintings. Of his paintings no fewer than 136 are reproduced in this volume, which, together with its fellows in the "Spanish Series," is amazingly cheap and good.

DRAMA.

Ibsen and Bedelia.

As Miss Solomon was kind enough to send me two tickets for her performance of Ibsen's "Master Builder" at the King's Theatre, Hammersmith, I asked my friend Bedelia to accompany me. Now, Bedelia had never, I think, heard of Ibsen before. She had never heard him claimed as an Optimist by one group of "moderns" and as a Pessimist by another. She had never heard him denounced as a Moral Anarchist or lauded as the prophet of a Super-Morality. But she has a keen sense of drama and a considerable, and by no means unruffled, experience of the ups and downs of life. She approached the play simply as a play, and I was anxious to see how she would take it.

The result fully justified my expectations. I always felt sure that nothing stood in the way of Ibsen's popularity in England except Ibsenism. The English people did not dislike Ibsen; they never had a chance of liking or disliking him. They disliked the Ibsenites, and the Ibsenites were always telling them that Ibsen was a man like themselves, that he preached weird doctrines about marriage and heredity, that he "applied the scalpel" (I think that was the expression) to things in general, that he was "remorseless" and "advanced," till they succeeded in conveying the impression that he was a gloomy pseudo-scientific bore afflicted with sex-obsession. But here was Bedelia, who knew of none of these things. The grip of Ibsen's intense humanity upon her was unmistakeable. She followed every turn of the drama, every point of the dialogue, with the tensest interest, and the thing she kept on saying was: "Isn't that like a man?" I thought that tribute worth all the worship of all the faddists of the modern world.

What is Mental Fitness?

AN OPEN LETTER TO A STUDENT

Dear Sir,—I have no need to tell you what physical fitness is; your body tells you all the time. Or, rather, it does *not* tell you; for the best health consists in being unconscious of the body; like the man who was asked about his digestion and replied he did not know he had one.

But there is such a thing as mental fitness—something quite distinct from bodily fitness. A fine physique and a sluggish intelligence may exist in one and the same person. And just as careful eating and physical exercises develop bodily health and strength, so mental exercises develop the power of the mind. (A staggering truism, but—wait until I have finished.)

The point I wish to emphasise is that these two educations should be pursued together, whereas they are usually dealt with quite separately. The physical side is so prominent nowadays that it can boast of many journals, both weeklies and monthlies, devoted entirely to health culture and the acquisition of muscular power. But where are the journals which flourish and pay good dividends by showing how a man may make the best of his brains? They don't exist—the papers, not the brains. There used to be a little tribe of them in the eighteen fifties onwards. But somebody made it fashionable to laugh at the serious young man who studied Watts's "Logic" and the laugh continues to this day. It is still bad form, don't you know, to be too obviously keen on making the best of yourself. Which is sheer nonsense.

But what is mental fitness? It implies, among other things, trained senses, concentrative power, imaginative sympathy, sound judgment, and a strong will. Do you know how to use your eyes? I do not mean in the feminine sense, to bewitch, but to use them as sources of perception in order to supply material for the mind. Examine the confessions of half a dozen Socialists, and you will find that the first step towards the collective principle was taken because of some anomaly seen with their own eyes, and which, in turn, gave rise to serious reflection. There may not always be a right relationship between the thing seen and the subsequent judgment, but I would rather have muddy conclusions from clear perceptions than no perceptions at all.

Of course, the way to learn how to use your eyes is to use them, but there are certain methods approved by experienced pedagogues which save much time and trouble. These are given in the course of study entitled "The Secret of Mental Power."

The power of Concentration is another mark of mental fitness. It is a word with a certain awful pomposity about it, but, after all, it simply means that when you want, say, to give a full hour to Marx on capital, or Nietzsche on democracy, you can do it. If, on the other hand, your mind travels from Marx and Nietzsche to other things, and at the end of the hour you find you have touched upon rent, wages, boots, Chesterton's future, Yorkshire pudding, lords and ladies, walking sticks, Beatrice Tina, picture hats, Keir Hardie, De Rougemont, turtles, trousers, and a whole host of varieties, it is plain you have no control over your powers, and badly need some mental drill.

Again: take imaginative sympathy; the capacity for seeing other people's ideas as they see them. Socialists may heartily disagree with Nietzsche, but they were among the first to give him a hearing. That betrays on their part a keen hunger for ideas, and ability to recognise a strong man when they meet one. Mental fitness means mental avidity; a quick eye for originalities; an Athenian readiness to listen to something new. There is no Mars Hill in Britain. Make your own.

