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THE OSCAR WILDE MEMORIAL.

THE NEW AGE

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART.


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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

After prolonged meditation and with the temporarily fixed resolve of maintaining the present system practically without change, the Government has resolved to abandon the policy of damping down strikes and to substitute for it Collective Bargaining on a legal basis. This change of attitude was indicated in the decision of the Government on Friday last to appeal to the Port employers on the one hand to form an inclusive Federation of Masters, and to the men, on the other hand, to assent to the creation of a Joint Conciliation Board. The replies of the respective bodies are yet at the time of writing to be announced; but we have no doubt that in each instance the offer will be accepted. The employers of the Port have certainly nothing to lose by being united. On the contrary, it is a disgrace to their somewhat vulpine intelligence that the advantages of federation have had to be thrust on them by the State by circumstance. The men similarly have at present moment little doubt that a Conciliation Board will serve their purpose; though in this they are as wrong as in their theories they usually are. From that doubtful statesman-leader, Mr. Gosling, however, who has been too much praised by the employers' Press to commend himself wholly to us, we expect no more than an easy acquiescence in the Government's plan and his consequent entrance on behalf of his men into the new and gilded booby-trap. But for all the agreement and consent of the three parties to the new plan, Collective Bargaining must by its very nature be impossible. The men have come on their behalf, and, as it were, under the compulsion of inferiority, is actually and in practice bad, either their leaders will denounce it for them or the men will repudiate it on their own account. The mere preaching, as we say, of the sanctity of contract will be useless, and rightly useless; for only between equals, whatever ethicists may maintain to the contrary, is contract sacred. That the two parties are, in fact, unequal, despite the apparent equality brought about by Federation on the one side and Unionism on the other, is obvious from the fact that the stakes at issue, as well as the powers possessed by the two parties, are grossly unequal. The Unions stake their lives, not merely as Unions but as men; for labour is the risking of life. The Federation and of these only the more or less.

Thus in stakes alone the inequality on the one side, its Trade Union on the other, and the strong impartial State mediating between them, the illusion vanishes when we examine both the principles and the facts involved. We say nothing now of the fundamentally false principle upon which all wage regulation rests, namely, the false principle that wage-slavery is humanly legitimate or just, for on that rock every device, even the most apparently beneficent and practical, will infallibly be wrecked; but two subsidiary principles at least exist to make Collective Bargaining even within the sphere of the legitimised wage system peculiarly useless for the permanent pacification of industry. In the first place, there is no real parity between the two parties to the proposed bargaining, and consequently the sense of obligation commonly called responsibility will be less in the one than in the other. No ethical doctrine in the world will press on the weaker party the same weight of obligation to maintain a bad bargain that naturally attaches to the stronger party; and when the men discover that a bargain to which their leaders have come on their behalf, and, as it were, under the compulsion of inferiority, is actually and in practice bad, either their leaders will denounce it for them or the men will repudiate it on their own account. The mere preaching, as we say, of the sanctity of contract will be useless, and rightly useless; for only between equals, whatever ethicists may maintain to the contrary, is contract sacred. That the two parties are, in fact, unequal, despite the apparent equality brought about by Federation on the one side and Unionism on the other, is obvious from the fact that the stakes at issue, as well as the powers possessed by the two parties, are grossly unequal. The Unions stake their lives, not merely as Unions but as men; for labour is not a commodity separable from the labourer, and the risking of labour is the risking of life. The Federation of Masters, on the other hand, merely risk their profits, and of these only the more or less. It is true that unsuccessful profiteers may be driven into the wage market; but when men already in the wage market are driven out of that, complete destitution lies before them. Thus in stakes alone the inequality of risk between the two parties is incommensurable. And it is the same with their relative powers. A union of wage labourers under a Conciliation Board have really no escape when they have accepted an award from carrying out its terms...
to the letter. They can, in fact, be made to do so by the masters individually, any one of whom can dismiss, exchange, re-classify or penalise his men exactly as it suits him. The men, on the other hand, have only a collective power over any individual master. To secure the exact administration of the award the whole union of men is necessary, and this involves, of course, a general strike for every particular grievance; as has just been seen in the case of the current Dock Strike. What possible hope of peace can be entertained of bargains, falsely so called, between parties so disproportionate? Only if the master had power to dismiss or penalise a defaulting employer and to threaten him with destitution into the bargain would the contract between Federation and Union be an equal contract.

* * *

But the facts of the situation are not a bit better than the principles involved. The conception of the State as an impartial authority is totally contrary to our most certain knowledge. Our judges are presumed by constitutional fiction to be impartial, and in their instance nothing save their class-training and often natural stupidity prevents them from being so. They have, at least, a standard by which to judge their opinions and by an objective, namely, the preservation of civil peace and justice, to steer towards; yet in spite of these necessary conditions of impartiality their judgments are notoriously biased to the last degree by their class-training and instinctive class-interests. Other things being equal, we may safely say that a rich man of the upper classes will always find the scales weighted in his being equal, we may safely say that a rich man of the upper classes will always find the scales weighted in his favour against a poor man in ninety-nine out of every hundred courts in the land; and this, as we say, in spite of the advantages possessed by our judges in the defined standards and purpose of law and their own personal freedom from popular responsibility. Contrast this favourable position of the presumed impartial judges with the position occupied by the arbitrating State in forthcoming industrial disputes. The very chiefs of the State departments are in the pay, directly or indirectly, of the class of employers. They are not merely nominated and maintained in office by plutocrats, but they belong to the class of plutocrats themselves. With the best will in the world, unless they are remarkable geniuses, they not only dare not but they cannot see the two sides of a Capital and Labour dispute equally clearly. It would be to demand too much of them to expect them to do so. And when we add to this handicap on their impartial judgment the further handicaps that lie in having neither a standard by which to judge nor a purpose at which to aim, their consequent conduct may be forecasted with the facility of loaded dice. The impartial State, in short, is a pure delusion: such an organ does not yet exist.

* * *

Assume, for example, that the State has been called in to arbitrate between a united federation and a united union—on what principle would it give its award? The principle of weighing the respective forces of the two parties is, of course, no principle at all. Equally absurd is it to smother the claims by compromise on both sides for the mere comfort of avoiding or ending a strike. Strikes, we admit, are bad things in themselves, but smothering and suppressing without settling conflicting claims are a thousand times worse. Better a decade of strikes than a century of corrupting discontent. But the State when called in must come to some conclusion, and must, to be reasonably effective, come to a just conclusion; what is justice in these matters? The answer obviously involves an ideal, a purpose, an objective—in other words, a theory of the right direction of industrial organisation; and it is precisely in this respect that the Government is confessedly lacking. As we shall see in a moment, several possible directions are open to be taken by any Government now in power: the direction, for example, in which things are already drifting, of State Capitalism; also the direction of what we have called a National Guild Organisation. But so far the Government (and most of the publicists too) have failed to make up their mind and instead of moving are doing nothing. Now, standing still is an admirable conservative principle, but it is not a principle of judgment, still less of impartial judgment. Always to declare the existing condition as nearly as possible right or to declare as right only the very smallest deviation from it is the office of people who are perfectly satisfied with things as they are; but it is not the office of people who are both dissatisfied and who have their minds set on better things. Without some ideal, therefore, the office of arbitration is industrial organisation is impossible. Only when the State has made up its mind whether industrial organisation should and ought to tend has the State any judgment in these matters worth considering.

* * *

But the greatest practical difficulty of all in the way of Collective Bargaining with Compulsory Arbitration remains: the difficulty of enforcing decisions. On masters we do not deny that decisions may in the letter be enforced. Masters, after all, have something to lose; they can be fined; they can be boycotted by their Federation. But men who have nothing to lose but their labour-power can only be punished by being deprived of this or by being compelled to work against their will. No Government in England dare attempt the latter on the scale of a whole union or even on a local branch of any union; and as for the former, in the case of a strike the men have already deprived themselves of labour-power. Nothing therefore is left but to appeal to the men to abide by awards that go against them, to invite parsons and ministers to beguile them with bad ethics and worse religion, to employ the Press to train the guns of so-called public opinion on them, and, last but not least, to bribe blacklegs by offers of large pay and ample police and military protection to keep industry going until the unions are starved into surrender. This last resort, we fear, will always be chosen first rather than last; for there is no disguising the signs of a rising tide of organised resistance among the employing classes. Collective Bargaining, as we imagine, is a fiction. We hold that the State will enforce awards on the men with all the powers at its disposal. But unless those powers are definitely promised and their use on reasonable provocation facilitated, the employers, we are pretty sure, will feel ill-disposed to accept arbitration. Secretly, we hazard the guess, the Government has already assured the employers that force is being prepared. Amongst other things, the preparation of armoured trains constructed to carry machine guns carry machine guns, rather more than contemplated; they are almost in readiness. Does it not appear as if Compulsory Arbitration is about to be tried, with however fatal results?

* * *

As we have said, however, in Compulsory Arbitration and Collective Bargaining without any theory of direction there is no hope. The employers may federate, they may combine to resist, they may employ the Government to police their blacklegs for them; but the only effect in the short run (it will not be a long run) will be to ensure changes in the present system by violence instead of by legislation. For we are now convinced that the present system must either be ended or mended; it cannot continue. With every fresh strike and the consequent growth of Labour's sense of power,
with every outbreak of public discussion, however inept, with every new instance of the incompetence, indifference or malignity of the governing classes, the day of change is at hand. The only question open in our mind apart from the method of bringing it about, is whether the change shall be revolutionary or evolutionary. An evolutionary change would involve the mending of the existing system by the application of benevolent capitalism, directed by employers as a body, or by the State acting on their behalf. A revolutionary change, on the other hand, would involve the complete transformation of the existing system—not suddenly, not magically but methodically, but by the introduction into industrial organisation of a new idea, the idea of Co-management between the State and the Unions. When the long list of devices for postponing both Ending and Mending has been exhausted, when the mischievous cranks like the Pember Reeves, the Webbs and the Wells and the MacDonalds and the rest have had their little day and have ceased to be, there will come the moment for the great decision whether a complete transformation of the existing system is possible. As well try to steer by a compass chasing its tail as set the ship of the Commonwealth by the aged, the feeble and the rebels expelled under understanding that the dear State should play Samaritan to the aged, the feeble and the rebels expelled from private industry by it. The able, unfortunate, he added, might be sent to labour colonies and there trained to earn rent, interest and profit for the private employer. Mr. Snowden, of course, having a philosophical mind and receiving £400 a year to say what he has to say, must needs add to his income by saying what he has not to say. Labour, he said, was "in search of a policy." Mr. Philip Snowden means the Minimum Wage. Mr. J. A. Hobson brought up the rear of the "series of authoritative articles" by summarising his well-known ideas on the subject of the respective legitimate "pulls" of Profit and Labour. 

We dare not believe that our criticisms of the last few months have yet begun to penetrate the vital parts of publicists' minds, but there are, we will not deny, one or two faint symptoms of their effect. Interviewed (was it in the "Christian Commonwealth," a journal we always take as soon as possible) on the subject of Railway Nationalisation, Mr. Philip Snowden said that Nationalisation was useless without "democratic control." Now what, we ask ourselves, does Mr. Snowden mean by "democratic control"? If it is a mere Mesopotamia in his mind, well and good; we know that we are in the familiar land of claptap. If it be merely control by an elected Parliament, the word and the thing do not coincide. Control by Parliament is not democratic control—no, not in any degree. If Parliament were to be constituted entirely of Labour Members, Democratic control necessitates control by the people themselves, not indirectly, but directly; and since the industrial world consists of unions, co-operatives or guilds, industrial democratic control implies, in part, at least, control by the unions. But Mr. Snowden leaves us darkling on this subject. At the I.L.P. Conference at Merthyr last week Mr. Keir Hardie had the temerity to enquire on the domain of professions or trades, the more it will have to give to the workers concerned some kind of direct representation on the controlling authority. We might almost have written that ourselves. We are not sure indeed that we have not written it.

The contrast between these tentative approaches to what we boldly define as the only remedy for Labour Unrest and the continued repetition by the unteachable doctrinaires of their foreclosed theories is, however, very cautiously the economic infallibility of the doctrine of the universal legal Minimum Wage. We should not forget, he said, that a Minimum Wage threw the "people" to the aged, the feeble and the rebels expelled under understanding that the dear State should play Samaritan to the aged, the feeble and the rebels expelled. What, Mr. Galsworthy, too, still a public school boy, saw the roots of Labour Unrest in the caste distinctions taught in rich people's schools, oblivious of the fact that the only classes in England are Rent, Interest, Profit and Wages. Canon Barnett, now past the years of discretion, advocated the Minimum Wage on the strict understanding that the dear State should play Samaritan to the aged, the feeble and the rebels expelled from private industry by it. The able, unfortunate, he added, might be sent to labour colonies and there trained to earn rent, interest and profit for the private employer. Mr. Snowden, of course, having a philosophical mind and receiving £400 a year to say what he has to say, must needs add to his income by saying what he has not to say. Labour, he said, was "in search of a policy." Mr. Philip Snowden means the Minimum Wage. Mr. J. A. Hobson brought up the rear of the "series of authoritative articles" by bringing his well-known ideas on the subject of the respective legitimate "pulls" of Profit and Labour.

