

# THE NEW AGE

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART.

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## CONTENTS.

	PAGE
NOTES OF THE WEEK ... ..	457
FOREIGN AFFAIRS. By S. Verdad ... ..	462
THE YELP OF THE MERCHANT SERVICE. By Wm. McFee ...	463
OUR USELESS PRISONS. By One Who has Tried Them ...	464
THE BUBBLE OF EUGENICS. By G. W. Harris ... ..	465
WINE OF THE WEST. By H. H. Henry ... ..	465
EUPEPTIC POLITICIANS.—II. By J. M. Kennedy ... ..	466
ART AND DRAMA. By Huntly Carter ... ..	467
GIORGIONE S. SILVESTRE. By Walter Sickert ... ..	468

	PAGE
AN AFFAIR OF HONOUR. By Carl Eric ... ..	469
VIEWS AND REVIEWS. By A. E. Randall ... ..	471
A NOTEWORTHY BOOK. By E. Belfort Bax ... ..	472
Reviews ... ..	473
PASTICHE. By C. E. Bechhoefer ... ..	475
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR from A Notts Miner, Arthur F. Thorn, E. Wake Cook, J. Frederick Tilly, Wordsworth Donisthorpe, Cosmo Hamilton, Q., "An Exile," A Subscriber, C. E. Bechhoefer ... ..	475

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

GREAT praise has been given to Mr. Asquith for his conduct of the negotiations during the Coal Strike. With every wish to be generous, we cannot, however, allow that he has handled the situation, we will not say with remarkable skill, but even with plain sense. From the outset it was clear to laymen, and should, therefore, have been pellucid to an experienced advocate, that the problem to be solved consisted of three parts: the principle of the Minimum Wage, the Schedule of the Minimum Wage, and the "safeguards" to be provided for each party to the proposed agreement. Concerning the first only of these three organic elements of the problem did Mr. Asquith and his ill-chosen colleagues come to any conclusion. After a few days of discussion, and much against their predilections and prejudices as expressed throughout their public life, Mr. Asquith and his lieutenants agreed that the miners had made out their case for the principle of the Minimum Wage. This decision was heralded in the superficial Press as the conclusion of the whole matter. The men had won a moral victory, a swift victory, a historic victory, and all the rest of it, and should now take up their tools and return to work. The fact that only one of the three vital points had been settled counted for nothing with the ignorant journalists of Fleet Street, all bursting with desire for new sensations. And when the men's leaders refused to close the strike while only a third of the problem was solved, the Press naturally attempted to hiss them off the stage as bad players who were gagging their parts. But a Barmecidal feast for the million miners who had struck for solid fare was no part of the miners' programme; and we may say at once that if their leaders had been satisfied with the result that satisfied the Press their days as leaders would have been numbered.

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Mr. G. K. Chesterton, in the "Daily News" of Saturday, has pointed out that in this age of lies a principle means absolutely nothing. What on earth would the men have done with the bare resolution of the Government that the principle of the Minimum Wage ought to be and should be established? Everything obviously depended upon the practical interpretation to be put upon the principle and the form it would assume in practice. But concerning this highly important matter the Government was most cavalier. Surprising as it may sound, and especially to those who imagine Mr. Asquith had grasped the situation from the first, he positively did not for some days regard the question of the schedule as of the least real importance. The refusal of the men last Friday week to accept the Government's admission of the principle of the Minimum

Wage as a settlement of the whole dispute took Mr. Asquith and his colleagues completely by surprise. Having, as he thought, blarneyed the men by appearing to plead with them and by conversing with them (not for publication), he assumed that they would instantly give orders to their army to disband. It was only during the week-end, and mainly by means of the Press, that Mr. Asquith learned that the schedule was, in fact, as vital a matter to the men as the principle. Returning to London on Monday, after his week-end in the country, where doubtlessly he had been drowning his troubles in Virgil, he inquired what the trouble about the schedule was. Then, and then only, did our great Premier discover that he had hoped to whistle long before he was out of the wood. There the schedule stood and there stood a million men behind it. All his attempts to shirk the discussion, to round it, to burrow through it, to ignore it, or to hector it down proved fruitless. In the end he was compelled to admit that it must be discussed and settled as the principle had been settled. But a week had passed and the crisis has again been postponed over another week-end.

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To people who have forgotten, if they ever knew, that the men's schedule has a respectable history, it must seem pig-headed of the men to stick to it as if it were literally inspired. The whole Press practically have flocked like sheep to the conclusion that, in fact, the men are pig-headed; and they have been expending their energy in alternately bullying and pleading with them on this assumption. More responsible people than over-worked journalists have fallen into the same error. Professor Pigou, for example, a most respectable economist, has spoken of the schedule as "drawn up completely by only one side." The conclusion, of course, is irresistible, that being an ex parte statement, a mere defendant's claim, it cannot be allowed by the Government without further parley, unless the Government is prepared at the same moment to abdicate. The "Daily News," in its zeal for the Government, made the matter, indeed, intensely difficult by declaring that these were, in fact, the alternatives: either the men must abandon their scheduled claim or the Government by conceding it would admit the miners to be the masters of the State—a ridiculous position for either side and a sort of Morton's fork of imbecility. Certainly, if the schedule had never been discussed between the men and the masters, or if, when examined, it proved to contain extravagant and marginal demands impossible to concede, or if, finally, the men's leaders had ever refused to allow the Government to examine them, their acceptance by Mr. Asquith would have been an act of abdication. But the exact contrary of each of these hypotheses is really the truth, and ought—at least

two of them ought—to have been known by the various writers who were blaming the men. For the schedule of wages as finally drafted on February 2, a clear month before the strike began, was itself the outcome of negotiations extending over weeks between the men and the masters. Far from having desired to precipitate a general strike, the men's leaders went perilously near in their efforts to avoid one to alienating their men, and, in fact, treacherously giving them away. It was only after reducing their demands to what Mr. Hartshorn calls "rockbottom" terms in the vain hope, as it proved, that the coalowners would accept them in lieu of a strike, that the men's leaders were driven to giving the word for a strike at all. The strike, in short, was necessitated by the coalowners' refusal of the February 2 schedule; and this schedule, in consequence, represents the very minimum of the men's demands in substance as distinct from shadows.

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What Mr. Asquith and his incompetent colleagues could have been thinking of when they offered the men the principle without the schedule, and expected them to accept it, heaven alone knows; for, as we have seen, the schedule as it stands is the very bone in dispute. It is, moreover, a bone which has been stripped during the preliminary struggle between the men and the coalowners of every scrap of superfluous meat. Mr. Hartshorn, as we have seen, described the figures of the schedule as rockbottom, and rockbottom they are. A fraction of a penny knocked off a single one of them will in our opinion invalidate the success of the whole business for the men. To begin with, the minima stated in the schedule are in every case considerably less than the normal wages paid to normal men in the districts concerned. In no single instance is the figure claimed equal to the figure normally paid. This disposes of the value of Professor Pigou's suggestion that the standard minimum figures should be measured by the "fair average" of wages paid in each district. As a matter of fact, the men's schedule is considerably below this level. Again, it is misleading to assume that the men's schedule applies to all miners or that all miners, well- and ill-paid alike, will benefit by it. Mr. Asquith managed to grasp the fact that the men's demands were directed less—very much less—to their fortunate than to their unfortunate members. Only some thirty or thirty-five per cent. of the men, at the very outside, will be affected by the Minimum Wage at all; the rest are already earning a good deal more than the wage now being claimed for the worse-placed men. On Sunday last, for example, Mr. Hartshorn, in addressing a crowded meeting of Welsh miners, was able to say: "What are we asking for? Why, less than any man in the room regularly receives." This disposes of the almost criminal and certainly lying contention of the coalowners that the concession of the men's schedule will ruin them; the scoundrels are already in sixty-five or seventy per cent. of the cases paying considerably more than the miserable minimum now demanded for the unfortunate minority. And if this proof of their humbug is not sufficient, the facts that a number of mines have years ago instituted the very minima under discussion, and other mineowners are perfectly willing to institute them without incurring or anticipating financial ruin, ought to settle the matter. The truth is that the men's schedule as drafted is not only rockbottom, it is below rockbottom; and their leaders will deserve to be put into a horsepond if they fail, through any weakness or sentimental lunacy, to get it.

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Their Executive, we observe, has protested against the attitude of the Press and its misrepresentations. Much as we despise the Press, however, we must hold the miners' leaders a little to blame. The "Times" had good occasion recently to charge the Parliamentary Labour Party with a childish love of privacy. From their conduct to the Press the world might gather that a meeting of the Labour Party is a meeting of cosmic panjandrums. In no instance known to us has any section of the Labour movement taken pains before or during a Labour struggle to make and keep the public

acquainted with the facts of the dispute. In consequence, judgment against them often goes by default, and a Press that would gladly publish their views is constrained to confine its columns to the views of the other side. The masters, on the other hand, never make this mistake. Long before the dispute begins to be visible, their secretaries and friends are at work preparing the public mind to judge their case favourably; and when it has actually broken out, coloured lights from their side play in streams on every newspaper office in London. The Press' inability to realise that the men's schedule in the present dispute was arrived at after long discussion, represents a minimum, is vital in the dispute, and has been open to discussion by the Government from the very outset, is due to the simple cause we have described. The miners' leaders expect the public to understand without information and to give them judgment on the bare claim. It may, we admit, be generally safe to concede them the little all they have the pluck to demand, but even in doing justice willingly the Press and public prefer to do it intelligently. For the Press' attitude in this particular matter, therefore, the men's leaders, as we say, are a little to blame.

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On the other hand, we must make a few exceptions from this plea in mitigation; and we must make them, we fear, among professed Labour journalists as well as among Liberals and Unionists who are supposed and do often, in fact, know no better. Only a brute would blame, for example, the ex- "Daily News" cocoapod now trying to please his new masters (and failing, we cannot doubt) of the "Daily Telegraph" by writing daily leaders on the strike full of impotent fury. "The men," the zealous Saul-and-Paul wrote on Thursday, "The men do not live who can long support the load of obloquy, shame—and, we will add, fear—which such a situation imposes on them." This was applied to the load of sin borne by the miners' leaders in sticking to their schedule in the face of the general ignorant demand to withdraw it. But if, in his phraseology, this leader-writer can swallow his own camel, cannot a million men bear a mote in their eye? The gravity of the offence against reason, however, is infinitely greater in the case of Liberal journalists like "P. W. W." and beyond calculation in the case of Mr. Philip Snowden and the Parliamentary Correspondent of the "Labour Leader." We do not wish to be sensational—except as common-sense is always sensational—but we may state as our considered opinion that after their articles of last week there ought to be no place in the Labour movement for either Mr. Philip Snowden or for "J. J. M." of the "Labour Leader." Both should retire to an elementary school and learn single economics, not to say the A. B. C. of ethics.

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On Wednesday in the "Daily News" the bat-fowl-ing "P. W. W." suggested that the Parliamentary Labour Party, whose nose has fortunately been put out by the independent action of the miners, were contemplating an interference in the Coal Strike of a distinctly unfriendly nature to the men. "The most formidable peril," said the "Daily News," was not the masters nor the Government, but "the other Trade Unions." The miners having acted in complete independence of Mr. MacDonald's leadership, the Socialists in the Labour Party would feel themselves compelled "to meet and speak plainly." They could not allow their whole case for State employment to be "undermined by a body of employees who declined to admit the right of the State to discuss adjustments of wages in a great industry." Now, the "Daily News" writer knew very well that the refusal to discuss the schedule came from Mr. Asquith in the first instance and not from the men. So early as Monday it was known at the "Daily News" office that Mr. Asquith had only realised on Sunday the importance of the schedule at all. Indeed, "P. W. W." himself, writing on Monday evening, complained that Liberals were asking in the lobbies why the schedule of February 2 had not been discussed by the Government, why negotiations had been suspended over the week-end, why, in short, Mr.

Asquith was allowing events to mark time. The suggestion, therefore, on Wednesday that the miners were to blame for the delay was a distinct lie; and the further suggestion that the Labour Party was contemplating intervention on behalf of the masters was at least a *suggestio falsi*. Telegraphing on Thursday to a correspondent, Mr. MacDonald pronounced the statement "absolutely untrue." The Labour Party, he said, were "supporting the miners to secure victory." And this was confirmed by the miners' Executive, who, on Friday, issued a manifesto denying that the Labour Party had breathed a single word of the suggested criticism.

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But close on the heels of "P. W. W.'s" lying suggestions of Tuesday and Wednesday there appeared in the "Daily News" on Thursday the article by Mr. Snowden to which we have referred. As if he knew no more than the most ignorant Fleet Street hack, Mr. Snowden joined in the fools' chorus blaming the men. "Up to last Friday," he wrote, "the miners won all along the line." [They had won, we know, exactly a third of their demands.] "Their obstinate refusal to agree to allow their own schedule to be arbitrated on" was now responsible for the continuation of the strike. To safeguard Socialist doctrine it was therefore necessary that the miners should trust Parliament and immediately accept proposals for voluntary arbitration! This advice, differing neither in tone nor in intention from the advice given by the "Daily Mail" and the "Pall Mall Gazette," was repeated by Mr. Snowden in the "Christian Commonwealth," that greasy traitor; and it was obediently echoed by the Parliamentary correspondent of the "Labour Leader" itself. Writing in the current issue of that incompetent Liberal parish magazine, "J. J. M." (Mr. Mallon) said: "Let the miners be as considerate as they are strong and accept the Government Bill . . . they ought to accept Parliament's assurances . . . etc." But these assurances, we know, are absolutely worthless. If there were any faith to be reposed in them, the strike would not only never have occurred, but it would never have been necessary. These creatures do not yet realise that the strike has been necessitated precisely by the bankruptcy of Parliament. They and their precious colleagues have run politics so effectively that after six years of their twaddle wages have declined by seventeen per cent. and an industrial movement has been rendered necessary to recover them. To ask the miners now to trust the very instrument that has already failed them is to ask them to emulate the Psalmist's dog. Only lunatics or worse would urge the miners to any such suicidal course. Not satisfied, however, with joining the "Daily Mail" in urging the men to be kind and considerate to their employers, Mr. Mallon conducts a kind of anti-Socialist and Red Peril campaign in the pages of the "Labour Leader." "State ownership of the mines," he says, "would be costly and precarious"; and in any event it is "not feasible." What else could Sir William Bull and the "Standard" say? Rats!

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Pursuing our own attempt to clear up the muddle, we have now arrived at the point that the men's schedule as it stands is a vital factor in the dispute. By its concession as a whole the question of victory or defeat will be determined. But behind the question of the schedule is the question of the safeguards to be provided for each side; and here we reach, perhaps, the knottiest problem of the trinity. It is our habit, we hope, both to see things fairly and to state them fairly; and in this matter of safeguards we candidly admit that at the first blush the masters have a plausible case. As stated in the Press and re-echoed wherever men congregate, the masters claim that in return for a guaranteed minimum wage the men should guarantee a minimum output. A fair day's work for a fair day's wage appears, on the face of it, to be a formula sanctified by justice, and whoever approaches the subject without prejudice and dismisses it without reflection will certainly conclude that in demanding guarantees for guarantees the masters are

dealing fairly with the men. The "Times," for example, is convinced from its knowledge of the men that they "will see the reasonableness of guaranteeing a minimum output [observe the word] for a minimum wage." True it falls a moment later into a flat contradiction, for it adds that "the experiment of a Minimum Wage will be a costly and disastrous one for the country." But the anti-climax and contradiction are not now under discussion. The principle of the Minimum Wage is established, the schedule is, or is about to be, established, and the question is one of safeguards for the masters. Now the significant word in the formula as quoted is the word "output." What is demanded by the coalowners and what at first sight appears fair to everybody is that in return for a guaranteed minimum wage the miners should guarantee a minimum output; but of what? Of coal? Our readers at least will see that such a guarantee would not only nullify every single contention of the men in regard to the principle of the Minimum Wage, but it would actually leave untouched the whole cluster of questions relating to abnormal places, difficult seams, defects of wagons, and a score of other varying circumstances. The whole dispute, indeed, has arisen on the very fact that under abnormal conditions men simply cannot, whatever their efforts, make the same output that under normal conditions would entitle them to a fair wage. A guaranteed output, in short, in return for a guaranteed Minimum Wage is an evasion of the very issue of the dispute; in effect it is the restoration of payment by results and differs in no material sense from the present system of piece work.

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Since there is so much pleading about we may as well roll our tub and plead with our readers—journalists and politicians in particular—to re-examine their demand for a guaranteed minimum output. It is not a just demand; it is not a demand compatible with the principle of the Minimum Wage; above all, its concession would do nothing to settle the dispute. What we have discovered is in the minds, though not on the pens, of these apparently fair disputants, is a demand, not for a guaranteed minimum output that can be measured by the number of tons of coal raised per man, but for a guaranteed individual minimum *effort*—which is a very different thing, requiring to be both measured and safeguarded differently. Read in this way the demand certainly seems to us to be fair; a guaranteed minimum effort in return for a guaranteed minimum wage. Nobody can possibly object to this, for it is the principle of fair service all the world over, and would apply if mines were nationalised to-morrow as it applies to-day when they are privately owned. The only questions, therefore, are how this fair effort is to be measured and how it is to be safeguarded. On this subject discussion promises to be as fruitful as it is inevitable. In the first place, it may be at once stated that "management" is the key to this problem. Mine-managers with whom we have discussed the question assure us that in reality there will be no difficulty. Shirking is as hard to conceal in a mine as in an office. Laymen, unfamiliar with the working of coal-mines, are inclined to exaggerate the difficulties of efficient superintendence. But any manager worth his salt (and they are usually worth more) knows perfectly well to within an ounce or two what efforts are being made by every man under his charge—and this whether his "output" is much or little. Indeed, it is well known that in some instances managers themselves are ashamed to have to pay a man a small wage for a large and honest effort. Except in the case of the actual coal-getters, of course, this payment by results apart from effort does not prevail. A considerable number of wage-paid men about the mine, are, in fact, already paid for honest superintended effort, and we are assured that in the case of the actual miners the difficulties of superintendence will prove to be easily overcome. As we said before, the coalowners can always change their managers, and the managers can always sack their men. That is safeguard enough for any employer worth being safeguarded.

