THE

# NEW AGE

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## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

It will need a little care not to be rushed to the conclusion unanimously arrived at by the Press on Saturday that the miners have made a mistake in sticking to their schedule. On Thursday the "Daily Mail" announced that the miners had won a great moral victory, and on Saturday the "Daily News" somewhat tardily followed suit with the announcement of a "Swift Victory for the Miners." Both these announcements, together with the proclamations of the rest of the Press, were, of course, due to Mr. Asquith's speech to the miners in which he accepted on behalf of the Government the principle of the Minimum Wage and promised to enforce it, if necessary, by legislation on the dwindling minority of recalcitrant coal-owners. But in return for this concession of principle Mr. Asquith demanded of the men the abandonment of the schedule of minimum rates drawn up by them on February 2. The principle having been guaranteed, the exact details of the future rates might, he thought, be left to local agreements, superintended where necessary by Government arbitrators. To the same machinery might also be left the provision of safeguards (for the coalowners) against malingering and against future breaches of collective contracts. The refusal by the men of these terms of settlement threw both Government and the Press into a panic. Mr. Churchill could not see on Friday evening a single break in the black clouds. The ex-"Daily News" journalist who now writes "Daily Telegraph" leaders expressed his disgust in language unfit to be reproduced in these columns. Even the "Daily News" itself, after having fairly consistently supported the men, was constrained on Saturday morning to appeal to the miners to be reasonable and to be satisfied with the principle and the Government's promise. As for the Government, they peremptorily closed the discussion, and by deeds if not by words threw down the reins and invited the strike to continue. In face of this sudden deadlock it will be difficult, as we say, for any but the coolest brains to examine the position of the men fairly. We do not hope to be able to convince everybody that the men are perfectly right, but we shall be satisfied if we succeed in convincing our readers and the leaders of the men themselves. These latter are now in such a situation that a single step in retreat from their position will be fatal. So far their conduct of the strike has been exemplary, contrasting admirably with the conduct of the late Railway Strike. Unless, like their railway colleagues, they intend to be beaten on the post, they will need not only to maintain their present attitude but to remain convinced that their present attitude is thoroughly justified and, if need should arise, to proceed to strengthen rather than to weaken it.

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There are several presumptions in favour of the men which the concession of the principle of the Minimum Wage has confirmed. At the outset it might have been supposed that the demands of the miners were ill-considered and preposterous. Only three weeks ago, during the debate on the address, the Government, speaking through Mr. J. M. Robertson, had declared that a legal Minimum Wage was a political impossibility. Three Fabian or ex-Fabian M.P.'s, greatly to everybody's disgust, agreed that this was the case, and voted with the Government. Save for the Labour members, in fact, politicians of all parties were disposed only a few weeks ago to declare that the demand for a legal Minimum Wage was impracticable. To this preliminary objection to the miners' demands was added later the objection that the miners were being led by the nose by inflammatory syndicalists. Messrs. Mann, Tillett, Hartshorn and others were handsomely credited with having stampeded a million or so miners into revolutionary demands of an extravagant nature. The supposition was, therefore, established that the planks of the miners' programme would prove on examination to be chimerical, revolutionary and impossible. Yet within a few days of beginning his investigation into the claims of the miners Mr. Asquith was driven to the conclusion that their demand for a fixed Minimum was not only practicable, but just and even generous. In words which he repeated more than once, Mr. Asquith

paid the miners the compliment of having struck, not so much in the interests of their own majority, who already earn more than the minimum wage, but in the interests of their unfortunate minority, numbering some 25 or 30 per cent. of the whole, for whom a minimum wage is at present unattainable. Far, therefore, from having discovered that the first of the miners' claims was ill-considered or revolutionary, as their alleged origin would suggest, the Government on consideration found it to be moderate and just. This alone, we contend, gives to the rest of the miners' claims a presumptive right to be considered in the same light. If the first of their demands has proved, contrary to general expectation, to be fair and practicable, the presumption is that the rest of their claims are of a piece with it and equally well considered and moderate.

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Before examining the schedule itself, we may remark on the deplorable habit of bad faith which so much of the current discussion of the question proves to have become ingrained in our public life. It is assumed amongst both politicians and the public that whenever any body of men, however numerous, formulate their grievances they will as a matter of course put forward claims considerably beyond their actual expectations, in the hope that by subsequent compromise they may obtain exactly what they want. In negotiations for sale and purchase, in various disputes between sections of the public and the State, we are all so accustomed to the parties deliberately asking more than they expect to receive that an example of the contrary is almost incredible. At the back of the disgust with the miners for refusing to abate their claim for the schedule after having been conceded the principle of the Minimum Wage, is the feeling that it is unreasonable and tyrannical of them to expect the satisfaction of all their demands; a certain margin of give and take must be allowed on the supposition that this margin was naturally added by the miners at the outset. On this, however, it must be said that whatever may be the practice of the commercial classes (and a very bad practice it is) the habit of Trade Unionists is not yet to ask for more than they actually want. The political Labour Party may occasionally adopt the methods of the Oriental bazaar, and fix their demands higher than their hopes with the intention of chaffering, but we know of no instance of any considerable body of Trade Unionists descending to this childish chicanery. In the present case it is obvious, from the care, the exactitude and the variety of the district rates as formulated in the schedule of February 2, that the miners have put forward no marginal demands in the belief that they can be whittled down to their requirements. On the contrary, they have stated, like the typical truthful Englishmen they are, precisely what they want to the fraction of a penny, and they expect to get it. We appeal to our readers not to be misled by the bad traditions of commerce into debiting the miners with any dirty slimness.

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The careful exactitude of the February schedule being established, only a false pride on the part of the Government will prevent its concession. It is simply ridiculous to suppose that the Government will be demeaning itself in any way by admitting that the men have made out their case in detail as well as in principle. From a silly party point of view, a Government that in early February scouted the notion of a legal Minimum Wage and in late February offered to bring in a Bill to establish it has sufficiently demeaned itself in the eyes of fools. We are glad, however, that Mr. Asquith has not been afraid to incur the charge of inconsistency. Nor, for the matter of that, has the Press which, until Friday, was disposed, after the first phase, to side with the men. Contrary to all their traditions, the "Daily Telegraph," the "Daily Mail" and the "Times" were quite prepared on Wednesday and Thursday to see a Minimum Wage established by law. The "Daily Mail" went even further and, declaring that coal is semi-public property, suggested that in the event of the coalowners remaining implacable, the Government should put an official receiver into each mine and temporarily nationalise the mining industry. This course may yet prove to be necessary, as we shall show in a minute, but our immediate purpose is to prove that the charge of inconsistency as brought against the Government applies equally to all its critics. In other words, the charge contains no sting. The camel having thus been swallowed by Government and Press alike, the swallowing of the gnat of the schedule should have been an easy matter. As we have said, the presumption has certainly been established that the men are right on this point as they have been proved to be right on the first; and any wound that the pride of the Government or the public could have received from being compelled to concede to-day what they denied three weeks ago has already been inflicted. At this moment, therefore, it is the Government that is standing out against a satisfactory settlement, not the masters, of whom 65 per cent. would agree to the schedule, still less the men whose demands are so exact and at the same time so moderate and just. The shadow having been conceded in the form of the principle of the Minimum Wage, commonsense requires that the meagre substance demanded by the men should go with it.

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Apart from the circumstances of the history of the schedule, which was only formulated after weeks of inquiry and was reduced to the very minimum of what the various districts would accept, there are strong reasons for supposing that the schedule as fixed by the men would prove to be acceptable by the Government. Mr. Asquith did not in so many words say that the men's schedule would finally be established by the Government arbitrators, but he did allow it to be supposed that this would be the case. The "Daily News" on Saturday drew the same inference, and, while pleading with the men to withdraw their demand for the schedule, said: "The probability is that it does actually embody an actual minimum for the several districts." "That being so," the "Daily News" continued, "the men's leaders ought to have acted on the assurance that the schedule would have justified itself to the district boards." If, however, the men's schedule appears to be so reasonable as to allow the Government to anticipate its complete acceptance by the arbitrators, Mr. Asquith and his colleagues ought to have acted on the assurance and taken the schedule as a basis forthwith. The further implication, however, of the Government's demand is that the men should trust the Government. The Government having accepted the principle of the Minimum Wage, the men, it is urged, should trust them to see it satisfactorily carried into practice, withdrawing, meanwhile, their own schedule, and, of course, dissolving their conjoined forces and returning to work. Unfortunately for this argument two fatal considerations must inevitably arise in the men's minds. In the first place, it was only under pressure that the Government conceded the principle of the Minimum Wage at all. Three weeks ago the politicians had their chance of showing their good faith on the subject and they almost unanimously opposed the proposal even in principle. It is not to be imagined that the leopard can change his spots in three weeks. The Ethiopians of the Cabinet who a few weeks ago were opposed to the principle of the Minimum Wage have not in this short interval changed their skin if even under necessity they have changed their voice. In other words, though the principle of the Minimum Wage has been reluctantly extracted from them, the probability of its voluntary application, still more of its voluntary liberal application, may fairly be regarded by the miners as remote.

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But even admitting that a Government negotiating through Sir Edward Grey and Mr. Lloyd George may for once be sincere, the miners, like everybody else, must have their suspicions of its trustworthiness. The conduct of the same Government last August over the Railway Strike has, in particular, impressed Trade Unionists with its treacherous nature. They simply cannot believe that a Cabinet that diddled the railwaymen and sent them back to work under a lying pretext

of betterment has any other intention with regard to themselves. Once allow their forces to be scattered and the miners quite naturally believe that they will be defeated in detail exactly as the railwaymen were; profiting by which experience they propose to stand out. Who that recalls the social record of the present Cabinet can possibly blame them? Returned in 1906 with a mandate, if ever Government had mandate, to overhaul our economic system, the Cabinet passed the Trades Disputes Act in response to the demand of Trade Unionists, and has ever since been engaged in veiled attempts to destroy Trade Unionism root and branch. We may search its records in vain to discover a single measure, save Old-Age Pensions, even designed to fulfil the demands of labour for an approximation to justice. On the other hand, every attempt by labour to improve conditions for itself by means of the Strike has been met first by trickery and in the last resort by force. For the first time in the history of the world, however, labour has organised its forces to be for the moment equal at least to the forces of the oligarchy. In plain words, the miners, if they realise their power, have the wealthy classes and their governmental nominees in the hollow of their hands. This is the moment when a Cabinet containing Mr. Lloyd George, the most unscrupulous and rusé Minister England ever had, turns and pleads with the victorious miners to trust the Government. As much and no more as the miners have trusted the Government to concede to reason alone the principle of the Minimum Wage will they, if they are wise and manful, trust the Government to enforce its practice. The record of the Government, in short, makes it impossible for the miners to entrust their schedule to its keeping. The principle being won, the practice must be guaranteed by the same means.

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The recently converted Liberal now writing old-fashioned Toryism in the "Daily Telegraph" is ready, poor little man, if the men do not give in, to let the strike continue. But what else can he do? The "Times" and other journals are of the same opinion, and we understand the Government now entertains hopes that after a week or two of starvation, bribery, trickery, and sowing of discord, the men may be sufficiently disunited to listen to reason and return to work with only a moral victory achieved. If they do, we can only say that the fault will lie at the door of the men's leaders, who will thereby have thrown away an opportunity of putting the emancipation of the world of labour on a new and practical footing. Exaggeration is impossible of the momentous nature of the issues involved in the present dispute. The miners may not realise it, but their dispute with capital is taking place in an arena whose crowded amphitheatre of interested spectators is the whole world. England that has led the way in political liberty, whose long procession is now being brought up by China, has at this moment the opportunity and the responsibility of taking the first step in economic liberty. The legal establishment of a Minimum Wage, the schedule of which has been drafted by the men themselves, is, we do not hesitate to say, the first act in a drama of which the conclusion may be a co-operative commonwealth such as the world has long dreamed of but never seen. Labour legislating for itself in friendly conjunction with the State is the ideal towards which the outcome of the present dispute may very well point; and we put it to the men's leaders, who have now this incredible power in their hands, to spare no pains and, above all, to exhibit no weakness, in the accomplishment of it. The Government, as we have seen, has been obliged to concede the principle of the Minimum Wage. Under the same pressure they will concede the schedule with all that it implies; but on the one condition that the pressure remains fixed, immovable—or, as we now propose to urge, becomes intensified!

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For it must be admitted that there is danger in delay. Time is on the side of the masters, as they cynically understand. With every day that passes the reserves of the men will diminish, their spirit will be weakened, the irritated pressure of the public will increase and the temptation to procure peace at any price, even that of complete defeat, will grow stronger. There is nothing in war like taking the offensive and maintaining it. The miners having delivered the first blow by coming out on strike after due and solemn warning must be prepared, if the first blow is not effective, to deliver the second before the enemy has had time to recover. We are extremely sorry to have to use the vocabulary of war to express our meaning during a civil dispute; but the circumstances are such and the issues are such that unless the whole episode is treated in the spirit of war, the chances are that sentimental flapdoodle will prevail. We say again that the miners have a just case and have defined their demands with exactitude, justice and generosity. We say again that in their battle they have the free intelligence of the country with them, the whole of their class (numbering seven out of eight of the nation), and the sympathy of the entire world of labour. Under these circumstances, it is their duty at all costs to follow up their first blow by a second, and if necessary, by a third and a fourth, to make sure and doubly sure that their moderate and just demands shall not be denied or frustrated. And the means, you ask? Again we will content ourselves with giving no more than a hint. Let there be no disorder, no rowdyism, no rioting—but let a hundred thousand miners march peacefully on London. Before they have started they can dictate terms.

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It may be said, of course, that the men's schedule, however moderate, is nevertheless too high for a fixed minimum. Against this, however, we have not only the facts to which we have already referred, facts which the miners, in fixing the varying rates, bore in mind, but facts of which they were only vaguely aware. Both the "Times" and the "Daily Mail" have done very good service by revealing, on the authority of their independent financial experts, the enormous profits actually made by coalowners. Ten per cent., it seems, is a modest estimate of the average profits in such parts of the mining industry as are in the hands of joint stock companies; and this average is admittedly kept low for public consumption by the devices of watering, bonuses and reserves, described in detail in the "Times" and the "Daily Mail." When we add to this the fact that joint stock companies actually, and not merely nominally, earn less than family groups of proprietors who own a considerable part of the mines, the rent exacted of the miners and the consumers for permission to get and use coal will appear colossal. As the "Daily Mail" bluntly observes: "Poverty or no poverty, the average dividend of 92 companies for thirteen years has been at least 9.6 per cent." The margin for an increase of wages is therefore even more liberal than a much higher schedule than that fixed by the men would absorb. But we have to face the fact, and so has the Government, that the smallest entrenchment on this ample margin will be resisted by the existing body of owners. It is true that seven out ten of them have agreed under persuasion to accept a legal minimum wage, but it is quite possible that without ridiculous safeguards which the men could not accept the English owners will withdraw even this concession and join the present minority in standing solidly out for their obsolete rights. In this event, it is as well that the public should know what the Government, though unwilling, is prepared to do. An article in the "Westminster Gazette" of last Saturday week laid it down as an instruction to the Government that failing the acceptance by masters and men of a legal Minimum Wage, the Government must be prepared "to go all lengths" and nationalise the mines. The article created considerable sensation and was followed by careful hints in the "Daily Mail" of a possible measure of this kind. Putting official receivers into the mines would obviously be the first step to nationalisation. We might hope, indeed, that once in they would never come out again. But the interesting fact may now be disclosed that the suggestion of nationalisation as an

alternative to the Minimum Wage, though appearing in the "Westminster Gazette," originated with Mr. Asquith. We are not able to state definitely that the article in question was actually drafted by the Prime Minister himself; but it is important in any discussion of the future to know that Mr. Asquith approved, and probably suggested, the plan. In continuing their pressure on the Government, the miners' leaders may therefore be assured that they are playing for even higher stakes than they have been aware of. Within a week or two it is on the cards that nationalisation of the mines may be brought about. With Government as their partners and no longer as their enemies and judges, it will be the fault of all of us, as well as of the miners themselves, if conditions and wages in the mines are not raised to the model of the world.

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No sooner, however, had Mr. Asquith's suggestion leaked out among the friends of the capitalists than they instantly renewed their campaign in favour of what they call profit-sharing. Lord Robert Cecil, Mr. Sidney Brooks, Mr. Duguid, and scores of namable and unnamable writers immediately rushed into print with their proposals for a co-partnery in profits between masters and men. Not one of these writers, to our knowledge, has hitherto distinguished himself by any industrial vision or even by any manifest public interest in the problems of labour. Weeks ago we ourselves pointed out that the fatal objection to profit-sharing, as advocated by these tyros in labour affairs, was the fact, so completely demonstrated in the American Steel Corporation if not in England, that profit-sharing destroys trade unionism—in other words, destroys the collective force of the men. To put forward a proposal for securing peace which would infallibly destroy one of the chief parties can scarcely, therefore, be regarded as politics; and before writing again on this subject, Lord Robert Cecil and his amateur friends must ask themselves how they are going to bell the cat. It would be very nice, no doubt, if workmen were individually to allow themselves to be bribed by their employers to be loyal to the firm and disloyal to their unfortunate fellows. Every cad among the wage-earners would, in fact, be offered a reward for assisting to fleece the public in profits and his more independent mates in wages. But it happens, thank God, that the majority of English Trade Unionists are not cads, and are not likely to be. Whatever inducement to corrupt practices may be held out to them, the example of the Steel Corporation and its "paternal" arrangements will be a sufficient warning. Of the bonus and profit-sharing established by Mr. Pierpont Morgan we have already written. Of his pension scheme for workmen Mr. Louis Branders, a witness before the recent Inquiry into the Steel Trust, writes: "The Steel Corporation pension scheme absolutely destroys the freedom of the employee. He is not only riveted to the establishment, but he is prohibited from exercising liberty in the way of trying to remove grievances, because he is in constant peril of disloyalty which would forfeit his pension." We may be quite certain that profit-sharing, if it were voluntarily conceded in this country, would be intended to bring about the same results. For this reason, profit-sharing of this kind may be dismissed as impracticable; and only ignorant writers will continue to advocate it.

