THE
NEW AGE
A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART.

No. 1020] New Series. Vol. X. No. 22. Thursday, Mar. 28, 1912. [Registered at G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] THREEPENCE.

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Subscriptions to the NEW AGE are at the following rates:—

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

We gave some reasons last week for hoping that the Government's Minimum Wage Bill would fail to be acceptable. Writing on Sunday, and while its fate is still somewhat in suspense, we can nevertheless feel certain that in any event the Bill is doomed. It is just possible that the Bill may be carried and formally placed on the Statute book; but it is equally probable that the Bill will be withdrawn. With these details, however, we are not greatly concerned, for the subjects now to be discussed are of infinitely greater importance than a Bill from which any definite figures are excluded. Speaking of the Bill itself, we are disposed to regard it as an elaborate but veiled insult to every miner who has been on strike. From the outset we have maintained that the only object of Mr. Asquith in intervening in the dispute was to gain time; and the fact that on Tuesday he introduced in the form of a parliamentary Bill the four propositions which as a whole both men and masters had rejected three weeks previously is proof, if further proof is needed, that we were right. We are far from saying that under the circumstances and from his own point of view Mr. Asquith was ill-advised to play for time. Indeed, we will go the length of saying that his plan, however exasperating to the public and fatal for the moment to the men, was the best he could have adopted, short of a single alternative, that of nationalising the mines. So long as the men were prepared to starve peaceably and their leaders were indisposed to demand not only a minimum wage, but the only conditions that would guarantee a minimum wage, so long was Mr. Asquith, as the spokesman of the employing classes (for, of course, it is nonsense to pretend that his attitude has been public-minded or even socially impartial), justified in putting into his scales the invincible sword of time. From all we can see and foresee at this moment the men have lost, and their loss is less to their discredit than to the discredit of the Government that has been the instrument of their defeat.

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It has been remarked by many observers that of the three parties to the present dispute not one of them really desired to force matters to an Act of Parliament. In each of the three cases good grounds, we may well believe, existed for this disinclination. The common ground, however, on which all parties stood has not yet been made sufficiently clear, and the brief remark by Lord Robert Cecil, to the effect that the wage-system itself is fundamentally wrong, has not been generally appreciated. Lord Robert Cecil, it is true, himself contrived to obscure his momentary vision of the real ethics of the question by riding his new hobby-horse of profit-sharing at a furious rate over the parliamentary benches. This toy—for it is no more—was taken up by several speakers, including Mr. Lloyd George, who promised to inquire into its mechanism seriously; with the natural consequence that the profound and fundamental criticism of the wage-system per se was forgotten. Nevertheless, as this and not that was the common ground on which the three parties, without knowing it, really stood, a supplement to our remarks of last week on the inherent and ineradicable immorality of the wage-system may now be made.

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But, first, let us realise why the Bill as presented to Parliament on Tuesday last offered even less than the appearance of satisfaction to any of the three parties implicated. From the Government point of view it is clear that the submission to legislation under duress is bad in itself, and the insertion in an Act of Parliament of actual figures of wages would be an invitation to still more duress and duress often repeated. Doubtless a Government, such as the present, representing, as it does, the interests of the employing classes rather than the interests of the nation, has less right than a national government to plead public grounds for its refusal to legislate particular wages; but the fact remains that the argument against legislation under duress would be stronger and not weaker if a better government were in power. A Socialist government, for example, would quite possibly have to adopt towards

a section of its citizens—even if these were State-employed—the same attitude taken by Mr. Asquith. Its grounds, however, would be infinitely stronger, for, under Socialist circumstances, no doubt of its national as distinct from its class character could be entertained. The upshot of the matter is that Mr. Asquith's assumptions would have been practically as well as technically correct if only he had recognised the illegitimacy of the causes that led to the men's demand as well as of the form of the demand itself. We shall return in a moment to the consideration of the better alternative which the Cabinet had; but we here record our view that, once that alternative was rejected (foolishly and even disastrously as we believe it to have been) the line taken by the Government was such as any Government must have taken.

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In reviewing the men's case against legislation, we need hardly say that they have done their level best to avoid it. For the Government there was always open an alternative to forcing on the employers and on the men a Minimum Wage, for they could, as we have said, nationalise the mines; but the men had and have no other alternative but, first, to negotiate with their employers and, secondly, to appeal by means of a strike to the general public. We are doing our critics the justice of considering their case on its merits, and we hope that they will in return consider the men's case as if they were themselves the men. When, after months of discussion, the miners had failed to persuade their employers that, owing to the rise in prices, the wages paid were no longer sufficient to maintain a decent life; when, further, they believed from their own knowledge that the margin of profits and royalties accruing to the owners was amply sufficient to justify an increase of wages; and when, finally, they found themselves for the first time in their history organised and unanimous in a single demand; the obligation to lay their case before the public became imperative. Parliament, moreover, had egregiously neglected even so much as to interest itself in the phenomenon that pressed heavily upon all wage-earners. The steady rise in prices as compared with wages had been operating not only without let or hindrance from Parliament but without parliamentary notice or discussion. Within a week or two of the opening of the strike Parliament had superciliously declared that the economic tragedy of our day was beneath its notice, engaged up to the eyes as that was with Home Rule and Welsh disestablishment. The invitation, provocation, and even the obligation to strike for the attention of the public was therefore irresistible. It would have been no credit to the men if they had not struck when and as they did. Whatever may be the immediate effects of the strike, we are certain that its moral effect is all to the good. The economic issue has been reopened, and not for some years will political issues resume their absurd predominance.

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But in striking to attract the attention and to enforce the judgment of the public on their case the miners had no intention of appealing directly to the Government or of demanding a Bill. It is well understood by miners, as by other Trade Unionists, that in the long run Government intervention is bound to be against them. This objection has nothing to do with nationalisation, for Government employees, whether in the higher or lower Civil Service, make no bones of petitioning their employers, the State, for legalised minimum wages. Trade Unionists, on the other hand, are and recognise themselves to be, for the present, employees of private employers, and as such their quarrel is primarily with these and not with the Government. Unless therefore the public, through the Government, abolishes private employment, and thus releases the men from their enforced relations with private owners, the public really can do little more than persuade by the weight of their approval or disapproval all employers to provide conditions of a reasonably humane level. In this instance we do not doubt that the weight of public opinion has been with the men; nor do we doubt that, given a sufficient time in which to have allowed this opinion to manifest itself, the employers would finally have been compelled to give way. Unfortunately, however, the public was slow to realise its responsibilities and still slower to realise the only means it had of assuming them; and in the meantime the Government stepped in, uninvited and unexpected by both men and masters, and with a superficial scheme proceeded to damp down the strike long before the rights and wrongs of the question were cleared up and to the enormous prejudice of a final settlement.

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Now let us see what there is to be said for the employers. Like the men and the public, they, too, are human; and we are by no means inclined to join in the chorus of abusing them as greedy monsters. It is true that as a class they are in a position to rackrent wage-earners almost to any extent; it is also true that, by means of joint stock companies, their natural bowels of human kindliness are well-nigh emptied out. But, on the other hand, society has for the time being sanctioned and almost sanctified this unenviable condition, thousands of the wage-slaves are only waiting the chance of securing such a position for themselves, and, in general and save by a very clear-sighted few, the office of employing men for personal profit is not regarded as the shameful occupation it really is. The fundamentally anti-social system once established by public consent, certain relatively fair conditions must afterwards be admitted. For example, it is relatively unfair that a public that admits private ownership should make the conditions of successful private ownership impossible by State regulations. Within reasonable limits, such as the majority of private owners readily and spontaneously admit, public opinion acting independently and through its Government has and is recognised by owners to have the right to insist on certain minimum conditions. Owners cannot in England treat their employees as English employers treat the Kanakas of Queensland, or as Belgian employers treated the natives of the Congo. What is more, English employers in England have no desire, as a class, to adopt the frank methods of slavery or to enforce their "rights" to the extent of brutality. But there are limits to the concessions which the public, once having admitted private ownership, have the right to enforce on employers. The public has no right, for example, to force employers by Act of Parliament to pay so much in wages or for conditions that there is no profit to be made out of the business. No doubt it is true that profits usually are made, and a great deal in excess of the declared amounts; no doubt, too, that high wages and expensive conditions are, if properly utilised, good rather than bad even for profits; but at any given moment it is unfair (within the assumption society makes) to demand that employers shall immediately pay more in wages than they see a prospect of recovering in profits.

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Applying all this to the problem under discussion, it is clear that each of the three parties, the men, the coalowners and the Government, has, at least, the makings of an unanswerable case. So long, in fact, as the fundamental injustice of private ownership remains, each of the three parties under normal circumstances will be at once right and wrong, reasonable and unreasonable, just and unjust, relatively. The miners in the present instance have obviously right on their side when they declare that they must have higher wages in order to live. Mr. Austen Chamberlain was muddle-headed enough to reply without the wit in what

amounted to Voltaire's satire. Such mines, he said, as could not pay a living wage would have to be worked by miners for less than a living wage. What tragical bathos! The theoretical conclusion to be drawn from Mr. Chamberlain's remark is that coal is of more importance than men, and the practical conclusion (which we should like to hear him draw in public) is that if English miners cannot work our mines on less than an English living wage, Chinese labourers, let us say, should be imported, or our own labourers should decline in their standard of living to the Chinese level. As nobody but an idiot would maintain any such solution of our industrial difficulties, we may assume that the major demand of our miners for a living wage is, even within the system of private ownership, just and reasonable. But this, it must be repeated, is within a penny-piece what the miners are demanding—this and no more. It may please our degraded Press to tout for public coppers by representing the strikers as selfish wolves preying on society, or as Dick Turpins holding up the Government to ransom; but the plain truth is that the men have demanded, are demanding, and, we hope, will continue to demand, simply a living wage. The mere fact that, under the system of private ownership, a living wage for every worker is an impossibility does not alter in the least the justice of the demand. To reply that society is so organised that a living wage for all is impossible, is not to prove the demand unjust, but to prove that society is badly organised. As Mr. Lansbury courageously said in the House of Commons on Friday, it is the duty of the wage-earners to revolt, revolt, revolt; and it is, we will add, the duty of intelligent persons to encourage them to do so. We abate not one jot of our conviction that the men's demand is just before God, and that nothing but disaster must befall a society so organised that it cannot grant it.

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But if, by the men's route, we arrive at the conclusion that society must be fundamentally re-organised, no less certainly do we arrive at the same end by way both of the employers and of the Government. We have seen that the justice of the employers' case rests on the admission by society that the carrying on of employed industry for profit is legitimate. Who admits the end must also in common fairness admit the necessary means. Disputes may arise concerning what is or is not a necessary means; but the presumption is in favour of the employers when a large majority conceives certain means to be necessary. It may, as we have said, be a miscalculation on the part even of a majority of employers; a majority of employers is no more certainly right than any other majority. But the onus of proof lies upon the enforcing party and not upon the party enforced. We have stated the facts on which we rest our belief that the mining industry in particular is well able to afford a minimum wage to all its employees. Both the "Times" and the "Daily Mail" have stated these facts over and over again; but it appears that not only are the public and the Government still unconvinced, but a minority of the employers have demonstrated their sincerity—it may be the sincerity of their ignorance—by threatening to close their mines if higher wages are enforced on them. Lies, lies, we may perhaps reply in view of our experience of similar and oft-repeated threats that were never carried out; but "Wolf, wolf," though often cried in jest, is sometimes cried in earnest. We should feel disposed ourselves at this moment to regard the cry as again a mere ruse; but we do not deny that perhaps—we say *perhaps*—it is for some mine-owners rather more than a trick. Be this, however, as it may, for our future consideration there is the legitimised demand of the employers to be considered. At any moment, under the pressure, which we hope will never cease, of workmen's demands for higher wages, private employers may, so to speak, down tools; and declare that, as society is organised and with the demands enforced on them by public and Parliament, their industry no longer returns them a living profit. Exactly to the extent that society approximates to this result, the need for a re-organisation of society will become clamant.

We have now to see that a Government, representing society as a whole, must necessarily be driven to the same conclusion from the same assumptions. In examining the course Mr. Asquith has taken during this momentous strike, we were the first to point out that he was deliberately gaining time in which to "damp down" the strike. Much to our regret, the men's leaders were quite ready to play into his hands, and under the pretence of conferences, intended on his side to lead precisely nowhere, they have wasted three whole weeks of their funds and a large part of the funds of their fellow Trade Unionists. We shall have a good deal to say when the strike is over concerning both the conduct of this strike and the policy of strikes in general. The present fiasco—or nearly so—has not changed our opinion that the power to strike is a valuable weapon; but we are already convinced that a national strike of one trade only is as great a mistake as the old sectional strike. A host of lessons are to be learned from the events of the last four weeks, and we shall do our best both to learn and to teach them. Meanwhile, it is necessary to realise that Mr. Asquith not only believed himself justified, but just and accurate, in maintaining that he had held the scales evenly between the men and the masters during the present dispute. So, we make bold to say, he has, when once the common assumption of the justice of private ownership is admitted. That this assumption is radically in favour of private owners accounts at the same time for the appearance of Mr. Asquith's partiality for their side. An impartial judge has no option to give the case against the stronger party merely because that party is the stronger. Confining himself to matters of fact his business is to adjudicate on the issue before him and to reserve all other and more fundamental matters for another occasion. In weighing the respective merits of the claims and counterclaims of the men and of the masters, Mr. Asquith avowedly, and like the lawyer that he is, confined himself to the immediate facts in hand. He did not think it his business to inquire into the grounds of the contending claims or to institute an examination of the fundamental assumption on which both rest. Private ownership and profiteering, in fact, he took, as society takes it, for granted; and the only matter before him was whether the men's or the master's case was sufficiently strong to justify a legal decision in his high court of Parliament.

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The two cases were from this point of view equally valid and equally weighty. We have written to no purpose if we have not established the view that, as society is organised, private owners have as much "right" to a living profit as wage-earners have to a living wage. There was, therefore, no question of right involved for Mr. Asquith's consideration as a lawyer. The agreement between the two parties, the one to make as much profit as possible, the other to make as high wages as possible, was an agreement that had the general consent of society. Short of declaring it to be null and void (which, we shall show presently, was the statesmanlike course to take), the agreement was currently valid, and the only question that remained was simply that of force. Let us not disguise from ourselves the fact that the strike has been a war, waged between two parties precisely as all wars are waged. The only difference between the strike war and the military war is that the present leaders have been conferring round a table all the time and the combatants have been, on one side, dying quietly by inches. In all essential respects Mr. Asquith was simply the umpire over two contending armies, and his decision was concerned with nothing more than the relative forces each could put into the field against the general public. As it happens (and writing, be it remembered, before the strike is over), the superior force has been on the employers' side. Had the men had—we will not say the courage, but the spirit—to commence rioting immediately on the refusal of Mr. Asquith to concede their case, it is barely possible that they might have demonstrated their kinetic superiority. Morale, dash, deliberate recklessness count as much in industrial as in

military wars; and we are unfeignedly sorry that a million men have behaved so tamely. We undertake to say that not by such tameness has England been made great; nor by such tameness will the working classes ever obtain a place in the sun. The fact is that in pluck and spirit the middle and upper classes infinitely surpass the working classes; and thus it comes about that in estimating the forces on either side, though one force was many and the other few, Mr. Asquith had no doubt where the superiority lay. His decision was indeed the natural result of holding the scales evenly.

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But it will be seen that in doing so, while Mr. Asquith played the part of judge, he completely failed to play the part of a statesman. For a statesman is not one who maintains society as a cockpit for its citizens and only plumes himself on his impartiality as a judge of the sport; nor is he a mere custodian of society *as it is*. Lord Salisbury used to say that it was the business of Conservatives to keep society very much as it is. But that is not the duty of even Conservative statesmen, still less of Liberal statesmen. On the contrary, so soon as any social institution has manifestly outgrown its need and begins to fail to discharge the office it was created to fulfil, the duty and the privilege of statesmen is to mould it anew, to rebuild and to adapt society again to the pressing life within it. We have said that the demand of wage-earners for a living wage is just; it is more, if that be possible, it is divine. No institution susceptible to change by man himself has the right to baulk the satisfaction of this just demand even for so long as a day. The fact that society as now organised not only baulks this demand, but must necessarily do so for an increasing number of its citizens, condemns the forms of society as no longer answering their original human purpose. Between the two forces of human demand and the man-made and man-makeable forms of society one of the two must give way. Is it conceivable that of the two the creator of both must yield? It is unfortunately conceivable, and many a time in history this result has taken place; man has been sacrificed to society. Rome died not of the Goths from without but of the landlords and capitalists with their inflexible institution of private property from within. England, likewise, will follow Rome's example if the forms of law are to prevail, as they easily may prevail, over the just demands of men. In refusing to re-examine in the conflagration of the present strike, with its natural but incompatible demands the bases of our industrial society Mr. Asquith has proved his soul; and we now know it to be the soul of a legalist. Statesman he is not, even Liberal he is not; he is a mere legal pedant, and as such, in his high office, a danger to the English nation.

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In consequence of this judgment, however, undeniably justified and tragically shocking as it is, we will not fall into the natural and even generous error of demanding an instant revolution. There are forces already at work—and we rejoice in them even if we would not add to them—which threaten to turn society upside down in the attempt to adjust a single institution. That, from our point of view, is unwise, even though from the same point of view it is legitimate. People do not quarrel with institutions that fit them, and the sage Confucius recommended when the people were discontented the hanging of a few of their rulers. Our rulers, on the other hand, are making an attempt to hang a few of the people, with the only result so far that they are preparing a Nemesis for themselves. To those who imagine that great strikes can be damped down with impunity and that the public punishment of the ringleaders may be safely added to the lesson, we would address a simple question: Is England likely to be better or worse off for the transformation of some millions of her workmen from passive to active discontent? Over half a million railwaymen are still sore from their handling by Mr. Lloyd George last August; and now Mr. Asquith has reinforced their numbers by over a million miners. Our governing classes may go very far in provoking our wage-earners to revolt, but even a worm will turn. We deliberately pronounce the new temper of our workingmen to be ugly and threatening almost in the extreme. One or two more "compromises" and the devil will be loose in England and the whole world will have to pay for it.