We confess, however, that this easy solution of the problem does not entirely satisfy us. In reply to the masters' claim for guarantees, it appears to us unanswerable; but in reply to what is or what ought to be the men's claim it does not carry us very far. After all, the problem underlying the present, and destined to underlie many a future problem, is the distribution of the total product of labour among the legitimate partners of industry. It is comparatively easy to prove that the Minimum Wage under slightly improved management will probably enlarge rather than diminish the output of coal from the mines; and in any event prices will certainly be raised on the assumption that the cost of production has been increased. In other words, the establishment of the Minimum Wage will do nothing to reduce profits and royalties and only a little to improve wages; prices, on the other hand, will be distinctly worsened for the public. Add to this the fact that the men under more efficient superintendence and with a minimum wage to earn will probably be speeded up while in their prime and dismissed at the first sign of failing strength, and their new case will certainly appear no improvement on their old. Whatever, therefore, the immediate assurance of the managers that the Minimum Wage will be easy to administer, may be, the conclusion must be reached that such a settlement will not be and ought not to be final. Until the men themselves are the administrators, under the sovereign control of the State, of their own affairs, from the head-manager down to the pony-boys, no settlement ought to be regarded as final. Patch up this present dispute as we may, if the miners are men and not beasts they will not cease from mental strife until they have established this justice. In the meanwhile, with tinkers for statesmen and thieves for masters, we must expect no more for the present than a temporary working compromise.

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No more, but, as events are going, the result may be even less. We observed last week that the men's leaders were taking things remarkably easy, as if they expected ripe figs to drop into their mouths. This patience, so wise, perhaps, in the case of the Government, will prove perilous if not fatal in the case of the men. We may take it as axiomatic that the Government will do nothing except under compulsion. Certainly Mr. Asquith does not want to introduce a Minimum Wages Bill, still less a Nationalisation Bill. If he could have his own way the miners would resume work exactly where they left off minus their war-chest, the depletion of which would keep them quiet for several years to come. And time, unfortunately, is on Mr. Asquith's side. He has only, as the "Times" said, to play a waiting game to be assured of victory; that is, if the men remain content to play the same game. Instead of a swift decision and settlement, such as might conceivably have resulted from leaving the men and the masters to fight out their dispute alone, the Government has really introduced an element of delay. They have added that powerful general, Time, to the ranks opposed to the men. But to defeat General Time it is necessary that he should be seized by the forelock. We again urge the men's leaders to do something more than remain besieged while their supplies are running out. Surely passivity is not the only weapon they possess.

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Those publicists who are flirting with Co-partnership as the remedy for Labour troubles may be recommended to consider the latest annual report of the Blanzky mines in France. The "Daily Mail" Paris correspondent was content with informing his readers that since profit-sharing had been established in these mines the output had increased enormously, and the profits allocated to the men in addition to wages amounted last year to £60,000. One story is good until another is told; and the Paris correspondent of the "Daily Telegraph," writing on the same day, made mincemeat of the case for co-partnership artfully insinuated by the "Daily Mail." Profit-sharing, it seems, was established in the Blanzky mines after a strike in April, 1906. In the first year

the profits divided among the men amounted to £15,000; and this sum, as we have seen, has been quadrupled in five years. But in the same period the number of men employed has fallen by more than a thousand, though the output of coal has considerably increased. The men complain bitterly that, despite the profit-sharing, they are worse off than ever; for in order to earn their right to profits they have first to raise their output by a considerable percentage. To receive a bonus at all, in fact, they must earn both that and a bonus for the masters as well. The speeding up in the mines has in consequence been so strict that at the first hint of infirmity men are ruthlessly dismissed; and owing to the general recklessness accidents in the mines have increased by three hundred a year. When we remark that the sum of £60,000 is divided among 8,000 miners, the "bonus" does not appear sufficient to justify all this sweat and blood. Seven pound ten a year! Yet Lord Robert Cecil, Mr. Aneurin Williams, and their pottering friends will probably still continue to babble of profit-sharing.

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The luncheon to Mr. Asquith on Friday was unfortunately timed; for it is obvious that the Government is now in difficulties from which it cannot escape with its life. The accumulation of small grievances which every Government produces in its career has, in the case of the present Government, been heaped up until only the acephalous condition of the Unionists maintains Mr. Asquith in power another day. The time will come very soon—probably during the present summer—when even this will prove powerless to keep the Government in, and we shall be in the thick of a General Election in the autumn. Of the causes that have led to the downfall of Mr. Asquith's Government the greatest is undoubtedly the personality of Mr. Lloyd George. No Minister of the Crown has ever been so misguided, so insensible to criticism, so blatantly headstrong or so cynically corrupt. Speaking at the Opera House on Friday, Mr. Asquith was loyal enough to declare that the Cabinet had from the outset regarded the Insurance Bill as a liability rather than as an asset of popularity. But we must not interpret Mr. Asquith's loyalty in terms of truth; for the fact is that Mr. Lloyd George assured the Cabinet, and staked his reputation on it, that the Bill would prove to be popular. But how unpopular the Bill has already proved is only a pale indication of its unpopularity when once it starts working. We venture again to prophesy that under no circumstances can the Act be made to work. Wherever political discussions take place men are freely saying that they mean to have nothing to do with it. Come what may, the Act will not be carried out. Under these circumstances, it is sheer madness to continue as if the Act would one day become popular. Mr. Lloyd George has not only made the mistake of his life, but his colleagues of the Cabinet are perfectly well aware of it, and do not hesitate to tell him so in private. In the "Daily Telegraph" of Thursday there appeared an article in which these statements were set out and, as we happen to know, with ample authority. Therein Mr. Lloyd George was described as occupying in the Cabinet at this moment a position of isolation. Every one of his predictions had failed to be fulfilled; but, on the contrary, the worst fears of his colleagues, dinned into his stuffed ears last July, have been justified. He and he alone has wrecked the Cabinet. We do not quite agree with the conclusion that Mr. Lloyd George stands "a self-confessed failure." These statesmen of the Kingdom of Heaven have rarely sufficient honesty to admit that their inspiration has been at fault. Doubting God, they would probably call the wholesome confession of their human miscalculation.

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It must be admitted, however, that there are others equally obdurate to reason with Mr. Lloyd George. If any possible doubt exists that the Insurance Act was the greatest blunder committed by the Cabinet and, therefore, the main instrument of the series of Liberal defeats at by-elections, as well as of the grumblings in the Liberal lobbies which augur so badly for the Govern-

ment this summer, the statements by observers from without and within of the South Manchester election should remove it. "Every competent and fair-minded observer," said Mr. Asquith on Friday, "admits that these elections have been fought mainly on the Insurance Act." "The election in South Manchester," said the "Manchester Guardian," "was fought wholly and entirely on the Insurance Act." "The Insurance Act," said the "Times" correspondent, "undoubtedly helped the Unionist victory most." "The determining factor of the election," said the "Daily News," "was the Insurance Act." Yet Mr. Garvin in the "Pall Mall Gazette," writing for the American dollars of Mr. Astor, attributed the defeat of the Liberal candidate mainly to Home Rule and Welsh Disestablishment; and the "Times" in the same mitigating strain reluctantly confessed that the "Insurance Act had, no doubt, played its part." What, in the name of thunder, are these demented Unionists playing at? Here is an Act as unpopular as the other Poll-tax of 1381; an Act that manifestly and admittedly is capable of turning out the present Government even without their help; yet "the great intellectual asset" of the party, Mr. Garvin, is doing his best to bolster it up by pretending that it is not unpopular. We have said more than once that Mr. Garvin has been the evil genius of the Unionist Party; he is now becoming their daily disaster.

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Mr. Burns' appearance on Friday as a "great Londoner" reminds us that Mr. Burns has been lately forgotten as a "great Englishman." To whom, we ask, is it due that Mr. Burns, one of the ablest and certainly one of the few honest members of the Cabinet, has been silent during all the industrial and social crises of the past twelve months? The conclusion is forced on us that there exists a conspiracy among what we may call the abdominal members of the Cabinet to eject Mr. Burns from their detestable company. His Housing and Town Planning Bill was one of the epoch-making Acts in the evolution of English social culture. His splendid record as a Minister of Public Health is without a parallel in the history of public administration. On the single occasion on which he was allowed to intervene in industrial troubles he was instrumental in saving the Government from the horrible crime of sending soldiers down to the East End during the recent dock strike. Yet on the occasion of the Railway Strike last August and during the present mining labour trouble, the one man in the Cabinet who possesses first-hand acquaintance with the conditions of labour finds his natural office of mediator usurped by a disembowelled Welsh solicitor. It is impossible not to draw the inference from all the facts that Mr. Burns is being sacrificed in the interests of men like Mr. Lloyd George, Sir Edward Grey, and Mr. Churchill, men who ought to be proud to be allowed to black his boots. We may say with no fear of general contradiction that the first sign of Mr. Burns being made a political castaway to save the skins of these social mutineers will be at the same time a signal for their political demise. Mr. Burns has his faults, and a defect of moral courage, we do not hesitate to say, is one of them; but as an English representative he is in the centre of our national tradition. His ejection from the Cabinet, by whatever secret means, will be a blow to democracy.

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Whom the "Daily Telegraph" inadvertently describes as the "low officers of the Crown" have had their malign attention called to the Suffragettes as well as to the Syndicalists—and to the former first. It is quite certain that this latest device against the militant Suffragettes will prove to be an irritant rather than a sedative. If imprisonment without and with hard labour, in the third as well as in the first division, has proved useless, mere fines that can be easily evaded will be worse than useless. Indeed, it is probable that even though the public is rapidly losing its air of amused curiosity about the Suffragettes, the latter will be driven in desperation to yet more destructive means of "propaganda" than they have yet employed. To

be quite specific, we should not wonder if some politician is not shot before things have gone very much further. It is easy enough to blame the Suffragettes, and we have had occasion to contribute our share to the task of their criticism. They underestimated (and do still) the weight of the opposition, and incontinently adopted nagging long before they had concluded arguing. From first to last they have attempted to bear down opposition, even sympathetic opposition, by such brute force as they could command; with the result that the relations between themselves and the public can only be described as judicial separation. This isolation of a professedly public movement from the public is responsible for the manifest and increasing estrangement between the two parties. Whatever excellent reasons the Suffragettes may have had for their outburst last week, the public was not let into the secret. Nobody outside the conclave of the W.S.P.U. has the slightest notion why this particular moment was chosen for the new form of protest. On the contrary, from the public point of view the moment could not have been more inopportune. The Conciliation Bill was arriving, promises of at least public value had been given, and everybody was looking forward to a discussion, if no more, of the women's franchise. In addition, there was a strike in progress of which the issue might at any moment be civil war; and this was the moment chosen for demonstrating the desire of the W.S.P.U. for a share in public responsibility by breaking £4,000 worth of private tradesmen's windows.

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We confess that we do not understand the attitude of the W.S.P.U.; but we understand very well the attitude of the public and of the Government. This latter is purely masculine and, in so far as it is that, it is futile and ridiculous. Against hysterical women men have rarely any defence at all. They can plead, they can reason, they can bully, they can attempt to cajole, they can employ force; but what effect, we ask, have any or all these means? The Government, it will be seen, in its relations with the Suffragettes, has employed in turn each of these masculine confessions of incompetence. Pleading, reasoning, cajolery, fine, punishment, imprisonment—they have all been tried and they have all failed. Now nothing is more silly as a spectacle than a strong man politely attempting to suppress a weak but spirited woman, unless it be a strong man attempting the same end by force. Nobody in the world can regard women in this state either as political offenders or as criminals. Yet the Government, in its impotent strength, has allowed itself to treat the women in both these capacities. First they took the view—much to the Suffragettes' delight—that the movement was political, thereby admitting the very claim they were denying; and when that view failed they have taken the criminal view and are addressing the Suffragettes as conspirators, dangers to law and order, and all the rest of the bunkum. The fact is that the Government, being men, have failed to deal with the situation as it should be dealt with. Against women men are worse than useless. The proper means to employ is—women!

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We will not discuss at this moment the merits of Women's Suffrage as a practical political reform; it is obvious that these, whatever they may be, are unaffected by the orchestra of violent conduct that accompanies the demand. The immediate problem is to maintain public decorum among the Suffragettes until the discussion of the subject (by no means exhausted) is concluded. Quite opportunely comes to hand the latest Fabian tract: "Women and Prisons." Written by women, we may presume that the women's own view is represented in it. The concluding paragraphs contain a suggestion which in turn inspires another suggestion which may be of use to the public during the next few months. "Women," the writers say, "are already employed in this country in the detective service. When the whole police force is employed more extensively in the prevention than in the detection of crime . . . women's help will be increasingly needful. A women's auxiliary to the police force, as already in

operation in Germany, would be invaluable." Is there not an idea in that for our harassed police and civic governors? Let them instantly organise, with the assistance of the Anti-Suffragist Societies and the non-militant Suffrage Societies, a force of a few thousand women-police whose duties shall be solely confined to preventing militant Suffragettes from public offences. We need not enlarge on the advantages of the plan, still less upon the instant moral effect such a plan would probably have. But it would spare us the ignominy of watching a Government making worse than a fool of itself and the public a great deal of annoyance.

## Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

THOSE of us who take an interest in international affairs will be curious to know what Mr. Churchill will say about the new German naval programme. Indeed, we are likely to turn disdainfully away from such trifling matters as the Chinese Republic, Morocco, Turkey, and Persia, and to devote our attention to something nearer home. The naval estimates of Great Britain and Germany are now ready for publication as I write these words, and possibly the British estimates at least will have been published before what I am now setting down appears in print.

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Everybody is aware that for the last ten years the naval rivalry between this country and Germany has been unusually keen. Reams of articles have been written about it, and politicians of all shades of opinion have dealt with the problem in hundreds of speeches. The contrast was, to a cynical onlooker, amusing. Nietzsche or Schopenhauer, I forget which at the moment, once complained that the present age was lacking in will. The complaint is well established where England is concerned; but assuredly Germany knocks it on the head. Here the naval estimates vary from year to year, and are decided as a rule by the vicissitudes of political parties or the influence of one set of religious bigots as opposed to another. In Germany a definite plan was laid down, providing for naval expenditure over a decade. The plan remained in force there irrespective of political faction or the quarrels and jealousies of statesmen. The Germans were determined to have a powerful navy; and the people, following the lead of those in authority, saw to it that nothing stopped them. Pacifist speeches were made by cranks in both countries. Municipal visits were exchanged. British Cabinet Ministers went over to Germany with honeyed words on their lips, German Burgomasters came over here on return visits, and everyone spoke glibly of the ties that bound the two great nations. Socialism spread, or appeared to spread, in Germany, and the Wilhelmstrasse suffered more than one diplomatic defeat. Yet in spite of all this the Navy Bill was carried out to its bitter end, and the only complaint made against it was that it did not provide for a sufficiently large number of ships.

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Liberal M.P.'s have been anxiously waiting for 1913 to show some change in the situation. Surely, they appeared to think, after all the speeches that have been made, and the progress of the doctrine of arbitration during the last few years, these wicked Germans cannot possibly go on with their warlike preparations—they must sooner or later make an end of this gigantic expenditure on armaments. And so on: you have heard it dozens of times. But did the German will weaken; did the Germans seek to curtail their naval expenditure when the time came? Not a bit of it. I must confess that their proposed estimates surprised even myself, although I had already been informed that some increase was inevitable.

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The new German scheme is a more direct menace than ever to British supremacy at sea. The High Sea Fleet is to have an additional squadron, making three instead of the previous two. This third squadron is to be a new "striking force," and it is to be kept fully

manned throughout the year. Furthermore, it will be stationed in, or, at any rate, close to, the North Sea. The personnel is to be raised to 80,000 men. And not only does the scheme include a fresh series of Dreadnoughts, but it provides also for a large number of submarines.

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This last item is important and merits a word or two of comment. In the event of war, most experts now agree—in view of the lessons of the Russo-Japanese war and the Spanish-American war—that the big ships are not likely to be brought into action for a few days after hostilities have broken out. Cruisers, torpedo-boats, and submarines are likely to bear the brunt of the early fighting. The British Navy is deficient in cruisers and torpedo-craft, and we are not yet in a position to boast of the number of our submarines. The Germans, however, with their customary thoroughness, have given a fair share of their attention to this branch of the subject.

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Now, the financial aspect of this question is one that will have to be carefully studied. The British Government tried so far back as 1908 to set the example in the reduction of armaments, an example to which Germany replied by laying down four Dreadnoughts a year. When Lord Haldane went to Berlin the other day it was intimated that if Germany were willing to follow a good example Great Britain would once again take the lead in cutting down the naval estimates. Mr. Churchill, for several reasons, arranged to do so, and the Germans have replied by a larger programme, a more menacing programme, than ever. Such tenacity, in the face of all kinds of obstacles at home and abroad, cannot but command our approval. To study a problem, to reach a decision about it, and then to carry a resolve into effect at all costs: this shows a frame of mind which, in an age of weakness and shilly-shallying, is bound to win. I repeat, a nation with this frame of mind is bound to win—unless . . .

\* \* \*

Well, unless we meet it with similar tenacity. Have we still our "two keels to one" frame of mind? Or have we dropped it for something less expensive and equally good? We have dropped it, not because we have found something equally good, but because we cannot go on as we are doing without approaching a financial crisis. Our credit is still good, our trade is good; we are a prosperous people, I suppose, in spite of strikes and the murmurs of labour discontent. Still, the fact remains that we cannot raise much money, and that is the plain truth. If we wish to keep pace with Germany's naval expenditure it looks as if we should have to borrow. I do not recollect at the moment of writing by what amount our Civil Service estimates have gone up within the last five or six years or so, but the figure is very large. What it will be like if the Insurance Act ever comes into operation I do not care to contemplate. There is a limit even to the super-tax; and I know that some of our leading financiers are concerned over our position as a money-Power. It is quite on the cards that we may live to see history repeating itself in an odd way. Just as many British sovereigns turned to the French kings for gold in cases of necessity, so we may see the people of this country turning to the people of France for a trifling loan—just a hundred millions or so to tide us over.