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But there is another suggested alternative to the nationalisation of mines which we shall do well to take more seriously: it is their syndicalisation. The "Times" on Wednesday was much perturbed by the discovery of a pamphlet which had circulated in the South Wales mining district advocating the irritation strike with the declared intention of making the mines too hot for employers and of seizing them for the miners themselves. The object of the Syndicalists is, we know, the possession and administration of the mines by and for the miners, the railways for the railwaymen, the factories for the factory workers, the land for the farmers, and so on. Now we will explicitly say that on no terms whatever are we prepared to support this anti-social theory. But while industrial organisation is in the melting-pot of discussion, this theory and others equally preposterous have a right to be heard. It is the business of journals and of professed publicists, in fact, to see that they are heard and heard to their best advantage. The consequence of the boycott of unpalatable discussions has been seen in the present labour unrest. If, two years ago or even one year ago, the Press and politicians had had the courageous commonsense to discuss with us the causes we then described as working up to this crisis, we boldly declare that the crisis need never have arisen. Like ostriches, however, these professedly responsible people buried their heads in the sand and pretended that what we saw plainly coming did not exist. Well, we warn them again that the next move in industrial activity will be Syndicalism if it is not Socialism. Syndicalism, we admit, is subversive not of modern society only, but of society itself. The only defence against Syndicalism is Socialism. Yet if our governing classes will have nothing to do with Socialism, they must prepare to meet Syndicalism. And Syndicalism will not come, as Socialists like ourselves come, with reason, with a patriotic theory of the State, with a respect for order and a reverence for intelligence and culture—it will come as a principle of purely materialistic and single-class disorganisation. The State under its destructive impulse may be visualised and will perhaps be realised as a group of trades and industries, each warring on the other for predominance. The Manchester doctrine of Laissez-faire, hitherto applied to individuals, will under Syndicalism apply to groups of individuals corporately selfish and corporately private-minded. Between them all what but the mere arithmetic of proportional representation will preserve any balance; and where in the midst of these enlarged swine will the men who are truly State's-men and citizens find their place? Repugnant, however, as Syndicalism may be to us, we recognise not only that Socialists alone have the right to criticise it, but Socialists alone have the least chance of being heard. Politicians and publicists refused to listen to us when we prophesied a series of gigantic strikes to recover the lost level of wages, and we declared that they would be compelled to listen to the men themselves. They are listening now. Similarly we say at this moment that the Syndicalists will shortly be at our door. And when the Syndicalists have really arrived, it will be too late to discuss Socialism.

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We return, however, to the immediate problem before us of handling the mining dispute with skill enough to ensure that the future of industry shall be orderly and not anarchic. To do this it is absolutely essential, in our opinion, that the moderate, calculated demands of the miners should be conceded, and conceded ungrudgingly. It is not without excellent reason that a million men breadwinning for at least four or five million citizens have struck work; and it speaks marvellously well for their civic sense that their strike has been anything but wanton, their demands anything but unjust or extravagant. If for any reason the owners should attempt to impose unfair terms on the men (and a guaranteed individual output in return for a guaranteed minimum wage would be unfair) or if, following the lead of Mr. D. A. Thomas, they should finally refuse to yield except to coercion by the State, in either event the concession of the Minimum Wage will be jeopardised in subsequent practice or become a dead letter; and this in spite of all the machinery of arbitration and inspection that the State likes to provide. For it is well known in the workshops that an unwilling employer can no more be coerced by law to do what he does not want to do than a million men can be made to work if they have no mind for it. Better far than that the legal enforcement of the Minimum Wage should breed bad relations between employers and workmen that the State should step in at once and nationalise the mines and so save itself and us endless trouble. In the end employers must either voluntarily and ungrudgingly take the trade unions, as trade unions, into partnership with themselves, or the State must take their place.

# Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

IT is impossible as yet to say to what extent the rioting in Pekin is due to the natural propensities of the troops and how far it has been influenced by the Manchu family. To bring about foreign intervention in the event of trouble at home was always a favourite move of the Empress's, and it was effectively resorted to at the time of the Boxer outbreak. Up to the time of writing, however, no Europeans appear to have been attacked. If they are, a situation which is already chaotic enough will become worse. It must be remembered that now, for the first time, there is no Chinese Government. The Republican administration is not recognised generally; it is not even recognised in the neighbourhood of Nankin. The Manchus, on the other hand, have not quite saved their faces. Mongolia, again, prefers to regard itself as being under Russian protection.

At the outbreak of the rebellion it was maintained by Yuan-Shi-Kai's supporters that he could rely upon the loyalty of the Northern Chinese, who would in any circumstances prove faithful to the Manchu dynasty. It then appeared to occur to the Court that Southern China might well be abandoned to the revolutionaries, a grip being still kept on the north by the loyal troops. The progress made by the revolutionary party, however, showed that this hope was slender, to say the least; but foreign intervention had not been tried. The Legations had, it is true, made "suggestions" and given "advice" which neither the revolutionaries nor the Manchus could afford to ignore; but foreign armies and navies had not been brought into requisition. This was what the Empress had been looking for all along, and if a sufficient amount of rioting takes place there is no doubt that her wish will be gratified. But it will be a forlorn hope; for in any case the Manchu power is broken. Japan will not relax the hold she is slowly tightening on Southern Manchuria any more than Russia will give up Mongolia. With the establishment of parliamentary government in China, or with the desire for it, China will shrink exactly as Turkey and Japan have shrunk in the same circumstances. Despotism and a strong empire; parliamentary government and the splitting of the empire in fragments: such seem to be the alternatives for an Oriental country. Writing in this column several months ago I gave my reasons for holding that despotism was preferable in the East, and that the people did not suffer from it.

I have received from an authoritative source in Berlin a circumstantial account of Lord Haldane's visit. One of the topics discussed was the Bagdad Railway and the question of British influence in the Persian Gulf. As I have often mentioned, the point at issue between the two countries is the control of the last two hundred miles or so of this railway. It was held for some time in British diplomatic circles, and it is still held by many competent statesmen, that British interests in the Persian Gulf would suffer unless the completing section of the line were under British control. It is now urged, on the other hand, that the virtual British occupation of Southern Persia is sufficient to protect any interests we have in that part of the world. It should be recollected that the paramountcy of Great Britain in the Persian Gulf has never been disputed.

In the course of Lord Haldane's "conversations" with Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg and Herr von Kiderlen-Wächter, however, this paramountcy of Great Britain was delicately questioned for the first time. It was not insinuated that Great Britain had no rights in the Persian Gulf, but the proposal was that Germany should officially recognise them in return for the cession of Walfish Bay and Zanzibar. This, it was pointed out, would remove all Downing Street's scruples about the latter portion of the Bagdad Railway, and after all Walfish Bay and Zanzibar—well. . . .

It did not occur to Lord Haldane, who is unfortunately rather slow of comprehension, that British supremacy in the Persian Gulf was already an established fact, and that to pay Germany for it, as it were, by the cession of two pieces of territory of great strategical importance amounted to blackmail. Ignorant of the value of Zanzibar and Walfish Bay, Lord Haldane exceeded his instructions by half promising that this suggestion would meet with the favourable consideration of the Cabinet. The other matters discussed were of relative unimportance.

On his return to London, I understand, Lord Haldane felt exceedingly pleased with himself—in fact, he actually thought that he had done some good diplomatic business. When he explained the result of his visit to the Cabinet, however, the comments were not exactly what might be described as enthusiastic. The German proposal was emphatically "turned down," and an intimation to this effect was conveyed to the proper quarter. There remained the Portuguese Colonies; but, as I have already explained, the time was hardly ripe for their consideration. The South African Union Government has recently made itself very clear on this point. Neither Boers nor Britons care to have Germans on both flanks—German South-West Africa and German East Africa. But if, in addition to these two colonies, Germany bought Portuguese Africa, including the valuable possession of Delagoa Bay, a protest would be sent in by the Union Government which the Home Government could not afford to overlook. It may be said, generally speaking, that the British and the Boers in South Africa are united on that one point: detestation of Germany, and in the event of war it is difficult to say what the fate of German South-West Africa would be. Cynic that I am, therefore, I suggest that the colonists in German South-West Africa should be encouraged, for they will at all events serve the purpose of preventing Boers and Britons from flying at one another's throats again.

Attempts are being made to patch up a peace between Turkey and Italy; but so far no one has been able to find a "formula." The Turkish authorities swear that if they agree to peace on the basis of Italy's supremacy in Tripoli a revolution throughout the length and breadth of the Ottoman Empire is unavoidable. If, on the other hand, Italy agreed to anything less than complete surrender there would be a tremendous outcry from the Alps to Sicily. It does not follow, of course, that the Powers are making efforts for peace because they feel a Christian spirit rising within them. The fact is, this war in the Near East is beginning to have a disturbing influence in the Balkans, and the period of snow-melting is rapidly arriving. It is the feeling in Albania that may precipitate awkward events. Servia, Montenegro, Greece, and Bulgaria are now, as always, likely to be dragged in; and it will not be overlooked that the Greek Prime Minister, M. Venizelos, emphasised this in a speech delivered at Patras on Saturday last. Peace, he said, did not depend on Greece, who was obliged to make military preparations for any eventuality: "If, in spite of ourselves, complications arise, we could mobilise 110,000 fighting men and respectable naval forces."

I direct attention to these remarks, for the coal strike here has naturally prevented the Press generally from giving them the prominence they deserve from the standpoint of diplomacy. This is the first political speech of any importance that M. Venizelos has made for several months, and it is noteworthy that he should have felt it necessary to refer in it to the possibility of war. Not, of course, that the 110,000 Greek fighting men referred to in it could do much. Greek soldiers are no longer Ajaxes and Hectors, and the well-trained Turks would soon mop up their Greek opponents. But Turkey herself is in no very flourishing condition; and if Bulgaria's war preparations continue as they are now doing, Mahmud Shefket Pasha will have to look to the north for his country's foes rather than the south. Ever watchful, Russia can spare a few regiments from Persia and Mongolia if she sees a chance of plundering in some other direction. Foreign affairs, dull for some weeks, are at last beginning to look up again. Good!

# The Apotheosis of Waste.

By Charles Manson.

THE fable of the boys and frogs in print again! In its issue of February 29 the "Daily Mail," in reporting a meeting, having for its object the advertising of Swanage as a summer resort, publishes—as far as one can see without a blush—the fact that use of a whole page, for advertisement purposes, can be obtained at a figure ranging from £350 to £500. This is fun, great fun, no doubt, for the "Daily Mail"; but what of the poor consumer? For we suppose it will be apparent, even to the densest amongst a long-suffering British public, that this £350 a page has to be paid for, in one way or another, by the visitors to Swanage; that, if some other method, less costly than £350 a page, could be found for bringing the merits—real or imaginary—of Swanage to the recreation-seeking section of the community, those enjoying its hospitality could be accommodated at a less price corresponding to the saving on this advertisement bill of £350 a page.

There is one thing, however, to be said for the "Daily Mail," that, whoever pays the piper, the music draws a good audience. But that cannot be turned into a general proposition. On the contrary, historians might justly chronicle our times as the period in which was attained the minimum of result at the maximum of cost: as an epoch in which lavish waste permeated all the affairs of life like a religion: as the age of hypocrisy, inertia, and ineffectiveness, when governments preached thrift but practised extravagance, when a people in the throes of poverty were yet content to be the victims of endless extortion, when a nation with a "collective conscience" (to use the phrase of Professor A. F. Pollard) allowed the individuals comprising it to perpetrate, amongst themselves, the most unconscionable knavery, when the lower and middle classes, crying out at the reduced value of the sovereign, were yet apathetically ignoring the factors by which some 50 per cent. of its purchasing power was wasted.

Let us examine briefly some of these factors. Take the waste that occurs between production and consumption. The added cost entailed by defective methods of distribution, by the middleman and the manipulator, has often been the subject of inky diatribes. But has anyone calculated the tens of millions a year added to the cost of everything by the process of advertising?—a process, too, that gives the minimum of guidance to a busy or incompetent world as to the things best worth buying. Why this waste? Surely it arises from the absence, in this particular, of competitive methods. With producers initial prices are kept at their lowest by competition. But there is no adequate competition in the method of placing goods upon the market. So these millions spent on advertising are added to the prime cost and paid by the consumer. What is really wanted is a Consumers' League, or, better still, a Department of the Board of Trade whose function it would be by laboratory or other tests to ascertain that such goods, offered to the nation, as could be made the subject of supervision, should reach a certain standard. And this standard could be raised as the processes of manufacture improved. Thus would be hall-marked those goods which show the best value. Instead of consulting a newspaper the consumer would then consult the authorised list of the League or Department, which would become for most purposes the adopted list of those distributing agencies upon which the public depend. By such methods the expense of introducing goods to the nation might well be reduced from millions to thousands, the Tono-Bungay rubbish being eliminated altogether.

But not only are prices unnecessarily inflated. The wages of the poor, already weighed out in grudging scales, are also sweated between their receipt and their disbursement on the necessaries of life. How little measure do the working classes, in their ignorance of food values or, indeed, of values generally, get for their shillings! Are they not, too, the prey of hosts of rapacious agents, collectors and sharks of endless species, who collect their pence and give them but halfpence, if anything, in return? Does the State guide or protect them? Are there any institutions that do? Does the State even take the trouble to examine and suppress the fraudulent nostrums hawked about amongst the poor as aids to thrift? Let us look, for example, at the least objectionable of all—Life Assurance. Take the great industrial and mutual insurance societies, especially those known as Collecting Societies. It is notorious that, with the latter, the working management expenses are enormous—in some cases hovering about the 50 per cent. line. Not only this. Look at the savings piled up by these Societies. If one takes the Blue-book recording their position it is found that (excluding the Incorporated Companies, working for a profit; but including the Mutual Societies) the amassed funds run to between 300 and 400 millions, all of which have, within a short period, been extracted from the pockets of the insured. To whose good? Do the poor, under this system, obtain on an average even 4d. for 9d.? And yet the system is being petted, perpetrated and encouraged.

Compare this pitifully wasteful organisation—wasteful to the extent of millions a year—with the scheme of "Assisted Investment" outlined briefly in this review on January 25. Under that scheme for every contingency of life, evil or otherwise, there would be an almost costless solution. Temporary loss of work, death, sickness, marriages of children, apprenticeship, and many other forms of necessary expenditure, if not otherwise provided for, could be met by resort to the man's investment; upon which he could be permitted to re-borrow, for such purposes, at the nominal rate of interest upon which his investment is worked.

But that scheme is not the only alternative. Why should there not be a graduated Burial Fund, established by the State? A sickness fund has already been established, in spite of the recognised risk of abuse. Yet about Death there could be no malingering. Why, then, has this need been overlooked? The drafts upon the Treasury could be met by taxes, of which all the collecting machinery already exists. In the result, as compared with the present wasteful method of insurance, the working-man would be getting a real 9d. for 4d., and without anyone being one penny the poorer, except the bureaucratic managements of these societies and their lawyers who manipulate these accumulated funds, already equal to the National Debt of a first-class nation.

But not only is the industrial world robbed of half its resources by this economic wastefulness, the commercial world—nay, the financial world, too—is subject to the same disease. One has but to point to the yearly millions sunk in fraudulent and ineffective companies to justify this statement. Yet what could be easier than to insist that before the share or debenture capital of any incorporated company was offered, either publicly or privately, for subscription the terms of the prospectus should be submitted to experts of a special Department of the Board of Trade, who would take care that it did not go forth without the true facts and all the facts being plainly stated in simple language for the easy comprehension of the investor. Of course, such a department would be some expense; but the outlay would be saved a hundredfold, and the story of the "Golden Fleece" would become once more a tradition instead of a constantly re-enacted tragedy. There would, of

course, be disputes between aggressive promoters and the Department, but these could be settled by a recourse to the Courts, where would gradually grow up a useful body of law setting fixed boundaries to the exploiting imagination of the modern Jason.

But political parties have no time for useful reforms of this kind. Let us hope, however, that, ere long, some combination of earnest politicians will set out to reform these inefficient institutions and suppress this awful waste—a combination which will infuse some yeasty working into the stodgy dough of politics.

# Finance and the People.

By Lieut.-Colonel Alsager Pollock.

DISCONTENT among the working classes is no new thing in the history of the world, nor has there ever been a scarcity of agitators to trade upon the credulity of misguided men. At present the populace is being led to believe that it can eat its cake and have it, and so long as highly-placed persons, including Cabinet Ministers, are found to ally themselves for their own party purposes with the street-corner demagogues, the fallacies propounded are likely to continue to exercise an evil influence to the detriment of the State as a whole. The theory of the "broadest back" being the most suitable to bear the principal burdens of taxation is perfectly sound in itself, but the fact remains that the more the rich man has to pay to the tax-collector the less will he have to spend, and consequently the less of his income will fall into the pockets of those who have to work for their living. The working-man cannot have it both ways, and the more he is relieved of indirect taxation, by means of imposts laid directly on the rich, the more must the latter deny themselves of so-called "luxuries," to the detriment of employment. I defy any man to name a luxury of the rich that does not by the indulgence of it furnish wages for the poor.