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But the question which we started was of the limits of re-construction in society immediately desirable. Let it be agreed, for the present, that only where the victims cry out does the shoe of private ownership pinch. At what points does it pinch? Within the last twelve months we have had two large bodies of wage-earners out on strike crying that the shoe pinched there. The railwaymen in August informed the public that one in six of their number was unable to earn a living wage. The railway directors, on the other hand, replied that higher wages would mean an end to profits. It is no matter whether this reply was a lie; the point is that it was offered and accepted. But the practical, the statesmanlike, the human, the intelligent conclusion was for society to say: "Very well, we accept your word. We recognise that men must live, but we also recognise that it would be unfair to let them live at your expense. Since you find it impossible to provide your servants a living wage, we, the State, will assume your office, and having called the tune of higher wages we ourselves will see that the piper is paid." That, we say, would have been the practical statesmanship demanded by the situation. A form of society had confessedly broken down; it was no longer a means to life, but a parasite on the lives of at least a hundred thousand citizens; it should have been swept away and replaced by a new and a better form. The same argument may be applied to the mining industry, another of the places at which the social shoe pinches to the crying-out point. Owners say: We cannot live if wages are raised. Miners say: We cannot live if they are not raised. What is to be done? The obvious course is to adapt the shoe to the wearer's foot. Very well, society should say to the owners, we shall not force you to pay what you say you cannot afford. Nor, on the other hand, can we expect a million men to live on air. We will abolish the institution of private profit which incommodes you both and replace it by the State-ownership and control of the mines.

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Writing as Socialists we affirm that these steps, had they been taken, would have satisfied us for a very long time, and would have more than satisfied for still longer most of the Socialists who count. For the truth is that Socialists, no more than other people, are not Utopians in the blue; they do not desire change merely for the sake of change, or a brand new society every day of the year. The "arguments" against Railway and Mine Nationalisation are usually, however, based on the assumption that these would necessarily involve the State appropriation to-morrow of the rings on a woman's finger and the bells on her toes. Who is responsible for this attitude we will not now attempt to decide, but certainly the paid Press and the employers' bullies must fall under suspicion. The point, however, to observe, is that the practical immediate demands of the political Socialist are comparatively few; and in both the instances herein given they spring as naturally from a manifest need of social change as any political measure ever introduced into the House of Commons. That Mr. Asquith and his Cabinet and the whole Press, with King George himself thrown in, have failed to read the signs of the times and to set our house in order in the only way in which it can be set in order augurs badly for the twentieth century. The railwaymen have failed, the miners have failed, perchance each Union in turn and all together will fail; but not until England has been shaken off her foundations. We conclude, as we began, by deploring the astute stupidity of Mr. Asquith, and promising that the cowardly and ignorant public shall not escape the censure and, in time, the disaster attaching to a people too idle to change its institutions.

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

SUDDEN jumps on the St. Petersburg, Berlin, and Paris Bourses last week formed a pretty good guide to the state of international politics. On Saturday everything connected with finance in these capitals appeared to have become normal again, which again is an indication that we cannot afford to overlook. Let us see what actually happened.

Two main factors influenced foreign affairs last week. One was the speech delivered by Mr. Winston Churchill on the Naval Estimates; the other was the sudden military preparations begun by Russia, apropos of nothing in particular, as it seemed to the outside world.

For several weeks dissension has been evident in the German Cabinet over three points: the navy, the raising of new taxes, and the franchise. With the last we need not concern ourselves just now. The two former are closely connected. The Germans want a big navy: that may be taken for granted, whether we have in mind the Court or the village labourer. But, as I have already pointed out, opinions vary when it comes to finding the money. So varied were the views of the members of the Cabinet, indeed, that the Financial Secretary, Herr Wermuth, felt it incumbent upon him to resign. He wanted to tax the Junkers, I may remark.

As for the Chancellor, Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg, he is also in a difficult position. His views are in many instances opposed to those of the Kaiser, and in the usual course of things he would have had his marching orders long ago for having treated the Imperial will with less reverence than it generally receives. No likely successor, however, can be found, so he is permitted to remain. It is his emphatic belief, more than once expressed to the War-Lord, that it would be entirely to Germany's advantage to come to an agreement with Great Britain on naval affairs, as, if this were done, Germany would be relieved of a very great financial strain in the first place and left free to develop her army in the second. The two statements are not so contradictory as they may appear. Two millions a year, let us say, would show but a small and unimportant result if spent on the German Navy; but two millions a year spent on the German Army would mean a great deal.

This view did not appeal to the Kaiser, who has an eye for the picturesque and the romantic. Whether Germany's future lies upon the water may or may not be true: the Kaiser wishes his Ministers and his people to act and think as if it did. So Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg was overruled, and we now see that Germany is once again starting on a naval and army campaign which threatens to absorb all her available funds. The fact that Berlin has been borrowing heavily from New York and Paris at 7 per cent. will give us some idea of the financial situation that led Herr Wermuth to resign.

If Mr. Churchill meant what he said in his speech, it is useless for Germany to go on building ships, for we shall always maintain a sufficient margin of superiority. But did he mean it? The German Court thinks not; and on this supposition and on the assumption that we are bound to be caught unprepared some day, Germany goes ahead. Personally I support the view held by Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg, and he may yet force his Imperial master to recognise it.

On the other hand, if a strong Conservative statesman could be found to take the present Chancellor's place, Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg would go; and the possibility of some unexpected appointment by the Kaiser complicates the situation. Another Minister who cannot be regarded as quite safe is Herr von Kiderlen-Wächter, the German Foreign Secretary, whom the Kaiser has never quite forgiven for France's diplomatic victory over Morocco.

This unsettled feeling was responsible for the alterations in the plans of two Monarchs. The Kaiser's southward journey was delayed for a few days, and King George's visits to foreign countries were put off indefinitely. In the latter instance, of course, the strike was given as an excuse; and the King and Queen, unwilling to endure further fatigues of travelling this year, were glad of almost any excuse for not going abroad again. I hear, however, that this decision is not to be taken as quite definite and final.

It may not be out of place to direct attention to the new German Army programme. It is by no means a light task to add 30,000 men to the peace strength of the forces, and yet this is what is being done. There are plenty of men, of course; but money and organisation are also important factors. France, aware of the indirect threat, and feeling it was coming, had already prepared for it, and answered it in advance, so to speak, by raising a national subscription for the building of some 80 aeroplanes—a highly significant action in view of the importance of the aeroplane in future wars. Frenchmen have always been patriotic; and the recent displays of enthusiasm for the army are merely additional signs that the old spirit is still there; nobody expected that it had disappeared. The recent cackle in sections of the English Press about the "New France" is unworthy of discussion. France has always been "new" in this sense.

At the Racconigi meeting between the Tsar and the King of Italy last year an arrangement was reached whereby, in certain contingencies, the two Powers pledged themselves to joint action in the Balkans. "Balkans," in these cases, is often a euphonious way of referring to Turkey. What, in fact, Russia and Italy agreed to do was simply to divide Turkey in so far as they were able. Russia, particularly irritated by the advance of Turkish troops into north-western Persia, made a definite move last week by calling on Italy to abide by her part of the compact, and by making ready for an advance into Turkish territory. We were then treated to inspired statements regarding a possible Italian dash on Saloniki or the Dardanelles, it being overlooked that the Italian warships would meet a very warm reception at either place.

It was, I think, chiefly the Russian move that led to the Bourse fluctuations. Turkish Unifieds are held largely in Paris; Germany is greatly interested in Turkish finance, and the secrecy of the Russian Government's plans worried the St. Petersburg exchange. It would naturally be going much too far to suggest that the Russian Government expected to gain any territory in Turkey-in-Europe on this occasion, however hopefully she may expect to do so in the future. She simply intended, by a sudden display of force, to show the world in general that she had recovered from the effects of the war with Japan, and that her army would once again have to be taken into consideration in European affairs.

If any military coup on a small, certain scale had been attempted, Russia's prestige would undoubtedly have risen. Turkey would have been cowed, and Germany and Austria would have been, to say the least, impressed. But the plan was given up on urgent representations being made from Paris. It was pointed out that the international situation, already sufficiently tense, would become unbearable if Russia entered into the Turco-Italian dispute by armed force, that there would be a great element of risk in such a venture, and that, in short, both countries had too much to lose if the proposed manœuvre were attempted. M. Sasonoff allowed himself to be persuaded. Still, the general diplomatic knowledge that Russia had her army ready for the offensive will do no harm in those places where the mighty ones of the political world assemble and meet together to discuss the future of humanity and to plan new concessions and enjoyments for the over-burdened workman.

Mr. Balfour's Scheme of Life.

MR. BALFOUR'S return to active politics was not only dramatic but appropriate. It would be affectation to pretend that Mr. Bonar Law's leadership of his party has been successful. The reasons for this lack of success are but vaguely realised, and it required Mr. Balfour's intervention on Thursday last to accentuate them. Mr. Bonar Law is the product of his surroundings, and in consequence is, and must always be, essentially a vulgarian. He has won his position in life by means of commerce, by buying and selling iron. Having acquired a competency, he entered politics lending his aid to the Scottish feudalists, who were ready to exploit his services but who would never recognise his social equality with them. This doubtless would not affect Mr. Law, whose dream is to transform Toryism into commercial Conservatism. But Mr. Law and his like can never understand that the power of Toryism is to be found in an indefinable note of authority based, not only on superior culture, but on those social amenities understood in the phrase "noblesse oblige." The commercial régime favoured by Mr. Law knows nothing of this, whilst, being at the same time deprived of such idealism as is the heritage of the parties of the left, its function is the vulgar task of protecting the merely material interests of the propertied classes. Messrs. Law, Walter Long and Austen Chamberlain have literally no conception of protecting the spiritual heritage of a party which, whatever lip service it pays to democracy, must substantially be aristocratic in its instincts and objects. It is in this regard that Mr. Balfour is so incomparably the superior of his colleagues, superior in manners, superior in political finesse. His right honourable friends on the front Opposition bench are hawkers in the market-place; he is an Athenian gentleman. They seek power by trying to overshout the Government—no easy task, for two can always shout—he relies upon the contrast of manners, and his quiet but ever-persistent aristocratic claim to govern England. There are, to be sure, chinks in Mr. Balfour's armour (his grandfather was an army contractor), but he holds an incomparable advantage over the Laws and Chamberlains because he has a completely integrated system of life, whilst they politically subsist on the daily ebb and flow of the material prospects of their propertied supporters.

At the first blush, it would seem more appropriate for Mr. Bonar Law than for Mr. Balfour to lead his party on such a measure as the Minimum Wage Bill. Mr. Law is a commercial man, and therefore he is the man to discuss such a problem as wages and the output of coal. But a moment's deeper thinking dissipates any such notion, because Mr. Bonar Law is obviously out of court on his own showing. He is where he is because he contrived to sell his iron and steel at a handsome profit. When, therefore, the coal miner, in his own small way, proposes to sell his labour at a better profit, what objection can Mr. Law offer? Labour is a commodity like iron and steel. Mr. Law can only grumble like an old maid in a shop complaining of the high prices. Not so, however, Mr. Balfour. He is in the apostolic succession to those leaders of the past who built up the British social and economic system upon the principle of government by county families (the political expression of feudalism) and paternal consideration for the wage-earner. Through all the political and social permutations inevitable in the transition from the small to the large industry, the Balfour type has never abdicated.

To the pure Balfourian, the doctrines preached by Mr. Bonar Law are in their way as subversive of law and order as those advocated by the Trade Unions. Mr. Law stands for the dominance of the commercial classes, involving the dethronement of the aristocracy. Mr. Balfour, from the necessities of his case, has to make friends with the plutocracy, but in his heart he regards it as the Mammon of unrighteousness. That is why he has done his best to thwart Tariff Reform. No friend of Free Trade, he nevertheless is no friend of the blatant elements that would impose taxes for the aggrandisement of the rich. The whole industrial struggle fills him with disgust—the one side as much as the other. Very characteristic was his reference to other days: "Can anybody quote from history in respect of any of the classes on whom are visited, and often justly visited, the indignation of the historical chroniclers—can anybody remember a parallel case? Has any feudal baron ever exercised his powers in the manner which the leaders of this great trade are now exercising theirs?" This is a shaft of light illuminating the real mind of the aristocrat. The thought would never have occurred to Mr. Bonar Law, and that is why the bouquet of Mr. Balfour's oratory remains so individual, differentiated in spirit and essence from the spirit of brokerage and argle-bargling that distinguishes the tribe of Bonar Law.

We can now see that it is Mr. Balfour and not Mr. Law who is the real apostle of the social system now at death-grips with a new conception of society—a new conception fast assuming concrete form. The existing industrial system has created both Mr. Bonar Law and Mr. Vernon Hartshorn, and both are, we find, equally distasteful to the fastidious soul of this Cecilian aristocrat. But the old order is better protected by the Laws than by the Hartshorns, and Mr. Balfour accordingly supports Mr. Bonar Law as the lesser of two evils. The significance of this is to be found in the fact that Mr. Balfour speaks the mind—largely the unconscious mind—of the unvitiated county families of England and Scotland. Mr. Balfour will fight to the end; the county families have an uneasy suspicion that Mr. Law is always ready "to do a deal."

It is interesting and suggestive to note that Mr. Balfour bases his argument against the strikers upon the old claim that contracts are sacred. "I am quite unable to understand how we are to get on, how the working of these antagonistic forces in our industrial system can be made to harmonise and co-operate, if, after a long discussion and mutual concessions, and after arrangements have been come to with every solemnity, one side—I do not care which—is to be allowed without public reproach to break the agreements. . . . Is it not a miserable and unhappy thing that, in the first place, such an agreement should be torn up, and, in the second place, that it should be torn up without a word of comment or criticism by the Prime Minister?" Another shaft of light. Here we see the practical aristocrat who clearly understands that the first bulwark of his system is—parchment! Justice, equity, humanity—yes, surely, for we are a civilised people—but these must not upset our sacred parchments. Behind the parchments are the Courts of Justice, and behind them are the police, and behind them is the army. Mr. Balfour's scheme of life is not primarily one of natural justice, of labour automatically receiving its full reward; it is primarily the written bargain, no matter the circumstances in which the weaker of the parties found itself when the bargain was driven. Is it in the bond? In the deed? In the base? Then it is sacred. If it is not sacred, if the bond be broken, then it is revolution.

For our part we agree with Mr. Balfour. In a tentative way, most assuredly it is revolution. We can quote his concluding words without reservation: "Everybody knows that this is the first formidable exhibition or display of a policy and a power which, if allowed unlimited sway, will be absolutely destructive of society." Of a society, we would add, that has done uncommonly well by Mr. Balfour and his congeners. We welcome the new power because we believe that out of it will spring an ordered society based not on parchment, but on the natural exchange of human labour and effort—a society which will be a real counting-house where the stroke of the hammer will be credited in the ledger as of at least equal value with the stroke of the pen that inscribed the same Balfourian parchment.

An Australian View of Imperial and Foreign Affairs.

By Grant Hervey.
(*President of Foreign Affairs Section Young Australian Movement.*)

[AUTHOR'S NOTE.—This short series of articles is a serious attempt to visualise Australian opinion in the mass with regard to Imperial and foreign relations. Written in part some four years ago, the series was laid aside for a time in order to see whether the events of the next few years—1909-10-11—would bear out the writer's views. Those events—and more particularly the occurrences during the latter part of 1911—have intensified the general Australian conviction that these over-sea dominions, and more particularly the Australian Commonwealth, must assume greater and more responsible Imperial duties; and, at the same time, and as a constitutional quid pro quo, must insist upon playing a more authoritative part in the shaping of Anglo-Saxon policy in the domain of foreign affairs.]

I.

"IT has been calculated," says Professor Hans Delbruck, "that during the past four years England, Austria, Italy, Russia, France, Germany, and the United States of America have spent on their seven respective fleets the sum of two hundred million pounds."

To the thoughtful Australian such statements as these —and Professor Delbruck is a competent authority— are charged with a special meaning. There is no maudlin sentiment about our view. We do not hold up our hands in self-complacent humanitarian horror; for the simple reason that our own Commonwealth Government, with our own entire approval, is similarly spending millions upon military and naval armaments. But this we do ask: How long are the White Powers of "Christian" Europe going to vie with one another, and with "Christian" America, in the up-piling of mutually offensive land and sea forces? How much longer will it be, we inquire, before Europe awakens to the real tragedy of its own position—a position only explicable on the theory that the statesmen of Europe, and more especially of England, are constitutionally incapable of understanding the actual condition of world affairs at the present day? In the cold terms of cash, and utterly apart from any proper regard for ethics, we question the worth-whileness of this all-pervading European policy of Push-the-Other-Fellow. There is a danger, to our mind, that this game of Shove-the-Other-Fellow may result in all Europe being thrown into the chasm, small nations pell-mell upon large; and that, when the *real* world-struggle comes—the struggle between the Brown Man and the White—the great Powers of Europe may have reduced one another to a condition of exhausted nullity; when a broken England, a crippled France, a bleeding Germany, and a blind and battered Russia may helplessly look on—unable from sheer exhaustion to aid this or any other White Nation against the Brown.