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There are people who profess to believe that Mr. Churchill is a patriot and that we may look to him to deal drastically with the new state of affairs. I think I know Mr. Churchill, and exactly the kind of drastic treatment that we may expect from him. He will do precisely what he believes to be popular for the moment, especially as he is now trying to bunker Mr. Lloyd George's chances of securing the Premiership. Whether he will take the wide and deep view of things that is taken in Germany is another matter. Yet it is on this that our safety as a nation depends: a matter to which I may deem it advisable to return in succeeding articles.

## The Yelp of the Merchant Service.

It is now possible to review the progress of a revolution in thought as belated as it is salutary: the birth of the idea of solidarity in the rank-and-file of the Mercantile Marine of this country.

The attention of the public has been momentarily drawn to the shocking and incredible disabilities imposed upon the miserable beings who fill the forecastles of merchant ships. I refer to the Seamen's Strike of last year. The public learned with stupefaction that many of the scandals of the navy in Smollett's day have been perpetuated in merchant ships to the present time, and that Johnson's "snap-judgment," that going to sea was like going to gaol with the added prospect of being drowned, has lost none of its pertinence when applied to many vessels flying the red ensign in 1912.

The attention of the public, however, was so engrossed with the tragic tale of the Seamen's Union and the subsequent discovery that strikes meant a possible shortage of food, that the conditions of life at sea for the officers of the Merchant Service totally eluded their notice. Indeed, it is becoming notorious that of all nations that on earth do dwell, the Britisher knows and cares less than any of the means by which his very sustenance is brought to his door. The vice in him is not his ignorance, but his ineradicable lack of interest. The briefest conversation with any of the passenger public leads one of the cloth to wonder where they have been educated. Shipowners themselves are very little better in this respect. The Press has laboured successfully to inculcate the idea that to deprive Hampstead of Danish butter and Clapham of Irish milk was an atrocity worthy only of Socialists and Trade Unionists. Consequently, when the men ignored owners, officers and public, when they struck hard and fastened their teeth into the one prime object of their desires, to wit, higher wages—and got it—the merchant ship officer, opening his mouth to make his own modest yelp, suddenly remembered his respectability and "loyalty," and his voice dried up in his throat. He shuddered and was silent. But his fears were groundless, for nobody heard the yelp he did not utter. Only a few clear-sighted observers in his own ranks realised how nearly he had sacrificed all his cherished notions of bourgeois respectability and separateness from the proletariat, and how narrowly the public had escaped one of the greatest and most needed reforms of modern times. After some months of careful consideration, I can state with clear conviction that, had the sixty odd thousand officers and engineers of the Service thrown in their lot with the men last summer, had they stood solid for a month, the owners would have been compelled in self-defence to sell out their property to the Government, and we should now be discussing, in and out of Parliament, the details of nationalising the Mercantile Marine.

But such a course was too heroic for the gentlemen concerned. Instead, they held their tongues and earned golden encomiums from their employers for their "loyalty" and their really marvellous efforts to break the Seamen's Strike. Ship after ship left the docks in Glasgow manned only by mates and engineers, the master at the wheel, the chief engineer in the stokehold "on the fires," and proceeded slowly and dangerously down to the Tail of the Bank, where the Federation "Scab Ship" lay with her noisome crowd of agricultural labourers and out-of-works from the great ports of Birmingham and Leeds. I believe that only the knowledge among sailors and firemen that they can now hold up owners when they please has prevented them from acts of violence against the men who strove to render their privation and despair last August null and void.

It is just here, however, that the great revolution in thought which I mentioned becomes apparent; or, at any rate, demonstrable. True as the above facts are, I am not at all sure that the officers of the Mercantile Marine, sixty thousand trained and certificated men, would behave in August, 1912, as they did in August, 1911. The reason is, as I have said, the growth of solidarity, the development of the social sense among

them. This solidarity has been vigorously augmented by (1) efficient management of their organisations and (2) the evasive or contemptuous replies which those organisations have received from shipping firms and corporations.

There are four main bodies which claim to represent the desires of the officers of the Mercantile Marine. Placed in order of importance, they are as follow:—

- (1) MERCHANT SERVICE GUILD, consisting solely of certificated deck-officers.
- (2) MARINE ENGINEERS' ASSOCIATION, consisting of sea-going engineers, irrespective of certificates of competency.
- (3) MERCANTILE MARINE ASSOCIATION, consisting of officers and engineers.
- (4) SHIPMASTERS' PROTECTION ASSOCIATION.—A similar body to (1), with a smaller area of activity.

Nos. (1) and (2) are the only ones that need detain us at present, since they enrol the bulk of the officers at sea. Both are admirably managed and fully alive to the need of incessant self-advertisement to accomplish their aims. Both, moreover, have one fatal defect in their methods. They proclaim, in the words of the Merchant Service Guild, that one of their objects is "*the promotion of cordial relations between officers and shipowners.*" In this phrase lies their whole failure to accomplish anything for their members which can stand beside the increase of wages obtained by the men last year. Their attitude for years has been one of gentlemanly supplication, until the strike, when they exchanged it for one of truckling toadyism, since when they have lost no opportunity to approach the Shipping Federation and the managers of the various combines with this formula, only less frankly worded: "We helped to break the Seamen's Strike; please give us a trifle to remember you by." It is a sign of the deplorable degeneration of morale and intellect that neither the executives of the various organisations nor the officers with whom I have discussed this matter can see anything deplorable in this mean and despicable attitude.

The policy of fostering cordial relations with shipowners, however, has of late received some staggering shocks. A number of owners have intimated bluntly that they will tolerate no third party interference between their employees and themselves, forgetting for the moment that in many ports their ships could not be manned save from the offices of the Union, while their own Federation offices remain empty and forlorn. The Federation itself, hardly even now recovered from the knock-down blow of last summer, when approached by the various bodies enumerated above, replied courteously and at great length, laying stress on the valuable services rendered during the labour troubles by officers and engineers, and expressing a desire to give every consideration to any suggestions, and so forth, which document excited a mild excitement among the quondam strike-breakers for a few months. It is instructive to the student to note here that in almost every case in which increases of salary have been granted to officers, the reason given is *acknowledgment for services against the seamen last year*. The nature of these increases may be gauged by the fact that, even now, the steward of a ship is receiving higher wages and certainly more money than the junior officer whose lamps he cleans and whose bed he makes. Not long since I made a voyage as junior engineer in a chilled-meat boat, and discovered a German greaser in the refrigerating department with a salary equal to my own. The "increases" mentioned in the Press, then, may be dismissed as the merest sops to a twin-headed Cerberus who is only just awaking to the possibility of biting as well as growling. Even the lamb-like complaisance of the officers' organisations seems unable to outlive the continual evasions and gentle regrets of the Federation. It may be surmised that the Federation have no other object in listening to complaints and giving soft words than to gain time, to collect their scattered wits and consolidate their resources.

Reverting to the conditions under which the uncer-

tificated crew labour, it should be noted that a remarkable improvement in the quality of that labour has become apparent since the strike, particularly among Britishers. Since the strike I have made it a rule to enrol firemen solely among Union men, and the class of men now available, as regards behaviour, sobriety, and ability, is conspicuously superior to the disorderly rabble which infested the Federation offices, and from whom I had formerly to select my men. In a former article I stated that Union officials never, to my knowledge, took any trouble to attend ships leaving to ensure the presence of the crew. This is now a common thing, and bids fair to form a very efficient control over men who habitually fail to join. This improvement in British seamen should be insisted on, inasmuch as an article has been recently given wide publicity in a monthly magazine, in which it is stated, with the signed approval of Admiral Fremantle, that Britishers do not go to sea because the foreigners shipped keep the quarters in the fore-castle in a filthy condition. This is diametrically the reverse of the truth. I have received complaints from foreigners concerning the dirty habits of Britishers, but never vice-versa. Greeks, Turks, Italians and half-breed negroes are among those whom we have remarked as unusually clean and tidy. On the Clan Line steamers out of Glasgow, who carry coolies, the quarters are far more cleanly and sumptuous than some tramp owners provide for their officers. Owing to the system under which seamen have been employed none but the most desperate and dissolute of Britishers have been available. Now that wages are on the up grade—and I am assured by Union men that they will strike time after time until they receive wages commensurate with their work—a new and more orderly class of men are applying for jobs. But, unless their officers continue to open their minds to the ideas of solidarity and community of interest with the men which have already gained entrance, we shall shortly see ships leaving port with officers at salaries less than those of the men who trim the coal and cook the food.

(Second Engineer) WILLIAM MCFEE.

Seriphos, Greece.

## "Our Useless Prisons."

By One who has Tried Them.

BRavo Dr. Devon! The recent review of his book shows that it is a great work. He speaks for those who cannot speak for themselves, and who need the championship of a sane, strong spokesman, more than our modern Ishmaels. "Criminal types," indeed! Criminal fiddlesticks! The crime that our law is mostly down on is poverty. I have slept on a plank bed and I know. The prisons are peopled by the unfortunate poor. True, here and there we find exceptions: occasionally an educated man or woman gets into prison. But mark this closely, with the exception of murderers, perhaps, all rich criminals get into financial difficulties and lose their social positions before their crimes are discovered. Just go over the cases of fraud and forgery that you can remember, and see if it is not invariably true that if the criminal had not been financially unfortunate his crime would never have been discovered.

It is the unfortunate company promoter who stands his trial for jerrymandering the books. The successful man forgets the seamy side to his career, the narrow squeaks, the times when it was almost "touch and go." He is invited to Y.M.C.A. meetings, and such like, to lecture on "The Secret of Success," or "How to get on." And he lays great stress on the virtues of "Honesty" and "Industry." "I attribute all my success in life to the fact that I was always honest and straightforward in my dealings." (Loud applause.) And he says it so unctuously with his right hand on his left breast, that he almost persuades one that he believes it. Oh Hypocrisy, thy name is Success. Then they make him a J.P. to sentence the little thieves. As Scrooge says, in a deep bass voice, about Christmas, "Humbug!"

Nearly twenty years ago I discussed this question of

a criminal type with one of Manchester's foremost and broadest-minded physicians, Sir W. J. Sinclair, who quoted with approval Lombroso, just then making a stir. "But, doctor," I said, "all these criminologists start out with the theory that the criminal is born, not made, and consciously or unconsciously they make the facts fit in with the theory." I pointed out that Lombroso cited the Anarchists executed at Chicago in 1887 as criminal types, because most of them had the lobes of the ears missing. Now, although several of these men were hanged, their offence was political, and after Lombroso's book appeared, a fresh judicial inquiry had revealed the fact that they were unjustly condemned, and their colleagues who were not executed, but sentenced to imprisonment for life, had been pardoned. This seemed to me to dispose of the "missing lobe" theory. Professor Sinclair shook his head as I objected to professional criminologists, and said, "Ah, but no one else can collect the data to theorise upon."

A celebrated artist being once asked, somewhat impertinently, what he mixed his colours with, replied "brains." Not a bad ingredient to mix with "data," and Dr. Devon has done it. I am sure of that from my own experience of police-court and prison. Eighteen years ago, I, with others, had a difference of opinion with the police as to the right of public meeting, and was hauled up before the "beak." When I surrendered to my bail I had ample opportunity of observing Justice as she is administered, and I discovered that it is all a business, and a very sordid business at that.

For instance, a small boy would be placed in the dock charged with some trivial offence, perhaps playing football in the streets, a burly constable would give evidence that in consequence of shopkeepers' complaints he had been placed on special duty, and had captured the defendant. Defendant denies playing football, and was only watching other boys when constable arrested him. Defendant's mother, a respectable woman, tearfully affirms that he had not left home ten minutes when arrested. Magistrates, evidently impressed and inclined to sympathise; the chairman commences to say, "If we let you go this time will you promise us—" Up pops the magistrates' clerk—there is no sentiment about him, he has to make the show pay; it's the costs he's after—a whispered consultation, and the chairman announces, "Hum! Ah! We dismiss this case on payment of costs." Not much to the magistrates perhaps, but 3s. 6d. or 5s. is a good deal to the careworn mother, especially as she feels that Johnnie is an innocent lamb, the best boy about the neighbourhood.

Then comes a string of Magdalens. Young woman placed in dock, constable gives evidence of arrest for accosting. Young woman, asked occupation, replies "Prostitute," apparently oblivious of the fact that she has pleaded guilty by that reply. Fined forty shillings and costs—the inevitable costs—and turned out to earn more money in the same way. I saw many cases of this description.

Another incident interested me. There were several persons charged with being drunk and disorderly. Before being called on they stood together protesting innocence, and complaining of police ill-usage. One of their number who had been there before thus advised them. "If this is your first time here, let me give you a tip. Agree to all the copper says, and say that you are sorry. You will get seven days. If you contradict him the magistrates won't believe you, and you will get a month." Observation of the subsequent proceedings justified this statement.

My trial and sentence came, and then a close, stifling ride in "Black Maria" took me to the prison yard, where a number of us were handed over like parcels and a receipt duly signed.

Then commenced a life of starvation, physical, mental and moral. I was so hungry the whole time that I habitually wet my finger and picked up any stray bread-crumbs which might have dropped on the table or floor.

Solitary confinement is a terrible thing. John Galsworthy's "Justice" does not exaggerate its effects. It is calculated to upset the strongest man's mental balance. The desire to speak to someone on terms of



equality becomes so overpowering that prisoners risk punishment to indulge it whenever opportunity offers. When half a dozen of us were going to the bath in Indian file, and the warder stepped forward to unlock a door, the man in front of me would suddenly turn round and ask, "How long are you doing?" and then as suddenly wheel back again, without an answer, to face the warder. My greatest solace when solitude wearied, and I detected a tendency to talk aloud to myself, was to repeat all the best poetry that I had memorised.

I attended chapel, but the services were very poor stuff, mental and spiritual "skilly" in fact.

Though, as Dr. Devon says, there may not be much "discoverable insanity" amongst prisoners, the above conditions are not conducive to physical and mental health. I have heard prison warders boast that they could tell an ex-prisoner wherever they met him by the "gaol-bird" look in his eyes, and I am inclined to believe them. For I noticed that prison seemed to damp the intelligence in a man's eyes, and replace it with a look of low cunning, which seemed so common as to justify the term "gaol-bird look."

Some idea of the prisoner's outlook could be gleaned from the outside of the tin vessels in which meals were provided. Although a punishable offence, the authorities cannot prevent these cans from being scratched all over with messages which cannot be erased. "Roll on such a date," and exhortations to "Cheer up, boys of such a gang" are frequently seen; and promises of beef and beer at the end of a period of detention are very common among the men.

Some of the women's tins came my way, too, their former users bursting into rhyme, and promising to male prisoners, whom they sometimes name, beef, beer, tobacco, and more intimate indulgences. One meal provided was, according to regulations,  $3\frac{3}{4}$  ozs. of haricot beans, and  $\frac{1}{2}$  oz. of fat bacon. This inspired an artist, who sketched on one side of his can a warder holding a plate of beans, and underneath was written, "Puzzle. Find the bacon." On the other side was a figure labelled "Storekeeper," who was slyly slipping a piece of bacon into his coat-tail pocket. I saw many of these tin cans and read the inscriptions with interest, but only one did I find of a religious tendency, and that one was "Damn the fat warder." I did not know the fat warder, but in a spirit of comradeship I breathed a fervent Amen. One must be sad to see in the exercise yard boys of fifteen or sixteen years of age, some of whom were imprisoned for "loitering" at railway station approaches. I saw some of these boys outside, and on questioning them they frankly avowed their dishonesty. They said they went to the station to carry parcels or luggage for passengers, if caught they were arrested, fined and imprisoned for loitering. "We have to go to prison anyway," they said; "we might as well pinch sommat as go for nowt." The logic of this reply is as stern as its morality is lax.

Yes, the law presses hardly on the poor, because they are poor. The modern prison turns out a weak man weaker, a poor man poorer. It is useless, but could be made both useful and productive. The spirit of cynicism is again abroad. Recently-appointed judges are inflicting long sentences, and the brutal and brutalising lash, whilst protesting against the sentimentality of the age.

All the more need, therefore, for a staunch humanist like Dr. Devon, to rise superior to professional prejudice and official complacency, and, with knowledge and sympathy, plead for the common-sense treatment of the inmates of our prisons. More power to him.

"Treb."

## The Bubble of Eugenics.

By G. W. Harris.

THE unfortunate proclivity displayed by Adam in the justly celebrated Garden of Eden, which induced him to label all the animals that ever were, seems to have become an everlasting possession of the human race. Any suburban collection of aspiring individuals invariably calls itself by some high-sounding name, and every

little charlatan proclaims himself the forerunner of a great movement providing that the same has some outlandish title. The Eugenics Society, which is delightfully puffed by various splendid specimens of humanity, is, perhaps, the crudest and most amusing example of this peculiar tendency. Hiding themselves behind the ægis, or perhaps under the ægis, of the late Sir Francis Galton, they produce authoritative articles on the subject of marriage, about which they are better informed than anyone else in the world. It is interesting that the loudest "boasters" are those whose original contributions to this profound subject are at present non-existent. It is all very well to think "eugenically" and to speak of the "cher maître," but it is scarcely sufficient as an exposition of that blessed word "eugenics." The amusing supporters of this crude doctrine—if such it may be called—possess a naïveté that is painful, though entertaining. We remember that the eminent Plato made some observation about the selection of guardians, which were far better expressed even than the remarks of the present journalistic eugenists; but nothing has come of it, and Plato was, at least, an original thinker and no sponge-like absorber of other people's ideas.