The plain fact is that under whatever system of taxation the working-man is the ultimate sufferer, and the rich man merely the medium through which the taxes are collected. Suppose, for example, the entire abolition of indirect taxation, and the substitution of a fifty per cent. tax on all income in excess of, say, £200 a year. The inevitable result would not only be to reduce proportionally the spending power of those who have taxable incomes, but to reduce the incomes themselves, by depreciating the property and securities from which they are derived, so that the yield would be very disappointing; and while the rich had been impoverished the poor would have been reduced to a condition of beggary. It is probably an evil that the bulk of the national wealth should be possessed by a few very rich men, because the power to give employment to the people by general indulgence in "luxuries" is correspondingly limited. For example: Ten men, each of them spending £10,000 a year, do more good to the people, because more rapidly and generally causing money to circulate, than one man spending ten times that income. But "the best is always the enemy of the good," and any striving after ideal adjustments of wealth can only tend to reduce that wealth and consequently to increase the difficulty of the working classes to earn their daily bread. Concentration of wealth is probably an evil, as already said, but reduction of wealth is an unspeakable calamity, upon account of the people thereby thrown out of employment.

The death of a man who has been in the enjoyment of an income of, say, £20,000 a year involves payments to the Chancellor of the Exchequer amounting in all to about £100,000, a capital sum representing income of some £3,500 a year. The successor of the dead man is compelled to retrench, in order to make good the impost laid upon him. He determines to live, let us say, on half his income for ten years. His father had kept a yacht and maintained two large establishments in the country, as well as a house in London. Now the yacht is abandoned and a wages bill of several hundreds a year ceases to be paid. The house in London is shut up during ten months of each year, and when inhabited the entire staff of servants is brought up from one of the country seats, the other of which is either shut up or let. No grouse-moor in Scotland is rented, horses are sold, and one way or other the new owner of the estate manages to spend £10,000 a year less, for the time, than did his father. In other words, the working-classes lose £10,000 a year that would have been expended in giving employment. Finally, what about the £100,000 of capital handed to the Chancellor of the Exchequer? Is it devoted to paying off the National Debt, or in any other way carried to the capital account of the nation? Certainly not; it is expended as *income*, and the national capital is therefore permanently reduced by £100,000. Let us apply this fact. An income of £20,000 a year represents capital to the amount of about £700,000. Suppose the owner of it to spend not £20,000 a year, but £100,000; in eight years he would be bankrupt. The capital of the State is the sum total of the wealth possessed by all of its individual citizens, and as the State is spending now its capital for purposes of income, it must yearly be reducing that capital; and the fortunes that are being made from time to time do not alter this fact, because instead of adding to the national wealth they serve merely as a set-off against the expenditure of it, when indeed they do not represent a mere transfer of money from the pockets of one or many persons to those of others more fortunate.

To me it seems that sound finance demands that the burden of taxation shall be laid, directly or indirectly, exclusively on income. It is convenient for purposes of collection that the rich rather than the poor should pay, because it is easier and also cheaper to collect from comparatively few than from very many. Therefore by all means "let the rich man pay." Yet for the mass of the people the result, less the economy in collection, is that the actual burden nevertheless falls upon them; for by as much as the rich are mulct by taxes, by so much must their personal power of spending money, and thereby giving employment, be reduced. Were the rich taxed 100 per cent., the principal consequence would be universal unemployment and universal starvation. Taxes less confiscatory have the same tendency, in proportion to their extent. The prevalency of unemployment at the present time among those willing and able to work is due to the excessive rates of direct taxation already applied, but more especially to the improvident system of taking for the purposes of annual national expenditure the capital of individuals. It cannot be gainsaid that when capital is expended on income account it is by so much reduced, and that the income of future years is also reduced in accordance with the amount of capital thus squandered. You cannot "eat your cake and have it," whether that cake be only cake itself or figuratively taken to represent a capital sum of money or money's worth. Therefore as the national wealth decreases so must the working classes receive a lesser total sum in the form of wages. The wages of surviving industries may, of course, remain normal; but those of others will by degrees be extinguished altogether. The rich cannot economise except at the expense of the poor; yet economise they must, whether willingly or not, in proportion as their incomes are reduced.

# Our Young Criminals.

By Josiah Oldfield.

HE was a sharp-faced, intelligent lad—really not more than a lad—and yet he stood for a short half hour as the central figure in a crowded court.

It was one of the usual sort of sordid little stories that are happening daily in civilised England. It had happened the day after Coronation Day, and the lad admitted that he had loafed and drunk the day away. In the evening he went to a music-hall, and, being what he called "merry," he persisted in singing and making himself a nuisance.

The attendant ordered him out, and on the way down the stairs he suddenly became obstinate and determined to go up again. A scuffle followed, and as he had his knife in his hand, that he had been

cleaning his nails with, the attendant got a bad cut on his face.

Frightened at what he had done, he offered his last penny to his bleeding adversary to get a drink, then escaped and disappeared from his lodgings.

Now the Majesty of the Law steps in. The youth has outraged the first of the commandments which safeguard every community. He has committed an assault; he has feloniously stabbed a man with a knife; he has wounded, with intent to do bodily harm, a fellow citizen, and therefore he must be captured, tried, and such a punishment inflicted as will act as a deterrent to prevent his giving way to his animal instincts of violence in the future and to act as a deterrent to warn off others from similar ruffianly practices.

The noses of the police are put on the trail and all the nets are spread; and in due course the felon, the man-stabber, the assaulter with violence, is discovered. He is found to be now a quiet, steady young workman in regular work with a good firm.

But the Law is like the nightmare. It is like St. Anthony's devil. It bursts in upon the convert on his stool of penitence; it lays its cold hand upon the warm bodies in the bridal bed; it breaks open the door of the quiet homestead; it grins at the window when the peace of eventide is falling within; it raises up the spectre of the dead past to throw its bony arms round the palpitating living present; and it drags a man ruthlessly back to the milestone of his past which he may long ago have left behind.

So this lad just entering on life's threshold, with all its beautiful possibilities before him, was caught by the long arm of the Law and dragged back before the stool of Rhadamanthus.

When his turn came to speak the lad poured out his grievance: that the detective had come and haled him away before the eyes and gaping mouths of his fellow workmen, so that even before his trial had begun he was prejudged in their eyes as a vagabond and a ruffian and a criminal.

"My lord," he appealed, "why was I followed when I was earning an honest living? Why was I taken away when I was at work in a good firm? Why was I exposed before all my mates, so that I couldn't even get a job there again? Why can't they let a fellow alone and give him a chance when he tries to turn honest?"

These seem sensible and wise questions, but the Law can as yet only answer them by the stereotyped phrase: "You have been accused of a crime, and you must come back and face your past; whether you are idling or working you must come back and face your past; whether you are honest or dishonest now, it matters not, you must come back and face your past."

I was struck with two points that came out in the lad's character as he stood there, a lonely, wistful figure against the front rail of the large dock, with the burly warders behind him and the crowd of humanity piercing him with a hundred eyes all round. I was struck with two points which showed that behind the felon's jacket it was not half a bad heart that was beating.

He had offered his last penny to the poor fellow he had hurt. He wanted to give him a drink to show that he had been a fool to hit him but that he was sorry to find he had hurt him.

It was the sign of a generous impulse. His only idea of comfort was a drink. "I'm sorry I hurt you," he seemed to say; "I didn't mean to. I only wanted to push my way back to the music and merriment. Have a drink, old fellow, and forget all about it. Here's my last penny for you."

There was a second thing in his favour. He had gone to work. He seemed to catch a glimmer of the better life, and he followed it, and by steady work he thought he might redeem his past and escape the penalty he had incurred.

But the Law is silent and sure, and, like death, it overtakes at last; and so the young lad, in spite of his good impulses stirring within him, is standing before the Recorder, and the twelve jurymen have sworn to "due deliverance make between our Sovereign Lord the King and the prisoner at the bar."

The case is ended, and the jury have found him "Guilty"; and then the judge has to consider his past and the degree of his crime and the recommendation of the Prison Commissioners, and then he sentences him. Now here it is worthy of special notice how carefully the Prison Commissioners are working behind the scenes; how anxious they are to give a prisoner a chance of reform within the powers they possess. The judge reads aloud their notes—that the boy is an orphan; has been led astray by bad companions; shows no sign of being incorrigible; is a fit subject for Borstal (that is to say, curative) treatment. Now comes the sad part. To the youth all this about "Borstal" is so much jargon. Borstal, Wormwood Scrubs, and Portland are to him all alike; they are only names of prisons, some better, some worse, but all bad; and no attempt is made to enlighten him.

So he only waits to hear whether it is "six months" or what it is he is to get; so that when the judge sentences him to three years in a Borstal prison the anger of an outraged sense of justice bursts out: "I've been foolish, but not wicked! I've been violent, but not criminal. I've tried to be generous when I've had the chance. I've tried to be honest and to work straight when I've had a helping hand, but the Law is against me. Everybody is against me! Once go wrong and you never get a fair chance again; and now, to crown all, I'm punished with a brutal sentence for what was little more than an accident from the Coronation holiday." These were the thoughts which surged through his mind as he was hustled down from the light of day and God's sunshine and freedom into the chaining, cramping corridors of silence and stone walls, and with his last breath as he disappeared from view he cried: "I'll never do anything good again, I won't!"

# Rural Notes.

By Avalon.

"THE VILLAGE LABOURER,"* by Mr. and Mrs. Hammond, is the first modern work to describe in detail the process by which the rural economy of the first two-thirds of the eighteenth century was broken up by the enclosure of the commons, both waste and common field, and the deplorable effects of that policy. It explains how, deprived of his stake in the village, the landless labourer was merged in a pauperised rural proletariat, and tells the dismal story of his degradation. This was not effected without a struggle, but the valuable account of the peasant revolt during 1830, now set forth for the first time from contemporary documents, shows how his last hopes were crushed and his spirit finally broken. He then sinks into obscurity, which is not relieved until the agitation of Joseph Arch in the 'seventies, and the grant of the franchise in 1887. This is a book to be carefully studied by every land reformer, for he has to reverse the effects of a long history of oppression under which a whole civilisation has been destroyed. This has reacted unfavourably on the character of landowners, farmers, and labourers. The task is difficult, for the material is mostly bad. Public spirit and the ideal of good citizenship is sadly lacking in many counties, and the main impetus for reform must come from the towns. Being for the most part Liberal in origin, its effects have been more noticeable in the political than in the social or industrial field.

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A few clear ideas on policy and principles are needed. Too few Liberals have any. They are also apt to fail in practice, because too much is expected from mere clever political manœuvres while local administration has been neglected. Except the grants for education research the Development Act has remained a mere piece of window-dressing. The Labour Party expresses a purely urban movement. It differs from the Radicals only by a greater practical ignorance of rural affairs, and counts for little. Tories as such have been mere anti-Radicals, though they might do something with co-partnership, which has been tried successfully on

* Longmans, Green and Co., 1911.

Lord Rayleigh's farms in Essex. Fortunately many are taking an active part in the co-operative movement outside party lines.

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The Fabian Society knows little about land and nothing of banking. Since one of the main problems is to give the villager access to capital as well as land, it can have no opinion of any value, and its few trails are already out of date. The error of the Land Valuers and Taxers is to mistake a principle of limited for one of universal application. A policy based on a single inaccurate premiss soon leads to absurdities and a complex situation is not so easily resolved. The Agricultural Organisation Society is a semi-official body with all its powers and disabilities. It is doing excellent service in its own field, but cannot cover all the ground or be the first to break it. It can administer new territory, but not conquer it. Such pioneer work is for the National Home and Land and Rural Development Leagues. They are young yet, and it is too soon to judge whether they will rise to the level of their opportunities.

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They have plenty to do in helping those classes for whom the Small Holdings and Housing Acts were designed. It is to be hoped they will be well supported and escape the dangers of falling into the hands of a few wirepullers, thus unfitting them to promote a popular movement.

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Now the evils so well described by Mr. and Mrs. Hammond are due to the destruction of popular rights and a land policy based on too much individualism. The country wants, and is entitled to have, a more collectivist policy, and the generous grant of concessions on a legal basis to replace the lost rights. So far every step in the creation of national forests, the purchase of land by county councils, and the endowment of farm institutes is a move in the right direction. Not until it has gone much farther need the limits of public or private ownership and enterprise be considered. Applicants for land and houses should be given a definite legal status, of which the germ is seen in the latest Housing Act, where four ratepayers can demand an inquiry. An extension of this principle would help to revive the guild spirit.

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Only the other day Mr. Sidney Webb condemned the Chinese for the lack of an efficient administration and dismissed the guilds contemptuously as the only organised bodies dealing with public business, elsewhere in the hands of officials. He forgot to notice that there is not a single lawyer amongst the whole four hundred million of them. In these matters we could well take a lesson from China. There is far greater worry and trouble in getting a house built in England under a most elaborate contract protected by the law than in the East, by a Chinese contractor, a member of a guild and bound by tradition. Again, most Socialists are hopelessly old-fashioned in approving co-operative distribution and in condemning co-operative production. They forget that aptitudes must be organised as well as appetites. Mr. Hilaire Belloc is often tiresome with his French peasants, but the small owners of Denmark, organised into their wonderful co-operative societies, realise the ideals of a collectivist State far better than our too often isolated and ignorant statutory small holder, with his theoretically better system of tenure. However, few Englishmen are yet fit to be landlords, so that a policy of peasant proprietorship, quite apart from theory, is bound to fail.

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The Small Holdings and Housings Acts are so complicated and cumbrous, while the capacity of the councillors (not being lawyers or company promoters) who have to work them is so inadequate, that their administration is falling into anarchy. It varies from county to county, and hardly anyone really understands the finance. The Board of Agriculture's great principle is to have none, which it calls treating each case on its merits, and thus merely adds to the confusion. Now there is a mass of detailed administration that can be done much better by a co-operative land-holding or building society than by the perfunctory agent of an official committee, whose members are divided on policy and methods. Such societies, if financially sound, should be given far greater powers and privileges than they can claim at present. When work has to be done, and not talked or written about, guild is better than bureaucratic management, because there is a greater measure of common interest. Business is less contentious and is conducted with a minimum of red tape for the definite purpose of getting things done. The local bureaucracy yields the net result of conflicting aims and methods, often a very small one, and is usually satisfied if official procedure is duly observed, as if that were an end in itself. Let us have the work done as much as possible by those who want to do it and not by those who are merely earning their salaries or trying to please their constituents. It is well for the Agricultural Organisation Society that it works through local committees composed of allied interests, and not under the direction of the county councils. This, then, is a second principle which should be widely extended in the case of other Public Utility Societies, especially those on a democratic basis. It is a pity that the town planning and garden city movement has switched off on to ordinary company promoting lines, and is now the medium for grinding too many private axes.

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The finance of the Small Holdings Acts is confused and few principles have been definitely established, except that applicants prefer tenancy to purchase. If this is so, it is clearly unjust that the tenant should pay the sinking fund and present the land free to the county council after a lapse of sixty or eighty years. At the same time he often has to pay heavy charges for acquisition, compensation, contingencies, and management, most of which, except those for adaptation, are of no value to him. Again, it is difficult as yet to say from the experience gained on well-devised and well-managed schemes what these charges ought to be. Information is rarely published and practice is not compared and co-ordinated. Unless Mr. Runciman can get his officials to clear the matter up and formulate a satisfactory and uniform financial policy, at least a Departmental Committee should be appointed to deal with it. The report and evidence should be published. Meanwhile the sinking fund and balance of other charges should be placed to a suspense account to be ear-marked for the benefit of particular schemes or groups of schemes, so that the money can be utilised for developments or for an eventual reduction of charges to the tenants.

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Mr. Chiozza Money has been showing how badly the real wealth of the country compares with its nominal riches. The value of agricultural produce per acre in this country is very low compared to that of Belgium or Denmark, while the natural advantages are perhaps better. To produce more wealth requires the employment of more labour, which means higher cultivation and smaller farms. The small holder looks less to a high return on his capital than to more efficient conditions of work and better payment for his labour. It would be better for the country if the capital employed per acre were trebled, even if the produce were only doubled, and the rate of interest and profits were halved, though this does not necessarily follow. Much of the extra capital will be provided by the savings of the smaller men if they can only get access to the land at reasonable rents and fixity of tenure. This is why the finance of the Small Holdings Acts and the recent Departmental inquiry on the sale of estates are so important. The land of a country is not to be looked on as a mere profit-making machine in which the only rate of profits and neither the total output of wealth or the number of families living under civilised conditions is considered.

# Unedited Opinions.

## A New View of Marriage.

I REALLY do not know whether I ought to spoil a possibly true idea by prematurely attempting to express it.

The subject, however, is so perennial in its interest; novel, not to say new or true ideas on it are so few, that with myself as your sole auditor you may surely venture.

Already you alarm me by your phrase "perennial in its interest." Do you mean to say that *any* discussion of marriage is of interest?

Not *any*. The conventional view, for example, does not interest me in the least.

On the contrary, the conventional view alone interests me, for the simple reason that it is the only view of marriage I do not thoroughly understand.

How strange that you should say that. I should have thought it was the most simple of all.

Tell me then what it is. I am anxious to learn.

The conventional view of marriage is simply that two people agree to live together for the satisfaction of their mutual sexual needs, and for children.

And these sexual needs, what do you take them to be —the usual?

Certainly, why not?

Marriage, then, is mating, with the anticipated or, at least, possible consequence of children? But if either by design or accident there are no children, would you still call the union a marriage? You would! Conventionally you would! Very well then, we can eliminate the children and confine the meaning of marriage to licensed cohabitation. Licensed cohabitation, you say, is marriage as conventionally regarded. Yes? But now tell me why so much importance conventionally should be placed on marriage.