In these latest days of storm-mutterings, of German menace and English apprehensiveness—in these days, when the shibboleths of the old Imperialism are somewhat at a discount, we commence to ask ourselves, from Melbourne to Kalgoorlie, and from Charters Towers to Broken Hill, whether there be no possible alternative of international reaggregation: whether Britain and Germany, instead of facing one another in an endless pose of potential and fearfully expensive enmity, with France and Russia as nominal make-weights on the one side, and Austria and Italy on the other—we ask ourselves whether these White Powers might not more profitably and more morally join hands in a new Commonwealth of Europe; and thus ensure for the world prospects, not of blood and misery, of White annihilation beneath the millions of Asia, but of intellectually commixing civilisation and White-dictated peace? Such questions as these, and especially when a whole White Nation asks them, deserve an answer. If we had the voice in the direction of Imperial affairs that we ought to have, and which before long we must have, we could compel England at least to formulate a reply. As things are, all of our successive Australian Governments are weakest and least satisfactory in precisely this department of foreign or external affairs. The public receives no guidance from men in political position, and still less—with the one honourable exception of the "Bulletin"—from the Press. Cricket gets daily columns where international matters get inches; and the public—the quiet, thoughtful Australian public, whose intelligence the daily Press has never properly measured —the public would welcome above all things the rise of a statesman who, putting the petty and minor issues of politics more or less on one side, would specialise as a national exponent of the tangled international issues which constitute foreign affairs. I mean that Australia needs a Man, with ability enough and energy enough to study and explain such matters, far more than she needs the run of politicians. I mean that in our debates in Parliament (and out of it) we get far too much claptrap about the unessential—the two-penny-halfpenny question of legislation—and not half enough instruction about the great affairs of the world. Do ministers and party leaders lack the ability, I wonder, even to see the need?

We live in a federative and aggregative age. Unificative influences, more or less complex, are almost everywhere visible. The whole course of the last century is illuminated with instances of combinative action, and almost everywhere the forces of aggregation have triumphed over those of disintegration. The consolidation, in the 'sixties, of Canada; the formation a little later of the German Empire; the failure of Jefferson Davis's policy of Secession within the United States; in more recent years the Federation of the Australian Colonies; followed up—not without due observation of Australian errors—by the Unification of South Africa; all these, to take merely European and ethnologically allied developments, are instances of the marvellous growth and efficacy of the synthetic movement. And the evidences of that movement or tendency are to be discovered not merely in the lands inhabited by the White race. The aggressive Pan-Germanic agitation finds its ethnic parallel in the Pan-Moslem league; whilst the policy of Imperial Federation, which makes headway in spite of all the unspeakable latter-day "Imperial" Conferences, is balanced by the Asiatic hegemony assumed by Japan. Movement begets movement. To use the language of science, there is a synthetic force which impels political cells to enter into a kind of biological relation with each other; and so, too, in the international arena, may we not observe the operation of a power which, by compelling the integration of State with State—as witness the organisation of Europe in two great groups of nations—gives hope that one day all Europe, to employ the terminology of the company promoter, may be floated as Civilisation-Limited?

There are two particular sets of arguments that buttress the case for International Reorganisation. One set has to do with Europe's interest in escaping the present tremendous burdens of warlike expenditure; the other set with our interest, as transplanted Europeans, in having a consolidated Europe on the White Man's side. No statesman could have a worthier task than the dissemination of these categories of reasons; no Australian leader seems worthy of the name who does not grasp every opportunity to force the facts of the real world-position on Britain's attention. For it is but a truism to say that the British Empire itself must stand or fall as the Powers of Europe move towards or away from a centre of common, co-operative action. It is not a question any more of England's or Germany's leadership. No progress is possible for the White Race in Australia—to be specific—unless the bitter rivalry and suspicious North Sea threatenings, which now subsist between England and Germany, give place to a new attitude of fraternity and goodwill. And in a few words the need for that goodwill—and for much more than goodwill—may be convincingly set forth.

Statistics about the British Empire are nowadays under everyone's eye. But who takes note of the great and vital facts that underlie the mere mass of blatant figures? That the population of the Empire amounts to over 400,000,000 is one thing; that the White element

in the total accounts only for some 60,000,000—and of these, two-thirds crowded together in the British Isles—quite another. And, again, while the area of the Empire comprises 13,000,000 square miles, or more than a fifth of the entire land area of the globe, who gives sufficient thought to the fact that Canada and Australia, with their integral area of nearly seven million square miles, contain a lesser population than Spain? As to the problem of filling up these great lands with White Men—with men matured in the principles and practices of civilisation—as for that problem, statesmen in Europe seem to think but very little about it. And yet these are the lands in which the world's fate is to be decided. These are the continents that, if rightly held, shall give to humanity a guerdon beyond Europe's dreams—or else stand as a dark and sombre monument to Europe's madness!

The first, last, and abiding need of Australia, to say nothing of Canada, South Africa, and New Zealand, is Men. White Men to till the virgin fields, artisans for the factory and mill, teachers for the schools, railroad builders and nation constructors—these, for the Over-sea States in the British Empire, are the supreme need. And where are they to come from? If Britain is to fight Germany, then Britain cannot spare a man. The German Empire, with its population of more than sixty millions, increasing at the rate of a million per annum, is a spectre that must paralyse the process of emigration. And even suppose that shadow removed—suppose a Britain free from a North Sea menace—and able to allow her population to move at will. Australia, in that case, could take the whole population of the United Kingdom, right down to the last man, and still have need for twice as many more. Canada could do the same, to say nothing of South Africa and the lesser States. Obviously, Britain cannot supply the whole Empire (that is, the White portions thereof) with immigrants. She cannot do it—thoroughly and to the satisfaction of our over-sea needs—even with the guarantee of perfect peace. With war as the prospect of the not distant future, Britain could not afford to spare us one solitary artisan. She would have need of her sons as a safeguard against the imminent risks of invasion; and every emigrant allowed to depart to Canada or Australia would mark a proportionate weakening of the British pulse. The work of empire-building would come to a standstill. There would be no progress for Australia or New Zealand—progress, that is, along the racial lines which represent our common choice. For Canada there would be merely an ugly prospect of Americanisation—of absorption by the United States at that Republic's leisure and with no hope of ultimate escape. For Britain, on the other hand, the process of emigration provides an indispensable safety-valve. Its operations in the past, and notably in the middle of last century, have saved the United Kingdom from revolution. With that safety-valve screwed down, the steam of discontent would strain the nation's walls to bursting point. Waiting and watching would have a more demoralising effect, more fatal to the Empire's nerves, than the actual blow. And when the blow came, as—apart from the initiation and carrying out of a sane and statesmanlike policy of international re-organisation—it must come, the forces of civilisation would be scattered to the winds, and much more than the Imperial edifice, upraised in a thousand years, with all its dower of moral and material splendour, laid prostrate in the dust.

The ultimate result, however, from an Imperial point of view, of a war between England and Germany is beside the point. For one thing, it would not be merely a Germano-English war; because every Power in Europe—and perhaps beyond—would be drawn into the vortex, precisely the same—but in such supposititious instance perhaps not quite so unequally—as in the Napoleonic Wars. A war with Germany would mean for England a war with Austria; and for Germany, on the other hand, a war with England entails a war with France and Russia, to say nothing of other potential but smaller belligerents. Such a series of wars—for they could not all be fought to a definite conclusion at once—might stretch over a quarter of a century or more. What the final outcome might be no man can foresee. Possibly the United States of America, by throwing its fleets into the scale at a critical juncture, might be able to raise or depress the balance at will. One thing is certain. Such action, if taken, would be dictated by interests purely American, and the price to England of the United States' assistance—it is well to look the possibilities in the face—would certainly mean the cession of Canada. And Germany, on the other hand, might strike a similar bargain, which might entail the transfer of some other great over-sea State—perhaps Australia or New Zealand, or both—to the German flag. Things like these have happened before, and they may happen again. At all events, putting aside any present consideration of such prospects of Empire disruption, it is evident that the over-sea States would cease to receive that influx of European immigration which is so essential to their progress. Not merely would the fresh supply of British population come to an end, but that of German immigrants, who in Australia make such splendid settlers, would be terminated also. Even at the present day, when nominal peace subsists between England and Germany, the Government of the latter does its utmost to prevent migration to Queensland. What would be the attitude of that Government in case of war? Would it not mean the cutting off even of the comparatively small stream of German immigration which finds its road to Australia to-day? And, more than that, would it not imply the screwing down of the entire series of European immigration safety-valves—neither Britain, nor Germany, nor France, nor any other Power, confronted with the continuous and immediate demands of war, daring to permit any outward movement of its manhood? European immigration—White settlers from Northern Europe, more especially from Britain, Germany, Scandinavia, etc.—if that supply be cut off, is it to Asia, is it to China and Japan that these great lands, pioneered thus far by Europe's best, must look for immigrants?

(To be continued.)

British Legal Procedure.

By Jay Denby.

IN every case of civil litigation that comes into Court, two misguided individuals imagine, in the innocence of their hearts, that they are about to test the righteousness of their claims at the fairest tribunal in the universe. In this they are wrong. In point of fact each is about to ascertain whether his claim can be substantiated by his lawyer upon comparison with certain threads in a tangled skein of laws both ancient and modern; the complexity of which confused mass of legislation is increased by the addition of yet worse confounded entanglement of "rulings," founded upon it, and worked into the mess.

The only favourable aspect of British legal procedure in civil cases is to be discovered in the fact that it is equally fair to both parties. There is no prejudice and no bias, as is proven by the obvious deduction that the law sets commonsense at defiance in the affairs of both litigants with unquestionable impartiality.

In each case that reaches the Courts two clients have consulted two lawyers, and each has been informed that he has every prospect of winning. If British law were intelligible, and British lawyers competent, no one would go to law; for all cases could be settled out of Court. It follows, therefore, that our laws are not intelligible, and that fifty per cent. of our lawyers are incompetent to understand them.

In order, apparently, to cloud finally and completely distort, obscure and confuse the issue, to befog and benumb all human conception of right and wrong so as to render the one indistinguishable from the other, a system of trial by jury has been introduced. To treat this system parabolically, twelve good men and true, amongst whom is included the average number of fatheads to the dozen inhabitants prevailing in the British Isles, are placed in charge of a Dreadnought fitted with the most complicated machinery the mind can conceive. None of them has ever been to sea before in his life. Steam is raised, the anchor weighed, and the ponderous

mass travels forward with increasing speed in a crowded seaway. It is now, for the first time, that these twelve good men and true receive their directions. One expert, whose head is decorated with a fearsome and mysterious horsehair wig, the mere appearance of which leads the minds of the jury by a subtle, psychical process into the mystic realms of pantomime, dives into the tangled skein of laws and fishes out a thread.

"See! worthy and intelligent gentlemen," he proclaims, "here we have our law—the same colour and texture as my client's thread. This means that you must shove the wheel over to starboard, and press that little brass knob number five from the right. To gentlemen of your discernment I need say no more. The rest is merely formality. I leave you to follow my client's opinion in this case with perfect confidence in your judgment as men of the world."

Enter expert number two.

"Gentlemen," he affirms, "my duty is clear, and, even if painful, I scorn to shrink from it. The advice of my learned friend is, not to put too fine a point upon it, arrant nonsense. Similar advice as to starboard and the fifth knob on the right was given in the case of Buggles v. Muggles and another, App. Cas. 4370, 4290, L.J.T.J. 1803., and ended in disaster."

Here expert number two dives into the skein and emerges triumphant with another thread.

"Observe, gentlemen," he continues impressively, "the same colour, identical in texture and precisely equal in length to my client's thread. Gentlemen, do you intend to deliberately strand this ship? No! Of course you don't. Very well, gentlemen, swing the wheel hard a-port and press that little brass knob number three from the left. I need say no more. The safety of the ship is in your hands. My client's course is evidently the correct and proper one."

The first expert hereupon rises to his feet to perform another painful duty—which is to prove by a simple and indisputable algebraic equation that four is equal to five; whence it follows, to put the matter with that plainness and clarity which the importance of the subject demands, that the witnesses for the other side are not only unmitigated liars and degenerates who pander to their evil instincts because criminality offers the only pleasure to which their degraded minds are susceptible, but are all actually in the pay of the other side, and have been promised a share in the plunder hoped for as a result of their unscrupulous, blackguardly, and detestable prevarications. The wheel must go to starb'd.

Expert number two thereupon claims the attention of the Court, and with cold, calm, and dignified deliberation condemns, with studied courtesy, the rabid impetuosity of his learned friend; who has not scrupled to take advantage of a mere technical slip, or *lapsus linguæ*, by one of the witnesses to heap loathsome and quite unmerited abuse upon an honest man. The slip in question was so harmless and clearly unintentional that the jury could now form some idea as to the straits to which his learned friend was put in order to prop up the decayed, rotten, and dilapidated edifice of his case. With studied eloquence and polished periods he then proves beyond question that four is not equal to five under any circumstances, for, as he has just demonstrated by eliminative deduction, four is, in this case, equal to seven. Hence he is sorry to have to point out to the jury that the witnesses for the other side are—mistaken. He does not—like his learned friend—allege that they deliberately, and of malice aforethought, were attempting to mislead the Court, but—well, they are mistaken as he has shown, and the wheel must, *must* go to port.

When the two experts have proven to the entire satisfaction of the jury that none of the witnesses is telling the truth, and when each of these experts has conclusively demonstrated the fact that the other is wrong, the judge "directs" the jury that each of them is fully justified in condemning the other, because, in actual fact they both *are* wrong. The threads they have produced from the skein do not apply to the case in hand at all because they were made from different materials and in different factories by different people by a process long since superseded. The actual thread applicable to this case is the one to which a label is attached, bearing the legend 3 Q.B.D. 4987, 34, 27, L.T.M.S. 2525, 47 L.J.J.S., C.C.R. 94, 37 F.B. 124. *Ex parte* Mumps. The thread in question, they will observe, is similar in colour and texture to neither the one produced by the plaintiff nor that exhibited by the defendant. The learned judge attaches very little importance to the evidence they have heard, seeing that they have been asked to believe two entirely different stories given upon oath. He hopes and trusts that some of the witnesses will be prosecuted for perjury—preferably all of them. Being a question of fact the decision must rest entirely with the jury, to whom he can say no more, as his duty is merely to expound the law, which he has done to the best of his ability. If there is any doubt, the defendant is entitled to the benefit of it. The jury then retire and argue for five hours with the fatheads, the number of whom is, of course, a matter of pure chance. They eventually manage to settle another dispute arising out of a game of shove-ha'penny for drinks between two of their number, and decide to steer a middle course, give a verdict for the defendant because he *is* entitled to the benefit of the doubt—of which quality they all admit the case to be entirely composed—and the judge makes no order as to costs because the defence has no merits.

By this method of administering the law the lawyers engaged eventually acquire sufficient experience to quote cases which have a true bearing upon the point at issue five times out of ten. They are then raised to the bench and for the future act as judges.

It is a recognised axiom that no one must find fault (unless he happen to be a member of the clergy) without offering a remedy. The remedy for our intricate and speculative jurisprudence is so obvious that one marvels at the survival of a code so befuddled and confused.

We have a building which stands alone in the delightful beauty of its architecture. The value of its site is enormous. The building to which I refer is the Law Courts. This building should be set aside for some useful purpose. The Government should then purchase the business of the Aerated Bread Company, Limited, and station a judge at each of their shops. Litigants could take their cases to one of these depôts, obtain the judge's ruling, and pay at the desk. If still dissatisfied they could, at this stage, come to an agreement to abide by the decision of, say, five judges out of seven, or two out of three; in accordance with their means, determination or pig-headedness. By means of this procedure a disputant would be at far less expense in learning that he must not expect to obtain a verdict in law merely because his claim is just and his opponent is a rogue.

Lawyers aspiring to become judges should have free access to these shops and support themselves meantime by doing useful work upon alternate days; or keeping a record of judgments at a remuneration of so much per thousand words.

Failing this, the Government might appoint a commission to determine a workable legal code built upon the experience of the past.

By this means we might possibly acquire a defined code of laws which, if not intelligible to the layman, would, at least, be within the comprehension of lawyers.

In order to reach this ideal state of affairs the business community should introduce a safeguard against waste by collectively refusing to pay, tender, defray, satisfy, liquidate, settle or otherwise discharge any bill, account, reckoning or other instrument purporting to be a legal demand for "costs" to any solicitor, lawyer, attorney, counsel, advocate, or other member of the legal profession, or his heirs, administrators, executors or assigns, in the event of that lawyer losing a case by reason of his inability to understand the law. He would then want to alter the law so that he *could* understand it. Once render the law clear and intelligible, and there would, of course, be no more civil litigation. The judges at present engaged thereupon could then apply their unquestionable and immensely valuable talents to some useful end; such, for instance, as delivering the country from the ravages of that enervating disease, "party politics."

Unedited Opinions.

What is Society?

YOU have heard a great deal lately of the rights of the nation. Birrell first used the phrase in connection with the coal strike, and it was taken up by Lord Robert Cecil. It was a good handle against the miners. The railwaymen were induced to submit last August to the tune of "Rule Britannia." Then it was the national rights against Germany. But during the mining strike it was the nation's rights against its own members.

Yes, it occurred to me that the phrase would have done just as well if posterity were substituted for the nation. The rights of posterity may one day be used to support Eugenics. But tell me, what is your view of the nation?

There are so many fanciful explanations of the rise of a community that I hesitate to add possibly to their number. A talk with Stephen Reynolds the other day, however, encourages me to state my views. You will find them indicated in various places in his "Seems So." To begin with, you accept the common opinion that puts the individual and the State into a mutual relation; in other words, the unit of the State is the citizen?

One objection occurs to me. It is the King's famous hexameter: the what-do-you-call-it what's its name is set in the homes of the people. The King's conception of the unit is the family; and many people agree with him.

