THE NEW AGE, Thursday, October 26, 1911.

Containing Index to Vol. IX. and a Literary Supplement.

THE

NEW AGE

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART.

NEW SERIES. Vol. IX. No. 26. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1911. [Registered at G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] THREEPENCE.

CONTENTS.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

WE never had very much faith that the Friendly Societies would be any defence against Mr. Lloyd George's Insurance Bill. Interests can always be placated. The sort of chinook or traders' jargon in which the negotiations between the Chancellor and the societies has been carried on is not, we confess, intelligible to us. How interests so apparently opposed as those of the Friendly Societies, the medical profession and the workmen have been reconciled passes our comprehension. That there has been a good deal of give and take we can believe without Mr. Lloyd George's authority; but that either of these operations has meant any improvement in a bad Bill we take leave to deny. The conclusion of the whole business may now be stated in the words of the author of the Bill: "In my opinion the measure is absolutely safe." The various interests—save and except the workmen's—having been satisfied, nothing now remains to endanger the passage of the Bill. Mere reason, of course, is thrust aside as a supernumerary. Mr. Lloyd George has never had much use for reason, and certainly has never made any effort to meet it. Probably a majority of the members of the House of Commons—each now paid to act truthfully—would throw out the measure to-morrow if they dared vote as they think. Nevertheless, Mr. Lloyd George anticipates no opposition from them. As for the House of Lords, so contemptible has it become that he does not even mention it as a possible cause of delay. The Bill will be in our stockings when we wake up on Christmas morning as a present from the Welsh Santa Claus.

* * *

An unparalleled amount of chicanery, however, has been necessary to advance the measure to its present stage of presumptive passage. It is well enough realised by Unionists now, when it is too late, that in point of fact the grossest trick of the advertiser was played upon them by Mr. Lloyd George in his introductory speech. They, poor fools, paid down their tribute of praise on the word of the champion huckster; and though the goods delivered were not according to catalogue, the Unionists have always been silenced by a reminder that they bought with their eyes open. But it is doubtful if an unequivocal opposition would have been of any advantage. Mr. Lloyd George is as intolerant of criticism as any hobbyhorse is of the rein; and when he cannot answer it, he denies that it exists. For instance, he names the "Daily Mail" as one of his chiefest opponents, and couples with it the name of the "Spectator." We do not desire to boast, since we are probably on the eve of a defeat, but the fact is well known to Mr. Lloyd George—who in private has bitterly resented it—that THE NEW AGE was not only the first of his critics, but has from the outset to the present moment been his unanswerable and unanswered critic. It may please Mr. Lloyd George to imagine that by failing to reply to our criticisms he has proved that we have no case, but every honest publicist will realise that, like any other cowardly debater, Mr. Lloyd George has confined himself to answering the weakest of his opponents.

* * *

Neither in his speech at the Tabernacle, where he succeeded in raising the horse-laughter that speaks the vacant mind, nor in his address to his latest bribed supporters among the collecting societies at the Holborn Hall on Friday, did Mr. Lloyd George attempt the smallest real reply to any fundamental criticism of his Bill. On the contrary, he indulged in the former place in a series of flashy misstatements and still more flashy omissions, and in the latter in a series of triumphant war-whoops, punctuated unguardedly by admissions which, if our proletariat had a spark of life, would return him to Wales by a national majority. Chief among these was his remark that as a result of the new health committees "he would have a collection of reports upon the health of practically fifteen millions of working-class households—analysed, summarised, the cases probed . . . there is no end to what they could build in the way of social reform upon those searching, penetrating, all-pervading reports." If Socialists had suggested such a domiciliary inquisition among the poor, we can imagine how Mr. Lloyd George would have torn his calculated passion to tatters over the invasion of the privacy of honest sons of toil; and his sobs of indignation would have been followed by the chorus of the London Press. But it will never be forgotten, it stands for ever on record, that Socialists have not advocated it, they have denounced it. We wash our hands of all responsibility for this contemptuous, contemptible policy. "The Insurance Bill," Mr. Lloyd George concluded, "was the first fruits of popular government in this country." Another profound untruth. The Bill, thank God, is unpopular.

* * *

Mill remarked of Bentham's theories that his synthesis could not be more complete than his analysis. Mr. Lloyd George's analysis of the causes of poverty is exactly what we should expect it to be from his misshapen Bill. Poverty, he tells us, is mainly caused by ill-health, unemployment, and drink. Yet the bat has

to admit that his scheme will cover thousands of persons whose wages are less than fifteen, twelve, nine, and even seven shillings a week. It is a pretty occupation to grope about for the minor causes of poverty when the main cause stares the seeker in the face in the obvious form of low wages. There is no need to drag in sickness, unemployment and drink; they merely add to a poverty which already exists. Even if the mass of our wages slaves never had a day's sickness or a day's unemployment or a pint of beer, they would be poor. But there is no remedy in Mr. Lloyd George's Bill for this kind of poverty. What he seeks is picturesque poverty, poverty that enables him to make uliginous speeches at little Bethels, poverty that it pays him, with the Nonconformist flapdoodles, to shed tears about; poverty, in short, on which he can climb to the premiership of a nation of sentimental jackasses. You would think, no doubt, that at any rate he would remedy some of this chosen and specially meritorious poverty. Not a bit of it. The people who will suffer most under his Bill are those who are already the poorest of the poor. His Post Office depositors are to be the destitute dregs of society's loving cup; and their fate under the Bill will be to be squeezed after having been drained.

* * *

Anybody with an ounce of goodwill attached to ordinary human intelligence would begin every attempt at social reform with fairly envisaging the real problem —how to raise wages. On the contrary, Mr. Lloyd George and his Labour friends begin by reducing wages. There will be no disguising the fact, when the Bill gets to work, that the sums handled by workmen at the end of each week will be 4d. less than they have earned. You may try to persuade them by actuarial jugglery that they are really better off for the loss of their fourpence, they are saving it up for a rainy day, it will come back to them with liberal interest; but as the weeks pass the majority among them will discover that the promises are fraudulent. Obviously *all* the men cannot be sick or unemployed, or the scheme would not work. Only a minority can benefit without crumpling up the fund and the Treasury. Consequently, Tom and Dick are to pay in perpetuity for Harry's misfortunes—misfortunes, too, which are none of their making. That a party calling itself a Labour party should assent, even in its dotage, to such a proposal will be one of the enigmas of history. We contemporaries certainly cannot explain it, except by attributing to the Labour leaders the worst of inducements or the least of intelligence. The plan, too, as Mr. Lloyd George himself hints, has endless possibilities. Probing, penetrating, universal investigation may discover that not only can fourpence out of a man's wages be better spent by salaried officials than by the man himself, but a shilling, two shillings, the whole lot! There is an excellent case for treating wage-earners as children and spending all their wages for them. The silly fellows never buy to the best advantage; they never want what is good for them; they really ought not to be trusted with money that their betters know best how to spend. Happy idea! Abolish wages, substitute the services of grooms, farriers, vets., and stable boys, and call the result the Kingdom of Christ. If fourpence can be so excellently spent, take the lot. Don't make two bites of a cherry.

* * *

But, of course, so abrupt a procedure might be observed. Caution suggests that progress should march more slowly. According to Thorold Rogers it took over 250 years (1563 to 1824) to complete the economic disenfranchisement of the English workman. It may take another quarter of a century to complete his moral disenfranchisement. But the process is in progress, and it is astonishing how rapidly it is developing. The Insurance Bill will prove another long step, and, as in the wonderful thicket in the fairy tale, the path behind the wage-earners will close as they pass. Nobody can doubt any longer that with every measure of social reform, so called, the pressure on the men not to rebel will become greater. Already Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Churchill accuse the workers of ingratitude if they venture to attempt to seize what is due to them. By the time the machinery of the Conciliation proposals is in working order, the charge of ingratitude will be dropped for a charge of something a little more effective—with bullets in it. If reproaches are useless, legal measures must be tried; if legal measures are not enough, there is the Army. In our fancy sketch last week we predicted what Sir George Askwith would do with his new toy, the Industrial Council, when it should cease to be a toy. But we never supposed he would so speedily confirm our guess. Speaking at the Cutlers' Feast on Tuesday he modestly announced that "he did not say the Council would be able to do so much as some people expected, but at least it was there to do something, if possible, to stop or hinder or allay difficulties." Whose difficulties we need not ask, since he was addressing himself exclusively to employers; nor need we dwell on his hint that the powers given him will probably prove insufficient. It is enough to repeat our prophecy concerning the future of this body, and this time with increased confidence. Moreover, as if Sir George himself was not adequate to the task of preparing the public mind for Compulsory Arbitration with legal penalties for refusing to work, two other bodies have joined in the propaganda. The Employers' Parliamentary Council has petitioned Mr. Asquith to suppress picketing, to incorporate trade unions and render them liable for damage by strikes, and, finally, to declare a Federation of Unions for the purpose of a General Strike an unlawful combination. The Railway Commission in their Report more discreetly remark, in effect, that their own advice in the same key has been rendered unnecessary by the Industrial Council recently created. Easy, gentlemen, easy! The cat must not be let out of the bag in the daylight. The majority of the trade unionists are positively able to spell out the words of their newspapers in these days.

* * *

The Report of the Railway Commission can scarcely be said to bear out the contention of Mr. MacDonald and the railwaymen's officials that its appointment was a great triumph for trade unionism. How often, we wonder, has Mr. MacDonald been correct in his estimates of any situation that did not concern his personal advancement? In that respect, as a Scotsman, he has never been known to be at fault; but we do not recollect a single occasion when his prophecies or his advice in matters concerning his clients have proved true. It will be remembered that, having laboured to put an end to the railway strike at the very moment when the colliers and possibly the engineers were contemplating joining their fellows to make success absolutely certain, he then endeavoured to console the defeated men by avowing that they had really won an immense victory. True, the fruits of their victory were to be delayed by a few days, perhaps even for a few weeks; but the Commission appointed would be sure to do something good for them at once. The Commission has been sitting for nearly two months, during which the companies have been nicely weeding out the goats who went on strike. And now, when the Commission has finally reported, the first feature of its recommendations that strikes the eye is that things shall remain as they are until July of next year. Just about a year will have elapsed, in fact, from the strike to the application of the remedy which was to have been immediate.

* * *

We cannot at this moment say at what exact point the recommendations of the Commission will break down in practice; but break down they will and must and should. To begin with, it is trifling with words to regard as Recognition the admission of a union official in the second stage of any negotiation, and then not as a union official, but as a special secretary of a group of the men. It is equally trifling to suppose that the union executives will feel disposed, in return for this insulting favour, to lock up their war-chests in support of agreements entered into without their official cognisance. A premium, in fact, is put upon the belligerency of the officials of the union to the precise extent of their exclusion from responsibility. Speaking for ourselves,

we do not, of course, object to this result. The danger we feared was that the unions might be too fully recognised. In that event, the officials would have been bound to become blown up with snobbish pride and their services on behalf of industrial "peace" would have been in strict and snobbish concert with those of the shareholders. Now, however, as their General Secretary, Mr. Williams, has suggested, the fat of their offended pride is in the fire. In less time than it will take the Conciliation Boards to get started, the officials will be secretly conniving with their men at a new attack on the companies. The offer of partial recognition, in short, will prove more aggravating than its total refusal.

* * *

Again, we do not see that the men have gained anything by the provision that 25 per cent. of the men of any grade may by petition demand their grievances to be discussed by the companies within twenty-eight days. It will be difficult enough on a system so scattered as that of the railways to procure the signatures of one in four of the men of a particular grade in a reasonable time. The union officials will have nothing else to do but run about at the expense of their men collecting signatures. And when the signatures are obtained and the company is duly petitioned, all the trouble may go for nought if the companies decline the request, unless a meeting of the Conciliation Board is called. As the Conciliation Boards will normally meet only twice a year, the interval between the first petition of the men and the decision of the Conciliation Board may be six months. In six months 25 per cent. of the men may be judiciously shuffled until they are lost in the pack. Their heels will have cooled, or been cooled, in half a year. Delay, delay, delay, in fact, is the keynote of the provisions recommended by the Commission. It would almost appear as if every nerve were being strained, not to put an end to grievances, but to procure a fresh lease of life on the old terms for the companies. This feature is prominent again in the provision made for the duration of the agreements arrived at. If agreements are made by the court of first instance, between, that is, the men and the companies alone, their duration is to be a year. But if the agreement is made by a Conciliation Board with a Chairman present, its duration will be two years. For the partial recognition of the union, in this court of second instance, the hands of the men are to be tied for an additional year. They may bind themselves for one year; but with an official as their spokesman they bind themselves for two. How many years agreements would be expected to hold if the unions were fully recognised we can only guess. Ninety-nine, we should think.

* * *

And all this machinery, costly, irritating and offensive as it is, is specifically debarred from grinding out the smallest real security for an improvement in the men's conditions. True, the questions of hours and wages will fall under the purview of the Boards, but every other matter is explicitly excluded. Now, as everybody knows, it is the easiest thing in the world for a large employing corporation to concede the shadow of improvement while retaining the substance. If the companies have no real intention of permitting their labour to cost them more, their devices for securing themselves are innumerable and may very well be made to fall under the categories of discipline and management with which the Conciliation Boards may not interfere. Of course, it is barely conceivable that the companies may sincerely wish to raise their wages bill on condition that the public does not object to higher charges. But we fear that either of these assumptions is groundless. If the companies were willing to raise wages, the means they are employing are ridiculously costly; and concerning the public we have reason to know that the companies have been warned that charges are high enough already. The conclusion to be drawn, indeed, from our examination of the Report is that the men will not be a penny the better off or the companies a penny the worse off.

Two comments remain to be made on the document to which Mr. Henderson, the late leader of the Labour party, has put his hand. One is to remark on the strange omission of any suggestion for the nationalisation of railways. We say "strange" in view of the declarations of Cabinet Ministers, as well as of the Labour party as a whole, in favour of this proposal. For ourselves, we never dreamed that nationalisation was within speaking distance, or had been brought one step nearer by the recent strike. But we were contradicted so often that we began to think that the "Nation" and other Liberal journals might have special knowledge. The Report, however, confirms our fears. The very word "nationalisation" is unmentioned throughout the whole of its pages. One very remarkable passage occurs in its conclusion which may be cited in reply to those who urge that nationalisation was not included in the scope of the Commission's enquiry. If a positive proposal of that kind was forbidden them by their terms of reference, equally should it have been forbidden them to pen this paragraph: "If railwaymen will only place the call of duty above and before every other consideration they may confidently rely upon the British public to support them in any fair claim fairly put in." Why should this remark be addressed especially to railwaymen? There are others whose duty is derelict and whose position is a thousand times more responsible than that of the servants of servants. It is well known that the sole reason for the recent strike was the failure of the companies to carry out the Conciliation Act of 1907. That Act was a Government measure; it was devised by Mr. Lloyd George; it provided for the consideration of men's grievances in a formal and a legal manner. Yet when the companies refused to carry it out, they were not penalised or lectured. On the contrary, the men's complaints to the Government were ignored or kicked downstairs so persistently that at last the men had to strike to call the attention of the public to the breach of an Act of Parliament. And at the end of it all the Commission solemnly adjures them—the railwaymen, if you please!—"to place the call of duty above and before every other consideration." The call will be answered, if the railwaymen are worth their salt, in an emphatic manner. Their duty is to raise their wages. Above and before every other consideration, higher wages stand as the first duty of British railwaymen. They owe it to themselves, they owe it to their wives and families, they owe it to society and the nation. Poor men are an unmitigated nuisance and a positive danger. Their duty is to cease to be poor. By the way, we should not wonder if that local preacher, Mr. Henderson, were responsible for that paragraph. It sounds pulpitty.

* * *

At Wakefield, on Friday, Lord Selborne delivered himself of a sentence the construction of which we hope will shock his literary taste when he reads it in print: "We were (he said) in the presence of an intense desire on the part of the manual workers to improve their position and to obtain for themselves and their families a larger share than they at present did of the profits of the business in which they were engaged." Illiterate as this sentence is, its content is even more ignorant. It is completely untrue that the recent and present labour unrest is due to any general desire of the workers positively to enlarge their former share of the products of their industry. The decline in the purchasing price of their money wages has actually meant for them a reduction of as much as fifteen per cent. of their former income. And it is to recover their old position, and not to improve upon it, that they are mainly seeking at this moment. Lord Selborne and his confederates may magnify this movement of resistance and recovery into an attack upon property in general; but we, who wish ardently for the latter, are best aware how little reality there is in it. The passive acceptance by our fifteen million workmen of sops and doles and words in place of higher wages is the most discouraging feature of proletarian politics. Lord Selborne was equally off the track in his denunciation of the sale of party honours. Admitting what every-

body knows, that honours are bought and sold in the political market, Lord Selborne must needs absolve from responsibility everybody who could conceivably be responsible. The King, in the last resort, is the final fount of honour; but it is well known that he acts only by the advice or with the consent of his chief Ministers. Yet Lord Selborne specifically denies that the King or Mr. Balfour or Mr. Asquith is really cognisant of the corrupt deals in honours that are made in their name and by their authority. "The King knew nothing of it . . . nor did he believe that such men as Mr. Asquith or Mr. Balfour had any knowledge of such transactions; he knew no two men to whom the idea would be more abhorrent." The moral fastidiousness of these gentlemen may ensure their wilful ignorance of the "monstrous and foul" things done in their names, but assuredly it cannot prove their innocence. The real authors, whoever they may be, of these social crimes can afford to laugh at Lord Selborne's futile methods of attack.

* * *

At the Cutlers' Feast, to which we have already referred, the Lord Chancellor made what the "Nation" obsequiously calls "a cheerful speech." In it Lord Loreburn remarked that "it was bad policy and bad statesmanship to look only at symptoms or to try and remedy consequences." But that is precisely what his Government are exclusively engaged in doing to the aggravation of the diseases they profess to be remedying. No method of demonstration open to reason has failed to prove that in actual fact the disease of poverty in the last five years has increased and is increasing. All that is in dispute among the statisticians is the rate of the increase. And that there is the relation of cause and effect between recent Government legislation and the increase of poverty no economist known to us denies. Every assistance to wages, whether in the form of public services or doles of money, tends not merely to maintain wages at their present level, but to reduce them by the exact amount of the assistance provided. These public contributions, in short, are contributions to employers and landowners; for by every penny of such assistance their wage-earners are enabled to accept so much less in wages. Yet Lord Loreburn still contends that his Government are dealing with causes, not with symptoms. There is no excuse for this stupidity. As little pains, however, were taken by the Lord Chancellor to get to the bottom of the other subject upon which he touched—foreign affairs. His excuse for uttering no more on this subject than the most trite of sentiments was that "nobody ought to make criticisms in regard to a foreign government without full consideration and full knowledge and information of the real facts and a full sense of the responsibility of taking such a step." Very likely not, but in that case the world of men will be dumb. Our own Foreign Office takes particular pains to conceal what facts it obtains from the knowledge of the public at large; but we do not doubt that when public support is needed, the public will be expected to provide it. Lord Loreburn's plea is really a plea for bureaucracy. Sir Edward Grey knows everything, the rest of the world knows nothing. Consequently, Sir Edward Grey is alone entitled to speak. It is quite in keeping with its character of faithful Fido that the "Nation" should find Lord Loreburn's speech "cheerful."