It is obvious that we have not here, in all these discussions, anything capable of leading the Government, the employers, or the men. Not one of these parties, in fact, could have agreed in all the conditions of practical and comprehensive suggestion. Putting ourselves successively in the position of each of these three protagonists in the coming industrial struggle, we see that each face is faced by a formidable practical problem that will not yield to wish-wash. For the Government the problem undoubtedly is how to maintain social order, that is, government, without revolutionising industry or society; no easy problem, either, when it is also realised that the men on the other hand are being pushed by moral and economic forces to demands which infallibly involve a revolution either in industry or in society. The employers, again, have their distinctive problem, which is not only to maintain now and to ensure for the future the wage system as it is, but to keep industry running while its existence is being mortally challenged. Men like Mr. Wells and Mr. Hobson, Mr. Galsworthy and Canon Barnett, Mr. Philip Snowden, and Mr. Norman Angell, all "accustomed to handle affairs," to direct industry and belonging to our class, ought indeed to be able to offer to their fellow-members of the governing classes some practical ideas. The wage-earners themselves we will leave out of our calculation for the simple reason that we can see, and writing for the moment as the Cabinet and the Capitalist rolled into one, they have told us nothing that is at once new and true. Mr. Graham Wallas'
lecture at the Sociological Society conveyed more light in an hour than the rest of the "brilliant" persons have conveyed in a month; and our readers will remember how excellently we agreed with him!

The men, we said, must be provided for as the sparrows are; for no hope exists for them in the Labour Party or in the I.L.P. section of the Labour Party, or, we regretfully add, in the new British Socialist Party. Both these latter bodies have been holding conferences recently and at both the light was missing though at one heat was present. The Chairman of the I.L.P. Conference congratulated the delegates on the exceptional peacefulness that had prevailed throughout their meetings. Personal motives of a malicious character both hands for every single economic and political resolution carried by this happy family. To maintain the present capitalist system and not to end it, mending of a drastic kind is necessary; and nobody knows this better than the handful of enlightened capitalists who in the long run control both industry and government. But their difficulty has hitherto been to persuade their unenlightened fellow capitalists of the urgency of industrial repairs. Even at this moment when mending is going forward, a section of stupid employers is endangering the whole system by pugnaciously standing out for their old rights and habits. These, however, must be brought into line with the progressive capitalists, either by persuasion or, if that fails, by strikes and the terror engendered in the Press by strikes; the final object being to capture the State for progressive capitalists, to concede the economic and political demands of wage-earners and to drown in material betterment the moral demand for emancipation from the wage system which threatens to become articulate. But this persuasion and this terror will be all the stronger for being backed by Labour itself. If the Labour Party can be got to demand precisely the same things as the progressive capitalists—a Minimum Wage, Pensions, Eight Hours Day, etc., etc.—why, the progressive capitalists will discreetly accept their kind and opportune assistance. Between them the small employer and the stupid employer will be squeezed out, and there will be peace on the Shipka Pass. If the Labour Party does not see how conveniently it is playing into the hands of Capital, we fear that our advertisement of its danger will be no warning. You cannot make a crab walk straight.

The British Socialist Party, on the other hand, was at the outset a creature partly of our own invention. Founded in revolt like the Protestant Church, we hoped it would embody in relation to the Labour Party the disidence of dissent. With that veteran, Mr. Hyndman, as its Chairman, and that firebrand, the Rev. Conrad Noel, as its missionary, the B.S.P. gave promise, during at least five minutes of its career, of understanding that the footlass job the Wage System defines both the objective and the method of the real Socialist movement. Of Mr. Hyndman's share in the recent Conference we have too much admiration to say much. We shall simply repeat his noble words that "he had never attended such a bear-garden!" The bear-garden does not interest us, but we looked for the buns with hope—asalas, the Minimum Wage, advocated by Mr. Quelch, the ... the programme of the Labour Party! Once, but not for all, let us say that the proposal to abolish Capitalism by means of a Legal Universal Minimum Wage is impracticable; it cannot be done. The attempt is comparable to the attempt of the Wise Men of Gotham to hedge the cuckoo. "A vengeance on her," said the Wise Men when the bird flew away, "we did not make our hedge high enough." By no legislation is it possible, even if it were desirable, to build a hedge of minimum wage law high enough to imprison Capitalism; and a party of Marxians ought to know it. But we can take the measure of the B.S.P.'s revolutionary perception from the opening sentence of a semi-official pamphlet of instructions by the Rev. Conrad Noel. "How to Win," it is called. "We are working," the pamphlet opens, "for the abolition of grinding poverty and gross riches." We stop there; for so are the Labour Party, the I.L.P., and even the Liberal Party. The B.S.P. is obviously only a feather dropped from those eagles in their flight.

Sagas of Our Times.—I.

By Charles Manson.

I.—THE CONSPIRACY OF 1906.

Out of the Doldrums, with Fuel exhausted, but Aided by puffs from con-S tituent side-winds, there Sailed the Red Craft, long since Posted at Lloyds: her mixed Crew, on the fore deck, were Looking for sunken reefs, Over his charts and things, Putting on steam; whilst her Putting up with tokens that Holes in their pockets, Fingers all rigid, Thrusting for action; whilst Captain and mate below, Under the heaving deck, were Feeling for tokens that, Once, in the good times, being backed by Labour itself. If the Labour Party then let us seize again, Seize on the reins of power, Halter the King, and then, Bridle the House of Lords. So shall we rule, indeed— Rule all the world, Lordship of two or three.*

"Herb," says his fellow rip. Dropping his surname, "What are the shots from our Locks? Damp is our powder, our Shells all misfire, just now. How can we sink the ship, Wanting munitions so?"

"Lloyd," said the Captain then, Dropping his surname, "Cheap and effective the Demagogue's missiles are. Load up with loaves of bread, Big loaves and smaller loaves; Damp is our powder, our Shells all misfire, just now. How can we sink the ship, Wanting munitions so?"

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One, with one eye asleep, Speaks to the other, whose Rib he is searching with Fingers all rigid (Under his spare rib Finds he a tender spot, Wise to impressions):

"There goes the Blue Ship, Steaming ahead of us."

Then from the porthole Looked they upon her, Flying the doves by imputing evil motives to them, and a mere reflection on their intelligence cannot possibly wound them, as we have many times proved. We shall therefore simply remark that Lord Rothschild and the federated employers and bankers of England might have voted with both hands for every single economic and political resolution carried by this happy family. To maintain the present capitalist system and not to end it, mending of a drastic kind is necessary; and nobody knows this better than the handful of enlightened capitalists who in the long run control both industry and government. But their difficulty has hitherto been to persuade their unenlightened fellow capitalists of the urgency of industrial repairs. Even at this moment when mending is going forward, a section of stupid employers is endangering the whole system by pugnaciously standing out for their old rights and habits. These, however, must be brought into line with the progressive capitalists, either by persuasion or, if that fails, by strikes and the terror engendered in the Press by strikes; the final object being to capture the State for progressive capitalists, to concede the economic and political demands of wage-earners and to drown in material betterment the moral demand for emancipation from the wage system which threatens to become articulate. But this persuasion and this terror will be all the stronger for being backed by Labour itself. If the Labour Party
**Foreign Affairs.**

By S. Verdad.

Regular readers of the "Times" will doubtless have formed their own opinions of its curious military and naval policy. We remember certain articles regarding German dockyards, and the remarkable statements of the military correspondent about the German Army. There has been a constant tendency of late, it seems to me—or else my interpretative powers must have considerably degenerated—to minimise the difficulties of any present naval probations, to assume that the navy is "all right." And, where the army is concerned, Colonel Repington's connection with the War Office is well known, and also the influence he exercises over Viscount Haldane.

In the "Times" of May 30, however, the experts seem to have surpassed themselves. There is a leader on the Anglo-French Entente, partly based on a telegram from the premier's Paris correspondent publis, in the same issue, and a special article on the naval position in the Mediterranean and our interests here. From the leader let me take this passage:—

There has, indeed, been some loose talk in this country about the "abandonment" of the Mediterranean by the British Fleet; but the plain statement of the facts which we publish to-day should satisfy the most pessimistic that nothing of the sort occurred. The salient feature of the new dispositions is that, while a cruiser squadron remains based upon Malta, the Mediterranean battle fleet has been withdrawn from Malta to Gibraltar, where it will face both ways—north or east—as circumstances may require. The superiority of our armoured fleet in home waters over possible foes is at present so overwhelming that it is difficult to imagine any contingency in which the Fourth Battle Squadron would have to be withdrawn from Gibraltar and the Mediterranean. But, were any such contingency to arise, the Cruiser Squadron in the Mediterranean can be reinforced at a moment's notice by the Second Fleet.

"Facing both ways," eh? Wasn't there a celebrated literary character of this name who came to an undesirable end? And what is this battle-fleet, based on Gibraltar, which is to face north or east, as circumstances may require? Four warships, and out-of-date ones at that, as I'm a living sinner! The truth is, of course, that British prestige in the Mediterranean has declined enormously. The Italian Fleet has proved to be much better than anyone ever thought it would be, and of more than a hundred thousand soldiers from Italy to Tripoli was accomplished with a rapidity and, one might say, an ease which left many of our own naval experts gasping. The Austrian Fleet is likewise formidable, and both the Austrian and Italian Fleets will become still stronger in the course of the next year or eighteen months. But with this increase of strength in the rival fleets—for both Austria and Italy are the allies of Germany and from thirty-three leaves, I believe, twenty-five, i.e., under the new scheme we have twenty-five battleships in home waters as opposed to the German twenty-nine. But, even if we give the "Times" man as much rope as we can, and assume for his sake that this facing-both-ways fleet of ours at Gibraltar is called away from the Mediterranean altogether and used in the North Sea, or somewhere else nearer home, leaving the interests of this country in the Mediterranean to be defended by a mere cruiser squadron based on Malta, with our battleships based on Gibraltar, the "Times" expert tries to get over this difficulty by saying that the 'immediately ready' armoured fleet in home waters is now 75 per cent. stronger in point of numbers than the 'immediately ready' German Fleet, and much stronger relatively. This "Times" efficiency—a rather vague term, this last. But is this statement accurate?

I maintain, and I know many naval experts who agree with me, that this statement is not accurate. Under the new Naval Law it is clear and undisputed that Germany will maintain twenty-five battleships in full commission; and there will be sixteen other battleships in reserve, with nucleus crews distributed among them sufficient to man four more battleships at a moment's notice. In other words, the German naval strength in the North Sea will be twenty-nine battleships.

Twenty-nine battleships. What is our own Admiralty's new scheme of organisation? In the First, Second, Third, and Fourth Squadrons of the Home Fleet there shall be three thousand sailors, and a full commission. Four of these—or, as Mr. Churchill intimated in the House of Commons on May 16, in answer to a question put by Viscount Helmsley, eventually eight of these—are required for Gibraltar and the Channel, high backed by thirty-five thousand men. The Italian Fleet has proved to be formidable. The "Times" expert of the "Times"? I have heard one or two statements about him in Berlin. Is it true that this new arrangement does not wreck our 'Mediterranean force, and consequently our prestige. As the "Times" man as much rope as we can, and assume for his sake that this facing-both-ways fleet of ours at Gibraltar is called away from the Mediterranean altogether and used in the North Sea, or somewhere else nearer home, leaving the interests of this country in the Mediterranean to be defended by a mere cruiser squadron based on Malta, with our battleships based on Gibraltar, the "Times" expert tries to get over this difficulty by saying that the 'immediately ready' armoured fleet in home waters is now 75 per cent. stronger in point of numbers than the 'immediately ready' German Fleet, and much stronger relatively. This "Times" efficiency—a rather vague term, this last. But is this statement accurate?

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Military Notes.

By Romsey.

The "Eye-Witness" has snarled because Sassoon (a wealthy Persian Jew) has gone to live in camp and is quoted as saying to the Duke of Cambridge's Hussars, Yeomanry. "It certainly is ridiculous. Sassoon is dead: no more will "the trumpets sounding, squadrons trampling," arouse that military opium-vendor from a sleep deeper than that of poppies. Others remember. Admittedly, if these people have to wear the British uniform they had better do so in the Yeomanry (which exists for "swank" alone) than in the Regular Army or in the Territorial Force, where wealth and gorgeous uniforms come second in importance to professional qualifications. I am acquainted with one London Yeomanry regiment which has changed its uniform three times within ten years—from a glorious affair of white and silver on the lines of the Prussian cuirassiers to a striking creation in light green which earned the corps the affectionate sobriquet of "parrots"; that again giving place to a perfect dream in a darker shade of the same colour with plenty of gold lace on it. Bushies and tasselled boots to match. If our moneychangers must serve the Empire, here is obviously the place for them to do so. But the feeling of officers and men is bitter—very bitter—against the abuse of their regiments by these alien intruders who are solely not to fight The Yeomanry, as a result of its existence, but it is not of the sword, but as a means of obtaining social recognition and advancement. In former days judicious rigging eliminated most of them before the second star, but of late years the fear of summary dismissal has taken the spirit out of most of us; and, protected by the terror of many recent "examples," the newly-joined undesirable might set up a pawnpnking shop in the men's canteen without dousing protest. To count a Jew the military equal of another is part and parcel of that system of "make believe" which ruins England. The Jew does not fight. He has no military tradition. Were he a Bengalee his claims for admittance would be laughed to scorn by the very men who will jump up and tell you, with every appearance of sincerity, that it is "unenlightened" to reject a Jew on racial grounds.

We are amusing when we talk about France. Everybody seems to assume that if the existing entente is not converted into an alliance, it is because we, the English, do not want it—because our Government is too stupid, or because with sturdy Anglo-Saxon pride—how naught, how but delicious it is to be a sturdy, prideful Anglo-Saxon—we prefer to stand alone, square to the four winds, and so forth and so on. What is the explanation, which is that they, the French, do not want it, does not seem to have occurred to anyone, although a survey even of such extracts from the Paris Press as have appeared in our own papers might have made it clear. The obstacle is, of course, a military one. I remember a general officer recounting to an interested circle his version of the secret history of autumn last, when, according to his revelations, the French had informed our military representative that although greatly outnumbered, they could probably just hold their own against the terrible Teutonic hordes along the eastern frontier, but that the assistance of Haldane's Expeditionary Force was indispensable to the avoidance of disaster in Belgium and the North-East. Tales of this description, which have obtained a wide circulation, throw less light upon the capacity of the French Army than upon the mental calibre of British generals officers. The French are not outnumbered. They could have "held their own" not only on the Eastern frontier, but anywhere and everywhere, and if people who speak in this patronising fashion about the "cornets" in Europe (put which foods they will look after three weeks of the next great war, of a surety they would refrain from their folly. Now the French Government, realising its military strength, is not inclined to make a definite British alliance, with all its corresponding risks of entanglement in an Anglo-German war, until they are offered some-thing most substantial in return. And what substantial can we give them? One reply was summed up neatly and with unconscious irony by a London daily paper, which recently proposed that in the event of war we should support our neighbour with "the full strength of the British fleet.