The brilliant suggestion that doctors should be empowered to give certificates of suitability for marriage would be quite cheerfully accepted were we once certain that doctors had even a mediocre idea of their own business. Medicine is in such a complete state of chaos at present; it is still confronted by the necessity of discerning a cure for cancer, syphilis, and pulmonary consumption that we can scarcely feel confident of the judgment of the ordinary medico on the right of anyone to marry. Least of all should we listen to the puerile theories of practitioners whose practice has never emerged from the land where the Dodo reclines in soporiferous nothingness. Before we entrust enthusiastic medical eugenists with our own private selection of a wife we will ask them to show us their works. The Mendelian theories—boomed by the eugenist charlatans—if they contain any truth, lead one at least to the conclusion that good may possibly come out of evil, and that the decision of a medical comedian is quite beside the mark. This is an attempt to foist upon an unsuspecting public a more impertinent and interfering doctrine than was ever imagined by the most casuistical Churchman. Doctors knew nothing about love, and it seems that their desire to usurp the position of the Almighty God Eugenics should only be treated as a somewhat feeble attempt at a medical joke. The attraction of one particular man for one particular woman is and probably will always be a mystery. As to the good of the race and all the highfalutin balderdash which froths from the lips of effusive eugenists, that is a question that cannot be solved at present. Whether the ideal man should be a serious physical coward with a sponge-like brain seems to us a question which does not deserve an answer. But we do desire the eugenist bubble-blowers to mind their own business and to remember that speech, though golden, when it appears in columns of print, is not necessarily of the same value in practical politics.

### WINE OF THE WEST.

ROUND and sweet those apples grew,  
Destined for the cider brew,  
Gathered swift in dawn and dew—  
In punnet tumbled.

Pounds the mill a-squash and slow:  
Rending rind, and juice to flow—  
Lies the fruit in beaten row,  
The ferment waiting.

Now the liquor's close in cask,  
Soaken well with brewings past;  
Till the spill goes in at last—  
The thirsty tempting.

Sun-browned lad, come bring your maid;  
Sit you in the tavern's shade.  
"Ye dare na kiss me, Will," she said,  
The wine a-drinking.

H. H. HENRY.

## Eupeptic Politicians.

By J. M. Kennedy.

### II.—Mr. Masterman's Diagnosis.

IT will be granted that we may call the Christian pessimistic and the pagan optimistic if we consider the matter from this point of view: men of the type of Principal Edwards fix their attention primarily on the future. They turn their gaze towards the present, not to suggest adequate remedies for any evils they may see, but simply for the purpose of noting that there are evils—evils which, in their opinion, will vanish with the millennium. This naturally leads to an entire disregard of reality, to the building of castles in the air; to idealism. The Christian idealist, in other words, takes so pessimistic a view of the present world that he has to devise a fictitious one. Only men whose minds can be called pagan can afford to face reality. They alone are optimistic enough to be able to live in the present. By doing so they are competent to deal with the problems of the present, which consequently means that they are forced to think of the immediate future and not of some far-off idealistic future. And when dealing with problems of the present they naturally feel called upon to fake the past into account, maintaining in this way an unbroken tradition from generation to generation.

In all branches of art these men of pagan mentality have come to be known as classicists; for a sense of reality and the maintenance of tradition are characteristic features of classic authors. Artists of Christian mentality, if what almost amounts to a contradiction in terms may be allowed to pass, have since Nietzsche's day come to be known as romanticists. The epithet really began with Heine, who was the first to show that the romance-writers of the Middle Ages, chiefly inspired by Christianity, lost the classical sense of reality and sought to live in unreal worlds, thereby, ipso facto, losing another classical characteristic by breaking away from tradition. Like the modern Christian, represented in an extreme form, perhaps, by the Baptist, they were too pessimistic to live in this world, and they were able to become optimists only by leaving it and inventing another for themselves.

It is true that Principal Edwards, whose words I quoted last week, is an extreme type; but, as he is a clergyman, we cannot grumble if he takes the theological point of view. Men can be made "better," he thinks, and when we are all willing to turn over a new leaf they will improve. We do not find this doctrine set forth in so many words by laymen like Mr. Masterman and Professor Hobhouse; but their point of view is nevertheless exactly the same. Both the latter agree that man's nature can be improved; both would no doubt deny that religion necessarily enters into the expected improvement. Mr. Masterman, for example, specifically lays stress upon the new "spirit" of improvement in ch. viii of his "Condition of England":—

Lives insurgent and confined may take delight in the vision of strange countries and far horizons. . . . But to the general such emotions must remain a passion vicariously experienced. We must seek elsewhere for a spirit, expressing itself through literature, to which any large proportion of the citizens of the twentieth century can respond. It must be a spirit which will reveal the present as itself satisfying, apart from unknown to-morrows and dead yesterdays. It must stand independent of all attainments of political and social changes, as something by which human life will find itself ennobled, when all the old wrongs are righted and an economic basis of possible existence secured for all. . . . Indications towards such a new inspiration are not lacking in Europe or America. They are found in the works of such a writer as Whitman, with his ecstasy at the "ever-returning miracle of the sunrise," the love of ferries and crowds, cities and men, and all the beauty of the world. A more exotic but still hopeful creed is that of

Maeterlinck, with his delight in the white road and the silence of the night and the splendour of the sunset, his vision of a humanity whose hearts will grow more gentle with the weather, absorbed in persuading the earth to bring forth ever more marvellous treasures of fruit and flowers.

Mr. Masterman makes a reservation here which is worth noting: the spirit must "reveal the present as itself satisfying, apart from unknown to-morrows and dead yesterdays." At first one is inclined to think that he is on the right track. Unlike Principal Edwards, Mr. Masterman is actually devoting some attention to the present; but unfortunately it is impossible to "reveal the present" as itself satisfying. If we do this there will be no stimulus towards change, even towards such improvement as Mr. Masterman and his friends look forward to. In truth, the particular emphasis here laid on the present means nothing more than an indication that the writer of the phrase is content with the old Liberal doctrine that tradition does not count, that we need pay no attention to precedent, and that posterity in its turn need pay no attention to us. We are to live and die from day to day, overlooking the fact that tradition—reliance on the past as well as provision for the future—is a nation's very breath of life, that a nation is comprised not merely of the men of the present but men of the future and the past. This remark, of course, applies still more to humanity as a whole. There can be no spirit of change, whether for better or worse, that does not take into account both yesterday and to-morrow as well as to-day. The theological error is to neglect both yesterday and to-day in favour of to-morrow; Mr. Masterman's error is to neglect both yesterday and to-morrow in favour of to-day. In either case the view of society and humanity thus revealed is narrow and incomplete.

In telling us that he sees traces of a new spirit in Europe and America Mr. Masterman writes himself down an idealist of exactly the same type as Principal Edwards; there is only a difference of degree. And this would appear to be the only remedy, if we can call it so, that the author of the "Condition of England" has to offer. His book is a diagnosis rather than a cure; but it is a diagnosis which, it seems to me, would result in Mr. Masterman's being "plucked" at any severe psychological examination. The style of the book will often remind the reader of Mr. Wells; but Mr. Wells writes with more freedom and more enjoyment. What I may be permitted to call Mr. Wells's sociological style may best be seen in "Tono Bungay" the second last paragraph of ch. ii, Part I, for instance, where George Ponderevo records his last impressions of Bladesover, or the conversation between George and Ewart in ch. iv of Part II. We have lengthy meandering sentences, words trotting along like a dog wandering down a street—now running from side to side, pausing anon at a lamp-post for a few brief seconds, sniffing suspiciously at a pillar-box, and finally turning round three times and flopping to a full stop. What is artistic garrulity in Mr. Wells, however, is often forced garrulity in Mr. Masterman.

As in the case of Mr. Wells, too, Mr. Masterman gives us a good phrase or two which sometimes becomes inartistic by standing out glaringly from the context; the part is greater than the whole. In writing of a City crowd, for example, he records his impression of "little white blobs of faces borne upon little, black, twisted or misshapen bodies"—a phrase that might have come straight from the author of "Kipps." But all this is not enough for us. Our moneyed classes, our landed gentry, our middle classes, our working classes, our lower classes: they have all been analysed and re-analysed, described and described again. As a record of facts and impressions Mr. Masterman's book is of some value. But his diagnosis is not sufficiently deep; his reflections are often banal; and he has no remedy for the evils he describes. Besides, he hurts the feelings of men of letters by misquoting Kipling twice towards the end of ch. v, and not correcting the error in the new edition of his book. To ascertain what remedies a real Liberal would propose for our sick civilisation we shall have to turn to Professor Hobhouse.

## Art and Drama in Dusseldorf and Berlin.

By Huntly Carter.

SHAW in Paris, Ibsen in Dusseldorf, Shakespeare in Berlin. Each one strangely enough in his place. I have long suspected Mr. Shaw of being a Frenchman under the mask of an Irishman. My suspicions were aroused by "Why He Lied to Her Husband," a French farce in English dress; they are confirmed by "Mrs. Warren's Profession," played at the Théâtre des Arts, Paris. Imagine Mr. Bernard Shaw in an Art Theatre. Imagine the author who has striven with feverish anxiety to prove that the only thing that matters in his plays is their ethical and social teaching, who has scoffed derisively at the worship of beauty, being hung with artistic votive offerings. There's Nemesis for you. Imagine, too, the ungainly "Mrs. Warren" trying to cultivate art for art's sake in the newest art principles, and exclaiming: "Lawks-a-mussy-me, how on earth can I flaunt my ugly affairs on this beauty spot, where everything is detached from the active business of existence? It ain't natchrool." Poor Mrs. Warren, sighing for the non-moral atmosphere of hell, banished to the vital beauty of heaven.

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"Mrs. Warren's Profession" is a product of the ethical-economic view of life. It is the outcome of a mind that delights in daring of a sort. We know of what the daring consists. How Mr. Shaw once conceived the notion of setting out to conquer the dramatic worlds. How at his command the altars of the false gods were to be shattered, temples levelled, immoral religions, creeds, and dogmas swept away. We have witnessed for some years the sight of Mr. Shaw running round that little hub of the universe, called London, and sprinkling it with the Shaw preparation of Condy's. The appalling sight affected us. We shivered. Mr. Shaw's daring was indeed terrible for London to behold.

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It is otherwise with Paris. At M. Rouche's comfortable theatre Mr. Shaw's diabolical bomb went off like a damp squib. It left the audience unmoved, perhaps a little bored, satisfied that Mr. Shaw is intellectual, but not illuminating, certainly convinced that "Mrs. Warren" is the most immoral play in Paris. In fact, French audiences are accustomed to this kind of fare. For years Frenchmen have been sprinkling Paris with the Shaw sort of daring, till at last Paris has ceased to take interest in it. More Frenchmen than one have attained success, even distinction, by the exploitation of suburban scandal, and have done so by consulting, not defying the taste of the spectator. Thus the spiritual or artistic treatment of the subject has played a great part in the success of their plays, which have been accordingly volatile and touched with the French sense of humour. "Mrs. Warren," though a French subject, is English in treatment. It is, throughout, in-artistic. To the Frenchman there is nothing so immoral as the inartistic.

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So the French audience understands Mr. Shaw and wonders greatly why he came to Paris. Even if he were originally born in Paris, that is no excuse for his return. He has been too long absent acquiring an Oxford and Cambridge accent and sense of humour. Moreover Paris has no use for a writer who has merely developed intellectually. For intellectuality is not the vital thing. Alone, it is something stranded and stagnant as the bank of the life stream (sometimes spelt art) which rewards it for its exclusiveness with "cut-direct." Likewise the French audience understands Mr. Shaw's play. They see nothing but humour in situations in which the English see nothing but scandal. To them there is only amusement in the situation of three men not knowing which of them is the father of

Mrs. Warren's daughter; in that, too, suggested by the parson's words: "If she is my daughter how can she marry my son?" They understand, also, the position of the man who being satisfied he is not the father of the girl he wants to marry, puts his proposal of marriage before the mother and offers to keep the latter. They understand, too, Mrs. Warren's statement that a woman with a temperament cannot live on 5s. a week. But they do not understand Viva's refusing to be helped by her mother in the last act. Nor what she is going to do without a lover. A girl without a lover? Either she is a damn fool, or the author who conceived her is one. Of course English people would wince at such matters, shiver at the play, call it amazingly daring and go home and worry about it. The French take it calmly, wonder why it is not treated as an Offenbach opera-bouffe, as Max Reinhardt rightly treated Mr. Shaw's "Antony and Cleopatra," and forget it.

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There is little to be said concerning the artistic decoration of the play. M. Rouche continues his policy of thoroughness, and artistically his theatre is the most interesting in Paris. He has handed "Mrs. Warren" over to M. Hermann-Paul, who has done his best with bad materials. In decorations and costumes M. Paul has sought intelligently to realise the importance of the relationship of line, colour, quality, shapes, action, proportion and to make everything in the ensemble united and continuous. If he has failed in his endeavour it is because the piece is so full of the banality of realism, so lacking in simplicity, so distorted as to offer no scope for direction of line and colour. There is nothing picturesque in the play, and it is a waste of time to seek to adapt it to the modern ideas of the stage picture. Its dominant note throughout is prostitution. The greatest genius in the world could not embroider impure material with pure line, colour and shapes.

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I was fortunate in seeing Ibsen played at Dusseldorf. Here, again, I was not concerned with the author so much as with the effect the author produces upon the German audience. It was an unaccustomed and astounding effect. To begin with the spectator at this artistic theatre appeared to be saturated with the Ibsen spirit. He entered the theatre quietly, was seated before the curtain rose, offered no applause, demanded no curtains, and at the conclusion of the play rose and quitted the theatre quietly. In fact, he treated the whole thing with a wonderful spirit of dignity and reverence. "Hedda Gabler" was the piece selected. The staging and acting were noticeable for the elimination of realistic details. It seems that Ibsen is being re-interpreted in Dusseldorf as a Symbolist, and his latest plays, especially "When We Dead Awaken," are being given symbolic settings. "Hedda Gabler" was, however, not staged symbolically.

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At the Deutsches Theatre, Berlin, I saw three representations of Shakespeare. Here, again, it was astonishing to note how closely the audience followed the author, and intelligently made him out. Perhaps it is due to the admirable method of production and the spirit of interpretation. Professor Reinhardt has an amazing insight into the festival spirit of the Shakespearean play. The Shakespearean audience wants this spirit, and, oddly enough, the German mind is ready to accept it. Moreover, Max Reinhardt has a decorator, Herr Ernst Stern, who also feels the festival spirit and expresses it in fresh and delirious colour. Thus one play at least, "Much Ado About Nothing," was a revelation in artistic treatment. Its fourteen scenes were ingeniously set at the same time on the revolving stage, thus solving the problems of act-division and quick changes of scene. The scenes were accordingly simple and impressive, a mere suggestion of a lofty hall or two box-trees and an infinite horizon, or a double row of old gold walls in perspective running out to a thin streak of blue, and so on. Is it not possible to compel London's actor-managers to go and study Herr Max Reinhardt's Shakespearean productions?



GIORGIONE S. SILVESTRE.

## An Affair of Honour.

By Carl Eric.

(Dedicated to Jerome K. Jerome and the late Mark Twain for their colossal ignorance of German student life.)

THE Kneipe was nearly over. The thin U-shaped table was covered with song-books, ash-trays, and dripping beer-mugs. Several of my Corpsbrüder had already departed with empty stomachs to crawl miserably to their rooms. Others lay about the house on chairs and tables and even on the chest in which the fighting gear was kept. About twenty of us were left in the reeking, unventilated room, grinning and chattering, and calling to Lutz, the drunken waiter, to bring more beer. At one extremity of the table sat six very weary "foxes," new members of less than eight months' standing, grouped round the Fuchsmajor, their instructor, a fat, jolly student with a fox's brush sewn round the yellow peaked cap, which each of us wore. At the base sat the three officials, in uniform—green cavalry jackets with enormous white cuffs, stiff white breeches, and great spurred riding boots. Silk sashes hung over their right shoulders, in our corps colours, red, white, and yellow. They wore stiff slouch hats encircled by red, white, and yellow feathers. Before each of them lay a foil with a coloured hilt. At various other points sat the Burschen, the ordinary members, and the Alte Herren, previous members who had passed their examinations. On the walls were portraits of the Emperor and Bismarck, a picture of a stag-hunt and another of a sea-fight, and a large representation of our arms and crest, painted in the inevitable red, white, and yellow.

At midnight the waiter informed the president that the sandwiches were ready. The three Chargierten stood up and struck the table violently with the foils. A couple of beer-mugs fell to the ground in surprise. "Silentium!" cried the president. The Fuchsmajor rose bareheaded, calling "Silentium unter den Füchse." Two Burschen, however, continued to discuss a point of Roman law. One of them was a short, broad-shouldered, square-headed Mecklenburger; the other, seated opposite him and beside me, was Weber, a tall, thin, fair-haired youth, the son of the commander of a West Prussian garrison town. "Weber und Schönhof, in die Kanne!" shouted the president. Holding their caps in the air, the two cried, "Prosit Præsidium!" and drank until the pacified president waved his hand. Then, opening his song-book, he said, "Silentium! We will sing the song on page 247, entitled 'Der lustiger Student.' The orchestra will play over the first verse." The Fuchsmajor shouted to his six pupils, "Füchse, what page?" "Two, four, seven!" they yelled. A short, scarred student felt his way to the piano, and played the tune so badly that the president ordered him to "strengthen himself" with a drink.

"We will sing the first verse." Off went the accompaniment. We scrambled after it to the best of our ability.

"A merry young stoo dént am I,  
Great Scott, with a thousand devils to fry!  
What have I to do with sorrow?  
A staff, a scarf, a pipe to light,  
Plenty of beer and a bed for the night;  
It'll do until to-morrow."

"The second verse!"

"A merry young stoo dént am I,  
Great Scott, with a thousand devils to fry!  
What have I to do with study?  
Pacuvius, Plato, St. Augustine,  
Just think how you misused your time;  
Our brains are not so muddy."

"Prosit, Weber," said Schönhof, across the table. "Prositthen," answered Weber, drinking with difficulty.

"The third verse!"

"A merry young stoo dént am I,  
Great Scott, with a thousand devils to fry!  
What have I to do with water?  
For nuns and duns it's all very fine,  
But it's hardly in a student's line,  
Good beer is ten times wetter."

"Good beer is ten times wetter. Good beer is ten times wetter," repeated a few irrepressible Füchse. "All who sang 'in die Kanne!'" commanded the Fuchsmajor. One of them objected. "Go and get yourself two full mugs, d'you hear? Lutz, give this gentleman two full glasses. That's right. Now, be quick." "Prosit," said the melancholy Fuchs, and started to drink, gazing appealingly into the Fuchsmajor's eyes. He finished one mug at a draught, and paused for breath, picking up the second. "Geschenkt," said the Fuchsmajor. He put down the mug in relief. "Have you finished?" asked the president. "Good! Now we'll go on."