* * *

Mr. Lloyd George remarked the other day that "if he wanted to bribe the people he should know how." We do not doubt it, for he is doing it. But the disingenuous admission may serve to warn the Suffragists that in dealing with Mr. Lloyd George they are dealing with a dangerous enemy. We ourselves have travelled a long way since the days when we accepted the assurances of the women that they were earnestly interested in politics. They neither are, nor, so far as we can see, are capable of it. Experience proves that where women's suffrage prevails, as in New Zealand, politics remain what they were before a woman was placed on the register—corrupt, petty and the prey of interests. It is certain that the extension of the franchise to women in England will be followed by effects equally disproportionate to the earth-shaking promises with which it is being inaugurated. In place of six or seven million voters we shall have eight or, perhaps, twelve million; but the level of political intelligence being the same, or a little lower, the manipulation of the electorate will be a little more expensive to the governing classes, but the amenability of the whole not a whit the less. So trifling will be the difference caused by the admission under the Conciliation Bill of a million or so women that we are surprised to find anybody opposing the measure with even the appearance of conviction. What does it matter, said Walpole, who makes M.P.'s, so long as the Cabinet can deal with them when they are made? In public spirit, which is the sole criterion of democracy, nobody pretends that women are even the equals of men. Consequently their victimisation by the machine will be child's play to the wirepullers.

* * *

This estimate of the importance of the subject, however, does not blind us to the fact that Mr. Lloyd George is playing the part of the false friend. The Conciliation Bill, it is generally understood, is bound to pass in its present form if amendments much enlarging its scope are not introduced. So mendacious are our Members of Parliament that by dint of open bullying and bullying of the type euphemistically described by Mr. Barrie as "women's secret," a numerical majority of them have been induced to promise their support of a Bill which it is certain they do not desire to pass. The problem before them is how to keep the letter of their promise while breaking its spirit. Nothing would suit their purposes better than if, under cover of an apparent excess of zeal, they could defeat the present Bill without loss of credit; and this Mr. Lloyd George and one or two of his colleagues are preparing to facilitate. The plan apparently is to pretend that the enfranchisement of a million women is not enough for these democrats. "You say," said Mr. Lloyd George to a deputation last week, "you say that you are only taking a million. We, on the other hand, are trying to get millions of women enfranchised." That the effect of this effort will be to destroy the smaller Bill is "Mr. Lloyd George's secret"; for nobody knows better than he that no English Parliament will ever enfranchise married women who are socially nothing more than minors.

* * *

The formation of a new Socialist party under the name of the British Socialist Party deserves to be noted if only for the fact that an old Socialist party, the Social Democratic, is absorbed in it. The constitution of the new party has been drafted, and its objects and methods tentatively formulated for the approval of the first annual meeting to be held next spring. With the objects of the party THE NEW AGE, of course, agrees to the limits of plain interpretation that can be put upon the almost sacred formulas; but we should prefer, in the present state of social enlightenment, to confine the methods to the first two of the three enumerated. These are the education of the people in the principles of Socialism; and the co-operation of members with the industrial organisations. The third method, however, appears to us to be for the present incompatible with the success of the remainder: it is the establishment of an independent Socialist party in Parliament and elsewhere. If the leaders of the new party have their eye on a seat in Parliament, nothing in the world will convince them that their propaganda in the country will suffer by it. Nevertheless, it is strictly true that a Socialist party can be effective in political education to the exact extent only that it is able to resist the temptation to seize the shadow of political power before making sure of the substance. Until the majority of the people are Socialists whom no Lloyd George can shake, their representation, however sincere, can be no more Socialist than they are. He will be tempted to retain his seat by compromise with his conscience, as the Labour men have done before him. The alternative is not merely the surrender of all hope of a "career," as Mr. Cecil Chesterton says in

the "Clarion"; it is his rejection by his constituents, as was the case with Mr. Grayson. The executive of the new party would immediately become formidable if its members were each solemnly to take the self-denying ordinance of refusing to stand for Parliament for the next ten years.

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

It has been evident for some weeks that the French Cabinet and the Spanish Cabinet are in a shaky condition. It is the Morocco question which is holding them together for the time being; and it is the Morocco question which may likewise bring about their downfall. In the case of Señor Canalejas, however, there are internal problems which may also not be without some effect.

In dealing with international questions during, say, the latter part of the nineteenth century, critics had to bear in mind that the public generally paid no attention, or none worth talking about, to the machinations of financiers. The public was not aware that groups of capitalists exercised an enormous influence over Cabinets in practically every country in Europe, and that it was quite possible for them and their subsidised newspapers to change the current of public feeling by means of an artificial agitation centering on some patriotic point.

By and by, however, various writers succeeded in showing at least a part of the public that finance affected international affairs to a very great extent indeed; and when Mr. Norman Angell published a clever but superficial and one-sided pamphlet regarding the "optical illusion" of war, the influence of finance became very generally understood. But the public, in this as in all other questions, could not keep its equilibrium. When the middle classes first began to take an interest in foreign affairs they were under the impression that the financiers had nothing to do with them. Afterwards they changed their minds; and now they would appear to believe that all wars are due to the intrigues of international money-lenders whose only aim is to outdo one another, and who are aided in this nefarious pursuit by simple-minded people who become soldiers and volunteers, and by a simple-minded public which believes in patriotism.

It is very difficult to argue on questions of this nature with the average Englishman. He is a phlegmatic brute, incapable of passionate love or passionate hatred. His primitive instincts are drowned in bad beer, and his main object is to be let alone—to muddle through. He cannot be persuaded that there is still in France a deadly hatred against Germany on account of the events of 1870-1; or that there is an equally deadly feeling of hatred of France to be found in Germany; or that the Italians even yet loathe the Austrians because of things that happened decades ago. Our average Englishman, in short, is an unimaginative fellow; his stock of ideas is renewed and discarded with painful slowness.

Can we get it into the head of this brute, however (upon my soul, I believe I am thinking of the "Daily News"), that finance is not the only factor that can cause a war, and that there can be, and have been, wars into which the financial factor did not enter at all? That faith is often a powerful factor, and that national pride is another factor? Look at the "Daily News" of October 20, for example, with Mr. E. D. Morel's letter about the Congo negotiations. Perhaps Mr. Morel is not responsible for the headings: "How Wars are Made: The New Peril: What is it About: The Intrigues of Financiers." No doubt those are what would be called "strong headlines" in journalistic circles; and they are "confirmed," so to speak, by the smug sub-leader in the same issue. Mr. Morel's letter is a bitter attack on the Congo Concessionnaires, who, it seems, are doing everything that is bad. The French Government proposes to hand over certain concessions to Germany—*i.e.*, certain tracts of the French Congo which are at present being exploited by French financiers. If these financiers have to give up their concessions they naturally want to be paid for doing so. The German Government, however, will not want to settle the bill; and if the French Cabinet is called upon to find the money from French taxpayers there will probably be a row both in the Chamber and throughout the country.

These are a few of the facts of the case, and Mr. Morel has clearly stated them. But he passes over with a bare, cursory mention the name of de Brazza. It was de Brazza who was the pioneer explorer of the French Congo, and in the French Congo his mortal remains rest to this day. Materialists, no doubt, will never be convinced that de Brazza's dust has anything to do with the Congo negotiations. And yet, when we consider that the French are an imaginative people, we who are not materialists will have no hesitation in saying that de Brazza has more to do to-day with these negotiations than any concessionnaire. For when the little group headed by de Brazza was nearing the end of its last trip the members of it were struck down by disease, and de Brazza himself died. But before he passed away he said to one or two of his friends whose condition seemed hopeless: "Courage, my children. Our bones will rest here, and while they do so the land will at any rate never be ceded to Germany."

Years passed. The French Congo was explored and exploited; and although de Brazza was somewhat vaguely remembered, his dying words (which I have quoted in spirit if not exactly in letter) were forgotten. Then came the Congo negotiations and the announcement that certain tracts of the French Congo, including the section where de Brazza was buried, were to be ceded to Germany in return for a protectorate over Morocco. Whereupon the explorer's widow wrote a simple, pathetic letter to the Press detailing the facts I have just mentioned. This letter was not buried away in obscure corners of the newspapers, as would have been the case here. It was quoted and re-quoted, and the statements in it appealed to the French imagination. Patriotic ardour had been intense before; but now the feeling against giving away any of the French Congo became intensified.

This seems a trifling incident—in England, I mean. But in France it is different; the whole course of the negotiations has been changed since the appearance of the Comtesse de Brazza's letter. The agitation against kow-towing to Germany has become so acute that the Cabinet has found it convenient to postpone the assembling of the Chamber until November 7, so that in the meantime it may have an opportunity of making up its mind what to do. At the time I write these words absolutely no decision has been reached, though it is generally expected that a settlement of some sort will be arrived at this week.

I hope I shall not be blamed for giving so little news; and I hope no reader of this paper will say impatiently: "Well, what the devil does it matter to de Brazza now whether Germany or France owns his bones?" For that is not a question which can be answered logically or, if I may say so, mathematically. Its solution rests in those primitive instincts I have spoken of—those instincts in which the average Englishman whom we have been considering is so often lacking. If I have given little news this week, I have, at all events, let me assure the doubters, given an indication by which news may be measured when it is read in the daily papers. And that is even more important than the news itself.

As for Spain, the failure of the Morocco campaign has left the Government in a muddled state, though the German Ambassador is respectfully giving good "advice" to the Cabinet. The country generally is in a ferment and will require very careful handling—more careful handling, I fear, than King Alfonso, who has latterly lost some of his popularity, will be able to give it. Señor Moret, the Liberal ex-Premier, has announced his retirement from politics. Maura? Well, stranger things might happen than Maura's return to power.

Some Causes of Unrest.

By C. H. Norman.

IN the interval between the railway strike and the threatened coal strike it may be well for us to reflect upon the industrial situation and to see whether there are any new factors. One thing is very plain. There is little harmony existing between employers and men; there is a deep brooding over material and spiritual wrongs. The passage of the Insurance Bill, with its very heavy additional tax upon uninsured workers and upon industry, may produce the explosion, the imminence of which has been prophesied many times, but is now clearly approaching measurable distance. It is possible that within a few months public opinion must assert itself to compose the differences between the classes and the masses in order to preserve the State from dissolution. To be practical and effective such intervention must be well-informed, and the public must understand, in a comprehensive sense, that there is a new spirit prevalent throughout the workers, otherwise any outside interference will merely hasten the looming disaster.

There are, in the present writer's opinion, three grave principles underlying the industrial unrest in Great Britain. The first is discontent with the share of the total production distributed, in profits and dividends, among the capitalist and shareholding members of the community, as compared with what is divided among the workers in the form of wages and kind.

The second is, that the workers have begun vigorously to question the bourgeois view that they should be contented with a lower standard of remuneration than a middle-class man would be expected to accept. In reality, the value of work should never depend, in a healthy and sound polity, upon the class in which the worker happens to find himself. It should be fixed by its worth to the community. What man of the middle or professional classes would ever drive an engine for the wage of an engine driver? Nowadays, the man on the engine is asserting (and who can gainsay it?) that his labour is quite as valuable and as needed by the community as the power of manipulating markets enjoyed by the stockjobber, or the gift of interpreting obscurities in phraseology attributed to the lawyer. The workmen are demanding—a little doubtfully, but more and more insistently—a revaluation of social and economic values. That is one new factor in the present social discontent. It is a result of the spread of political and economic knowledge among the proletariat in the past decade. The employing and shareholding class have defended this lower standard of respectability and culture for workmen upon various grounds. The most familiar argument for the difference in payment between the occupant of the counting-house and the worker in the factory is that the latter has "no appearance to keep up." Unfortunately, this is a mere piece of dogmatism. Those who adopt this contention invariably neglect to point out why the workman should not have as much "appearance to keep up," if he wishes, as any other member of the community. The Church has persuaded him for centuries that it is the ordination of God. In these days of scepticism the workman is no longer affected by this sophism; he has ceased to believe that the clerical, of whatever denomination, has any special knowledge of the will of God or Providence in these matters.

The third cause of unrest is the suspicion that the scales of justice are heavily weighted against the working class.

Returning to the first cause of unrest, can any unbiassed thinker doubt that there is an overwhelming justification for the worker's dissatisfaction with the present distribution of wealth? In the past decade the figures of income tax have shown an increase of £147,000,000 per annum. In the same period, excluding the alterations due to the recent strikes, wages slightly declined in the skilled trades, which are the only ones giving reliable returns. Rents rose a little, but the rise is variable in different parts of the country. The alarming increase is to be found in the prices of the ordinary necessaries of life. In a letter to the "Daily News" of October 7, Mrs. A. Wright enclosed the figures set out below with this explanation: "I have taken the prices and quantities from my old grocery book containing the ordinary household necessities from February to July, 1903. For 1911, the prices are taken from my present book, and are taken from my last month's orders." These are the figures:—

June to July, 1903.			September, 1911.		
LB.		s. d.	LB.		s. d.
7	Jam and jar	1 9	7	Jam and jar	2 11½
14	Granulated sugar	2 0	14	Granulated sugar	3 6
7	Brown sugar (pieces)	0 10½	7	Brown sugar (pieces)	1 5½
1	Currants	0 4	1	Currants	0 5
2	Butter (1s. 2d.)	2 4	2	Butter (1s. 4d.)	2 8
7	Oatmeal	1 0	7	Oatmeal	1 3
2	Lard (7d.)	1 2	2	Lard (8d.)	1 4
7	Lentils	1 0	7	Lentils	1 3
1	Cheese	0 7	1	Cheese	0 9
1	Macaroni	0 3	1	Macaroni	0 4½
1	Lump sugar	0 2½	1	Lump sugar	0 3
1	Sultanas	0 5	1	Sultanas	0 7
1	Tapioca	0 2½	1	Tapioca	0 3
1	Sago	0 3	1	Sago	0 4
1	Cornflour	0 3	1	Cornflour	0 4
1	Ground rice	0 3	1	Ground rice	0 2
		12 10½			17 11½

The increase in prices shown by this table, assuming the articles purchased were of the same quality, is about 30 per cent. Some of the figures are hardly apposite. Jam in June-July would probably be cheaper than in September, which is the month before the new fruit comes in. Also the price of jam is much dependent upon the crop of fruit. There are some articles, however, which are not open to these criticisms, such as sugar, oatmeal, etc. To this variation in food prices must be added the rise in beer, tea, and tobacco, owing to the heavier licence and revenue duties. The workman, in consequence, has had to face a higher larder bill without any corresponding addition to his cash resources. It is futile to rail against the recent strikes in view of these uncontrovertible facts. The employers in the transport trades have now recognised this—according to the terms of a circular issued by the Waterside Manufacturers' Association's Council:—

> From the workman's point of view there can be no doubt that there were genuine reasons for many, if not most, of the grievances which culminated in demands for increased wages and, in some cases, for better conditions, and no employer of labour can justly condemn such action on the part of the working men.

The wisdom which emerges from an industrial dispute is sometimes very striking. Unhappily, it is too often forgotten on the next occasion of difference between employers and men. One may politely wonder at the obtuseness of employers who, having forced on a strike, and having been beaten, are compelled to grant that the substance of their workmen's case was unanswerable all along.

But one cannot overlook another serious point. The workman has discovered a singular economic truth, which is a modern result of the concentration of capital, and the organisation of industry by rings, namely, that even when wages have been forced up by a strike very little advantage is gained, as the increase in wages is more often than not immediately covered by a corresponding rise in prices. The present writer has been told by working men's wives that, since the strikes, their weekly household bill has already gone up by 1s. 9d.* The rapidity with which prices can readjust themselves to wages could not better be exemplified. Coal, it may be remarked, was not included in this increase. The workman has not yet acted upon this discovery of a fairly well-known economic law; but he has begun to suspect that the capitalist and landlord have him so tightly between the insatiable demands of profit-prices and profit-rentals that there is no peaceful outlet for him. Mr. Lloyd George has gallantly come to the puzzled uninsured workman's aid by offering to deduct 4d. a week from his wages! Mr. Lloyd George would be well advised to study Pitt's comments upon *general* direct taxation for a *specific* purpose. Pitt's

* Most of the rises conceded were 2s. a week.

view was that it would be provocative of revolution. Once the workman is convinced of the accuracy of his belief that Stork-capitalist and Log-landlord always have the advantage of him, by reason of their ownership of the means of production, no earthly power can avert a catastrophe. Whatever our party and our economic theory, it is important that each of us should appreciate that, because it is more and more obvious that the politicians have not the slightest conception of what the winter and the Insurance Bill may bring upon this much-afflicted country.

There is a document published annually recording "Deaths from Starvation." It is melancholy reading, but it must be mentioned in this connection. The last return showed the *highest* figure for many years past. Victor Barrucaud, in days gone by, conducted a propaganda in Paris in favour of "le pain gratuit" (free bread). M. Clémenceau, in climbing the ladder of fame, discussed this propaganda in these words, which are apt to the condition of Christian England to-day: "It is high time we knew whether, at the degree of civilisation to which we have attained, we can continue to tolerate that men, women, and children die of want—in a few months from the exhaustion induced by insufficiently remunerated work, or in a few hours from downright hunger. Our Republican and Monarchical Conservatives answer 'No,' but continue to act 'Yes.' I just remarked that M. Barrucaud did not propose revolution to us. I ask myself now if I did not go a bit too fast. Yes, eighteen hundred years after the Christ it is a revolution for Christians to prevent the death of their fellows by slow and rapid starvation. . . . Well, then, let us inaugurate this revolution!" This quotation is cited from a fine but unknown conservative analysis of revolt—Mr. Alvan Sanborn's "Paris and the Social Revolution," a book which should be attentively studied by European politicians and statesmen.

It is, perhaps, unnecessary to state that M. Clémenceau in office forgot his speech; anyhow, he neglected to inaugurate this Christian revolution. Mr. John Burns and Mr. Lloyd George, two quondam friends of the people, have also apparently overlooked that deadly test of their administrative capacity—"a return showing the deaths from starvation in the County of London." They may be distressed to learn that death has claimed more victims from hunger under their rule than under that of their predecessors. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald is curiously dumb, too, upon this testimony to "the efficiency of the Parliamentary work of the Labour party." Possibly, when he has exhausted his denunciation of the sympathetic strike, the general strike, and other things, he may attend to that little White Paper. A humble individual like myself has been a trifle astonished that some of these humanitarian gentlemen have not devoted, ere now, a few moments of their spare time to a public explanation of this painful document and its annual reappearance. Like The New Age, it may be one of those papers one does not mention in the polite circles in which politicians revolve and evolve; but can anyone account for the silence among the politicians on this question? The present writer would be sincerely obliged to any kindly individual who will enlighten him upon this subject. In the meantime, the letter of Apollonius Tyaneus to the Roman Quæstors well summarises the responsibility of the Government: "You exercise a high command. If you know how to rule, how happens it that the cities under your government are in a wretched condition?" Reflect upon Burnley, Oldham, Newcastle, Carlisle, York, Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, Glasgow, and the East End of London! "If you know not, it becomes you, then, first to learn."