We might as well support them with the full strength of the British bench of bishops. The French had command of the seas in 1870, and may as well label crisis to them. People, the more elderly of whom can remember shells bursting in the Paris streets, are inclined to irreverent scepticism when confronted with Admiral Mahan's airy pronouncements as to the paramount value of a fleet, or upon the superiority of a cavalry division and one cavalry division of the Expeditionary Force. The infantry is good—the best there is in many respects—and in French and others we certainly do possess generals perfectly capable of using it to effect in European war. The guns are improving. The Continentals do not think much of the cavalry, and neither do we, with the exception of Lord Haldane, who gets up now and then and tells us that this valuable cavalry division is a "weapon of diplomacy." (Fancy one cavalry division being a weapon of diplomacy!) We never have had cavalry which befits a nation that has been described as "talking more and knowing less about horses than any other on the continent." How-However, granting that the Expeditionary Force can be equipped and launched to the attack as it exists on paper—a very doubtful thing—and that when it arrived it would prove of very use, it is still a question whether it could be equipped? Would it be launched? It is that which the French staff fears. Trained in a school which, above all others, has urged the military value of the psychological, of the public spirit of a nation, these able and unbiased men cannot fail to be moved to mistrust and contempt when they see what has happened in this country since the crisis of 1911. The silly panic of unwarlike capitalists, unaccustomed to consider, let alone to face, the risks of a little fighting, makes protest which arose when it was known that the Expeditionary Force would have been shipped en masse to Belgium, the collective inability of several million flabby minds to grasp that if this country is to be protected from invasion, it will be protected on the Meuse and near Liège: all this has weighed in the minds of the French, who reflect that even if this precious Government entered into any engagements, the precious people were not cherished by the English, and that it is the French consent to an alliance (perhaps at the price of an increase in our Expeditionary Force) one does not see what we can do except make terms with Germany at the price of climbing down. As for standing alone and allying ourselves with our enemies, the Dutch, the Poles, the French, we are too little and too weak. Besides, such a policy would mean sooner or later a Franco-German combination against us, and then the game is up. We can be invaded from France.

I do not know whether it is as democrat or as patriot that I should be more inclined to welcome an increase in the officer's pay. The present system of making the officer pay to be in the Army—for that is what it amounts to—has every conceivable disadvantage from both points of view. It is effectual in keeping out the better class of man and encouraging the admission, especially to the expensive cavalry, of half-wits, the children of parvenus, wealthy Jews, and everybody else that is not wanted. The business of the cavalry is in some ways the most necessary and certainly the most difficult of the three arms, which is probably why we officer it like this. At the best the present class of entrant is a thing of necessity with few qualifications, and the worst he is as described above. Promotion from the ranks is also literally impossible, because if any genuine rankers were promoted they could never live on what they got. An immediate remedy could be applied if about a million a year were forthcoming, and the War Office, which is fully awake to the evil, is in favour of the necessary increase. But the Treasury objects. A million pounds spent upon the Army will never yield the same return in jobs and boodle as, let us say, a similar sum expended on Insurance Bills.
Democracy and the Wage System.

I.

It was, we think, Abraham Lincoln who defined democracy as government of the people by the people for the people. This is the conception of democracy common to all republicans and radicals throughout the world. Gladstone differentiated Liberalism by his famous aphorism: "Toryism is mistrust of the people qualified by fear; Liberalism is trust in the people qualified by prudence." A moment's clear thinking discloses the disconcerting fact that Gladstone's disjunction between Toryism and Liberalism is more apparent than real. In either alternative a governing class is predicated. But did not Lincoln also assume a governing class? A lawyer himself, we suspect he imaged a class of pure-souled attorneys, not unlike Mr. Lloyd George, springing out of the people, voluble in first principles, devoting themselves to the political service of the People with a capital P. The ministrations of the lawyers were to be mitigated to the political service of the People with a capital P. The Chartists and the early English Radicals were dominated by the same idea—a political hierarchy, drawing its authority and inspiration from the mass of the people, but a governing hierarchy none the less. The Balfourian conception dates back to the Caroline period; the Lincoln-Radical-Chartist doctrine derives from the French Revolution. Both conceptions are now out of date; both are equally irrelevant to the realities of modern life. Take one example—local representation. A member of Parliament is supposed to represent his own county or borough. He is presumed to know by experience and knowledge the needs of his own locality. Then, as occasion arises, he is expected to say, "We in our county believe." But how remote from the fact! The House of Lords comes nearer to district representation than do the Commons. Thus every noble lord takes his title from some place in which he is interested by land ownership. But the majority of the Commons have only a carpet-bag concern in their constituencies. Further, each member is supposed to speak for his constituency as a whole. Occasionally some newly elected member pays lip-service to this principle. Returning thanks for his election, he says: "Now that the fight is over, I will remember that I represent not only the majority that has elected me, but the minority also." His new constituency is, of course, politely incredulous. The minority, sore with defeat, regard him as a prevaricator; the majority, elated with victory, determine that he must toe the party line. No non sense about that! It would be easy to write a volume upon the anomalies of our present political system, upon its shams and insincerities. We are now only concerned with the relation of the present political structure to the wage system. Now there is substantial agreement amongst all politicians that the British political system is democratic. It is true that the Liberals and Labourists demand some further extension of the franchise, whilst the women are also claiming the same thing in varying accents. Some want votes for women; others votes for ladies. But it is not seriously contended that universal adult suffrage would fundamentally change our system of government. The Liberals ponder whether it would benefit the Tories; the Tories, whether it would benefit the Liberals; the Labour Party does not so much ponder as gape in honest and well-intentioned vacillation. (They are the fifth wheel on the political coach and are of no particular importance.) How comes it, then, that our democratised political structure still remains unrelated to democratic reality? The answer is absurdly simple: Four-fifths of the community are imprisoned by the wage system, and the wage system is the negation of democracy. Nearly seventy years ago Abraham Lincoln conducted his historic campaign against Judge Douglas on the affirmation that universal adult suffrage would fundamentally change our system of government. Nearly seventy years ago Abraham Lincoln conducted his historic campaign against Judge Douglas on the affirmation that the state would be half free. He did not foresee the marvellous social inventions of the second half of his century. How was he to know that, in the name of the particular brand of freedom which he advocated for the negro, both black and white would in a generation be conquered by a more insidious form of servitude? How could he foretell the outcome of a capitalist system that left the modern world one-fifth free and four-fifths servile? There need be no mistake about "Father Abe." As Lincoln himself, we assume that he carried with him the stigmata of his caste as obviously as if he were a branded slave. He is excluded from the social opportunities extended to the middle and upper classes; special legislation is passed almost every Parliamentary session relating to negroes, and as we unhappily must admit, like the Labour members, he finds that his status in the wage system, just as in America there was constant State legislation relating to the enslaved negro. The formal, legal resemblances between the wage-earner and the slave are altogether remarkable. Too much stress has been laid by Socialists upon the similarity of condition between the wage-earner and the slave. "How much better off are we than was the slave?" is an appeal that has doubtless some trace of truth in it, but its value is rhetorical rather than scientific. In the material things of life there can be no doubt that the general body of wage-earners is much better off than was the general body of slaves, although probably our "submerged tenth" suffers more from actual privation than did the Southern slaves. But so far as status goes the similarities are deadly. In the first place, it was not intended that the emancipated negro should become a citizen. Lincoln declared against it: "So far as I know, the Judge never asked me the question before. He shall have no occasion to ask it again, for I tell him very frankly that I am not in favour of negro citizenship. . . . If the State of Illinois had that power, I should be opposed to the exercise of it. That is all I have to say about it." Here, then, is the father of modern democracy, who believed in emancipation without citizenship. Events were too strong for Lincoln; the negro obtained the vote. There are 12,000,000 negroes in the Southern States, but they have not a single representative in Congress. Why? They are as effectively shackled by the wage system as they were by the slave system and their masters manipulate the party machine. Their status is that of wage-earners, and what has the wage-earner to do with government? And, be it noted, there is not a single white wage-earner in Congress, unless Victor Berger, the Socialist representative from Milwaukee, ranks with such. He is really the only member of Congress who claims to act for the wage-earners, and as we unhappily must admit, like the Labour members in the British Parliament, he accepts the wage system. We have already come to a part of the lawless legislation passed by the House of Commons. Will anybody pretend that such measures as the Workmen's Compensation Act, the miners' Eight Hours Day Act, the body of legislation relating to public-houses, the innumerable Pastmasters Acts, are not measures quite specifically designed to define and perpetuate the wage system, and are on all fours, although doubtless more humanely designed, with the slave-legislation adopted in America in the first half of the nineteenth century? And how we stumble upon another curious resemblance. The overwhelming majority of the American people, including Lincoln, believed that the slave system must persist.
indisputable; the vast majority of the British nation hold the same belief in regard to the wage system. Abst omen! Slavery disappeared in a gigantic national con-

vulsion; will we in Great Britain choose a more excellent way?
Perhaps, however, the most effective method of main-
taining the system is our educational machinery. It is
carefully decked out in democratic trappings; it is
avowedly designed in the interests of the democracy. We
proudly tell our foreign visitors that the child of the
millionaire, of the merchant, of the shopkeeper may
sit and learn with the child of the artisan. They may;
but they don't. The reason is not far to seek: the
school curriculum is drawn up by the governing classes in
Whitchall (Oxford and Cambridge preferred), not for
the benefit of the majority of the wage-earners. The employer
would be a fool to send his boy to such an environment. Of course, the democratic
formulae are maintained inviolate. "Look," says
Whitehall, "what a splendid elementary education we
give. Its cost is £24,000,000 a year. It is open to
rich and poor. We do not stint educational appliances;
the very best desks and seats, beautiful black-boards, splendid buildings. Who has not heard the whole story?
"What a matter of fact, it is, education; for education implies emancipation, and that is the last thing our mandarins desire; it is instruction,
and very competent instruction at that. An educated
governing class and an instructed wage-earning class is the
in part in the equality. But pauperised,
would not dream of libelling Whitehall by suggesting
stupidity. They are no fools, the Morants and Holmes.
They never give the game away. How do they do it?
Never in black and white; there is nothing in the
printed word to which the most exacting democrat
would seriously object. Whitehall learnt its lesson from
Lancashire. The deciding factor in Lancashire in turn-

are taught how they can live most effectually, by means
of the wage system, upon the exploitation of the future
bourgeoisie. The deciding factor in Lancashire in turn-
fluence constantly brought to bear upon the child that,
when it has passed a certain standard or reached a
certain age, it will be permitted by a gracious Govern-
ment to go out into the world and become a wage-
earer. Is that the atmosphere at Eton or Harrow,
Rugby or Marlborough, Clifton or Malvern, Westmin-
ster or Charterhouse? In those ancient foundations will be
found the governing atmosphere; therein the children are
taught how they can live most effectually, by means of
the wage system, upon the exploitation of the future
labour of the millions of children in our county and
borough schools.

Are we not, however, forcing an open door? Is it not
evident that all our so-called democracies, Great Britain,
the British Colonies, France, Switzerland, the United
States, are vitiated by the absence of equality, which is the
basis of democracy? Mr. William E. Gladstone, Walling-
in, in his admirable book, "Socialism As It Is," remarks:
"Not only do classes defend every advantage and
privilege that economic evolution brings them, but,
what is more alarming, they utilise these advantages
chiefly to give their children greater privileges still.
Unequal opportunities visibly and inevitably breed more
unequal opportunities." Now it has been recognised
by Socialists for the last thirty years that equality is a
miracle, so far as the present generation is concerned."But," they cried, in their despair, "at least give our
children equality of opportunity." We now see that,
from its birth and on through its school-days and so
into the workshop, the child of the wage-earner is
denied equality of opportunity. The equality of opportunity is a dream; the
opportunity is so exiguous as to be practi-
cally non-existent. Can it now be denied that the
proscription of the wage-earner is rendered inevitable by the
wage-system?

All existing political democracies have the same thing
in common—the wage-system—and all betray the same
symptoms of democratic untruth. The spectacle of
plutocratic Britain posing as a democracy is grimy
human history, but it is history. The money-
ufacturers of Lancashire and Yorkshire (white rose and
red rose combined), having acquired great wealth,
desired political domination. To secure this, they had
to call into poltical existence a new electorate to balance
the old. They accordingly fought for the extended
suffrage which was won in 1832. But whilst willing to
wear the halo of virtues of their country, they naturally
expected their employees to vote for them. The same
fidelity that the landlords' tenants voted for their feudal
lords. It was war to the death between the feudal and
wage systems. The result was, of course, inevitable.
But the factory lords had no intention to establish
equality between themselves and their wage-slaves.
Just as slave emancipation, leading to political emanci-
pation, became a political necessity to Lincoln and his
associates, so in like manner the political emancipation of
the wage-earners became a necessity to the com-
mercial magnates of our manufacturing centres. And
just as the American politicians successfully nullified
political emancipation by imposing a brutal wage system upon
the land of the free," so precisely did the com-
mercial magnates proceed in Great Britain. They
didn't throw upon the discontented worker all the
influence that their wealth gave them; the churches,
which they handsomely subsidised, "to the glory of
God," were easily brought into line—John Bull was dead;
the landed gentry soon discovered upon which
side their bread was buttered and acted with character-
istic discretion; the Universities took their cue from
church and state; the Army and the Navy were "sound." Is it any wonder that, in such circumstances,
the workers were successfully emmessed in the wage
system and rendered politically powerless? How vividly
suggestive is the colloquialism that still persists: the
workman "knows his place?"