They do, but the facts are against them. With the development of society the natural and artificial bonds between individuals become loosened. An individual can now safely live alone without fear of injustice. He no longer needs to belong to a pack. A family was merely a pack held together by a common interest. It is the same now; but my point is that the State no longer consists exclusively of packs. There are now almost as many independent self-subsisting individuals as there are families. These latter, indeed, count civilly and politically no more than a single person. A single man has a vote and a single family has a vote. I call the family merely a colonial personality, a sort of multiple individual.

Then your unit is the individual either single or as a group in a family?

Precisely. Now the question is: what further advantage does the individual derive from association with other units; and conversely, what service in return does he render to the sum of units we call society or the State? It is clear that his *intention* is to derive from society more than he contributes. If he fails the State is not only no advantage to him, it is a drain on his resources. But whence does the State derive the resources wherewith to return to each individual more than he gives?

Surely it is enough if the individual exchanges at par his personal services with State services?

Oh, no, for an equal exchange involves no duty on either side, and I am disposed to assert a duty both from the State to the individual and the individual to the State. The fact is that the State becomes possessed by its very nature of values of which no individual nor even the sum of individuals can claim the credit. The familiar illustration of two men working together producing more than the same two working separately works out, on the large scale of the nation, to a gigantic argument for society. If two men become two men plus a new power by association, millions of men by association become millions of men and an immeasurable amount of new power. Now, to which of the two men does the added power, over and above their individual exertions, belong? They share it, you say. But by so doing each draws from the common product more than he put in. You will see at once that the bank of society is quite capable of giving to each individual more than each individual contributes.

Your argument for society, then, is that it pays handsomely to belong to it.

Wait a bit. Let us call the value produced by association, as distinct from individual production, surplus value. I know the term is used by Marxians in another sense, but no matter. Suppose, then, that this surplus value—the work of society—is unequally divided; suppose it to be appropriated in large masses by a comparative few—will not the remaining individuals be liable to draw out from the bank no more than they put in?

Certainly, there is that risk; and judging by the amenities enjoyed by the few and the miseries experienced by the many it is more than a risk.

Tell me what bond is stronger than self-interest? None, of course. And self-interest maintains a relation when the self finds advantage therein, and the greater the advantage the greater the tie, and the less the advantage the less the tie?

Yes, that seems to me to follow—of course, allowing advantage to include Kruger's categories of disadvantage, material, intellectual, and moral?

Of course. Then we may say a State is strongest when all its citizens receive their fair share of surplus value? And, when the surplus value is no longer fairly divided, the attachment to society will be less in those who receive less and greater in those who receive more? And the weak attraction of the dispossessed constitutes a weakness in the bonds of the State.

Clearly.

You can almost guess, then, how really weak our nation is by examining the distribution among its individuals of surplus value. It being contrary to human nature to remain satisfied in a society that returns no more for one's labour than one would receive working for oneself, the bonds of the State wear thin whenever the surplus value ceases to be fairly divided. In short, a society of this kind is disintegrating; the mortar between the stones of the edifice is being removed.

Yes, I'm afraid that this is happening in England to-day.

Worse, my friend, worse. Bad as it is to receive from society no more than you put in, how much worse is it to receive less?

Why, in that case, the attachment must be turned to hatred if our previous argument was sound. But who are these unfortunates who create a surplus value in which they have no share?

Slaves they were once called; wage-earners they are called to-day. All individuals out of whom a private profit is extracted are giving more than they receive.

But surely for even these society offers advantages that could not be obtained by solitary work? Otherwise, why, except under compulsion, should they remain in society?

Except under compulsion, softened by a score of emollients, they do not. For them society is one great sponge to which nevertheless they are attached. But note that the attachment is one-sided. I mean that the State needs them more than they need the State. Consequently the bond is force on its side, but not love on the side of the individual. You can imagine what that servitude will end in?

Anarchy, I should say.

Yes. The picture of society to-day is of an assembly of units, the majority of whom are bound to the State only by force, a large minority are bound by an almost exact balance of advantages and disadvantages, and the remaining few are bound by enormous returns for small expenditures. Reckon the whole in terms of life and the matter becomes clear. The State consists of individual lives plus its own peculiar additional life. From this pool, fed by these two springs, each citizen draws and to it each citizen contributes. The dual flow backwards and forwards is a living bond. But stop the flow from the reservoir and heart of society to its members and their vital relation with the community is broken; they wither away like limbs whose flow of blood has been stopped. Paralysis is creeping on us.

Art and Drama.

By Huntly Carter.

FROM where I write I see a little, ugly, brick-floored house. It is standing amid a wide-spreading, swelling landscape, beautiful even in March. The shifty lighting produces harmonies of greens, green-golds, rich browns, blues and blue-blacks, with a few distributed notes of red and yellow to give direction and movement. It is noticeable that nothing appears to be detached from the general scheme; there is the appearance of one soul manifested in everything, so that the far distant blue-arched haze, the newly sprung grasses, the cool green travelling over the stretches of brown earth, the tinted mists that hover in light and shade, the long-drawn vistas, the buds opening on bare branches, the mounded whites circling past the nodding fir-tree tops, all these seem to be a manifestation of the spirit of life. Only the ugly little house does not belong to the design.

How interesting this house might have been had it been designed by a rhythmical mind, and erected and embellished by other rhythmical minds working in unison. We could then have pointed to it as a model of what ought to be, whereas now it is an example of what ought not to be. In the former case it would have been a pleasure to invite its architect to select some of the newly-fledged mural painters to try their skill on its wall-spaces (of which there are several) in the belief that he would choose artists fully equipped to understand and work according to his rhythmic design. But as it is, one lives in horrid terror of seeing the wretched building pounced upon by the strange new gentry whom we may dub the Immuralists.

Those who have followed the mural decoration scheme now in process of blossoming will doubtless admit that it has a very serious bearing on art and artists. It involves, in fact, the whole question of the relation of architecture to the art-craftsman. It was mentioned a week or two ago in the "Art News," which recklessly referred to it as "a scheme which must (if realised) command the candid approval of every lover of the Fine Arts." I received, on top of the "Art News," the circular from which it had drawn its particulars. The circular comes from Crosby Hall, and it outlines a proposal which would not command the candid approval even of an idiot.

The scheme is being promoted by Messrs. D. S. Maccoll, Roger Fry, Charles Aitken, the Slade School, New English Art Club, the Chenil and other exhibition galleries, as well as by a crowd of sterilised officials, art masters and irresponsible journalists. In order to organise the scheme into being an exhibition is being arranged at Crosby Hall. The Exhibition Committee reveals the usual names. It consists of a number of pedants, educationists, schoolmasters, teachers, inspectors, sociologists, secretaries, a few self-advertising painters, some critics and curators, a mayor and a millionaire. In short, it is an undesirable hybrid combining every element but the right one. Rightly considered, the committee should consist entirely of artist-architects. Architects must come first in the movement. Next must come the assistants whom the architects will select. Then must come public support. This is the only reasonable order. The Crosby Hall order is merely idiotic.

Let us examine with a scalpel the polymorphous pamphlet which sets out to aid and abet the abuse of wall spaces, and to encourage a revival of an old method of laying on paint purely in the interest of the revivalists and their pupils. For the forthcoming exhibition three divisions are being proposed, which may be termed the past, present and imperfect. Division I will be retrospective and display samples of bygone mural work. Division II will deal with contemporary work, but Division III is black-lettered to promise the exhibition of sketches of work of the future.

The object of the exhibition may be put this way. We want more scope for artists, and the wall is the thing. Of course, the idea of walls for students is not new; it is as old as mural painting itself. The game of sticking adventitious paint on adventitious walls was tried at Manchester and was a dismal failure.

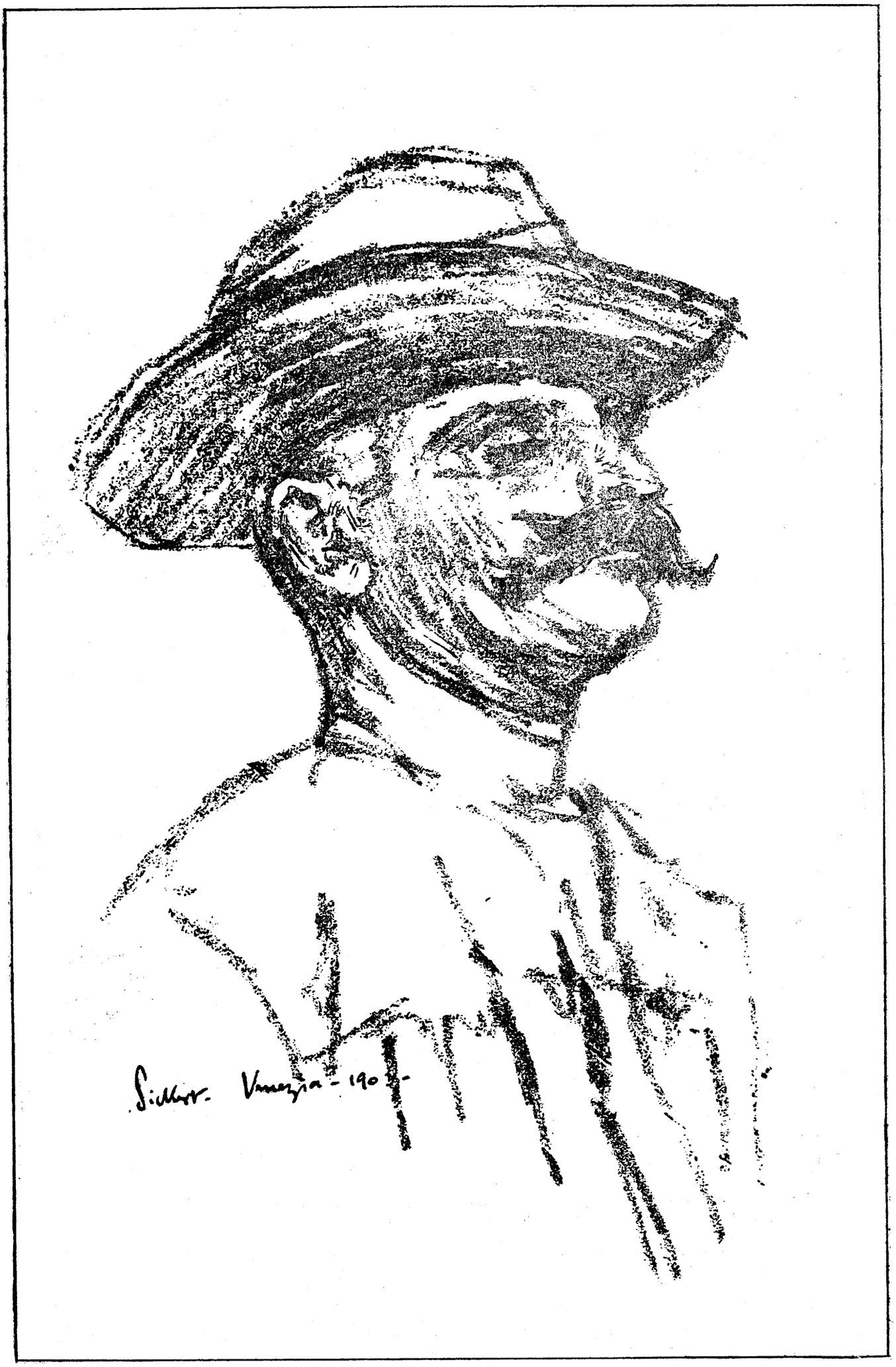
Having got the walls, we must all be Slade students, members of the N.E.A.C., in with the Chenil, Carfax, and so on; know nothing about our own job and practically stand for nothing. The wall spaces will be generously provided by the public, and "the actual expenses in materials and scaffolding will be met by the authorities of the buildings where the painting takes place." Beyond this, sums are being collected, a commission or two has been handed out to Immuralists, and one lopsided person has subscribed £500. There is an opportunity for other lopsided persons to flabbergast London by subscribing even more wildly sensational funds. In this way paid officials are to be enabled to play pranks with other people's property while making it the playground for their own students.

Coming to the conditions of competition, we learn that "much of the work done in the beginning will be of an experimental character; and in the case of work judged, after a reasonable period of probation, to be unsuccessful, *the authorities will reserve the right to obliterate it, and make further trial.*" Apparently the public is not to be faced with the failure of school methods; there is to be no chance of a failure. The student, having set his mark upon somebody's wall, will quite possibly have it scrubbed out; and the delighted householder, even while gazing at the marvellous daub, will see it vanish with the velocity of a Futurist painting at the sound of the teacher's voice: "Next please!"

A list of wall-spaces available for decoration is given. These include a picture gallery, church, village school, a Vauxhall pickle factory, and a L.C.C. school or two. Of the pickle factory we are told, "the work of the factory provides much picturesque material for painting, including the ladling of syrup into copper cauldrons, and the shipping into barges of boxes and crates." One of the things we might see, if the Futurist is employed, is the exciting effect of the smell of the pickles on the gasometers near by. The subjects suggested by the committee for the other buildings are equally inane. Among the additional spaces offered for which no subscribers are forthcoming I do not notice a home for imbeciles or the Zoo. With regard to the choice of subjects, we are told that "for East-End children the picture of a whole family sitting down together to a daintily-served meal would be something novel and inspiring." It would. I suggest that for country children, cows painted with Bovril pots and milkmaids would be equally inspiring. The instructions are obviously drawn up by an art teacher. No one could possibly paint according to these instructions.

Beyond this there is the selection of the work of competitors. This is to be made according to a jury system which, harmless though it appears in itself, is really a new danger. It is simply a new sort of officialism. The jury is to be packed with a body of teachers quite unknown to have any authority to teach mural painting, but bent upon capturing a field for their students. Such persons are not only incompetent to judge mural decoration, but incompetent to found an English school.

Setting aside for the moment the economic question of how the artist who works for a living is to compete with the subsidised student under Professor Slade School's wing, let us ask, what is to be said of this wild scheme for making a house look like a Christmas tree? Why, that it is putting the cart before the horse—as usual. When a tent has fallen it seems natural to try to raise it by lifting the canvas fold by fold; but it does not stay up. The right method is to raise the tent-pole. Mural painting, I expect, will only fit into its place when its place has been prepared for it. Unless a place has been prepared you might as well hang flowers on a pine tree and expect them to grow there. The only person to prepare a place for mural painting is the architect; and *his* future is in the hands of the municipalities. Once they have the intelligence and taste to choose the right man, he will orchestrate the arts and crafts and bring them into harmony with his architectonic rhythm. Let them make a start with, say, Lethaby and Penty.



SUPERB STUPIDITY.

The Success of Large Organisations.

By Emil Davies.

IN three most interesting articles entitled "The Peril of Large Organisations," which appeared recently in THE NEW AGE, Mr. Arthur J. Penty gave expression to a variety of views, with some of which many of us find ourselves in full agreement. Some of his conclusions, however, appear to be unwarranted by facts, and with these I propose to deal.

If I understand Mr. Penty correctly, the large organisation is doomed, banking being the only business which can be managed successfully by limited liability companies. Large organisations invariably grow up around one dominating personality, and when that individual disappears the organisation decays. Slackness and indifference set in, and the technical skill of the workers and the quality of the goods produced deteriorate. Similar evils exist in Government departments; red-tape or corruption ensues. These evils being inherent to large organisations, Collectivism is doomed to be a failure; the end of the system is approaching, the large organisations are everywhere becoming rickety (e.g., the Thames Ironworks); one by one they will disappear and smaller organisations take their place, although in the matter of distribution the large organisations are meritable.

Many a large concern has indeed been built up by one dominant personality, just as many a small concern has been ruined by a too dominant personality. The adoption of the limited liability principle has, however, rendered possible a continuity of good management which is seldom possible in the case of the small man working on his own. The small manufacturer or producer passes on his business to his son, who does not necessarily inherit any special aptitude for the task; here control accompanies ownership. In a generation or two, at most, in the majority of cases, the small business has ceased to exist, and the experience that, under a continuous good management, would have resulted in improved production, is dissipated. In the large organisation, which can tap a much greater field of ability, a continuity of good management can be secured, and in bringing about the divorce between actual management and the mere possession of capital arising from the accident of birth—by the abolition of the hereditary principle, in business, in fact—the limited liability company has contributed largely to that continuity of management whereby the experience and superior technical skill gained in the course of years is made full use of. If Mr. Penty is correct, there can be but few instances in the world of large organisations of more than a few years' existence which are still working as successfully as in the days of their founders. If, however, we look round the world, we find that most of the giant and apparently most successful and best conducted organisations are not, as one might think from Mr. Penty's articles, of recent origin, but date a good way back. One thinks instinctively of Krupps, which is probably the largest industrial organisation in the world. This great company was established exactly one hundred and two years ago, it having started in the year 1810. Since that time there have been three generations of Krupps, and at the present time the male line of the dynasty has become extinct, and the principal shareholder is a woman. By this time, the falling off in the technical skill of the workers and the deterioration of workmanship referred to by Mr. Penty should be apparent. To the ordinary observer, however, the Krupp undertaking is stronger and more efficient than ever. This gigantic concern now has a capital of nine million pounds, owns and operates steel works in various parts of Germany, three large coal mines, iron mines in Germany and Spain, has its own shipping lines, with headquarters at Rotterdam, and a large shipbuilding yard. It has gradually absorbed other undertakings, until in the present day the business is run in nine great divisions. Altogether over sixty-four thousand workers are employed by it, and in one of its own garden suburbs there are no less than eight thousand six hundred houses for the married workers, besides various boarding-houses for the single men. It must not be thought that Krupps make nothing but armaments. The company is probably the world's largest manufacturer of railway material, besides which it does an enormous trade in equipping factories of all kinds, such as, for example, linoleum works, with machinery and plant throughout. The quality of its products is such that it is unparalleled by any other manufacturing concern.