Because of its possible consequences in children mainly, but other considerations enter. The licence, for example, is rightly insisted on by society not only as an earnest of responsible parentage, but also as an inducement to settled citizenship. Licence to marry involves, from society's standpoint, the undertaking of two citizens to confine their sexual affairs within specified and legal limits. Free sexual desires are as dangerous to settled society as anarchists. One never knows what mischief they may not produce. Marriage regularises and thereby, in the conventional view, civilises them. By means of marriage sexual desires are made socially calculable.

That is very well explained. But is it your view that society is so concerned with its own peace and quiet that calculability of sex desires is a predominant motive to the institution of marriage?

Calculability connotes a confined and regularised desire, does it not? And this again is favourable to racial reproduction. The regularisation of desire is therefore not merely a present good in itself in the eyes of society, but it has the further advantage of providing the best conditions for society's future. Which consideration, if either, enters predominantly into the institution of marriage it is unnecessary to consider.

Well, I realise now why in your opinion society puts such a premium upon marriage; and I will examine it critically in a minute or two. But turn to the other aspect of marriage as it appeals to the individual. Admitted that marriage is in society's interest, is it also in the interest of the persons concerned?

The two can scarcely be separated. After all, an institution of society is founded on the wishes or consent of the vast majority of its members. Having proved that marriage is in the interest of society, the interest of the vast majority of the persons forming that society is involved. As society they maintain marriage because they want to marry.

The vast majority of people, that is, want to regulate and civilise their own sexual desires?

Certainly.

In the interests of themselves, or of their neighbours?

It is to their mutual interest. They thereby secure peace and quiet as well as children.

Peace and quiet as regards their neighbour or as regards themselves?—I warn you that we are approaching difficult ground.

Both, I should say at a venture.

You are cautious. But are you clear what advantage the individual himself derives from this regularisation of his sex-desires—beyond, that is, the freedom from interference from his equally regularised neighbours? From your account it appears that he prudently purchases immunity (or comparative immunity) from the free sexual desires of his neighbours by the sacrifice of his own sexual freedom. He forswears his own freedom in order that nobody may be free.

Yes, that is how I regard it.

But a moment ago you ventured on saying that this forswearing of personal freedom procured peace and quiet not only as regards his neighbours but as regards himself. Apart from ceasing to fear his neighbours, what advantage does the individual himself derive?

Why, he satisfies his sexual desires and, like society, he can renew his generation.

But he can do both without either marriage or the regularisation of his desires.

Not with the same ease and certainty. Marriage provides for the individual the line of least resistance in pursuit both of sexual satisfaction and propagation.

Very well, you have now completed your analysis of conventional marriage. By the institution of licensed co-habitation, not only society in general procures peace and quiet and secures its own continuance, but the individual benefits in the same way. Both society and the individual desire the maximum of advantage. Is there anything you wish to add? Not? Then let me ask now if in your opinion the analysis you have just made is also the conventional analysis?

If you mean are the vast majority of people aware of it, of course I must say no. They accept the institution without examining its rationale.

Would you say that they are entirely or partially ignorant of its rationale, or that they have totally different ideas of the meaning of marriage from the one you have described?

Some are totally ignorant, having never given a thought to the subject; some are partially ignorant, having only guessed or been told its meaning; others, again, have different ideas—mainly sentimental, I imagine.

They interest me, nevertheless, since we are inquiring into the conventional view of marriage. You have analysed the utilitarian aspect of conventional marriage very well; but in the conventional view you admit that this utilitarian aspect does not bulk large. Since some repudiate it, others only partially accept it, and the vast mass of people are unaware of it, what view of marriage really prevails? You realise the distinction between *explaining* marriage as a utilitarian device and explaining the conventional view of it. I am anxious to discover wherein your utilitarian view and the conventional view differ, why they differ, and whether your view or the conventional view is the more inclusive of facts.

Putting it in that way, there is no single conventional view to set against my utilitarian view. My view is held by many who have considered the subject. Another view is held by others; and still others hold still other views. The sum or common factor or average (I don't know which) of all these varying views composes the conventional view. All I can say is that my view wears best. It is the view that gains ground. When everybody comes to understand marriage it will be my view that will prevail.

Perhaps; perhaps not. There are other views contained within the conventional view which personally I think have more of immortality in them. I had prepared to disclose to you my guess at one of them. But, believe me, I am very grateful that you drew me into a more lucid way.

# Art and Drama in Paris.

By Huntly Carter.

THE Futurists and Mr. Bernard Shaw are just now competing for favour in Paris. At first sight it looks as though the antithetical have come into conflict. Art and didacticism, the Future and the Past, mobility and immobility, and a thousand other extremes. But it is not so. Then it seems as though two anarchists are contending for public attention. And we have visions of steady and deadly assaults, the smashing up of conventions, the crumbling of old art and moral creeds, the decay of dogmas, and the rise of new conceptions of art and the social universe. We see the artist in the fiery furnace of change and the reformer aglow with the transmutations of debate, figuratively speaking. But still it is not so. The Futurists and Mr. Shaw are neither futurists nor anarchists. They are ephemeralists.

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The Futurists are about as much ahead as Giotto; but, of course, they are not to be blamed for calling themselves Futurists. There are no futurists in art. Every creative artist has a right to call himself a futurist. But if he is a creative artist his form of art is dead as soon as it is born. This means that if he is a genuine creative artist he creates his own form which no one may recreate, and if he is vital he creates not one but a thousand forms. As he looks at the crumbling form to which he has just given birth, he builds it again in imagination and makes it fresher and finer, as he believes, than before. This is equal to saying that every creative artist is a futurist. Apparently the Futurists have not grasped this point. For they have, through the poet Marinetti, flooded Paris with literature aiming to prove that they are the people, they are *the* Futurists. I have not read this literature, preferring instead to see the result of their work. Clearly it was disappointing.

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I found it stimulated me to ask and answer certain questions. Is this so-called futuristism new? It is as new as that of Monet, Manet, and the impressionists of the late 'eighties may be said to be new. It is an advance in the translation of dynamic emotions. The Futurists are doing in the minute analysis of psychological elements what their predecessors did in that of chemical elements. The former gave mind to atmosphere, the latter have restored mind to man. The one set man in the atmosphere of a café, street or forest; the other have set the café, street, or forest in the atmosphere of man.

* * *

Is it true? It is as true as the translation of a dynamic sensation reduced to a scientific formula can be true. Apparently futurism is a systematic attempt to establish a definite scientific connection between painting and dynamic sensation, similar to that of establishing a definite connection between music and colour. Roughly, the scientific formula is. An emotion, say, delirium sets up so many atmospheric vibrations per second. The same number of vibrations of light produces a colour sensation, say, bright yellow. Therefore bright yellow expresses a number of the vibrations equivalent to the emotion of delirium. It is the same with line. Curves and angles are also made equivalent to the number of vibrations to be conveyed. In short, it is the application in art of the new psychology which has been coming to us from America for some time, together with an application of Professor Ross's theory of pure design and harmonies of colour. The theories of Chevreux and Helmholtz have been superseded by the revised theories of Chared and the Saltpetrière balanced by Ross.

* * *

Is it beautiful? The Futurists are not concerned with beauty, harmony or taste in the old sense. Neither are they, so far as I can judge, concerned with what I may term a new conception of beauty, that is, the beauty of purity of mind, or mind translated in terms of vitality with its opposite in impurity or ugliness and death. They are realists. Like Mr. Shaw they are at the surface. They see excrescences not essences. They are up to tricks to evade the soul. These painters, then, are not creative artists? They are well-informed analysts who are thoroughly acquainted with the means through which a tremendous dynamic sensation is conveyed. They take ready-made subjects. Revolutions, café-life, separation, travel, current events of all kinds serve them for treatment. They do not express themselves psychically—afford the lofty sensation of a mind creating in space. Their aim is to fill in a space with as much visualised action—swift, dramatic, sometimes violent, often noisy—as possible. Everything is materialised. The vital element of space is almost entirely absurd. Their pictures are solid barriers of whirling action. Roughly speaking, ninety-nine per cent. of pictures, like the same percentage of plays, are composed of excrescences—that is everything in them is obvious, positive, photographic—while one per cent. is composed of essences and excrescences, that is vital or eternal elements, outlined by the obvious. The essence of life, or, to use a common term, the life force flowing and ebbing through space, needs certain excrescences to indicate its course. In a picture, for instance, it requires a few simple curves or angles to bend it. This life force is expressed by fluid space. Picasso's later work is full of this wonderful fluidity, whereas the Futurist pictures, like Mr. Shaw's plays, are full of nothing but solids. In fact, in both cases we are unable to see the river for its banks. The psychic vision is absent.

* * *

If anyone doubts what I say concerning the Futurists let them go to the Sackville Gallery, where the pictures will be seen after March 1, and track down the obvious. Each picture will be found to be charged with the negation of spiritual suggestion. Take the "Les Adieux," the finest thing by Boccioni (the biggest Futurist), and note how full it is of the obvious things of separation, from the two little red spots like danger signals down in the right-hand corner to the distributed reds and greens and other colours, denoting elements of danger, hope, fear, and so on. Then take the same painter's "Visions simultanées," which is really the keynote to the vision of the five painters. It is a moving impression of two people seeing many things in a terrific rush, just as a cinema-film records an immense number of impressions in an instant. The big Severim, "The Dance at the Monico," which is vibrating at champagne rate, is full of realistic symbols. Likewise "La Modiste" is the modiste plus the ordinary spectator's mind, the "Souvenirs de Voyage" has all the well-known physical souvenirs plus the seasick motion. No one can misunderstand the meaning of Russala's "La Révolte." Its burning red mass of revolutionaries, its vital greens and blues and yellows, its wide-spreading shattering lines, and the small spot in advance of the crowd like a bomb thrown, all this speaks for itself.

* * *

If the work of the Futurists has not got any of those attributes which are claimed nowadays for things of the future, it at least reveals many remarkable qualities. It is the product of men who are painters, brilliant colourists and tremendously well-informed persons on all technical points of view. They possess talent rather than genius, the talent to make the most of every scientific attainment. They have strength and determination which will go a great way towards breaking down opposition, and will make it possible for the new men to go forward toward that psychic ideal which we are a little weary in waiting for. Painting, like drama, has fallen among realists. The Good Samaritan is a long time coming. Still, intelligence has arrived, and that is something. Art has been divorced from intelligence for a very long time. The Futurists are the triumph of intelligence. I must reserve the consideration of the production of Mr. Shaw's play for next week.


AMANTIUM IRÆ.

# Eupeptic Politicians.*

## I.—The Distinction.

By J. M. Kennedy.

FOR the adequate discussion of historical and political questions it is perhaps unfortunate that the terms optimism and pessimism should have become associated to such an extent with the names of Nietzsche and Schopenhauer. There is surely some distinction to be drawn between what Nietzsche has called a positive attitude towards life and the unabashed idealism which is now so often confused with optimism. Even Schopenhauer is not always, properly speaking, the pessimist he is generally assumed to be. His diatribes against the world are not the outbursts of a peevish or despondent nature; and, on the other hand, by no stretch of language or confusion of thought can Nietzsche's doctrine of the Eternal Recurrence be called an optimistic one, in the customary sense of the word optimistic, as he has set it forth.

Let us consider two pronouncements. The following words were spoken by the Rev. Principal W. Edwards at the opening of the spring assembly of the Baptist Union on April 24, 1911. They form part of the President's address :—

> So our plea is for a great united forward movement. The millennium is to come; but, remember, we have to fix the date. The Golden Age, after all, is not in the past but in the future—the near future—if we will. God's dial will not move backward. Christ is at our head, and victory must wait upon our banner. Above the smoke of the battlefield, in the calm, serene heights of heaven, I perceive the form of One watching the conflict. At the head of the forces of eternal truth I see the Captain of the Lord's Hosts directing and encouraging all. Above the clash and din of the mighty combatants I hear the voice of the prophet-king, "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon (of his people) has triumphed." Then, as of old, shall the morning stars sing together and the sons of God shout aloud for joy. The angels shall come and sing again over a peaceful, happy, prosperous land, "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace among men of goodwill," and God shall look down on the moral world as He did of old on the material and pronounce "all things good."

More than four centuries before the birth of that Teacher who was indirectly responsible for this theological lyric, Thucydides wrote :—

> The absence of romance in my history will, I fear, detract somewhat from its interest; but if it be judged useful by those inquirers who desire an exact knowledge of the past as an aid to the interpretation of the future, which in the course of human things must resemble if it does not reflect it, I shall be content. In short, I have written my work not as an essay which aims at securing temporary applause, but as a possession for all time.

This is not the only passage in which Thucydides indicates his belief in a contrary principle to that expounded by the Rev. Mr. Edwards—his belief, in other words, that no millennium need be looked for, that the future will resemble and reflect the past, that, in fine, man's essential nature does not change.

Of these two quotations, the first will unhesitatingly be called optimistic, and the second pessimistic, by the great majority of people. The modern clergyman lets us see that man is not in a perfect state, that he can be considerably improved from a moral standpoint, that the date of this improvement can be fixed by ourselves; that we have only to say the word and the golden age is with us. Everything, in short, is working for good. But the second quotation would, as I have said, be called pessimistic by most people, especially when taken in conjunction with the rest of what Thucydides wrote. For as we read his history it is borne in upon us that men are not nearly so perfect as our Baptist friend would like them to be, that they are often cynical, revengeful, tigerish, liable to give way to outbursts of passion. We do not find them ruled by reason; but we see that, on the contrary, their most important actions may be brought about by relatively slight causes. We find, in a word, that the men described by Thucydides are thinking of almost anything but the millennium—a golden age which, when they do refer to it, they imagine as having existed long ago in the past, and not as likely to come again in the future—and, what is more, we find the historian continually emphasising, directly and indirectly, the unchanging nature of man, and his conviction that when he has described the characteristics of the present he has described for all practical purposes the characteristics of the future also.

And has he not done so? Do the struggles between the factions at Athens differ to any appreciable extent from analogous struggles in modern London, Constantinople, or Pekin? Was not the principle of international arbitration as firmly established, in theory, in the age of Thucydides as it is now, and was it not equally useless when put to the test? What could be more remorseless—more cynical, if you will; more immoral—than that conference between the Melians and the Athenians reported in Book V? Yet how far does it differ from many analogous conversations made public by Busch? Was Bismarck, or Frederick, or Napoleon more or less remorseless than the Melian commissioners? Read in Book IV about the ingenious attempts made by the Helots to supply the Lacedaemonians with provisions ("in reply to an advertisement," as the historian tells us, striking a very modern note), and ask yourself how contraband traffic in the year 425 B.C. differed from the gun-running in the Persian Gulf about which we heard so much last year. Indeed, we have not changed. Sometimes noble, sometimes petty; sometimes thoughtful, sometimes unreasonable; usually unprincipled and often dishonest: such was man when Thucydides wrote about him, and such he expects him to remain for an indefinite period.

There could be few greater contrasts : the Pagan and the Baptist are diametrically opposed. And yet I maintain that the spirit of the Baptist is essentially pessimistic and that the spirit of the Pagan is essentially optimistic. The distinction between them is the distinction between the classicist and the idealist. The former, as we can judge from the typical language in these two quotations, is restrained, continent, calm; the latter is incontinent, romantic, untrue. The classicist is a realist, like Thucydides, in the best sense of the word. He has studied man and knows his limitations and powers. He is strong enough to support reality; he can bear the burden of the world as he sees it. To use Nietzsche's expression, he says Yea to life. But the idealist cannot face reality. He must surround it with a romantic halo and endeavour to conceal and forget it by looking forward to an imaginary millennium —a millennium so far lost in the clouds of idealism that he cannot even describe it in the language of restraint. "Since the beginning of the world men have not heard, nor perceived by the ear, neither hath the eye seen, O God, beside Thee, what he hath prepared for Him that waiteth for him," writes Isaiah at a time when Judaism was beginning to degenerate. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him," said Paul when the degeneration had become complete. Unlike the Buddhist, again, the Christian, with whom we are now more particularly concerned, cannot reach this millennium by his own unaided efforts; he must be directed and encouraged by the Captain of the Lord's Hosts. The very fact that the Christian looks for his millennium in the future, while the Pagan looked for his in the past, is of profound psychological significance.

*(To be continued.)*

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* "Social Evolution and Political Theory." By Leonard T. Hobhouse. (New York: Columbia University Press. $1.50 net. London: Frowde. 6s. 6d. net.)

"The Condition of England." By C. F. G. Masterman. ("Methuen's Shilling Books.")

"Liberalism." By Prof. L. T. Hobhouse. (Williams and Norgate's Home University Library. 1s. net.)

"The Metaphysical Rudiments of Liberalism." By David Irvine. (Watts. 5s. net.)

"The Government, the Crown, and the Will of the People": a speech delivered by the Right Hon. H. H. Asquith, M.P., in the House of Commons on August 7, 1911. (Liberal Publication Department. 1d.)

"The Democratic Corner Stone." By L. T. Hobhouse. (An article specially written for "Public Opinion," October 6, 1911.)