From these conditions, historic and economic, flows a
conclusion: In all the political democracies there are two
classes of citizenship—the active and passive. The active
citizen derives his authority from his economic position;
the passive or subdued citizen is the wage-earner, who
is inevitably passive because he is caught and choked in
the wage system. The existence of a political Labour
Party does not in the least invalidate this conclusion.
For two reasons: because political labourism accepts the
wage system and is, therefore, de facto, passive or
subdued; and because it only gains its foothold in Par-
liament by the compaisance of Liberal capitalism. If
our Labour leaders deny the truth of this contention,
they can easily test it. Let them discard their present
meliorist programme and undertake, without deviation,
a frontal attack upon the wage system. They will very
speedily make some interesting and fruitful discoveries.
Their most important lesson will be this: That by the
nature of the case they are not adapted to the game
of politics as it is now understood; that to participate in
capitalist politics produces barren results. They will
find that their almsmey that they can utilise new political
methods but a new scheme of life urgent and impera-
tive; that, to achieve real democracy, they must cut
their way through the entanglements of the wage
system. But to what alternative, to what end? Let
them take a week to think over it.

After the Launch

When Death knocks away the dogshores of Life,
And my bark down the waterway glides,
When swift to engulf me the dark waters leap
As I pass from the shore and take to the deep—
Oh, what shall I see? Oh, what shall I hear,
When out on the tideway my bark plunges clear?

Shall I hear softer sounds when the surging is o'er,
Their most important lesson will
be, to give their children greater privileges still.
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by Socialists for the last thirty years that equality is a
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When Death knocks away the dogshores of Life,
And my bark down the waterway glides,
The Wrong Bill.  
By Alfred E. Randall.

It will be remembered that Major Leonard Darwin rebutted the charge of impracticability levelled against the Eugenists by saying: "It is to be hoped that the introduction of a Bill into Parliament in the coming session, in which the segregation of the feeble-minded will be dealt with on Eugenic principles, will dispel this illusion. There are three Bills dealing with this subject before the House: a small monster containing 26 clauses, promoted by the C.O.S. and presented by Mr. Mills; one containing 68 clauses, presented by the Government; and one containing only 21 clauses, printed for three-halfpence, and presented by Mr. Stewart. It is this three-halfpenny Bill that is being supported by the Eugenics Education Society; and to which I shall devote my attention in this article.

The first thing that is apparent is that the Eugenics Education Society has backed the wrong Bill. Eugenics, as Dr. Saleeby is always saying, is simply selection for parenthood. In the case of undesirable people, it takes the negative forms of sterilisation, prohibition, or, in the last resort, segregation for life. But Mr. Stewart's Bill takes no notice of marriage or parenthood: one could marry a feeble-minded person, and have children, without any visitation from the law, provided that proper "provision, care, and control" were exercised towards such a person. It is the Government Bill, not Mr. Stewart's, that makes it a penal offence, punishable by fine or imprisonment not exceeding two years or without hard labour, for a person to marry, or attempt to marry, or solemnise or procure or connive at a marriage, with a mentally defective person. It is the Government Bill, not Mr. Stewart's, that deals with this subject on Eugenic principles; and if either of these Bills becomes law, I shall lodge an information of feeble-mindedness against the Eugenics Education Society.

For further evidence, I shall repeat my principal charge against these people: they do not know the meaning of definition or the nature and value of evidence. In this Bill feeble-mindedness is never defined. We are specifically told in the first clause that the term "feeble-minded" does include lunatics, idiots, or imbeciles." Therefore, it includes the whole of the population, including the Eugenics Education Society. But even the Eugenics Education Society recognises that the definition is too vague—unless we are to make all the lunatics Commissioners in Lunacy, with power to incarcerate every sane person as "feeble-minded"; so two doctors have to sign certificates, stating that they are of the opinion that a person is feeble-minded, and that they have formed this opinion on the grounds of evidence of feeble-mindedness, evidence of the absence of proper care and control, evidence as to being a source of injury and mischief to others. A magistrate has to certify that he has satisfied himself that the person has attained the age of sixteen years, is a source of injury and mischief to himself or others, and requires further care and control; and away the person goes to a place of detention may discharge any feeble-minded person of the custody of such a person, if they prove to the Commissioners in Lunacy that this person will receive adequate care, protection, and control. Nothing in this Bill will deprive any public authority of any power it may possess to segregate or to control the feeble-minded. In short, no financial provision is made or asked for the establishment and maintenance of licensed and registered places of segregation, and as nothing in this Bill will operate to prevent the admission of any feeble-minded person into any unlicensed and unregistered place of segregation, everything will remain exactly as it is. So I cannot, under the provisions of this Bill, have even the Eugenics Education Society segregated.

The uncontrolled, humourous, and diabolical scheme against the liberties of the people, by which deals with the segregation of the feeble-minded on Eugenic principles, is, as I said before, that it does not. True, a feeble-minded person may be detained after the age of twenty-one, if the Commissioners in Lunacy have given their consent in writing; and such consent shall be authoritative until it is rescinded. But the proprietor, manager, managing director, committee, or principal officer of any place of detention may discharge any feeble-minded person, if they give fourteen days' notice to the Commissioners, and state their reasons in writing. The Bill, therefore, does not guarantee society against the crime, immorality, and general disturbance which is usually attributed to the feeble-minded; and the Commissioners also have power to discharge, the Bill proves that the Eugenists have forgotten their first principle, viz., that feeble-mindedness is incurable.

I have no indignation to waste on this Bill; I shall reserve that for my consideration of the Government's diabolical scheme against the liberties of the people. The Eugenist flapdoodle can only raise a smile: the net has no meshes, the trap no bait. In short, the Bill will do nothing, not even pass the third reading in the House. For the Government has declared that it will pass its own Bill, and provide £150,000 a year for the purposes of it; and the Government Bill will not pass either, because the pressure of business will prevent its full consideration, and, if this does not suffice, the Government will be seriously encouraged to attempt to force this Bill through as the Insurance Bill was forced. However, I shall deal with the Government Bill in another article; meanwhile, I notice that the Eugenics Education Society needs a little education in Eugenics.
The Better Land.

By Walter Stanton.

There are three sorts of people in the world, says H. G. Wells: the Conservators, the Planless Progressives, and the Constructors. This book of essays was written by the Constructors, and therefore it is to be presumed, supersedes all previous writings about Utopia. It has this further advantage, that, except hypotheses, it cannot be criticised: "It will be possible for anyone to argue," says H. G. Wells on the second page of this book, "that what is here defined as the Normal Social Life is not the normal social life, and that the Great State is indeed no state at all. That will be an argument outside the range delimited by these definitions." But can one construct anything, except a castle in Spain, without laying foundations? and why should criticism of this book be withheld when the only practical suggestions made by Mr. Wells include these?--"Supremely important is it to keep discussion open, to tolerate no limitation on the freedom of speech, writing, art and book distribution, and to sustain the utmost liberty of criticism upon all contemporary institutions and processes." Mr. Wells' Great State is not a book of the future, but of the present; and, like all other contemporary institutions, it is capable of volition. For what, in an age like this, is the use of writing about what will happen in the Great State, when the problem is: "How are we to get out of our present State?" We are told by Mr. Wells that we have the wrong sort of ideals: we are told by the Countess of Warwick that we have the wrong sort of farmers; by Mr. Chiozza Money, that we have the wrong sort of manufacturers; by Prof. Ray Lankester, that we have the wrong sort of professors; by Mr. Haynes, that we have the wrong sort of judges; by Dr. Bond, that we have the wrong sort of doctors; by Cecil Chesterton, that we have the wrong sort of politicians; by Cicely Hamilton, that we have the wrong sort of women... and of men. In fact, all these writers, and a few others, tell everybody what everybody has been saying for years; but what everybody wants to know are these: do the minds can only be improved by education, as all these writers agree. But Professor Ladd, most contemptuously of our educational system; instead of professors being occupied in original research, and adding to our store of knowledge, he complains that they are being occupied in "waste their time in teaching students of the merely elementary parts of their science. In the Great State, of course, this will be altered; and the professors will work for discovery with the assistance of their most brilliant students, who will be subsidised by the State for a certain number of years. But Mr. Chiozza Money, and others, argue that no man will earn his living in the Great State as a specialist. The Great State will be organised for productive work, the making of all the material necessities and comforts of life. Moreover, there will be rotation of employment. A man may serve a year at mining, a year at scavenging, or shipbuilding, and so on; and he will be so marvelously versatile, and the whole system will work so smoothly, that he will only have to work for three or four hours a day. All specialism, whether artistic, scientific, or religious, will be amateur, and will only be a spare time hobby.

Meanwhile, things go on as they are: the caucuses caw, the plutocrats plute, and the workers join the ranks of the unemployed. I turn to Mr. G. R. S. Taylor's essay on "The Present Development of the Great State," and I find that he instances the Labour movement as an example of the coming of the Great State. That this mere revolt should become constructive, it is only necessary that there should be free school meals for every child, a supply of rice, bread, and other foodstuffs, and a slight rearrangement of affairs which would convert the capitalist system into one controlled by Central Departments of a Great State. What this slight rearrangement is, or how it will be made, we are, of course, not told. But he harps so much on the Woman question, and propheesies that the Mother in the Great State will be endowed so that she and her children will be economically independent of the father, that we are surprised to find Miss Cicely Hamilton, who ought to know as well as he what will happen to women in the Great State, protesting that "the Endowment of Motherhood shall not take the form of a economic stimulus to bear children or an economic stimulus to her sexual instincts." If the women will not bear children, how can they receive an endowment as mothers?

It is useless to ask questions of these writers. They all presuppose the abolition of all difficulties; but then they do not remove one. Chiozza Money, for example, tells us that usury will not exist in the Great State; but how it is to be abolished here, he does not tell us. And as none of them writes about foreign affairs, and the editors were unable to obtain a sympathetic writer on the various problems arising out of the Great State, we can only suppose that universal peace is the necessary condition of the existence of the Great State. It is, in short, the Better Land.

* "The Great State: Essays in Construction." By H. G. Wells and Others. (Harpers. 6s.)
Women at Work and Display.

By Charles Brook-Farmer.

I.

SCENE: Reading-room of a Theosophical Centre.

TIME: Last Saturday, 11 a.m.

[Enter Student to Lady Librarian.]

L. LIB.: Good morning. Yes, oh, yes—threepence, please; that will be ninepence change—here it is.

2ND LADY: I've called to ask you how I can join.

L. LIB.: I was wondering whether it would be convenient for you to come to the library, and then you'll be able to watch them. But mind, I've warned you, it's a bad day for work. One o'clock we have to close; it used to be two, but people don't take anything into account nowadays.

(STUDENT reads. Enter First Lady.)

L. LIB.: Oh, good morning.

1ST LADY (with American drawl): Oh, good morning! Do you know, I was just wondering if you've been worrying about them two books I took out of here some time ago. It's too bad of me. I can't get my sister to read them nohow. (Places herself behind Student and takes off gloves.) She don't get time, she says.

L. LIB.: Dear, dear!

1ST LADY: No; she has to go to the doctor every day at three o'clock, and it do just cut up her day. This chair! I'll put your hat there, do you see, poor thing? Ain't got no lines any more.—And these Saturdays, you know, it is so tiresome; orders coming in. And they must be done. Oh, makes it so bad for work, with all the country cans! (Terrific cheering.) When I was in America six years ago, I dined with one of the millionaires who have gone down, yes.—(profoundly)—I dined with him at his house; I saw his house and his servants and his mo—mo—motor-mobile—mo—mo—car—motor-car—automobile; but what I most particularly missed was his multiplication in the abstract. Yes, the Americans reverence for abstract woman. He might have brought out his millions of pounds, and said, "Give me the first boat," but no, he preferred to die.

UNCOLLATED GENTLEMAN IN CROWD: (loudly): 'Ip, 'ip, 'ooray! (The speaker smiles gratefully at him.)

UNCOLLATED GENTLEMAN (to a friend): Rummy ol' bird, ain't she, Elf?

MRS. COBDEN-SANDERSON: Yes, he died (the recapitulates.) So we do not seek the vote as an end but as an aid to further achievements.

YOUNG MAN: (aged about 27, seizing the opportunity.) You women have never done anything.

MRS. COBDEN-SANDERSON: Here is a very young man who says, "What will you do with it?" Why, I am old enough to be his grandmother. I will tell him what I shall do with it.

YOUNG MAN: I said, "You women have never done anything."

MRS. COBDEN-SANDERSON (outraged): What! I have never done anything! I am engaged in administrative work. I give up four days a week to it. You go and ask my fellow Poor-Law Guardians, and they'll tell you what a nuisance I make of my—(to a friend) 'Ip, 'ip, 'ooray! (The speaker smiles gratefully at him.)

YOUNG MAN: Have you ever attempted to abolish the workhouse system? Did you help Spinie Morrison?

MRS. COBDEN-SANDERSON: Please do not interrupt. Wait until question time, after the speeches.

A VOICE: 'Ere, my dinner's at one.

MRS. COBDEN-SANDERSON: Oh, we shall go on speaking till five, if necessary, or till to-morrow morning. (Laughter and cheers. The student catches his reproachful eye, and continues hastily.) So I put this resolution to you. (She reads, amid applause.) Now a very fine speaker is coming after me. (The student says, 'I'll go to Mrs. Cobden-Sanderson,' or 'Just a word to speak to Mrs. Cobden-Sanderson.')