"The last verse!"

"A merry young stoo dént am I,  
Great Scott, with a thousand devils to fry!  
What have I to do with raisins?  
I raise my praise of the barley juice,  
It keeps me jolly and strong and spruce,  
So hurrah for beer in basins!"

"Gentlemen, the fine song is ex. Let us drink what we have left in our mugs to the honour of beer. Prosit beer!" "Prosit beer!" we all shouted, and emptied our mugs. "Silentium! Silentium pro me! Gentlemen, our honoured Fuchsmajor has just informed me that he has passed his Vor-Exam, and wishes, therefore, to make us a present of the next twenty-five quarts of beer. I thank him in the name of all, and propose to rub a salamander in his honour." We all stood up, except the Fuchsmajor, fixing our eyes on the president. Lutz and the Füchse rushed to fill our glasses. When all was ready, the president said solemnly, "Ad exercitium Salamandri! Eins, zwei, drei, bibite!" We gulped down as much as we could before the president had emptied his mug. "Eins, zwei, drei!" We rattled our mugs loudly on the table. "Eins, zwei, DREI!" Down came each mug with a crack, any beer that was left in them spouting up all over the table. "I postpone the kneipe for ten minutes. Silentium ex!" said the president, and led the way to the dining-room with his two colleagues.

There were three large dishes of sandwiches, and soon everybody was talking with his mouth full. Weber gulped down three sardines, and, throwing his arms lovingly round Schönhof and me, tottered back to the other room. Pointing vaguely at the portrait of Bismarck, he said, "He was—a man—a great man—a great—German. Tell me—another—like him." After a while I suggested Wellington. "A damned—Englishman!" he cried, trying to put a cigar between his lips. He poked it into his eye and threw it away. "Prosit Weber," murmured Schönhof amiably, picking up a handy beer-mug. "No—I'll be—damned—if I do!" said Weber. "I've had enough—quite. Let's go to a café—and—drink—some coffee." We left the room quietly, and, falling downstairs over the waiter, took our sticks, and sidled down the steps. We swayed up to a bench on which a Fuchs was lying. His friends had brought him there in the vain hope that the cool night air would refresh him. "How do you feel?" asked Schönhof, waving a match before the glistening white face. "Oh, you'll be all right to-morrow! When you've had six semesters of it, you won't notice half a dozen quarts or so."

It was Friday night, the favourite time for a kneipe, as the serious work of the week is usually finished, and a whole day's rest precedes the conventional Sunday dinner with inquisitive uncles and aunts. Many windows, therefore, were lit up, and, from time to time, as we swayed down the street, we heard singing and the buzz of laughter and conversation. We carefully avoided the little groups in the street, for we had always found drunken students to be pugnacious in the neighbourhood of their own house, and in such adventures there is no glory. Arm in arm, we turned into

the main road, and marched down to the square where our favourite café was. Timid folk returning from parties stepped politely into the road to let us pass; policemen watched us, with their little eyes twinkling behind the peaks of their moustaches. Occasionally we burst into song, and people leaned out of cabs and motors to look. Whenever any students approached, we contracted ourselves fiercely into exactly half the width of the pavement, and stalked past with non-committal glares, hoping to provoke the strangers beyond the bounds of decorum. As we turned into the square, the sight of a young man in evening dress excited Weber, who stopped with a jerk and turned round. Schönhof and I dragged him away just in time to save his reputation. We pressed him against the door of the café and pushed it open. A grinning waiter tried to lure us to a table in a dark corner, but we ignored him, and sat down where there were most people. The head-waiter strongly recommended the table in the corner, but we took no notice, and ordered coffee. The waiter took our yellow caps, and we opened our jackets sufficiently to show the red, white, and yellow band across our waistcoats and our red, white, and yellow watch-chain pendants. As usual, the waiter brought me the "Times" and "Der Wahre Jakob." I glanced through them and said to Weber, "What a fool the Crown Prince is!" "Damn your impudence!" he said. I turned to the Mecklenburger. "What a fool the Crown Prince is!" He chuckled. "I shouldn't like to say that," he said. "He probably isn't much stupider than other people." "You seem to think," interrupted Weber, "that a republic would be better. Where would Germany be without its army? Where would England be without its navy? Have you no patriotic feelings? Doesn't your heart beat——" "No, really it doesn't," I said. "Herrrr-gott!" he cried, shrugging his shoulders violently.

At this moment there was a confused noise of singing outside. We pricked up our ears, and, as soon as we distinguished the melody, we joined lustily in the chorus, to the horror of the whole café.

"Juvivallera, juvivallera, juvivalerallerallera;  
Juvivallera, juvivallera, juvivalerallerallera."

A couple of small, agile waiters, rubbing their hands on their white overalls, walked apprehensively to the door, which continually opened three or four inches and fell to again. One of them pulled it suddenly, and a small, stout student tumbled headlong in. He was followed less abruptly by a tall friend. Both were extremely drunk and pleased with themselves. The waiters opened the door, and attempted to push them out. Without any change of voice or expression, the tall student picked them up, one in each hand, and knocked their heads together, until their cries drew the attention of his friend, who induced him to loosen his grip and let them drop. Then the two advanced through the café. They wore red caps; "Corps Marchia," Schönhof whispered. The short student stopped to gaze fixedly at a white-haired, jovial old gentleman, who was sitting alone, with a large glass of light beer before him. Poking his finger at him, he said, "I know you." His eyes were dull and fishlike. "I know you." "Do you?" said the old gentleman gently. "I know you," the student said again. "I know you, I say. Who are you?" "Do you really want to know?" "Who are you?" "I am your father?" "Oh, yes, of course. I shall be home soon, father. See you later." He and his friend came nearer to us. We sat grim and hostile. They saw us, and the tall one sneered. I felt Weber bristle by my side. The tall Marchian swayed right up to us. He looked fixedly at Schönhof, at me, and at Weber. In the background I saw the waiters watching us and gesticulating. At last he relaxed his stare and smiled impudently, with his head on one side. The table jumped as Weber got up and walked round behind me. "Will you do me the honour of accompanying me outside the café?" he said. The Marchian seemed all of a sudden to pull himself together. He changed from a shameless drunkard to a punctilious man of honour. As the two

strode out of the café, his friend sat down quietly at a table. A waiter hurried up grinning, but he refused to order anything.

"Absolutely inexcusable conduct," said Schönhof. "Weber ought to demand heavy weapons." "Is it his first Ramsch?" I asked. "Yes; he hasn't served yet, either. We'll have to keep his spirits up, or he'll funk." The door opened, and Weber came back. The Marchian got up and walked out, as etiquette demands. "Well?" we asked. "Well?" said Weber. "He surely didn't apologise?" "No. I asked if he meant any offence by looking like that at us, and he said, 'No, you ape,' the usual thing. So I asked him for his card. He gave it to me, and asked for mine. But I didn't think he was worth it, and tore out a leaf from my pocket-book, and wrote it on that. Of course, he was furious, but he knew he mustn't say anything." "Sabres sine, I should think," said Schönhof. "You know you've got to fight within three days, unless he's left-handed or not in practice."

Weber nodded, and suggested returning to the Corps-house. We left the café, and walked back quietly.

Out of the few people still in the house a committee was formed to consider if Weber's affair were correct and honourable. They decided, of course, that it should go forward, and I was entrusted with the taking of the challenge.

I got up early the next morning at eleven, and hurried off to the house, where I met Weber and Schönhof and half a dozen friends and guests who had been unable to go home. There was a vile reek of stale beer and tobacco, for no window had yet been opened. However, on the principle of "a hair of the dog that bit him," we each drank a glass of beer and smoked a cigar. Weber gave me his opponent's card, saying, "Mind you do it properly. In an affair of honour you can't be too particular." On the stroke of twelve I went out, and crossed the road to where I saw a dark blue flag. I rang the bell of the house, and, reading the name from the card, asked if Herr Haedrich was at home, and if I might have the honour of speaking privately with him. I was shown into a small room, which showed obvious traces of the kneipe of the previous night. After a few minutes the tall student came in. "Good morning," I said. "My friend, Herr studiosus iuris Hans Weber, with whom you had occasion yesterday to exchange cards, wishes to know if you are prepared to withdraw your insult with apologies." "Of course not." "Then I have the honour to challenge you to meet him in a Mensur with sabres without bindings and bandages to last thirty minutes." "Naturally I accept. Am I to assume that Herr Weber, like myself, is in practice and fights right-handed?" "Certainly. There is no reason for delay. If it suits your convenience, the Court of Honour will meet at our house at three o'clock this afternoon." "That is quite convenient, thank you," he said. I gave him a copy of our duelling code, and he showed me out. I met a number of my Corpsbrüdern on their way to lunch. They were not surprised to see me coming out of the Marchian house, but merely asked who had had the Ramsch. When they knew, they feared from Weber's lack of skill and his opponent's height that he would get so many scars that his conceit would be intolerable. We found him hard at work accustoming himself to the presence of seconds.

At three o'clock the Court of Honour met. It consisted of the president, Schönhof, myself, and two Marchians. The president, as chairman, administered various oaths of impartiality and secrecy to us, and of fair and truthful speaking to the two principals. Weber gave an exact description of what had happened. He was removed, and Haedrich brought in. He gave precisely the same account, excusing his impertinence by the plea of extreme drunkenness. He went out, and the president suggested that the offence was clear, and that no witnesses were necessary. The Court decided unanimously that the challenge as it stood was reasonable and just, and that the Mensur should take place the next day.

## Views and Reviews.\*

It is to be regretted that Mr. Owen has confined himself to a popular exposition of the case against Women's Suffrage. A popular exposition is necessarily an appeal to those women who do not want to be liberated, and to those men who do not want to liberate them, to stop by any means a practically accomplished process of liberation for some women. For the demand for Women's Suffrage is not a sexual demand: it is an individual demand. Man is a political animal, said Aristotle; and by that hypothesis woman is a non-political animal. The mere fact of sex cannot bring suffragists within that definition. Yet their existence cannot be denied; and whatever may be the causes or the consequences of their demands, it cannot be ruled out of court by any assumption that man is man and woman is woman, and *ex hypothesi*, the one is political and the other is not. It may be, as Mr. Owen said, that the suffragists hate man; it is equally probable that they hate woman. The fact of their existence raises the question: What is to be done with a number of people who, for any reason, do not correspond with nor conform to the social division of the sexes?

We are, as Mr. Owen sees, face to face with revolution. Behind Suffragism lies Feminism; and Feminism, like all other isms carried to their logical conclusions, means the end of all things as they are. A complete reform of our national life, and reconstruction on a basis of equality, is certainly the logical conclusion of Feminism. But logical conclusions are not reached in politics. The logical conclusion of the French Revolution was the millennium, not Napoleon; and Feminism will have to conquer or be conquered as soon as it reaches the political stage. Nietzsche uttered the merest commonplace of politics when he said: "Let your work be a fight, and your peace a victory"; and the aphorism has no kinship with equality. Man or woman will rule the world; but not either or both. The tyranny that women complain of is but the habit of success; and the concession of the vote is not likely to bankrupt the resources of politics. Women will learn, as men have learned, that liberty means only to change your master. The vote is, as the women said when they were sane, only a symbol.

Mr. Owen argues that the concession of a vote will lead to the evasion of motherhood, the break-up of the family, and the final disruption of the State. The suffrage, according to him, is the symbol of decadence. But motherhood has been evaded ever since the means were invented: Mrs. Besant, who made them popular, has written of "the passionate gratitude evidenced by letters from thousands of poor married women." Ever since Bradlaugh and Mrs. Besant were prosecuted the birth-rate has fallen; and the fact that women availed themselves of the means as soon as they knew of them proves the existence of a wide-spread revolt against motherhood. The concession of a vote will neither stop nor accelerate the process: in Australia, where women's suffrage is a fact, the decline of the birth-rate is as marked as it is here.

But is there any reason to suppose that women's Suffrage will necessarily lead to any alteration of the marriage system? It may be that women will, in greater and greater numbers, refuse motherhood; with consequences that only gynæcologists can verify. But there is no probability that the presence of women in

politics will in any way penalise cohabitation; on the contrary, as Shaw said, "Give women the vote, and in five years there will be a crushing tax on bachelors." Marriage is a trade: the Feminists even call it a dangerous trade; but it is the only one that requires no apprenticeship, and women will be more likely to use their political power to make it compulsory than to force themselves in a body on the industrial market. It is legally much more advantageous to them than is their status as workers.

The whole mass of women do not read "The Free-woman." We can obtain a far more accurate idea of their general temper from the pages of "Mrs. Bull"; and a reading of that paper suggests that the extension of the franchise to women will be a triumph of reaction. At the present moment, every suffragist is worth a thousand women in influence; at the polls, she would only count one, and frequently have no candidate to represent her opinions. Democracy is really a device for saving the people from their saviours; and the women's movement will be stopped only at the polls.

The real significance of the movement is almost hidden from Mr. Owen, who writes in a fit of journalistic panic. The extension of higher education to women has created a class that cannot find employment. Just as Indian Nationalism is, in the last analysis, a demand for more native higher grade Civil Servants, so women's suffrage means that some women want work. That they aspire to the professions is natural: no woman wants to be a navvy. They hanker after the wool-sack, not the coal-sack; and it is probable that they would like to be generals or admirals at manœuvres, but not the men behind the guns or in the stoke-hole. They believe in division of labour: they want to be picturesque while the men perspire. They believe that the vote will enable them to make all professions and offices common property; it is even possible that their interest in social legislation is not unconnected with the probability of appointments. They want to be factory inspectors, not factory girls; for they are conscious of their superiority.

It is useless to try to stop them. The only thing to be done is to try them. Give them the vote, and their own sex will outvote them. Make them eligible for Parliament, and they might, in time, have as unrepresentative and ineffective a body as the Labour Party. Throw the professions open to them, and the best of them will be second-rate, and the rest will be negligible. That the women think otherwise matters nothing. When they forget their superiority they claim equality; but the test of identity will make them wise. From the political point of view the question is not worth discussing. Like all extensions of the franchise, it will make government more difficult without any corresponding advantage to the governed. But the caucus will not fail. It was born of an extended franchise, and it will flourish on the next extension. It is just possible that there will be no need to tell any more lies: the women will believe even those that the men are beginning to doubt. Is not Mr. Lloyd George one of the principal advocates of Women's Suffrage; and who can doubt that he will know how to dilute the milk for his political babes?

So I face Women's Suffrage and even Feminism without any fear. The dog may get a new collar, but it will be the same dog; and I know that dog. Human nature is always going to be transformed to-morrow; everything is always going to make a tremendous change, and the world remains the same. Civilisations may change their localities: we do, in sentimental moods, talk of "the glory that was Greece, and the grandeur that was Rome." But the civilisation that we find irksome is the same one twice removed; and if it is finally shipped across the ocean, the process will only be once more repeated.

A. E. R.

\* "Woman Adrift." By Harold Owen. (Stanley Paul. 6s. net.)

## A Noteworthy Book.

By E. Belfort Bax.

ALL scholars are familiar with the researches of Mr. Thomas Whittaker on the Neoplatonists, and generally on the religious and speculative history of the first three centuries of the Christian era. In the present volume, to which the name perhaps hardly does justice, the author takes a wider range. "Priests, Philosophers and Prophets," in spite of its title, is not a mere discursive collection of essays on Mr. Whittaker's special subject. It is the exposition of a new view of the origin of Jewish monotheism, and also of Christianity. Briefly stated this is as follows:—Mr. Whittaker, in opposition to the orthodox higher critics, cannot trace in our Old Testament any original Hebrew development of monotheism. According to his view, the Old Testament represents, not a body of ancient writings collected together, and redacted by Ezra, Nehemiah and their colleagues, but consists to all intents and purposes of a series of free-hand compositions, the oldest of which probably does not date from before the fifth century B.C., while others are much younger. In a word, our Bible is, in its entirety, a product of post-exilic Jewish literary activity. Monotheism was not an original outcome of the Hebrew religious consciousness, but was taken over from Persia, Babylon, and Egypt, whose priestly caste had long since arrived at a quasi-monotheistic view of the world. In Persia especially, this view became embodied in the established cult to which the name of Zoroaster (Zerdusht) has been attached.

The Jewish restorationists of the "return from the captivity," found themselves confronted with the problem of reconstructing the Jewish state on the basis of a religious organisation or church. The old Hebrew political feudalism with its monarchical head had passed away never to return. But though the old Jahveh, the exclusive inter-tribal God of the Hebrew people, had become meaningless and impossible in his old guise, yet his name and patriotic prestige were still available for the new purpose. The restorationists, therefore (themselves largely risen from the old priestly class, and constituting the intellectual élite of the Jewish people), who had come under the influence of the generalised monotheism then current among the more cultured classes in Western Asia, readily identified the new God of the Universe with the old Hebrew inter-tribal deity Jahveh. Thus, on this theoretical basis, the new post-exilic church-state of the Jews was founded. Jahveh, in his new rôle, was no longer the mere God of the Hebrew tribes, but was the author and governor of the universe who had selected the Jews as his chosen people, and their new religious organisation, as the only acceptable embodiment of his worship. Hence all men who truly worship him must become Jews in the religious sense. The old traditions, legends, history, and customary law of the Jewish people had to be completely remoulded to fit into this new theory, and our Old Testament is the result.

Such stated very briefly and in bare outline represents Mr. Whittaker's view as against that of the orthodox "higher criticism." It is at once interesting and stimulating. To criticise it in detail is, of course, outside the province of an article such as the present. We may say, however, that in spite of the plausibility of his view, and the ingenuity with which it is enforced, it seems to us that in denying all evidence of development and of pre-exilic writing in the documents comprising our Bible Mr. Whittaker hardly makes out his case to complete satisfaction. Surely evidence for the fact of the existence of earlier or pre-exilic documents embedded in the books of the Old Testament is to be found. For while none of these documents may have been transmitted quite in their original form, yet surely there are many cases in which the pen of the redactor has left their intrinsic character plainly discernible. For example, does it seem conceivable, or at least probable, that portions of the Book of Genesis, let us say, should have been merely the free-hand composition of a post-exilic priestly litterateur? Not being

a Hebrew scholar, and making no pretensions to a specialist knowledge of the subject, but speaking simply from the point of view of one who is fairly conversant with the general results of recent scholarship, it seems to the present writer that Mr. Whittaker is inclined to run his theory somewhat too hard. Does it seem likely that barbaric anthropomorphic touches such as the gods "walking in the garden in the cool of the day," having "smelt a sweet savour" from Noah's sacrifice, or the divinity wrestling with Jacob, could be the deliberate work of monotheising post-exilic priests? It surely would be much more natural to suppose that these things were, through carelessness, or otherwise, allowed to remain in the old document used, untouched by the hand of the priestly editor and compiler of the whole. We cannot see that Mr. Whittaker has at present made out his case for so complete a reversal of current scholarship, although he has undoubtedly given the latter a severe shaking. His main position, that of the theory of the adoption of monotheism from outside sources by the educated and priestly class during the exile, he seems to have fairly established, as possessing at least a high degree of probability; while, even if somewhat exaggerated, his view of the free-hand post-exilic origin on the new monotheistic basis, of the bulk of the Old Testament writings will probably, in the end, be generally accepted by scholars as not far from the truth.

As regards the beginnings of the Christian church, Mr. Whittaker adopts the view now growing amongst thinkers respecting the origin of the basal ideas embodied in the gospel narrative, a view familiar to those who have read the work of Professor Drews, or the writings of Mr. J. M. Robertson, as to their having their almost exclusive source in the already existing pagan cults of the time.

The old pagan notion of the slain and risen god, which the student so often encounters in his researches into comparative mythology and folklore, here becomes combined with the contemporary Jewish notion of a Messiah. The chief new point of view brought out by Mr. Whittaker in his interesting and scholarly discussion on the origin of Christianity seems to be the emergence of the Christian Church from out of a sect of fanatical followers of the Messianic idea. The beginning of the change from the notion of a Messiah or Christ (the latter word, of course, only representing the Greek translation of the Hebrew) who *was* to come, to that of a Messiah or Christ who *had* already come, our author fixes at shortly after the fall of Jerusalem in the year 70. It will surprise many people when Mr. Whittaker denies that the sectaries persecuted by Nero after the great fire of the year 64 were Christians at all—there being at that time no Christian religion and no Christian church, in our sense of the word—but only bodies of Jews and others eagerly awaiting the advent of the divine leader under whose auspices the world should be regenerated. The transformation of this expectant attitude to the one of belief that the aforesaid Messiah had already come, his subsequent identification with the slain and risen God of ancient mythic lore, together with the allegedly historical narrative embodying these beliefs, were all, according to Mr. Whittaker, developments subsequent to the destruction of Jerusalem under Titus. As Mr. Whittaker has it (p. 175), "the name of Christianity came, though not from orthodox Judaism, yet from its offshoot Messianism, of which it is a rendering in Latinised Greek."

Mr. Whittaker's general position as regards the origin of Christianity as above indicated, it will be seen, is a combination of the view of the late Professor Van Manen as to the late authorship of the Pauline epistles, at least, in their present shape, and that of Professor Drews and Mr. J. M. Robertson, that the gospel story is essentially mythical. His conclusion is (p. 178) "that Christianity, with its rival Mithraism, had its source, at least in part, in old Asiatic religions, having for their essential characters the sacrifice of the god, and the sacrament or communion."

In conclusion, we can heartily recommend Mr. Whittaker's book to all those interested in these questions. It is at once scholarly and readable.



## REVIEWS.

**Beauty and Ugliness, and other Studies in Psychological Aesthetics.** By Vernon Lee and C. Anstruther Thomson. (Lane. 12s. 6d. net.)

This is a game that professors play. They perceive a form, and attribute movements of various kinds to it. Then they discover that the form does not really move, but that certain disturbances take place in themselves. A tower does not rise, a line does not leap, a verse does not trip or tarry; but the professors want to do all these things when they perceive these forms, and they import themselves into the forms. When the professors are discovered in these strange hiding-places they have to explain how they got there. One says: "By Empathy, *Einfühlung*, *Miterleben*"; another says: "*Innere Nachahmung*," which is, being interpreted, Inner Mimicry or Imitation; and the rest have other excuses. Then they tell you what you already know; for example, "Rhythm is, therefore, primarily a rhythm of the acts of perceiving the accentuated and unaccentuated or less accentuated syllables." Then they try experiments and ask questions. They ask the subject to describe his sensations when perceiving a Form; and if he becomes goggle-eyed, or broken-winded, or afflicted with heart disease in the process, that Form is adjudged to be ugly. Then they invent a vocabulary to disguise this discovery, and spend the rest of their lives in criticising each other's books. In this way the subject becomes psychological; and beauty and ugliness are tracked to their sources in the bowels, brains, or lungs of the professors. Perhaps this is not quite clear. Beauty and ugliness are the names applied to the feelings of pleasure or displeasure localised in the organs of the body when perceiving a Form. Ugliness gives you a pain in the stomach; and Beauty, which is always "skied" in our modern galleries, gives you a crick in the neck. "Hence," as Browning's Bishop would say, "ye may perceive that life's a dream." Something of this sort is taught in this book, though not so simply. The authors wander about Europe looking at walls that walk forward and flatten the faces of their beholders, examine arches that wrestle with each other, and the rest of the marvels of Art. When they go to look at pictures or pottery, they take a clinical thermometer, a stethoscope, a sphygmograph, a dynamometer, and other weapons; and while one is ill, the other writes a book. Here is the book, which will inaugurate a new epoch, abolish Tolstoy, and perhaps will lay the scientific basis of the psychology of the work of art and the artist.

**Stories and Sayings** of (i) Great Britain and Ireland; (ii) Northern Europe; (iii) Southern Europe; (iv) India, Ceylon, and the Near East; (v) Japan and China; (vi) Africa. Compiled by Isa. Fyvie Mayo. (Daniel. 1s. net each.)

These books are bound respectively in rose, blue, green, red, yellow, and orange. Even English proverbs are misquoted, as "A bird in hand is worth two in the bush," and "A cat may look on a king." In the Irish section we notice, "Two of us together, it's not likely it is at the one time we would fail." "Was Hänschen nicht lernt', holt Hans nimmer ein" becomes "What Master Jacky does not learn, Mr. John never knows." From the German also is, "He who drives not his business, his business drives."

"The little books," we are told, "are not intended for the edification of the learned—rather to awaken in the many . . . international and inter-racial sympathy and understanding." Sympathy at least is certain.

**The Anarchists.** By E. A. Vizetelly. (Lane. 10s. 6d. net.)

A book of this kind is unnecessary to any reader of the daily papers. If Mr. Vizetelly had anything to say about Anarchism, we might have given him a careful hearing. He has chosen to do no more than collate the various stories of the propaganda by deed, and to tell them again in the style of a police court reporter. Nor is he content with recounting the stories of Anarchist outrage: allied phenomena, such as the assassina-

tion of King Carlos by revolutionary Republicans, find a historian in Mr. Vizetelly. The story of the siege in Sidney Street is told again, presumably that we may know that the foreigners were not Anarchists. In fact, Mr. Vizetelly's method is to tell the story of every assassination or outrage since the time of Bakunin, so that we may know which must be credited to readers of Anarchist literature. The only result to be noticed by a reviewer is the large amount of padding. The only information for which we are grateful to Mr. Vizetelly is that there is no brotherhood of assassins living in London, and sending emissaries of destruction to the four corners of the earth. Anarchism, if we are to believe Mr. Vizetelly, is simply a lineal descendant of old Adam, a spontaneous attempt to raise Cain to the dignity of a deliverer.

**Change in the Village.** By George Bourne. (Duckworth. 5s. net.)

Mr. George Bourne doesn't live in a village for nothing. He goes about, and he watches people, and he asks questions, and doesn't get told lies in reply; and then he writes books which are not fiction, or biography, or anthropology, or sociology, or even poetry, but are just George Bourne's books about the people. He is a great, high man in the village, and was one of the managing committee of the village schools for a good many years. He started a club for the young men and boys, and taught them to play farces and to sing comic songs; and they smashed up the furniture, and blew out the lamps, piled curtains and doormats on the fire, and locked one of the organisers in a room for an hour. Mr. Bourne says: "I am astonished now to think how democratic the club contrived to be." The book is very serious. Mr. Bourne has discovered that the people are not so well off as they were. They used to get wood for building, and something else for thatching, and grazing, and so on, for nothing. Now they have to pay rent, they can't keep cows or pigs, they have to work for wages, all because the common has been enclosed. And the character of the people is altering. They never had any peasant tradition; so they get their children to teach them to read the "Daily Mail," they learn the folk-songs of the Aldershot canteens, and they know all about aviation, and horse racing, and the wonders of the world. To add pathos to the tragedy, the village, which isn't a village, is becoming a residential centre for middle-class people with motor-cars, suburban villas, and street lamps, and hired servants. And if Mr. Bourne's villagers are evicted, and the village becomes a suburb, Mr. Bourne won't be able to write any more books about it; and there's a calamity! Yet Mr. Bourne concludes: "I would not lift a finger, or say a word, to restore the past time, for fear lest in doing so I might be retarding a movement which, when I can put these sentiments aside, looks like the prelude to a renaissance of the English country-folk." As the matter depends on Mr. Bourne's sentiments, let us hope that he will be able to alter them quickly; and that the rural degeneration and depopulation will cease.

**The Problems of Philosophy.** By the Hon. G. Bertrand Russell. (Home University Library. 1s. net.)

As an introduction to the study of philosophy, this book cannot be too warmly commended. It deals more with theory of knowledge than with metaphysics, and is more effective in teaching us to define than to discover. Mr. Russell makes it clear that no more than clarity of mind can result from the study of philosophy, that "as soon as definite knowledge concerning any subject becomes possible, this subject ceases to be called philosophy, and becomes a separate science." Philosophy, then, is doomed to deal with the unknown, to ask questions that may be answered by faith, but not by philosophy unless the powers of the human mind become of a quite different order to those now in operation. "Philosophy is to be studied," says Mr. Russell, "not for the sake of any definite answers to its questions, since no definite answers can, as a rule, be known to be true, but rather for the sake of the questions themselves; because these questions enlarge our con-

ception of what is possible, enrich our intellectual imagination, and diminish the dogmatic assurance that closes the mind against speculation; but above all because, through the greatness of the universe which philosophy contemplates, the mind also is rendered great, and becomes capable of that union with the universe which constitutes its highest good."

**Anthropology.** By R. R. Marett. (Home University Library. 1s. net.)

Mr. Marett has enthusiasm. He covers the ground with seven-leagued strides; and, as he reaches no conclusion, it is to be supposed that anthropology is doomed to a perpetual peregrination. Certainly, "the whole history of man as fixed and pre-empted by the idea of evolution" is not yet known, and we shall probably have to wait for some time longer before anthropology will be able to offer "a descriptive formula that shall sum up the whole series of changes in which the evolution of man consists." It may then be discovered that only philosophy can resume the facts, and relate them to a world scheme; certainly, if anthropology stands or falls with Darwinism, we have no guarantee of the progress of anthropology to the status of a science. Meanwhile, we have to admit that geology, folklore, philology, etc., can give us much information about ancient man. Mr. Marett selects some facts that have interest, and although he begins anywhere and ends nowhere, his enthusiasm and lack of method may inspire some students to wander disconsolately among the sciences. We should have preferred less slang and more science; but as "man must, for certain purposes of science, toe the line with the rest of living things," we will hope that his whole history will one day receive a dignified expression.

**From the Forest.** By W. Scott Palmer. (Duckworth. 2s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Palmer is an old man, but he is so interesting. He lives in the country, and he knows a real politician, a real philosopher, a real painter, and he is very friendly with a poor but real Christian named Tim. He is also very familiar with God; and the bees, and the cattle, and the smell of the earth and the flowers, and the light of the sky are all known to him. And, oh! he does meditate so beautifully. He has discovered that Lloyd George's taxes are really "angels of a beckoning love, giving you a long-lost, long-sought opportunity for being effectually charitable." Isn't that mystical? And he tells us that "memory abides with us, is in fact ourselves." Isn't that illuminating? And there is a lot of stuff like that in this book. It is so nice. Mr. Palmer always begins about the weather, or the birds, or the bees, or his friends, and then he doesn't say too much about the subject of his essay for fear that he might overtax his readers' brains. Isn't that kind? Oh! it must be sweet to be a mystic, and live in a cottage, and eat bread and honey, and know all about politics, philosophy, painting, and God, by intuition. Mr. Palmer writes of almost every day from the spring to the autumn of last year, when he had the great drought. But his book is not dry, and it only costs half-a-crown.

**After-Thoughts.** By G. W. E. Russell. (Grant Richards. 7s. 6d. net.)

Victoria is not dead while Russell lives. Who would have expected that the after-thoughts of 1912 were concerned with the Young England movement, or with Charles Kingsley and the Christian Socialists? Who but a Victorian relic would write about "Gladstone on Hymns," or introduce us to Father Stanton and St. Alban's, Holborn, disguised as "Popular Mondays"? Such thoughts as there are in this medley of book reviews, obituary notices, and imitations of the "Book of Swells," are not the author's own. Gladstone, Disraeli, Matthew Arnold crowd out Mr. Russell; and perhaps the only quotation for which we are really thankful is one from Oscar Wilde. "Meredith," said Wilde, "is a prose-Browning—and so is Browning." It is not of much interest to us to know that Mr. Russell does not kill game, but eats it with relish; or that his kindly feelings are so shocked by the report of an otter hunt

that he must reprint it, and omit a denunciation of it. After-thought? Here are reminiscences, reviews, and, for morality, the ne quid nimis of the clubman; but Mr. Russell has not learnt to think. This is not a book, for the chapters have no organic unity; nor are they essays, for they have no structure. They resemble only the galley proofs of a reporter for the "Morning Post," not sub-edited.

**The Attainment of the Pole.** By Dr. Frederick A. Cook. (Arlen and Co. 12s. 6d. net.)

This book, containing Dr. Cook's self-vindication, does not differ materially from works produced by Arctic explorers, whether Nansen, Shackleton, Peary, Cook, or anyone else. The dash for some geographical spot (perhaps as imaginary as the well-known Mrs. 'Arris) is the main theme. There is the usual examination of clues, preparations for a long voyage, the usual air of mystery concerning realms as yet inaccessible to the "tuppenny tube," and requiring a group of ponderous scientific gentlemen to elucidate it. So we have the usual opening chapters enabling us to take part in elaborate financial proposals and the equipment of an adequate vessel. In the present case we are denied a great deal of excitement in this direction. For Dr. Cook dashed off one bright morning in a small fishing-schooner on an expedition "financed by a sportsman," and unheralded by Press puffs of any sort. This exhibition of modesty leaves us breathless. But modesty was the keynote of Dr. Cook's progress throughout. The nature of that progress has already been detailed by Fleet Street. It culminated in Dr. Cook's arrival—comparatively alone, for he was only accompanied by two Eskimos—at a spot called the North Pole. The North Pole was thereupon duly photographed for future reference, but for the present it will not be thrown open to the American public, and will be reserved only for the use of local inhabitants. The North Pole thus revealed appears to be not the Canaan of our dreams, but a flat stretch of ice, which some jealous explorers maintained Dr. Cook invented for the purpose. In addition, photos were taken of other stretches of flat ice and of stretches not quite so flat, which are also labelled for future reference. Beyond this, there are photographs revealing that at least Dr. Cook traversed a region possessing the soul of strange beauty and mystery. This book is, in short, written partly to describe the adventures of Dr. Cook and partly to confound his enemies with records written, drawn, photographed and registered in many other ways. We hope these enemies will now rest satisfied and will cease from confounding Dr. Cook with Baron Munchausen. We trust, also, Dr. Cook will venture on another voyage of discovery and will bring back a North Pole resembling a Paradise. Cold slabs of ice are really of no use to anyone except fishmongers.

**Captain Quadring.** By William Hay. (Unwin. 6s.)

This is the story of Iron and Steel and Thistlepuff. Iron and Steel are two grim brothers. One is a scoundrel and the other, for the sake of the story, is not. At an early period of their history they come into the paternal estates. Iron has a very proper contempt for hoarding up money and spends it on women and wine and other choice morsels. Steel does exactly the opposite. And one day Iron exhausts his share of the family brass and Steel tells him he will get no more. This is where Thistlepuff comes in. If Iron can get no money out of Steel, then Steel shall not have Thistlepuff. All who are acquainted with this line of revenge will guess what follows. There is a fierce battle between Iron and Steel for Puff, and in the end poor little battle-worn Puff, who now loves Iron to desperation, dies in the arms of fierce, unforgiving Steel. Such is the preliminary canter which starts in the middle of the book. It is an excuse to trot us off to a convict settlement, where the two brothers, respectively steel and iron in every link of them, steel from truck to keel, meet and introduce us to brutal, savage types, like the settlement "Post-House," black, battered, sordid and grim. The book is a study in unrelieved malignity that makes no appeal to the finer side of our nature.

## Pastiche.

## LEAP YEAR DAY.

By C. E. Bechhoefer.

Eleven at night!  
The moon shines bright;  
On a wooded height,  
In the misty light,  
Three white roads meet  
In a circle neat.  
The first runs down  
Through a vale to the sea,  
The second to a town,  
And the last of the three  
Goes straight to Nowhere,  
But don't often go there.  
A sign-post stands  
With three white hands  
To show each way.  
It's Leap-Year Day,  
And the moon is full,  
So something droll  
Will happen for sure.

At the stroke of the hour  
Three figures appear.  
A Spanish privateer  
Dances from his boat,  
Now curvetting,  
Now pirouetting;  
New and black are his coat  
And his sugar-loaf hat,  
With a waistcoat that  
Is yellow as the dollar  
That is stuck in his collar  
Of fine green lace;  
He's rings on his fingers  
And a ring in each ear,  
But the sight that lingers  
Is the wistful stare  
On his swarthy face  
And the coal-black hair  
Of his long moustache.  
A dagger flashes bare  
In his purple sash;  
As long as his moustaches  
Are the tassels brown  
On his spatterdashes.  
On the road from the town  
With the haunted minster  
Comes a little old spinster  
In a crinoline  
And an apron clean;  
Her hair is white,  
But her bonnet quite  
As black as night  
As it sits upright.  
Around she spins  
Like dancing Bedouins,  
And nought's to be seen  
But the whirling crinoline.  
She jabbars and babbles  
And gibbers and gabbles,  
For she is fat,  
And jolly at that,  
But short of air  
Like any old woman.  
From the road to Nowhere  
Comes the goggle-eyed baby,  
Whatever that may be,  
Shaped like a snow-man,

Swathed and swaddled  
And tucked and huddled  
Like a roll of silk  
The colour of milk.

The sign-post whirls  
And hurls and twirls  
His arms. As the three  
Each other see,  
"O Lawks!" says the nurse,  
"And who may they be?"  
The pirate gives a curse,  
But the goggle-eyed baby  
Never opens its lips.  
They dance in a row,  
With their hands on their hips,  
And round they go,  
Now fast, now slow.  
Point one, point two,  
The pirate glides  
With delicate slides,  
He swoops and pounces,  
The old nurse flounces,  
The baby bounces,  
Goggle-eyed, after,  
Wriggling with laughter.  
They follow one another,  
And as she goes  
The old nurse blows  
And tries to smother  
Her puffs by chatter  
And wordy clatter:  
"O Lawk-a-mussy,  
I'm a weak old hussy.  
O drat and bother,  
What a terrible pother."

The pirate glides  
And strides and slides,  
Pointing his toes  
The way he goes,  
Until, with a bound,  
He springs from the ground  
To the top of the post.  
His legs are crossed,  
And he gazes bland,  
With his cheek in his hand,  
At nothing in particular  
Or something very similar.  
The old maid spins  
To the shade of the pines,  
And stands and blows  
To get her breath,  
And cries: "Lor' knows  
It'll be my death."  
But the goggle-eyed infant  
Never stops an instant,  
Bouncing ever,  
Resting never.

The sign-post shakes,  
The pirate wakes,  
Jumps down to the ground  
And dances round,  
Point one, point two,  
Now heel, now toe.  
When the old nurse sees  
From the shade of the trees,  
She ends her breather,  
And altogether  
Down the road to the sea  
Trip the dancing three.  
The pirate glides

Just seven strides,  
The baby bounces  
The seven paces,  
The old nurse flounces,  
Crying: "Goodness graces!"  
And then in a ring  
They dance and sing  
A magic song,  
Seven verses long.  
Then back to the sign-post,  
The pirate foremost,  
The way they came,  
Four hops to the right,  
To the left the same.  
Then opposite  
They trip it down  
The road to the town,  
The nurse in front  
With many a grunt,  
The baby's eyes  
Expressing surprise  
To see the pirate  
Circumgyrate  
With a leg in the air,  
Seven paces there  
And round in a ring;  
The song they sing  
Seven verses long,  
And not a word wrong.  
Then back once more  
The way they came,  
To the right steps four,  
To the left the same.  
Then off again  
Down the Nowhere lane,  
The baby bouncing,  
The old nurse flouncing,  
The pirate pouncing;  
Seven paces, and the song,  
Seven verses long,  
Just as before;  
Quadruple stride  
On either side,  
To the post once more,  
As it whirls and hurls  
And twirls and curls.

Round it in a ring  
They chant their song,  
Seven verses long,  
And, as they sing  
The very last vowel,  
A great screech-owl  
Gives a shriek so wild  
That the wistful dago  
And the old virago  
And the goggle-eyed child  
Give a yell of dismay  
And vanish away.  
The sign-post's riot  
Is turned to quiet.

And nought's to be seen  
In the circle neat  
Where the three roads meet  
On the wooded height  
But a sign-post white  
In the misty sheen  
Of the full-grown moon,  
As bright as ever,  
Though midnight's gone  
And Leap-Year Day is over.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

FROM A NOTTS MINER.

Sir,—I meant in this letter to deal with other aspects of the mining industry than the present strike, but as my health has considerably given way and the doctor has told me to take things easily, I have spent nearly all my time in my little plot of garden and am feeling much better. But an active mind cannot lie dormant in these days of industrial unrest and, as I hope, industrial advancement. As everybody knows, the great strike has begun; but I have heard no collier grumble yet. They seem like young horses just turned out to grass and most concerned about enjoying their new lease of open-air life in pursuing their hobbies. We had only one meeting previous to leaving work, and it was addressed by Mr. Hancock, M.P. He said that the old cry was being raised that the dispute had been brought

about by a school of agitators who had fanned the passions of the miners; but he gave it as his opinion that the causes were the general advance in education, the new tastes and habits of the people, and the rapid rise in prices during the last fifteen years with no corresponding rise in wages. We had reached a time, he said, when it was no longer a question of profits, but of a living wage. We had compromised locally, we had compromised nationally; we had used every means in our power for a settlement. In the Everwash Valley and in Leen Valley the masters had, he said, agreed to the principle of the Minimum Wage. He (Mr. Hancock) told us that Mr. Frank Seeley had assured him privately that if the matter was left to himself and Mr. Hancock it would be settled without a strike. Knowing a little behind the scenes, however, I say that if Mr. Hancock and the Seeley type could settle it privately they would pursue the policy of further fleecing one section of the workers in order to pay a minimum wage to coal face men only. For, having

worked for the — Coal Company for nearly twenty-five years, whose pits belong to the Seeleys (Colonel Seeley being one of them), I can prove before friend or foe that they are absolutely the worst payers of any colliery owners in the Notts coal-fields. Their policy has always been to keep one-half of their workers on the verge of poverty to pay the other half a comfortable wage. There are more grumbling workers in their employment than in the employment of any other owners—I might say in England. Seeley gives more away to hospitals and other charitable institutions than any other large employer in the Midlands. To cut it short, they are responsible for ruining hundreds of poor children's constitutions by paying their parents starvation wages and then they give their hundreds in so-called charity to patch them up second-handed. I say to hell with such charity as this; justice before charity.

A NOTTS MINER.

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#### THE COAL STRIKE.

Sir,—It is reassuring to read in last week's "Notes of the Week" that Socialism has a respect for order and a reverence for intelligence and culture; but it is difficult to see how this respect for order and culture can be promoted by a million sport-loving, beer-drinking miners marching on London to dictate terms to the nation. If the miners become our masters we shall have what the writer of the notes rightly condemns, i.e., a purely materialistic Government. I cannot imagine an interesting paper like THE NEW AGE flourishing under a Government of miners. The miners' journal would be entirely devoted to detailed accounts of football matches and cock-fighting—certainly there would be no room for letters on Picasso or Mr. Walter Sickert's clever sketches.

DOUGLAS FOX PITT.

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#### "FINANCE AND THE PEOPLE."

Sir,—Lieut.-Colonel Alsager Pollock, in his article on "Finance and the People," makes rather an amusing mistake. He says: "You cannot eat your cake and have it." Now, if the principle of that admirable proverb is worth anything at all, it must, in its consistent application, reduce Mr. Pollock's argument to utter absurdity, because it is manifest that the "idle rich" do "eat their cake and have it" all the time. The idea that the faster the "idle rich" devour this eternal cake the more crumbs there will be for the poverty-stricken workers who *continually supply the cake* is a misnomer of economics that I imagined had been exploded over and over again by such writers as Shaw and Blatchford. Was it not the Duke of Argyll who, about ten years ago, ventured just such another statement as does Mr. Pollock in last week's issue? Was not the Duke bowled over like an undignified skittle by Mr. Blatchford, who asked: "Where do the 'idle rich' get their money from in order to buy the cake, and from whom?"

ARTHUR F. THORN.

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#### "IN THE NAME OF THE NATION."

Sir,—It is agreed by all clear-headed and honest thinkers that there is only one way of raising the real status of labour—namely, by removing the barriers interposed by successive Cabinets to deprive labour of its legitimate remuneration.

The distribution of the national wealth is estimated by Mr. Chiozza-Money, in his book "Riches and Poverty, 1910," as follows:—"The total aggregate income of the 44½ million people of the United Kingdom was in 1908-9 approximately £1,844,000,000. Of this sum, 1,400,000 persons took £634,000,000 (or per capita, £453); 4,100,000 persons took £275,000,000 (or per capita, £67); 39,000,000 persons took £935,000,000 (or per capita, £24). About one-half of the entire annual income of the nation is enjoyed by about 12 per cent. of its population. It is probably true that a group of about 120,000 persons, who, with their families, form about one-seventieth of the population, owns about two-thirds of the entire accumulated wealth of the United Kingdom."

How can this intolerable and unjust condition of things be changed? The Independent Political Association suggests a simple and effective plan and appeals to the people for co-operation.

It is proposed to submit the following proposition to the adult section of the 39,000,000 mentioned above:—

That the only permanent cure for the present social unrest is that there should be a just distribution of the national wealth by means of which the workers shall obtain their fair share of the product of their labours, and a monster petition presented to his Majesty the King in the name of the nation.

We know that petitions are only a symbol, and are often disregarded, but a petition signed by millions of men, with

a just and moral force behind them, is a petition that will not and cannot be ignored.

We ask every worker, male or female, to sign this petition. Names may be registered at 1, Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W., and at Milton's Buildings, 244, Deansgate, Manchester, or petition forms will be forwarded on application.

A. WATTERS, Hon. Treasurer.

H. VERNON CAREY, S. SKELHORN, Secretaries.

The Independent Political Association,  
1, Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W.

March 2nd, 1912.

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#### CO-PARTNERSHIP AND "THE NEW AGE."

Sir,—I have written so much on the influenza of the art world—Post-Impressionism—and its sickly sequelæ, that now it has reached the last stages of delirium tremens it is a matter for the pathologists; and as my own contentions have been proved up to the hilt I can now rest on my laurels and turn my attention to matters of more pressing import.

I read your excellent "Notes" in your last issue with great interest and more profit than I got from reams of turgid reading matter I had waded through in my efforts to get at the true inwardness of the coal crisis. I was specially interested in your remarks on Syndicalism, trade unionism, and co-partnership, and should like to offer a little questioning criticism with a view of eliciting more light. "Let the cobbler stick to his last," slyly remarks one of my mosquito-like opponents in art controversies. By all means; but I am not a cobbler. I am an artist-philosopher, and a philosopher has to take "all knowledge for his province" as far as time and opportunity go. Over thirty years ago I made a close study of Socialism as one of the great problems, and I have followed all later developments with eager interest; and seven years ago, in my book "Betterment—Individual, Social, and Industrial," I surveyed the whole field in broad, general outlines. When writing it I first realised the value and significance of co-partnership, and announced that it was by far the nearest approach to a remedy for industrial ills yet discovered. In this matter I must confess myself a laggard, as I was only able to be seven years ahead of our smart, "up-to-date" editors, who have suddenly opened their eyes.

You speak of co-partnership as bound to weaken the unions to extinction. Why not? By the time we have universal co-partnership we shall practically have Socialism established; unionism will have done its work. Unionism seems to be only a milder form of Syndicalism—a warlike body fighting for sectional interests—and as such is anti-Socialistic. But, as you say, we must have a more perfect form of co-partnership than any yet devised. That of Sir George Livesey is one of the best; but the conditions of the gas supply are peculiarly advantageous; and less favoured trades would need improvements on his system to meet their peculiar difficulties. You should give us your views on these difficulties and evoke the ingenuity of your readers by inviting suggestions. The Morgan Steel Trust system seems merely a 'cute means of keeping a grip on the best men, and not true co-partnership.

The fundamental principle is that the men's duties and interests must be made to agree. The organisation must be the union of Brains, Capital, and Labour; and the brains of all must be stimulated by that wonderful "suggestion system" which turned the first model factory in which it was introduced into "a five-thousand-brain-power organisation"!

During the transition stages, and until we get a world of supermen, the worker should be given some sense of proprietorship in the firm or company. Nationalisation, except in the case of land and mines, will be too vague and shadowy to appeal to the worker's imagination and to give that stimulus necessary to bring out his best energies.

The paramount need of the time is for far-seeing statesmanship on the part of Labour, or their efforts may prove suicidal in the long run. By that one-sided sham called "Free Trade" we have got Britain into a false and artificial position of great peril. We are abjectly dependent on the foreigner for food, and if we kill our foreign trade half of us will have to starve before we can repair our criminal neglect of food production. Calamities will then come in battalions; we should then be unable to sustain the awful burden of defence; we should go down before our magnificently organised enemies or competitors; the rest of our trade would be swept away, and, as we are trustees of civilisation for hundreds of millions of backward peoples, our marvellous Empire, so providentially established, would be reduced to the "bloody chaos" spoken of by Lord Morley. Co-partnership offers the best means of bridging the difficulties of transition, and it should be developed to its highest beneficent possibilities.

E. WAKE COOK.

## CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

Sir,—Referring to the question raised in your columns as to capital punishment acting as a deterrent to crime, it is worth noting that one of our judges has remarked: "The greater the uncertainty of a punishment the less its deterrent effect. Could certainty be secured, a small penalty would have much more effect than a greater penalty combined with uncertainty." This proposition is one, I think, in which most thinking persons will agree. The result of our present system is we cannot consent to carry out the penalty in nearly half the cases in which death is the penalty of the court. Taking the twenty years between 1886 and 1905, the death sentences were 551, but the actual executions 323 only! Is not the idea of appealing to sentiment for reprieve a wrong one?—it is far better to modify the law as a basis. One of the aims of our society is "a more rational treatment of crimes of murder by the immediate adoption of a gradation of such crimes as proposed by the Royal Commission of 1864." As regards the question of capital punishment generally, it should be borne in mind that the principle of "curative" treatment of criminals should be our primary object, and we certainly cannot carry out this idea with regard to homicides when we "kill" them.

J. FREDERICK TILLY, Hon. Sec.,  
Society for the Abolition of Capital Punishment,  
145, New Kent Road, S.E.

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## PROPERTY IN LAND.

Sir,—A discussion has been raging during the last two years in the columns of the "Individualist" on the duties of the State in relation to the ownership or exclusive use of land. And since the question is one which underlies Individualism and Socialism, and indeed all systems of political philosophy, I make no apology for changing the venue. The chief protagonists are Sir Roland Wilson, who set the ball rolling, Mr. J. H. Levy, the editor, Mr. Fysher, and Mr. Evershed—all four entitled to respect as able thinkers and logicians. And yet the whole debate reads like something dug up out of the early seventeenth century, before Tom Hobbes gave the world his "Leviathan." Man himself is no longer in these days looked upon as a sort of degenerate angel. We grope about for his ancestors among the lower forms of life. We no longer ask ourselves whether the bird or the egg came first: we trace the bird back to the saurian, and the saurian to some still lower form of animal life before eggs were laid, and when animals multiplied by fission.

No one (since the late Piazzi Smyth) believes that the dimensions of the Great Pyramid were prescribed to puny man by celestial beings. The Eiffel Tower, Cologne Cathedral, and the Taj Mahal are regarded as the lineal descendants of the hunter's hut and the troglodyte's excavation. But when we come to modern notions of Duty, Justice and Right, we are invited to leave the safe track of inductive philosophy, and to seek for their originals, not in the barbarous customs and beliefs of savages, but among the "fundamental morals" hidden away in the consciousness of holy men or divine lawgivers. Mr. Fysher, it is true, points out that "the principles which Mr. Levy upholds as fundamental morals are far from being either fundamental or universal": but he himself affirms that "those who disturb the first comer tamper with the foundation of Justice," without explaining the word Justice (with a capital J). And Sir Roland in his own defence says: "I was speaking of the original moral right prior to any equitable arrangement being come to between the would-be encloser and his fellow-men generally." We seem to be back in the wilds with Rousseau and his "Contrat Social." When was this equitable arrangement come to? Mr. Evershed goes near to bringing the discussion back on to the lines of inductive science when he hints at symbiosis, but he misses his opportunity. When Mr. Fysher says "Right is Right," I think he means to say "Right is a species of Might." If so he is not far wrong.

Into what clouds does not this method lead us! How, when using the language of the Absolutist, the most clear-headed become incoherent! Listen! Says Sir Roland Wilson, "Mr. Fysher is correct in representing me as basing my argument for public property in land on an assumed right of all to use it all in common." To this Mr. Levy jeeringly protests, "That the whole of the human race should have the right of simultaneous access to any given square yard of the earth's surface is manifestly ridiculous."

Here again is a little triangular duel: "Is toleration to be mutual," asks Sir Roland, "when I appropriate nine-tenths of the available land, leaving one-tenth to you?" Mr. Fysher replies, "The morality of Nature knows nothing of fairness." To which Mr. Levy, waxing wrath, exclaims, "Is there any need to reply to this? If a controversialist declares himself unwilling to recognise the basic sentiment of morals, to which every ethical appeal *must* be made, it is as useless to argue with him on an ethical question as to

—." So if it is, if the argument is to be carried on in the Absolutist language. And now we witness a curious spectacle. Just as Abraham, after smashing all the idols in his father's house, set up one of his own in their stead, so Mr. Evershed, after upsetting all Mr. Levy's fundamental basic principles, drags in a bogey of his own, which is neither better nor worse than those he has laughed out of court. From his grand basic sentiment of morals, Mr. Levy imagines himself able to deduce certain axiomata media, precisely similar to those which others have reached by observation and induction. After enumerating some of these—such as "veracity, sobriety, industry, parental responsibility, respect for property, and others," Mr. Evershed continues, "These I take to be axiomata media." Can they be made available for use by the statesman?—this is the crucial question. "It is in constructive politics that the crucial question arises, and, so far as I can see, no moral axiom, short of utility, will enable us to decide . . ." what the State should do and what it should leave undone. "If Mr. Levy has any mediate axioms up his sleeve that will solve these problems, no one will welcome them more than I." Up goes the idol Utility on to the empty pedestal. But however futile Mr. Levy's basic principle may be, it is not quite so painfully useless as Mr. Evershed's. For, from this principle its worshipper declines to deduce any axiomata whatever. He leaves it standing on its pedestal, the naked laughing-stock of "the ordinary man," and proceeds to reach his own axiomata by induction from observation and experience, without the help of his idol. But of these he only furnishes two: free speech and religious equality. Perhaps a sufficient commentary on these two is the memorial to the Secretary of State for the Home Department signed by Mr. Levy and his friends, and setting forth that on December 5 last two persons were convicted of blasphemy at Leeds and sentenced to three months' and four months' imprisonment respectively. Still, these generalisations can be shown to express tendencies, which is more than can be said for such imaginary principles as Justice; from which, in any intelligible sense, the laws of society deviate more and more as civilisation develops. The point for us is that by the use of the Absolutist's jargon, even the clearest reasoners can be made to talk nonsense. Thus the old saw, "The rights of all are equal, or none has any" is politely described by Mr. Fysher as "too abstruse" to have much utility. It would be more bluntly correct to say that it is too nebulous to have any.

Take Utility first, as being the least unintelligible of these high-sounding abstractions. Utility means, I suppose, usefulness. Usefulness implies a user or users. The "Utilitarian Principle" contemplates "the greatest happiness of the greatest number": and there it stops. Of whom? Of those now living? or of the unborn?—in other words, the welfare of the community, whose longevity is indefinite. If of the latter, Why? What motive is to urge living persons (the depositories of power) to put the welfare of unborn generations before their own? And how are they to know what present action will really conduce to the happiness of beings of whose wants and desires they can know little or nothing?

Are the Martello Towers, erected by our grandfathers, of any use to us? Who could have foreseen in 1761 (when the first canal was opened to the English public) that in a few years the whole network of canals would be rendered nearly useless by the still newer iron railroads? But, apart from prevision, what is a useful thing? If it is not a desired thing, how shall we gauge it? And if it *is* a desired thing, ought we to measure our duty to the unborn (or to the living) by the mere gratification to be derived? Is champagne more useful than beer? Is venison more useful than beef? I have assumed that by the words "the greatest number" is meant the greatest number of human beings, though I cannot for the life of me see why. If the virtue of my act or of a State act is to be measured by the happiness caused by it to human beings to be born 1,000 years hence, and whom I do not know and cannot forecast, why should I not weigh the welfare of a number of Chinese or Hottentots in equal scale with the welfare of an equal number of Englishmen? But are we to understand that this is intended? Says Sir Roland Wilson, "According to the law as it ought to be, the improver of a given piece of land should be entitled to the full value of his improvements, while the remaining value, if any, should belong to the State in trust for the common benefit of all mankind." Which State? Does any State hold anything in trust for the benefit of all mankind? and is it reasonable that it should? But we are trying to empty a bottomless well. Let us amuse ourselves with some of the questions which the small fry of the Absolutist School of political philosophers are always asking. No doubt Mr. Levy would answer them as puzzled parents answer the troublesome questions of their quite consistent children. "Oh! get along and play." Ought the Anglo-Saxons to bow themselves out of North America and to leave the land to its "rightful" owners, the Redskins? Suppose somebody were to buy up a narrow strip of land from the Humber to the Mersey, what would you do?—Would you compel York-

shiremen to go to London by sea or to stop at home? "Oh! get along and play." If John Smith discovers an unoccupied island, may he hoist his flag, or his country's flag, and claim it to all eternity? Three centuries ago the Spaniards and Portuguese divided the Western Hemisphere between them: ought we to have recognised their claim? If some fellow cornered all the wheat or all the coal in the market, ought the rest of us to pay him his price or freeze and starve? "Oh! be off and play! Besides, forestalling and regrating are illegal." Very likely: but should they be? that is the question.

Probably Aristotle was quite right to say that all atoms ought to be globular, because the sphere is the only "natural" figure. But are they? Modern science maintains the contrary. You may pound and pulverise a lump of fluor spar into an impalpable powder, but each grain will be found under a microscope to be of the same shape as the original crystal. All the above questions, both the ponderous and the trivial, can be answered with ease on the inductive method. When men are content to apply the same treatment to sociological problems which they apply to physical problems, we shall cease to be bothered with "natural" shapes and "fundamental ethical principles": we shall proceed from the known and the particular to the unknown and the general: but never comprehend the incomprehensible.

WORDSWORTH DONISTHORPE.

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#### THE "BLINDNESS" OF VIRTUE.

Sir,—I have just come across a cutting from your paper, paradoxically called *THE NEW AGE*, which contains a notice of a play not called, as your critic says, "The Innocence of Virtue," but "The Blindness of Virtue," which was written by me. Evidently your dramatic critic has spent most of his time upon a tub in Hyde Park, blaspheming and giving stentorian utterance to all the falsities of so-called Socialism for a certain amount of cash paid weekly. His views and his manner of expressing them are beneath contempt. He knows nothing of the people of whom I write. What obliges me to write to you is this man's amazing ignorance on a matter which is exercising the minds of all intelligent people, and his typical Polytechnical manner of sweeping it aside in a few sentences of suburban English. It is a new thing and an interesting thing, as well as an unpleasant thing, to find that even the drama cannot be left alone by the poisonous tub-thumpers who live on the credulity and charity of working men.

COSMO HAMILTON.

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#### INNOCENCE OF VIRTUE.

Sir,—Your essentially masculine journal seems to eschew the subject of sex as a matter serious only to some boys and most women. But perhaps the feelings of a father may have a slight interest for your readers. I have a motherless daughter, about fifteen. We are rather good chums—but my views of friendship, based as they are upon an ideal of perfect frankness and mutual confidence, will have to be revised if friendship is to be shared between this young woman and myself. For perfectly frank with her upon at least one subject, sex, I cannot be, and I'm hanged if I believe any father could be—or any mother, either. Phyllis (that's not her name) sometimes reads *THE NEW AGE*, and is no fool. She softly applauded Mr. Carter's criticism of Mr. Cosmo Hamilton's play—and didn't ask to go and see it. I rejoiced. But she reads other journals besides yours, and, to cut a long story short, she is at the present hour pondering on Mr. Cosmo Hamilton's atrocious letter to the "Pall Mall Gazette," quoting as a model father some Frenchman who boasts of having imparted the secrets of sex to his little daughter by dissecting a flower in front of the child and allowing her to conclude that she would one day become a mother in the manner of a daffodil. I feel in all my bones that Phyllis is going to tax me about it: the house has been full all the morning of snorts and other youthful expressions of opinion. I warn everybody who has hitherto hinted at my "duty" as a father that I intend to run. If the duty of a father is to lie about flowers to his child—I won't do mine. If that duty is to tell her the truth—I won't do that either. I would not even if I knew in what possible words to express it. But I put it to any man—man, not frog—how could I say it? I expect no answer. My own sense as a man tells me there is none. When I read the lying hypocrite's words I wanted to kick him. "Let my little girl," he says, "ask me the dreaded question if she likes. I will only have to remind her of the botany lesson." But when I hear of persons who lay themselves out to instruct young girls in sex—I want to kick them still more. If sex is a mystery, let it remain a mystery—it's no such great mystery after all, and England has managed to get along so far without giving sexual lessons

to kids. There is no lesson in sex of any possible reality except marriage, and I heartily agree with Mr. Carter that a young woman of marriageable age who is totally unprepared by nature for marriage is an imbecile. There is a certain *possible* preparation for motherhood, the one suggested by Mrs. Beatrice Hastings—to take the engaged girl to see a confinement: but nobody would do it; yet everything less is certainly shirking the truth. So there we are where we have always been. No lies about flowers or caterpillars for even faintly scrupulous parents—no bed-rock facts either, not possibly! The fact is that the present tendency is to make far too much talk of sex and our children have become infected, literally poisoned, by the atmosphere. Adolescents know naturally quite as much as is needful, and in my opinion those persons who "instruct" them in sex have the itch to do so. Anyway, personally, I have never read a single book on the subject which did not give me a disgust of the writer, and a suspicion that he or she deserved to be tried in camera. A successful campaign against those instructors of youth and all their works would give us a generation of the old innocent sort of children. About Phyllis, I shall, if necessary, remark to her that the flowery individual is a fool, and if she asks me "the dreaded question"—but she won't, I'm growing surer that she will not be so stupid. Yet if she should ask—I shall not tell her. I shall leave the subject wrapt in mystery. She is a healthy child and will take no harm of a mystery. She would take harm of lies; and the truth in words would be about as enlightening as an essay in Chinese—even if I were the sort of man to attempt it. I am not sure that I shall send you this letter now that it is written, but it has been a great relief to me to find that I quite positively reject the idea of discussing sex with my daughter. If she, etc., etc., I shall take her off for the day and give her a blow of sea-air and buy her a book or music—get her mind off the subject some way. That's my idea of my duty—to keep her a child as long as possible. No Chinese essays for me!

Q.

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#### FRANCE AND THE FRENCH.

Sir,—There is a popular German saying to this effect: "To each little animal his little pleasure"—("jedem Tierchen sein Pläsirchen" are, I believe, the words). It will serve to solve one of the several mysteries which puzzle Mr. Charles Dawbarn and answer the advice for me with which he concludes his letter to you and which I return with thanks. It is evident that I derived more amusement from "tearing up" his "work of art" than he did from picking up the bits, which might easily have filled more than the four columns which we allotted to his pains, to his publisher, to the size of the book and its price. Mr. Dawbarn complains that we did not do him justice in spite of our expansiveness. Does he imagine we would have been fairer in a smaller space? Fair criticism consists in going into a question, not in dismissing it with unsupported praise or blame. Mr. Dawbarn, moreover, can be no judge in the matter. My judges are yourself and our readers. From the author's point of view one is always unfair when uncomplimentary.

The criticism of Mr. Charles Dawbarn's book did not exact the qualifications of a philologist, and, though he fears to offend me, I would not be ashamed in admitting ignorance of M. Arthur Dupin, the late police-court news reporter on the "Journal." All the same, I can explain to him why I asked—quite casually—it is he who lays stress on the detail—what moved him to write "apache" (among so many other words) with a capital. French terms descriptive of nationality—"peau-rouge," "anglais," "breton," "français," "philistin," etc.—are not given capitals.

Mr. Dawbarn not only taunts me in my knowledge of French colloquialisms, but also in my ignorance of Paris life. Though we have not all the inestimable advantage to live under the same roof with counts, familiarity with that city is not such a privilege that I need boast or even write a book about it. In this case, as elsewhere, Mr. Dawbarn built a rule and an argument from the exception within his own immediate reach. I continue to maintain my statement in my review of his book as all others.

As to whether the ruffians who murder policemen can be considered to be instigated by anything but common criminality I will leave readers of *THE NEW AGE* to decide; ditto as to whether or not I am justified in disputing Mr. Dawbarn's view that French literature came to a dead stop with Balzac, "prince" (or some term to that effect—being absent from home I cannot consult his book) of French letters in the past, until Mr. Edmond Rostand, "prince" (or some dozen hyperbolic terms to that effect) of French letters in the present, came to revive it.

Among other gratuitous suppositions Mr. Dawbarn assumes that his "disappointed" (why?) "convalescent"

(though strong enough to compile four solid columns), "indelicate" (because I said indecency is the "raison d'être" of the lieu de plaisir he describes and deplores) "Exile" of a critic "complains" he has the entrée in all classes of French society. Such readers of THE NEW AGE whom it may amuse to act as arbitrators in the matter are referred to my article, for I do not think THE NEW AGE has space for the discussion of such puerilities, so I will conclude by hoping that in its character as a critical organ it will always have space to protest against the ever-growing invasion of a class of "pot-pourri" literature which to call journalistic is not the worst that can be said of it.

"AN EXILE."

\* \* \*

Sir,—I have not seen "France and the French"—for 10s. 6d. is a large sum—but being much interested in the subject I read with eagerness "An Exile's" article on this book and Mr. Dawbarn's reply.

The article is full of quotations, and "An Exile" proves his case amply by them alone on the points mentioned. The author shows some irritation, but can he expect a critic of a paper that calls itself THE NEW AGE to hear without resentment that "great books are dead," that since Balzac there has been none to compare with him for a moment, that "British art grows old," that "French art grows tricky and merely clever," also, Debussy is the only modern French musician considered worthy of mention? Of course, Rostand, "the equal of Aristophanes and all the Greek satirists of the Golden Age in Greece," may pass as an individual opinion, though an astounding one; but that we are to console ourselves in this inferior age by thinking of the literary tone of "Les Annales" and Rene Bazin! I must not, however, waste your space by repeating the points made in "An Exile's" article; I wish only to record my cordial appreciation of it.

A SUBSCRIBER.

\* \* \*

#### THE CRISIS IN ENGLAND AND THE ADMINISTRATION OF JUSTICE.

Sir,—As a convinced opponent of woman suffrage, and one who has both spoken and written against the enfranchisement of women, I trust you will permit me to draw attention to the scandalous proceedings of those officials who have decided to put in operation against these women the processes of the criminal law.

The competence of Mr. Snow Fordham and Mr. Curtis Bennett to administer justice has always been a matter of doubt. How men of this character ever get into the responsible position of magistrates it is most difficult to understand. The misery these individuals inflict upon the community is fearful to reflect upon. The dialogues which have taken place between them and the women brought before them have shown them to be the worst kind of bully. There is hardly a pretence to exercise the judicial faculty which they are supposed to possess. Long before these cases arose personal visits to the courts presided over by these two men had convinced me that they were utterly incapable of exercising the duties of magistrates. The public now has an opportunity of judging the calibre of their minds. The dialogue between Mr. Snow Fordham and Mrs. Jacobs was particularly instructive in demonstrating the unfitness of the former to exercise a judicial faculty.

The sentences of hard labour are open to the gravest criticism. A person sent to hard labour is presumed to have done a criminal act from a criminal and wicked motive. The most prejudiced opponent of woman suffrage (a description which has often been applied to me) cannot pretend that these women come within that category. They are doing criminal acts from a non-criminal motive. In reality, these sentences are merely vindictive. When the Courts begin to impose sentences which have as their sole justification the motive of revenge and not the spirit of justice, the administration of justice has broken down, and the magistrates have become more criminal than the persons whom they are sentencing. In other words, anarchy, in the sense of dissolute proceedings, is getting its grip upon the country.

A word as to the so-called "innocent tradesmen." Some of them, no doubt, are quite unconnected with this movement; but the business methods of many of these places attacked is one of the causes of the deep-seated agitation among English women. They are some of the most notorious sweaters in London—the low-wages and latchkey type of employer whose proper place is in gaol.

The prosecution of Mr. and Mrs. Pethick-Lawrence and the Pankhurst family stands on a different footing. My own view about the Pankhursts is that they might well have been subsidised by the opponents of woman suffrage, as their outbursts have always been engineered on the eve of a critical division. That may happen once by stupidity; but when it occurs a number of times one is bound to draw

inferences against the persons engaged in the organisation of such tactics. The Pankhursts have certainly raised their standard of living since this militant agitation came into being; and the passage of the Conciliation Bill would have deprived them of a substantial income. Nevertheless, these people are entitled to a fair trial. Upon what principle bail was refused I cannot understand. True, they are charged with serious offences; but so was that swindler Hooley, yet he had bail and was treated with the utmost consideration. The opening remarks of Mr. Bodkin are a further example of the impropriety of allowing that person to conduct Crown prosecutions. His extraordinary proceedings in the Houndsditch trials, when all his efforts to arouse prejudice against some wretched Russian aliens by cross-examining them upon their political opinions were unsuccessful, should have prevented him from being again employed as the representative of the King. Mr. Bodkin, in his speech in the Pethick-Lawrence-Pankhurst case, described the women engaged in this agitation as "comparatively respectable members of society." Mr. Bodkin may imagine he is a judge of what should constitute respectable conduct; but from some experience of his tricks at the Bar I venture to differ. In any event he has no right to insult persons not the subject of the prosecution who have no means of replying to his insolence. Moreover, as an officer of the Court, he must know that the use of such language under such circumstances makes him a proper subject of physical violence at the instance of persons aggrieved.

Apart from women's suffrage, the decision of the case of Tupper v. Blumenfeld is a further example of the partial administration of justice. This time Sir Walter Phillimore and Justices Lush and Hamilton are the responsible judges. Blumenfeld, the American who is editing the "Daily Express," had attacked a Mr. Tupper for certain speeches. Tupper issued a writ for libel. The criticisms were continued, so Tupper moved for a writ of attachment for contempt of court. His application was dismissed. A few weeks ago a man named Richards was sent to prison by two of these same judges under these circumstances: Richards had written some articles censuring an officer of the police named Higgins for his conduct during certain disturbances in Wales. Higgins issued a writ, but the criticisms were persisted in. Higgins moved to commit Richards for contempt, and Richards was sent to prison. In the first case, Tupper was espousing the cause of the people, but was not protected; in the second case, Richards was criticising a police officer, and the latter was protected by the judges. It is absurd to pretend that justice is more than a farce in the English Courts. The corruption of the judiciary is one of the elements which may produce an explosion which will blow the English social organisation to pieces.

This is a moment when the judges and magistrates should endeavour to conceal the fact that they are the paid hacks of the governing class, because no society can maintain itself when the administration of justice is the subject of the contemptuous scorn of every honest man.

C. H. NORMAN.

\* \* \*

#### THE WORKS OF WHISTLER.

Sir,—Mrs. Pennell says that she does "not know anything of Mr. Hesslein and his pictures." But on page 211 of the "Life of Whistler," "by E. R. and J. Pennell," the portrait of Eldon, of which I gave particulars in my letter to you of the 29th ult., is mentioned. The expert opinion there given is "it may be a copy." Mrs. Pennell might note for rectification in subsequent editions, that is, of course, "if she thinks it worth while."

WALTER SICKERT.

\* \* \*

#### THE RIGHTS OF THE INDIVIDUAL.

Sir,—The writer of the letter which I enclose is presumably under the impression that I am the editor of the "Daily Sale." He is mistaken.

C. E. BECHHOEFER.

To Mr. Bechhoefer, Editor of the "Daily Sale."

Sir,—That is all very fine about my letter about the Government, but what about what we arranged to do—viz., I was to sign it with name, address, and you promised me business. We are fishmongers and very flourishing and green. What was it you were saying about getting up a no-fish scare and sending round to fish-merchants for adverts. as you did while the coal crisis? Right are you.

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