I spoke of sound judgment. This is the tricky spot in mental science. All the great philosophers have had sound judgment (as they believed), ditto the great theologians, ditto the statesmen, ditto all the great leaders of thought everywhere. And yet the world is a mass of conflicting theories and beliefs. Is it not absurd, therefore, to talk of sound judgment? Not necessarily. A thing may appear to be right in theory, and yet be wrong in practice. For instance, I am in theory a red-hot Republican, but from what I see of Republicanism elsewhere I can only conclude that a limited monarchy works infinitely better. To me, therefore, a sound judgment would seem to be based on the old scientific method of observation and experiment. And even then somebody would object to my interpretation.

But I must conclude this letter. You will say I am an enthusiast. I am, indeed. I believe my lessons, if properly followed out, will make life totally different; by deeping and enriching and beautifying it. They will increase the money value of your ability, and no man can at present afford to ignore questions of £ s. d.

You may be interested to know that Dr. G. F. Stout, Editor of "Mind," and Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in the University of St. Andrews, has been kind enough to say after inspecting a specimen lesson, that my "course of study as outlined is excellent, and he is sure the lessons will be stimulating and suggestive."

In addition, there are no dogmas, political, religious, social, or literary. The subject is the development of mental power apart from all creeds and theories.

Yours faithfully,

T. SHARPER KNOWLSON.

P.S.—You can get ideas by stealing them. Turn to p. 11 of my Prospectus, and compare it with the advt. of a Correspondence College which recently appeared in a Nonconformist paper. And to think these people believe in the Ten Commandments!

Well might the late Mr. Clement Scott call Ibsen "suburban." If only the suburbs had been given the chance of appreciating him!

There are some very brilliant writers in our age who will never appeal to any but a restricted public. I doubt if Bedelia would have appreciated Maeterlinck. I think she would have laughed. I looked at her to see whether she laughed at Mrs. Solness's dolls; but she didn't—her eyes were shining. Ibsen's clear, fairy tale symbolism she followed perfectly. Had I taken her to see one of Mr. Shaw's plays I think she would have delighted in the humour, but the philosophy would have escaped her. For Mr. Shaw's genius is the genius of a detached intellectual, and its appeal consists largely in that very detachment. But Ibsen is of the very greatest—and therefore purely human. We, of the narrow literary class, may make our literary gods and worship them for a season. But the Great Ones, the Homers, the Shakespeares, the Molières, the Fieldings, the Dickenses, the Ibsens, stand or fall in the long run by their appeal to Bedelia.

"The Master Builder," if not the greatest of Ibsen's plays, is certainly one of the most characteristic. Nowhere do you find a more striking exhibition of that blend of realistic psychology with a sort of plain, clear-cut symbolism which recalls Norwegian mythology. The passionate controversy which has raged round Ibsen's ideas has prevented proper attention being given to some of the most interesting qualities of his artistry, so that to say that he owes something to Hans Andersen or, at any rate, to the sources from which Andersen drew his inspiration, may seem the most wanton of paradoxes. Yet his masterpiece, Peer Gynt, is full of that inspiration, and it fills his most realistic dramas with figures and symbols which seem to have stepped straight out of folk-lore—Wild Ducks, Rat Wives, Sea Ladies, and Towers which their builder cannot climb.

Miss Jessica Solomon was a vivacious Hilda, but she seemed to me a shade too pert and, if I may be permitted the expression, too American. She was good in the scenes that show Hilda as self-willed and unscrupulous, but where her heart and imagination are touched there seemed hardly depth enough in her interpretation. The great mistake of the representation was Solness. Solness should obviously be a man well advanced in middle age—between fifty and sixty at least. Mr. Rathmell Wilson, who persisted in interpreting the part romantically, refused to make any greater concession to old age than the partial powdering of his hair, giving the impression of a man of about thirty-five who had gone prematurely grey. This weakened the force of the passages about "the younger generation knocking at the door," because Solness looked no older than Ragner. Also it spoilt the humanity of the drama, for the tragedy would not have been the tragedy it was if Solness had had his life before him. Miss Borrow as Mrs. Solness also seemed to me too young, though her acting was perhaps the best in the play. The stage-management of the last act was bad, and I noticed that Bedelia, who had followed the rest of the play so keenly, did not quite catch its drift. This was not, I think, either her fault or Ibsen's. I felt myself that, if I had not known the play, I should hardly have realised what was happening.