YOUNG MAN: Have you ever attempted to abolish the workhouse system? Did you help Spinie Morrison?

MRS. COBDEN-SANDERSON: Please do not interrupt.

II.

SCENE: Hyde Park.

TIME: Last Sunday, noon.

(Students, leaving preacher who, having been facetiously asked about his 'ol' woman,' answers, 'Ol' woman? Ain't got no ol' woman, and I'm married to the Lord, I am,' discovers Mrs. COBDEN-SANDERSON speaking on a cart. Beside her, a lady seated, an old gentleman who hops from one foot to the other, and a banner inscribed, "Malecka: Russia's Martyr." Enormous and indulgent crowd.)

MRS. COBDEN-SANDERSON (with a fine contemp of common sense and geography): Let Mr. Winston Churchill send a battleship to Warsaw, at once, to save Miss Malecka. If only you men were Americans! (Terrific cheering.) When I was in America six years ago, I dined with one of the millionaires who have gone down, yes.—(profoundly)—I dined with him at his house; I saw his house and his servants and his mo—mo—motor-mobile—mo—mo—car—motor-car—automobile; but what I most particularly missed was his multiplication in the abstract. Yes, the Americans reverence for abstract woman. He might have brought out his millions of pounds, and said, "Give me the first boat," but no, he preferred to die.
THE NEW AGE

June 6, 1912.

Present-Day Criticism.

Before making a few remarks about Mr. G. Gardiner's article in the "Daily News" on Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb, we may reply to a correspondent who remarks upon the "incorrigible grammar" of some of the speeches we have lately criticised. He thinks we should have reproofed this grammar. Such reproof would be right enough towards the author of a book, but journalism is another matter. As a rule, in reviewing current articles we should not challenge detail unless it was directly involved in the spirit of an article.

In reviewing an article by a journalist in whose world all is flattery, we need not consider too curiously that knack of substituting personal tit-bits, obtainable only by interview or private knowledge, for the critical method of discovering a man through his work. Our great critics who know nothing of style discover a man by going to his house; and a very great critic like Mr. Fyfe, of the "Daily Mail," who has said, "How do you do?" to thousands of famous people, has become quite comprehensibly the present-day model. Mr. Gardiner, while here mentioning no more than six famous persons he has met, might doubtless have done much better had he chosen, and Mrs. Webb's house in London. We feel at once that Commission Chamber, the Fabian Summer School, and he must know what he is talking about in this character study of Mr. and Mrs. Webb. When he tells us that these two people are one intellect, that their fact, each never speaks of Webb is that he had seen and heard. When he suggests that the sleuth-like methods of this famous couple make aging you, that a mere suspicion that they are prompt—*froin that close touch of the dining-room and the musing behind the curtain is enough to damn the most has been to heir house.

"They really have no axe to grind—well, we hide our metaphor, and perhaps we may all permit ourselves of some of the principal conference, and is floating upon the wing of a strophe and anti-strophe," that, in fact, each never speaks of Webb, but of "we," and that the "only rift in that perfect lute" is that Mr. Webb is "human enough to eat a chop while Mrs. Webb dines off asparagus"—we feel practically as confident as though Mr. Fyfe himself were assuring us that he had seen and heard. When he suggests that the sleuth-like methods of this famous couple make them so often distrusted; that they are always managing you, that a mere suspicion that they are prompting behind the curtain is enough to damn the most perfect play; that with all this suspicion against them, they really have no axe to grind—well, we hide our confusion, for we are bound to believe a man who has been to their house.

But then we arrive at some sentences which are not quite so instructive. Mr. Gardiner has moved away from that close touch of the dining-room and the municipal conference, and is floating upon the wing of a metaphor, and perhaps we may all permit ourselves an opinion concerning the truth and comparative merits of all that. Mr. Gardiner compares Mr. and Mrs.—Webb to a scientist looking at a hive of bees. They are a scientist looking at the human hive. They are not, he says, "humanitarians, or philanthropists, or—"—but no, they do not quicken at a tale of wrong. They are scientists who have taken humanity for their theme as one might take bees. They look with calm, dispassionate eye into the human hive. They find it in a deplorable muddle.

There we are brought up with a sudden independent notion of our own. Who ever heard of a scientist deploring the muddle of a hive? Surely so far from deploring a hive, in muddle, that a species of man has been sent all over England to watch the phenomenon with no expression but of interest, no idea but to watch and discover what the bees would make of the muddle. To interfere would be crassly unscientific, and any pro-fessed scientist who thought he knew better than the bees what ought to be done, would be ridiculed by his fellows—if he were not first stung to death by the bees. Now, we may at once say that Mr. Gardiner proves himself all wrong in his idea of the Webbs as detached scientific minds. Their pulse may not quicken at a tale of suffering, he assures us that they "do not pity the bees," but "they hate disorder . . . and with deft and cunning fingers they set themselves to re-arrange the hive." Well, well! They hate disorder and they are going to re-arrange the hive. Let us see what the bees begin to do. Mr. Gardiner, himself kindly turns himself into a sort of bee. At least he presents himself as one of the possible human beings whose existences Mr. and Mrs. Webb are going to manage. Imagine him in Wales, a guest at the Fabian Summer School. On the Sunday he has gone with a companion (no name) to lunch with Mr. and Mrs. Webb at their cottage near Harles. In the afternoon, they walked and Mrs. Webb talked (going very lucidly) with her and quickly lucidly. Their notions in the newspapers. On the other hand, we are aware that Mr. Barnum long since set a new fashion in advising us to get ourselves talked about. "No matter what people say," said he, "so long as they say something—" but still certain individuals hesitate about that advice. It is all very well, the object—it is a valuable hint to Freaks, but if one has some serious work to do, one had perhaps better try to avoid being frivolously discussed; in the sphere of ideas, no discussion is more proper than the discussion on the laugh doubtless was taken in good part on the road-side; but people so devoted to an idea that, as Mr. Gardiner assures us, they spend their income on it, ought, one feels, to be very angry at having wasted time talking with wonderful lucidity to a friend who runs away to parody their idea in a newspaper, and invites thousands of people to join laughter with the very stones of the earth.

However, it is comfortable to recall Mr. Gardiner's assertion that Mr. and Mrs. Webb are hardened against misunderstanding. They have no axe to grind . . . "if they come up against an obstinate Minister who thinks they want to manage him, and means to have none of their intriguing sirs, they smile across at each other and wait." There. Mr. Gardiner is always leaving us at a loose end: wait—people wait for something! We need not go into the thing any further. We need not go into the thing any further. We need not . . .

They find it in a deplorable muddle.
all the poets to cleanse England's soul," would deprive us of our reason. We should ache to put an asp to his bosom.

Mr. Gardiner is one of those modern journalists who by their flowing mouth have come to be believed lords of the English language. But they write, most of them, only a facile Babes English, full of contradictory cliché, honourificabilitudes, and conscious or half-conscious veiled abuse. Language was created by feeling, religious, poetical and moral: and the artificial language of science is justified by being held exactly to veiled abuse. Language was created by feeling, honorificabilitudes, and conscious or half-conscious agreed meaning. These journalists put together words that will no more really coalesce than the feelings they represent—the words of truth with those of half-truth or untruth, of patronage with those of disrespect, of friendship with those of distrust, of tolerance with those of conscience. Someone incompletely observed that "words do not quarrel on paper." Words unnaturally conjoined and written down combine their testimony. Gardiner's character-study amounts to an attack upon the Webbs. Presenting them so detestably as should satisfy even that obstinate Minister," he processes himself with a great and friendly. Whatever may be the taste of the day, that is not a position to be defended. Attack direct, attack by satire upon their public work, would have left him free to speak his mind.

A Fourth Tale for Men Only.

By R. H. Congreve.

VI.

My guess having been so conclusively confirmed, the problem was now, should I tell Tremayne at once? If I did, there was no knowing what he might do. But if I didn't, the whole thing was to drag its slow length along until Tremayne himself discovered the snare. Was it right to him that I should risk knocking his unsuspecting mind off its balance by a sudden disclosure? Would it not be wiser to let the sleeper wake by uneasy stages? Apart from Tremayne's own probable feelings on the subject there were my own to be considered. It is not easy to tell a friend an unpleasant truth; one's enemies have the advantage over one's friends in this respect. On the other hand, if Tremayne was to form one of our group, the sooner he realised that we gave each other the gifts of enmity as well as of friendship the better. If he could not stand the shock of suddenly learning that Mrs. Foisacre actually was what I had described her to be, the gradual discovery by himself would certainly be intolerable to me.

In plain words, I had had enough of Mrs. Foisacre and of Tremayne's relationship with her. Either he should immediately wash his hands of her or I should, after this evening, leave him until the affair was settled. On the whole, then, I decided to communicate my discovery to Tremayne at once.

Tremayne, I said, just stand here a moment (we were not yet many yards from Mrs. Foisacre's flat). Did you observe that there was a light in the window before she could have arrived upstairs?

No, he said. The foolish girl must have left the electric on all the time we were away.

But did we have the light on before we left for her sister's? I don't think we had.

That's funny, said Tremayne. I wonder if burglars were in. By Jove, I'd like to make sure that everything's all right. Are you sure that it was her window?

Which was it?

We returned to the block of flats and I pointed out her window; it was the only window on her floor that was still lit.

Well, it seems all right now, Tremayne said. There would surely be some sign if anything was wrong. Shall we knock? Up the porter's? Up, what's that? She's got somebody there! Did you see it? It's probably her sister, Tremayne commented.

Sister be damned, I blurted out, that's no sister. That's Stornell, for a ducat. Stornell! cried Tremayne. Stornell! Rubbish. How the devil do you come to think it's Stornell? By God, I've half a mind to knock up the porter and go up and see. What on earth made you think of Stornell?

Only because it was he who called on her while we were at tea.

Oh! said Tremayne. But how the salamander did you know that?

I saw him out of the window as he was leaving.

Sennacherib, did you think that was a cat? And why in thunder didn't you tell me?

Look here, Tremayne, I said. Am I your keeper? Is Mrs. Foisacre any affair of mine? Is it my business, after having warned you in general, to warn you in particular? If the whole afternoon, Stornell apart, has not convinced you that Mrs. Foisacre is an empty husk, as promiscuous as a rabbit, as responsible as a bubble and as deceitful as a cat, find her out for yourself. I'm under no obligation to prick your silly obsession about the Eve in Lilith. I used my eyes and so might have used yours. Only you were so mightily smitten with your theory that you dared not seek for facts to dispose of it.

I calculated by this somewhat vulgar defence to counter the somewhat vulgar attack on me by Tremayne. The least one can do for a friend in a momentary frenzy is to descend to his level. Nothing, in fact, is more odious than friendship for one of the parties to remain cool and superior while the other rants away in a temper. One never forgives a friend who has been so unobliging. Tremayne instantly appreciated the homage of my assumed indignation, and when I had finished he said: Well, Congreve, what's to be done?

I leave that to you, I said. I believe you will do whatever is best to be done. You are not a student of politics for nothing.

Quite right, he replied. You can leave the matter to me. Let's go to the club and see Fisher. He's just back from Kurdistan, where he has been staying with the Amir. I met the Amir in Bokhara a couple of years ago and we discussed Machiaveli. What do you say?

Excellent suggestion, I agreed. At the club we met Fisher, a dry little man of a Jewish cast and of a keen mind. He and Tremayne talked of Kurdistan and of the Amir and of politics for close upon an hour, until closing time, in fact. I was an attentive listener as well as an admiring observer of Tremayne's wonderful self-control. Here was a young man whose theory about women—usually the dearest treasure of a young man's mind—had been shattered only an hour or so ago. Yet not the most penetrating soul could have discovered the fact. I avow that Tremayne went up in my estimation by some leagues. This was real philosophy, if you like. As we left the club to go each our way home, Tremayne said: I'll probably come round in the morning at about twelve to see you. I have a book for you—and there may be some news.

When the liquor's out why clink the cannikin? On the following day at twelve precisely, Tremayne came to my flat with the new edition of Sismondi, the French text with the notes of Barri. We discussed Sismondi for some time, without the smallest hint between us that anything of the conceivably greater importance was being shirked. On the contrary, I swear that for my part Mrs. Foisacre scarcely crossed my mind. There had been a gale the day before and a few trees had been blown down. While it lasted both Tremayne and myself had taken shelter. But to-day, the skies were clear again, and save for its chronicle the gale was completely forgotten. We did, however, when we had exhausted our comments on the appendices of the new Sismondi, revert naturally to the question the event of the previous day had left unanswered. By the way, said Tremayne, I went round to Mrs. Foisacre's flat this morning. She had a headache and wished at first not to see me. But I insisted and we had a little mild conversation. I thought it only kind to be mild; but when I mentioned
Stornell's name, she shaded. No matter what she said. It's all over. Let her pass.

I had no curiosity to hear any more, and from that day to this the affair has never been mentioned. Tre-mayne had some difficulty, I felt, for the first few weeks in digging up the roots of his old heresy; but the flower having once been seen—and such a flower!—he eventually, I am certain, did it. At least there is no sign in him or in my image of him to the contrary. (The END.)

**Views and Reviews.**

If ever there were signs of a revolution, it is now. After the actual phenomena of the labour unrest, there is the usual passion for reforming legislation; and even the French reform of the calendar has its analogy in the attempt to save daylight by statutory commandment. Certainly we have not yet passed the first stage. Mirabeau, much attempered and far more respectable, is still on his knees proclaiming: "Madame, the Monarchy is saved!"; for once again we have a Queen who is the only man in her family. But that change is in the air, no one can deny. Camille Desmoulins has his counterpart, even in his misuse of his native language; and if Danton has not yet appeared, there are Marats in plenty croaking in the marsh, and a Robespierre visible to the prophetic eye.