# Present-Day Criticism.

THE real case against the censorship is in danger of being lost amidst discussions upon the merits of particular rejected plays. The real argument is not æsthetical or moral, but political. An official censor is as dangerous as a lurking Briareus. At present the censor reaches out only one of his official hands, but he possesses a hundred; and any day, circumstances favouring him, we may feel the clutch of the censorship in some new department: it is a danger to the whole nation. For this reason the private-minded procedure of most of the active opponents of the censorship is to be deplored. The attacks on "Dear Old Charlie" have probably strengthened the censorship. Mr. E. F. Benson believes that a Gilbertian situation has been realised by the production on one day of this play and "The Secret Woman," the first licensed, the second censored. There is nothing Gilbertian about it. The situation is not funny. Comparison of the two plays is not to the point. Mr. Benson's claim for "The Secret Woman" as a "moral" play because lust is treated "seriously"—that is, to the point of bloodshed and penal servitude—is bunkum. The censor need only reply that a mere mess of lust is, was, and always will be less immoral than a bloody mess of lust, and seat himself righteously upon "Dear Old Charlie." The danger of the censorship is to be fought, not fooled with by a parcel of stale wits.

There are some apparently strong arguments for retaining the censorship; and while the wits are busy discovering Gilbertian situations, which do not strike everyone, these arguments are being stated and driven home. Let them be ignored, and we shall have opportunity of considering the ultimate futility of the intellectual boycott. Arguments as to the bad effect of vicious spectacles upon crowds, and the risks of disorder at plays of a political and religious character, are not to be ignored; they must be met by even stronger arguments—the risk to the nation of tolerating a dictator in any matter of opinion; the importance to a nation of the first class of acquiring sound and active public criticism, are impossible under censorship. The defence of rejected plays has little to do with this vital matter, and the discussion of their merits, nothing.

Four-and-twenty persons recently wrote to the "Times" about Mr. Phillpott's play, confining their remarks exclusively to the dramatic aspect of the censor's action and bestowing the usual futile encomiums upon the censored: "Conscientious work of an artist—such as a stage of high aims should ever be ready to welcome—not a word ever been breathed," etc. Declaring that Mr. Phillpotts in all his years of novel-writing has "never had a word breathed against his fair fame by any responsible person or paper," the signatories to the protest complain that "the moment he has the ambition to write a play in the same spirit which inspired his novels, he is at the mercy of an official." In the same spirit! That spirit is evidently very defined for the twenty-four. It is also quite definite in our understanding, and we have, before this, given our opinion of it, with no eye on the censorship. Not a responsible paper, according to the twenty-four (twelve of whom, by the way, we have found occasion to criticise more or less adversely); we, in our irresponsibility, offered Mr. Phillpotts our opinion of that spirit. It is a spirit which has a muddy aura—the aura of lust, disease, rage and blood; a totally different aura from that of "Dear Old Charlie" and plays of that sort. The aura of "Charlie" is green, as raw as green can be, with spots of beetroot, a salad of a spirit, own cousin to "Peter Pan," who will never grow up and therefore can never become the twice-born. But "that spirit" is quite mature, not to say overmature. Less than ten years ago, it had a great influence. Looking upon the work of young artists we still see the lustful, diseased, melancholiac, murderous traces of that old bad influence. A bit bald now, but itself as much my Lord Tomnoddy as ever, it simply cannot comprehend that the new generation is likely to become as averse from hateful sights theatrically represented as from public executions.

There is a would-be affecting paragraph in the "Times" epistle—a sort of morituri te salutamus: "We who sign this letter," it runs, "may be otherwise engaged, may be old and done and [may?] no longer matter, our chance has gone by, but there are the men and women who are coming—are they also to be warned off? Can we strike no blow for the young?" Flatly, no; they cannot. The young are warning them off. The young are beginning to be troubled about their own salvation, and are applying the touchstone of satire to the old jossers of the last double decade. The young are not to be moved to tears by the thought that they may be prevented from publishing murderous sex dramas; they have no intention of writing such: they estimate sex at its utilitarian value and no more; to kill oneself or the "false one" for love or even to be put off more than two meals would be unworthy. The "Philanderer" is considered nowadays, even by young women, to be farcical *all* through, and the male and female characters alike a pack of empty fools. The young have something better to do than become the "Shavian boys and girls" of the "Philanderer" period, which produced the horrific crop of semi-intellectual, very "experienced" hermaphrodites of the world who still lie about in some clubs and garden cities. The young vote "Mrs. Warren" futile, "Monna Vanna" puerile, "Waste" waste of the good idea of not wasting a public man for a peccadillo, and so on. There is no persuading them otherwise. This will certainly be a more serious literary generation than the last—but then it knows that its business is to restore comedy.

It is not the affair of this column to review Mr. Phillpotts' play, but some remarks may be made on the novel from which the play is adapted. We remember that it was made up of lust, murder, and remorse, the scene being, of course, idyllic Devonshire, where murders are so common. (Mr. Phillpotts has just published another Dartmoor novel describing another murder.) The style of the novel was avid and hot-breathed, the characters, if copied from life, must have been copied from creatures of insane egotism, live puppets of lust, blood-thirst and religious mania—the sort of semi-spook character commonly selected by writers in "that spirit." The "secret woman" was nothing mysterious at all, only a village wench who made love with an elderly man on the moors. "The Man Found Out" should correctly be the title, since the denouement concerns his being shoved down a well for his sins by his loving elderly wife. Pangs of conscience, confession and penal servitude conclude the effort of "a conscientious artist." We cannot be blamed if we protest we would prefer a hundred "Charleys" to this spectacle of an old woman wallowing through the ruts of a crime passionel and emerging redeemed pour encourager les autres. Persons who commit such crimes should, perhaps, never be released from medical control; but beyond that we are not prepared to be interested in them. As for art, such subjects have passed as definitely from the modern scope of art as incest, blood-sacrifice or witchcraft, which demand the atmosphere of fable to make them affecting. The artificiality and restraint that genius alone can employ may yet produce a new "Iphigenia," a new "Medea," a new "Agamemnon" which shall charm our minds; but Mrs. Maybrick and Dr. Crippen will have to become as myths before we exalt them as artistic subjects; and then we shall, if we are wise, do as the Greeks always did—emphasise that humanity which arouses pity of evil, doom, and, as Shakespeare sometimes did, point a warning moral against the hasty exercise of our little brief authority.

We are not willing nowadays to see people in their madness positively dished-up raw, and we need no censor to stop such banquets. Except for the censorship, the criticisms of Mr. Phillpotts' disgusting play would certainly have been severer: and though the temporary effect of such criticism might have been to fill the theatre with all the enervated minds in London, theatrical managers cannot live on that fickle audience.

# A Marriage of Passion.

By Katherine Mansfield.

ON the stroke of nine o'clock Mr. and Mrs. De Voted took their places on either side of the drawing-room fire, in attitudes of gracefully combined hospitality and unconcern, Vivian De Voted wearing a black beard and black velvet jacket buttoned over his Bohemian bosom, his lady in a flowing purple gown embroidered in divers appropriate places with pomegranates and their leaves. The long room was decorated in that shade of blue known and loved by our youngest poet bloods as ineffable; the ceiling was black, having a gold crescent over the grand piano, and the gold-plush curtains shrouding three windows were meant to convey—I quote Vivian De V.—something of the desert's dusty glare and the somewhat somnolent richness of eastern light-languor!

"Doesn't the room look beautiful," sighed Mrs. De Voted, caressing the little tables and chairs and couches as though she loved them and would fain take them all to her vast expanse of pink bosom. "While I remember, do be careful, dear, not to let anybody sit at the table with crystallised violets; I'm keeping it for the girls. Mirabelle sent me a card this morning saying their colour scheme was to be violet." Mr. De Voted took a black silk handkerchief from his pocket, shook it, blew his nose upon it, and replaced it. "By the way," said he, "you might ask me to sing 'Loosen Your Girdles, Ye Rosebuds'; my voice is very good—I tried it in my bath this evening." There was a ring at the front door bell, followed almost immediately by a little fluttering rush, and Miss Mirabelle and Miss Ambergris, the two unmarried sisters of Mrs. De Voted, laughing and upbraiding each other with the delicious innocence of Herrick virgins.

"We haven't taken off our outside ta-tas yet," cried Mirabelle. "But we just ran in to kiss Sister and Big Brother and say we were the first." "How heavenly you look, Angel," cooed Ambergris. "Did Vivian design it?" "Well, it's partly Vivian and partly some fifteenth century South Kensington Museum tapestry." "I got the inspiration from that line; it is full summer now," said Vivian, and he smiled and laid his hand a moment on the back of his wife's neck. "It suits her ample beauty." "Oh," said Mirabelle clapping her hands, "have the babes gone to seep-sum-bye yet? Don't say they have!" "Selysette's cutting her teeth—she's been asleep for hours; and Rose Mary and Madeleine are both in the Land of Nod, but Vivian is going to bring down Cedric first for a moment when everybody's arrived—just one round the room on his shoulder." "I adore babies." Ambergris the innocent becoming warm—"Best of all to bath them and feel the little things squiggling about on my lap: they're nicer than pussies."

Another ring at the door-bell and the prettiest dismay on the part of the girls. "Fly!" cried Mrs. De Voted; "slip through Vivian's study and leave your things in our room. Look, that's where you're to sit—by the crystallised violets." They flew, and a maid announced "Mr. Carrington Faber." He was tall and lean, with a habit of caressing his chin as though to make certain he had one. Greetings over—"Do you know," he cried, "the shadow cast by the tree to the left of the street-lamp upon the blind of your kitchen window?" They did not know. "It's quite wonderful. Japanese, you know, with a touch of Sime and just a suggestion of Aubrey Beardsley in the tassel. I've been watching it for ages. In fact, I knocked off a little thing to it," he shrugged and smiled; "borrowed a pencil from a policeman and wrote it on my cuff—had nothing else with me." He dreamed over to an electric light and shot out his tablets. "Oh, yes, it's here right enough." "Do read it," said Mrs. De Voted. "Fancy! the kitchen window!"

Carrington Faber looked up gravely. "It's quite short, you know, Japanese style. I think I'll call it 'Autumn': —

> 'A wild goose honked.
> My soul flew into the ashy bosom
> Of the furthest star
> And faded, shivering. . . .'"

"Mr. and Mrs. Vane Catchpole," announced the maid, and two forlorn creatures, who appeared to have issued from a cupboard undusted and unshaken, shook hands with the De Voteds. "Didn't see you at my lecture last Friday, Catchpole." Vivian De Voted shook a perfectly kept finger at him. "No, no—*un*fortunately," replied the little man, wrinkling up his face as though he felt a spider's web upon it. "I meant to turn up, but the wife had one of her nervous headaches—psychic they are. What was the theme?" "'The Infant at Nature's Fount, or Shall the Modern Mother Suckle?'" "Oh, yes, yes, I recollect." Mr. Catchpole frowned, pursing his lips: "Very interesting indeed. And Vital. But poor Min was quite laid low, and when those attacks come on the only thing I can do is to sit by her and read her statistics. Sounds queer, don't it? But she says they remove the ache from the sub-conscious by quickening the nerve centres of the objective mind."

Mrs. De Voted, confidentially to Mrs. Catchpole, "No use at all, my dear, unless you lie down immediately after taking it. I've used it for years and about a month ago I gave it to my friend Mrs. Ffork Carving—they're coming this evening, the Ffork Carvings—of course, it's the rarest thing for them to go out in the evenings, but Mr. Carving and my husband are so intimate—really, like two boys together—and Vivian is writing a series of articles for Mr. Carving's latest venture on 'Fruit Diet and the Birth Rate.'"

The girls made their reappearance in violet dresses with their arms and a silver scarf entwining. They sat on a little couch and fed each other with violet petals, the which artless game so ensnared Mr. Carrington Faber that he hung over the back of their couch and cried them pre-Raphaelite, to be rewarded by Mirabelle with a sweetie—(she called him "my big white pony," and let him eat the morsel from the palm of her hand). Madame Seduction and Mr. Hering Bohn were announced. "You darling, darling Pet," gurgled Madame Seduction, turning first one powdered cheek and then the other to be kissed. "And how's your beautiful big husband? I'm going to sing you the loveliest song to-night—all about the passions of two married lovers. No, but tell me truly—do you still adore each other?" Mrs. De Voted caught the lapels of Vivian's coat. "Are you tired of your wife?" she asked, gently shaking him. The company felt the tension of the moment—was silent—thrilled. It is not every day that one can witness a passion which had endured for nine full years, and was still—again I quote Mr. Vivian De V. in lighter vein—"on the wax with no hint of waning." He caught her face in his hand: "I am still thy worshipper," he boomed.

"Mr. and Mrs. Ffork Carving." "How do you do, Mrs. De Voted?"—"So pleased, Mr. Carving." "Glad to see you, Carving"—"Well, De Voted! I'm afraid we're a little late; the fact is—if I may plead not only freedom but truths of speech—our maids were out to-night, and I had to fasten my wife's hooks between the paragraphs of to-morrow's leader." Appreciative laughter. "Oh, Fford, darling, how *can* you?" from her. "Well, you'd better retort by telling them I've never knotted my own ties for the last—let me see, dare I say how long we've been married?" "No," she cried, "certainly not"—and she said to Mrs. De Voted: "Come away from these men—I want to tell you something. I've entirely given up heating soup for Ffork in the evenings. Horlick's Malted Milk, my dear, *after* he's in bed." But Vivian pursued them and, apologising, whispered in his wife's ear. "Oh, very well," said she, "your baby boy." He retired a moment reappearing with Cedric on his shoulder—Cedric in a flannel nighty with his hair in a cockatoo curl. Oh, rapture of the ladies! Oh, despair of them when Cedric, catching sight of Madame Seduction's red silk gloves, howled with fury and hid in his father's beard. "All right, my

lamb; all right, my poppet. I'll have to take him away, mother," shouted Mr. De Voted above the storm. "Yes, darling, please"—and when the door was shut—"Cedric worships his father; it really is quite extraordinary. He won't look at other people or go near them, but he responds to his father's touch like a little—a little——" "sensitive plant," suggested Carrington Faber.

"The mentality of young children is as significant to me as the mentality of young gods," said De Voted, reappearing with his beard freshly brushed. "What about some music? I say, Bohn, will you accompany Madame Seduction?" "Delighted!" The gentleman bowed and unfastened the lady's music-case which lay on the piano. "What shall I sing?" she said, standing behind him and breathing faintly down his neck. "Whatever you like"—and he whispered: "You look adorable to-night." "Do I?" she murmured. "Are the red gloves a success?" "Irresistibly evil. You are like a poison-flower growing in some stagnant jungle!" "Ah, you dear man, thank you for that," and swaying forward she leaned her bosom against his shoulder. "If these horrid people were away I think I *could* sing to-night, but I'm in the mood for such passion—and they don't understand it, you know." "I can feel it: you're all woman, to-night—half cat, half snake, wholly tigress. Be careful, I'm intoxicated!"

She had a triumph: She sang the room into such a state of inflammability that Carrington Faber reeled over to the piano, and drooping against it like a long yellow and black Iceland poppy, recited his latest poem to Mirabelle:—

Breath and bosom aflame
At a name:
Mirabelle, Mirabelle.
Mouth and eyes agape
At a shape,
Hands of me body-warm
At a form:
Mirabelle, Mirabelle.
On the shores of my heart
The pink feet dancing,
From the seas of Desire
The mad waves glancing
At spoil so entrancing,
Foam in their swell:
Mirabelle, Mirabelle, Mirabelle.

The emotion was too profound for applause, and Mrs. De Voted informed Mrs. Ffork Carving that "they met at our house. Vivian and I have been watching them for months. He says that he is sure the symptoms are genuine and serious. We are so longing for the final understanding to be come to under our roof." "Isn't your husband going to sing?" inquired the other. "I'll ask him." she called across the room. "Darling!" "Yes, dearest!" "Can we have 'Loosen Your Girdles, Ye Rose Buds'?" "Certainly, pet"—and he stood in an attitude of indolent Eastern grace. In the pause of the first verse, eyeing his wife, he observed her shiver—and whispered, "Draught?" in tones of agony. "No," she protested, and when the song was over reproached him: "You know I always shiver when you sing; it's—it's emotion." Ffork Carving pulled his wife's ear. "I know one little girl who ought to be thinking of bed," he said, playfully. "Oh, *Ffork*!" "Well, who said they hadn't closed their eyes at five o'clock this morning? You can't deny it, darling."

"Supper is served," announced the maid, reinforced by a young foreigner in a dirty shirt from the Tottenham Court Road.

The girls refused to be separated at supper—they *would* stay together; and do you know what they learned in the summer?—to coo like two doves—quite a little conversation, too swell to listen to! "Listen, Mr. Carrington Faber—sometimes we keep it up for hours."

Madame Seduction bit into a peach; the juice ran through her fingers. "O-o-h," she pouted, "what am I going to do with this poor wet hand?" And Hering Bohn dried it. "My dear, no hansom—'bus—at corner," flustered Mrs. Vane Catchpole to her lord, who nodded, wiping a spot of consommé from his waistcoat. "Ffork, you're not to touch salmon at this hour," said Mrs. Ffork. "We men are the veriest slaves," Ffork smiled at De Voted.

When the ladies retired to the De Voteds' room to re-wrap themselves in coats and scarves and powder their noses and steal an invisible hairpin or two, they had the benefit of seeing yet another sign and token—of feeling yet another thrill. For pink-shaded lights glowed in the bedroom and the big pink velvet bed was unfolded like "a great rose," said childlike Ambergris. A fire burned on the hearth—and there was even a suspicion of pink silk and ribbon and lace. Marriage! Mirabelle shook Carrington Faber's arm in the hall, of her own accord, and pressed it—the little dear!

The De Voteds watched the departing party from their door-step—he with his arm about her, she leaning upon him—the light from the hall strong on their loving forms, and above, through closed curtains, the pink light of their sacred shrine.

Mrs. De Voted, as the door closed, gave a little yawn. Vivian helped her up the stairs.

# Views and Reviews.*

HERE are three books that add point to the remarks in my last article. Certainly, not one of them is professedly a biography; but two of them must be regarded as sins against knowledge. Cardinal de Retz, for example, is not too familiar to English readers. With the exceptions of his own memoirs, and Sainte-Beuve's essay, practically nothing is known of him. Mr. Ogg's is, I think, the first attempt in English to make the man familiar to us; and it is a failure. It is admittedly a reprint of a university essay, and we must regret that Mr. Ogg handled the evidence only to prove his acquaintance with it. It may be, as a French historian said, that to write the history of de Retz would require the life of a Benedictine; it is not my business to deny difficulties, or the evidence of deep research. Mr. Ogg's bibliography alone shows his intimate acquaintance with his subject-matter: his text proves his critical temper; but his own statement that "the Cardinal de Retz has no counterpart in history" condemns him. Mr. Ogg has treated de Retz as hundreds of other characters have been treated. He has examined and criticised documents, he has stated facts; but of the man whom "one could neither love nor hate by halves," as Bossuet said, we have no sight. As the Preacher truly said, "He that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow."

A similar motive inspired Dr. Hedgcock's book. It is a reprint and amplification of the thesis he presented for his Doctorate of Letters at Paris. It is crammed with documents: letters from Garrick and to Garrick; dates and misquotations are corrected, Boaden and Fitzgerald are properly chastised; the styles of representation, scenic and histrionic, are compared; and the influence of the French on Garrick, and of Garrick on the French, are estimated. The Shakespearean controversy in France is detailed: a short review of the visits of French actors to England before Garrick visited France, and a description of the *mode Parisienne* in England up till 1760, are given. Everything that would prove that Dr. Hedgcock is thoroughly acquainted with his subject has a place in this book; but Garrick was dead before Dr. Hedgcock touched him.

Mr. Ogg's book suffers from too much summary, and Dr. Hedgcock's from too much citation. A man who could write the memoirs of de Retz was worth quoting at length, and most of the letters of Garrick and his correspondents could have been suppressed or curtailed without any injury being done to anybody. It may be necessary for us to know that Jean Monnet acted as Garrick's universal provider in France, but why should we have to read his and Mrs. Garrick's

* "Cardinal de Retz." By David Ogg. (Methuen. 6s. net.)
"David Garrick and his French Friends." By F. A. Hedgcock. (Paul. 10s. 6d. net.)
"Letters and Recollections of Mazzini." By Mrs. Hamilton King. (Longmans. 5s. net.)

letters about the price of lace cuffs, silk petticoats, and the whole heaven of haberdashery? We can judge no man but a literary man by his letters; and not even him by his letters to tradespeople.

It will be argued, of course, that both these books are valuable. I do not deny it. Mr. Ogg's thesis and bibliography may make an easy introduction to the subject for a future biographer; and, after all, a scholar is no more than a labour-saving device. The documents reprinted in Dr. Hedgcock's book, although of little interest as literature or biography, may be of value to some student of ancient manners and customs. But for the reader to whom literature is a spectacle of life sources of evidence are valueless. We want a portrait in a parable; perhaps most of all, we want a message from a man. We want to know the answer to the question that, at some time, we all ask; we want to know why he lived, and only so far as his actions explain are we really interested in them.

Mazzini, at least, had something to live for. "Italy one, Italy free," was Machiavelli's legacy to his country, and Mazzini lived to see his country in possession of it; but Mrs. Hamilton King throws no light on his actions. Who is interested in knowing that Mrs. King knew Mazzini, and corresponded with him? True, she is a poet: she says so herself. She wrote "The Disciples": "I was," she says, "reserved by Providence to render service of another sort [to fighting] in writing 'The Disciples,' which I alone was fitted for, and alone could fulfil." For this reason she claims to speak as his representative. She tells us that she is married; that she is, and has been, a chronic invalid; that she is a poet; that Cardinal Manning successfully claimed her as a Catholic after reading "The Disciples." We enter very fully into the details of Mrs. Hamilton's life: we are told, for example, that when Garibaldi went to the London Opera, "my husband purchased tickets for the stalls for himself, Miss King, and myself." Such recollections of Mazzini are priceless.

What does she remember of Mazzini? When she was a minor she wrote to him (I will deal with the letter in a moment); when she was married she went to see him, and he went once or twice to see her. "I do not remember anything special being said, but he was always delightful," she writes of one meeting; and, with one exception, the report is repeated. She remembers that Mazzini never smoked in her presence, that he was always courteous and gentle and humble, that he took a tender interest in her children. She remembers that "first and last, and all through, Mazzini read my soul with an unerring intuition which was reached by no one else." He certainly did. In her first letter, that has the grandiose air of a proclamation of Louis Napoleon, she placed her services, her life, etc., at his disposal. "Test my fidelity as you will," she wrote; "only I pray you, of your generosity, not to impose upon me anything repugnant to my conscience, nor that would cut me off from my present sphere of life without ensuring to me a new one."

Mazzini replied, telling her to reconsider her decision; and in an illuminating phrase he wrote: "Your face, your poetry, and your letter make me see through you as if I had known you for years." Of course she never went to the wars. Her parents brought pressure to bear upon her, and she was compelled to cease her correspondence with Mazzini. Within a few months she was married; and free to resume correspondence. "My marriage," she says, "created a new relationship, which in a manner placed a barrier between Mazzini and myself, only removed by his death." But she wrote to Mazzini: she sent an occasional donation to his war fund; she made and sent him a cushion, and sent him copies of her books; and he was grateful for everything. In a good cause, Mazzini suffered all things.

Whenever the history of Messrs. H. S. King and Co., of 65, Cornhill (Mrs. King gives the address), is written the story of Mrs. King's relations with Mazzini may occupy an irrelevant chapter. All things are possible to a modern biographer. As she is a poet, I may remind her of Browning's "Memorabilia"; and leave her to make the necessary application.

Of these three books, not one is satisfactory to a reader. The subjects are obscured either by the method or the purpose of the biographer. They deal with facts not important in a manner that elucidates without enlightening. In Mrs. King's case we have a complete substitution of herself for her subject as the matter of interest. Of the extraneous interest of these books (and there is much in Dr. Hedgcock's volume) I do not speak. Of their value as biography, in the artistic and not the scientific sense of the word, I report unfavourably. Cardinal de Retz is dead, Garrick is overdressed, and Mazzini is re-incarnated as Mrs. King.

A. E. R.

# Pastiche.

## AT THE CLUB.

VIEWED from the drawing-room door, the members of the "Advanced" presented a fantastic appearance, for they crouched in chintz-covered armchairs, their heads only being visible, for all the world like a company of garish snails browsing on the Brussels roses. One man stood in an upright position guarding the fire, his eyes following a little maidservant who wandered familiarly among the tables, turning over newspapers and magazines as though they were pieces of bread in the process of toasting. Voice from a lady decorated with red quills: "Oh, they're much worse abroad." Tense companion: "Are they?" "My dear, you can't go out of your hotel in comfort. Followed everywhere. And the eyes! There is really only one word to describe them." "But," leaning forward, "I suppose they never make any definite . . .?" The red quills quivered. "Of course they do. I was walking underneath a railway bridge . . ."—followed a whisper proper, on receipt of which the tense companion fell back into her chair. "No!" "Perfectly true, my dear; you can imagine my horror." She took up a cigarette and smiled at it. "He was frightfully good-looking." "What type?" asked the tense companion, feigning indifference. "Oh, dark—you know—awfully passionate! Foreigners are good-looking; I rather like the way Russians have of parting their beards down the middle, don't you?" A lady in a grey motor veil approached the masculine fireguard. "So sorry to hear about poor dear Mamie," she said, in a voice of great satisfaction. "Hey? What's that? Oh, she's all right," answered the fireguard, taking some eyeglasses from a waistcoat pocket and blowing on them. "Do her good. Cure her indigestion. Last time she was there she never had a touch of it until that wretched 'welcome breakfast' at the Holborn. Girl got excited—stodged, and started the whole game again." The motor veil looked damped, but said nothing. "By the way—saw your husband at the club last night: he's looking very white about the gills. I told him about those charcoal biscuits again, but he doesn't seem keen on 'em; says they stick to his teeth." She murmured confidingly: "Harry hasn't any teeth of his own, you know. They're very good, aren't they?" He looked in the eyeglasses, and looked thunderstruck. "By Jove, you do surprise me! That's an astonishing thing! But that seems to me to simplify the biscuit trouble. He could take them out afterwards and pour the tap over 'em. What?" "I hardly consider that suggestion appropriate or feasible," she said. And she thinned her lips and drifted away from him towards a copy of "Votes for Women." "Did you hear that man by the fire?" whispered one of two young green things without collars; "aren't men extraordinarily coarse? Fancy having to—to share a room with a person who might grate on your soul like that." "Yes, but I wouldn't. At any rate, I've always decided ever since I was about fifteen to have separate beds. Have you read Masefield's last poem? Isn't it marvellous?" "Yes, simply wonderful. Did you see that picture of him? I don't know why, but it reminds me of a dandelion." "Oh, my dear, how wonderful of you. I never thought of it before, but I can see it immediately you say so. Quite ordinary in a way, and yet with a sort of glowing beauty in it." "Not ordinary. I'd rather say wistful. There is only seed cake in this tray. Do you hate it?" "Not me!" exclaimed an elderly lady with a moustache. "They think they have but they haven't, and I don't think they ever will. As our lovers they are too occupied in getting us into their arms; as our husbands they are too busy in endeavouring to escape from our legalised embraces: they never see us in a normal state at all. Supposing we don't succumb to or pursue their fascinating qualities their pride is hurt and we're voted cold-blooded or physiological freaks." She sat up and punched a leather cushion. "The fact is, sex is the only weapon we've got, and the sooner we realise that the better. Acceptance isn't subservience. As the slave ministers to his master so must

we make man minister to our needs. I'm all against this suppression of the subject. The pangs of sex are as natural and as inevitable as the pangs of hunger." "Oh, but Mrs. Cartwright," said a Bright Creature, "that almost reaches the Oriental standpoint. We can't lie about on Persian pillows nowadays and kiss our loves between mouthfuls of Turkish delight. Men can choose to realise it or not, but we're on the battlefield as surely as they are—all of us—here, for instance!" she waved her glove, embracing by gesture the entire room. "Why," cried a Laughing Voice, "just imagine if we sat here in chintz-covered chairs and talked about nothing but men all the afternoon. Pooh, they're not worth it! Preposterous idea!"

KATHERINE MANSFIELD.

## A CORRECTION.

Dear Sir,—
*Ad* hoc and et
Have never yet
Meant quite the same thing;
And *ni* for *ne*
Does seem to me
A downright blame' thing.
I fear John Johnson will be moved to cry
Ta-ra-ra! like the blackbird in the pie
When he beholds that ad hoc genus omni!

T. K .L.

## MARCH.

The month when wild winds leave
The night as full as it can hold
Of clouds; yet blue gulfs cleave
Where the moon is dim in a ring of gold.
She glimmers like the face of friend
Late proven frail, yet not from heart
Or mind quite banished: and the trend
Of wishes is—Would were no need to part!

B. H.

## ENCHANTED CIGARETTES.

### A NOVEL.

If Mr. Shaw's play, "Man and Superman," had done no more than endow a timid type of Diana with the impudence of her desires, the suburb of Eddington, bored almost to the need of no less excitement than its own salvation, ought to have memorialised the diverting dramatist.

For Eddington, possessed of Mrs. De Veuve, knew not its luck until that lady knew about Ann Whitefield. After Mrs. De V. had beheld the writhings of Ann, Eddington beheld the wrigglings of Mrs. De V., and if it egged her on to the last contortion before applying the whip of ostracism. . . .

### AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

Two of those irresponsible souls without whose sentimentality no adventure could proceed a league assisted me towards my first study in "life." Both wavered at the last. "Brighton is a wicked place," said He, and She advised me to go to a really first-rate hotel. This suited my own views exactly. As the train started I looked round at my fellow-passenger. He had the air of a rich man who did not scheme or sell for this wealth. He returned my regard with an air as though he were thinking two thoughts at once—I mean he looked puzzled. I knew he must have heard what Becky's husband had said, so I asked if he minded smoking by way of showing him I could take care of myself. "I know you'll set me down for a fogey," said he, "but you are really much too pretty . . . ."

### "VOTES FOR WOMEN."

In the days when Britannia went to the front with the troops there was a stir in the City of Dublin, for a regiment had been ordered out. Britannia hurried, dry-eyed, about the quarters and hushed her children and nursed the sick one the while she laid in boxes garments and what luxuries she could muster against the long voyage to Russia.

Britannia's Man put on his red coat and led the band through the streets. . . .

### AN ESSAY.

Virtue is as much a matter of time as climate. Courtesans thrive in countries where men are much engaged in business affairs and cannot spare time to bring their neighbour's wife to reason. Wherefore. . . .

### DRAMA.

He.
She.
He.

## THE PLAINT OF A MATHEMATICAL STUDENT.

These horrible A.B.'s
And their beastly babies,
The alphas and betas,
With grams, decimetres,
Tons, hectares, and litres,
Will give me the rabies!

C. E. B.

!—?

"Her 'Brighton,' where, she tells us,
" 'You never meet with names like Moses,
But you should see the Scotchmen's noses!'
is immense, but this song is quite eclipsed by 'I've been to the Durbar.' As a tribute to this great artist's comic powers I quote the concluding couplets of three of the stanzas:—
" 'I saw the King at the Durbar,
And the King saw me.'
'They say I tickled the Rajahs,
But they all tickled me.'
'I bowed to that Mr. Baroda,
But the snob cut me.'

"There is not much fun in those lines, but the artist made them seem miracles of wit. Personally, I would pay for a stall to see Miss Ediss alone."—E. A. BAUGHAN, in the "Daily News." T.

# The Practical Journalist.

## A Vade-Mecum for Aspirants.

### Continued by C. E. Bechhoefer.

### No. XX.

### THE MODEL CHILDREN'S CORNER.

#### THE WIGGLY-WOOS.

ONCE upon a time, dear children, there was a little man, oh! such a little man, who lived all alone in his own house. And he had a wife and child. And all they could say was "Wiggly-woo." And one day the little man went out hunting and left his wife and child in the house, which, I forgot to remark, was a toadstool. And at last he came to a big river. And he sat down beside it, waiting for a trout to come along. Now, trout, dear children, like being tickled, and when anybody tickles them they go into an earthly paradise. Now, as he sat there, up came a very old ancient trout. "Wiggly-woo," said the little man. Now the trout saw him and said "I suppose you want to tickle me, eh? Well, I'm not ticklish on the outside, not anywhere, but inside—well, I'm all tickles." Then the little man said "Wiggly-woo," meaning, of course, could he come inside? "Certainly," said the trout, opening his mouth. Then the little man pulled himself together and sprang down the trout's throat. And the trout found him delicious and an excellent tickler. And they lived happy ever after.

#### A CLEVER GIRL.

I knew a little girl named Sam
Who ate a lot of funny cake,
As well as lots of beef and jam,
But never had a stomach-ache;
She used to ratiocinate
About a eudiometer,
And offered to patrocinate
A worldly-wise geometer.

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### No. XXI.

### THE MODEL NATURE NOTES.

The recent unsettled weather with its bewildering succession of sunshine and rain has been as trying to the farmers as a continued drought or downpour would have been. But farmers are notorious grumblers. They are, however, not the only sufferers. The hazes, consequent upon the sun's heat sucking up the rain, have been responsible for several untoward accidents, many sportsmen missing their rightful prey and wounding innocent beaters. 'Rheumatiz,' too, has been very prevalent in the less cultivated rural districts.

Now is the season for sewing annuals, particularly the

genus *Pyrus malus*, or apple-tree. To be assured of a good crop, the seeds should be obtained from one of our advertisers, whose name is legion. They should be planted not too far apart or some may be found superfluous, nor too close together, or too many will be required. After about three weeks the first signs of growth will appear. Good fruit, however, is rarely obtained during the first three months.

One of the principal dangers to which this plant is exposed is its infestion by a plague of green flies, or *aphides* (which must be carefully distinguished from *affines*—relations by marriage). These small, yet troublesome, beasts are gregarious, their family ties being so strong that the evolution of seventy generations in one night is no unusual phenomenon.

To eradicate this pest, prompt and stern measures are necessary. The hand should be encased in thick rubber gloves, and each intruder delicately removed by the right hind-leg. The course generally adopted at this stage by amateur gardeners is to deposit the insect on a neighbour's rose-bush. Should a green-fly sting penetrate the gloves, the same remedy must be applied as against slug-bite.

A Feminine contemporary announces a plentiful crop of Uranians.

## No. XXII.
## THE MODEL POLITICAL REPORT.

*Following Miss Asquith's Example.*

[REPRINTED, BY PERMISSION, FROM THE "PUDDLEBOROUGH CITIZEN."]

A delighted audience, which taxed the utmost capacity of the Town Hall, was treated on Saturday afternoon last to a brilliant display of crushing dialectic and slashing repartee by the latest addition to the Chancellor of the Exchequer's touring company of public explainers of the Insurance Bill, no less a person than his talented eight-year-old daughter, Miss Megan Mild Lloyd George, who made her début on a public platform. Our respected member, Mr. John Robinson, M.P., fresh from his parliamentary triumphs, opened the proceedings with a short but brilliant and dignified speech.

"Friends," he said, "we are gathered together here this afternoon to greet a little stranger, a babe in years but a serpent in understanding. 'Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings cometh forth wisdom,' says the good old Book. Isn't that true? Ah! isn't it? Don't we see it's true? The good old Book touches the spot again. Just that. I mind, when I was a lad, an old godly man, who used to prepare me to face the evils in my daily life. He said to me one day, as we walked home together from the church, 'Jack,' he said, 'be not afeared of babies.' And I've never forgotten. No, never. And here is one, and I am proud to welcome her. She is the daughter of the best friend the working-men ever had, an honest, sober, God-fearing man. And, ah! he knows our weaknesses and temptations, and he is fighting them for us, fighting the good old fight for us. Let her come forth."

A hush of expectation took hold on the audience as Miss George rose from her chair at the back of the platform. She was dressed in a clean white "pinny," with a pink bow in her hair. A delightful incident had been arranged. The oldest old-age pensioner in the district, Mr. Joe Jollies, led her slowly forward. It was a touching sight to see this old man, his tall spare frame battered by the storms of life (though a non-smoker and a total abstainer), with his bald head and long white beard, holding in his own the tiny, lily-white hand of the little maid. There was a suspicion of a tear on his eye-brow as he looked down at her smiling up at him. However, he conquered his emotion, and, wiping her nose, hobbled slowly back to his place, the sinecure of every eye. There was a roar of applause as the little lecturer was seen to be waving a leek in her left hand. Her delivery was admirable, every syllable being clearly understood and appreciated by the enraptured audience. Her little childish lisp enhanced the daintiness of her enunciation. It need hardly be said that every sentence was punctuated with cheers.

"Ladith and gentlemen," she said, "I have come here thith afternoon to ecthplain to you the pwinthipelth of daddith Bill—my daddith Bill. He ith my daddy, my dear daddy. But he ith not only my daddy, he ith the peopleth daddy. You, too, may call him 'daddy,' daddy short-legs, kee-hee. It ith not only hith Bill, it ith the peopleth Bill. I am pwowd of my daddy, of our daddy. Look how good he ith to evewybody. Look at Waleth, look at my bwother, look at me. I do not pwopose to go over the argumenth for and againth the Bill. Shuffice it to thay that there ith not, wath not, never will be, an argument which my father can't dethpithe, even if he hath to change the Bill for it. A nathty howwid noothpaper called my daddy a 'moth-twooper.' He ithn't anything of the thort. He ith a dear good daddy, and tho ith the Bill." (A Voice: "'Ere, does yer daddy know yer art?" The Lecturer: "Doth yourth?" Loud laughter.) "Ninepenth for fourpenth! Ninepenth for fourpenth! Weally, now, ithn't that lovely! No matter wot'th the matter with you, if you're ill—and I do tho hope you won't be, whether it'th meathleth or toothey-peg painth—there will be nithe warm bedth and nithe warm ninepentheth for all. Ithn't that nithe? O, I do love my daddy." (Another Voice: "O, chuck it! You are a measly kid, you are." The Lecturer: "Tho are you." Laughter and applause, lasting several minutes.)

Continuing, the lecturer said that if the county did not accept the Insurance Bill as it stood, her daddy would not help the people any more. He would lead the seventeen unappointed Welsh members back to Wales, he would even take her (the speaker) with him. (Sympathetic cheers.) The Bill was right, her dad would fight. "Ladith and gentlemen," she concluded, "my daddy ith a good man. Pwaith him!"

As soon as she intoned the last syllable, the lecturer struck up in a sweet little voice, "The Men of Harlech" in the original tongue, and gave a small exhibition of skipping. Both items were encored by the enthusiastic audience. After the third repetition, the lecturer held up her hand for silence. Then, putting it to her mouth, she announced whimsically in a stage-whisper, "Bed-time," and hopped gaily off to her motor. She was escorted to the station by a cheering mob, and her autograph was much in request. A few arrests were made. To all detractors from the fair fame of British politics we state emphatically, and we mean it earnestly, that the country is safe from ruin with rulers like Mr. Lloyd George and his phenomenal charming daughter to guide it. Would we could always say this!

# At the Cross Roads.

Here at the cross-roads in a pit
They flung me for example's sake,
And then, perchance to comfort it,
Through my dead heart they drove a stake.

A stake to hold me fast and firm—
I want to walk the earth again!
'Twixt Neighbour Man and Neighbour Worm
My choice was made—their fears were vain.

For with deliberate hands, when grief,
Unguessed by them, too heavy grew,
I did that night to gain relief
What they not one had dared to do.

In darkness past the stalls I crept
And heard deep breathings warm and soft;
My grey mare started as she slept
Close by the ladder to the loft.

And as I fumbled in the dark
To find what best would soothe my pain,
I heard old Ship come out and bark,
Whimper, and then turn in again.

But for those two I should have laughed
When on a truss of straw I stood
And found from living hate and craft
Last help in lifeless hemp and wood!

Three days I swung there shadowy vague
And breathless as the gloom around me:
In truth, it might have been the plague
Dan Moggridge fled from when he found me!

Next night at twelve my corpse was flung
Into a cart—a cheerful load!
While from my neck the rope still hung
And trailed along the muddy road.

Old friends came to my burying, these
Together crowded when the wind
Rattled the limbs of leafless trees,
And dared not cast a glance behind.

Ah, what a world of grief was theirs
Who shovelled my shameful corpse from sight!
Their sweat fell on my grave for tears,
For prayers they cursed me in their fright.

Wherefore I, moved to bitter mirth,
Accepted at their hands my fate,
And with dead things in deathless earth
Am so by choice incorporate

That when the great trump angel-blown
Shall summon all, as has been said,
To stand before His dreadful Throne
Who comes to judge the Quick and Dead,

Thus will I cry: "Lord God, no part
Have I with men—Thou knowest why;
Besides not Thou forth from my heart
That stake may draw—so here I lie."

W. G. HOLE.

# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

### PROFITEERING.

Sir,—Recently a large shipbuilding firm decided to absorb a similar company on the Clyde, and for this purpose proposed to pay £9 3s. for each £9 share in the latter concern, though their market value was about £6. It is a little difficult to understand why the extra £3 was to be paid, unless it was to secure the support of three-fourths of the shareholders, whose consent was necessary for the adoption of the scheme. Whatever the reason, the fact remains that, when next the question of profits and wages is discussed, the extra sums will no doubt be quoted as part of the expenditure which has to be met before wages can be raised or as part of the new capital which has to be remunerated before labour can be more highly paid. Similarly, if this industry were to be taken over by the State, and if the Government followed the existing practice of buying out the shareholders, then each £3 bonus would still be part of the capital for which repayment the taxpayer would be made responsible. In the case under consideration, the high reputation for political patriotism and commercial integrity possessed by the heads of the larger firm renders their motives superior to suspicion, but the matter, nevertheless, provides another instance, even from a point of view not purely Socialistic, of the danger of allowing the great industries of the country to be controlled by otherwise excellent persons who naturally act, however, from the point of view of immediate business expediency.

H. R. GLEDSTONE.

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### PROPORTIONAL REPRESENTATION.

Sir,—If my letter puzzled Mr. Topley, his reply has puzzled me. At least, I made it clear that representation of the people was only possible in Parliament, not at the polls, and that it did not matter whether a man were elected by one or a thousand votes; his powers of representation were instinctive, not elective. That is still my opinion. I cannot see how the qualities and characters of candidates are to be altered by changing the methods of election. Mr. Topley's reply, if it means anything at all, means that he knows how the change will be effected. I can only ask him to enlighten me.

I take it that, even in a system of election by the single transferable vote, candidates will still have to be nominated and will have to pay their election expenses. The same necessity of giving pledges and uttering shibboleths will exist; in fact, if proportional election will make it easier for minorities to be elected, it must necessarily make party pledges more stringent and party shibboleths more distinctive. Individuality is only possible by definition; and to make a more varied appeal for the suffrage of the electors it will be necessary for each candidate to emphasise his difference from the rest. Instead of abolishing party feeling, proportional election must intensify it if it is to have the result that Mr. Topley prophesies. This is what Mr. Topley calls a priori reasoning: I am an Englishman, and proportional election has not yet been tried in my country for political purposes, so I have no data on which to base a posteriori reasoning. Tasmania and Belgium may have tried it with success, but as I know nothing of these countries I cannot judge whether the system has had "qualitative results of great practical importance." I shall not ask Mr. Topley for a short history of the politics of either of these countries; but I must ask him for some proof other than his assertion that election by the single transferable vote will produce qualitative results in this country. I do not deny that the system will work: any system of election will do that, even, as in the Church, that of the personal advowson to a living; I do not deny that it will distribute members in the House in equitable proportion to the votes of the electorate, but I do not see that the tone or temper of Parliament will be in any way altered.

Mr. Topley must have forgotten that he came forward with what he called "a valuable specific" for "a growing disease," of which he recognised symptoms in THE NEW AGE. The writer of "Notes of the Week" complained that "the House of Commons fails to speak with the voice of England." Mr. Topley replied that if minorities were fairly represented the House of Commons would speak with the voice of England. But a minority, as I have shown, is necessarily individual, not national; and if proportional election will work as Mr. Topley says we shall have in the House not a synthesis of national sentiment and thought, but an analysis of its differences of opinion. It will, as the writer of "Notes of the Week" said, reproduce but not represent. It is Mr. Topley's business to show us that it will do both. I await his demonstration with some interest.

ALFRED E. RANDALL.

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### FREE BANKING.

Sir,—I have just received what purports to be a revised statement of the aims of the Banking and Currency Reform League.

The League seeks to show that certain of the evils affecting our industrial world are chiefly (or shall we say *partly*?) due to the laws which bind our exchange system to a scarce metal—namely, gold—the available quantity of which is subject to serious fluctuations. Good!

The League then proceeds to make a statement which, so far as I know, may be true or not—namely, that "most economists agree that the function of an exchange medium is to serve as an evidence of debt, or as a representative of wealth." If so, I am sorry for most economists.

The possession of exchange medium testifies, it appears, that "a producer has given up, or promised to give up, the results of his labour, but has not yet received an equivalent, and is therefore entitled to purchase." Those of us who do not agree with "most economists" upon this doctrine can stop here. Nothing much is to be gained by going further.

Upon this foundation the League builds the contention that we ought to adopt the most effective evidence of unsatisfied claim, and that this is a "paper document." This document is to be "guaranteed in such a manner that those concerned may have confidence that the paper represents its face-value." First of all, why paper? Would not a leather document, a tin or a silver document, a bone or a gold document serve the purpose equally well, and in many cases much better? But this is a trifle. The "guarantee" is a far more serious affair. Who is to be the guarantor? How is the guarantee to be effected? What is the degree of confidence to be established? Nowhere are these questions answered. I presume that the State is to be the guarantor: in other words, that I, a taxpayer, am to guarantee John Smith's I.O.U. I respectfully object. I do not object to certify that a lump of tin weighs (when submitted to me) exactly one ounce tr., or that it is absolutely pure or 22 or 18 or 15 carats fine. But I do object to bind myself that it shall be worth as much next year as it is this, or that I myself (i.e., the State) will give as much for it.

When we are told that from the earliest times "the issue of exchange medium has been monopolised by monarchs and rulers" (i.e., the State) we are not in the least surprised. In plain language, the State monopolises the right to make its own guarantees and incur its own liabilities!

And the State had a perfect right to charge anything it liked for the service. The evil began when others (private banks and individuals) were forbidden to render the same service—for what it was worth. By means of this general

prohibition the monarch empowered himself to levy tribute or usury—in other words, to charge what he liked for his guarantee. The people were compelled to use his coins or none: and, as a rule, he made it just worth their while to use his.

I need not follow the League through its history (not quite accurate) of banking. If the League would confine its energies to the advocacy of free banking and free minting it would be doing good work, and a sound paper currency would come of itself—not a State-guaranteed one.

England does more business on credit than any other country; but there is, and always will be, a margin of transactions which must be conducted on a cash basis—that is, by barter. The best exchange medium for barter has been found to be some metal—for obvious reasons. Money measures man's dishonesty.

WORDSWORTH DONISTHORPE.

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## THE NEW CHINA.

Sir,—Colonel G. W. Simpson's appreciation of China certainly strikes a distinct note. His observations are that of a disinterested philosopher, his tone is dispassionate and his judgment is well pronounced. His view of the world may be found in his own words: "Their influence on the world is not unlikely to be better than that of many other peoples who are in possession of the temporary catchwords of progress."

One thing the writer seems to have dogmatised. With regard to "the suffering from spiritual sobriety" among the Chinese, the writer, in a most daring way, advocated "God-intoxication." Does he suggest that the Chinese should wear uniforms and beat drums in a street corner, whilst the girls all become "Major Barbara"? Or does he propose to re-impart mysticism or spiritualism to the land of their origin? Or does he wish to see the optimistic Chinese turn into fanatic God-seekers—only dissatisfaction and pessimism impels the search of God? Every kind of seed has been sown in our land—Buddhism, Judaism, Catholicism, Protestantism, Mahomedanism—there is yet no sign of harvest, nor will there be.

The solution of this problem probably lies in a totally different sphere from that of religion. With the promotion of education, literature and art will naturally flourish, especially in a "literary nation" like China. Before long it is hoped that Goethe and Shelley will be read among the students side by side with Li-Po and Pe-Kii-Yi. The ancient Greek culture will be shortly transplanted to the land of Lao-Tze and Chüan-Tze; Confucius will receive Socrates with a smiling face and extended arms. The unsurpassable artistic productions of the Renaissance will be appreciated with admiration by the Young Chinese. In short, Western literature and art represents the essence of our worship; its spirit will inspire the people, generation after generation. What profound thinkers and adored poets have groped in the pitch-dark to find, and what they have aspired to achieve, will form the basis of the future religion. Neither the Cross nor the Lily, still less the Moon Crescent, will ever survive.

L. K. TAO.

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## THE PERSIA COMMITTEE.

Sir,—The following letter has been received by Mr. Frederick Whelen, hon. secretary of the Persia Committee, from the distinguished Russian writer, Maxim Gorki:—

"I am of opinion that the actions of the Russian Government in Persia are nationally harmful to the Russian people, quite apart from the fact that they are inhuman in relation to the Persian people. I am doubtful whether it would be possible, by means of courts-martial and by executions, to secure the Persian commercial market for Russian capital, and I am convinced that the Russian Government is creating, by its senseless brutality, a new and irreconcilable enemy in Persia for the Russian people. Moreover, the conduct of the Russian troops in Persia is serving to strengthen the spread of Orthodox Pan-Islamism, which rejects the creative ideas and principles fostered in Europe, and in this way the Russian Government's actions are injurious to the interests of European culture.

"Further, while the Colonial policy of contemporary Europe, inasmuch as it is not ideally humanitarian, undoubtedly retards the growth of humanitarian ideals; yet England, even when importing opium into China, together with that poison, took into the country ideas of constitutionalism and individual freedom.

"We see to-day that, while China has not been destroyed by the smoking of opium, it has, on the other hand, been stimulated to greater vigor, and is being revolutionised by the healthy and creative ideas of the West, and is now rebuilding its crowded ant-hills on an European basis and is uniting itself to Aryan culture. From this example, one among many, we are convinced of the vital energy for good inherent in the creative ideas of European culture, and in the capacity of Englishmen for furthering those ideas. We see, also, that while English capital is forcing its way into Persia, English public opinion recognises the necessity for establishing a Committee for the protection of Persia, and that in England, not only is there a Society for the Study of Eastern Culture, but also a special Society for Studying Persian Culture.

"I ask myself what things of great price, what principles of European culture have been taken by the Russian Government into those realms which they have seized in Central Asia—Khiva and Bokhara—what creative influences of value can Russian sovereignty sow in old Iran (Persia)?

"The Russian Government now stands out in Europe as the only defender of the principle of the despotic power of the Government over the individual—the East has already recognised the destructiveness of that principle.

"Russia will take a great deal of vodka into the Persian markets, but I cannot see what ideas useful to the Persians the Russian bureaucracy can possibly introduce. Finally, I think that the seizure of Persia has been due, not so much to the interests of Russian capital as to the desire of the Dynasty of the Romanoffs to give to their people a new extension of territory, and by so doing to commemorate the 300th anniversary of their own establishment in Russia. This tercentenary—as is well known—is fictitious, and this gift will develop into a source of misfortune for the Russian people, for it is impossible to believe that Persia will reconcile herself to the enslavement which threatens her.

"MAXIM GORKI."

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## CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

Sir,—Will you allow me to quote in your pages the following remarks and impressions recorded by Elizabeth Fry during her heroic work for prison reform, with the hope that they may be a little help towards strengthening the conviction of the wrong and awfulness of capital punishment?

To casually pick up one's paper and read that some man or woman that day is to be hanged because, in their *ignorance*, they have erred more than oneself who is at that moment full of life and glorying in being alive, is haunting; but to look upon the faces and listen to the words that come from the soul of these people condemned by their own erring fellow-creatures how much more so!

"Just returned from a most melancholy visit to Newgate to see by her own request Elizabeth Fricker previous to her execution to-morrow at eight o'clock. I found her much hurried, distressed, and demented in mind; her hands cold and covered with something like the perspiration preceding death, and in a universal tremor. They said she had been outrageous before our going and they thought they must have sent for a man to manage her. However, after a serious time with her her troubled soul became calmed. But is it for man thus to take the prerogative of the Almighty into his own hands? Is it not his place rather to endeavour to reform such or restrain them from the commission of further evil? *At least to afford poor erring fellow-mortals, whatever may be their offences, an opportunity of proving their repentance by amendment of life.* Besides this poor young woman there are also six men—one of whom has a wife near her confinement, also condemned, and seven young children. Since the awful report came down he has been *quite mad from horror of mind.* A straight waistcoat could not keep him within bounds; he had just bitten the turnkey, and I saw the man come out with his hand bleeding as I passed the cell."

"I feel life so strong within me that I cannot believe that by this time to-morrow I shall lie dead," she writes of one woman saying to her whose scaffold was being erected as she was speaking the words.

"Does capital punishment tend to the security of the people? By no means. It hardens the hearts of men and makes the loss of life appear light to them. . . . It also lessens the security of the subject, because so many are so conscientious that they had rather suffer loss and sustain much injury than be instrumental in taking the life of a fellow-creature. The result is that the innocent suffer loss and the guilty escape with impunity.

"Does it tend to the reformation of any party? No; because in those who suffer it leads to unbelief, hypocrisy and fatalism; and in those who remain to discontent, dissatisfaction with the laws and the powers which carry them into execution; to hardness of heart, unbelief, and deceit. . . . Punishment is *not for revenge, but to lessen crime* and *reform* the criminal." Italics mine.

C. M. H. E.

## THE MYSTERY OF HAMLET.

Sir,—I am not sure that I ought to reply to Mr. Edgar's amiable letter. He does not refute my explanation: he only tries to make it unnecessary. He doubts whether there is a mystery, and concludes that any explanation is therefore superfluous; but he must have forgotten the express language of Hamlet. "You would pluck out the heart of my mystery," says Hamlet to Guildenstern; and what Shakespeare asserts I have no shame in explaining.

Mr. Edgar's explanation will not bear a moment's consideration. In the first place, it damns Shakespeare as an artist; for it says that Shakespeare padded a one-act play to make a five-act tragedy, and with what flimsy devices! The man who said in the first act: "Haste me to know it that I, with wings as swift as meditation or the thoughts of love, may sweep to my revenge"; flirts with Ophelia, palters with the players, and even allows himself to be sent to England by Claudius, only because Shakespeare wanted to write a five-act tragedy. With the King on his knees in prayer Hamlet dare not slay him, not because, as he says himself, he will wait until the King is "about some act that has no relish of salvation in't," but because that was only the end of Scene III, Act 3! The solution is even simpler than Mr. Calvert's, and is far less satisfactory; for Shakespeare has made two important alterations in the story.

In the saga the difficulties were native to the task. The murder was public, and with lies and false witnesses it had been justified to the people by the pretence that it was done to save the Queen from the threats of her husband. The Hamlet of the saga had to rouse a nation to condemn a crime that had been openly explained and universally forgiven—a task that can only be regarded as herculean. But Shakespeare minimises the external difficulties for his Hamlet: the murder is a secret one known only to the hero. Further, Claudius is not popular with the "false Danish dogs": Laertes raises them to rebellion without trouble. Shakespeare goes even farther yet, and makes Hamlet beloved of the people.

> "Yet must we not put the strong law on him:
> He's loved of the distracted multitude,
> Who like not in their judgment, but in their eyes,"

says Claudius. There is another passage in Scene VII, Act 4, which states even more emphatically the feather-light allegiance of the Danes to Claudius. In addition, he gives us the figures of Laertes and Fortinbras, both concerned with revenge for a murdered or injured father, only to make Hamlet's hesitancy the more manifest. That hesitancy in the one matter of revenge is Shakespeare's second alteration in the story.

If Mr. Edgar will argue that drama is not the art of action, but of inaction, I shall be pleased to read his reply. Shakespeare's alterations of the original plot do show us that he preferred psychology, in this case, to drama, for he made his hero a man capable of rapid decision and action; he made the task possible and even easy, and made the whole play turn on the internal conflict of Hamlet. I do not assert that Shakespeare did this consciously; I am not pretending that he knew anything of psycho-analysis; but I do say that I know of no more complete explanation of the admitted mystery of Hamlet's hesitancy than that stated in my article. Mr. Edgar, I think, ought to develop his argument to its logical conclusion and offer some evidence of it when he writes again. At present I do not find it complete or satisfactory.

ALFRED E. RANDALL.

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## MR. BAX ON CHRISTIANITY.

Sir,—In his paper on "Early Christianity and Modern Socialism" in "Essays in Socialism" (revised edition, 1907), Mr. Bax gives a more balanced and discriminating estimate of Christianity than in his short letter (January 11) on which I commented (February 1). In dealing with Mr. Bax's views on Christianity I prefer to take him at his best, not at his worst. I therefore quote from "Essays in Socialism" the following passage: "The theory that Christianity was a doctrine that burst upon the world with a new light is directly contradicted by history, which discloses it as simply the popular and democratic formulation of tendencies and dogmas already present in the Paganism and Judaism of the time" (page 26). The paper itself does not bear out this statement, and Mr. Bax is sceptical as to our being able to learn anything authentic regarding the earliest beginnings of Christianity (page 28). Yet he confidently affirms (page 27) that "Christianity, it must be remembered, was at first no more than a Jewish sect which believed in a special Jewish teacher as the promised Messiah." He goes on to say that "the first undeniably authentic glimpse we get of Christianity is in the second half of the first century, when it was already an established sect, and had undergone its first serious persecution by Nero" (64 A.D.). "In the second generation of the Church the Pauline, or anti-Jewish party, began to acquire strength and ascendancy; *new dogmas came in*—justification by faith, etc. . . . But most important of all was the definite enthronement of the individual conscience, the individual soul, and individual immortality after death as the central pivot on which all turned; and as the logical consequence and complement of this was *the definite abandonment of all notions derived from the old racial, tribal, or civic clannishness, whether Jewish or otherwise*, or from distinction of outward circumstance, and the proclamation of the doctrine of the equality of all men, 'barbarian, Scythian, bond, or free,' before God. These were the two points which constituted Christianity a revolutionary creed" (page 30). On Mr. Bax's own showing, Christianity is not a "fraudulent amalgam of debased Judaic-Pagan dogma and cult." Further, he goes on to show the superiority of Christianity to the philosophic sects: "Yet, although Christianity in a sense only formulated the ideas which belonged to the common mental atmosphere of the time, *it nevertheless won over them all*, because it succeeded in finding the suitable formula and the suitable policy in and by which these ideas were to become the official expression of the conscience and belief of mankind for ages to come. . . . It was only the Christian sects that took the new doctrine of equality seriously, and accordingly made it their life-work to go forth into the highways and hedges and preach to all and agitate and organise among all. Thus Christianity created the social organisation which was to be for ages the rival of the secular power" (page 30). A religion that is capable of doing all that Mr. Bax admits it did is not a mere amalgam of old elements, but a new power in the world. The centre in the new religion, as Glover and others have pointed out, was not an idea (Bax's dogma) nor a ritual act, but a personality. The founder was new. And so, "if we are to understand the movement, we must in some degree realise him—in himself and in his influence upon men."

In spite of all that has been written in recent years regarding the non-historicity of Jesus, the hypothesis or alleged discovery of Prof. W. B. Smith of Jesus as a pre-Christian deity, as set forth in his works "Der vorchristiche Jesus" and "Ecce Deus," seems to be far less supported by reliable historical evidence, and therefore far less credible than the hypothesis of the actual existence of the Jesus of the Synoptic Gospels. One of the most radical of the N.T. critics, Professor Schmiedel, both in his preface to the English translation of Arno Neumann's "Jesus" (A. and C. Black, 1906) and in his lecture, "Jesus in Modern Criticism" (Black's Sixpenny Series, 1907), stands by the historicity of Jesus, even though, so far as personal religion is concerned, he says: "My inmost religious convictions would suffer no harm even if I felt obliged to conclude that *Jesus never lived*" (italics his). He points out that, had theologians realised the serious nature of the question, "they would have noticed long ago that the Gospels, though they seem to be very much exposed to doubt, actually contain in themselves the best means of overcoming it" (lecture, page 15). In the lecture he deals with three questions: (1) Did Jesus really live? (2) Did he regard himself as the Messiah? (3) Is his moral teaching adapted to the requirements of the present age? From his study of what he calls the nine "foundation pillars of a really scientific life of Jesus" he sums up the gains thus: "In a word, I know, on the one hand, that his person cannot be referred to the region of myth; on the other hand, that he was a man in the full sense of the term, and that, without, of course, denying that the divine character was in him, this could be found only in the shape in which it can be found in any human being" (page 24). But the "foundation pillars" are but the starting point. "Even the most dispassionate of critical historians must admit that if Jesus could inspire people with this feeling of worship he must have been to his followers a very striking person. Consequently, it is incumbent on every critic of his life *to say in what his greatness consisted*" (page 25). "Everything in the first three Gospels deserves belief which would tend to establish Jesus' greatness, provided that it harmonises with the picture produced by the foundation pillars and in other respects does not raise suspicion" (page 27). In regard to the second question, Schmiedel agrees to the view "that in Jesus the idea that he was the Messiah ripened gradually during his public ministry" (page 42), and "in the end Jesus did take the final step" (page 43). As regards his moral teaching, Schmiedel says: "The greatness of Jesus is to be seen precisely in this, that he really lays absolute and positive stress only upon *principles*, leaving their application to the conscience of the individual" (page 79). If he is silent on the social questions it is because "his religion continually had in view simply the relations which ought to exist between the individual and his God" (page 63). But his teaching regarding the Kingdom of God implies more

than the relation between the individual and God, and really sets forth the ideal of a regenerated society on earth.

Dr. Jas. Bonar, in the chapter on Christianity in his "Philosophy and Political Economy" (1893), points out that "what Stoicism began for the few, Christianity accomplished for the many. It broke down the exclusive regard for State and citizenship. . . . As far as existing States were concerned, it was individualistic; but, like that of the Stoics, the individualism of Christianity was itself founded on the conception of a State—a State which was spiritual and owed nothing to the coercive forces of armies and magistrates. The Church was a community which embraced men of all ranks and nationalities. It imposed on its members a law adopted by their own choice, and a law that was supposed to derive no support from the traditional morality or the old political institutions of Greece or Rome. . . . It interfered with the earthly citizenship mainly by destroying its old identity with religion. Religion was no longer part and parcel of political citizenship. But it was not long before the *visible* Church became a strongly organised body, claiming for itself all the claims of the invisible city"—as in Augustine's City of God. "This new organisation was conceived by the theologians under the same figure as the Greek State was conceived by the Greek philosophers; it had, like the human body, one spirit and many members. . . . The Church soon took to itself the external forms of a government, and its officers were not unlike the Guardians of Plato's republic. . . . The society so ruled was not constituted by any community of blood, but by an ignoring of nationality, tradition, and custom, and (in the case, at least, of the early converts) at the cost of a deliberate breach with the whole past and present of the Greek and Roman and provincial world. The early success of this effort seems to show that a complete social and political revolution, as opposed to a gradual development, is not at all an impossibility—but the later history of the Church brings out the irrepressibility of the ignored traditions and national differences, and shows that the theology of the Church, as it shaped itself in its councils, was affected by the philosophies which it professed to supersede" (pages 51-52).

The democratic and communistic element in Christianity is reasserting itself. More than fifty years ago Mazzini, in "The Duties of Man," reminded the struggling democracy of Europe that the right of association is as sacred as religion, and that the word 'communion' was taught us by Christianity." It was an immense advance upon the preceding ages, when both philosophers and people believed the souls of citizens and the souls of slaves to be of different nature and race. And this mission alone would have sufficed to stamp the greatness of Christianity. The Communion was the symbol of the equality and fraternity of souls, and it rested with humanity to amplify and develop the truth hidden under that symbol. The Church did not and could not do this. Timid and uncertain in the beginning, and allied with the nobles and the temporal powers in the sequel, imbued, from self-interest, with an aristocratic tendency *which had no existence in the mind of its founder*, the Church wandered out of the true path and even receded so far as to diminish the moral value of the Communion by limiting it in the case of the laity to a Communion in bread only, and reserving solely to priests the Communion in *both species*." Sacerdotalism and Ritualism are alien to the spirit of Christ. The universal priesthood of believers and the ritual of self-sacrifice for the good of all express the mind of Christ. The late Principal A. M. Fairbairn's "Religion n History and in the Life of To-day," Richard Heath's 'The Captive City of God," with its fine chapter on "Early Christianity and the Democratic Ideal," S. K. Hocking's "Chapters in Democratic Christianity"—to name only three cheap popular books—are signs of the revival of the true spirit of Christianity, and in the light of its ideal the Churches and society are to be judged.

WILLIAM MARWICK.

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### PICARTERBIN.

Sir,—Although I observe that the stream of controversy, which had its spring in an article by Mr. Huntly Carter, has now dried up into a four-lined letter, I am tempted, in the cause of progress in art, to ask you of your courtesy to permit that I should cut a tributary stream from the river's source.

As a rule Mr. Carter shows himself to be so admirably in the fore of every progressive movement in art or drama that it is with some surprise that I find myself about to reproach him.

Mr. Carter has rightly scoffed at the silly remarks made by those who are glamoured by mere antiquity. It seems that in Brixton and Hampstead there are still individuals who can find æsthetic sustenance in the laborious puerilities of Burne-Jones or the hardly more inspired timidities of that half-way house, Whistler. To such (and especially to the egregious Mr. Victorian Cook) I would recommend the substitution of Mr. Carter's articles for the morning prayers which doubtless whet their appetites for a breakfast of steak and kidney. But what, in all seriousness, is Mr. Carter doing that he would set up the gods of yesteryear?

Is it possible that he is unacquainted with the work of those Italian painters who surpass Picasso in subtlety as much as Picasso surpasses, say, Watts or Blair Leighton? I do not see how else to explain his strange silence about such giants as Antonio Ciarla, Giuseppe del Enfiagione, or that modern master from Constantinople, Hassim el Mejr. Picasso, as Mr. Carter has rightly said, endeavours to paint emotions or ideas rather than bodies, but surely it is only necessary to see Ciarla's wonderful portrait of Hegel to understand that Picasso has only seen "as through a glass darkly." In that portrait, exhibited in the Italian room at the recent Esposizione at Rome, Ciarla has represented, with a truly awful magnificence, not the mere foolish physical appearance of the German thinker (and we are all Sancho Panzas as far as our bodies are concerned), but the dazzling splendour of Hegel's mind when poised, eagle-like, at its dizziest height of thought. I can attest personally to the revolutionary effect which this grand work has had upon a large number of the more individual students at the Munich Akkedemia.

Ciarla (with whom I have the great privilege of personal acquaintance) is not so obscure, and is therefore more suited for study where modern movements are breaking virgin ground, as Enfiagione; but once you have prepared your mind for the reception of the latter's somewhat grandiose visions "of the Timeless Modes," he is certainly as impressive as the older painter. Possibly some of your readers are already acquainted with the work of El Mejr by means of the reproductions that were lately to be seen at one of our leading galleries, and I need only assure them that the Constantinopolitan's magical and masterful use of emotional colour removes his work as far above M. Picasso's as an orchid is above the modest violet.

If I have wrongly imputed to Mr. Carter an ignorance of work which is surely destined to initiate the "new age" in art, I am convinced that he will accept my apologies gladly, if only because my letter may have introduced to some of your readers the names of artists from whom both he and I must expect so much.

DAVID P. LEGGE.

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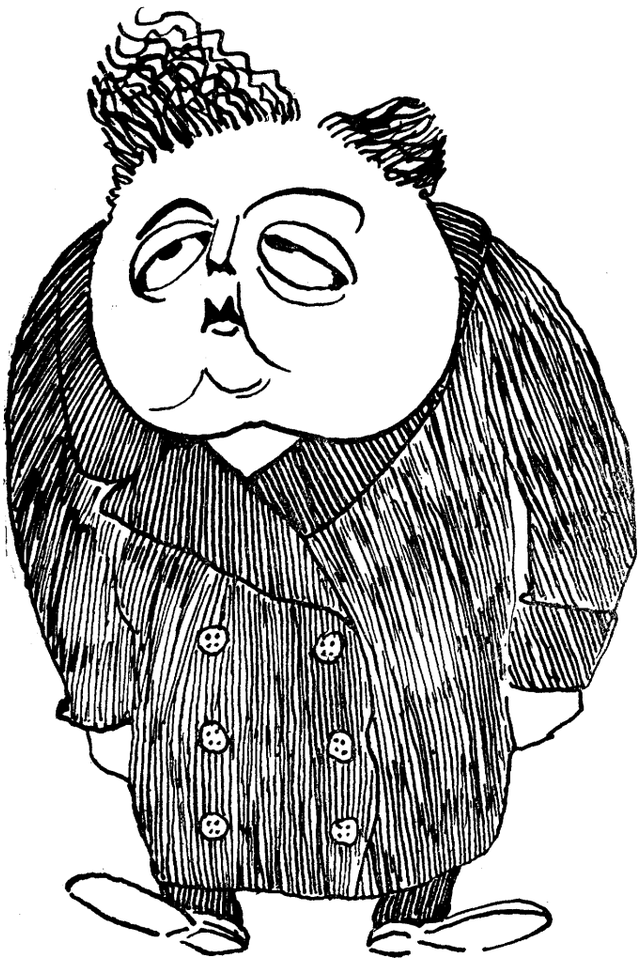
### THE WORKS OF WHISTLER.

Sir,—In writing to you I have neither the desire nor the intention to enter into a correspondence with Mr. Walter Sickert. But as he "craved your indulgence" last week to rectify a matter that he fancies is in need of rectification, so I crave it this week to make the explanation that my husband, Mr. Joseph Pennell, is now abroad, travelling where it is impossible for letters and papers to reach him for some weeks. I myself do not know anything of Mr. Hesslein and his pictures. If Mr. Pennell does he will no doubt answer Mr. Sickert—if he thinks it worth while—should your issue of February 29 eventually come into his hands. In the meanwhile, Mr. Sickert has been fortunate in choosing the moment to display his conscientious concern for the public interest.

ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL.



MR. J. M. KENNEDY.



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