It is in Germany also that we find what is probably the biggest electrical company in the world, namely, the Allgemeine Elektricitäts-Gesellschaft. This concern has been established forty years, owes its success to no one individual, but rather to that continuity of good management and constant improvement in technical skill to which I have referred, until at the present time it employs 61,000 workpeople, and its highly specialised products enjoy the highest possible reputation all over the world. In fact, when recently the London, Brighton and South Coast Railway electrified part of its system, it had recourse to the technical skill and ability of the English subsidiary of this company. In the United Kingdom the electrical industry is divided up into much smaller units, there being none approaching the German ones in this direction.

It is the same with the great German chemical concerns, which are also the largest of their kind in the world, and it is significant that it is just in Germany, where we have these vast organisations, that we find the highest degree of technical skill in the chemical, engineering and similar trades. Is it not in the fact that these large concerns can afford to employ a staff of trained specialists, draw the best men from the universities and train their own experts, that we find the explanation of the supremacy of the Germans in these branches? It is only large concerns of this sort that can employ a staff of skilled chemists for years on research work only.

There is no need, however, to take the case of Germany alone. In connection with this whole question of technical ability and quality, the one being naturally dependent upon the other, can it be seriously maintained that the growth of the large unit in industry tends to deterioration? It is of no use advancing theories in this way without giving facts in support. If the theory of the superiority of the small man is correct, we should get better soap from a number of small soap boilers spread up and down the country than we do in the present day from those large organisations, Pears Soap Co., which somehow or other appears to have outlived the original Mr. Pears (who started the business in 1789), and of Lever Brothers; we could get better bread from the numerous small bakers than we do from the enormous, and incidentally cleanly, bakeries of the co-operative societies, J. Lyons and Co., and the numerous model municipal bakeries of the Continent, e.g., Buda Pesth, Verona.

Or let us take another example, that of cameras. Can it be alleged that the photographic apparatus turned out by the Eastman Kodak Co. is inferior to that made by small concerns? If so, how is the enormous growth and increasing success of the Eastman Kodak Co. to be accounted for? It is not that their products are cheap. If Mr. Penty is right, there should by now be some indications of this great concern breaking up and the trade going into the hands of a number of smaller manufacturers. But exactly the contrary is the case; and it must be admitted that the workmanship and quality of the Kodak cameras are continually improving, as, indeed, is but natural in the case of a large concern, the continuity of which, not being dependent on the life of any one individual, means that the technical skill of the workers remains unimpaired, and that inventors all the world over immediately offer any improvements or new inventions to this same concern.

Thus far I have dealt merely with the quality of goods and manufactures. As regards articles calling for taste, the case against large organisations may be stronger, although even here it would be easy to advance instances to the contrary. There are few branches, one

would think, in which a limited liability company would be less successful than that of millinery; yet what is probably the leading house in this line is that known to many Londoners under the name of Madame Louise, a limited company having branches in London, Paris, Monte Carlo, Biarritz, etc.; and Paquins, Limited, are the leading costumiers.

As to the disintegration of the large organisation, what signs are there of this happy consummation? The only instance adduced in the series of articles referred to is that of the Thames Ironworks—surely a most unhappy one. The parlous position of this relatively small engineering concern is due principally to two causes: first, that shipbuilding is leaving the Thames, and, second, that it finds it absolutely impossible to hold its own against such giant competitors as Armstrong, Whitworth and Vickers. The true weakness of many large organisations is, as was recently pointed out by the writer of "Notes of the Week," over-capitalisation. In this respect the United States Steel Trust, which was constituted about twenty years ago, has been the greatest offender, its capital having been watered to an extraordinary degree. In spite of this, however, the United States Steel Trust is prospering to such an extent that it has, to use the elegant American expression, "squeezed out" a good deal of the water, and if this, the weakest among the giants, ever disintegrates, it looks as though it would have to occur by legislation, and not by the operation of any of the causes to which Mr. Penty alludes. It is only too true that the United States Steel Trust underpays and overworks its employees, but we are not now dealing with the ethical side of the problem. Nowhere have I come across a single complaint as to the *quality* of the products of this great organisation.

The modern tendency of industry lies in a wholly different direction. The units of production are growing larger and larger, their management is, if anything, improving, and the same holds good of the quality of their products. Following this tendency, the great manufacturing units are extending their operations to the production of the raw materials they require. Limiting ourselves to British undertakings, we see that the Fine Cotton Spinners Association, which controls scores of cotton mills and possesses its own coal mines, quite recently purchased large cotton-bearing areas in the United States with which to supply its own requirements. Lever Bros. have bought islands in the Pacific and large tracts of land in Central Africa, there to produce their own vegetable oils and other ingredients; and companies like Liebig's Meat Extract and Bovril have of late years purchased vast tracts of land in South America and gone in for cattle raising on a gigantic scale.

The theory that *distribution* lends itself to large organisations, whereas *production* does not, is at first sight attractive; but it does not bear close investigation. The extraordinary growth of the co-operative movement and of the multiple shop companies at first sight supports this theory, but the distributive and manufacturing functions are not so clearly separated as people are apt to imagine. Just as most individuals think that the passenger traffic of the railways is greater in volume and importance than the goods traffic, because the former is much more evident to them, so the majority of people see the distributive side of these large companies, but not the manufacturing side. The Co-operative Wholesale Societies are, of course, very large producers, and so are most of the multiple shop companies. Take, for example, the Maypole Dairy Company, which, last year, made the astonishing profit of £396,000. This company has no less than 720 shops throughout the United Kingdom, but it also owns several large factories on the Continent, where it makes the margarine and other products in which it specialises. One would think that a light refreshment company like J. Lyons and Co. would be merely a distributive concern; but this company produces a very large proportion of the comestibles it vends, its bakeries being, if I mistake not, the largest in London, besides which it actually carries out its own building operations. The thousands of boot shops which one encounters all over the country are not retail companies as the superficial observer might conclude, but are so many distributing agencies of large manufacurers. For instance, Freeman, Hardy and Willis, Limited, a company possessing several hundred shops, is one of the largest boot and shoe manufacturers in the country, and this is merely one of half a dozen similar companies. This, more than anything, illustrates the modern tendency and the future course of industry and trade, which are not, as Mr. Penty believes—the wish being doubtless father to the thought—the disintegration of large organisations, but are in the further growth of the large manufacturers, the production by them of their own raw materials, and the direct sale by them to the public of their products—in other words, a combination of the producer, the manufacturer, and the multiple shop company, and the elimination of the middleman.

Now, as to the evils facing public departments carrying on industries. "The rock on which Collectivism must flounder." According to Mr. Penty, these large organisations, when carried on by the State, must either get bound up with red tape or suffer from corruption. Collectivism, we are told, involves bureaucracy, and bureaucracy tends to get out of touch with national life. Red tape, or rather a tendency towards uniformity, is, I have to admit, inherent to all large organisations, for without it chaos and corruption result, just as we find chaos and corruption in most things which are left in the hands of a number of small and usually ignorant units. But is uniformity in the prime essentials of life such a bad thing? If by means of standardising the necessities of life we can reduce labour to a minimum and set free the masses to develop their individuality in their own time, surely this uniformity is not wholly a bad thing. It will not hurt the community if bureaucracy ordains that the bread made at the municipal bakery shall be made in three standard shapes only. It is vastly more important that the bread should be good and pure, and that the people engaged in the manufacture and handling of this necessity should be adequately paid and work short hours. As gradually industrial units become larger and larger, the powerful either absorbing or crushing out the smaller and thereby doing, what I term, the dirty work of Collectivism, as they eliminate the weak without compensation, and as gradually the State takes over these great organisations (a development which, to me, appears inevitable, and which is already apparent throughout the world) we shall doubtless have to set against the improvement in the quality of products a less degree of elasticity. Doubtless we shall, in a certain measure, suffer from red tape as Mr. Penty forecasts. The fact is that humanity being itself imperfect, there are certain evils inherent to every human institution. But the question is not, "Is a thing flawless?" but, "Is it better than that which went before?"

I am, of course, dealing with the material needs of life, and not with art. Mr. Penty complains that the greatest evil of bureaucracy is its tendency to get out of touch with the national life, and instances the case of Germany, where the student of architecture must make up his mind at the commencement of his career whether he looks forward to a private practice or to entering the public service. Well, I am not an architect like Mr. Penty, but I know my Germany very well, and if we are to judge by the standard of architecture in each country, I venture to say that the sooner we follow the German model the better, and then perhaps we English will cease to be utterly ashamed of our public buildings—our Post Offices, our railway stations, and the like—when we visit Germany.

In conclusion, it is my contention that the whole trend of production, transport and distribution is towards larger units. These, in their turn, for a variety of reasons, too lengthy to be gone into here, but with which I propose to deal freely on another occasion, tend to be taken over by the State, the municipality, or by joint stock companies in which the State or municipality is interested. And that is perhaps not the worst thing that can occur.

Present-Day Criticism.

THE current number of the magazine called "Rhythm" contains an announcement whose text may make severe criticism of that paper in these columns seem ungrateful. In addition to its former matter, "Rhythm" is to introduce some "new features," among these, "a series of criticisms by younger men of their seniors in the Art of Letters, coherent treatment of the Art of the Theatre, and caricatures of the principal contributors." Could any suggestions, even without the *last*, appear more dutifully imitative of the newest "New Age"? We ourselves might have received the announcement without a shudder, though we know the usual effect of disciples, had we not seen a copy of "Rhythm." The cover raised a slight feeling that all was not right there, which feeling became definite at the end of the volume; and we were left applying a certain sentence of Sainte-Beuve, and reflecting that heroic ideas, broken up, sometimes produce some strange forms, not to say some strange monstrosities!

From the crude female outside we came within first upon an article by Mr. Laurence Binyon, entitled "The Return to Poetry." Many studies of various great critics have left us helpless to make very much of Mr. Binyon's contribution. We do not intend here to trespass upon art criticism, though we may perhaps be permitted a scarcely avoidable brief comment as occasion provokes. So we shall not enter into Mr. Binyon's argument that beside the art of the Orientals ours—Western: Da Vinci, Michelangelo, Turner—"seems so turbid." We find enough besides to wonder at. "Prose accepts," says Mr. Binyon; "poetry rebels. Prose observes, poetry divines." Mr. Binyon professes that he intends the word in no technical sense, but he "could not find a word more convincing." Now that is all very well, but a man of letters would reply: "Then why do you rush into print with your mind in such a state that you can find no word for your meaning? If you only want to say that the art of Da Vinci is so turbid beside the Oriental—why there it is said. If you want to say, as indeed you do say, that 'in the prose view of the world all is fixed and in the poetic view all is change'—why, there is that said, although it is quite meaningless, and although artists who use words will tell you that you may not juggle them as you please in your apoplexy of expression. Read a little more, my friend, and do not write; read your Plato, read your Heraclitus, for there you will find two opposite views of the world clearly expressed, and your unrhythmical, paralytic agony may abate."

Following Mr. Binyon's effort is a drawing, by Anne Estelle Rice, of some nudes holding up, with the rhythmic movement of toe-dancing Atlases, a small basket of fruit. Happening to cover the coarse trunk of one of the strange creatures, there glared up the face of our childhood's terror—the lighted turnip. But our business is not art criticism.

Mr. W. W. Gibson takes up the rhythmic tale in octosyllables:—

> "And at the rising of the moon,
> Half-daft, I took my stand before
> A young seal lying on the shore,
> And called on her to dance with me.
> And it seemed scarcely strange when she
> Stood up before me suddenly."

The frenzy of it probably accounts for the calm of those clichés: at the rising of the moon, half-daft, took my stand, called on her to dance, seemed scarcely strange, stood up suddenly. Someone has noted how, amid extreme excitement, we all use very simple expressions, and though art demands that those expressions shall not be clichés, we are not all artists, and, at any rate, opinions differ as to what constitutes art. As Browne says of Gibson in "The Poetry Review": "The evolution of W. W. Gibson's art is among the most remarkable and significant phenomena in the literary history of our generation . . . metre chosen by Gibson very deliberately. . . whatever these dramas of Gibson may be, whether they are art or not—and, after all, an opinion is only an opinion—" so where would possibly be found any criterion, as it were?

The story by Miss K. Mansfield is, presumably, also wilfully defiant of the rules of art, for it ploughs the realistic sand, with no single relief of wisdom or of wit, unless the interspersed portraits of an animal and a stout, nude lady with a jet-black triangle for her nose are expressly meant to instruct and charm the reader. Perhaps the little song by Mr. Thomas Moult is expected to mix up rhythmically the discurrent atoms:

> "And when the dawn stole upward, tremulously rich,
> A thrush sang matins in the daffodils
> With voice new tuned, and gladsome little trills;
> And pink wild roses drifted from the hills
> To where a drunken lout lay sleeping in a ditch."

Thrushes do not sing on the ground—but why not? see how cunningly our sand is made mud! A reproduction of a sketch of Segonzac's "Les Boxeurs," the finished drawing of which was lately reproduced in THE NEW AGE, leads not inaptly to an article on the followers of Gaugin, relieved by a charming drawing by Mr. J. W. Simpson of a child's head.

And now gleams some inkling of what these people may believe to be the cosmic rhythm. Miss Mansfield abandons her salt furrow and in two stanzas lies flapping and wappering. In "Very Early Spring"

> "Now the sun walks in the forest:
> He touches the boughs and stems with his golden fingers;
> They shiver . . . "

And we see "The Awakening River."

> "The sun leans over her.
> He warms and warms her, he kisses and kisses her . . .
> The gulls are mad-in-love. . . . "

With what would you suppose? Not with other gulls—but with the river! They are "the dream thoughts flying from her heart": they are "the songs of desire flowing from her bosom." Aware that Miss Mansfield has, on occasions, a sense of humour, we wonder if it is all a joke; especially as the verse is solemnly asserted to be a translation from the Russian! If no jest is meant, the sickly versifiers whom Miss Mansfield once satirised in THE NEW AGE are avenged. We take it that these frenzies, syncopes, and collapses are really arranged to carry out the editor's notion of rhythm. For, now, a dull little effort in French vers libre precedes a milder effort in Ollendorfian prose, then the author of this last vainly tries to throw himself into a fit: "tout le jour il rêve obscurement de sadisme." All day long he dreams vaguely of sadism. Little Day-dreams, with his little filthy mind—a strange monstrosity to round up a so nobly titled magazine!

In the whole volume, if we except the picture of the baby, and a reproduction of a painting by Mr. T. D. Fergusson, there is no single page that is not stupid, or crazed, or vulgar—and most are all three. It is the Neo-Philistine come, as we once described him, a Philistine arrayed in the rags cast off by the children of light. With what slings should we not need to arm ourselves against him but that he appears as plainly impotent as he is gross.

Let us vivify our minds with some evergreen admonitions of an ancient writer:—

"Insult not the Muse by making her babble out silly verses; if she appears among the wanton Satyrs, let her be reserved. Were I a writer of satyric pieces, I would not choose bald and common terms. . . . My work should be composed throughout in familiar terms so that anybody might hope to do the same, might labour and toil much, attempting the same, and fail; such is the power of sequence and arrangement, so great the beauty that can crown the simplest expressions. When the Fauns are fetched from the woods, my judgment is that they need to be careful, lest they appear like those born where the streets meet, and their verses sound as the words of our effeminate young men, or lest they talk in coarse and disreputable language: for thus are

disgusted the knights and the free-born who will not endure the work with patience or reward the poet, however much the buyers of roast chick-peas and walnuts may approve." *Horace: Ars Poetica.*

Whether, to-day, a living Horace, with all his knowledge, practice and amiable manner, could deter a modern Piso from rashly publishing, we may doubt. The sons of Piso are legion and strong in conceit, and their fear of authority easily bursts into dull hatred. They, true Philistines, avoid all persons or books that might force them to examine themselves. How interfering, how insulting, would they not find these precepts which great poets have studied and applied ever since they were set down?—to consider well our powers before we write; to guard against all extremes; to restrain description; to refrain from pose; to observe that all men, nearly, would be poets, and, if necessary, to judge oneself as an insufferable mediocrity; to use the experience of time that neglects even genius ununited to art and study! And what would these people reply to one who bade them avoid flatterers, or keep out of the way of a mad, posing poet who refuses to be helped? But if one among them is able to profit by instruction, let him live for a month with this epistle to Piso that has been the companion of so many great poets and critics and scholars.

Arthur Wing Pinero: Exploiter of the Obvious.

By B. Russell Herts.

NEAPOLITAN, although the most varied, is the least imaginative of ices; the drama, most complex of the arts, is also the most capable of exact evaluation. Scarcely any angle of attitude can be assumed which does not find its application in the theatre.

It depends entirely upon our individual fancy whether we relish the inspired pugnacity of Shaw; the idealistic harmonies of Hauptmann; the soft, sweet mysteries of the early plays of Maeterlinck or the perfervid power of his later ones; the Titanic rapture of Ibsen's poetic dramas or the vigorous soul tossing and twisting and tormenting of his social works.

Something within us establishes inclinations, and our responses to art are fixed by them. There are still those who enjoy Pinero; they pretend to admire him: his creation of fine phrases; they talk of him as a sublime technician or struggle to regard him as the moulder of profound human destinies. This, they say, is art; not propaganda, radicalism, problem presentation, or any other substitute for the naïve superficialities that delight them. Such folk like Sudermann. For this there is, of course, the excuse that these two writers are of our time. The "Zeitgeist" grips them and us, and their petty fumblings with a pretended infinite tweak some temporarily responsive chord in our souls.

One cannot quarrel with the worshippers of the mediocre. After all, it is better that they should be given good examples of such theatric pabulum as they will swallow. But why not examine the flaws that are measurable by our common, accepted dramatic standards?