It is not my business to talk about politics, but literature itself must be affected by the economic struggle; for no man can escape the influence of his time, least of all the artist with his abnormal sensitiveness to impressions. A revolutionary age means that literature is doomed to a long sleep; for leisure, the prime condition of all art, is not to be obtained when the mere necessities of life have to be gained by a sort of civil war. The appeal of all art is permanent: it speaks not to men but to Man. But a society that has not yet secured the means of subsistence for itself cannot afford the luxury of art. It can give ear only to hasty statements, ill-considered opinions; or if it retains any sense of music in its soul, it can listen only to those short swallow-flights of song that are the sign manual of the minor poet. It is the day of journalism, when every paper must have its sensation, or perish.

There is no dearth of books, but they are admitted to be popular in appeal and transitory in interest; indeed, many of them are mere reprints from the daily Press. Authors are at their wits' end to know what to write. It is some years since the novelists turned their attention to the superior forms of fiction, and became under-takers of the biography of the indubitably dead. Then the prospect of a livelihood seemed certain. There were so many dead that no man with a pen, and an acquired immunity from the deadly effects of the atmosphere of the British Museum, needed to fill his belly with the east wind. If anthropophagy, or, more correctly, sarcophagy, took a literary form, that was, perhaps, a necessary evolution; anyhow, it was dignified with the name of biography, and brought much profit to the publishers.

But man cannot live by biography alone. It is the present state that perplexes us all; and if a man has no thoughts on the present discontent to offer, he will find that his work is ignored, his gifts are derided, and his very name become a word of reproach on the lips of the self-seekers. That is particularly the position of literary men to-day, more particularly of those to whom literature is a profession and not a passion. For those who do not care what they say there is only a public that is equally indifferent to their utterances; and that public has protected its most vulnerable part, its pocket, by subscribing to circulating libraries. If its head were as well protected, most of our authors would be begging.

But the public, although careful, is not cultured. It must have something to read, and it will swallow gnat and camel with equal gusto. It is for this reason that most authors are mistaken in their estimation of the public taste. They desire to give the public what it wants, but they offer it anything; and the public wants everything. But apart from the satisfaction of mere voracity, an author has a duty to his public, however hungry; it may be, Even a cather does provide more than a certain proportion of poison; and if reading is not to become a lost habit, authors will have to turn their attention to more profitable forms of writing. Profitable to the public, of course; for what is not of assistance to a people trying to escape from poverty is a positive encumbrance. I prophesy that the only possible and proper development of literature during the next few years will be Utopian and satirical.

Satire, of course, will take a different turn. It will not take the turn of demonstrating that the capitalist classes have working-class manners, and are therefore contemptible; nor will it persist in exemplifying the effete superstition that we have an aristocracy in any way superior to the capitalist class, unless incompetence is a sign of superiority. It will turn its attention to practical matters: it will take for its types the friends of the people, and for its subject matter the various proposals that are made to them. It will call it every thing to tatters—truth and reason and beauty as well as their opposites; if it be not guided by purpose and inspired by the spirit of prophecy.

For satire spreads like a blight in a revolutionary time. It is a trick that everyone learns as soon as the old assurances fail, or the inculcated beliefs are surrendered in response to more urgent necessity. That the spirit of mere savagery shall not dominate, that satire shall not make a war, it is necessary that criticism should care less for the manner than the matter of satire. For satire is as distinguished by its omissions as its inclusions; what Swift never said ranks him amongst the Immortals, even though what he did say seemed to emanate from another source. We have to beware of a man whose weapon has become volant and automatic; of Shaw, for example, who, with the curse of Mephistopheles upon him, touches every flower and makes it wither. Satire is only permitted to the inhabitants of Utopia.

Utopia will not be so far away as it used to be, nor so insubstantial a fabric as it was. Its foundations will be fixed, here in the roots of our solid earth; and the way thereto will be plain. For the Utopia of our aspiration has no longer any interest for us; it will not be autobiography and history, to him will pass the sceptre and the laurel.

What will happen to the ruck of authors, I cannot predict. It is clear that another type of writer must arise, unless there is some unsuspected sincerity in contemporary writers. For the future will be to the man whose moral purpose burns like a fire in his belly, who cannot rest at seeing things as they are, and being flippan, or amusing, or sarcastic about them. We can dispense with verbiage in a day when the facts are patent to everyone. But the man who knows the next step, and has his loins ready girt to take it, who will not merely point but lead the way, whose mission, like the Commentaries of Caesar or the works of Swift, will be autobiography and history, to him will pass the sceptre and the laurel. We shall have no more realist literature, which simply describes life as it is; no more idealist literature, that describes life as it never was, but a literature that will be overwhelmingly satirical, overwhelmingly Utopian, giving birth to a tentative and practical literature that will be as far removed from Art as that which now perishes.

A. E. R.
The Common Touch. By Austin Phillips. (Smith, Elder. 6s.)

Wherein a professed Philistine makes an attack upon the sprawl of the Philistines, by which he means the Austines, howevet: the Philistines are born dull. The common touch is their own true heritage. The Philistine method of attack by large kicks does not here justify itself by "' getting home," and the everlasting Gothic buzz of bust and scandal becomes tedious. Apparently the Philistinest Prop—there are, of course, neo-Philistines nowadays—discuss Kipling still (the new kind discuss their own true heritage. The Philistinest method of stranger-baiting. Anyone who lacks the common touch can conceive no situation so piquantly satisfying to him as to make his own age, so that his people, dead centuries since, seem very much alive while thinking and doing. Talking, they are foreigners, strangers. Dug How, who was to have been "guaranteed" in Seville by his ducal cousin, is met by his noble gaoler. Herran has begun to grow moody.

The town grew hideous to him. Was this glittering place to be his tomb? Was he still alive? When Don Fadrique came to his side, "I have ill news for you, señor," he said courteously, albeit coldly. "Your Excel- lency's cousin, the tidal of Medina, is away from Seville." Don Herran had received permission to lodge with the Duke until his trial. The news meant that he must go to prison at once, which was unjust—which was unfair. Herran would allow him to lodge at an inn. "If any other noble would guarantee your safety," hinted Don Fadrique. Don Herran shrugged his shoulders. "I am safe enough, señor. Where could I run to except overseas again? And, by San Marcial! I prefer being shot to another dose of 'board ship.'"

"But you have friends in the islands, friends in the islands."

"A governor has always many friends; a prisoner—well, fewer. He turned the conversation abruptly. They were now abreast of a town where stood on the river bank at an angle of the fortifications. The tower was twelvetimes, and tiled with yellow tiles that glittered in the sun as if they had been made of polished gold. "What place is that?" he asked. "The Tower of Gold, señor."

And, of course, it is the prison, but here is one of Mr. Ardagh's more legitimate coincidences, and we do not even wish to notice it, but to remark that in this sort of passage Mr. Ardagh exhibits the scene moving which we think he has developed since writing "The Maghada." How Herran meets the King of Spain, and, through a romantic display, is at last driven to marry a dull, tired, and very old lady, is moving which we think he has developed since writing "The Maghada."

Arouse yourselves, Cave-Dwellers of the Twentieth Century! cries the Preface. This is, in our opinion, not the most opportune use of that Americanism. In Washington it may not mind if these adventurers run to except overseas again? And, by San Marcial! I prefer being shot to another dose of 'board ship.'"
engineers for any purpose but of laying railways to derive dividends from us all. Even Mr. Enoch's coloured picture of villagers turning out to hang a noble English landlord, and of that lord's remorseful breaking-up of his estate for the benefit of the town-planners, gives us small hope that any lord out of a novel will take the hint.

Treachorous Ground. By Johann Bojer. (Sidgwick and Jackson. 6s.) A translation from the Norwegian. The treachrous ground is a boggy piece of estate given to some labourers by an idealist. All the poor labourers sink in and perish. The idealist did it to appease his conscience, having been in youth a seducer and a betrayer of friendship. The moral is that you cannot do good to other persons if actuated by selfish motives. A penny's a penny for a' that. No need to give a bad one, and Fate does not inevitably deal in bad pennies and boglands.

The City of Light. By W. L. George. (Constable. 6s.) Our realists will never be at a loss for copy while there is a stick of furniture left in anybody's house or anyone absorbing a meal. Mr. George even goes down in the kitchen before dinner to find out what is coming, and then describes every dish as it is served. Soup, entrée, with twenty or more of table-stuff, about swollen olives, lamb in four lines, pudding and fruits in seven lines. Some cook might be entertaining us! At last he sends his hero, Henri, off to a Paris music-hall to "see life." One of those women is there in a box. Orientalish, purple gown cut low, red mouth, arched brows, masses of wavy black hair, indolent, name—Loulon Lamirale. But she is only a catalogue, one of fifty that have nothing particular to do with anything. Mr. George grows so excited that his syntax fails him. He informs us that among the turns there occurred "a hideous duet between a squat, dark girl, whose shawl and black hair falling low over her ears, suggested those who wander by night near the walls of the city. Her companion, tall, clean-shaven, etc., etc. That's what comes of getting carried away by a low interest. But all these vulgar scenes are merely padding. Henri is made to trot through cabarets after public ladies, who, however, do not capture his innocence. He prefers Suzanne, a pure girl, whose papa is a swindling financier. But she is only a catalogue, tens place, name—Tryphena, but not her, that she shall consider herself his lady, not his trull. He introduces a young friend to Betty, and after all he did not prefer Laura, who we forgot to mention—so the problem is settled. Indeed, we remain uncertain of a solution to the problem."

Tryphena in Love. By Walter Raymond. (Dent. 3s. 6d.) A new, illustrated edition.

in his bath on the pleasures of the night. Then, according to his usual custom, he sends a bouquet of rare flowers to the woman, that she shall consider herself his lady, not his trull. He introduces a young friend to his principal mistress, and is supplanted. In another story an old keeper's daughter of determined character debauches a slender young student, and, finding that she is to be a mother, seduces an old man and makes him marry her. Unable to get rid of her husband, she attempts to poison him, but inconsiderate Fate brings a chemist on a visit, so she is forced to make a waitress inveigle the old man into her bedroom, and gets a divorce. By this time the student has become fat and breathless, so once again is love's labour lost. Suddermaine?

The Unknown Steersman. By Irene Burn. (Unwin. Richards. 6s.) Chapter II: "Denis made the mistake common to Anglo-Indian husbands; he thought that the administration of the British Empire was more important than the preservation of certain leisure hours for the benefit of his wife. No woman wishes to ride and drive alone, and other women are rather dull, or at any rate very feminine, so the wife, widowed by the file, sends a note to some less busied worker and gains her a companion. And this is the beginning of scandals."

Chapter XXXIV: "Gradually he was learning the valueless little attentions which mean so much to a woman."

The Second Woman. By Norma Lorimer. (Stanley Paul. 6s.) The wrapper assures us that the uncertainties of love would "literally harrow the reader." We remain unharrowed. Laura, who has married a man younger than herself, gives him up to a younger woman. In Italy, sans dire, the sacrifice is prepared. Richard goes to Betty, and after all we are left wondering whether he did not prefer Laura, who we forgot to mention—such a solution being so very familiar—has caught an Edward. "How young you make me feel!" says she to Edward.

The Marriage Portion. By Mitchell Keays. (Grant Richards. 6s.) An American novel. Mrs. Mary Skene confesses to her husband that she loves Julian Ward. Skene has always been too busy for love. But she cannot serve him out in style because there is a child expected, his son. Things will probably settle down, for Rodney has of course all along adored Betty. The war enters in, and suitable colour is supplied by much use of military metaphor and a description of a military review on the Fourth of July. The "Bataille" chapter shows Henri in a great row with his parents. "Armistice arranged" he promises to see no more of Suzanne for the present. Henri grows fat. "The enemy of the French youth is fat." Fatty now, he weeps, storms and threatens. "La Fortune" decides in his favour by making him master of a lot of money. "Diplomatie" exhibits Maman desperately invoking the law to prove Henri irresponsible; and "Enchâinement" sees him father's prisoner. Considering that he has just spent eight thousand francs on a necklace for the simple Suzanne, one is not greatly indifferent at Papa's restraint. Then fat Henri, whose behaviour before the President of the Court was so imbecile, suddenly becomes an orator. For page upon page he rants like an criminal judge and Father Vaughan rolled into one. At last he comes to a stop and turns "the handle of the door." Maman asks where he is going to. "To her," he replies in a cold, strange voice. We are not left quite at ease as to the future. But let us hope Papa will come round, otherwise Suzanne will shortly have to pawn that necklace.

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The Indian Lily. By Hermann Sudermann. (The Bodley Head. 6s.) An epitome of Teutonic eroticism. In the first tale, a man of forty, whose body is still slender and elastic, though pleasure has long since driven the hair from his temples, comes home early in the morning and reflects
FOUR POEMS.
By Henry Miller.

SHELLEY IN WHITECHAPEL.
The tattered leaves were gemmed and chased with gold,
And dazzled me, as does the simple clown
While through the slum strange fairy flutings rolled,
Like Pan's sweet pipings ere the world grew old.

Now, oft' I voyage on fancy's rainbow wings
The lord of song upon a starry throne,
Where Saturn halos with his wondrous rings
A song far sweeter than this earth has known.

IN MERRY MAY.
Arise! the silver moon hath fled,
The stars that twinkled cold;
For Phœbus lifts his radiant head,
To watch the dawn, all rosy red,
Her tender charms unfold.

Arise! thine eyes
Too long the jealous night hath hid,
Unclose each blue veined lily lid;
Sing sweet, O skylark, while I bid
The Queen of May arise!

With whispers soft as silken wings
The apple blossoms sway,
Where sits a spotted thrush and sings
His tuneful roundelay.
From billows green the hawthorn flings
White foam and scented spray.

SPRING TRIUMPHANT.
She comes and conquers, crowned with beauty,
Earth beneath her footsteps thrills,
Herald breezes blow her trumpets,
Golden trumpet daffodils.
Her banners green she waves in triumph
O'er the forests, vales, and hills.