My deduction from the experiment I have made is this; if we want to give Ibsen a chance, let us obliterate his name, with all its vegetarian, modernist associations from our minds. Let us call him John Poppleton. And then let us perform his plays at every popular theatre in England, with huge and horrific posters representing Solness falling off the tower and Hedda Gabler shooting herself. They will go splendidly. Of course the Ibsenites will not like it. But, as I happen to think Bedelia worth any fifty of them, I shall not be dissatisfied.

* * *

The "Fifth Queen Crowned," by Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer and Mr. Norreys Connell, which Miss Ada Potter produced at the Kingsway, was much better then most historical plays I have seen—certainly better than the highly successful "Henry of Navarre." Henry VIII. is made weaker and less wicked than I think he really was, but the conception of him was interesting, and was admirably interpreted by Mr. James Hearn. Miss Potter's Katherine was a fine piece of heroic acting. I doubt if the historic Katherine was like that; she was a better sort than most of Henry's queens, but she came out of a dirty clique, and I should hardly think she was so spotless as Mr. Hueffer makes her. On the other hand, I feel grateful to Mr. Hueffer for showing up that contemptible skunk, Cranmer. The best piece of acting was that of Miss Eily Malyon as Lady Mary, afterwards "Bloody Mary," the only Tudor who had the misfortune to possess a conscience—though a morbid one.

The play was preceded by a queer pro-Semite melodrama called "In the Name of the Czar," which seemed

to be inspired by a detestation of the present Government of Russia, which all decent Englishmen share, combined with a passionate admiration for Jews, which is shared by the English governing class alone. There was one passage which I should have called a quite brilliant piece of satire if I could have given the author credit for comedic intention—I mean the passage in which the young Hebraic hero is reminded, in the middle of a splendid rhetorical speech about the use they will make of their arms, of the fact that the arms have, as he already knows, been captured by the police. Otherwise the play was tolerable melodrama, and Mr. Esmé Percy, as the hero, acted in the traditional Adelphi manner. Miss Muriel Carmel acted the heroine much better than she or the author deserved.

Cecil Chesterton.

ART.

Into Pralaya.

The most modern principle in Art seals one of the oldest in diabolonian ethic. It is: Flatter the Bourgeoisie!

For the bourgeoisie has got out of hand. It has donned as a crown the figleaf virtues which Art induced it to wear.

The magic of Art, indeed, clothed the bourgeoisie from its naked savagery. But Art visited earth for its own glorification. It is now in retreat, and the task for artists is to see that none of its jewels are forgotten and that the bourgeoisie is hocussed into inactivity for yet a night. Out of the land of these Egyptians every gem must be collected, and the hordes themselves kept sleeping while the children of light pass onward.

(Still, a few young artists offer to lend out their own treasury; occasionally some journal accepts real young poems and, as rarely, marvels blush in picture exhibitions; but the jewels are uncut and in the rough, and the bourgeoisie does not know them from pebbles and glass chips. It will not trouble to filch such rubbish.)

* * *

There is plenty of proof that Art is abandoning humanity, curiously in the same manner and at the same time as woman is abandoning man. But in both cases the proof "discovered" is not the proof. The fact that women and artists are to-day very accessible and very prone to cupidity, is merely external argument and far from the point of the subject. Artists and women were always accessible and avaricious, and according to their temperament have always demanded all and nothing.

But what does support the subject—and here I divide art from woman for my purpose—is the indifference with which artists regard the sort of work which is being turned out broadcast among the mob. Once there was alive a fine contempt and a subtle revenge for those persons of talent who served the natural tastes of the bourgeoisie. But to-day, who hears of any serious protest, that is, any protest which alters things? for, after all, the artist who really intends a change brings it about.

Formerly, the bourgeoisie, taught to worship, held the mirror upon which the artist's ideal was reflected. Now the bourgeoisie sees in the mirror—its own lineaments; and it continues to worship. Yet the reason is not that the artists have left off working, but that they have ceased to experiment in those ideas which the bourgeoisie is able to perceive.

Why? Perhaps a new and mightier ideal than any possibly to be worked out among humanity has rustled its wings in their ears.

Some of the most active among artists still choose now and then to impress an idea upon the mob. The action is one of cool hypnotism and performed merely as an influence towards peace and quiet: circenses et panem.

* * *

If it be believed that Art ever existed then it may be believed that it exists now. And of this existence there is proof for those who are permitted to see.

Of the claim that Art is still working upon the mass of humanity, that is the bourgeoisie, there is no proof. Rather is it impossible to doubt that the artists in every sphere are presenting the bourgeoisie with nothing more ideal than will suffice to hold it in order. And the most fascinating toy for the bourgeoisie seems to be its own face in the mirror.

Not that it recognises as such its decorations of figleaves, gratitude, charity, sociality, and the like mob-virtues. It would crucify, and has crucified, with monotonous certainty, the daring artist who should name its figleaves figleaves.

The best diabolonian is he who can persuade the bourgeoisie that it contains the stuff of its own existence. And the deadliest weapon posible to be employed against this hitherto mild and humble ass is Flattery.

Persuade it that its thistles are real gold, and that itself is its thistles and its thistles itself; say to it, for instance, "You are Man; in you are contained all the virtues of Man: you are Virtue;" we may then hope that the golden ass will slay itself to get its thistles all at once.

* * *

G. K. Chesterton is among the most ingenious literary diabolonians alive. He is the Moses of the Ark of Art. He stores up his jewel so cunningly that the bourgeoisie never suspects where it lies. They run about, looking for his treasure, and this great and subtle man knows well they will never search their own chimney; so he hides it just there.

G. B. Shaw, more reckless, trusts to the extravagance of the bourgeoisie. He throws them a bag of nuts, judging that they will fling away and never examine an undersized nut; but himself knows all about that one, and after they have all left he recovers it.

The older I grow the more I respect my early judgments. H. G. Wells fascinated me a long while ago by whirling me to the end of the world only to show me some red land-crabs. I knew then that he was absolutely right. He has since tried to make me believe that well-washed Samurai are to vanquish the land-crabs. And for a moment, in an Art-Group, I sat upon my young opinion. Of course, the truth is that he has begun to hide his jewel. He would set the bourgeoisie a-tilting at windmills to distract it.

* * *

The skeleton forms of art are still ostentatiously offered and left about by artists on public buildings and grand pianos. For instance, although, long since, the spirit within the form of blank verse has been withdrawn, this form is still made to serve artistic liberty. It hypnotises the bourgeoisie out of criticism. I hazard that if I had written this subject within that form it would not have been read, but would certainly have passed for some superfluous but well-meant encomium upon Man. As it is, I may need to escape from the thumbs turned down.

Beatrice Tina.

CORRESPONDENCE.

For the opinions expressed by correspondents, the Editor does not hold himself responsible.

Correspondence intended for publication should be addressed to the Editor and written on one side of the paper only.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Correspondents are requested to be brief. Many letters weekly are omitted on account of their length.*

A LETTER FROM AMERICA.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

In a recent number of THE NEW AGE you say that THE NEW AGE appeals to the Fourth Estate everywhere.

Well, as a member of the congregation of the Fourth Estate of America, I testify that your journal does appeal to us; adding, however, the rider that its appeal to us (and therefore to members of the Fourth Estate everywhere) would be much enhanced if it would, and if it could, voice the spirit of the new age, as that spirit is manifesting in America.

You can!

How?

By making me your war correspondent in America, and allowing me to report from the front the Western campaign of the greatest war of all time.

Even if I do not secure the billet that to my mind yawns open on the staff of THE NEW AGE, pray appoint a qualified person to it instantly, because a most strenuous campaign of the world-wide, age-long war of humanity is being waged in America. There are those who already despair of the result; there are those who profess to see America defeated, pillaged, and held captive, perchance for centuries to come, by the Philistines, the Barbarians, and the Populace. And there are also those who think they see a New America rising and swiftly growing, and who confidently prophesy the ultimate, and perhaps not distant, victory of the sons of enlightment. From England there came, only recently, the sound of one such voice of cheerful optimism, when Edward Carpenter wrote to me, on the occasion of the publication of a series of articles by me entitled "New America": "I rejoice to think with you that a New Age is really coming to birth. . . . America will certainly have a leading part, perhaps the chief part, in the new synthesis." And his voice, and my voice, are not lonely voices; there are many to be heard—and there are also many that are not, and which cannot be, heard because they lack an organ for expression, such an organ as THE NEW AGE provides for the voices of England.

I mention my series of articles on New America not merely to drag in an advertisement for myself (although, of course, an advertisement is important—very important. Ask Mr. Shaw whether it be not important), but also to point an instance. The series was barely under way before my publisher stopped it, and forthwith changed his "editorial policy," which had betrayed symptoms of inclining to the treatment of new age interests and ideas, to ultra conservatism. Was he dismayed by my "damned mysticism" (to use a phrase once hurled at Chesterton's head, as he tells us somewhere)? Or did he consider my enthusiastic voicing of the high ideals of the new America to be merely "hifalutin"? Maybe he did; but if so, these were but subsidiary reasons for his action, which, in my opinion, he took simply because he was flabbergasted, dumbfoundered, and rendered furiously vexed by the fact that I treated my subject as an artist. Probably, however, he is not at all aware of the real reason for his action; I rejoice in having this opportunity to enlighten him. He wanted facts in his magazine. His notion of a fact is, for example, a statement to the effect that the last Socialist vote in Oshkosh numbered 23. My notion of a fact is, let us say, the statement of the truth which explains why there are any Socialist votes in Oshkosh, to begin with. And I would try to clothe my fact in an appropriate garment of language, and not in shoddy or ready-made raiment; I would endeavour to shape my fact. Looking back on the episode, I see that I was a lucky man to have secured the publication of so many as three of my dozen chapters!

I must make my point clearer, or I shall let loose a serious error. I don't accuse the American publishers and editors of being indifferent or hostile to all writers who are voicing the spirit of progress. Not at all; on the contrary, many of our best and liveliest periodicals are the most liberal. The numerous and constantly growing band of writers who are devoting their energetic and admirable talents to the cause of reform and progress along many lines, are welcomed and encouraged by our magazines. The Socialists, for example, seem almost to control the policy of several of the chief magazines (though this is but an illusion). At all events, the reformers and the "muckrakers" are extremely flourishing. All very well; but—and here is the rub of my complaint—the liberality proffered to these writers is not extended to artists; the publishers and editors do not welcome or encourage Art.

An old and stale complaint?

One of the oldest and tritest uttered against America; likewise, the newest, the truest, the most vital; the most needed; for what America needs more than anything else is Art.

As I approach a more particular statement of America's need for Art, let me again pave my way with a quotation or two from your "Unedited Opinions." In speaking of your editorial policy, you declare: "Give me a man who writes sincerely and I'll respect his opinions." This is also the policy of many of our best American editors; they, too, seek men who write sincerely, and publish, even if they do not always respect their opinions—all the more because experience is teaching them that such a policy pays; for American readers, more and more, are betokening interest in writers who sincerely express opinions on subjects worth while discussing.

But now let me quote the second clause of your editorial policy, namely, the condition you impose that your writers must not only write sincerely, but write well, "because sincerity without beauty is almost certain to result in lies. Until a writer can express his opinion beautifully he is not sure of it. The deeper the conviction, the more beautiful its expression."

Evidently! That is to say, evidently to all who understand, with Keats, that Truth is Beauty, and Beauty, Truth. But this is precisely the last thing in the world which American publishers and editors, and, alas! most American writers, understand, or seem able to understand!

Therefore, the great mass of writing published in American magazines is but mere noise; it creates a disturbance, casts up a good deal of dust, agitates the neighbourhood of its explosions, as the letting off of a bunch of firecrackers would do; and that's about all. And all these outcries are commercially exploited! O, Irony! They are, so to speak, caught in a most business-like fashion in magazine phonographs in order to be blared forth in brassy or shrill tones in the market place, for so much money a blast—ten cents a word to the most popular brawlers, and ten or fifteen cents, and advertising profits, to the publishers for each magazine sold. On every hand, after each turning on of the phonographs, you may hear or read quotations from our writers of reform, which quotations express an opinion or tell an alleged fact; but you never hear or read these quotations a second time; or, at any rate, never a second time in the same form; in short, the words of these writers, being unshaped by Art, they possess no more than the ephemeral life of ordinary speech. An epigram enshrining worthily a living truth; a phrase stamping crude opinion or rough fact into lasting and memorable shape, as a coin gives crude gold a really valuable form and effective, circulating usefulness—what American magazine gives us these? What American writers? O, Silence, how eloquent art thou, and how adequate thy answer!

I do not mean to say that there are no American writers who are also artists; indeed, we have many, but save for a very few, these artist writers are not represented in our magazines. Here and there you see the work of a James Huneker, of an Ambrose Bierce, of a Philip Hale; the work of a handful of fiction writers, and the work of a really powerful and numerous body of poets; but the fact remains that the prose of our American magazines is poor prose; it is not beautiful; and the explanation of this fact is that our American editors either are incapable of recognising artistic prose, or deliberately refrain from using it because they are afraid it will not make for extended circulation of their magazines; and if they do not secure large circulation, there are no advertising profits; and if there are no advertising profits, the magazine publishers stop the magazine or drop its editors, and look for editors who can "boost" circulation.

Thus, although the spirit of Art has many devotees in America, our own Shaws and Chestertons, and Wellses, and Bellocs are not expressing Art. If a violinist has no violin, how shall he make music? By blowing a bugle in the market-place? American prose artists—the American prose artists who know that Art is the only builder of the new age—lack an instrument of expression.

It is for these reasons that I, for instance, who know myself to be, in my own minor and humble fashion, and at what great distance you may care to name, akin to the Chestertons, Bellocs, etc., feel that not by choice but of necessity, I must write for THE NEW AGE until America has such a periodical of its own. Like many other writers

here in America, I want to have my hand in the creation of the new age. Repeating your quotation of the phrase: "The spirit of the years to come yearning to mix himself in life," I assert that I, in common with the other writers of America who desire to write like artists instead of shouting like campaign orators, are also that spirit. Hence, I offer to write for you. I will describe that war of Art in America which is the war of the Fourth Estate everywhere.

Necessarily, I warn you, I shall be obliged to write a good deal about myself. Why? Because it is my business to take a part in the promotion and recognition of Art in America by creating my own Art shapes, as well as by chronicling the progress of the campaign.

Michael Williams.

* * *

SOCIALISM AND THE NAVY.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

I hope you will allow me space for a very brief reply to your comments on my letter.

In England, we trust for our government to the spare time of certain wealthy gentlemen, who consent to rule the country, and are allowed to recompense themselves by making as much out of it as they can. The hideous failure of this method of government is being pretty thoroughly shown up, and it is the duty of Socialists to assist the process in every way possible. The government of Germany is of a different type. It is a heavy official bureaucracy, and has special evils of its own, from many of which we are happily free. Were I a German Socialist, I should dwell on these evils. As an English Socialist, I naturally dwell upon the characteristically English vices.

In regard to your other comments, they appear to me to amount to a confirmation rather than a refutation of my view. Your reference to the great humiliation which we have just undergone, and to the tameness with which we have submitted to it, proves either (1) that our governing class is even more cowardly and imbecile than I had suggested, or (2) that the Ministers know that our Navy is even now unequal to a contest with Germany and Austria.

Cecil Chesterton.

[Mr. Chesterton's original contention involved the superiority of the German governing class over the English governing class. Now he admits that if he were a German Socialist he would put the case the other way; which proves our contention, that there is not a pin for a Socialist to choose between them. The "tameness" of the Government in the matter of the recent "humiliation" may prove a third thing, namely, that the Government knows that the "humiliation" was all nonsense. We are surprised Mr. Chesterton believes that the English Navy is at this moment inferior to Germany's and Austria's combined. Not even Mr. Maxse has said that.—Ed. N.A.]

* * *

PANIC v. PANIC.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

I will not rebuke Mr. Sharp for the form and matter of his letter on my methods of controversy; I will merely correct him.

The last three wars—the Hispano-American war, the Boer war, and the Russo-Japanese war—were largely engineered by financier-Imperialists of the Eckstein, Hearst, Balfour, Chamberlain, Northcliffe, the Russian Grand Dukes, Rockefeller, Rhodes, and Rosebery type of men, who never fight in the wars their intriguings cause. It is, perfectly fair comment to draw attention to this fact. Their machinations were "secret" in the sense that the peoples concerned never discovered the dubious motive which actuated their prominent men until years after the wars.

My statement as to Cecil Rhodes, as a matter of hard fact, is the accepted view in well-informed circles; but Mr. Sharp is outside their radius.

I might say a good deal more to my critic; but I cannot find time to shoot at clay pigeons when there are so many hawks about. Moreover, my hand is stayed by the merciful maxim, "De mortuis nil nisi bonum."

C. H. Norman.

* * *

THE BROTHERHOOD CHURCH.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

I am requested by the members of this church to send you the following resolution, passed unanimously at our meeting on Sunday, in the hope you may find space for it in your paper:—

"In view of the present war panic, this Brotherhood Church is strongly convinced the time has come when Christian people should refuse to bear arms; and the Christian Church should throw its whole strength against the awful iniquity of war, and urge the nations to settle all questions in dispute by arbitration."

Thomas Barnett (Sec.).

(*Continued from the* NEW AGE *April 1st.*)

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