The lines of a Pinero play are clever. Well-wrought spokesmen are thrown before us who speak in "good, set terms." They are never at a loss for a word; their customary form of address is the epigram. Of course, in the farces, to achieve an easy laugh, they halt, but with calculation and accuracy. Is wit, our wondrous heritage from the most serious immortals, merely this forced product of trumped-up farce, or this equally forced comedic repartee? When Pinero is not clever he is dull. Once in a while he is saved by the looming of a possible climax; then comes the conscious craftsmanship again, killing the chance of vigorous, sincere, plain dealing.

As for the folk, a certain clamminess clings even to their liveliest moments. Shaw's Mrs. Warren defends her past; poor Mrs. Tanqueray reforms and is sorry for it. At the thought of her lost innocence she bursts into tears. When her stepdaughter discovers and identifies her she becomes ineffectually frantic. All this is photographic of a certain type of "society" puppet—a type that it is difficult to use for the creation of sustaining tragedy.

Mrs. Ebbsmith flashes into the range of the really interesting and is backed down to the Pinero level by the astounding introduction of the mechanical religious motive. Nero burned Rome to achieve a theatric excitant. Pinero merely kills the candour of a character.

With the help of the thoughtless and visionless Iris, Pinero has created his most perfect—and perfectly useless—play. Snatched from the drawing-room, Pinero people embody the most disgusting attributes of those with "advantages" in actual life. Each year gives us a new play, each with an advance in reality and distastefulness. Finally, in "Mid-Channel" and "The Thunderbolt," conventionality has become so even conventionally unattractive one wonders why such husbands and wives should ever have had the slightest desire to possess each other.

What is the depth of distress in these "tragedies"? Where is the harrowing of spiritual vitals that stirs and strengthens? Over-eating at an unvaried meal gives the same mild distaste. One need not go to the theatre.

Of course the characters are "real." That is why they are not stirring. They conform to our conventional conceptions. They are so actual that they are commonplace, uncreative. Ibsen's people transcend the lifelike. They are all personalities. In their veins courses a super-vital fluid. They are not obvious, but true. In Pinero we feel the actuality, and therefore the particularity, by instinct. That is why he does not influence us. That is true of every situation. He speaks before us, not to us. Each snatch from life must be judged by the individuality of its own conditions—and it is never exactly us he is picturing. Ibsen's lessons are special and yet dominantly universal. Their theatric conditions are non-essential. "A Doll's House" is a piece for every wife and every husband; "Little Eyolf" is a play for the mothers and fathers of the world. Before we are ready for judgment of a Pinero play we must recollect the country and caste which he casts. This intellectualises our interest, and we come to view his dramas, not to live them.

What does it matter that Pinero's latest plays are well-knit in the kind of construction we admire to-day? The early ones, even as far up as "Iris," are weak even in this. "The Gay Lord Quex" is talked of as the perfect comedy, and is really not particularly comic. It would be a drama were it not for its lack of significance and weak, indistinctly drawn characters.

To ruin the idea of "Mid-Channel" by developing it in a plot that is not inevitable; by means of characters that are meaningless and uninspiring, and some of them unnecessary; to distribute almost no dramatic material through two acts and then crowd the remaining part seems scarcely less shameful than Mrs. Ebbsmith's Bible-snatching at the close of the best two acts Pinero ever wrote. But if one must have characters whose only concern in life is love-making, ideas, of course, must be tossed on the scrap-heap.

Pinero is the Franz Liszt of drama. His keen exposés of the commonplace are as definite as folk songs. However distorted, amplified, conventionalised, they remain believable demonstrations. We never doubt their correctness. But their truth—that is another matter. To be true, one must have an idea, a message, a religion. One cannot simply peck at experience.

Mr. Arnold Bennett talks of ours as another age of realism. But mere reality will never satisfy us. The exposition of actuality is not creative. Zola and his like do not blast the watch-towers of the infinite and throw open to our gaze the verity behind them. This interpretative demonstration is what man craves; he demands drama that builds as well as exposes life. A sophisticated understanding of existence is simply a primitive intellectual necessity to the artist; beyond it lies a naïveté of soul that has kept all great creators forever childlike and wonder-smitten.

Views and Reviews.

ONE begins to wonder where Science will stop. It has robbed philosophy of most of its subject-matter, and left to it only speculation on the unknown. Art itself is being wrested from the artist, and reduced to the formulæ of physiology and psychology. And the psychology that is attempting this is the one that, as du Prel said, teaches psychology without Psyche. It is the experimental psychology of Ribot: it is the psychology that expresses the unconscious in physiological terms, as states of the nervous system, and reserves psychological terms for the conscious activities of the mind.

It must be admitted that the artists and their friends have done little to save themselves from the scientists. They do not seem to perceive that if Art can be explained, it is not a mystery but a secret, to use a phrase of Francis Grierson. If it is only a secret, its divine character is seen to be a mere delusion: it can claim no more consideration than any other trade the processes of which are secret and require only a physical and nervous adaptability for their successful working. Almost every writer on Art now adopts the scientific attitude: Mr. Frederick Jameson, to mention one of the most interesting and recent writers, not only entitled his book "Art's Enigma," he put aside all speculation into the nature of Art, only to fall into the trap on his own ground. He sought the secret of Art in the articulation of its forms. He made the effect on the beholder the final test of a work of art; a work of art must, according to his definition, give pleasure to the beholder, and he derived that pleasure from a highly complex kind of beauty. In the light of a later development, this definition of his seems as reprehensible as selling the pass to the enemy.

For æsthetics is no longer transcendental: it has become psychological in the modern sense. Psychoanalysis asserts, and can bring much evidence in support of the assertion, that the origin of artistic inspiration is to be found in mental processes that have been forgotten by the subject, but which are still operative; in other words, the created work is a sublimated manifestation of various thwarted and repressed wishes, of which the subject is no longer conscious. This is perhaps the most dignified psychological account of the origin of artistic inspiration. Other psychologists, like Dr. Claye Shaw for example, will not allow us even the hidden source of inspiration. Writing on Hæmothymia, he says: "The paintings of realistic artists, such as Felicien Rops or Fragonard, the horrors of the Wiertz Gallery at Brussels, the sensational murder stories of E. A. Poe, are the fortunate motor outcome of strong ideas—fortunate for the authors, for the ideas, though offensive to many, are in reality the harmless outpourings of what might have been dangerous trends for their possessors. We shudder and say, 'What a morbid mind such and such a person must have had,' not recognising that we are gazing at the working out of an idea which might have had a very different ending, but for fortunate direction in which the overmastering idea resolved itself." This safety-valve theory is supported, if not maintained, by two of the most recent writers on the subject. Beauty and ugliness are defined as the pleasure or displeasure felt by the body in beholding works of art: the impulse to create and the desire to appreciate are both traced to states of the physiological body.

It is argued by these authors (Vernon Lee and Anstruther Thomson) that the physiological effect of a works of art is its determining factor. The rhythm of a pattern of curves, for example, will give pleasure if its movement corresponds to the systole and diastole of the heart, to the in and out breathing of the lungs. The body, they argue, unconsciously imitates the forms it perceives: its feeling of a form is really not a transmission of energy into the form, but a reproduction of its rhythm in the bodily processes. Beauty, then, corresponds to the pleasurable exercise of the body, ugliness to the contrary effect. Not without reason was the book dedicated to Ribot; Psyche would not recognise the explanation of herself.

What can the artist do against such inquirers? It seems to me that nothing can be done. Admit the validity of the method, and the results must be accepted. But the question arises, has all Art a physiological basis? We need not deny its physiological effect: has it necessarily a physiological origin? If Art is, as Mr. Jameson said, simply the communication of a form to materials, whatever they may be, it seems impossible to deny it. The beauty that he said was a mystery is here proved to be only a secret; the æsthetic pleasure of the creation and perception of form is here seen to be due to a physiological ease and expansion. It is conceivable that with more exact methods of investigation than those employed by Vernon Lee and her companion, beauty may be tabulated, and a temperature, respiration, and pulsation chart be the guide to all new developments of form.

There seems to be no escape. The artist cannot elude his tormentors by any dashing into the fourth dimension. The need of representation is upon him; and whether for himself or for others, his work must have an intelligible principle. The law will stretch to him, if he refuses to conform to the law: even philosophy will name him alogical, if he cannot be tabulated with the logical.

Perhaps we are needlessly alarmed. The old ego of the metaphysical psychologists was at least as satisfactory an explanation of the nature of man as the modern en tout de coalition; although it was not as susceptible of what we call proof as the ego that Ribot was accused of stealing. For the practical affairs of the world, analysis and division seem to be necessary. The localisation of mental function certainly makes brain surgery easier; but it certainly does not eliminate the possibility of the brain being an organ of limitation rather than of expression of the personality. For the purposes of what we call life, it may be necessary that life be limited; and all inquiry be restricted to what is manifested through the physical body. But it can neither be proved nor denied that what we call casual and consequential, and which we can trace to the working of the organic structure, may be merely a concomitant of processes that lie beyond the reach of analysis. Just as we know nothing of electricity until it translates itself into its equivalent in forces known to us, so Art may lie beyond any or all of the processes of the body, and the creation of forms.

But the modern inquiries will furnish a powerful weapon of criticism. It will be useless for an artist to talk about the soul if his rhythms and forms can be directly proved to have had their origin in his body. If there be no more in E. A. Poe's work, for example, than Dr. Claye Shaw asserts, if there be no addition to the horror of his stories, no clue to more than a fortunate motor outcome of morbid desires, Poe, in spite of his mastery of form, will be regarded as not an artist. For if form can be successfully dealt with by science, content alone can be the final test of art; and the word Art can be applied only to that which is not explicable by the physiological and psychological knowledge that is being gathered.

A. E. R.

Eupeptic Politicians.

By J. M. Kennedy.

III.

OF all the writers who have endeavoured to set forth some philosophy of Liberalism, Professor Hobhouse is easily the most important. He has studied and read widely in several branches of science, and his style, if not all that could be desired in places, is obviously that of a man who knows he has something to say. Whether he deals with a biological point or gives us a few remarks on the development of the social mind or the relationship between Liberalism and Labour, he is usually interesting and readable. But his style has another effect. He writes as if the cause of Liberalism were practically lost, but could be understood and rehabilitated if it were carefully explained detail by detail. He therefore sets out to elucidate and persuade. He is studiously polite towards his opponents, and always gives them credit for the best possible intentions. He seldom asserts in anything but a semi-apologetic tone. He is a past-master in all the arts of insinuation, and as oily as a money-lender of Oriental extraction. It is difficult to read him without thinking of earwigs. His ideas creep all over our minds, and if there is a weak joint anywhere, an undecided barrier, in they come.

These books of Professor Hobhouse's swarm with oily earwigs. Having gone through them once the reader is almost persuaded that Liberalism is the only thing that can save society from ruin; for Professor Hobhouse artfully draws our attention to a few defects of his political creed only in order that its virtues may be set off more boldly. In spite of these defects, however, English Liberalism was obviously the unconscious aim of all the evolutionary processes, from the jellyfish onwards. Indeed, I believe that if Professor Hobhouse set his mind to it he is quite capable of showing that the universe came into being merely in order that, after millions and millions of years, Liberal Cabinets might hold office.

It nevertheless seems to me that Professor Hobhouse's book is based on a fallacy from beginning to end, and that fallacy is simply this. He confuses present-day Liberalism as we know it, and also nineteenth-century Liberalism, with the general spirit of unrest and revolt which, making itself felt in the Middle Ages first of all, and being then directed chiefly against the Church, culminated in the doctrines of Locke and Rousseau and ended in the French Revolution. There are many minor misstatements in the course of the book; but surely it is a particularly grave error to suggest that modern Liberalism has anything in common with the "Liberal" spirit that resulted in the abolition of serfdom or concerned itself with "removing superincumbent weights, knocking off fetters, clearing away obstructions." Not that Professor Hobhouse overlooks the importance of theory as well as of practice. He quotes from the Declaration of 1789 and deals at some length with Bentham and Mill. But when we come to the time of Cobden and the Manchester School he is careful to state (ch. iv):—

> The school of Cobden is affiliated in general outlook both to the doctrine of natural liberty and to the discipline of Bentham. It shared with the Benthamites the thoroughly practical attitude dear to the English mind. It has much less to say of natural rights than the French theorists. On the other hand, it is saturated with the conviction that the unfettered action of the individual is the mainspring of all progress. Its starting point is economic. Trade is still in fetters. The worst of the archaic internal restrictions have, indeed, been thrown off. But even here Cobden is active in the work of finally emancipating Manchester from manorial rights that have no place in the nineteenth century. The main work, however, is the liberation of foreign trade. . . . Give to every man the right to buy in the cheapest and sell in the dearest market, urged the Cobdenite, and trade would automatically expand. The business career would be open to the talents.

We should be grateful for such a precise summary of the main principles of Cobdenism, but Professor Hobhouse might well have emphasised them more than he does. He does admit that Cobdenism "tended both in external and in internal affairs to a restricted view of the function of government," but he does not utterly condemn the system. And yet the Manchester School believed in a fallacy greater even than any perpetrated by the author of this little book. In continuing his examination of Cobdenism, Professor Hobhouse sums up the fallacy thus, without telling us that it is one:—

> Taxes there must be to carry on government, but if we looked into the cost of government we found that it depended mostly on armaments. Why did we need armaments? First, because of the national antagonisms aroused and maintained by a protective system. Free commercial intercourse between nations would engender mutual knowledge and knit the severed peoples by countless ties of business interests. Free Trade meant peace, and, once taught by the example of Great Britain's prosperity, other nations would follow suit, and Free Trade would be universal. The other root of national danger was the principle of intervention. We took it on ourselves to set other nations right. How could we judge for other nations? Force was no remedy. Let every people be free to work out its own salvation.

These idealistic views, of course, are largely held by Liberals to-day. Professor Hobhouse does not condemn them. He does not tell us that Free Trade has as little to do with peace as the waxing and waning of the moon, that peace is not necessarily brought about merely because nations come to know one another better, that there were armaments before Free Trade and Protection were heard of, and that, if we do wish to intervene in the affairs of other nations, we cannot do so, as Sir Edward Grey pointed out recently in the House of Commons, unless we are prepared to use force. I apologise for introducing these commonplaces of modern politics and sociology to the circle of NEW AGE readers. I do so simply because, strange and laughable though it may appear, there are still idealists, including several M.P.'s, who firmly believe that peoples are influenced in their international relationships only by materialistic considerations, that "prosperity" cures even an illness of the soul, and that considerations of Christian morality are more likely to prevail on the Young Turks to stop the Albanian and Armenian massacres than naval demonstrations in the Dardanelles and the Gulf of Saloniki. We can find very few examples indeed of more wilful refusals to face the realities of existence, of a greater determination to look for a mythical millennium in the far future, of a more cowardly desire to remain optimistic at all costs.

I have referred to the minor misstatements scattered throughout this book on "Liberalism." Here is one. Dealing with the elements of Liberalism in Chapter II, the author says: "At the back of national movements very difficult questions do arise. What is a nation as distinct from a State? What sort of unity does it constitute, and what are its rights? . . . History has in some cases given us a practical answer. Thus, it has shown that, enjoying the gift of responsible government, French and British, despite all historical quarrels and all differences of religious belief, language, and social structure, have fused into the nation of Canada." I fear Professor Hobhouse has been misled by superficial historians if this conclusion may be taken to represent his matured conviction. I speak from personal knowledge when I say that it is utterly wrong. French Canadians and Britishers live together in Canada, it is true; but the former are concentrated in the East, while the West is almost wholly occupied by European and American immigrants. For governmental and administrative purposes the French and British elements in Canada work together in those districts where it is necessary for them to do so; but to say they have "fused," or to speak of a Canadian "nation" in any sense of the word, is simply to travesty facts.

There are many more interesting things in this book, however. The relationship between Socialism and Individualism, and between Liberalism and Labour, is set forth by Professor Hobhouse with such delicious naïveté that it calls for a separate article.

Two Books on Ireland.

By S. G. Hobson.

THE majority of books at present being published on Ireland are political with special reference to the immediate situation. Their value is therefore transitory even though they be informative and interesting. They are also unconsciously amusing, particularly the contributions by Mr. Harold Spender and the Eighty Club. It is much more pleasant to have in one's hands books of more permanent value—books that go down to the roots of real Ireland and will constitute a genuine record of Irish life in the years to come. Undoubtedly one of these is "L'Irlande Contemporaire," by M. L. Paul-Dubois, and excellently translated by a small group of Irishmen, and published by Messrs. Maunsel and Co., of Dublin.

In England it may seem curious and sinister that the best work done in getting at the heart of Ireland is by Frenchmen. It causes no surprise in Ireland or in France. De Beaumont, pupil of De Tocqueville, in 1839 wrote an authoritative book on Ireland, and has been followed by a line of brilliant Frenchmen, who have contributed studies, sketches and monographs in singular profusion. Edouard Rod told the story of Parnell in a novel, whilst Paul Bourget has fallen a victim to the fascinations of Western Ireland. It is certain that Ireland is better understood in France than it is in England.

M. Paul-Dubois has succeeded, where practically everybody else has failed, in putting into their true focus the various political, racial and economic problems which in their sum-total make up the bewildering mystery of Ireland. He writes in a dry, cold light. He is never lyrical, although there are obvious moments when he has hard work in resisting a purple patch. Above all, every page of this volume of 500 pages is "documented" to a degree that leaves the average literary man gasping at such monumental industry. It may be said of M. Paul-Dubois that he makes no assertion, no statement of fact, without citing his authority, and it is invariably a safe authority. As a guide to Irish literature, M. Paul-Dubois is superb: his footnotes alone are worth the money you pay for the text.