With wild delight, heav'n's tiny minstrel,
From throbbing throat, above the glade,
Pours liquid silver songs of welcome
To her, in a sweet cascade,
While pale-faced winter, and all sullen,
Hides in lonely nooks afraid.

WHILE SUMMER SLEEPS.
The wailing winds the cloudy garments rend
Of storming heav'n, o'er marshlands, misty, gray,
On dripping reeds, whose heads together bend,
Like muted strings, faint threnodies they play.

For summer's gone, and dead are those sweet flowers
That once were rilled to the droneing drum
Of those small thieves, who robbed in shining hours
Their honied hearts; and singing birds are dumb.

The lord of life who sailed across her skies,
A golden galleon in a sapphire sea,
A corpse-lit phantom barque, now swiftly flies
Amid the driving storm wrack drearily.

Now hangs the icicle where hung the leaf;
Now sparkle to the moon the willow tears,
Dark elms, like great gaunt sentinels of grief,
Stand menacing earth's breast with frozen spears.

With snowflakes whirling 'midst her streaming hair,
The white witch now, a song appalling sings,
And plucks the fierce, mad music of despair
In harping forests, from the oak's black strings.

Yet though thy hands the jewelled pall hath spread,
Fierce, white-toothed hag, thou aspèt death in vain;
Arise! thine eyes
Too long the jealous night hath hid,
Unclose each blue veined lily lid;
Sing sweet, O skylark, while I bid
The Queen of May arise!

I would rather be a pullet
On the turf
Than a red or grey mullet
In the surf
makes very good sense, even though it be not perhaps one of the more ethereal flights of poetry. But left to choose his own pairs of rhymes from a dictionary and to arrange them himself for bouts-rimés, the poet may still find his material very stubborn.

The solution is this. If a man have not the good memory to retain rhymes in his brain and the knack of arranging them when he has them, the safest and easiest thing for him to do is to profit by the experience of past generations. We do not scorn to use the accumulations that have been handed down to us in other departments of science and art; why should we neglect those which have been piled up by our bards. Painter derives from painter knowledge of design, of the mixing of paints, and of the harmonising of colours. Rhyme is merely the shell or part of the shell, of a poem, and even those who are purists on the subject of general plagiarism can surely have no objection to a poet making use of a rhyme-scheme that has been found convenient and shapely by another poet who has gone before him. Let poets who are troubled by rhyme, in fact, borrow and adapt arrangements of rhyme from works already in existence.

An ounce of example, as one has often observed be-
fore, is worth many ounces of precept. Let us take, for instance, so well-known and deservedly popular a nursery rhyme as:—

Jack and Jill
Went up the hill

FOUR POEMS.
To fetch a pail of water,
Jack fell down
And broke his crown,
And Jill came tumbling after.

Detaching the rhymes from their context we get the following arrangement:

Jill,
Hill,
Water,
Down,
Crown,
After.

These rhymes are not particularly convenient ones, and a restriction is introduced by the occurrence of the proper name "Jill" at the end of the line. This necessitates the mention in our own poem of a lady name Jill. But, after all, it is a pretty name. Given these rhymes, we can without a moment's hesitation turn off a graceful little lyric like this:

I would I were with gentle Jill
From dawn till eve on Bloxham Hill,
High above Severn water;
All day we'd gaze entranced down
Upon the river's silver crown,
Not look before or after.

Should a whimsical touch be desired, the last line might be made to run:

And home to supper after.

We see here that not only have we been saved the trouble of finding and co-ordinating rhymes, but that the rhymes ready provided have given us a clue to our subject-matter. Yet our resultant poem is not in the least like the original. Something new has been added to the rich treasury of English verse. Let us take another example:

There was an old woman who lived in a shoe,
She had so many children she didn't know what to do,
So she gave them some broth without any bread,
And whipped them all soundly and put them to bed.

Our rhyme scheme here will run as follows:

Shoe,
Do,
Bread,
Bed.

Little or no cogitation will give us a result like this, fully up to the standard of most contemporary verse:

Lo! I am poor and pincheth sore the shoe,
I cannot go it as I used to do,
Nathless I'll be content so that I've bread,
A roof above, a pallet for my bed.

That is in the dignified facetious style. But the rhymes given are equally suited to the note of passion and solemn reverence.

I am not worthy to unlace thy shoe;
Surely thou dost not breathe as others do,
Nectared ambrosia sure must be thy bread,
And doves thy messengers, and clouds thy bed!

Or, yet again, if our rhymes be taken from the chorus of a song recently popular in our lighter places of entertainment, a poem like the following may easily be constructed:

Hail, holy Liberty! When thou dost speak
A glory all glory out-shining all men see,
Thy glance, the thunderous perfume of thy tresses,
Bear dreams that trample base reality!
O, shouldst thou open once again thy hand
And tell abroad the splendour of thy name,
The whole great universe should be thy picture
And bliss make bright the universal frame.

Enough has, it is hoped, been said to indicate the nature and use of the method proposed. With this key a new Shakespeare may (who knows?) unlock his heart.

A Disciple of Distortion.

"Pupils, I give you the whole art of the painting business when I tell you—draw." Such might be Mr. Walter Sickert's words, slightly altering those of Donatello. Mr. Sickert cries aloud for drawing above all things. He himself is always drawing with the pen when not with the pencil. He has been known to draw good houses with the latter, but never with the former. His observations stated on the news-sheet do not equal those on the plain or tinted board. They tend, in fact, to be stale, flat and unprofitable. As a critic Mr. Sickert gives himself away. The reason is not far to seek. It may be found in the following extract from Professor Ross's book on design. "Art is generally regarded as the expression of feelings and emotions which have no explanation except perhaps in such a word as inspiration, which is expulsive rather than explanatory. Art is regarded as the one activity of man which has no scientific basis." This view agrees with that which has been expressed in these columns, namely, that Art cannot be explained. If a picture is not self-illuminating it fails as a work of art. When, therefore, Mr. Sickert takes to explaining the alphabet of his form of art and judges the work of his contemporaries by principles understood by himself and ignored by them, he is making a contribution to science. Now science has one serious drawback, it makes its appeal only to mechanical minds. Instinct is a subject it cannot touch except to distort or kill it. There is evidence on every hand to prove that whatever instincts are natural to human beings are being carefully smothered by scientific teachings, examples and forms of experience.

I do not mean to suggest that Mr. Sickert never suspects or presupposes the existence of instinct in others, but he is certainly the sworn enemy of certain remarkable painters whose only fault is that they prefer to be guided by their instincts rather than by academical rules. In order to get a true view of Mr. Sickert's want of appreciation of the value and power of instinct, we must go to his criticisms. The following extracts from an article published in 1911 will do to begin with. Mr. Sickert is speaking of the Post-Impressionist exhibition, and says, "Mr. [Roger] Fry and his committee have earned the gratitude of all painters, students and lovers of art in this country by the illuminating and interesting collection they have formed at the Grafton Gallery." After rewarding Mr. Fry with this piece of butterscotch, Mr. Sickert proceeds to reduce the market value of certain Continental painters, and presently arrives at a Shaw-like affirmation: "We are citizens, and nothing is gained by denying it, of a country where painting forms no living part of national life. Painting here is kept alive, a dim flickering flower, by groups of devoted fanatics mostly under the age of thirty. The national taste either breaks these fanatics or compels them to toe the line. The young English painter, who loves his art, ends by major force in producing the chocolate-box in demand." From this patriotic pessimism we may assume that Mr. Sickert's own Camden Town Group and the Allied Artists Association are at present fanatics doomed to become chocolate box manufacturers, and to take their place with John Orpen, Steer, Nicholson, Pryde, and the rest, leaving Mr. Sickert to pursue his lonely and elusive path. Thus making his way from Paris to London in an atmosphere of darkness and fog, and indulging on
the way in gibe at the draughtsmanship of [Picasso]. Mr. Sickert manages to formulate for reference a law of deformation or distortion which he lays down as follows: "Deformation or distortion in drawing is a necessary quality in hand-made art" (whatever this may mean). "Not only is this deformation or distortion not a defect. It is one of the sources of pleasure and interest. But it is so on one condition: that it results from the effort for accuracy of an accomplished hand, and not from some other form of human error or defect of vision." The late C. W. Purse said something similar on the subject. "Always when you draw make up your mind definitely as to what are the salient characteristics of the object and express these as personally as you can, not minding whether your view is or is not shared by your relations and friends. Now this is not carte blanche to be capricious, nor does it intend to make you seek for novelty; but if you are true to your own vision, as heretofore you have been, your best work will always be original and personal in your work. In stating your opinion on the structural character of man, bird, or beast, always wilfully caricature; it gives you something to prune, which is ever so much more satisfactory than having constantly to fill gaps which an unincisive vision has caused, and which will invariably make work dull and mediocre and wooden."

Both of these rules are direct incentives to wilful distortion. It is after all the artist's privilege to caricature the bones of the picture and thereafter to trust in luck to getting the distorted bones right. Mr. Sickert lays down a law for reference that there is bound to be a distortion. He quite overlooks the fact that no law or rule can be applied for drawing as soon as a law comes in at the drawing-room door art flies out of the kitchen window. The draughtsman, if he is an artist, tries for an effect and gets it, or he misses it and tries again. He wants the effect he is after, and nothing more, and he is justified in getting it in any manner he chooses. Now accident largely determines results in drawing and painting. And in searching for an effect accident may produce a distortion such as the abdomen inflated like a balloon, or pectorals like hat-pegs, as Mr. Sickert could demonstrate, or it may produce a true organic structure. The point is that if the distortion is there, it may be an accident due to the search for the effect, but if it is not there when the effect is attained it is not necessary. Mr. Sickert, however, lays down a law of wilful distortion and then proceeds to abuse Matisse for wilfully distorting his drawing, or, in other words, applying the very law which he (Mr. Sickert) has laid down. Mr. Sickert might have been more well become to his rule as the conclusion of his argument is the sign of a crooked mind, a straight mind cannot avoid a crooked argument because it is liable to error.

In formulating rules of the distortion kind Mr. Sickert is inviting the creative spirit to descend upon neither his own nor his pupils' efforts. He is simply reducing drawing to a formula and picking his own back. But Mr. Sickert's rule may have another purpose. Having striven to implant the belief in the minds of "fanatics" that they are to be esteemed as draughtsmen to become distortionists, and thereafter chocolate-box manufacturers, Mr. Sickert may have found the rule useful for defending the strange features of his recent work. Anyone who is acquainted with the work must acknowledge that Mr. Sickert, in spite of his attack on the "English Review" on some of the most important new men, appears to have been betrayed by a questionable love of novelty into pursuing false gods. Mr. P. G. Konody, who writes for the "Simplicissimus," tells us that "Mr. Sickert's whole life seems to be devoted to demonstrating that the beauty of a work of art has nothing to do with Beauty in the generally accepted sense of the word. Mr. Sickert is devoted to demonstrating that he is a bit mixed. There is no strength or distinctness in them. The lines have shrivelled up, the subjects have lost their distinct shapes. They are the triumph of the suggestion of confused heaps. Others are full of knots and little black specks. Whether they are intended to be a protest against drawing built on a foundation of distinct, sharp line, the line of Blake, and Durer, or an impression of specks seen during a bilious attack, I am unable to say. Look at "A Conversation Piece." [46]. What is it? At first sight it resembles a piece of fly-blown account-book paper. Then it looks as though Mr. Sickert had built a groundwork of clear lines, and afterwards regretting his weakness had proceeded to knock it about with the indiarubber. Surely this is distortion in the extreme. Grown-up artists who do not indulge in such eccentricities are made to feel they are degenerates, and that if one of them happens to be a Picasso or Futurist, the case and law and delicacy of whose pencil recalls that of Da Vinci or Augustus John, as the Picasso exhibition at the Stafford Gallery demonstrates—he has no more artistic appreciation of form and symmetry than a motor-car driver.

Another feature of Mr. Sickert's work is his inordinate love of blackness. He gives us a cab driver. I noticed, though the walls were a dirty gold, the oils exhibited thereon were even dirtier. I carried a catalogue whose covers were like a flaming red sun. I found these covers travelling all over the walls in quest of bright, exhilarating colour, but in vain. Mr. Sickert remains faithful to his first loves, Rembrandt and Monet. He not only disregards the call of the new men—his own worthy pupil, S. F. Gore for instance—to revel in pure colour, but he appears to be returning to gloomy atmosphere similar to that produced by the damnation-preaching proselytes in Hyde Park. For example, the "New Bedford" is dirtier than the "Old Bedford." Both appear to have had the gas cut off. In "Cumberland Market" and "The Basket Shop," Mr. Sickert seems to be trying for Post-Impressionist colour, but misses it. There are some interesting landscapes which show that Mr. Sickert can clean his palette when he likes. He ought to keep it clean, for dirty palettes are the curse of the country. Mr. Sickert, then, relies for success on the application of the law of distortion in line and colour. Apparently he would banish from midst all that appeals to the joy of life in us, just as the fanatics of old banished the maypole and village dance. If he has played a part in saving English form of art from the Academy, he has reserved it for a worse fate—to be married to ugliness.
Pastiche.

THE LABOUR UNREST.

We publish below the first part of a striking contribution to the discussion of Labour Unrest. It is from the pen of Mr. J. G. [Redacted], the independent thinker and author of notable novels, has produced in the “Cockatoo,” “The Tin Trunk,” and “Justice” three of the most remarkable social dramas of modern times.

In the first of his articles on the Labour Unrest in the “Daily Mail,” Mr. Swells made the pregnant remark, “This is a matter of high mathematics. So long as the poor are content to measure their prosperity or want of prosperity by a simple arithmetical process applied to wages, so long will there be labour unrest. What is required is a sense of responsibility amongst our upper classes whereby the workers will learn that their moral good can only be measured in terms of the differential calculus.”

This is true. Our work lies in educating the upper classes to a due appreciation of this responsibility. As it has been truly observed that the child is father to the man, this education should commence in the nursery.

At the present time our upper and middle class nurseries are great caste factories. This is due to their games and nursery rhymes. For instance, when Tommy and his brothers play at soldiers each boy insists upon having some position of command. Tommy the eldest must be general, Willie the pesty and even little Alfred a captain. The common soldiers are recruited from their sisters, which fact accounts for women having more sympathy with the lower classes than men.

If only nurse insisted on their all taking a turn at being common soldiers their minds might be more fitted for the great democratic ideal of humanity.

I spoke of nursery rhymes being one of the great factors in the production of caste. There is one nursery rhyme I shall always remember from the impression it made upon me in early years. It ran as follows:

“Tom, Tom, the Piper’s Son, stole a pig and away he ran; the farmer’s wife stood by the stable門, saying, ‘Tom, was he eaten, or Tom, was he beat; and Tom went howling down the street.”

The form of the stanza is entirely against its tragic concept. We have the case of a boy of the lower classes driven by the force of hunger into the crime of stealing an entire pig, and helping, doubtless, in its consumption. He is pursued by an inevitable fate in the person of an indignant and irate butcher, and receives severe fustigation.

What impression does this nursery rhyme make upon a child of three? He treats it as a joke. Nothing can exceed his amusement when that tragic last line of the stanza is reached.

Is there any wonder that, when the child grows up to manhood, he continues to treat such social problems as “Wages and Unemployment with thinly-veiled contempt”?

If only the hidden cause and effect of Tom’s act had been set forth in several pages of lurid prose or appropriate verse we might have had to-day an upper class fully alive to their obligations and defending all who are downtrodden in the bitter struggle for existence.

In my play, “Justice,” I have used the legend of “Tom, the Piper’s Son,” as the motive of my play. Yet, familiar as the rhyme must be, not one of the critics divined the source of my inspiration.

Again, how can we check the growth of the fiduciary element? Some people are fond of preaching “bushido,” but will “bushido” come? “Bushido” is—Bush, Bush, Bush Bushido.

The above series of articles on the Labour Unrest will be continued until the Revolution—Ed., “D. M.”

RE MR. THORN AND MYSELF.

Dear Sir,—With reference to Mr. Thorn’s contribution of May 23 and my apparent conversion to Socialism, I hope you will allow me to protest against his attempt at funniness—he is always making fun of me, fun I cannot see.

This time, though, his fun is more serious. He told me about his marriage, and I am happy to report that my name is not again coupled with his. I have got a copy to see it, but, unfortunately, I left it behind at the office where I work. I had, of course, marked Mr. Thorn’s article, and my governor’s eye spotted it. Thorn’s article, and my governor’s eye spotted it.

Now, my governor is a gentleman, and when I arrived on Friday he had me into his office and then the following conversation took place: I could see he was ratty. Pointing to a piece of paper, he said:

“Is this about you?”

“I believe it is, sir.”

“Humph! I ‘spose you’ll be wearing a red tie next, my man.”

“Oh no, sir. I couldn’t think of anything but a black tie, a black tie.”

Then why the devil is this fellow writing to me as if I am talking all this trash about society? I am sorry to see that you are mixing yourself up with this clique of disreputables—Marshall, and that conceited sort of person, Pierpoint; and for that foul-mouthed Thorn and his putrid abuse of Lord Northcliffe—Lord Northcliffe, mind you—he ought to be along with his friend Tom Mann; I say I am sorry to see you with this lot, because, if you continue to advertise yourself in this thing)—touching THE NEW AGE with his boot—“you and I will have to part, Walker. You have been with this lot, drawing two pounds a week; you must be respectable. Remember the firm. You seem to be forgetting that I am a solicitor with a reputation to keep up; I could not harbour things like Socialists—my clients, you know, and that sort of thing. Is that sufficient, Walker?”

“Yes, sir. I must apologise, sir, if this has caused you any annoyance, sir; but—”

“That’ll do, Walker, so long as you assure me that you are—safe.”

So you see, Mr. Editor, I must ask you to exclude my name from anything further Mr. Thorn may write about me—my governor said something about libel and damages. I am not a legal man; I must be a respectable married clerk whose governor is a gentleman. I only wish Mr. Thorn was the same, because he is a nice fellow—you would not think he wanted to wreck society to look at him, but the world’s a funny place, isn’t it?

CHARLIE WALKER.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

By C. E. Bechhofer.

VI.—THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

MY LIFE.

BY JOHN MAJERFIELD.

1. Hell take you, damn you, blast you, misbegotten!
2. Curse you, you swine, your father he was rotten!
3. Sit three quarters quiet while you this do say?
4. You do, O God, you hound of hell, you! Eh?
5. I’ll kick your guts clean out, as I’m a poet!
6. You bloody sot, I’d like to see you do it!

(M. does it, repents, and you know, and that sort of thing.

AMONG MY BOOK-LISTS.

BY FREDERICK HARRISOMEGA.

1. Of course, I don’t pretend to be a judge, but I think my favourite poets of the Augustan era are probably Boethius, Caesar—and I find him morbid—Catullus, Horace—of whom there is still no English edition published—Juvenal and Persius—both agreeably spicy in places—Lucretius, Martial, Ovid—whom I read in a translation at college seventy-six years ago—Propertius, Tacitus, Tibullus

*αματώνως εν τόνως

A MERRY JAPE.

BY RAM RAM CUNNINGHAME GrahAm.


“Here “haunted,” indeed implies hurry; and “eating,” therefore, gobbling. “To the city gate,” also, must we consign that vast mediocrity...”

MY NURSE, HANNAH.

BY HARRISUNCULUS.

Of course, I’m a silly little ass, I know; and I remember what Hannah, my old nurse, said to me when I got into a “paddy”: “Now, Master Austin, be a good little boy, do you shan’t have no brandy, nor no grog, nor no blue pencil neither....”

PLAY OF THE MONTH.

“THE HARRISON TOUCH.”

Well, so he chuckled her out, and she chuckled the other Johnnies out, and I began to laugh. Lord, and Letitia here begin to laugh. Then something or somebody happens, I forget which, and things begin to settle down, and there’s a happy ending. A bit low, but jolly good fun all the same.

S. O. N. [N.]
The Ideal Judge.

Pure from the faintest drop of human spleen, With noble stature and majestic mien, He sat upon the Bench by Justice sent To act as her august embodiment.

Nor from 'his lips let final judgment spring Or wielding at assize that human trust Show the least taint of prosecuting lust, That counsel learned in the law should let

He sat upon the Bench by Justice sent The lucid workings of whose intellect, Sufficiently presumptuous to appeal To weigh all points of law, all clashing tales;

Through every single con and every pro, To weigh all points of law, all clashing tales; Making his even mind a pair of scales, Which to incline no human passion dares, Nor prejudice slow winding unawares, The workers were denied, while intellect, Even defeated suitors will respect,

Whom silken gowns revere and juniors bless, Nor even take his name in vain at mess, And if at times a litigant may feel Such rash appellant has his task in vain—

From his supreme impersonality, Nor even known to swerve the least degree Nor from 'his lips let final judgment spring From his supreme impersonality,

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Letters to the Editor.

The New Age.

Sir,—It may be true, as you say, that there are only four classes in this country—Rent, Interest, Profit, and Wages; and it may still further be true that, when these classes are abolished, real castes will take their place. But it occurs to me that the "theory" of the modern capitalist State is that, by possessing the advantages that these bring, the hitherto undifferentiated classes may be bred and trained into differentiation. Pure blood was certainly one of the ideas impressed upon us, and I largely impressed—on the class of Rent, for example, which formed the ancient aristocracy. Unfortunately, this class has mingled its blood with Interests and Profits (middle-class mainly) before the latter achieved any physiological distinction. But if Rent had been able to hold out a little longer, or if it had made good its profits, what would have become of itself a caste a little sooner, the democratic movement would not be where it is to-day. "R.I.P." I think we may now write that, but, at least, we may add that their original archetypal meaning was much.

What I would like to ask is whether, on the assumption that the three governing classes had remained or become pure, the civilization they established would have been worth the maintenance of the wage system? Historians have observed that, so far, no great civilization has come into existence save on the shoulders of a slave class of some kind. Wage slavery is, perhaps, a trifle superior to chattel slavery. As one of your reviewers quoted an emancipated negro's comment on his new condition: "There's a kind of o' looseness about this yer liberty that I kinder likes." Is it not conceivable, then, that, under the civilisation, the only thing resting on wage slavery, is nevertheless superior to ancient civilisation resting on chattel slavery; and, if civilisation is impossible without some form of slavery, may wage slavery not be the cheapest price we can pay for it? I can imagine a fine economic state, with manners none and customs nasty.

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R. S. TOVEY.
MR. FELS AND THE SINGLE TAX.

Mr. Fels's work in connection with the Single Tax, as he has not received one penny piece from any other source except as a contribution to the movement, how can it be said that his whole up. Still, there it is. The president and honorary secretary of the Bank and Currency Reform League. His definition of the technical terms I have been in the habit of using, whether of wealth or of debt, any more than of choice, value according to their intellectual and moral worth. But to judge by the popular leaders of Socialism to-day, and by their impudent neglect of the thinkers and scholars of their own movement, the prophecy is not fulfilled. The movement is led by cowards and fools in the main, and by time-serving men, the make and expression. I dare say that some men and women remain, are left, who believe in the general Editor, whose staff is not necessarily dismissed with himself. Surely this simple device would create all the change necessary for the present in our political system.

FALSE SOCIALISM AND FALSE DEMOCRACY.

Sir,—A Socialist of twenty years' close and sympathetic study, I confess I am becoming terrified by the tendency of the active Socialist bodies to carry out in practice the worst instead of the best aspects of their faith. The common argument against Socialism is that it is economic. But it is also true that these systems would infallibly eliminate the ignorant masses in the major remainder. It is significant that the political in his administration would certainly be eliminated, and a good thing, too. But a Minister who had conducted his office and nine, and who had to suffer the reputation, in all ability, be re-elected. What impeded the adoption of some such plan, however, is the doctrine of Cabinet political responsibility. Every Prime Minister should only be regarded as the General Editor, whose job is to maintain freedom in their office for then.

A SOCIALIST SCHOLAR.

Sir,—Please to follow the popular usage? I am aware that the lilac heap. I prefer to admit they are entitled by their labours to a pat of butter; that the laurel which crowns the poet's noble brow is 

THE ONLY AUTHORITY. Is this étalage? Well, no; I quite understand Mr. Kitson's position. His definition of the technical terms I have been in the habit of using, whether of wealth or of debt, any more than of choice, value according to their intellectual and moral worth. But to judge by the popular leaders of Socialism to-day, and by their impudent neglect of the thinkers and scholars of their own movement, the prophecy is not fulfilled. The movement is led by cowards and fools in the main, and by time-serving men, the make and expression. I dare say that some men and women remain, who believe in the general Editor, whose staff is not necessarily dismissed with himself. Surely this simple device would create all the change necessary for the present in our political system.

* * *

P. F. Rawlinson.

MONEY.

Sir,—I feel hurt and humiliated at being thrust aside as no authority on monetary science by the members of the Bank and Currency Reform League, because their record is . . . everybody knows they have succeeded in . . . I admit that by the former, I am for the only real authority on sorcery, theology, monetary science, astrology, and the like is he who knows there are no such sciences and says so.

Mr. Kitson, having carefully smashed all the theories, principles, laws, dogmas, formulae, and other stock-in-trade of the pseudo-science called "monetary," has given the effronté to be a member of the capitalistic class in any way. He is not, he says, "and never was such a commodity." I did not say everywhere and always. But here and now gold is such a commodity. Every vendor is to-day, in England and in nearly all European countries, willing to accept gold in exchange for his wares. A century ago silver was the acceptable commodity, and so it still is in China and most Asiatic countries. A couple of thousand years ago copper was the almost universal money. Earlier still it was wheat. Whatever the most acceptable commodity may be, if it is stored and used as an instrument of exchange it is money.

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* * *

T. F. Rawlinson.

MR. FELS AND THE SINGLE TAX.

Sir,—Will you allow me to protest in the strongest manner possible against the gratuitous insult offered to Mr. Fels by Mr. Nelson Field, and published in The New Age of May 23? 

I have had the pleasure of knowing Mr. Fels for something like twenty years, and I can testify that no one has ever been so generous in throwing more of his time and on the indulgence of your readers. Mr. Kitson I know. He is a real person. I have read his clever iconoclastic book on "The Money Question," and I should like to whisper something in his ear that may cause him surprise. I am not only an authority on "monetary science," but the Oriental authority on sorcery, theology, monetary science, astrology, and the like is he who knows there are no such sciences and says so.

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UNEMPLOYMENT AND THE WAGE SYSTEM.

Sir,—Surely the writer of the above article, in last week's NEW AGE, transgressed the canons of smartness even by his snarling allusion to the Bishop of Oxford. I refer to that section referring to the training of the unemployed. The writer goes on: 'To what end? That, when they are technically and morally fit, they may again assume their ordained position in the wage system, where (aided by the prayers of the Bishop of Oxford and the Rev. Sylvester Horne, M.P.) they shall again be suitable subjects for exploitation.' Such a reference to the prayers of any- body is mere impulsive presumption. But is it not common knowledge up and down the country that, if ever a prelate now occupies the episcopal throne at Christ Church was on the side of the emancipation of the workers, that it is a key of omission and commission I select an example easy to recover his astonishment the man remarked: 'S-s-s-h! He is now a knight and stands high in repute it is a game we play in England, too,' I said dreamily, 'tried to do the personal is partly why we love him,'
THE TOMB OF OSCAR WILDE.
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