The second head of unrest, namely, the relative value to the community of the work of the workman and the craft of the middle-class man, has been dealt with so fully that no further elaboration is required. It is a temperamental development in the working man which cannot be dismissed with contempt. If the largest class of the community has ceased to assent further to the standard of living applied to it by the other classes, it is absurd to persist obstinately in maintaining that standard. There has been a spiritual expansion in the mental attitude of the worker, and that cannot be suppressed by force or ignored in negotiation. One can, after all, look at the stars, though one may be in the gutter. And are not we all, in a sense, in the gutter?

The last heading of discontent is one rarely voiced in the daily or weekly Press. It is founded upon almost a conviction, certainly a widely-held belief, that the judges and magistrates are corrupt in their administration of the law. Some people interpret corruption as meaning the acceptance of cash bribes for partial and dishonest judgments. No one who was a serious critic of public affairs would allege that the English judges were capable of such an offence. But corruption is open to a less limited and less personal interpretation. Could any upright citizen deny that justice would be administered corruptly in a case where the decisions of its officers were influenced by external motives irrelevant to the actualities in dispute? Take the case of a Conservative who is plaintiff in a libel suit against a Liberal. If the fact be that the mind of the court has been affected against the defendant by the circumstance that he is a Liberal, the administration of justice by that court has surely become corrupt. If a workman be indicted for poaching, should the mind of the court be adversely influenced by the fact that the offender is a workman and not a landowner the administration of justice in such a court is again within the ambit of corruption. Supposing it is found that decisions are given according to the class interest of the judges, as would appear to be the case with the majority of the Law Lords in the Wye and Lough Neagh fishery appeals, the administration of justice has once more entered within the region of corruption. Assuming it is the practice of the court or the authorities to pass or remit sentences according to the social status of the prisoner, the administration of justice has wandered within the area of corruption. Examples may be noted in the Penruddock and Cameron cases. Finally, where the courts are persistently biassed and harsh towards a particular section of the community, it cannot be doubted that justice has ceased to have any meaning. Public opinion has not had much opportunity, owing to the usual Press boycott, of considering the terms of the General Federation of Trade Unions' manifesto upon strikes; but in that document there is this remarkable passage:—

> Such equality in the law does not exist; even where the laws have been drafted with this end in view the aim of the draftsman has been defeated by acts of the administrator. The history of Britain supplies a whole series of tragic instances of judicial error and bias, while the experience of our own times is replete with instances of savage sentences passed upon innocent workmen engaged in industrial struggles, and of exaggerated and ridiculous damages against trade unions.

That is a stern and outspoken condemnation of the judges. It has come none too soon, and every line of it could be established to the letter.

The "Star" published recently a statistical table of the verdicts in the "political libel" cases. Critically examined, with a knowledge of the personnel of the bench, that table is unanswerable in its revelation of the political bias of the judges. The heaviest verdicts were in cases where the presiding judges were strong Conservatives, and had given vent to inflammatory summings-up. The milder verdicts were returned in courts presided over by judges whose political views were not pronounced or obtrusive on the bench. From this it can be deduced with safety that the judges were as much concerned in the partiality of those decisions as the much-maligned special juries.

There are many omens that the various combinations of employers are going to press for a reversal or vital amendment of the "peaceful picketing" clauses of the Trades Disputes Act. This weapon, unfortunate as it may be in operation and sometimes deplorably oppressive against well-meaning individuals, is the sole protection the Trade Unionist has against the economic power of capital and the pitiful army of "free labour."

One must emphasise that the Trade Unionist has to pay heavily in the way of weekly contributions towards the maintenance of his Union. The non-Union man secures all the benefits won by the Trade Unionist, and does not pay a farthing. Very often he fights against the Trade Unionist, and defeats him, to the gain of the employer. More often the Trade Unionist wins in spite of the non-Union man's opposition. Then the non-Union man reaps the advantage of the battle, though he has been an onlooker. The non-Unionist thus is in the happy position of "heads or tails I win." It is just and equitable to acknowledge that there are many strikes in which the Unionist is supported by the non-Unionist; but in innumerable instances the general proposition stated above is a truism. That is the reason the Unionist attaches such importance to the right of peacefully picketing the men, usually non-Unionists, who remain in work (or "blacklegs" engaged specially by the employer) when a strike has been ordered. It is natural that the employers should seek to amend the peaceful picketing section of the Trades Disputes Act. It is hurtful and injurious to their interests. The recruiting of that shocking spectacle, the army of "free labour" (probably the saddest product of human ignorance except the prostitute), is seriously interfered with by the moral and material dissuasion exercised by the pickets. Yet the employer should recollect that there are many roads to revolution. Heaven knows that England is travelling along a good many paths at the present time whose only end is chaos and anarchy. But to persist in this demand for the reversal of the Trades Disputes Act in this essential particular would be to impel us along the shortest route to a political and industrial maelström.

The Dangers of Benevolent Bureaucracy.

EVER since that mysterious day, some fifteen or twenty years ago, when sentimentalism was re-born in England, many varieties of social reformer have been unceasingly active in our midst. After an era of robust Government nihilism inaugurated by and for the manufacturing bourgeoisie, we have again indulged in the luxury of a social conscience and have plunged into a mass of social legislation which was clearly intended to do something towards salving that conscience. But in our need we have been willing to hitch our legislative wagon to any specious proposal that did not do violence to the delicate fabric of party government, and therefore we ought not to complain now if we find ourselves at the heels of a motley and ill-assorted team. Parliament has not had the time to formulate any clear principles, but has preferred to frame its measures as a means of staving off each desperate crisis as it arose. Mr. Long's Unemployed Workmen's Act, 1905, and the Radical measure for provision of school meals are instances in point.

Latterly, however, certain definite conceptions of modern social reform have begun to emerge from the misty confusion of many paper plans and social panaceas. For convenience, two of the more prominent may be described as the respective policies of the two discordant sections of the Poor Law Commission. To the signatories of the Majority Report, lack of character, of will, of self-restraint are the root causes of social misery. Poverty they regard as inevitable, and therein their philosophy is to some extent removed from the argument of this article. To them, however, much may be forgiven, since through the agency of the C.O.S. they sincerely practise their preachings by dosing the poor with a painstaking admixture of material help and exhortations to virtue.

The Minority Commissioners—or, more briefly, Mrs. Sidney Webb—diagnose the case differently. She and her Fabian stalwarts are alive to the real causes of poverty—*i.e.*, the iniquities of our modern system of economic distribution. Do they, therefore, frame their social policy to remedy these root causes? Not one whit! For a considerable number of years it is they who have had the ear of legislators and have in some cases actually inspired public policy, yet they have done little or nothing to remedy the errors of distribution which they know to be the real malady.

Instead, Mr. and Mrs. Webb, acclaimed by the rank and file of the Fabians, have turned all their wealth of knowledge into a side track—a cul de sac. Baffled by the problem of low wages and wrongful distribution, they have had recourse to the expedient of universal provision coupled with benevolent officialism, and their system now takes ingenious shape in the proposed enforcement by the State of a national minimum of health, nourishment, education, recreation—a list capable of infinite extension. But they know that there is a large section of the nation which has not the means of fulfilling its obligations in these respects; for such, the required services would be provided free of charge.

In effect, they ask for the management of the lives and affairs, in the interests of the community, of all those who fail to observe the various minima. Since, however, those who thus fail at the present time are almost exclusively the poor, the system must become, and is really only intended to become, one of State management of the poor. Now State management of the individual (*e.g.*, of prisoners, or of labourers in the thirteenth century) has always tended to crush out the spirit of ambition, of self-improvement, of growth in that individual. Moreover, it has fixed a yawning chasm of moral and social distinction between the State-managed class and the self-managed class. Thus the Webbs' ideal basis of society must quench the vital spark in the poor and must fix an even more permanent and harmful distinction between the classes than exists at present.

Like the C.O.S., the bureaucratic collectivist of modern times falls into the fatal error of dealing with effects instead of causes—an error, by the way, which both schools are only too eager to point out in such bungled legislation as the Unemployed Workmen's Act (1905).

Broadly speaking, the genealogical table of social misery is thus figured: Poverty begets general inefficiency, which begets moral irresponsibility; moral irresponsibility begets a large family of ills, including ill-health, crime, and squalor.

Of course, I shall be told that moral defects often precede poverty. They do; but no one can seriously contend that they are responsible for the thirty per cent. of our people who live perpetually on or below the poverty line.

Now the C.O.S. trace the causes back as far as moral irresponsibility, but there they stop and there concentrate all their efforts. The Webbs and their following, however, are content to treat the even more superficial characteristics of our social canker. By means of a complex piece of administrative machinery controlled by experts they would compulsorily improve the position of the poor in certain particulars. They would, as it were, prune off the more obvious effects of poverty, such as ill-health, crime, and uncleanliness, thereby perhaps strengthening the growth of the evil plant itself, much as pruning strengthens a privet hedge. The root itself they do not attack.

Their system is to be enforced by rigid official methods, even to the extent of official regulations of the daily lives of the poor; and nothing is more certain than that the individuals affected would regard themselves by no means as the beneficiaries of an enlightened government, but as the harassed victims of a social arrangement in which they had neither part nor lot. Moreover, when the masses of the people realised that they had only exchanged the tyranny of the harsh employer for the even more irksome tyranny of the State official, all sense of popular control would inevitably vanish.

Finally, it may be claimed that these objections would not hold were the system applied to an equalitarian State or to a State without our own economic foundations. But, unfortunately, it is proposed to apply the

system of society as it stands to-day, and there it can never be tolerated. Not only would it stereotype a permanent division between the classes, but it would in reality impose upon something like a third of the whole community that very stigma of less-eligibility which its authors have so violently deprecated in the present Poor Law.

AN EX-FABIAN.

Present-Day Theatrical Conditions and their Victims.

By F. H. de Quincey.

To have a grievance and to seek to redress it is incidental to the lot of all who earn their living by work. Where the grievance arises and redress is sought, men who have banded themselves together in trades unions, federations, and brotherhoods recur to what is known as a "strike"; it is their weapon of defence; to be without it is tragical!

There are, nevertheless, numerous sections of men to whom this weapon is denied. Take, for instance, the entertainers of our leisure—the actors. It is impossible for the actor to avail himself of this weapon which to-day is at the command of the humblest worker in the community. Yet the loss of it makes his fate the most precarious of all who depend on their ability for a livelihood; for whatever his grievance, he must grin through his lot and bear it; there is no redress for him; he is helpless!

If it is his misfortune to be unknown to the public and he refuses to comply with his conditions—let him be the most inspired genius—his place can be filled by the amateur. Let the latter only be sponsored by some well-known manager and advertised largely enough, and hey, presto! the miracle is performed. It is a thaumaturgy confined to the stage, the kind of miracle-working for which, at this moment, the capable actor and actress are paying with empty stomachs and black despair!

The man who, say fifteen or twenty years ago, adopted the dramatic profession is to-day, no matter what his proficiency, unable to secure an engagement on his merits. He may write to all the managers in London, his efforts will not secure him a trial engagement, sometimes not even a reply. And yet the novice is at work. Why is this? Is it that acting is different from every other art and that those with no training can possess compensatory gifts or qualities that make a stronger appeal to the public than proficiency? It sounds unlikely. What, then, is wrong; why is it impossible for the trained actor to find employment? Because, apparently, the public do not require him; acting, *as an art*, does not commend itself to them. There is very little of the virtuous element among the patrons of the theatre. They do not go there to criticise—certainly not the acting; any knowledge of that to which they pretend is derived from the newspapers. They attend the theatre because it is associated in their minds with amusement and relaxation, and from no higher motive. They have no affinity whatever with—say music-lovers, who, to satisfy the craving of their artistic nature, attend an exposition by some distinguished musician. Furthermore, acting, as an art, is one in which the true and false are easily confounded; the result being that the amateur is filling the place of the proficient actor. Whether from its intrinsic seductiveness, too, or that the majority of men and women labour under the delusion that they are born actors and actresses, the stage-door has its crowds for ever clamouring for admission. The Dante legend, which the initiated see all too-grimly graven above it—"All hope abandon ye who enter here"—they never by chance descry. There is, in the circumstances, no necessity for the theatrical manager to pay for what he can have for the asking—nay, be paid to accept. What though the service be but a parody of the real thing? He can trust to his astuteness to pass it off on the public, and he does.

There are many motives other than economic that urge him to this course. Being, as he often is, a man with several axes to grind, he cannot afford to look upon talent with the eyes of the dilettante; he measures it only by its marketable value, and this, owing to prevailing theatrical conditions, is nil. Such talent, too, as the public require, it is in his power to make. It is truly marvellous how he does it. If he is accredited with gifts, he can transfer them to his wife and family without the smallest effort. A wave of his magic wand and, lo and behold! they are full-grown actors and actresses with a livelihood assured them by the fatuity of the public. It is enough to provoke the jealousy of the gods! No necessity for them to "go through the mill." Let them be the most soulless marionettes that ever dangled at the end of a string, they are not only tolerated to the prejudice of the proficient actor and actress, but have their very shortcomings extolled as the eccentricities of genius! We have this unique state of things as a result: men and women handicapped by their talent, "struck," as Carlyle put it, "idle as by the fiat of some baleful enchantment." Idle, too, without a hope, except of the workhouse in the last resort; no federation or brotherhood upon which they can fall back in their hour of sore need. Not even the art-for-art's-sake consolation that most other artists possess; for, without a theatre and an audience, the vehicle of expression is denied to the actor; his case, as he himself graphically puts it, is "simply hell."

To understand even in the vaguest way what this phrase implies—before, indeed, the sympathy can be extended to him for which the uniqueness of his case cries out—we have to consider the influences and experiences responsible for his making. If he has graduated in the provinces he is the victim of a stupid and heartless deceit. He is sent there to learn the art of acting, and when he has worked for years and comes back to town, his provincial experience is the pretext upon which work is denied him. He finds he has laboured in vain. Although it is impossible to learn the actor's art except in such a school, his ability is contemned. Whilst the man who has never seen the provinces—the man who would be an actor without the inconvenience and labour—and who, perhaps, has played three or four parts in as many years; in fact, the mere novice has secured by influences or money the place that, by right of ability and earnest endeavour, should be given to the trained worker.

Unfortunately, however, this knowledge comes too late. It may be that before the provincial actor tries his luck in town he has been in the country for ten or twelve years; it may be that his ideals are very high and he has thought he would bring his art as near perfection as he may, before putting it to the final test. Lastly, when he does so, and when it is too late to turn to another calling and practically impossible for him to obtain a living elsewhere than on the stage, he must consider himself lucky if he can get a " walk on " at a guinea a week! Just think for a moment of the injustice of it; after a long probation of hard striving to pluck out the heart of nature's mystery, a guinea a week with the alternative of starvation!

Now, a guinea a week is not to be despised; there are many men in other walks of art, who, owing to competition or other causes, cannot obtain so much. And, possibly, to those who look upon the actor as the devil-may-care participator in an inconsequent nocturnal revel—for one who merely dresses himself in borrowed plumes, paints his face, and speaks words put into his mouth by someone else—a guinea a week is a very fair remuneration; and perhaps it is; it is certainly better than starvation. But when the man to whom it is offered knows that another man with not a thousandth part of his ability or training is, owing to favouritism, money or influence, getting his salary, perhaps thirty times told, it does seem as if something were rotten in the state of the theatre. When he happens to be a man of temperament, imagination, and culture, too, and possesses (as such men always do) a little of that stupid thing we call pride, it is incredible how he will elect to wait and starve before accepting the guinea; but he will, although the waiting and starving in the

case of such men is, as we know, a much more agonising experience than the waiting and starving of the unemployed navvy or hansom-cab driver. To use his own words again, it is " simply hell " ! It is certainly the situation in which temperament becomes a terrible punishment, a curse instead of the blessing it was doubtless intended to be. There is, too, the supplemental moral regret that energies that might have been used to so much better purpose in some other sphere of art or labour have been misused; as if one had been lured into staking the best part of one's life in some diabolical game and cheated by the intervention of the power of evil.

But of all this, as before hinted, the outside public know nothing. They are familiar with the names of a few actors and actresses who have gained a little temporary notoriety through the instrumentality of posted hoardings and newspaper paragraphs; but of the rank and file of the profession—their struggles and sufferings—they know next to nothing. How should they? Actors and actresses, as workers, are distinct from all other working bodies. No strike nor lock-out, no Royal nor other Commission can ever by any chance make their grievances common knowledge. For all, indeed, the outside world may know of the slum-dwellers of Stageland,they live in what is practically a forbidden city. No wonder the man of imagination, temperament and culture feels himself to-day with absolutely no last straw of hope to which to cling. But, turn where he may, there is chaos merely. However brilliant he may be, he is indistinguishable, so far as the public is concerned, from the outcast of society who embraced the profession for the refuge it affords. Perhaps this, too, is not the least of his humiliations. In any case he has to grin through his lot and bear it. The worker's weapon of defence—the strike—is not for him; he is helpless !

Notes on Bergson.

By T. E. Hulme.

II.

NOT exactly, however. I cannot leave it in that precise form, because it embodies a certain inaccuracy. That perhaps would not matter very much were it not that the form of the inaccuracy lays me open to a kind of accusation I particularly detest. I must, therefore, permit myself another digression before I can go straight forward. I have been incautious in the way I have stated things. I have made rather too frequent use of the word enthusiasm, and, worse even than that, I have hinted at the "solution" of a world-old problem. This is where my danger comes in. These things are all signs.

I might be suspected of that particular form of youthful enthusiasm that imagines it has come across the secret of the world for the first time, the kind of enthusiasm that imagines Bergson supersedes all other philosophy.

This would be a most awful accusation. To me personally it would be the most offensive that could be uttered. For this reason, that it would identify me with a type of mentality which I regard with peculiar horror, and which has been particularly prominent in connection with appreciations and criticism of Bergson. It is a type which, while I dislike, I think at the same time that I thoroughly understand. It springs from a kind of mental debility which has left its mark in many other subjects besides philosophy. It is, in fact, one of the normal and common attributes of the human race.

Its external signs are quite easy to recognise. In philosophy you believe that you have got hold of something absolutely "new." You have found the secret of the universe. By the side of this all previous philosophy seems tedious groping. Parallel with this, in social matters, you have the belief that we are on the verge of an entirely "new" state of society which will be quite "different" from anything in the past. Something is going to happen. It may be Home Rule; it may be a social revolution; but, at any rate, when it has happened things will be quite "different."

What is the psychology of this kind of belief? The first step towards a correct explanation of the phenomena is to recognise that your enthusiasm over your particular "new" thing is not caused by the nature of the new thing itself, or only in a very minor degree. The new thing only provides accidentally, as it were, a nucleus round which an over-saturated solution of a certain kind of enthusiasm can crystallise.

One is led to this belief by observing the universality of the phenomena and the widely different subjects in which it is successively exhibited. If a man believes in the possibility of a new state of society, and at the same time thinks that Bergson has invented an entirely new philosophy, the objects of his enthusiasm have so little connection with each other that you are compelled to believe that the cause of it must lie in some disposition of his mind and not in the things themselves.

It is not so much then anything definite that Bergson says that moves them to enthusiasm as the fact that certain sentences perhaps give a pretext for this enthusiasm to empty itself in a flood. It is not because they have clearly seen in Bergson a completely new system that they are moved to talk in this ridiculous way as that they are in a constant state of wanting to talk like that, and he provides a convenient excuse. They are driven on to beliefs of this kind in all subjects by a certain appetite, a certain craving, which must be satisfied. What happens to satisfy it is quite a secondary matter. They seek, and will have, a certain kind of mental excitement; the desire is the governing factor, not the accidental thing it happens to fix itself on to. It is like falling in love at an early and inexperienced age. You may be under the delusion that it is the object that has so produced the state, but the more aged outside observer of the phenomena could tell you that it is more probably the state which produces the object.

What is behind all this? These are the external signs. What is the internal cause of it all? I should say that it was this.

The type is characterised by a certain malaise, a certain irritation of the mind, which seeks to relieve itself. A certain want of balance, which strives to put itself right, which manifests itself in an insatiable craving for a certain specific kind of excitement and exhilaration.

This malaise can be roughly described as a repugnance to and an irritation at the ordinary and the humdrum. We all suffer from this, but in this type the irritation is raised to a hysterical pitch which can almost be called a disease. It is so strong that it affects the balance of the mind. It can only keep its sanity by hugging to itself a balancing illusion. It must believe, in order that it may continue to exist, that there exists somewhere, or that there is about to come into existence, something emphatically *not* ordinary, something quite "different" from humdrum experience.

This craving for something which can be thought of as "different" might then almost be described as the instinctive effort of the organism to right itself. The truth would kill it; this over-belief is necessary in order that it may continue to go on living in comfort. It is like the instinctive action of a man stumbling who throws out his hands to restore his equilibrium. It is an unconscious process; it most generally takes the form of a belief that the future holds possibilities of the perfect which have been denied to the present and the past. This type of debility of mind finds sanity in the belief that it is on the verge of great happenings. It so finds restored equilibrium, but at what a cost! Compared with this fetish worship is an intellectual occupation. Belief of this kind is the most loathsome form of credulity. People in a state of unstable equilibrium support themselves at first sight in very odd ways. A tight-rope walker carries a long

pole; Mr. Balfour, we know, supports himself by holding on to the lapel of his frock coat. But as ludicrous spectacles both these altogether pale when compared with the romancist who prevents himself from falling by leaning on the "future."

* * *

It is at the back of all forms of romanticism. Translated into social beliefs, it is the begetter of all the Utopias. It is the source of all the idealist support of Revolution. By the use of this word you can indeed generally identify the type. You could get the most condensed expression of it by saying that it believes, and must believe, that something remarkable and revolutionary can happen. All demagogues have built on this fallibility of man. Persuade a people that they are about to do something dramatic, that they are about to make history, and they will proceed to follow you. To take a trivial instance of its workings: the appeal of the phrase about the "rare and refreshing fruit" was not to material interests altogether. There was the much greater consolation involved in the idea that there could be such a thing as a rare and refreshing fruit. Well, just in the same way you persist in thinking that some day a rare and refreshing fruit will be discovered in philosophy. As you believe that a new social order vastly different from everything that had preceded it is about to arrive, so you want as a natural corollary to believe that there is also an absolutely new philosophy to fit in with this brand-new good time coming. It would pain you intensely to think that you had to have any old furniture in the new house. You read Bergson then not so much for any definite views he puts forward; indeed, you very rarely are enabled to give any coherent account of what he says, but simply because there you do get this craving satisfied.

This is the type which I regard with such peculiar horror, and from which I want to dissociate myself. And as the object of writing and of the making of theories is nothing more at bottom than the kind of thing aimed at by the Thirty-nine Articles, that is, the drawing of a peculiarly complicated but quite definite line which will mark you off finally and distinctly from the people you can't stand, I have thought it worth while to examine these people at length.

I want carefully to state that I do not belong to this type. When, therefore, I speak of a new solution to an old problem I do not at all attach the meaning to the phrase that this type would. I believe, on the contrary, that there is nothing absolutely new in either the problem or the solution of it which I am about to describe in Bergson. In substance the problem and its solution are the same in every generation. Every philosopher must deal with an old problem, and must escape from it by an equally world-old solution. It is impossible at this time of day to take up an absolutely new attitude towards the cosmos and its persistent problems. The conflicts of the constant attitudes recur in each generation, and the things we dispute about now are the same in substance as those which occupied the leisure of the theologians of the third and fourth centuries. It is as impossible to discover anything new about the ways of man in regard to the cosmos as it is to observe anything new about the ways of a kitten. The general conceptions we can form are as limited in number as the possible gestures of the dance, and as fixed in type as is the physiology of man himself. The philosopher who has not been anticipated in this sense of the word does not exist, or, if he does, he breathes forth his wisdom in the ineffectual silence of solitary confinement.

But if that is so, what is the use of bothering about the matter at all? Why should you investigate even the relatively new? Just as one generation after another is content to watch the eternally fixed and constant antics of kittens, so, one might urge, should one generation after another be content to watch the antics of the philosophers without sighing after anything new. There is this obvious objection: that while the antics of the kitten, like the art of the actor, die with it, the same is not true of philosophers.

It is necessary for the kittens of this generation to repeat the gestures of the past in order that we may see them at all, for the dead kittens who did the same things are gone beyond recall; but in philosophy the gestures of the dead are recorded in print. What justification is there for philosophy if it does nought but repeat the same old attitudes? This is a plausible but fallacious objection, and based on an illusion. The phrases of dead philosophers recorded in print are to most people as dead as dead kittens. In order that they may appear alive they must be said over again in the phraseology of the moment. This, then, is the only originality left to a philosopher—the invention of a new dialect in which to restate an old attitude.

This, then, is the sense that I might safely say that Bergson had presented a new solution to an old problem. I should restate the thing, to avoid any suspicion of romanticism, in this way: Bergson has provided in the dialect of the time the only possible way out of the nightmare.

When I said that in my article on the chessboard I should give the suspicion of this way out that was present in my own head, I mean rather that I must give the kind of embryo idea that was present in the minds of this generation ready to be developed. For a philosopher must be anticipated even in this more special way.

The thing that he has to say must already be present in a crude form to the minds of a considerable number of the men of his own generation for him to get a hearing. The ground must be prepared for him. What he says can have very little meaning or significance to the reader unless it hitches on to or resembles some similar idea already present in that reader's head. The egg must be there; all that the philosopher can do is to act as a broody hen. Or perhaps a more correct metaphor would be to say that out of the muddy stream of our own thoughts the philosopher dives in and dries on the bank into a definite and fixed shape the idea that in our own mind was but muddy, transient, and confused. This is in the sense in which every reader who derives anything from the philosopher must have anticipated him. Without you had already something which a little corresponded to what he has to say you would not be able to make very much of him. You anticipate him in this sense, that with several hundred other people in the same state of mind you form the confusion that the particular philosopher is heaven-sent to clear up.

There is nothing in all this derogatory to the originality of a philosopher. It is a grievous mistake to find the originality of a philosopher in his bare ideas. You cannot find the originality and peculiar qualities of an innovator merely in the ideas he brings forward. You wouldn't read him at all did you not find in him much the same ideas that were already present in your own head. There is nothing in having ideas. Anybody can have those much overrated articles of commerce. You or I out for a morning's walk may, if it be the first day of spring, or if we can hear a band in the distance, give birth to a crowd of ideas, each of which might serve as the starting point of a new system of philosophy. Each of them seems to hold the old-world process in its embrace. Probably this is not a matter of seeming only, probably each of them does, or has done so in reality, for the cosmos is by no means a prude in these matters. Surely the history of philosophy is there to prove that the cosmos, like the wife of Marcus Aurelius, has wandered very much. All the disputes come from the fact that the metaphysicians pitifully lacking not only in the physique, but also in the horse sense of the soldiers, are apt in their rapture to think that they are the only ones.

* * *

To return at length to the point, I am giving in the next article, the nightmare, the problem that I conceive Bergson to have finished off. This gives the pedestal he stands on the dark background which throws him into startling relief.

Thoughts Without Words.

By Edward McNulty.

To angle for appellations in the Dead Sea of Latin, a privilege freely granted science, is wisely denied to literature. But the latter can, under pressure, combine old words in new forms. Ordinary language thus freshly adjusted, in addition to its utility, produces a surprise air of newness resembling the wonder of a child viewing traffic through coloured glass. This is familiar alike to the laborious writer of prose and the impatient poet whose swiftly-gathering thoughts burst in a startling flash of words. When language fails there starts into activity the sphere of symbols. Here, both in the dim regions of the vicinity and inexhaustible interior of the abnormal, arise world after world of unimagined marvels as yet merely outlined by the inspired few who radiate reflections from the myriad facets of the mind in language more beautiful than light. The average citizen, however, cannot afford time for the concentration necessary to raise abstract ideas to incandescence; and so far from aspiring to the plane of thoughts without words, he nestles contentedly within the cocoon of conventionality spun from words without thoughts. His daily needs are satisfied with a dozen or so of stock phrases which are repeated in his morning newspaper with the fidelity of a stamping machine. In addition, it should be noted that he has a secret rosary of protective proverbs dotted like red railway lamps along his life. As he speeds onward he catches occasional glimpses of mysterious scenery. But, being above all a man of sound common-sense, he declines to accept the whirling vista as the twilight realm of his own personality. He believes it a mirage hallucinated from the perturbations of a disordered liver. The only inner-life he recognises being that of the viscera, in order to obtain a more clarified view of the confused chimera, he labours no course of spiritual exercises. He swallows medicine. Then his vision clears. His signal lights blaze out afresh. Nevertheless, though the shining proverbs may protect him from men and women, they are powerless to save him from himself. It is therefore imperative that he should obtain control of his mental movements. An unexpressed and dangerous thought often hides behind his everyday consciousness. Growing more rapidly at night-time in a manner analogous to plants, it clings to him, colours his emotions, distorts his outlook, paralyses his will; mastering him so absolutely that his features assume a permanent expression which is its outward reflection. And, all this time, as a man of sound common-sense, he is under the illusion that he is master. Being malign, it is frequently directed towards the control of the life of an unconscious stranger who, gradually drawn within its demoniac influence, is dominated and destroyed. Such, for instance, is the process materialising as seduction. In the case of a man wielding vast power, like Napoleon, a single thought of this character colours the lives of millions, extinguishes the lives of thousands. When its object is accomplished it vanishes with magical swiftness, leaving its victim face to face with catastrophe. Now, such deadly night-shade of the mind which, silent and unseen, ruins the most upright will by a subtle course of caressive strangulation, should be carefully defined so that the deluded man privately hugging the vicious thing, dazzled by its seductive visions, flattering himself on the security of secrecy, could timely descry the impending disaster. He would be healthily alarmed, he would find comfort in realising that it was nothing peculiar to himself, that, on the contrary, it was widely known and comprehended and that its antidote was in his power. This rough sketch of the malignant thought, whose chief attribute is a treacherous and successful assault on the will, proves that its audacity is equal to its subtlety. It requires no nursing. There are, however, benign thoughts culminating in equally important and even stupendous results, which, on the other hand, are so sensitive that it is necessary to treat them more carefully than a delicate child. Such are the initial inspirations of inventors and original thinkers. It is safe to say that the more beneficent the ultimate result to the individual, the nation, or mankind, the more elusive the originating thought from the first indication of its presence until it takes shape as a concrete image. Familiarity by special nomenclature is here also an imperative necessity to facilitate progress and intelligent recognition. But, in the difficult task of interweaving adequate words through the gaping meshes of our rudimentary net of language, it is not advisable to appeal to scientist, metaphysician, or occultist. Their phraseology is either too pedantic or Oriental. Instead of labouring a repellent catalogue, we can utilise the obvious analogy existing between the life of Nature and that of the human consciousness, and express mental and spiritual experiences in the simplest terms.

Now, although the normal man may have perfected the art of masking himself from his fellows, the supernormal—which is only a crude word for the unfamiliar—insists from time to time in arresting, if not focussing, his attention. He is subject to moments of sudden revelation, when a psychical flashlight reveals his most intimate friend or relation as a strange being profoundly unknown. This apparent metamorphosis is a transient but significant reminder that he is something more than a successful business man and model citizen. Nor does this episode exhaust his supply of special information unconnected with the Stock Exchange. His body changes incessantly. Something he vaguely calls his consciousness, an unchangeable factor, pervades his body in an intangible manner from childhood onward through every stage of change and growth. Something else, akin to this, keeps his heart beating. his lungs in action, and his blood circulating when he is fast asleep. And there are rare moments, too, when he seems to stand apart altogether from his body and calmly view it as an intimate machine of vital but transitory importance. Similarly he considers himself a spectator at a world pageant where all others are the actors. But sometimes, particularly during the climax of a nerve-storm, he knows that he is an unimpassioned observer of his own excitement. He feels the encircling silence of a summer night when the spirit seems attuned to some harmonic system evolved behind the stars and thoughts appear as shadows cast by an unseen light.

When we reflect that these are but a moiety of unexplained phenomena still awaiting terminology we can understand, that language, admittedly crude and chaotic, far from being in a state of decay, is only in the first stages of development. Humanity which obeys the unalterable law of regeneration must unceasingly reach out towards fresh experiences. The once-verdant phrases, having fulfilled their destiny, wither to dead verbiage; but they are replaced by others from which, in process of time, we gather the radiant flowers of thought that conceal in their beautiful bosoms the potential seeds of a more glorious fruition. Whether life be merely an episode in the existence of an eternal spirit, or the individual a transient whirl in a universal storm of vibration, we shall probably never know. Were man able to solve the ultimate mystery of things he would become more powerful than the forces which manifest in creation, a position that is unthinkable; but he must of necessity press on towards that ideal over paths conquered from a maze of emotions and ideas that crowd upon him with all the disorder and menace of the unknown. Though it is impossible to understand the why of the universe, if there is no why to understand there is an imperishable infinitude of facts to be captured from their hiding-places and forced into the light of day. But whilst the miracle of distance intervenes between the two atoms which form the working hypothesis of scientific research—whilst Eternity speaks through the cosmos to the children of Time—they shall never lack thoughts without words.

Present-Day Criticism.

WITH melancholy and no satisfaction we record evidence of what has here been written regarding the absence of critics and of the whipster's scramble for the seat of criticism. Latest comes the well-known journalist, H. H. F., who bursts forth with a pronouncement for which nothing in his whole career gives him of authority one tittle or jot. Some years ago, Dr. Richard Garnett wrote warningly of the "chief actual danger to literature—debasement to suit the tastes of a half-educated public. A general public, neither refined nor intelligent, now dispenses the substantial rewards of literature, occupies the place formerly held by the Court, the university, and the patron. Hence a serious apprehension of a general lowering of the standard of literature, far more pernicious than any temporary aberration of taste." The circulationist writers have lowered the standard until to-day there is practically no fiction issued to which the critical canon may be applied. Unity of form, continuity, balance, relation to beauty have been all long abandoned. Everyone writes down whatever is photographed upon the eye or conveyed to the ear, and, lumping it all together around a few puppets, calls the mess a Book. Nevertheless, the terms of criticism continue to be applied to these productions "not belonging to literature, things of no account in literature," the reason being that men not belonging to criticism and of no account in criticism sprung up with the circulationists to serve the new dispenser of rewards—the half-educated public.

To-day these reviewers, without culture, without any literary standard but the commercial one of sales, have cast aside the tags of modesty that once restrained them. They were once fairly modest. We knew some of them, not obviously more vain than competent journalists, men of bright, clear facts, might be. But they began to extend with halfpenny journalism. Writing every day for ever-increasing, half-educated audiences, they acquired a superiority over numbers which they not altogether incredibly mistook for a superiority over quality. Doubtless, too, the large salaries they drew induced them to believe they were worth the money, not merely as decoys of the half-educated public, but, *per se*, in themselves as writers, as literary men, as—God forgive them!—artists and critics. Of this type is Mr. H. H. F. We know him as one of the pinks of Harmsworthism, looked up to by the halfpenny public as only next neighbour to an ambassador; the traveller, the spectator of roses in deserts and radium upon icebergs. He is probably the most expert Corinthian of our time, making a party maze appear like a doll's garden to simple rustics—and simple rustics like sophist-fanged dialecticians to salad publicists. What wonder that this prince of the fountain-pen should come to believe all literature to be his province? His recent dash for criticism is by no means the first. He has aforetime planted his flag upon several authors, and none, publicly at least, rebuked him. Why should they and how might they?—being such as feared not, as the artist fears, popular approval, but, on the contrary, writers whose standard was the standard of the halfpenny Press—circulation.

So it has arrived finally that H. H. F. dons a sock, and with his way-worn foot adorned, perks himself into the critic's chair and announces an Event in Literature! Mr. John Masefield's latest metrical effort is the Event, and with it we have no concern. Such things and worse may be expected before the restoration of art. There is no moving objection, moreover, to a journalist and paid globe-trotter like Mr. H. H. F. publishing to a doggerel-loving halfpenny world his opinions about "The Everlasting Mercy." That seems all very fit indeed. But the spectacle of him passing judgment regarding events in literature is too indicative of the fallen fortunes of criticism not to raise an indignant sigh, not to arouse an expression of hostility against such impertinent usurpers, not to send one to cry in the wilderness where art and criticism now wander for the return of the rightful heirs of ancient greatness.

We want those who know the past as well as the present; those who will never accept and approve less than the best that has been done. When they return the standard will be demanded. The artistic conscience will become once more a living test of work. The circulationist will be tethered to his public—just fate! The "sharp whine of the minor poets of pessimism" will be laughed at; the growl of the mock tragedian be ignored; the grin of the novelist of sex and obstetrics be detected and shown shameful. We shall not, in that pleasant day, be permitted to applaud living writers until we know the great dead, nor will our youth grow ignorant of all it should revere and that would give it balance and good judgment; for honour of the classics will restore true education. We shall apprehend then the unbridgeable chasm between "The Tempest" and "The Blue Bird," between "Julius Cæsar" and "Pompey the Great," between "The Three Musketeers" and "Captain Brazenhead"; "Marion Lescaut" and "Ann Veronica," "Adam Bede" and "The Thief of Virtue," "Paul and Virginia" and "The Blue Lagoon," "Jane Eyre" and "Hilda Lessways," "The Sentimental Journey" and "The Path to Rome."

REVIEWS.

The Progress of Mrs. Cripps-Middlemore. By G. Bendall. (The Bodley Head. 6s.)

Mr. Emeris' chambers were square and spacious, contained books in serried rows, ancient carved oak desk strewn with litter. Outside were level lawns, straight garden walks, cawing rooks, and the muffled roar of Gray's Inn. Muffled! The author ought to try to live there; but perhaps he does—that would account for his few thousand clichés, not to mention such evidence of headache as that Mr. Conyers, a great literary artist, "bought by the crowd" and "adviser to an eminent firm of publishers," was "poor like most authors but a gentleman by birth." Fancy having to review stuff like that! We don't care anything about Mrs. Cripps-Middlemore, a lady who progressed to becoming Lady Childerditch, but Mr. Bendall's clichés arrest us.

"A young man, evidently a frequent and favoured visitor, entered the room unannounced. . . . he began to ply him with questions. . . . Mr. Emeris was a scholarly recluse whose disinterested love of learning and solid attainments. . . . Clara was utterly lacking in intellectual sympathy . . . she took a perverse pleasure. . . . . His attitude was one of tolerant contempt. . . . She assumed a look of patient weariness. . . . She gave an animated account. . . . The unmistakable cachet of Bond Street. . . . He was a tireless worker and one who knew how to keep his own counsel. . . . His native shrewdness and prodigious luck . . . smiling agreement . . . animated attention . . . amiable efforts . . . talking with great animation. . . . The funeral was a quiet and impressive ceremony . . . visibly affected." So are we! There is something to hush one about a man who can write a whole book all in clichés.

The Chronicles of Clovis. By Saki. (The Bodley Head. 6s.)

Why, oh why, can we not find these chronicles amusing? They are so evidently expected to seem funny and entertaining. Someone buys them—someone must discover the fun in them. Why not we? A pet hyena obtrudes at a hunt, eats up a gypsy baby, is run over by a motor and buried. Now why do we not laugh? The most stupendous efforts have been directed all to making it screamingly humorous and cynically gay past belief. We must be stupid. Another chronicle: Clovis arrives to dinner and remarks, "There's nothing in Christianity that quite matches the unselfishness of an oyster. Do you like my new waistcoat? I'm wearing it for the first time to-night." Alas! we have again missed it. Third chronicle: A talking cat. Rather novel, but not so very when you remember how much

the Cheshire one conveyed in a mere smile. Fourth chronicle: Mrs. Packletide wants to shoot a tiger because Lorna Bimberton has been up in an aeroplane. She shoots a goat instead, and the tiger dies of syncope at hearing the gun go off. She has to give Miss Mebbin a freehold cottage in Devon not to tell. It is not really our fault this time! Fifth chronicle: The stampeding of Lady Bastable. Clovis wants her to tell him to go, so he arranges a sham peasant riot, Lady B. firmly believing the revolution is at hand. She tells his mother after this that she won't keep Clovis for six days, and let Mrs. Sangrail go up north in peace. Now where is it? It must have come during the stampede across the lawn. Missed it again! Ah, well, we give it all up. After five it's no use trying.

The Taming of John Blunt. By Alfred Ollivant. (Methuen. 6s.)

John Blunt has watched his mother die. "He flung himself on the bed, took her in his arms, and kissed her cold forehead passionately. A butcher's boy whistling an air from 'The Merry Widow' roused him at length." Why the deuce? Why a butcher's boy whistling "The Merry Widow"? Why not someone in the house? But that is the plague of realism and why also realism is so much profesed by our writers—you may put down anything you please, since you have neither form to respect nor unity to maintain. A butcher's boy, "The Merry Widow" and a dead mother. Why not? That is what is! Look around you, listen, smell: everywhere a vulgar nation has provided similar coincidences. That is life! Ah, is it? Not necessarily—it is only shabby human manners of the kind our novelists seem to find themselves most at ease in noticing and recording. One would not mind such writing in a satire on human society, but would welcome it; but this novel seems to mean to be a romance. John Blunt, as his name implies, is our old strong silent man, a Socialist also, and we could weigh to a grain how much romance he is likely to afford. To Lady Florence, an overbearing female, he is "obdurate as iron." But he would like to see Rachael, "the child" as he calls her, with his eyes "strangely soft," a mother. Presumably he does; he marries her after she has displayed her maternal impulses by calling him "a sulky little Tiddy B'ar" and "a good lil boy" and said "Tank you" for "Thank you," and incidentally bowled out Lady Florence.

Villa Rubein. By John Galsworthy. (Duckworth. 2s. 6d.)

A reprint in "The Readers' Library."

A Touch of Fantasy. By A. H. Adams. (The Bodley Head. 6s.)

A thrilling opening. Short-sighted man is being fitted with a pair of spectacles. Now, for the first time in his life, he sees Beauty unveiled. He has had a horrible experience, blurs and specks on his eyes, and headaches like anything. All gone now and Beauty unveiled! You could not read this first chapter and not know all about getting a pair of spectacles, and if, like Hugh, you should chance to get yours on any December 24, why there would be another strange affair.

Hugh can now see the difference between one woman and another—what is that old saw about the dark? "Hitherto he had taken them in a lump." He sees a lot of spinsters in his boarding-house, and he feels that the "soft balm of sleep sends them to dream of little helpless babies." That his sympathetic insight is correct is demonstrated by endless hen-chins which all turn somehow on babies. One spinster goes so far as to say she'd like twins. What a chance for the Bishop of London! But Hugh is not self-sacrificing. He wants Nancy, who has been naughty enough to lose her virginity in time. He forgives her, and kissing her, sanctifies her, "purifies even her." They marry. Hugh's mother suddenly dies that same day and provides an outlet for the author's pent-up maternal speculations and a good entrance for Nancy, who discovers that she is going to be a mother. By the other man: there's a how-do-you-do—the sort of howdy, by the way, which is quite the newest thing in circulationist lines, chic and as now worn! Nancy now leans to Bill, the father of "the sweet thing she would hold in her arms." However, Bill thinks it is "a try-on," refuses to take the blame, whereupon Nancy feels "suddenly the great exultation of motherhood" and resolves to let Hugh pay. For all his new spectacles we admit that he could not be expected to guess at anything incorrect. "Across the breakfast table, with only the wreck of the eggs and bacon between them (these realists are surely going cracked!), she, the woman-companion, was more lovable, more desirable than an angel. She had met him frankly from the other side of sex." Nancy puts aside all worries and, "frankly," we suppose, tells him she is going to be a mother. Hugh kisses her with rapture: "it was bound to be a boy." It is, and stillborn. Nancy's grief is terrible, but she burns the baby-linen when she gets well, though Hugh's eyes told her his hope that they might come in useful again. Hugh now goes to the optician again (really, read and see!), and having got a new pair of spectacles, takes a dislike to Nancy. She is earthly and commonplace, after all. Other excitement slacking, Nancy tells him it was Bill's baby. "I was a woman and weak," she says brazenly. Out into the night goes Hugh, wavers, returns home; Nancy has gone to bed. Hugh wants his wife—after all, if one is Hugh, one must have a wife. He takes off his new, clear spectacles and puts on the old fantastical ones, wakes Nancy, and two years later a man-child is born, Hugh's very own. Is it not a wondrous tale?

Jacquine of the Hut. By E. G. Robin. (Hurst and Blackett. 6s.)

On a wild night in December, 1766, the English Channel was "a personification, as it were," of the spirit of storm. Out of her hut comes Jacquine. She is (as it were) tracking a man. She is afraid Richard de Carteret may be out meeting some other girl. "Why should you care?" he asks. It was long before she answered, trembling: "I care because I like you so much." "Ha! another kiss. The devil! your lips are pretty enough and sweet with the satin and fire of brandy." There's a rattling, 1766 blade! But de Carteret is a smuggler and must be accoutred accordingly. "'Tell me,' he said, 'how it is you like me, you silly girl.' 'It was long ago that I began to care—because of your mother. How I loved her!' 'Hush!' he broke in hurriedly." He teaches her to smuggle. She teaches him to love, and at last they both teach each other to give up freebooting and settle down. Miss Robin has acquired many tags of Channel Island history, topography, and geography in order to write this novel.

The Love-Locks of Diana. By Kate Horn. (Stanley Paul. 6s.)

"Oh, where are you going with your love-locks flowing?" Diana whispers to Dickie: "There are elves in these trees, and fairies, too. If we make-believe very hard, we can see them—life is full of make-believe." Diana, the motherless daughter of a wastrel army officer, now a hotel drudge in Malta, beautiful beyond dispute—"violet eyes, chestnut hair, filbert nails"—arouses the jealous hatred of Dickie's mother, who, being plain, replies to Diana's appeal to go to England as Dickie's nurse with the information: "such girls as you always drift to the bad." Where do such authoresses as Miss Horn drift to that they can dare send forth such rubbish? Diana Ponsonby is adopted by Baroness von Poppenheim, alias Ethel Vavasour, alias Mrs. Bloggs, a nice woman in her way, but, alas! a swell card-sharper and rather wanted by the police. Diana, in silks and furs, is an innocent and unsuspecting decoy. Dancing one night in the drawing-room she sees an old man among the umbrageous audience who "bore about him the impress, indefinable but tangible, of a gentleman." He is her own grandfather! What a situation! Sir Peregrine Ponsonby drops in a fit and dies in a few hours, leaving Diana, as was only to be expected, sole heiress to his

millions. "The Way of the Cross," says the authoress, is the way of salvation. Mrs. Bloggs is strangled to death by a mad fraternal relation after a life of fairish enjoyment. Diana, the hotel drudge, is saved to spend the millions, found an orphanage, and get married. Lord Arthur Verity gave her away.

The Bosbury People. By Arthur Ransome. (Stephen Swift. 6s.)

This, "the second novel by the octogenarian author," is deaf to the calls of the time. There is nothing in it to shock, excite, or disgust; in fact, no one need be afraid to lend it to even the oldest gentleman of eighty. The Bosbury people have new ideas about village reform, but none about marriage and the darker vices, for which last we may return certain thanks.

Under Western Eyes. By Joseph Conrad. (Methuen. 6s.)

"With the fever of the senses, the delirium of the passions, the weakness of the spirit; with the storms of the passing time and with the great scourges of human life—hunger, thirst, dishonour, diseases and death—authors may as long as they like go on making novels which shall harrow our hearts; but the soul says all the while, 'You hurt me.'" This sentence from Joubert, quoted by Matthew Arnold, might be our only comment on Mr. Conrad's latest work, and perhaps ought to be. "Under Western Eyes" is no book for the soul, but for the sorrowful emotions. Nothing redeems it, even the character of Natalie Haldin. Over it all hangs the ugly gloom of Russian revolutionism. As if in revenge for his choice of subject, Mr. Conrad's old skill has deserted him. It is by the clumsiest device—necessitating an occasional and obvious interval for repair—that the story is told at all. An English master of languages, but professing no art of words (yet he is to write like Mr. Conrad), comes into possession of the intimate diary of a young Russian student, who first betrays a revolutionary assassin and afterwards confesses his treachery to the executed man's sister. This manuscript he shapes into the present story. It is a preposterous invention, and by no means serves its purpose of excusing a story that after Turgeniev's "Fathers and Children," ought never to have been written.

Death. By Maurice Maeterlinck. (Methuen. 3s. 6d. net.)

We demur to the solemnity with which M. Maeterlinck is read, and, still more, published in England. He is only a French Ralph Waldo Trine, who is himself a plagiarist of Emerson who harked back to the Upanishads. Yet Methuens announce this simple essay, which would barely do credit to the president of a provincial Y.M.C.A., as an "opuscula," a "vade mecum of a good death"; and the author himself as a "sage and poet." We have never yet been able to derive a single clear idea from M. Maeterlinck, and we turned without hope to his "opuscula" on death. One clear idea we found, and even two. Future generations will hold us barbarous for prolonging the sufferings of the dying; and annihilation is impossible. The first is a hope (in which we confess we share), the second is a theory. For the rest the "sort of manual" is full of perhaps' and possiblys' and may-it-nots'—enough, of course, to produce the daffodil atmosphere in which M. Maeterlinck's admirers love to faint and die.

The Life of Tolstoy. By Paul Birukoff. (Cassell. 5s. net.)

The publisher of this biographical sketch tells us that "among the late Count Tolstoy's intimate friends it is a matter of regret that, in the English language, there is no reliable biography of the great Russian teacher." The answer to this assertion is that all the biographical facts given in this volume are to be found in Mr. Maude's two-volume biography; and in M. Rolland's recently translated psychological study. We must admit that we are getting tired of these biographies by Tolstoy's friends, with the inevitable assertion in the preface that Tolstoy or his family collaborated in the compilation or corrected the proofs. M. Birukoff has nothing new to say of Tolstoy: the book is only 156 pages long, is a mere outline of the life, and is remarkably free from exposition. It is notable only for its suppression. For example, M. Birukoff tells us that Tolstoy's departure from Yasnaya Polyana in 1910 "was the act of a man energetically and sincerely true to his words." The sincerity was extremely belated; but why forget that Tolstoy had left home before? Why forget that, as Mr. Maude has told us, on one occasion he chose to depart when his wife was already suffering the pains of parturition, only to come creeping back to comfort in a day or two? The suggestion of sincerity is absurd; and as M. Birukoff will not tell us the "determining private factor of his departure," we must conclude that Tolstoy was more intent on making his wife miserable than himself happy. But for that lucky inflammation of the lungs, who can doubt that the miserable farce would have been played again? The world would have lacked a sensation, and the publishing business, with which M. Birukoff was connected, would have lacked an advertisement; and the sincerity of the prophet's renunciation would still have been a debatable question. Now it is settled for ever, in the negative.

Recent Verse.*

By Jack Collings Squire.

IN the preface to his Alfrediad, Mr. Chesterton explains his choice of a subject in characteristic style. "The legends," says he, "are the most important things about him." Tales are told of him, dubiously true but undeniably attractive. Three of these—the tales of Ethandune, of the harping in the Danish camp, and of the cakes—Mr. Chesterton uses as the substance of his "plot." Of the first he remarks, "I only seek to write upon a hearsay, as the old balladists did." Of the second he remarks. "I select it because it is a popular tale, at whatever time it arose." Of the third, "I select it because it is a popular tale, because it is a vulgar one." Some subsequent observations, however, give one, perhaps, an even better clue to the reasons of the choice. Mr. Chesterton discourses on the uses of legend and tradition. "They telescope history," says he. There lies the secret. Mr. Chesterton had to have a hero who could safely be Chestertonised. Not merely vulgarity, but vagueness in the history was necessary. It would be impossible for Mr. Chesterton to weave the webs of his doctrine around the figure, say, of Oliver Cromwell or of Charles James Fox. We know too much of these people, and if a poet put Chestertonese Rabelaiso-Christian antitheses into their minds and mouths we should denounce him for a perverter of the truth. But of Alfred we know little that is certain. A man so thoroughly dead as he can deny no tales. Mr. Chesterton has a perfectly free hand; and if he chooses to depict the hero as a blend of King David, Ulysses, and G. K. C., who are we to say him nay?

As, in this series of eight ballads, the story of the broken King's struggle with the Danes is told, the familiar Chesterton dogmas and phraseology accost us repeatedly—though never so frequently as to check the swinging progress of the narrative. We get the old insistence of the fact that if we wish a white wall to remain white we must be continually painting it white. This time it appears as:

> If ye would have the horse of old
> Scour ye the horse anew.

King Alfred's few goods stored in a hollow tree are the old Chesterbelloc properties:

> A mass-book mildewed, line by line,
> And weapons and a skin of wine,
> And an old harp unstrung.

* "The Ballad of the White Horse." By G. K. Chesterton. (Methuen.)
"Before Dawn." By Harold Munro. (Constable.)
"Poems." By Emery Pottle. (Methuen.)
"The Younger Quire." (Mood's Publishing Co., New York.)

The Christians are more joyous in defeat than their enemies in victory :

> The men of the East may search the scrolls
> For sure fates and fame,
> But the men that drink the blood of God
> Go singing to their shame.

The doctrine of the greatness of small things is not unknown to the Saturday "Daily News," nor is the one

> That a sage feels too small for life,
> And a fool too large for it,

Alfred's God is a "good giant," and the horrible barbarism of modern thought in days when

> Pride and a little scratching pen
> Have dried and split the hearts of men

gets inevitably emphatic mention, King Alfred himself having a prophetic vision of a last paganism worse than the first, which would make strings of beasts and birds and wheels of wind and star. The uses of legends which "mix up the centuries" (of which the preface speaks) are abundantly exploited.

Mr. Chesterton, therefore, like all those other moderns whom he detests, has written a "story with a purpose." But the purpose is not aggressive; it just pokes its nose up now and then like a whale which has no desire to disturb the general equanimity of the sea's surface, but which simply must have a spout now and again. The tale of the outcast Alfred's vision of the Virgin, of the gathering of his men, and of his playing amid the Danes, of his victory, is told with magnificent spirit, vividness, directness and brevity. No better ballads have been written for generations. The characters are sketched with extraordinary force and colour, and that tumultuous and obscure ninth-century world which is their background is illumined and spread out in bold and beautiful rhetorical verse. Once or twice there is an archaistic passage of the Wardour Street type. Here and there a cliché—like "dear dead women"—appears; here and there Mr. Chesterton uses a rather too arresting adjective owing to his inability to escape altogether from a habit contracted when writing prose journalism. But generally speaking his English is of the purest and most befitting. Technically, in fact, the poem reaches a very high level. Many of the stanzas have a thrilling "inevitability," and a great mastery over the ballad metre is shown. The variations of rhythm are as unforced as they are numerous and cunning; to put any of them down here without their context would be to kill delicate-winged creatures and stick pins through them. The poem grows on one at every reading, and one can only say to Mr. Chesterton what Grandgousier said to Gargamelle at the birth of Gargantua : "Courage de brebis ! Depeschez vous de cestuy cy, et bien tost en faisons un aultre."

Two questions by way of postscript. How is it that since Mark the Roman was distinguished because he drank wine whilst "all the kings of the earth drank ale," King Alfred had a skin of wine amongst his exiguous impedimenta? And what quite were the disposition of forces and the tactics pursued at Ethandune? As far as I can make out from Mr. Chesterton, Alfred's left charged the Danish left, and Alfred's right the Danish right. Is this more symbolism of the cross; or what? Mr. Belloc is at present writing a series of explanatory booklets on the course of certain great British battles; it looks as though he had better add Ethandune to Blenheim, Crécy and the others.

Mr. Harold Munro some years ago published a blank verse poem on Judas Iscariot which was skilfully and strongly written and had considerable dramatic force and intensity. In his new volume the best written and most dramatic poem is again in blank verse. This is " The Virgin," which embodies the thoughts of the lonely woman anguished for the unknown man who might have loved her but has never met her. There are one or two passages which rather let one down with a jerk.