Although always writing impartially, searchingly, completely, this Frenchman has the courage to deliver judgment. The British method of impartiality is to collect the facts, statistics and data generally and then leave it all to the jury of readers. The English writer seems to say: "Good readers, you will observe that mine is the impartial pose; I must not state my real convictions on the problems raised in my book because I would ruin my reputation as an impartial writer, and my reputation in this respect is dearer to me than truth itself." That is why English impartial writers are always so deadly dull. M. Paul-Dubois has no sympathy with such intellectual cowardice. He seems to say: "Dear readers, please observe that I have delved deeply into all the literature and all the sources of information available. Having done so, I have formed certain definite opinions which I invite you to share with me or disprove by adducing evidence that I have not weighed or have inaccurately weighed." In this mood the author does not shrink from any conclusion, be the consequences what they may.

Broadly, then, after surveying the whole field, M. Paul-Dubois gives a clear verdict for Ireland against England. He gives an equally definite decision in favour of tillage as against pasturage. Equally decisive is his verdict in favour of Irish nationality against Irish landlordism. He is sympathetic towards the Ulster "planters," tracing their history with knowledge and insight, and carefully differentiating them from the Dublin Castle faction. But he tells the Presbyterian settlers that they must not stand in the way of Ireland's redemption. All these conclusions are backed up with a wealth of historic knowledge and by references to official papers so complete and apropos that nothing is left in doubt. Judgment is final; any appeal against it is doomed to failure.

I am particularly in love with the treatment of economic Ireland. The real history of modern Ireland is the story of its agriculture. Irish agriculture is an enigma to the rest of the world. "First term" and "second term" valuations, settlements within "the zones," landlord's "bonus" and many other phrases, all easily understood in Ireland, are caviare to the English public. M. Paul-Dubois makes their meaning crystal clear; he traces their origin in legislation or in custom; he makes an open book of a subject hitherto dark and mysterious. For this reason every student of Ireland should possess this volume and thoroughly master its contents. I can testify from personal experience, having recently written a monograph on Ireland. After ploughing through oceans of printed matter in search of abiding authority, I have time and again been compelled to go back to "Contemporary Ireland," to such an extent that I am quite sure I could write the name of Paul-Dubois—hyphen and all—with my eyes shut. I hope very shortly to state the case for Ireland in THE NEW AGE, and it is gratifying to me, by way of preface, to make my acknowledgments to this French writer who has taught me more about Ireland than any other author.

Messrs. Maunsel and Co. have just issued a charming brochure by Mr. George W. Russell, (Æ) entitled "Co-operation and Nationality." Mr. Russell is one of Ireland's best-known artists. His feeling for form finds expression in written words almost as effectively as on his canvas. Unlike most English artists, who vainly imagine that their art is a world apart, Mr. Russell has concerned himself with the affairs of his own country. He is one of the little band who, under the leadership of Sir Horace Plunkett, dreamed of a regenerated Ireland by means of industrial co-operation amongst Irish farmers. The work done by these pioneers cannot be easily over-valued. They taught the farmer to respect himself and his vocation; they told him how to escape from the toils of the gombeen-man; they not only pointed the way but lent vigorous aid. The farmers of Ireland have good cause to be grateful to the Plunkett group. In the light of so much accomplished and as one who has borne a prominent part in this particular struggle, it is not surprising that Mr. Russell sees things a little out of proportion. On any Socialistic solution of any Irish problem Mr. Russell pours genial scorn. He has reached the Mid-Victorian stage in his criticisms of Socialism. But that need not detain us. The important thing is that Mr. Russell has a vision, and knows how to describe it. He sees a new country-life in Ireland full of colour, inspired by new conceptions. He sees the farmer grown into an independent unit of efficient methods and with an added richness in all that he does and thinks. In short, Mr. Russell is a farmers' man. He somehow fails to perceive the problem of the farmer's labourer and its bearing upon the town life of Ireland. But everything that he writes is so delightful and suggestive and so successfully conveys a true impression of the writer's humour, insight and vitality that we readily forgive him for the incompleteness of his vision, because what he sees he sees clearly and describes with all the instinctive charm of a true artist.

Pastiche.

INITIAL MANIFESTO OF THE "FATUISTS" TO THE PUBLIC.

"We shall sing the love of danger.

"We shall extol feverish insomnia, the somersault, the box on the ear.

"For men on their death-bed . . . the admirable past may be balsam to their wounds. But we will have none of it—we, the young, the strong, and the living FUTURISTS. We are the primitives of a completely renovated sensitiveness. We stand upon the summit of the world and once more we cast our challenge to the stars! Your objections? Enough! Enough! We know them! Beware of repeating those infamous words! We stand upon the summit of the world."—Italian Futurists' Manifesto.

WORMS!—TURN!!

Borne on the moulting wings of the Past we come to you, alighting in a spiral vol-planè of ecstasy at your feet!

TURN!—WORMS!!

Our message is of emancipation from the rusted chains of Antiquity which bind you—Andromeda-like—to the rock of Tradition. In our helm flash the sun-gilt ailerons of Perseus, and at our heels whirl the twin propellers of the "Antoinette." As we pass the stars faint and reel in their orbit and the moon turns sick with vertigo!!

WORMS!—TURN!!!

The eldest of us is only six and a half years old (come April 1 next), and, with the assistance of one "Old Moore," we can turn out this sort of thing by the ream; moreover, it has been calculated that if we live till we are twenty-one we will come of age!

TURN!—WORMS!!!

We are Iconoclasts! Bubbling Aetnas in a state of dynamic frenzy! Our mission is to *destroy* the Albert Memorial, Madame Tussaud's, "The Star and Garter," and the A.B.C. Depôt at South Kensington Station. (Failing this last, we might be satisfied with the Houses of Parliament or "Dirty Dick's.")

WORMS!—TURN!!!!

We wish to *glorify*—(the list of "Fatuists" is not yet completed). We are anarchists in baby-linen; Nemeses in bib-and-tucker: we are out for trouble and *we* simply don't care! SO THERE!!!!!

TURN!—WORMS!!!

Our Crown is Obscurity, our Sceptre—Disdain. Wreathe laurels about the arms of the Venus of Milo if you will; anoint with nard the feet of the Theseus if you must; scatter garlands before the Monna Lisa—if you can: but for *us*, a circlet of garlic—dewy and virginal—all about our ears!

WORMS!!—TURN!!!!!!

(For we don't mind telling you, in confidence, that, this time, we *really are*—"IT.")

WE DECLARE THAT:—

It is inevitable that the nauseating, sordid realism of the so-called "Futurists" must give way to a form of artistic expression more idealistic and refined; the least progressive of academies is beginning to aspire towards the aceticism of the "Fatuists," and the day is not far distant when the painter who attempts to appeal to the emotions through the sense of *sight* will be as dead as Marionetti himself.

To *us*, the little devoted band of "Fatuists," belongs the honour of introducing to the art of painting an appeal to the senses of Hearing and Smelling: we challenge the world to produce a painting comparable, in its varied appeal, with our adored Fulsome's portrait of Madame X.! Even Messrs. Lewis Hind and Konody—acknowledged masters in the art of naïve gullibility—were forced to admit that:—

"Fulsome's immortal picture of Mme. X. is the finest painting we have heard since smelling Bunkum's memorable 'Afterglow in a Turkish Bath' in the galleries at Versailles."

A description of this impeccable work will serve to explain the attitude and motives of the "Fatuists." Our description is taken from the catalogue of our first exhibition at Limehouse:—

"No. 10.—Portrait of Mme. X. on the slack-wire. In this work Fulsome has endeavoured to express the sensations and emotions of the wire as it bends and sways beneath the weight of Mme. X. As it might be contended that Mme. X. never *did* walk upon a slack-wire the artist has anticipated the objection by leaving out, in a masterly manner, the lady from the picture.

"As one approaches the canvas a curious, sickening odour is perceptible; this is expressive of Mme. X.'s opinion of the 'Fatuists.' The gradual crescendo of sound vibrations following the first sensation of scent is a masterly interpretation of the wire's contempt for the rather ponderous lady whose name gives the title to the picture.

"Mingling with the strengthening odour of stale eggs and decaying vegetables (suggestive of the opinions of the audience-spectators) will be noticed a staccato movement in two syllables, vaguely suggesting the sounds "rot" and "ton," repeated regularly and at intervals; this may be aptly described as a polyphonic scent-symphony in duet form, expressing at once the opinions of Mme. X. and the spectator-audience towards each other.

"The soft, purring obbligato dimly audible is an undercurrent of reminiscence and anecdotage connected with Mme. X.'s pet poodle, and is further expressed, aromatically, by the faint odour of dog-biscuits soaking in weak wine.

"In conclusion, we claim that this picture is a triumph of dynamic and static sound appealing in acoustical and aromatical sense-vibrations to the sense of touch."

FULSOME'S OBITER DICTA.

"Silence is sound unexpressed."

"Beauty is ugliness unexposed."

"The sweetest sounds are those unseen."

"Academies are Sarcophagi of the Soul."

"Give me health and a day and I will make the art of painting ridiculous!"

"Modern painting is the conscientious interpretation of Nature seen through the distorting mirrors of convention."

"The highest form of art is the—misunderstood."

"Realism is the Impossible made plausible."

THE MERRY CHANCELLOR.

"Mr. Lloyd George's Fun.—Mr. Lloyd George dashed into the debate after Lord Robert Cecil. He soon had members shouting, laughing, and interrupting. His speech provided the vivacious episode of the night—whether it made for peace and progress is another matter. Members were, at any rate, much stirred up, and the Chancellor slapped the despatch-box in the fervid joy with which such occasions always inspire him."—The "Daily Mail," March 20.

While men are locked in deadly strife,
And little children cry for bread
In many a home with hunger rife,
Whose fireless hearths no warmth can shed;
While wives and mothers faint and fail,
And coal is dwindling more and more,
And commerce dies by road and rail—
Loud laughs the Merry Chancellor!
While crewless ships in crowded ports
Are idly rotting side by side,
The Merry Chancellor makes sport
And mocks the Tories in his pride.
As slowly drag the dreadful hours,
And smaller, smaller grows our store,
He plays his dialectic powers
And sets the Commons in a roar.
As fainter beats the nation's pulse
And feebler grows the nation's heart,
"Take notice of that glib repulse,
He's always saying something smart."
With jest and gibe and quick retort
He trounces Tim and Bonar Law.
'Fore God, it is a merry sport
To hear our Merry Chancellor.
While death and hunger, hand in hand,
Knock at the hovels of the poor,
Gaunt famine threatening all the land,
He jokes, the Merry Chancellor.
With fervid joy he thumps the box,
A sight for God and man to see;
The House of Commons reels and rocks
In maddened waves of ecstasy.
Oh, little man of Cambrian birth,
To whom the Commons bow the knee;
Oh, maker of a ghastly mirth,
Oh, people ceasing to be free!

HAROLD B. HARRISON

SONNET.

[Addressed to the unknown subscriber who, in a "Times" library copy of Saintsbury's "History of Prosody," corrected "morning" into "mourning."]

7 p.m.—
Who may you be, with itching quill correct,
That start up from some time-expiréd nook
And throw your shadow 'tween me and my book?
Not mine? 'Twas mine until you did detect
You absent. Sure, henceforth must I expect
You present, turning "Morning" with your crook
To "Mourning," thus: Au. I will not brook
The tribe of my Auroras sable-deckt!

7.30 p.m.—
I quit, still heeling after you. But quite
Was healed my eye; for, shutting you in sulk,
I mounted with Diana where the stars
Wrapped you in thought, while I, rapt high mid night,
Saw silver-footed May behind the bulk
Of Taurus twit the blustering ram of Mars.

B. HASTINGS.

MR. A. E. RANDALL.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE COAL STRIKE.

Sir,—I cannot allow the occasion to pass without tendering to you the heartiest thanks of a miner for the manner in which your journal (no, *our* journal) has stood by the cause of the miners in their struggle for a living wage. I avow myself a Socialist, and am a reader of THE NEW AGE from the first copy under the present régime.

Moreover, too, I would like to thank you, in particular, for the manner in which the writer of the "Notes of the Week" has bowled over the nonsensical demand of the owners for a "minimum output." Every man who has any knowledge at all of mining knows that this is an utter impossibility; and the owners, in putting forward this demand, are either absolutely ignorant of the condition of things in the mines over which they have control (a proposition which is not at all acceptable), or they make the demand in order to balk the whole question.

No collier, however efficient he may be (and I write as one of twenty-two years' experience), can guarantee a minimum output; and the demand for the same, when put forward by men who know the impossibility of its attainment, is not only absurd, but deliberately so. If you will allow a little illustration, I might say that the demand is as ridiculous as would be the case if a breeder of poultry, when putting hens to sit, demanded from each hen a "minimum output" of chickens, irrespective of the conditions of the hatch.

The conditions below ground are so constantly changing that of a truth can it be said that "no one knows what the day may bring forth."

In reference to the cheap sneer of your correspondent, Mr. Douglas Fox Pitt, *re* the general status of miners, I must say, sir, it only evidences his utter ignorance of our mining population and, perhaps, shows his class prejudice. In this particular district there are many collier readers of THE NEW AGE, and I can assure Mr. Pitt that in our miners' institutes in the valleys of Monmouthshire he will almost always find THE NEW AGE on the tables for perusal.

In conclusion, I might add that, should Mr. Pitt so desire, I would have pleasure in forwarding him a copy of a miners' journal circulating in Mon. *not* "devoted to cock-fighting and detailed accounts of football matches."

I enclose an appreciation of THE NEW AGE from Mr. George Barker, miners' agent for Western Valleys of Monmouthshire.

A REBEL.

* * *

Sir,—Would it not have been good policy on the part of the miners to have combined with their demand for a minimum wage a demand for a maximum price of coal? By this means they would have enlisted the sympathy and aid of the coal-consuming public, who would surely have come forward and helped the unions so long as the strike lasted.

Whatever else may be the outcome of the coal strike, it will, at least, have taught the public something about the coal trade. We now know that the miner is paid, say, 3s. a ton for getting the coal, and we pay, say, 23s. a ton for it. This means that there are people standing between the producer and the consumer who put, amongst them, a sovereign in their pockets for every ton of coal that passes through their hands. These people are the royalty owners, the landlords, the mining companies, the railway companies, and the wholesale and retail coaldealers. Of all these the only really indispensable ones are the railway companies; but, to make up for this fact, they take the lion's share of the sovereign. In the South of England the average charge for the carriage of a ton of coal seems to be 10s. Now, the railway companies can carry a ton of granite for less than half this sum. Considering that a ton of granite weighs as much as a ton of coal, why should there be this difference in the cost of carriage? The only possible answer is that the extra charge is extortion, pure and simple. Another fact which the public have learnt is that the miners are not paid for small coal, yet the public do not pay any less for a ton of coal consisting largely of dust.

The demand for a maximum price of coal seems right, because it appears that this system of trying to rectify matters by raising wages wants calling in question. The more money the working-man has, the more there is for the rich man to take from him; and the latter loses no time in taking it, either by raising the price of food or by raising rent.

Instead of always trying to help the poor, let us turn our attention to the very rich. Moderately well-off people should realise that they have, in common with the working-classes, an enemy in the very rich. The Americans have awakened to this fact, and at the present time there are several rich men in the dock on a charge of combining to restrain trade. Trade is not restrained in this country quite on the same lines as it is in America, but, nevertheless, it is restrained by our iniquitous land laws. Surely the large London landlords, with their arbitrary raising of rents and the exorbitant charges they make for the renewal of leases, constitute a combination in restraint of trade. Why should not they be rendered amenable to an Act of Parliament? It is useless to raise wages so long as landlords are left free to raise rents. Once stop the money from flowing into the coffers of those who do not earn it and it will automatically find its way into the pockets of those who do.

There is only one sure way of helping "God's poor," and that is by hindering the Devil's rich. These very rich people are bad for the community in more ways than one, for they not only deprive the worker of the proceeds of his labour, but they depreciate the value of his sovereign when he does get it. The following seems to give the commonsense of the thing:—Say a schoolboy has a dozen oranges he is willing to sell to his school-fellows. They are willing to pay, say, a penny each for them. But supposing there happens to be amongst their number one rich boy who, by way of getting more than his share of the oranges, is willing to pay twopence each for them. Naturally, the boy with the oranges will not take a penny if he can get twopence, which means that the purchasing power of the money has been reduced fifty per cent.

It appears now that for years the royalty owners, the landlords, mining companies and dealers have been robbing the public, and there has been talk of buying some of them out. But why buy them out? If a banking company discovers that their manager has been robbing them for years, do they buy him out? No; they turn him out and punish him into the bargain. Why not treat the parties to this iniquitous coal business in the same way? The miners and the public have put up with their robbery long enough.

W. H. MORGAN.

* * *

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

Sir,—The articles on foreign affairs contributed to THE NEW AGE by S. Verdad have long been a reliable source of pleasure to me, and their never-failing excellence makes me hesitate before entering upon a criticism of them. But in the last few months, especially under the influence of a series of articles by Dr. Paul Arndt (to whom I am indebted for many of the points of this letter), I have come to doubt very seriously the foundations of S. Verdad's policy. And so I put these questions rather in good faith as the questions of a doubter than as criticism under the cover of a search after a sound policy.

Like most men who are the preachers of one distinct idea, S. Verdad has succeeded in making himself quite clear. His policy is one of unremitting enmity towards Germany. We are to look upon the German nation as our chief enemy, and are to lose no opportunity of "putting a spoke in her wheel." We are the first Power in the world, and under no circumstances should we allow any other Power (especially Germany) to consider itself as our equal. English "supremacy" must be maintained at any cost.