> I am a creature so lascivious now
> That no one anywhere is safe

is somewhat bald. But many parts of the poem are moving without being mawkish. The longest poem—Mr. Munro has a penchant for big subjects—is on God. Some fourteen persons of different occupations meet in a public-house to discuss and define the Deity. " By Jesus," says the innkeeper, "more and more I like the plan : in seeking God they'll drink a butt of ale." Both the setting and the progress of the debate are rather hard to swallow; whilst the contributions of the various disputants are often trite, often unconvincingly crude, and sometimes put in a way which must excite the least ribald of readers to mirth. The farmer says : "God is the Truth; and if you doubt it, look Into the pages of His sacred book." The sailor says : "If He exists, He never thinks of me, And so I hardly ever think of Him." The soldier says : " He loves us so He even counts our hairs." The rich man says : " He doth not scrutinise nor question why; but trusts my general plan." The physician contends that " God is a fiction of the nervous cells Connected with a portion of the brain." The poet reminds the company that " God is a spirit not a creed "; and the philosopher denies that there is any God. This sort of thing would have to be very well done to be tolerable. Mr. Munro has not done it well. Some of the love-lyrics and the impressions of contemporary types are gracefully written; but taken as a whole the subject matter of the book is too thin and the treatment too solemn. Here is a syllogism for solemn poets. Even Homer sometimes nodded. A nod is as good as a wink. Therefore we should all sometimes wink.

There is nothing very exciting either way about Mr. Pottle's quiet volume.

> To one who dwells by country lanes apart,
> Grateful for nameless stars, calm hills, the sea,
> In whose clear eyes the gentle tears might start
> Unbidden, at the eternal mystery
> That lies within the commonest wayside flower,
> A friend of days and nights, as hour gives hour—
> To him the town must breed a sorry art
> That walls us out of God's great living heart.

That is Mr. Pottle at his best : a sort of waistcoat-pocket Wordsworth. Here he is at his worst :

> What was it I said to you
> And you to me?
> How can it be
> That now it seems so untrue,
> How can it be?
> All that you said to me,
> And I to you,
> Was true as true;
> 'Twas something that HAD TO BE,
> And was true as true.

One is strongly tempted to continue this work along these invitingly facile lines. As follows, for instance :

> How could I know that you meant "Yes"
> When you said "No"?
> Doubtless you thought that I should guess.
> What? Ah, quite so!
> Life can break what life can make,
> We come, we go.
> I feel bad, although,
> Thank Heaven, I can sit up and take
> A little Bovril!

" The Younger Quire " is a skit on a collection of poems by young modern writers, entitled "The Younger Choir." Saving G. S. Viereck, Charles Hanson Towne and Louis Untermeyer, the writers parodied have not been heard of on " this side." When one is unfamiliar with the originals, one cannot quite well judge the parodies, but some of them have the air of getting clean between the joints, and make very amusing reading. " Wednesday Afternoon," after Mr. James Oppenheim, contains some most piquant stanzas, and " In the Garden of Faustina," after G. S. Viereck, hits many nails on the head. " Oh, lips of lust," it ends :

> . . . . Here shall I feast;
> No evil satisfies or kills me.
> I hail myself Sin's splendid priest—
> I *will* be wicked, though it kills me.

Mr. Untermeyer may be suspected of the authorship of these parodies.

Letters from Abroad.

By Huntly Carter.

THE POST-EXPRESSIONISTS.

Dieppe, October 9.

WHEN I started across Europe in quest of the golden sensation in the Art Theatre, I was prepared for disappointment. Before the coming of the Russian ballets I had looked for it almost in vain. I had, in fact, been led to the conclusion that the prevalent view in the theatre is: art is an adjunct to the drama; it is a copy or fake of the emotional interest.

* * *

The view had robbed me of the big, complete sensation, for it had offered me dramatic fare in detached masses, being unable to bring them together into that organic relation which the sensation demanded.

* * *

As I had anticipated, the view was prevalent all over Europe. I was therefore obliged, in order to realise the desired experience, to come to Paris for it. Here I knew I should find it, not in the theatre, but in the exhibition gallery. In the spring of this year I met the post-expressionists, whose works once more proclaimed the fact that to one body of artists, at least, art is not an accessory to life; it is life itself carried to the greatest heights of personal expression.

* * *

It was at the Salon d'Automne, amid the Rhythmists, I found the desired sensation. The exuberant eagerness and vitality of their region, consisting of two rooms remotely situated, was a complete contrast to the morgue I was compelled to pass through in order to reach it. Though marked by extremes, it was clearly the starting point of a new movement in painting, perhaps the most remarkable in modern times. It revealed not only that artists are beginning to recognise the unity of art and life, but that some of them have discovered life is based on rhythmic vitality, and underlying all things is the perfect rhythm that continues and unites them. Consciously, or unconsciously, many are seeking for the perfect rhythm, and in so doing are attaining a liberty or wideness of expression unattained through several centuries of painting.

* * *

By the time I had reached these conclusions the Expansionists, as I may now call them, had sorted themselves into groups answering to the difference in expression of the general aim. These I will name for convenience Radiationists, Chrystallisationists, Vibrationists, Rhapsodists—terms having no connection with those manufactured by the married critics of the Harmsworth Press and their wives during week-end visits to Paris.

* * *

I was compelled to place the Radiationists first. They grasped me so powerfully with their knowledge of unity and continuity carried to such a state of perfection that escape was impossible. Thus John D. Fergusson's "Rhythm" first swept me out of myself, away from the battling-ground of paint and canvas into the immensity of the infinite. The splendid movement and vitality of this canvas was irresistible. It proclaimed the power with which this painter sets his seal upon his forms of art, and singled him out as easily foremost among the strong men of Paris. It revealed his astonishing gift of seizing the fundamental rhythm of a character or scene, of concentrating on it, and of developing it in form and colour till the whole canvas rings with the magic of motion. Here the rhythm of the nude figure is felt, and the curves of line and colour flew out from it and on without end, creating a sense of an illimitable sea. Thus passing from the powerfully drawn central motive to the arched tree of life, to the harmonious apples of discord, thence swelling out into the draperies, and so radiating out of the canvas in fullness and richness of a wide range of colours, of a balance of shapes, and of a related order of movement, producing a tremendous effect of power. It is a triumph of the expression of the universal in the particular.

* * *

Once on the wave of rhythm I was swept from canvas to canvas. Now it was the revolving and expanding leaves of Sandor Galimberti's "Nature Morte" filled with rich green blood. Next the rhythmical music of Estelle Rice's "Nicoline," penetrating and subtle, charmed me with its air of the infinite. Like a symphony, beautiful in movement and colour, the subject expressed the radiations of a brilliantly coloured mind, and the treatment revealed how such a mind may be given to the artist for decoration in the latest sense without fear that the truth of its character would be disgraced. It proved, indeed, that Miss Rice is the one strong woman painter in Paris who can subordinate decoration to truth and can cover a canvas with the essential facts of character brilliantly stated in line and colour. In "Nicoline" the circling wages of very subtle blues, pinks, and greens expand into the background reflecting the woman's mind like coloured shadows thrown on illuminated discs, and thus fill not only the canvas but the mind and the world for the time being of the observer. Surely this is the purpose of a good picture, not merely to illuminate the soul of the subject-matter, but to lift the spectator out of himself, to link him with the universal and so to blot out for fleeting moments the unattractiveness of life. At any rate, it is the effect of Miss Rice's pictures. She knows how to set one journeying through an exhilarating universe even on a note of beautiful flowers.

* * *

When I emerged I was in the right mood for the Hungarian rhapsody, a "Passage" by Valy Denes. Truly it may be said this picture rocked with intoxication. The artist had felt the intoxication of the light on a cadmium wall. Then he had taken the surrounding buildings, as Samson might do, and set them rocking in space, just introducing the right touches of yellow to hold them together. The composition had the air of a wild Hungarian melody. There was a Liszt in every line, and note of colour. Another study revealed him fascinated by the idea of an intoxicated little cadmium house communicating its intoxication to the surrounding romantic landscape. The sense of drunkenness was so complete that I found myself looking round for a blue Hungarian policeman.

* * *

As I did so, I met the gaze of M. Marinot's young person. "Femme à la draperie," though very fine in drawing and design, had detached herself from the landscape. Seeing my disappointment, she asked me to run and look at the Matisses, and wondered what I should think of them. I thought them an impertinence, and told them to stop screaming in their present empty fashion, and go round and learn something from their betters.

* * *

They were to start off with Van Dongen's "Un Fond," but not to go too near lest they got scorched by the hot passion of those dazzling flowers whirling like Catherine wheels, rockets, and showers of fire in the midst of the darkness of an annihilated background. Pass to M. Lombard's canvas and ask the beautifully-drawn nude seated on the table to link herself more definitely to the coloured person leaning out of the nicely-designed window overlooking the blue water and houses. If she were to argue that she could trace herself round the room, proceeding out by the colour of the curtain and the bare arm of the other person, and home by the all-red route of the table cover, they were to let her do it.

* * *

Then from Othon Friesz's network of subtle associations linking man to rocks, water, ships and air, they would enter Georges Rouault's world of imagination,

whirling from one picture to another on his spontaneous line, cutting all sorts of enormously vital figures, and exit, not knowing exactly where they are. A study of Alfred Roth's fusion of lines and Eugene Zak's clever and provocative "Judeth" would be necessary to steady their nerves.

* * *

Leaving Chabaud carving out his emotional intellect in tense figures in solid blocks, we next come to Peploe, preoccupied with brilliant colour, flogging his canvas with strokes of pure yellow till the canvas radiates and flings its light and colour upon the spectator, and holds him with its illusion till long after his eyes have sought and become accustomed to other subjects. Here, indeed, is still *life;* the other stuff is still-born.

* * *

On top of the wonderful effect of Mr. Peploe's richly-coloured flowers, quickening and expanding in golden suns, came the calmer sensation of M. Gottlieb's figures seated at the table in "La Cene," and swaying gently to and fro with the gentle movement of sleep, while the beautiful colour creeps about them like a spell. But the sensation was incomplete, for the artist had neglected to send the background to sleep also. It was wide awake.

* * *

As though to counteract the effect of these dreamers, there was Georges Banks near-by drawing aside the curtain on daring and disturbing moods, and revealing just the sort of work to give the spectator awkward moments. Indeed, she appeared to be engaged in the congenial task of running the spectator up to the dome of St Paul's in order to drop him over the gallery. In the "Theatre des Arts," for instance, an unusually clever piece of work having an air of completeness, the strong direction of line and colour seems to proclaim the fact that the study is about to walk out of the frame. But directly that wandering red begins to work the whole thing is seen to be a trap. The red seizes the unwary spectator by the coat-collar, runs him round the border as though making for an egress to the left, and then suddenly drops him bang on to the sign-post, whence he rebounds on to the red spot on the man with the bugle, which kicks him into the centre, bleeding and helpless. It is the same with the original all blue route round the composition with the yellow building, green men, and pink snow. It leads the spectator so often to that smudge in the corner of the building that at last he sees a significance in it and asks why the painter did not develop the idea contained in it. Surely here is the fundamental note of the whole structure. The root of the action is contained in that cloud suggesting the idea of destruction or reconstruction, as the case may be, which underlies the central motive—the building. Treated in this way, the subject would enable the artist to give us a full taste of her skilful draughtsmanship.

* * *

The education of the Matissians was completed by an examination of Marguerite Thompson's busy dancers, of a clever study by Ivy Jacquier—another exponent of the new principles, and of Guillame Perlrott-Csaba's method of viewing scenery, both natural and human, as the soul of exquisite colour.

* * *

So Paris rounded off my inquiries. Then came Dieppe. And as I climbed the cliff by the Rue de Bastille, one of those painters' holes and corners of which the place is full, and looked down upon that jumble of houses smashed up between the sunlit sea and the coloured harbour, my vision changed. Order fainted seeing London appear. But I was hopeful. I thought, London, too, will have order some day—when it has ceased to be the capital of the United States.

* * *

Mr. Alfred Wolmark's new colour work at the Baillie Galleries should be seen, especially by the small picture buyer.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

RAILWAY NATIONALISATION.

Sir,—I thank Mr. Emil Davies and Mr. Conrad H. Drayton for their courteous replies to my letter. It is a far cry from 1844 to 1911, and the fact that no Government has, during that long interval, contemplated the purchase of the railway systems, must, I think, be taken as in implication, not that the Act of 1844 has been disregarded, but that the purchase has never been thought to come within the range of practical politics. It is scarcely conceivable that the present Government (when the distrust created by their policy and finance has reduced the market price of Consols to 78, and when they are proposing to allocate an increasing share of the National revenue to State Charity) will venture upon an issue of 1,100 millions of Government stock. With Consols at 78, the equivalent price of a 3 per cent. stock would be 93.6, and only upon the basis of such a depreciated stock could the companies' property be honestly acquired by an issue of Government stock to the shareholders. Further, the purchase would be made, subject to an implied undertaking to reduce hours, to increase wages, to reduce rates, and to maintain the service.

In the event of a State purchase I doubt if there would be much saving in management and running, as local communications must be maintained, and only through trains on competing lines could be dispensed with. Any saving effected would arise chiefly from a reduction of the wage-earners.

I am glad that Mr. Drayton agrees with me that the assumption that profits are excessive is to some extent rebutted by business experience. I think that a perusal of a stock-broker's list of securities would satisfy him that shareholders of most industrial companies receive quite a modest return by way of interest and insurance against trading risk.

There are, of course, a few individual traders who, by a fortunate invention, a novelty well advertised, or even good, honest, persistent work have made large profits, but I assume some reward is admitted to be due to brains and energy.

I am anxious to clear up this charge of usury, or whatever it is called, which is made against capitalists large and small, and to know what is considered a fair rate of interest for the "idle shareholder."

I do not understand Mr. Drayton's suggestion that waste is enccuraged by the competitive system. My experience is that keen competition enforces strict economy in production.

I understand Mr. Drayton's concluding paragraph to apply to State ownership of all the means of production.

I think that anyone familiar with the intricacies of manufacture would say that this could only result in failure—prompt, disastrous, and final.

Productive trades require individual skill and initiative. Distribution again requires special knowledge, ability and individual control. Fancy a State emissary appearing as a commercial representative! Is an export trade conceivable under State management, and without it what would pay for food and raw material?

The British workman would also be an interesting study, with only one possible employer and no change from a job he did not like except the penal colony.

In my judgment the State, as sole owner, sole employer, and sole distributor, would (if it is possible to conceive such a condition) very shortly result in national bankruptcy and starvation, and the prompt execution of all responsible for bringing it about.

Beyond this I should like to know if the complaints of unequal distribution of profits between capital and labour really arise with the working-man—if he is really dissatisfied with his share of the products of industry.

My own opinion is that he is content so long as he has regular employment.

How to ensure that is another problem, which will certainly not be solved by demands for a rate of wages which current prices will not bear.

O. HOLT CALDICOTT.

* * *

THE BIRTH RATE DECLINE.

Sir,—It is with appreciation for your outspoken remarks on the absurd speech of the celibate Bishop of London that I indite this letter. It is quite true that at the present day the poorer class breed like rabbits. This is from ignorance, I think, rather than sensuality—ignorance which is carefully fostered by the Churches and the Law. I have before me a typical case. The sympathetic "Star" retails a grievous account of how a Cumberland labourer keeps a wife and nine children on the huge sum of eleven shillings per week, his sole earnings This works out at 1¾d. a head per day. Of course, the family is helped by outsiders, including the vicar's wife. Now wouldn't it be kinder for the vicar's wife, presumably a woman of some intelligence, to instruct this

industrious woman beforehand how to avoid having such a large family. Better two properly reared children than nine half-starved ones.

But no, religion doesn't approve of anything of the kind. The more children the more baptism and burial fees. The overburdened middle-class still pays its taxes to bring up thousands of superfluous children in workhouses and slums to fill the prisons and asylums with them when they grow up. Why can't it have a say in the matter?

SIDHEOG NÍ ANNÂIN.

* * *

M. SOREL AND SYNDICALISM.

Sir,—In a recent article discussing Sir Arthur Clay's "Syndicalism and Labour," THE NEW AGE stated that Monsieur Georges Sorel no longer advocated the General Strike and the policy of the Confédération Generale du Travail. I was surprised to hear this, as I was just reading his "Réfléxions sur la Violence," and I wrote to ask him if he had given up supporting that programme. This is his answer denying it, which you might like to impart to the readers of THE NEW AGE.

(Mrs.) ALBERTA V. MONTGOMERY.

En réponse à votre lettre, j'ai l'honneur de vous faire connâitre que je n'ai nullement changé d'opinion. Les "Reflexions sur la violence" ont été re-editées en 1910, avec un appendice qui ne contient aucune atténuation, tout au contraire. Je la ré-éditerai probablement dans quelque temps, sans aucun changement. La C. G. T. n'a certainement pas toujours été bien inspirée dans les trois dernières années, mais ses erreurs servaient à confirmer et non à infirmer mes thèses. Elle a perdu son autorité moral chaque fois qu'elle a voulu imiter la pratique des partis politiques.

G. SOREL.

* * *

WELSH DISESTABLISHMENT.

Sir,—Vicar Richard David's article on Welsh Disestablishment, in your issue for October 12, contains much truth and many good suggestions. Some of its forecasts are also correct, let us hope, in spite of its many vulgar and half-true phrases. As a Socialist I of course agree with him that all property, "sacred" or "secular" (to use terms that are daily becoming more obsolete, thanks to the time spirit), should be brought before the bar of judgment. Vicar David should not forget, however, that property bequeathed to the Church before 1662 was bequeathed to a Church which was as wide as the nation, and not to a denomination comprising a mere fraction of a nation such as the Anglican Church is in Wales to-day—a denomination out of all touch and sympathy with the great majority of the people. That fact was made pretty plain during the Commission. That, however, constitutes no reason why all property should not be judged. The judgment is at hand, and it will not, and ought not, to stop with the Anglican Church. Surely Ruskin did not live and preach and write in vain?

Vicar David's idea that the Anglican Church in Wales is, or ever was, a communal Church is more than any Welshman can swallow. (Here one sees the old Church defender pulling the strings of the Socialist or reformer—which is it?—with which the Vicar fronts his public.) The Church's community in Wales was not a community. It was a herd in the hands of landlords, and they (the landlords) patronised her in so far as she, by means of her sacerdotal power, protected them and their descendants. The "communal service" which the Vicar claims as the function of the Church was the very wine with which the "community," so-called, was kept in a state of stupor so as to keep it from rebelling. But the rebellion came, thanks to Manchester and Geneva. The result was Nonconformity—the first dash towards the freedom which is to be consummated when the judgment will have passed, and the dissenting private enterprisers, which the Vicar complains of, will have vanquished feudalism and the Anglican Church, which was and is the chief bulwark of that inhuman system. Surely a "community" of private enterprisers is a great advance on a herd of serfs and lickspittles, be its ethics ever so specious.

The Vicar deplores the fact "that there was here no aristocracy, no class imbued with a deep sense of communal and national solidarity with a noble traditional spirit of noblesse oblige, etc.," to counteract the combined influences of Manchester and Geneva when they began to make themselves felt. How was that? Where had the Church, which the Vicar alleges was in existence to render communal and national service, been? Perhaps the Vicar can tell us why the national servant had not created the aristocrats, etc., to keep back the devils that taught the shop-and-chapel man the craft of private enterprise. The fact is, the Anglican Church had ceased to discharge her task (or, being the handmaid of landlords and squires, she discharged it too well and thereby overreached herself) and the judgment came in the form of Nonconformity.

The Vicar further alleges that the shop-and-chapel man is being discounted as a public man to-day. Will he go further and say that the children of the old mother are getting into his boots? There is not the slightest sign of a reaction in favour of the Anglican Church with her alleged high ethics. Those ethics are not the ethics of the Anglican Church at all, and they are the ethics of Vicar David only in so far as he transcends the average church-and-chapel man.

One more point. The Vicar mentions with scorn the competitive element of our Nonconformist world, implying, of course, that the element is entirely absent from the Anglican Church. But is it absent? Not at all. She is the most aggressive competitor of all, and from a financial point of view she is the best equipped also. In spite of that she has been knocked quite out of breath in many places. Within a mile of where I am sitting there is a church where no regular services are held. The Vicar receives his salary nevertheless, though there is not a single churchman in the whole of his parish. Vicar David may cease talking about the high ethical standard of his Church until there are weak signs that she has abandoned her feudal ideals in favour of communal ones. The Socialistic element is gaining strength in the ranks of the Nonconformists as well as in the ranks of those who belong neither to church nor chapel. Will Vicar David say that it is gaining ground in the Anglican Church?

T. ERIC DAVIES,
Congregational Minister,
Langharne.

* * *

THE REVOLT AND THE REMEDY.

Sir,—In reply to Mr. Norman's letter in your issue of the 7th. The wages of the efficient and of the partly efficient worker are fixed in this way. A quantity of the article to be produced is given to an efficient worker to make, the time it takes the worker is noted, and the price to be paid is based on the ordinary wages such an efficient piece worker earns, this same piece work price is of course paid to both the efficient and the less efficient worker; and, as I said before, one worker will earn on the same work twenty shillings while another will earn only fifteen, on what basis is the jury suggested by Mr. Norman to decide what is an adequate wage?

Mr. Norman says: "Were it not for the existence of the inefficient worker the efficient one would be able to secure the full product of her labour." I cannot see why. It appears to me this is a matter of the quantity of labour competing for work, and has nothing to with the efficiency or partial efficiency of the labour. Of course, if you could eliminate the partly efficient workpeople the efficient workpeople could command a higher price, because there would be less labour competing for employment; but the same might be said if you could eliminate the efficient labour, the partly efficient would be able to command a higher price, but even the higher price would not be "the full product"—the manufacturer would simply base his cost on the higher rate and still get his profit for the use of his capital and management.

I am curious to know, too, if Mr. Norman would suggest the manager or the directors or the shareholders of a limited company being imprisoned if his adequate wage was not paid, and he must remember that the bulk of our manufacturing trade is now carried on by limited companies.

It seems to me combination among the workpeople may improve wages, but I fear neither criminal nor other legislation can effect it.

I quite agree with the writer of "Notes of the Week" that the shareholders' dividends are often quite unreasonable compared to the wages of the workpeople, but I cannot see how legislation is to cure it. I would like Mr. Norman to believe that employers are not the ogres he seems to think, but that it is the system that is to blame.

G. W. WILSON.

* * *

S. VERDAD AND FOREIGN POLITICS.

Sir,—I think the distinction between Stanhope of Chester and myself is fairly clear. I profess to be interested in the international relations of the Powers, viz., those important countries in Asia, America, and Europe who have it in their power to plunge half the world into war if they choose. I am also interested in smaller nations, such as the Balkan States, who are dependent upon or are likely to be influenced by one or more of these Powers. I am not interested in the internal situation of these countries except in so far as it is likely to interfere with their foreign policy. I write accordingly.

Now, Stanhope of Chester appears to confuse foreign politics and diplomatic questions with foreign social and labour movements. Thus, in his letter in your last issue he remarks that "not a line has been printed in THE NEW AGE concerning the great Trade Union trial fixed for October 11 at Los Angeles." To which I say: Of course not. The McNamaras, the dynamiting of the "Los Angeles Times" office, and the consequent police investigations, have not as yet affected the foreign policy of the United States in any way. In like manner, my critic has "searched in vain for any account of the trial and execution of the Japanese Socialists." Naturally. Some Socialists made themselves obnoxious to the Japanese Government and were put to death. But the foreign policy of the Japanese Goverment remained as it was. If the execution of the Japanese Socialists had led to a revolution, and if that revolution had wrecked the Government, and if that wrecking of the Government had led to a change in the relations between Japan and the United States, or between Japan and Russia, or between Japan and ourselves, then I should certainly have deemed it my duty to refer to the executions in question.

I take it, however, that THE NEW AGE is not a newspaper. While I myself know pretty nearly everything worth knowing about the various labour movements abroad, I should never think of introducing such topics into a page which is supposed to be devoted to foreign politics. If, indeed, Stanhope of Chester wished me to refer to matters like these he should blame me much more than he does. He should ask, for example, why I have said nothing about the recent food riots in Northern France and in Vienna, or about the dangerous revolutionary propaganda which has recently broken out in Russia. My answer would in all such cases be the same: these are not matters connected with foreign politics. If and when they do begin to influence foreign politics I shall deal with them.

Now as to the Egyptian revolution. This refers to the first article I contributed to THE NEW AGE (May 5, 1910), in which I mentioned the imminence of such a revolt unless precautionary measures were adopted. No other paper in England published the news at the time, for the simple reason that the Egyptian Government and the Home Government wished it to be kept concealed. But the announcement in THE NEW AGE precipitated matters and led to such immediate and drastic steps that the impending revolt was quelled. When the proper time comes I shall publish certain documents in your columns showing how near we were to a crisis at that time.

As I explained a year ago, my absence from London caused me to miss some correspondence relating to the Portuguese revolution. On the other hand, Stanhope of Chester forgets to remind us that the first notification of Italy's designs on Tripoli appeared in THE NEW AGE several weeks before the coup came off. He likewise forgets to remind us, among other things, that THE NEW AGE was the only paper in England to publish details of the secret agreement whereby Great Britain was, and is, pledged to assist France with troops in the event of a war with Germany, the substantial accuracy of these details being admitted in the Chamber of Deputies in the course of a debate. It is not true that I overlooked the recent rising in Spain, as a reference to back numbers of THE NEW AGE will show.

The Mexican revolution had the attention in this paper that it deserved. I have yet to learn that a "manifesto on this subject directed to be printed by the Trades Union Congress" is of any international importance. If this were a newspaper, of course, such matters would have much more prominence, as would internal affairs in the Argentine and the disputes between the Argentine Government and Italy.

I fear I do not quite understand my critic's remarks about my "fathering" certain "diction" on European diplomatists. Any statements I have ascribed to European statesmen or diplomatists have actually been made by them, either in print or by letter. Perhaps Stanhope of Chester's "long study of diplomatic correspondence" has not been quite so profound as he imagines.

Coming back to Portugal, my estimate of the Royalist forces was quite correct at the time. Some days before they numbered less than a thousand men. Then an apparent victory or two not only inspired Captain Couceiro's party with unbounded hopes, but also exercised a like effect upon the inhabitants of numerous villages in the north of Portugal, and supporters came in by the score. The prompt measures taken by the Portuguese Government damped the Royalist ardour again, and reduced Couceiro's forces very considerably—a fact which will surprise no one who is acquainted with the Portuguese nature. Despite Sir Alfred Sharpe, I must declare that the present Portuguese Government is not endeavouring to do its best for the country. It is no stronger and no weaker than the Monarchist Governments, and quite as corrupt, while the elections recently held were "made."

Those readers who wish to do so are, of course, at liberty to accept my critic's version of the Tripoli affair: it is neither more nor less foolish than many other such explanations. But I would remind them that in the course of his last excursion into the thorny paths of foreign affairs my critic referred to the powerful financial influence of a gentleman who had been dead and buried for some years.

There is one other point to which I should like to draw your attention, for it tends likewise to explain the distinction in the views of foreign politics held respectively by my critic and myself. In the course of these articles I have endeavoured to lay down a philosophical basis upon which a student can take his stand when investigating diplomatic problems. I have been accused of laying down a cynical basis; but that is not the point. The point is that Stanhope of Chester, so far as I can judge from his letters and articles, has no definite basis in his mind at all. He strikes me as being essentially a critic of what may be called the Gladstonian school: a critic who makes important diplomatic questions subsidiary to the discussion of mere grievances, *e.g.*, the Trades Union trial referred to, and the execution of the Japanese Socialists, which are not diplomatic questions at all, and have no connection with foreign affairs. This attitude of mind is clearly evidenced in Stanhope of Chester's concluding sentence: "I trust you will pardon this excursion into the region of foreign politics; my only excuse is the gravity of public affairs in these days." This distinctly smacks of Cobden, Bright, laisser-faire, and crinolines. Public affairs are no more grave in these days than they were in 1870, or in 1878, or in 1900, or in 1854, or in 1815.

In any case, my critic's "excuse" can appeal only to charitably disposed people. He has not shown a single important instance of inaccuracy in my articles; but he has amply demonstrated his own lack of knowledge of what constitutes diplomatic questions. He is in the position of a schoolboy who has forgotten to prepare his lesson and wishes the will to be taken for the deed. If he were in my class, which heaven forbid, I should direct him to stay in after hours and copy out some of Bismarck's speeches.

S. VERDAD.

* * *

CATHOLICS AND FREEMASONS.

Sir,—A society may be public (which the Society of Jesus is not), its members may carry a distinctive dress (which the members of the Society of Jesus do not when it suits them not to), and its rules and regulations may be open for everyone to see (which is only nominally true of the Society of Jesus), and yet for all practical purposes the activities of the organisation may be secret. All the remarks of your correspondent, except as to dress, would apply to the Freemasons. And he agrees that the Freemasons are a secret society!

Taking the handiest authority by me at the moment ("Encyclopædia Britannica"), the case is stated thus: "There remain several counts of the indictment which are but too clearly made out: as, for instance, their large share, as preachers, in fanning the flames of hatred against the Huguenots under the two last Valois kings, their complicity in the plots against the life of Queen Elizabeth which followed on her excommunication by Pius V., their responsibility for kindling the Thirty Years' War, the part they took in prompting and directing the cruelties which marked the overthrow of Protestantism in Bohemia, their decisive influence in causing the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and the expulsion of the Huguenots from the French dominions; and their accountability for precipitating the Franco-German War of 1870." That is a long catalogue of proceedings, the essence of which was their secrecy at the time. The writer adds: "In regard to a large number of other cases it is at least an unfortunate coincidence that there is always direct proof of some Jesuit having been in communication with the actual agents engaged." That observation has special application to the riots at St. Quentin, which is one of the points in question between us. The cause of the riots was certainly the high price of food; the curious form those riots took was due to the incitement of outside emissaries of the character I have described. What your correspondent's knowledge of the district has to do with it I do not know.

What a Jesuit has to do with a tart I cannot comprehend. I fail to follow your correspondent's analogy. All Catholic priests are forbidden to marry; but that does not meet the point about the Archduke Ferdinand. For instance, it is generally accepted nowadays that Cardinal Mazarin was secretly married to the widow of Louis XIII. Yet he was a Cardinal. Moreover, the Archduke Ferdinand's marriage, technically, is regarded as a morganatic marriage. All I

stated was a suspicion. Let me add that these popular suspicions generally turn out to be well-founded in the light of historical investigation.

There is one other passage from the "E. B." article which is worth quoting: "Two most startling and indisputable facts meet the student who pursues the history of this unique society. The first is the universal suspicion and hostility it has incurred from every Roman Catholic state and nation in the world, with perhaps the insignificant exception of Belgium." The indictment of this society by Pope Clement XIV., which was published on July 21, 1773, in the brief "Dominus ac Redemptor," by which he suppressed the society, recounts innumerable examples of anti-social acts. Your correspondent must pardon me suggesting that he should make himself acquainted with the history of the body which he has endeavoured to defend.

HENRY DE REMEUILLAC.

* * *

MIXING THE INGREDIENTS.

Sir,—I find Mr. P. J. Reid's argument interesting and ingenious; and I have no doubt that he will be surprised to hear me say that I also find it irrelevant. I do not necessarily imply that "the object of the present-day Fabian movement is to create a state" in which the proportions of "free men" and "servile men" are what Mr. Reid assumes for the purposes of his argument. I am not necessarily concerned at all with what the objects of the Fabian Society may be (although, of course, I know what these objects are in so far as Fabian literature can tell me); but I am concerned with an object actually achieved by the Fabians, whether they deliberately aim at it or not. And it does seem to me, on the basis of the arguments I have already given—apart from the evidence put forward by Mr. Belloc in his various criticisms of Mr. Sidney Webb's proposals—that the Fabian propaganda has already led, and is still leading, to the degradation of the working classes, in that this propaganda tends to rob the workman of the exercise of his own initiative in those departments of life in which alone he can use it.

In other words, if the aims of the Fabian Society were laid down in twice as many tracts as now exist, this would not matter if the actual practice of the Fabian Society showed conclusively—as it does—that those aims were not being attained. My criticism of the Society all along has been based on the fact that it set out to do something and that it did something else instead. It set out to make the working classes richer, and so far it has merely helped to make them poorer.

Mr. Reid complains that I do not explain why I think workmen are degraded by social legislation. I should have thought there was plenty of evidence at hand for anyone who cared to take the trouble to visit those districts where workmen are forced to dwell, and who mixed with them sufficiently to ascertain their views on points like these. Our workmen object to spoon-feeding. They object to school-inspectors. They object to the degradation which they themselves say is inflicted upon any man of spirit by such a measure as the feeding of necessitous children. They object to such meddling as is enforced by the Children's Act. In a word, they object to being treated like infants. Economically, no doubt, the Fabians may ask why the workman should object to have his children fed for him at someone else's cost—why should he, as it were, turn good money away?

This leads me to a point which I mentioned in my second article on the Fabians: if Mr. Reid had pondered over it I think he would have kept his letter of last week for a later occasion. A State is not based on economics. Before the economic side of a State is taken into account a theory must first have been formed of its moral side. In other words, we must be political scientists before we are political economists. This fact was recognised by men so widely different in all other respects as Bluntschli, Plato, Aristotle, Dr. von Gneist, and the authors of the Laws of Manu, to take only a few instances at haphazard. But this very fact, which is an elementary one for thorough students of politics, did not come to the attention of the Fabians. They began to erect a superstructure without troubling about the foundation, and we see the consequences in measures like the Children's Act and the Insurance Bill.

I think, sir, that I am safe in saying that we NEW AGERS would like to see the individuality of the workman restored through the gild system—a system which would incidentally restore to the workman that control over his own family of which the State has for the present deprived him. But the Fabian propaganda, whatever its aim, is tending—as you have clearly foreseen in your criticisms of the Insurance Bill and like measures—to turn the workman into a slave without any individuality at all. The practice of the Fabians does not correspond to their theories, simply because they started out with baseless theories. For a fuller discussion of these matters I should like Mr. Reid to turn to Mr. Penty's "Restoration of the Gild System," in which they are admirably dealt with. In the meantime, however, it is really useless continuing this economical controversy until we have the Fabian theory of the Fabian State. And, if I have read the Fabian tracts aright, we are not likely to have a united opinion on this point for some time to come.

J. M. KENNEDY.

* * *

CORPORAL PUNISHMENT.

Sir,—May I, as an elementary teacher in charge of over forty boys who lately "went on strike," add my testimony to that of B.'s?

I have recently been transferred from a school where I managed to "teach," with very little punishment, a small class (in spite of audible and visible "whacks" in a room where four classes are taken) to a school in the poorest part of the city. I affirm that no teacher passes a day in this educational establishment without administering several dozen "whacks" (often accompanied by howls).

The teachers are not to blame. We must, to earn our living (a poor one) "teach" the boys a certain specified amount of "work." The cane, under existing circumstances, is a great aid, as it stultifies the boy's animal spirits, and makes him less of a nuisance.

Smaller classes will abolish much of this stunting punishment, although caning, I believe, is a natural phenomenon—but that is not the point. The point is that the whole system is wrong—the system of "free" education which now, at any rate, means dragging many unwilling children (often of unwilling parents) to a building where King Cane reigns supreme, and where facts are rammed down the throats of children who would acquire more real knowledge in other ways. (The elementary schools where the cane is abolished are almost negligible.)

The only way out of the present disorder is to blow up the barrier of free education, raise wages, and let parents pay for the education they desire their children to have. Schools of good quality, and satisfying all requirements, would then have the light and the air in which to grow; for we have the capacity to produce them now—in the slaves who nowadays wield the cane or ruin their constitutions.

CLARENCE H. COLLETT.

* * *

Sir,—Will you allow me to say a few more words on the subject of corporal punishment in our elementary schools, after which I will hold my peace thereon.

Your correspondents last week—both article and letter writer—take up the matter exactly as I had expected it to be taken up. The elementary school child (the public school boy, being of course in every way a snob, isn't supposed to matter) is held up as painfully "highly strung," while such expressions as "nerve-quivering" render the picture pathetic. Of course, as a matter of fact it is precisely the trembling dove-like little creature here depicted who is *not* tanned, and does not deserve to be. Again, both writers suggest that the teacher who uses the cane is by nature a monster, or is rendered one, and trounce him accordingly.

Let us have done with this one-sided view of the case, and try to be just. No one, except a cruel sensualist, would inflict pain and torture on a trembling youngster who had blundered or committed some childish wrong, but the public and I are strongly of the opinion that there are not a few contemptible acts committed by children which are best discouraged by the use of the cane. By all means let us drastically improve in every way our educational system, and let us try to foster in the child the sense of beauty and the meaning of honour. In short, let us try to be intelligent as well as sympathetic, and, unlike the crank who would "reform" the man who kicks his wife by reading Keats to him, let us keep our heads when dealing with the question of punishment.

Personally, having been educated at an old grammar school where boys were thrashed *only* for really low-down and mean acts, and accepted the "ignominy" as part of the business (as it was meant to be), my experiences of the effects of this form of punishment, both on the performer and the sufferer thereof, are the exact reverse of those of your esteemed correspondents.

T. S.

* * *

THE "DAILY HERALD."

Sir,—Appended to my letter on the two proposed Labour dailies in your last week's issue I notice a very superior communication by Mr. Jack C. Squire, who makes insinuations in regard to the "Daily Herald" which those responsible for the "Daily Citizen" only make in private, leaving the underlings and young hopefuls of the movement to repeat them in public. I am therefore obliged to Mr. Squire for giving me the opportunity of dealing with the points he raises. In the

first place he says he will not discuss the question of priority of the "Herald," nor canvass the probable complexion of the "Labour paper," and from the context I conclude he dignifies the "Daily Citizen" as "the" Labour paper. On both these points the less said the better from the point of view of the latter paper. I dealt sufficiently with its constitution last week, and its complexion can easily be deduced therefrom. It will be a daily edition of the "Labour Leader," with perhaps less reflection of the opinions of those whose views do not coincide with those of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and his particular circle. As to the question of priority, the "Daily Herald," while still being issued by the London Society of Compositors as their strike organ, was offered, body and soul, to the Labour Party, and the offer was declined, so little concerned were the officials of the party at that time about the whole question of a Labour daily. In fact, we have a letter from Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, dated June 1, proving that on that date nothing had been done, and a further one, dated June 14, declining to consult with the "Daily Herald" committee on the ground that "the whole newspaper question is in such an uncertain and unformed state." At that time the "Daily Herald" scheme was well advanced, and ten days later, on June 27, the rules were registered and the society legally constituted. Up to that time all that the Labour Party executive had done was to appoint a committee to consult with the officials of the I.L.P., while declining "as yet" to meet the committee of the "Daily Herald." All they have done since is to publish their ridiculous "basis," to summon delegates to the Trade Union Congress by telegram when they learned our representatives had got there, and to spread as much confusion on the subject as they could. They have not even yet issued a prospectus, whereas the meeting of our members authorising our prospectus was held on July 13, 1911. If, after this, anyone doubts the justification of the statement that the "Daily Herald" galvanised the "official" scheme into existence, they must be people of the type of Mr. Jack C. Squire, who, after refusing to discuss the question of priority, says there is strong reason to suspect that we "were started on the corpse-reviving track by news that a Labour paper was being planned."

But a far more important question than that of priority is that of the financial practicability of the "Herald" scheme. Mr. Jack C. Squire criticises us, in his characteristic manner, for proposing to start on a capital of £4,000. This is the first time that the sum of £4,000 has been mentioned in this connection. The sum we named is £5,000. As I explained last week, however, our proposed working capital is not £5,000, but at least £20,000, the smaller sum being merely sufficient to carry us through the first year. The "Daily Citizen" proposes to do everything on a working capital of "at least £30,000." The difference is accounted for simply by the fact that the Labour Party-cum-I.L.P. "official" concern is to lay down its own plant at the start, whereas the "Daily Herald" is to be produced by contract. Mr. Jack C. Squire proposes to teach the London Society of Compositors, the National Union of Journalists, and the other bodies which have given their official support to the "Daily Herald." Before he goes any further let me tell him that a responsible business house in Fleet Street, which has, I fancy, produced several more daily papers by contract than has Mr. Jack C. Squire, is prepared to take our contract, and has approved of our figures. The "Newspaper Owner," which is believed to know what it is talking about in these matters, criticised our figures. We are so little afraid of their comments that we distributed them at the Trade Union Congress. If Mr. Jack C. Squire would like to improve his education in newspaper finance I will send him a copy. It boils itself down simply to a statement that we have not allowed a sufficient sum for machining. Our answer is that the firm I have referred to are prepared to sign a contract to do the work for the sum named in our estimates.

I hope Mr. Jack C. Squire will apply for a copy of the criticism I have referred to, then perhaps he will learn better than to talk of spending £4,000 on office chairs. Suppose we required 40 chairs—I don't think!—it works out at £100 per chair! Does Mr. Jack C. Squire suppose that Lord Northcliffe, whose name he drags in, furnishes his offices in that style?

Mr. Jack C. Squire also refers to the "Daily Herald" scheme as "having very markedly the sectionalist taint." Well! Its first committee of management consists of men largely drawn from the newspaper-producing trades. That is the one excuse he has for making that statement. We were not men of one political opinion, nor belonging to one particular clique. Indeed, we had never worked together before in any connection whatever. We were appointed simply because we were all Labour men who knew something about newspaper production. No other qualification was considered. We announced our intention to add six to our number, making thirteen in all. These six are to be nominated, two each by the political, the trade union, and the co-operative sides of the movement. We shall exercise no influence whatever in their nomination, and their election by our members is a foregone conclusion. Further, we have stated that as soon as the hard and hazardous technical work inseparable from the foundation of the concern is disposed of we are willing to make ourselves even more representative than the above would indicate, and already that process has begun. Two of the names contained on our prospectus no longer belong to the committee. Their places have been taken by Mr. J. F. Green, the secretary of the International Arbitration and Peace Association, and Mr. Alfred Evans, of the Parliamentary Committee of the Trade Union Congress. There is only one other thing I can think of that would have made us more "representative" in the sense in which Mr. Jack C. Squire evidently uses the word. We did not make our committee to consist of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, Mr. W. C. Anderson, Mr. Jack C. Squire, and anyone else they might happen to select. We consider that by giving one vote to each of our shareholders, and by arranging for the nomination of practically half—six out of thirteen—of the committee by three of the most representative Labour bodies, we have acquitted ourselves of the charge of sectionalism. But we have done more, for we have arranged that every Labour organisation shall appoint its own official contributor to explain its views in the columns of the paper, thus ensuring that the actual "make-up" of the paper shall represent every considerable section of opinion in the movement. Is it possible to go further in the devising of democratic newspaper control? In this we have been guided by the brilliant example of "l'Humanité."

Mr. Jack C. Squire drags in the names of the S.D.F. and the London Society of Compositors. With the former organisation we have nothing whatever to do. With the latter we have nothing to do beyond the fact that they have voted us a respectable block of share capital.

One more comment. Mr. Jack C. Squire "incidentally" remarks "that £150,000 for the 'Daily Citizen' seems to be in a fair way of attainment." It does not seem anything of the sort. The last statement on the subject is to the effect that, in money and promises, they have £40,000. It is well-known that most of this is from well-to-do private individuals, and also that for the most part those who promised money to Mr. Keir Hardie for a Socialist daily have withdrawn their promises, as was only natural. Further, promises are a poor substitute for hard cash. The "Daily Herald" has been promised more money than enough for its needs, and there is more likelihood of these promises being realised, as the scheme has not been turned inside out since the promises were made. What we want, however, and what we are slowly but surely getting, is actual cash, although not a single millionaire has come to our rescue.

In conclusion I wish to offer a piece of advice to Mr. Jack C. Squire. It might assist him to make his way in the Labour movement, and to become perhaps—who knows?—a leader like unto Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, if he would begin by joining his own trade union, the National Union of Journalists. I will propose him with pleasure, just to show my appreciation of his kind remarks anent the "Daily Herald."

WILLIAM H. SEED,
Committee of Management, "Daily Herald."

* * *

THE TWO PROPOSED LABOUR DAILIES.

Sir,—The letter from Mr. W. H. Seed compels me to return to the subject of the "Daily Herald" and the Labour daily. As I have neither the desire nor the authority to issue a manifesto on behalf of the Labour journal (the "Daily Citizen"), I will not take Mr. Seed's numerous points seriatim. But I should like to draw attention to one misstatement and one gross piece of self-contradiction.

The misstatement is this. "It is still understood," says Mr. Seed, "that the paper is to be a Manchester evening one." If that is understood it is only so understood by Mr. Seed and his friends, and by those who have heard the rumour set about by some person or persons unknown. It is true that, as at present advised, the promoters of the "Daily Citizen" intend to bring it out in Manchester, as Manchester happens to be the centre of the area where the Labour movement is strongest. But it is most emphatically untrue that the journal will be an evening one. There are many reasons why an evening paper would be unsuited to the purpose; the most obvious is that, however large a circulation it might have in its immediate district, it could not hope to cover places at all remote from headquarters early enough to induce people to buy it.

The glaring self-contradiction lies here. It is Mr. Seed's object, by hook or by crook, to depreciate the method of management provided for the Labour daily. So frantic are his efforts that he tries to have his adversaries both ways. "According to this basis," says he, half way down his elongated epistle, "the management of the paper was vested in a joint stock company, a fact which in itself ought to

place it out of court as a democratic proposal. In a joint stock company voting is by shares, a fact which enables the wealthy supporters to control the paper." But immediately afterwards, finding himself desirous of proving something quite different (*i.e.*, the schemes of a few bureaucrats to obtain control), he calls our attention to three facts. One is that the directorate is to start with a majority of members elected by the executive bodies of the Labour Party and the I.L.P. One is that the method of constituting this directorate cannot be altered for ten years; and the third is that two of the remaining three directors are to be elected by trade unions investing money. If it be true also—as apparently authentic report has it—that a limit is to be put to the voting power possessed by any private shareholders (that is to say that you will not be able to get seventy-three thousand votes by buying seventy-three thousand shares), it is pretty obvious that whoever is to control the policy of the paper it will not be a number of artful plutocrats.

I notice that the amount of capital on which the "Daily Herald" is to be started (if it ever is started) is not £4,000 but £5,000. The correction makes no material difference. With neither sum could anything but the most miserable of broadsheets be produced for a week—and even that could not be sold.

It would be very pleasant if newspaper production were a cheap and simple business. We have all of us got our idiosyncratic point of view; and a good many of us, I fear, our personal animosities; and it would doubtless be nice if every little gang of us could have its own good big newspaper in which to boom its own particular brand of the pure milk of the word. But facts have to be faced; and investors have their choice between an adequately financed Labour-Socialist paper backed by the biggest Socialist organisation in the country, by the Labour Party, and by the great trade unions, and, on the other hand, a journal of possibly unblemished rectitude and certainly unparalleled penuriousness, of undoubted sectionalism and probable impossibilism, which may, it is true, appear in the world to pass a brief and sickly life, but which is far more likely to perish abortive in the womb. JACK C. SQUIRE.

* * *

THE INFERIOR RELIGION.

Sir,—S. Verdad speaks of Christianity as an inferior religion, and adds that it is good enough for Europeans. As a fact, Christianity has failed so enormously just because the European genius could not possibly understand the great Eastern poet and mystic, Jesus. To say that a religion will do for Europe when Europe has never had that religion is beside the mark.

The first man who commented on Jesus began the process of drawing away from him. Discounting the horrible tragedy of the great spiritualist being worshipped in the flesh almost before he was dead, the first man who practised asceticism for its own sake committed the unpardonable crime. Just as imitative artists looking at work of the spirit choose to imitate nothing but the negligible accidents, so dull barbarian Europe fastened on an unimportant aspect of the poetry of Jesus, perverted it, and turned it into a rule of life. And the whole point of Jesus' teaching was that there should be no rule! Could irony go further?

The whole essence of Christianity is in the phrase, "It is necessary that he should be as a little child." Jesus was the enemy of cleverness which destroys wisdom, just as virtuosity destroys beauty. He was the enemy of success which destroys life, just as comfort destroys happiness. The Eastern dreamer sitting on the ground with his bowl, caring for nothing either here or hereafter, this is the raw material of the Christian. But this person is not the true Christian, for he lacks spiritual vigour. The Christian is not only a child, but a developed child; Tolstoy was almost a Christian, and Tolstoy was of the East. Europe got nothing from Jesus; the East might get something.

Europe, which is Roman and Gothic, cannot possibly be Christian. Only here and there poets and mystics get a vague glimmer of the original. For the rest we have the incomparable folly of clerics, the worldly success of the unhappy bourgeoisie, and the cynicism of scoundrels who engineer politics and manipulate wars such as the Turco-Italian. Jesus realised and expressed himself in a vast and wonderful poem, his life; the modern alderman (after his dinner) admits it to be a duty to feel pleasant towards his neighbour. Faugh! what indescribably insulting irrelevance! What has Europe to do with Jesus? If there were any Christians living they would be the enemies of civilisation, of justice, of cleverness. It would be a religion for gods. It is always the case that a great idea, if it has any practical effect at all, only has it after degradation and perversion. For if men could realise the idea, they would be almost as great as its creator. In fact, I come to the old truism: there has only been one Christian, Jesus, the developed child. He was the arch-poet, the primary artist.

LEONARD INKSTER.

* * *

GOETHE AND DR. OSCAR LEVY.

Sir,—Best thanks to Dr. Oscar Levy for his courteous rejoinder. But do common labels yield right values? It is correct that Germans frequently style Goethe "der grosse Heide," and the writer's German friends in Germany have added other epithets. We English have labelled Shelley "the Great Atheist," Byron "the Devil Himself," and Napoleon "the Antichrist." Nowadays we, or, rather, our newspapers, often label some petty actor-manager "The Great Actor," or, even, "The Famous Player." A popular Colonial politician was labelled "Teapot Tommy," although the good man's policy proposed a reduction in the price of both tea and teapot, and for a living he made jam. It is most tempting to bring an artist like Goethe into one's company by means of an adventitious label. But is it reasonable or logical, and won't it later, in the well-known fashion of curses, come home to roost?

There was no intention to be "ingenious" and still less to be "involved" when giving the meaning of the 53rd Venetian epigram. It is nothing to the point that such solution would "be more recommendable to theologians than to ordinary critics." The question is whether or not it more truly represents the poet's intention than that which Dr. Oscar Levy prefers.

Supposing that Goethe did openly proclaim himself "a decided non-Christian," would that prove Goethe a pagan? Does it not, indeed, leave him comfortably well within the periphery of Theism?

Extreme assumption is a sharp-edged tool to handle. It may well resemble "the staff of this bruised reed . . . . whereon if a man lean, it will go into his hand, and pierce it." As an actual matter of fact, Goethe's attitude with regard to the Old Testament and New Testament scriptures was that of a respectful inquirer. It is true that most of us English folk know little about Goethe. We, as well, know little about Wordsworth. But while the line stands —"Und die Zukunft Gott überlassen"—how shall the cleverest critic convict Goethe out of his own mouth of being a pagan?

Permit the merest of mere English Gentiles to congratulate Dr. Oscar Levy on being a son of Israel. It is a high prerogative. QUIDDAM.

* * *

THE DEATH OF MATERIALISM.

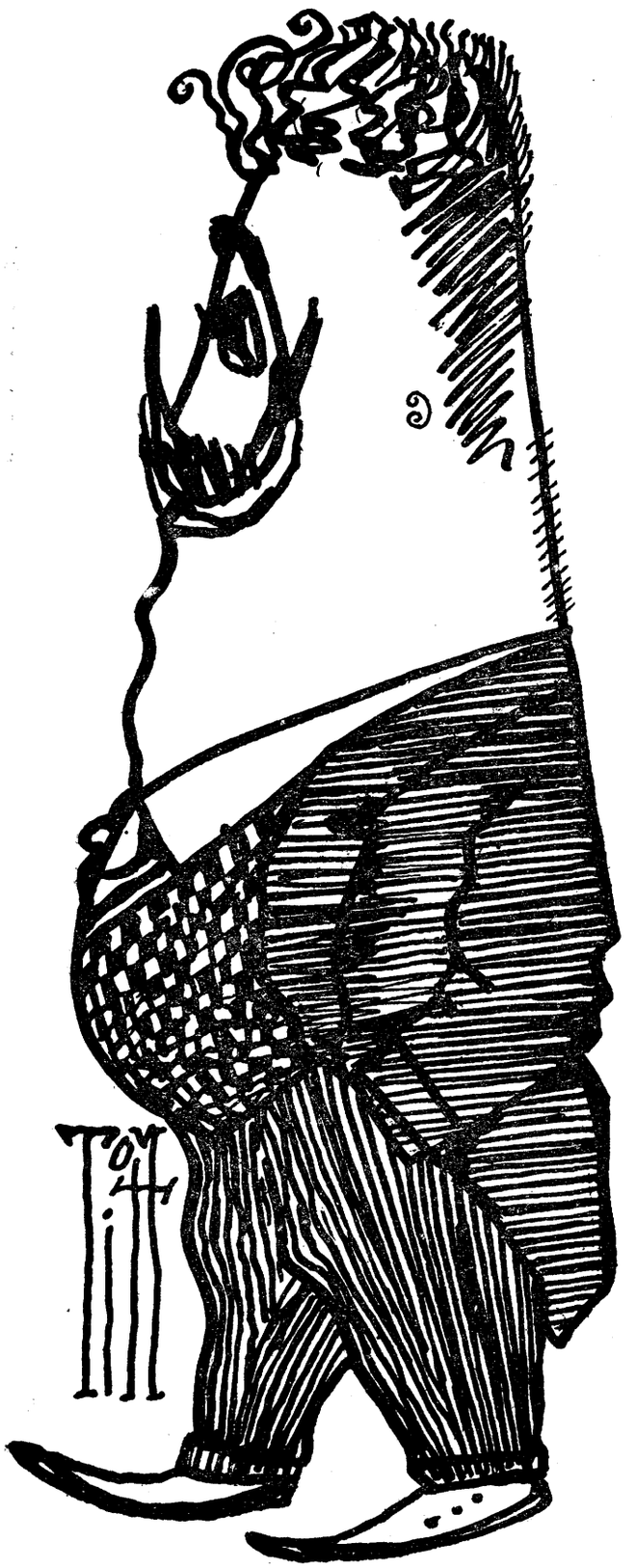
Sir,—The aged, yellow-faced man brushed a few crumbs from his beard, and commenced to pick his teeth. "Yes, my boy," he repeated, "Materialism is done for; Materialism is as dead as the proverbial dead dog." His companion, a young, eager-looking youth in Harris tweed, gazed reverently into his friend's countenance. "Of course it is," he replied; "Materialism is done for, absolutely; did you see that in the 'Mail' the other day about Professor Macdonald's discovery?"

"No," answered the old man, who was striving to attract the attention of a decrepit-looking waiter. "No, I didn't; what was it?" The youth leaned forward: "Professor Macdonald," he whispered, "has proved the existence of the human soul." His eyes were fixed upon those of his friend. The old man smiled. "Good! my boy, good!" he replied. "Sir Oliver Lodge isn't wrong after all," he chuckled; "that will upset the Materialists." He picked up the menu card; the waiter was standing Sphinx-like, awaiting his order.

"What's for dessert, Alfred?"

"Their apple fritters aren't bad," returned the youth.

"Apple fritters for two," said the man with the yellow face. "What was that you were saying about the human soul, Alfred?" ARTHUR F. THORN.



SIGNOR LEONCAVALLO.

Printed for the Proprietors, THE NEW AGE PRESS, LTD., by A. BONNER, at the Chancery Lane Press, 1, 2, and 3, Rolls Passage, Chancery Lane, W.C. (and 38, Cursitor Street, E.C.). Agents for South Africa and Australia: GORDON & GOTCH, London, Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Perth (W. Australia), and Cape Town; and (S. Africa), CENTRAL NEWS AGENCY, LTD. Published by the Proprietors at 38, Cursitor Street, Chancery Lane, E.C.