Let us look for a moment at the cost. Important (but not all-important) is the fact that England, both relatively and absolutely, spends far more money on armaments than any other nation, and that this is one factor of the painful development which is rapidly making us lose our place as a

front-rank finance Power. Even S. Verdad has to suggest a French loan to pay for our own defence. But far more important is the fact that England has to pay for her jealousy towards Germany by an enormous loss of power and prestige in many parts of the world. The concentration of our armaments against Germany has naturally led to a weakening of British influence in those parts where no demonstration of power against Germany is necessary. In both North and South America England is no longer the great Power she once was. The power of the United States has spread rapidly—in the last few years she has extended her territories far more than Germany has even tried to do, and that in a manner (for example, in Panama) which may have very grave consequences for England. And yet England has not uttered a word of protest, as she always does whenever Germany tries to expand. Since the dispute over the Venezuela boundary question England has more and more withdrawn her finger from the fire which we call the New World. We quietly acquiesced in American control of the Panama Canal, which will certainly be of the utmost importance for the naval tactics of the future; and we remain tranquil while the United States erect fortifications to protect, in time of war, her own interest. More; we maintain this tranquillity in spite of the fact that our treaty rights gave us extensive powers of control in the canal. English fleets used to patrol the far oceans and carry the prestige of the British flag to the farthest corners of the earth. These fleets are no longer to be seen there—they are doing duty in the service of the enmity against Germany—and their place is taken by ships flying the stars and stripes or the Japanese flag. Our power in the Southern seas has sunk so small that we should be quite incapable of defending Australia against the attacks of the Japanese fleet—for our enmity towards Germany keeps our fleet tied up in home waters. Where is the supremacy of which S. Verdad spoke only in his last contribution? It looks as though it had dwindled down to a supremacy against Germany only.

Another example. Why did we become the friend of Russia in 1907, and so help that country, instead of hindering her, in her approach nearer and nearer to the frontier of our own possessions; thus probably laying up for ourselves quarrels which will necessitate the costly fortification of a huge boundary line, and which may at any time precipitate us into a war where our chances of success would be small? The reason for this change of policy was of course that we might still further concentrate our forces against Germany.

We do not protest when the United States expands, when France increases her territories, when Russia lumbers across Asia—but the moment that Germany sets about preparing for herself her "place in the sun" we shout hysterically about British supremacy; and that we cannot "allow" German expansion. We have sacrified our interests in many parts of the world to the bogey of German invasion, a bogey which we could easily pacify at very little cost to ourselves. Were we to arrive at some definite understanding with Germany—say at the cost of "allowing" her to develop her African empire fairly freely—then we should have much more power and attention to devote to our interests in many parts of the world where they are at present in danger of being neglected.

And, after all, is the cost so great? What did it matter to us if France or Germany possessed Morocco? Indeed, it would have been an excellent thing for England if Germany had acquired a port in North Africa; it would have divided her forces, and it is only the concentration of the German fleet which renders it dangerous. A concentration, let it be noted, forced upon Germany by ourselves. Once get rid of our hostile relations with Germany and our fleet can again sail to all parts of the world. For although I agree that a war may break out any minute, without even an ultimatum, yet it must not be forgotten that this is only true for nations which are potential enemies, for nations between which a strong enmity exists. Consequently when once the enmity between us and Germany was dispersed there would no longer be any possibility of a sudden war, and consequently the present concentration of the fleet would be unnecessary.

The "supremacy" which we achieved at the time when other nations were flying at each other's throats we can scarcely hope to hold for ever. For our national pride it may not be a very pleasant fact that the United States, Germany, Japan, etc., are approaching us in power every year, but it is a fact all the same; and for us to ignore it is absurd. To attempt to uphold a supremacy in the teeth of the armed nations is simple folly. Consider the case of a large family where one son is born ten years before the others. At first he is easily supreme, but as the others grow up they begin to show their independence and to free themselves from a supremacy which no longer corresponds with the facts. So is the case of the supremacy of England. We might retain a position as primus inter pares, but to maintain a supremacy as dictator of the seas is, in face of the relatively greater progress of other nations, an impossibility.

And, in fact, I claim to have pointed out that in many parts of the world this supremacy is already non-existent.

To give an example of the progress of other nations (though I doubt whether this is necessary) I might quote the latest German returns for oversea trade. The first two months of this year show an increase of 14 per cent. over the corresponding months of last year. It is quite probable that in a very few years the Germans will have the greatest over-sea trade in the world. And when they remember that at present England could lock up the North Sea, is there any wonder that they direct great efforts towards the building of a fleet, or that they refuse to regard such a fleet as a luxury?

Why not recognise facts, then; quietly drop the word "supremacy," with all its hate-engendering properties, become the friends of Germany instead of her foes; and then direct our foreign policy to other ends than to our present continuous attempts to prevent German expansion?

Thüringen. HARRY A. WHITBY.

* * *

SIR RUFUS ISAACS.

Sir,—Your writer of "Notes of the Week," in your last issue, indulges the following amazing mood:—"Sir Rufus Isaacs' conduct of the cross-examination of Seddon was such as to raise the question whether a Jew should be allowed to practise in our criminal courts." To impugn the humane capacity of any whole race for the cruelty of one of its members is in itself, surely, too farcical for discussion. To do so of the Jewish race passes even the limits of absurdity. It may be asked why I write if your correspondent's statement is so eminently ridiculous. I reply that the Dionysian spirit in me hates grotesque disproportion and instinctively desires to transfigure it to the symmetry, sobriety, and simplicity which alone can render it humanly endurable.

The culture of the race which gave the world Moses and Christ (to mention no others), the culture of the race which has stood, and still stands, more pre-eminently for culture than any other race, is impugned by criticism of one of its units, and that one (save the mark!)—Sir Rufus Isaacs. Listen, oh listen to the laughter of the gods!

FITZPATRICK LEVI.

* * *

THE "EYE-WITNESS."

Sir,—In your contemporary, the "Eye-Witness," of last week an editorial writer set over against public opinion reading the evidence in the Seddon case "the judgment of the jury who actually saw and heard" the evidence. This, it appears, is "a physical experience which no amount of reading can replace." But, surely, the implication of this is most serious and utterly wrong. Are the jury to add to their judgment on the evidence their own personal prepossessions in regard to the accused person? Such personal prepossessions are extremely precarious, and not even the most expert psychologist would venture to hang a man on his personal impressions. T. S. LUCAS.

* * *

CAKE AND AN EGOIST.

Sir,—It is with horror that I see Mr. Thorn entangled with such an important anti-Socialist as Colonel Pollock. Having some experience of the class I hasten to the combat. Mr. Thorn, it seems, is a "Socialist"—that is, one who cares for the welfare of society—and is therefore enabled to apply the standards of commonsense and justice to any problem. Colonel Pollock, on the contrary, has to "confess to a selfish preference for the 'idle rich' as compared with the 'idle poor,' because I am taxed for the support of the latter, whereas the former are contributors to the public revenue."

"As regards the 'idle rich,'" he says, "whom Mr. Thorn credits with ability to eat and retain the cakes of luxurious living, there are of these, I imagine, two classes—(1) 'wasters,' who live wantonly until they have run through their fortunes, and (2) lazy but otherwise virtuous recipients of dividends from investments, who, needing not to work for their living, further decline to employ their leisure in public life. Representatives of the former class do little harm to any but themselves, until they have eventually joined the 'idle poor,' and thus become a burden on the community; while those of the latter merely fail to do all the good they might." What an imagination! Wasters who "run through their fortunes" can hardly be said to retain their cake, nor is the annual abstraction of 5 per cent. from the profits of society a mere lapse of duty.

"Assuming a successful nationalisation of wealth and entire State control of all industries, the fact remains that overseers, as well as workers with their hands, are indispensable." Fancy that! C. E. BECHHOEFER.

* * *

VIVISECTION.

Sir,—I am sorry that your writer of "Notes of the Week" has forsaken the admirably judicious tone which he usually

employs and indulged in bloodcurdling shrieks about the Vivisection Committee's Report. Whatever the rights and wrongs of the case, this is not the way to treat it usefully. As with any other question, there are pros and cons which must be quietly considered, for the unconsidered shriek so often fails palpably to advance matters. For example, would the writer be prepared to denounce as "fiendish" all the millions of people who "attempt to stave off death" by eating beef? If not, what right has he to be hysterical in the isolated case of vivisection?

I must confess that my own views on the subject are not clearly crystallised. It can be looked on from two points—the utilitarian and the moral. I am inclined to agree with the writer of "Notes" that vivisection tends to divert research from more promising avenues, but it is quite beyond question that, in the past, it has done great good to the world at large, both in practical medicine and surgery and also by providing material for knowledge. I am for the moment assuming that the extension of the bounds of knowledge is a desirable thing, and this in all directions, for I can see no possibility of differentiating—on the utility side—between the different directions. It is quite indisputable that half a century ago our knowledge of the mechanisms of life was almost nil; it is now very considerable, and has paved the way—as could not have been done otherwise—for further and more "transcendental" work. One has only to observe two men, both capable of following what the writer of "Notes of the Week" calls "more human avenues," one knowing his physiology well and the other entirely ignorant of it, to be convinced of the truth of this statement. The case is exactly parallel with that of physics. Modern physics—of forces, electrons, ether and such things—would never have been instituted without the two hundred years of research on gross matter which preceded and which swept away the dust which had accumulated during the ages when first-hand knowledge was banned. To proscribe vivisection would be to return to the dark ages, for knowledge cannot be banned piecemeal.

So much for utility. The moral question is not so clear. Most of the objections urged against vivisection are, of course, not moral ones really, but sentimental. As, however, sentiment cannot be treated by argument, we must pass it by. All will agree that "wanton" destruction of life is immoral. It is a special case of wanton waste, which is always immoral—a vice. What the exact meaning of the word "wanton" should be is not so clear. Whether destruction of life which is not wanton is immoral seems to me a very open question, and I should hesitate to give one answer which should cover all cases. But it is difficult to see why vivisection is more immoral than meat-eating, for example. A vivisection laboratory is certainly not such a cruel place as a slaughter-house. The majority of anti-vivisectionists are quite ignorant of both. The valid objections to the practice seem to me to be those of which we hear seldom: (1) That it tends to divert science from more profitable methods; (2) that it tends to spoil, in a very subtle way, the man who practises it.

As regards the first point, if those who wish to change things would show *practically* that their way is the best, it would not be long before the scientists had adopted it. A scientific man is no fool and knows on which side his bread is buttered. His lust for gore exists only in the sentimentalist's mind. What he does lust for is to know how things work, and the best method of finding out will please him best.

For the second point, as far as my experience goes, a vivisectionist compares favourably with a butcher.

It was for these two reasons that I gave up the practice myself, and they seem to me the only reasons for which any true lover of science can do so. Sentimental legislation is a great failure. Remember what happened when the "shrieking sisterhood" got the Cantonment Act in India repealed.

M. B. OXON.

* * *

VIEWS AND REVIEWS.

Sir,—If Mr. Percy H. H. Vanne wishes to correct me he must learn to speak the truth. He says that I have never read Mr. Ogg's bibliography, and that my declaration that Sainte-Beuve's essay and De Retz's memoirs are the only authority proves it. As it happens, I said nothing of the kind. I must apologise to your readers for reprinting what I wrote only a fortnight ago, but with correspondents like Mr. Vanne the necessity cannot be avoided. I wrote, in your issue of March 7: "Cardinal de Retz is not too familiar to English readers. With the exception of his own memoirs, and Sainte-Beuve's essay, practically nothing is known of him. Mr. Ogg's is, I think, the first attempt in English to make the man familiar to us." The man who would read the second sentence as an absolute statement is a literary idiot.

Nor did I, as he said, "criticise a new historical essay in the terms of a rhapsodist some thousands of years out of date." I made one quotation from the Preacher, and one only. If Mr. Vanne means that I have no right to quote the Preacher, that I must behave like an Oxford man and quote no more ancient an author than Stevenson, I can only refuse and tell him that his suggestion is an impertinence. I will quote whom I like in my own column.

I confess that I know nothing of university essays or their fate; nor do I know anything of the difficulties of obtaining access to the library of the Foreign Office at Paris. I may go further, and say that I know nothing of the difficulties of setting up, printing, and binding a book. I am not, therefore, obliged to praise or condemn a publisher for having surmounted them. But what does Mr. Vanne want? I wrote: "It is not my business to deny difficulties or the evidence of deep research. Mr. Ogg's bibliography alone shows his intimate acquaintance with his subject-matter; his text proves his critical temper; but his own statement that 'the Cardinal de Retz has no counterpart in history' condemns him." It seems that I ought not to have said these things, because Mr. Vanne appreciates the difficulties more than I do. But as I had to write my review without Mr. Vanne's assistance, I had to adopt my own attitude towards the difficulties and write accordingly.

The fact is that Mr. Vanne would have reviewed the book differently. I need not deny it. But I have my own point of view of biography, and I intend to keep it. I stated it in your issue of February 22 and there is no need to reprint it here. Mr. Ogg's "attempt at biography," to use a phrase of Mr. Vanne's with which I agree, was, of course, based on different principles; but I do not see why I should accept it as an ideal, or why my appreciation of its merits should prohibit me from regretting that "he handled the evidence only to prove his acquaintance with it." When I remember that the article was prefixed by the remark: "Not one of these three books is professedly a biography," and deliberately said that I used them to add point to my previous article, I am at a loss to understand why anyone who wanted to read an historian's review of an historical essay should have troubled to read the article or to attempt to correct it. I can do no more than warn off undesirable readers, and to make this statement quite clear to Mr. Vanne, let me say that I did not write for him.

A. E. R.

* * *

ART AND DRAMA.

Sir,—I personally feel so grateful to Mr. Huntly Carter, and I derive so much pleasure from his writings in THE NEW AGE, that I learn with horror and amazement that—

> "Beneath the lowest depth, a lower deep,
> Still threatening to devour him, opens wide."

After Picasso, he is fain to encounter the triple-headed Cerberus, Antonio Ciarla, Giuseppe del Enfiagione, and the terrible Turk, Hassim el Mejr; and I am given to understand that they all out-Herod Herod.

I regret that I cannot see my way to substitute Mr. Huntly Carter's articles for my morning supplications—but my prayers for his safety shall he his. Oh noble warrior! Oh my pocket Hercules! And may the gods deliver my darling from the power of this dog.

Suffer me a little further. Some time ago Mr. Huntly Carter objected, as he had a perfect right to do, to my attitude towards Picasso. But why, oh why did he tell me to look at the picture during breakfast-time? The darkest hour of all, when even the very best of us may be excused for feeling a bit chippy, for "I am a man and I 'as me feelings," as the stage carpenter said to the ladies of the corps de ballet.

Now, as touching panzos, I must admit the soft impeachment, for my own is beginning to rival that of the parsons; but it was cruel of Mr. David P. Legge to remind me of it. It was not ever thus. There was a time when I was like unto a man made out of a cheese-paring after supper, or "a disembowelled Welsh solicitor" (vide THE NEW AGE, "Notes of the Week," November 14), than which there is not now in nature a creature more jejune.

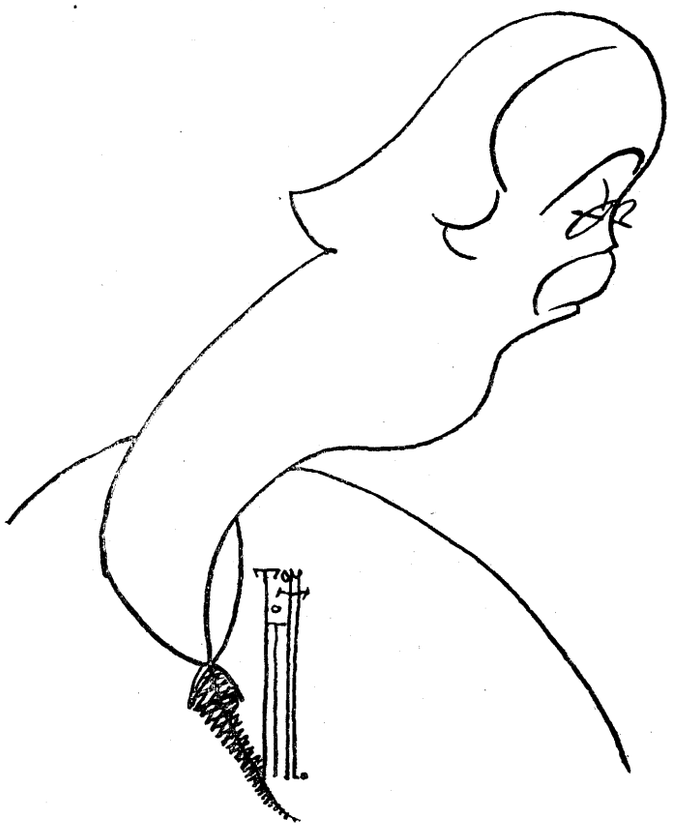
HAROLD B. HARRISON.

* * *

THE WORKS OF WHISTLER.

Sir,—I am in no need of Mr. Sickert as a guide to the authorised "Life of Whistler." Nor was it to argue with him that I wrote to you, but, rather, to tell those whom it interests that, while Mr. Hesslein is making statements about Mr. Pennell and Mr. Sickert is quoting Mr. Hesslein in your pages, Mr. Pennell is where he can know nothing of it for some few weeks. In the meantime, with this simple explanation, which ought to be clear even to Mr. Sickert, the present correspondence, as far as I am concerned, is at an end.

ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL.



MR. BALFOUR.

Published by the Proprietors, THE NEW AGE PRESS, LTD., 38, Cursitor Street, Chancery Lane, and Printed for them by BONNER & Co., The Chancery Lane Press, Rolls Passage, E.C. Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd.