THE

# NEW AGE

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART.

No. 1031] New Series. Vol. XI. No. 7. THURSDAY, JUNE 13, 1912. [Registered at G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] THREEPENCE.

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# NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE late Mr. Biggar once adjured the House of Commons to remember that they were gentlemen first and patriots after. In the same strain, the still later Mr. Stephen Walsh, some months ago, announced to the House that he was a citizen before a trade unionist. Last week he not only repeated his confession, in the form of urging the Trade Unions not to "override" the community (as if they showed any signs of it!), but to his genteel support there came that Triton among minnows, that other thorough little gentleman, Mr. H. G. Wells. Writing in the "Daily Mail" on Friday, Mr. Wells at last allowed us to see, as Goethe says in "Faust," the real shape of the poodle. People may be forgiven for having been in doubt concerning Mr. Wells' articles prior to the date of Friday. We can even forgive Mr. Stephen Reynolds for being dazzled by their striking obscurity and for concluding that so long a series of articles, so well-advertised a series, and, above all, a series so impertinently confident, must contain a "brilliant diagnosis" of the industrial disease, if no suggestion of remedy. But we can excuse nobody who does not realise from Mr. Wells' article on Syndicalism that neither his diagnosis is within a hundred miles of the fact, nor is his remedy within a hundred miles of sense. We will leave his remedy since nobody is ever likely to hear of it again, but with the vital defect in his diagnosis we will briefly deal, though not so much on Mr. Wells' account as on that of Mr. Walsh.

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Denouncing Syndicalism with all the fervour of people of "his class" who do not understand it (Sir Arthur Clay, Mr. Guy Thorne and Canon Hensley Henson, for example), Mr. Wells dropped the really significant hint that in his opinion Trade Unions themselves are no more than a necessary evil. "They are only shelter huts," he says, "on the road; and they lead nowhither." What his futurous eyes look forward to through a thick mist of words like "tawdrification," "modernisation," "classification," "intensification," "specialisation," is the abolition of the Labour class altogether and the enregimentation (shall we say?) of the whole body of citizens in the performance of their passionate minimum share of social industry. In his "Great State" there will be no specialists, no millers and carpenters and farmers and novelists, and so on, but each of us will be each of these in a giddy rotation. Above all, versatile people will abound with the opportunity as well as the desire of putting their finger into every pie. And these precious journalists (for, of course, they are the type Mr. Wells naturally has in mind) will call themselves, and in fact, be the true and only citizens of the State. With these social Proteuses, however, we have no concern; if they exist, or can exist at all, it is as spooks on the astral plane; but the assumption that Trade Unions are necessary evils only and merely of a temporary value deserves to be exposed.

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Nothing, certainly in current events, gives one the impression that Trade Unions are a temporary convenience and no more. So far from exhibiting the characteristics of a shelter-hut on the road—hasty construction, make-shift materials, inadequate accommodation and inelasticity—Trade Unions have a long history, proving that they are rooted in necessity, rest solidly in workmen's minds, and, above all, demonstrate from time to time both power of expansion and power of creation. We recently enumerated some of the "ideas" which the working classes, by means of their Trade Unions, have developed—the Co-operative movement, Collective Bargaining, the Labour Party, etc., etc.; and we added that a new idea is at this moment forming within them, namely, the idea of Co-management with the State in industry, whereby the old guild feature of self-government will be restored in partnership with society at large. All these signs of vital activity, present no less than past, prove, in our opinion, that far from being temporary structures, Trade Unions are organic growths, rising naturally out of certain conditions of society and as naturally transforming themselves as conditions change. Whoever, therefore, would envisage the future of industrial organisation must take Trade Unions as an essential feature; Trade Unions modified, expanded and considerably changed, it is true, but Trade Unions nevertheless. In fact, it would be safe to say that the future of industry depends on the future of Trade Unions; and whoever can predict the future of the latter can at the same time predict the future of the former.

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It is supposed by Mr. Walsh and Mr. Wells that in some way or other Trade Unions are, or may be, inimical to citizenship. Thence comes their fear,

shared, we may say, by the "Daily Mail" and other stupid members of the employing classes, that Trade Unions may prey like a pack of wolves on society, hold society up to ransom, and all the rest of it. But this, again, rests on the false assumption that in a capitalist State there are, or can be, any such entities as citizens. We deny that in a State constructed like ours there are any "citizens" at all. The people are no more citizens than England is a nation in the real sense of the word. Of the sum of interests held by various inhabitants of these islands, an insignificant part only is, or can be said to be, common to us all. But it is that common part alone that makes a nation. The remaining mass of interests, being privately owned, or owned by one or other of the classes, is not national, but sectional. What, therefore, the Trade Union movement may be said to be attempting to do is to wage a class war—war, that is, on certain classes whose mere existence is evidence that as a nation England is not yet born. We regard the Labour war as of precisely the same character as a "war" carried on by chattel-slaves against their owners, or as a "war" carried on by native Indians or native Egyptians against foreign rulers. In the moral sense of the words, and in relation to industry, the English governing classes *are* a foreign race. They are not only a minority (five millions to forty millions), but their actual function is foreign and unfriendly to industry itself. In considering the relation to-day of the Trade Unionist to society and citizenship, we must ask ourselves which of the two still contending "publics" the Trade Unionist must serve: the public consisting of the five million persons, who own everything, or the public consisting of the forty persons who own nothing. Of these two publics, undoubtedly the former is usually identified with the nation both by itself and by its own paid servants and voluntary claqueurs; and it is the "duty" of Trade Unionists to this public that Mr. Wells and Mr. Walsh are preaching. But, in our opinion, Trade Unionists have the duty of abolishing this "public" altogether. It is the "public," not only of their masters, but of England's masters as well. Until this super-imposed and foreign public has been destroyed, not only will wage-earners not be free, but industry will not be free, England will not be free.

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Assuming, however, that the three foreign classes of Rent, Interest and Profits have been abolished, would not Trade Unions then become superfluous in society? No longer necessitated by a class war, their existence might be presumed to be unnecessary. . . . On the contrary, their existence would still be necessary in relation to the organisation of industry itself. No one will deny that industry demands organisation of some kind; if not an organisation for the defence of its members, an organisation for the maintenance of its own standards, methods and traditions. Given even a Commonwealth of citizens, industry, however subordinate to citizenship, would, nevertheless, as industry require to be organised; and its organisation would certainly involve the organisation of those actually taking part in it. The fact that this organisation of personnel would be more concerned with preserving and extending the efficiency of the industry than with extending its personal rewards, would not alter its character of a Trade Union except to restore its original form as a Guild. In other words, the coming society will restore Trade Unions to their essential purpose, but it will not render them unnecessary. In no sense, therefore, either as present or as future conditions dictate, are Trade Unions merely "huts" on the road; they are the permanent forms of industrial organisation, now, it is true, militant and economically defensive; but under happier circumstances, industrially and nationally preservative. A diagnosis or a remedy which does not take their continued existence for granted may be "brilliant," but it cannot be true.

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Our readers will find that the distinction between the two "publics" in England elucidates most of the so-called ethical problems of the Labour movement. As we have said, the two publics consist respectively of the exploiting classes, numbering some five million, and the exploited classes, numbering some forty millions. In every industrial dispute, nay, in pretty nearly every dispute that is not academic, the parties are ranged and divided according to this classification. And in nearly every instance the division results from and embodies an antagonism of interests. By their advantages, however, the exploiting minority have long ago seized most of the accredited organs of national expression in general; with the consequence that when the exploited majority ventures to express its opinion, it is declared to be anti-national and anti-social. But the liability to be impressed and deceived by this claim on the part of the minority will disappear with the progress of political and economic education. It is rapidly being reduced at this moment, in fact; and in ten years' time will probably cease to exist effectively. Meanwhile, however, it is necessary to remember that the exploiting minority is itself internally divided; and the weakness resulting from that division cripples them for the moment. What may be their strength if and when the two sections of capitalists again unite, we can scarcely estimate; but, unless Labour becomes more intelligent, united Capital will undoubtedly resume unchallengeable supremacy.

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This is the crisis on which we have been writing during the last few months with ever-increasing anxiety. For it is as plain to us as the fall of Troy was to Cassandra that in the capitalist classes at this very moment a tremendous plot for the maintenance of the profiteering wage system is under experiment, and is in danger of succeeding. That plot necessitates for its success the satisfaction of all the current ameliorative demands of the Labour Party as well as of the ameliorative demands made by Labour's superficial well-wishers; but it does not include any demand contrary to the preservation either of the system of private profiteering or of the system of relatively increasing profits over wages. By this last test, indeed, the direction and value of the various "reforms" may be fairly estimated. By it, in fact, their value is estimated by the more advanced of the capitalists themselves. It is open to demonstration that "generosity," as Mr. Seebohm Rowntree calls it, actually pays: the maximum efficiency of labour is increased as well as its period of duration. And the moment when capitalists generally realise this fact may be on us now. There is no doubt whatever in our minds that in the division of opinion now existing among capitalists, the demands of the Labour Party will be employed by the progressive capitalists as arguments for closing their ranks. Generosity having by experiment in many instances been proved to pay, the employers will by and by force it on their less enlightened members in the interests of the whole body. Consider, for example, the present division of opinion among the employers of the Port of London. Their complaint is not so much that the men are making impossible demands as that certain employers among them are wrecking the solidity of their class by blacklegging in profits. Whether this week or this year, however, with the aid of strikes and of Government and private pressure, the employers will solidly federate, forming a trust in fact if not in name, and will henceforth concede the men's demands in so far as these do not threaten the acceleration of profits. That none of the items of the Labour Party's programme will have the effect of diminishing profits in proportion to wages, still less of threatening the private wage system itself, we have many times proved. In other words, the Labour Party and the progressive capitalists are for the time being walking hand in hand.

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But the most extreme of the Socialists and Socialist bodies differ in their outlook only in degree, but not in kind, from the Labour and Liberal Parties. We saw last week that the new British Socialist Party is not a whit more "revolutionary" than the I.L.P. or the Labour Party. And this week we have had Mr. Vernon Hartshorn declaring in the "Daily Mail" that his

wildest dream of reform is represented by a legal Universal Minimum Wage. But if words can demonstrate the uselessness to Labour of a legal Universal Minimum Wage, THE NEW AGE, we think, has published sufficient to bring conviction to any fair mind. We can only repeat, until by repetition the truth becomes familiar, that from the institution of a Minimum Wage no real improvement in the conditions of Labour may be anticipated. On the contrary, we dogmatically declare that the working classes will be worse off under a legal Universal Minimum Wage than they are at the moment. Mr. Hartshorn is under the fashionable illusion of supposing that the Labour movement is not "out for any theory." Whether "out for" any theory or not, the Labour movement, like Labour itself, will be exploited by capitalists with a theory, unless its own prevision is at least as clear as that of the possessing classes. The possessing classes, we have seen, are under no illusion concerning the uselessness of theories. Starting from the fundamental assumption that profiteering must be maintained, the theory of its maintenance on which the brains among them are working is the theory of social reform. How often must we have to prove that "social reform" is the theory of progressive capitalism—the theory which the Capitalist movement is "out for"? That Mr. Hartshorn and his friends are "out for" no theory, means simply that, against their intention, they will find themselves "out," not for a theory of their own, but for a capitalists' theory. Under some theory or other every movement must serve; and if the Labour movement is discovered to be masterless, a master will soon be found for it by its enemies.

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By what arguments, we may ask, will a legal Universal Minimum Wage commend itself to capitalists? The reply is that it will commend itself to them by precisely the same arguments that appeal to the Labour Party. The blessed condition of superior efficiency, for example, is obviously one of the probable, if not certain, results of a standard and living wage. By the extent to which the wasteful anxiety and poverty of the worker now impair his industrial efficiency, his efficiency will be increased when a precarious and insufficient wage is replaced by a fixed and sufficient wage. But the condition resulting therefrom, though industrially more efficient, is by no means more desirable humanly. On the contrary, the harassed wage-earner, now half-slave, half-free, becomes, under the system, completely slave. That is not the direction in which Mr. Hartshorn, we are sure, desires Labour to move. Again, it stands to reason that all men will not find employment at the legal minimum rates. The aged, the feeble, the incompetent, and the rebels will certainly be unable to earn their own minimum wage and the rent, interest and profit demanded in addition by private employers. What is to become of them? What is to become of all the men displaced from private employment by a Minimum Wage? Obviously they must be kept by somebody, for they cannot be allowed to starve; and the only authority "responsible" for keeping them will be the State. In other words, the State must be prepared with benevolent measures designed to provide for the men and their economic dependents whom private industry finds unprofitable. Whence will the State derive its funds for this purpose? From the working classes directly little more in the way of taxes can be squeezed out. Besides, the working classes now have votes; they can decide whether they shall pay directly or indirectly. Directly, therefore, it is probable that the employers will be taxed to provide the State's benevolent funds; but indirectly the men in employment will still pay the whole of it, since until the employers extract rent, interest and profits from their workmen, they have no recources with which to pay. Thus the effect of a Minimum Wage will be to compel those in work to provide not only profits for their employers, but pensions for their disabled fellows. These latter will be idle at the cost of greater intensity of work among the former.

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We do not admit that these are merely speculative conclusions; they are conclusions based on actual experience. Moreover, they are conclusions on which the best minds amongst capitalists (including, of course, the Cabinet) are now engaged in planning their industrial and legislative campaign. With the sole exceptions of THE NEW AGE and the "Eye-Witness" (and the latter for objects not ours), no journal, unfortunately, has perceived the fatal drift of thought and absence of thought in this direction of a Servile State. Yet the drift is there and rapidly carrying the country to spiritual catastrophe. Side by side with every new ameliorative regulation of industrial conditions, the Government produces an Act to make provision for the persons displaced by it. Free compulsory education was the complement of factory legislation. The Poor Law system itself was the complement of the commercial system. Old Age Pensions was the complement of speeding up in industry. Factory inspection was balanced by the Employers' Liability Act. Factory sanitation is to be paid for by Compulsory Insurance. Yet, in spite of this eloquent history, the Labour movement still continues most obligingly to demand and to be grateful for the institution of the very conditions which actually necessitate new ameliorations.

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More plainly, perhaps, in education can we see the intention of the "State" to back up commercialism; for every educationist knows that the system of instruction in our elementary schools is more and more designed to produce commercial, and less and less designed to produce human and spiritual efficiency. This means no less than that capitalism has actually captured the whole machinery of public instruction and is deliberately using it for the purpose of turning out efficient wage-slaves. Again, we are not merely describing speculations, but facts known to every educationist in the land. Since Matthew Arnold tried a fall on behalf of real education with the commercialists of his day, backed up, as they were, by that reactionary engineer, Mr. Herbert Spencer—and was defeated, practically no educationist has had the heart to attempt to stay the transformation of our elementary schools into schools of wage-labour. As schools of wage-labour they exist to-day, with scarcely a voice raised against them. And in the besotted report by Mr. Pease in Parliament last week on the work of our educational authorities during the past year, you will look in vain for one little word of protest against the villainous system now swinging merrily along. Worse even than that, the chorus of praise that followed his report was weighted by the gratitude of a member of the Labour Party, Mr. Goldstone, who himself has been an elementary teacher and presumably knows the intention of the system. When the slaves themselves consent to having their eyes put out so that they may turn the commercial mill more contentedly, what can mere observers like ourselves do? We can only repeat and repeat our warnings in the hope that sooner or later our readers will make them known.

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One or two incidents connected with the Dock Strike are worth noting, if only for future reference. Speaking in the House of Commons on Wednesday, Mr. J. R. MacDonald remarked that an agreement come to between a federation of employers and a union of men must be "a business proposition" and drafted "to enable the trade to be carried on at a profit to the employer." Further than this, he said that "they all wanted to see the dispute settled and with a promise of lasting security." We can well understand an employers' representative making these remarks, but if we had been a Labour representative listening to our chairman uttering this treachery we should have felt murderous. What concern is it of Mr. MacDonald's whether employers make a profit or not? Nor is it any concern of his to relieve the employing class of the inconvenience of strikes. Strikes, we do not deny, are injurious to the strikers themselves, but so are all battles in defence of rights. Mr. MacDonald, presumably, would not advise a besieged city to surrender on the grounds that the fighting citizens might catch cold;

why should he always advise strikers to surrender at the earliest possible moment? Greater things than the comfort of the present generation of working-men are at stake in the present strike campaign. It is quite possible that, before a victory is won, a whole generation of workmen will be sacrificed in starvation, prison, and on the gallows. If Mr. MacDonald is not prepared for that he had better retire, for we are assured that the temper of Labour is rising to that heroic pitch. Sacrifice! Nothing is attained without sacrifice; and liberty is the greatest of all things. Far from desiring to end strikes, we would prolong them until their object is attained. The motto of the working-classes ought to be the motto of the English governing classes: "If you do fight, fight it out; and don't give in while you can stand and see." On "Tom Brown" the employing classes have been brought up, not on "Little Lord Fauntleroy."

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The debate and, still more, the Press and club and country-house discussion on Mr. McKenna's refusal to police a load of blacklegs into the stricken docks reveal the expectation confidently indulged in by the employing classes that, when the pinch came, the Government would support them with all its forces. So it will, and let there be no mistake about it. But, in the opinion of the Government, the pinch has not come yet. To convoy a shipload of strike-breakers into the London docks at this moment would assuredly be to provoke publicly and wantonly the strikers' retaliation, and in the mind of the public such retaliation would be justified; in other words, it could not be forcibly suppressed by the Government without raising protests. In this instance the Government has shown itself more far-sighted than the loud section of the employers. These latter are not as yet aware that before a Government can declare open war on its wage-subjects (as, indeed, upon a foreign nation also) it must manœuvre for an initial moral advantage. We are grown so civilised nowadays that an unprovoked war or a deliberately provoked war is regarded as barbaric, and subtler methods of provocation are therefore necessary. The stupid section of the employers, however, is not civilised enough to appreciate this. More than one of the Port employers has privately done his best to stir up riots among the strikers in the hope that the Government would then be compelled to intervene with the military. But for the present the Government and the more intelligent employers are not to be drawn. For a sectional strike the game of forcible repression is not worth the candle. Mr. McKenna may, therefore, be scolded by the capitalist Press, but he will not, as the "Pall Mall Gazette" darkly hinted, be dismissed. Mr. McKenna can still be relied upon when the pinch does come.

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The distinction between Compulsory Arbitration and the Arbitration Scheme accepted by the dockers—of course, with Mr. MacDonald's emphatic approval—is finer than we can see. If the men's unions are prepared to give a money guarantee of keeping their agreements, the obligation is safeguarded, at least, by fine, if not by imprisonment. Only force, in fact, is now wanting to convert the scheme into a complete example of Compulsory Arbitration in its worst conceivable form. But Compulsory Arbitration, as we have proved many times, whether in its extreme or in its initial forms, is useless for the objects of the Labour movement: the real objects, that is. For present convenience, for the regulation of profiteering, for the prevention of strikes, Arbitration may be, and probably is, an admirable capitalists' weapon; it has proved to be so in New Zealand, for example, as Mr. Pember Reeves can testify. But under no known circumstances has Compulsory Arbitration either improved the condition of the wage-earners as a class or done anything to abolish the wage system as a whole. On the contrary, it has acted as a prop of Capitalism. Props of Capitalism, we do not deny, are indispensable if the system is to be maintained; but the last persons to supply the props or even consent to them should be the wage-earners. Let wage-earners simply content themselves with making the present system unworkable, refuse to suggest or to approve any means of maintaining it, and throw the whole onus of its maintenance on those who profit by it. Any official collusion with capitalists, even the most friendly, should be absolutely barred.

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We are informed by the "Daily News" that the King is taking a great interest in the strikes, and in the industrial unrest generally. But his interest, we are told, is strictly impartial; his particular solicitude is not for either side, but for the restoration of industry to its normal condition. If this report of the King's attitude is correct, we can only regret it, for an impartial position in relation to the struggle between wage-slaves and wage-masters is inhuman, and, in any event, the restoration of industry to its normal is impossible. We have quite enough people in the boxes impartially watching the struggle with a view to their own personal interest for the King to add himself to their number. As the technical Crown under oath to accept the advice of his Ministers, he is, of course, powerless; but as a man who once ventured to tell England to "wake up," his personal responsibility begins when the Crown is laid down. With him or without him, however, industry will never again resume its old unchallenged forms. Slavery or freedom is the issue now being fought out. If capitalism wins, the wage system will be gilded. If Labour wins the wage system will be destroyed.

## THE SOLICITOR.

ALTHOUGH the Law shall now inspire my song,
Yet Justice drives my coupled lines along,
Justice who bids me analyse that stench
That reeks alike to lawyer, Bar, and Bench;
No name, of course, for it is scarce the vogue
To call a spade a spade, a rogue a rogue;
Yet this attorney scarce will need a name,
For are not rogue and his good self the same?
His foulness, then, my searchlight shall invade,
Whose shadiness puts all into the shade,
Whose offices are caked in moral slime,
One monstrous clearing-house of sex and crime,
Through which their varied items take and pay,
Thief, prostitute, blackmailer, divorcée,
Sweet chorus girls whose mislaid innocence
Must be recovered at a vast expense
(While deft he rigs some quite ephemeral act
Into a matrimonial contract);
Nor these alone, my friend, for just suppose
Your status as exalted shines as those
Whose name, quite unimpeachable, will get
Rightly or wrongly noted in Debrett,
Or neatly wriggle or by hook or crook
Into the Blueness of that Five-bob book.
Suppose, again, the scandal of some case
Should dare to show its inconvenient face—
Some phantom, which you thought forever lost,
But now wants pounds of flesh to lay its ghost—
Some skeleton which through the cupboard's slit
Sidles, and grinning squats upon a writ:
Then, as the document aghast you scan,
Thank God for X, for X is just your man.
Who has, when plaintiffs thirst or victims quail,
Such skill as X to pay (or ask) blackmail
(Whose practised brain the nicest tables make
Of just the most they'll give, the least they'll take),
Adroitly veil some nude and squalid past,
Adjust a present or a future blast,
Or nail, when half-bribed honour holds aloof,
The squeamish witness to his perjured proof?
"I'm lost," you say; "my sorry case is sad,
My law is doubtful and my merits bad."
Of course they are; such trifles need not vex
The patient of the skill of Dr. X.
For when poor Nature stumbles, half afraid,
Science will lend her artificial aid:
Cover a scar, anoint a point uncouth,
And just touch up some unembellished truth,
Till, 'neath his supple fingers and sharp brain,
Your former case scarce knows itself again.
Such, then, is X, that tough and jovial card,
Who lives with hardness and can swear as hard;
Yet mark his brazen and Satanic luck,
Who does all this and yet remains unstruck.

R.

# Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

ALL things considered, I believe the triumph of the Catholic party in the Belgian elections to be due to the revival in religion, of which we have recently seen symptoms in France. The struggle, as usual, lies between the agricultural elements on the one hand and the industrial elements on the other. In Belgium, as in so many other countries, faith and tradition last longer in the country than in the towns, the industrial classes in the towns showing an almost instinctive desire to break with tradition and a tendency to become atheistic in matters of belief and "advanced" in politics —this latter expression being applied to the people who support Radical or Socialist candidates for Parliament that in their turn support indirectly the "Liberals," who so well represent the middle-classes against which the working-classes are supposed to be protesting.

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Internal bickerings over education do not concern us. Religious education, of course, always means a well-disciplined people, and to this extent it is advisable that the clericals should continue as they have begun. The point is whether they will pay proper attention to the problem of Belgium's defence, which has been neglected to a scandalous degree for years. What is to be the attitude of the new Government towards the Flushing fortifications question? What will the Cabinet decide regarding universal service? Foreign critics can do no more than point out the urgency of these problems; it is the Belgians themselves who must solve them.

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The scene in the Hungarian Chamber, when Count Tisza was fired at by a Deputy, and the attempt on the life of the Ban of Croatia at Agram are two events that indicate with sufficient clearness the unsettled state of Hungary. It is urged that the methods of government have for a long time been too arbitrary. This, however, is not a fault in itself. Arbitrary methods are successful when they are accompanied with intelligence, but they are invariably unsuccessful when accompanied with stupidity. The decline of Toryism in this country, while not a perfect analogy, bears, at all events, some resemblance to the decline of authority in Hungary. The Southern Slavs have long been in a state of excitement and hope, and plans for the uniting of Servia, Bulgaria, and parts of Hungary have been widely discussed. Nothing will come of them for perhaps a century or so; but they show that the plague-spot of diplomacy—the Balkan Peninsula—is as unrestful and quarrelsome as ever.

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One would like to know more about the New Press Union. It is very new, and its objects are to provide England with news of "all important events connected with social, literary, and artistic life in Germany" at reasonable rates. The Union seems to be "run" by the London editors of "Nord und Süd," Dr. S. Stein and Dr. S. M. Melamed. Frankly, I am rather suspicious of agencies of this kind. It is practically impossible for them to be self-supporting, and we know that Baron Marschall von Bieberstein likes to "handle" the Press to advantage. He will find it difficult to "handle" the average London editor, and I am inclined to ask whether this New Press Union has any connection with Baron Marschall. I do not imply, of course, that it is wrong for any agency to be connected with the German Embassy, for it is desirable for us to have news from an authoritative source occasionally—always provided that there is no secret about the source. It will be remembered that it was rumoured some time ago that Baron Marschall was bringing with him from Constantinople his "Pressman," Herr Weitz, or Weiss. Some newspaper—I believe it was the "Times"—mentioned the matter, and, apparently, Herr Weitz is not coming to London after all. What, then, will Baron Marschall do for a Press agent?

While on a German subject, I may refer, in the absence of any definite news, to what appears to have been a rather interesting lecture delivered by Prof. Wilhelm Passlowski in Berlin last week. The "Sunday Times" reports it sufficiently well. The professor lectured on the character of his countrymen :—

> He admits that German militarism and bureaucratism stifle independence and make the individual a machine, but at the same time he sees in the spirit of subjection to Governmental direction a superiority of the German people over others, and is inclined to trace to it the German's great success in military affairs and in State and city administration. "In his inner life the German strives for freedom; he will not allow the worth of his personality to be stunted; here he builds his own world; here he allows no encroachment and no guardianship; here he is his own master." One result, according to the Professor, is the whimsical, fantastical, awkward and obstinate element in the German character, with its contempt for exterior form, and its bluntness and rudeness in behaviour arising from the impulse to assert its own individuality—"he listens to the inner voice and forgets to think of the impression his actions may make on those who think and feel otherwise. There is no restless striving after external success, no chase for the tangible financial prizes and gains, devastating heart and spirit. The German scholar, artist, farmer and artisan have higher aims than financial reward and official preferment, . . . . each labours to express an ideal."

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It is quite a good touch to say that the German listens to the inner voice and forgets to think of the impression he may produce. All undeveloped characters do this, and the same remark applies, for example, to inexpert linguists. Clever English talkers, for instance, or men of profound knowledge, or scholars, who have only a slight knowledge of, say, French for conversational purposes, do themselves much less justice with their capacity for speaking in a foreign language than their knowledge, however small, might lead us to expect. They cannot, it is obvious, think at once of what they are going to say and how they are going to say it. Until such people learn enough of the language to speak it, as schoolmasters say, "naturally," they will look stupid. But this scholastic use of the word "naturally" means simply "unconsciously"—nothing is done really well until it is done without a conscious effort.

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Although we must go to art for perfect examples of this psychological axiom, we can, I think, apply it diplomatically also. The German diplomatist does not as a rule set about his work properly. He has not yet learnt to do it "unconsciously," and in his "Anstrengungen" or "strivings" we can generally tell beforehand what game he is thinking of playing, what move he is going to make. Not even Baron Marschall, when at Constantinople, went about his work with sufficient "unconsciousness," and the fact that he succeeded there so well is a testimony to the stupidity of the Ministers he had to oppose rather than to his own talents.

* * *

Now, in this respect I think that the German character is not improving. The perfect spiritual state which I have endeavoured to indicate rather than describe is brought about only by long tradition and quality-breeding rather than quantity-breeding, if these compounds will be forgiven me. The German character was forced to break with tradition when the scattered States became an Empire. Each State had been developing its own characteristics for centuries previously; but for forty years the "Empire" has taken the place of the States forming it. Professor Passlowski says nothing about this in his lecture; but he has justified his existence by raising an interesting point. It is a factor connected with moral values, and, therefore, difficult to judge. I will express my own view by saying that the downfall of the German States meant the downfall of the primitive German character, and that this will at some time in the distant future mean the downfall of the German people. The German Empire is a political expression; it is not an entity.

# Democracy and the Wage System.

II.

THE prevailing conception of democracy suffers from a fatal defect: it assumes that the universal suffrage spells equality, admittedly the basis of democracy. Therefore, so runs the argument, if every man has the vote, he must be a citizen, equal with other citizens, and if the electorate chooses to maintain the existing order of society, then it follows that society is democratised. In short, that the ballot paper of the master is no whit more powerful than the servant's. This idea was so enticing that Mr. Andrew Carnegie, of Homestead, near Pittsburg, Pa., wrote "Triumphant Democracy." (Incidentally, he wrote it before the Homestead massacre.) But the argument completely ignores the conditions precedent to the casting of the vote—and it is those conditions that settle the question whether our democracy is social, that is real, or whether it is a political abstraction. In the course of our inquiry into the wage system we have discovered that economic power must precede political power; also, that the wage system is the negation of democracy. If, therefore, in the social structure of the nation, we find that the majority of the voters, or citizens, possess political power without any corresponding economic power, it is evident that real control must rest with those who are economically strong enough to impose their will. Ex hypothesi, it becomes evident that the struggle for social democracy must be fought out in the economic and not in the political province. But, inasmuch as the wage system nullifies social democracy, it is clear that the struggle for economic power can only be waged on equal terms after the wage system has been destroyed. Need we add that the practical issue from these facts is that in the abolition of the wage system, Socialists, democrats and trade unionists meet on common ground and are faced by a common enemy?

We have seen that the existence of two main divisions of society (however sub-divided)—the possessing classes and the wage-earners—creates two types of citizenship, the active and the passive, which accurately respond to the power, qualities and psychology of the two economic divisions. Vote or no vote, what actually weighs in society is the power to exploit. "Money talks" is the way this truth is phrased in democratic America. In that austere republic no pretence is made that the wage-earners are entitled to any consideration. The determining factor is Wall Street and not the American Federation of Labour. Indeed, Mr. Samuel Gompers, the head of that important Labour organisation, has only just escaped twelve months' imprisonment for upholding the elementary rights of trade unionism. But the passive quality of the wage-earners' citizenship is seen more clearly in New Zealand, a British Colony famous for its "Socialistic" experiments. Was not the late Richard Seddon the democrat and Socialist par excellence? Did he not receive a royal welcome by the Fabian Society when he came to London? If anywhere, then, our theory of active and passive citizenship should receive its quietus in New Zealand. Tell the New Zealander that he is a wage slave and he feels insulted. He will indignantly declare that nowhere in the world is the dignity of labour more respected. And he is perfectly right. But what does it amount to? Are there any indications that the citizenship of the wage-earner in New Zealand is being transformed from passive to active? Let us see the effects of that social legislation upon which New Zealand prides itself. Compulsory arbitration has undoubtedly strengthened the employers against their employees. Sir William Pember Reeves, the framer of the Act, has told us that its first object was to put an end to the larger and more dangerous class of strikes and lock-outs. The second object was "to set up tribunals to regulate the conditions of labour." In other words, as effectually as possible to perpetuate the wage system by means of regulation. Mr. MacGregor tells us that in this it has been completely successful. The law allows it and the Court awards it. Thus, in 1906, the Chief Justice of New Zealand, not of Russia, in deciding a case, said: "The right of a workman to make a contract is exceedingly limited. The right of free contract is taken away from the worker, and he has been placed in a condition of servitude or status, and the employee must conform to that condition." So much for compulsory arbitration in New Zealand. It has crystallised the wage system into what the Chief Justice calls "servitude." Now for the economic condition of New Zealand. "It must be admitted," write La Rossignol and Stewart, "that the benefits of land reform and other Liberal legislation have accrued chiefly to the owners of land and of other forms of property, and the condition of the landless and propertyless wage-earners has not been much improved." Another writer, Mr. Clark, remarks: "The general welfare of the working classes in Australasia does not differ widely from that in the United States. . . . There appears to be as much poverty in the cities of New Zealand as in the cities of the same size in the United States, and as many people of large wealth." In other words, democracy is as illusory in this young colony as it is in America or Great Britain. And, of course, for the same reason: the wage system is common to all. It is certainly a striking instance of active and passive citizenship operating in a political democracy.

We know how Labourism swept New Zealand under Seddon. We now know that Labourism, built upon the acceptance of the wage system, produces with practically no variation active and passive (or subdued) citizenship. It is the same in Australia, where a Labour Government is actually in office but not in power. Let us quote C. E. Russell:—

"Hence, also, the Labour administration has been very careful not to offend the great money interests and powerful corporations that are growing up in the country. Nothing has been done that could in the least disturb the currents of sacred business. It was recognised as not good politics to antagonise business interests. . . . It was essential that business men should feel that business was just as secure under the Labour administration as under any other."

Mr. Russell also tells us that in this happy democratic community the working classes are no less exploited than before. Mr. Dooley remarked that he didn't care how the people voted so long as he did the counting. The active citizens may as truly say that they don't much mind if passive citizenship becomes a parliamentary majority, so long as it remains passive by entanglement in the wage system.

Politics is largely a question of psychology. Economic subjugation brings in its train certain definite psychological results, which, in their turn, colour and dominate politics. Now the lesson to be learnt from Australia and New Zealand is plainly this: *That political power cannot be transmuted into economic power.* It is as impossible a transformation as to turn a sow's ear into a silk purse. If the sow's ear none the less contends that it is actually a silk purse and "puts on airs according," it nevertheless remains a sow's ear. There is a familiar axiom in Euclid to the same effect. With the examples before us of every political democracy in the world, is it not high time that we ceased to believe in the claims of the politicians to be our economic arbiters? Is it not abundantly clear that a community, four-fifths of which is rendered servile by the wage system, cannot possibly slough off the psychology of servility and claim to be a community of free men politically whilst remaining servile economically? Thus we discover that the distinction between active and passive citizenship is one of substance and profound significance. Wherever the wage system exists the same psychological phenomena appear. There is absolutely no exception to the rule.

Now the principle of activity is life; of passivity, absence of life, inertia—in the spiritual sense, death. How, then, does the wage system produce social inertia and spiritual death? Let us remind our readers that the classical economists as well as the employers regard

labour as a commodity. Thus, if John Smith engages to work for wages for William Brown, the two parties to the contract have a totally different conception of the spiritual values of the transaction. Brown buys what he regards as a commodity; but Smith sells something that to him is more than a commodity—he sells his life. But just as you cannot eat your cake and have it, so you cannot sell your life and yet retain it. Brown has Smith in his pocket because Smith's life is in Smith's labour, and the life, having gone into the labour, leaves Smith inert, lifeless, spiritually dead. Whatever the politicians may tell him, he is inevitably a passive citizen because, in the guise of a commodity, he has sold his life. Every week he sells it; every week he and his family mount the altar and are sacrificed. How different is it with Brown? He not only possesses his own soul, but has Smith's in addition. Smith's life enters into Brown at breakfast, lunch and dinner. The price that Labour pays for enduring the wage system is its own soul; the political sequel is passive or subdued citizenship. And even though the Smiths sit on the Treasury Bench and put on the airs of the master, they cannot escape from their economic subjugation, with its correlative civic passiveness, if they remain content to sell their brethren into the servitude of the wage system. •

# The Problem of Malta.

## The Malta Royal Commission Report.

THE Report of the Royal Commission on the Finances, Economic Position, and Judicial Procedure of Malta has just been presented to Parliament, and its issue happily synchronises with the momentous Imperial conversations which have taken place in the famous Mediterranean island. Malta has come into the limelight, and a great deal of attention is being focussed upon it.

The three Royal Commissioners were the Rt. Hon. Sir Francis Mowatt, G.C.B., the Rt. Hon. Russell Rea, M.P., and Sir Mackenzie D. Chalmers, K.C.B., an admirable selection, and a happy blend of the old Treasury official, the business man, and the lawyer. But the published result of their deliberations is a singularly colourless report, and it has met with a very mixed reception in Malta itself.

The Commissioners, in their instruction, were told, in the characteristically quaint language of such documents, that—

> Whereas the population of Our Island of Malta has greatly increased, but the wealth of the inhabitants and the demand for labour has not increased in like degree, so that many lack employment, and whereas the expenditure of Our Government continually increases but the revenue diminishes, and whereas We are unwilling that taxation, especially that which falls mainly on Our poorer subjects, should be increased unless there be no other remedy: And whereas, further, divers persons have complained to Us of certain imperfections in the judicial practice and procedure of Our Courts of Malta . . . . it is expedient that a full and diligent inquiry should be made.

It must be admitted that his Majesty's Commissioners *have* made "full and diligent inquiry," but their report is a bald and unconvincing narrative. It is an excellent precis of the evidence taken, but it is obvious that the Commissioners relied too much on mere statistics, and looked at things too much through official spectacles. Where important interests are concerned (the Church owns over one-third of Malta) they seem "willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike."

The analysis of the "Causes of the Present Depression" shows clearly that the growth of French and Italian enterprise in the Mediterranean has adversely affected the commerce of Malta, and that the gradual reduction of the Imperial garrison, naval and military, since 1902 has meant a loss to Malta of £400,000 a year. "The cessation of the construction of public works by the Imperial Government," says the report, "coupled with the sudden reduction of the Mediterranean fleet and the Malta garrison, has brought upon the industrial classes in Malta a crisis which they are almost helpless to meet." All this is admitted, but what are the recommendations of the Commissioners? How do they propose to save the situation, to solve the problem? It is here we look in vain for any statesmanlike suggestions. In their anxiety to find the best means of establishing equilibrium between revenue and expenditure, the Commissioners have had recourse to the temporary shifts of an embarrassed Chancellor of the Exchequer. They would reduce the tax on imported grain by one half, the revenue thus lost being made up by increases in the duties on imported tobacco, beer, and sugar, and the liquor licence duties, and by the imposition of a general ad valorem duty on imported articles at present untaxed. They would encourage agriculture by the free circulation of leaflets! Very wisely the Commissioners remark, "We do not regard the settlement as scientifically economic, and we feel that it is open to criticism."

The Commissioners admit that hitherto property has escaped its fair contribution towards the cost of government. There are no rates in Malta. There is no tax on income, houses, or land. There are no legacy or succession duties. Yet Malta, with all its poverty, is known to have many wealthy people, and the Commissioners accept the current gossip that a Maltese banker died recently leaving an estate valued at £1,000,000. It is true that the Commissioners recommend that "statistics should be collected with a view to the imposition of house tax and succession duty," but a mere hint will not carry far. The Commissioners seem to be helpless without a sufficiency of "statistics."

In short, the report is distinctly weak. There is no attempt to deal boldly with the known difficulties, to recommend the *entire* abolition of the bread tax, which presses so heavily upon "our poorer subjects," to fix and equitably distribute direct taxation, and to guarantee a very possible deficit during the period of transition.

The report is more conspicuous by what it does not say rather than by what it does. Nothing is said concerning the impotence and stagnation of the Local Government. We are not told that seven of the eight elected members, recognising the helplessness of their position, have refused to take their seats. The nominated majority in the local Legislature is practically dominated by the Military and Civil Service element, and all the suggestions of the Commissioners, and many more, known as only the Maltese themselves can know them, have been proposed time after time and promptly shelved.

This problem of local government is deserving the close attention of all who wish Malta well. It is the root of the matter. The present system belongs to the Middle Ages. There is an antiquated commercial code awaiting revision. It is said that not one amendment has been made these sixty years! It is in the reform of its local government that Malta's hope of salvation lies, and the Commissioners have lost a golden opportunity of rendering effective service to the island. What Malta really wants is a local government popularly elected and entrusted with larger legislative and administrative powers. This would attract the best men representative of the commercial and other interests, encourage local pride, and provide the impetus and enthusiasm necessary for the development of Malta's still unrivalled commercial position in the Mediterranean.

The Commissioners have made one recommendation which is already exciting much alarm among the poorer Maltese. Rumours of it have been flying among them for some time past. In an early paragraph in their report, the Commissioners rightly declare that "the Maltese are much attached to their native islands, and seldom emigrate to distant countries." But, later on, evidently dissatisfied with their attempt to solve the economic problems of the island, they devote many paragraphs to the consideration of California and Brazil as fields for Maltese emigration. Certainly some Maltese have gone to these lands, but not willingly, and only in special circumstances. The Maltese have

not the colonising instinct—they cling to Malta and the Mediterranean littoral. They now believe the Imperial Government desires their wholesale transportation! The suggestion is ill-timed, and a marked confession of weakness.

In spite of the Royal Commission Report, the real problem of Malta remains. Mr. Asquith and Mr. Churchill should now know something of the domestic state of Malta. The people do not want to be wholly dependent upon the ebb and flow of armaments. The Imperial Government cannot evade its responsibilities in the matter, and for the sake of a most deserving little country and people, it is much to be desired that the report of the Royal Commission will be made an opportunity for Parliament to insist that the internal affairs of Malta shall be placed upon a more enduring basis. As it stands, the report savours more of a sub-committee of the Tariff Reform League than a presentment to a Liberal and presumably progressive Government.

C. L.

# Cui Bono?

By Alfred E. Randall.

THE Government Bill for the segregation of the feeble-minded, unlike that promoted by the Eugenics Education Society, is a practical measure; that is to say, it will provide some soft jobs for otherwise incompetent persons. It constitutes a new authority. Six Commissioners will be appointed by His Majesty, one of whom must be a woman; and four of these Commissioners may be paid such salaries as the Secretary of State, with the consent of the Treasury, may determine. In addition to these, there will be a secretary, inspectors, officers, and servants of the Commissioners, who will also be paid by the Treasury. Social reform always means soft jobs for some of the feeble-minded.

There can be no reasonable doubt that a person who undertakes the detection, supervision, or restraint of another, except for curative purposes, is a feeble-minded person, according to the definitions of this Bill. "Feeble-minded persons; that is to say, persons who may be capable of earning their living under favourable circumstances, but are incapable, through mental defect existing from birth or from an early age—

(1) of competing on equal terms with their normal fellows; or

(2) of managing themselves and their affairs with ordinary prudence."

Of such are the professional social reformers. They bring to bear on social matters neither philosophy, science, invention, nor common reason; their device is always to make a dust-heap, and to get themselves appointed as its guardians. There is not one line in this Bill that authorises the spending of one halfpenny in curative treatment; although the words "mental defect existing from an early age" show that not merely hereditary but acquired incapacity is covered by this Bill. Apart from the abuse to which this definition of feeble-mindedness is peculiarly liable, not even expert opinion will be asked concerning the nature of the trouble. Two general practitioners, or, in some cases, one, may certify that the person is a defective within the meaning of the Bill; and the certificate will suffice to imprison for life the person against whom the petition is lodged. The Bill does nothing but create a dust-heap, for the care of which certain people will be paid. Such people are presumptively incapable of competing on equal terms with their normal fellows, and are, ex hypothesi, feeble-minded.

The authority constituted by this Bill is not a medical but a judicial authority. A judge of the County Court, a police or stipendiary magistrate, or any specially appointed justice who is a judicial authority for the purposes of the Lunacy Acts may correct a doctor's diagnosis. The doctor has to certify the class to which the defective is alleged to belong, whether he is idiot, imbecile, feeble-minded, moral imbecile, or mentally infirm from age or the decay of faculty; but the judge is not bound to accept the doctor's decision. "Nothing in this section shall prevent an order being made, notwithstanding that the person to whom the petition relates does not appear to the judicial authority to belong to the class of defectives to which he is in the petition alleged to belong, if the judicial authority is satisfied that he is a defective." We are to expect not diagnosis and prescription, but prosecution and imprisonment. "It shall be the duty of every overseer, relieving officer, district medical officer of any Poor Law union, medical officer of health, and constable who has reason to believe that any person is a defective within the meaning of this Act to notify the case to the local authority." The procedure in most cases will be this: a constable "finds a person whom he has reasonable cause to believe to be a defective wandering about, or neglected, or cruelly treated," and he will take him to a place of safety, there to be detained until a petition can be presented. A "place of safety" means any workhouse or police station, any institution for defectives, any place of detention, any hospital, surgery, or other suitable place which will receive the person. In practice, the man will be arrested. A petition will be presented to the magistrate, acompanied by two medical certificates; or, if the alleged defective refuses to submit to medical examination, by a statement to that effect and a statutory declaration signed by the petitioner and one other person, the case may be heard in private if the magistrate so chooses and an order made for the incarceration of the alleged defective; for, of course, although a doctor's diagnosis might be wrong, a constable cannot make a mistake.

The detective powers of this Bill are scattered broadcast. If a person is being tried for any offence, other than homicide, the case may be adjourned pending a medical report; and any order by this Court will have the same effect as one made by a judicial authority on petition. Nor is a person safe in prison, whether under sentence or on commitment for trial, or on remand, or in a criminal lunatic asylum, or in an inebriate reformatory, or in a reformatory or an industrial school, or in a place of detention if the Secretary of State is notified by two medical practitioners that the person ought to be somewhere else. Even the local education authority is pressed into the service, and must smell out the defectives under the age of sixteen and notify them to the local authorities.

The consequences of this conversion of the nation into a Committee of Public Safety are necessarily disastrous to liberty. Anybody may be certain that another person is a defective and present a petition to that effect; but if he is equally certain that a person is sane, and assists him to escape from detention, he may be fined twenty pounds, or suffer three months' imprisonment with or without hard labour. No civil or criminal action shall lie against a person who thinks that he can discover mental deficiency; but woe betide him if he dares to discover sanity. If he dares to back his opinion to the extent of marrying the person he and all who assist him may be imprisoned for two years. If he tries Eugenic experiments on a female who cannot manage her affairs with ordinary prudence he becomes liable to the same penalty. This is not Eugenics: it is neo-Malthusianism transformed into a criminal code. For whose benefit?

The capitalists are doing what the workers have failed to do: they are using the organs of government to effect their own purposes. A properly regimented army of workers, certified sound in wind and limb, would mean the maximum efficiency of production and the greatest possible increase of profits. Eugenics means nothing more than the provision of such an army. It assumes the continuation of the capitalist system; its very definition, "incapable of competing on equal terms with their normal fellows," is a proof that nothing but success under the present system is valuable to the Eugenists. They carry their economic efficiency even into such a scheme as this. It is probably cheaper to segregate people than to call in the most proficient brain specialists; but the community at

large will not bear the whole cost of such action. Parliament will contribute not more than £150,000 a year; local authorities may raise a rate; but the certified defective, or any person liable to maintain him, will be compelled to contribute to the expenses of his detention such a sum as seems to be reasonable—to the judicial authority. The wage-earning class will be compelled to pay for the loss of its own liberty, will actually be compelled to contribute to a scheme that will provide opportunities for every petty tyrant. When we reflect that the consequences of a marriage between a specifically feeble-minded person and a healthy person can never be predicted, we see on how slight a biological foundation a new tyranny may be built. In the ideal sense of the word, no Act of Parliament can be Eugenic in its action; it can only give occasion for all sorts of officious busybodies to play catspaw to the capitalists.

# John Bull's Donkey.

J. B.: Hold, there, good folk; my ass has fallen in the ditch! Just lend me a hand to get him out. He's got all your packs on his back, and I can't hold him much longer.

H. G. WELLS: Why, I'm right here on the spot. Can't you see me?

J. B.: I *didn't* see you, sir. Beg your pardon, I'm sure, and thanks very much for coming to help. But he's a *very* large ass!

H. G. WELLS: Poff! The bigger the better. The only thing is that we must do the thing properly. A little constructive power and some rock thinking is what we need. Now hold on, John, while I think.

J. B.: Hold on while he thinks. As if I dare let go!

H. G. W.: By George, here's that tiresome chap Lord Hugh Cecil coming. He'll disturb me just when I'm in full construction.

LORD HUGH CECIL: St. Francis! an ass in the ditch. John, my friend, here's evidently a case for co-partnership, eh, what?

J. B.: Thank you, sir! If you'll just take hold here where I tell you——

LORD H. C.: Pirrom! This comes of educating the populace. John, my man, what is wanted is some sort of co-action which will *not disturb* the foundations of our existing positions! Confound him, here's that fellow Seebohm Rowntree, the Quaker! I fear he may fill this ass with folly.

ROWNTREE: Poor friend ass! In a ditch? I will send thee a stick of the chocolate thou carriest on thy back.

J. B.: Well, that's something, even if it is not what we want. Will you give me a hand, sir?

ROWNTREE: Oh, as to that, I must say dogmatically that co-partnership would never do. If thou hast any such notion, I have not. I fear thou wouldst next demand one to bear thy ass's burden, seeing his legs be stiff with kneeling so long. Thou mightest desire me to carry my own chocolate.

J. B.: I never said so. But I shall certainly have to unload him a bit and carry a pack myself.

ROWNTREE: Ah, I thought so. And perhaps later, after all the others—landlords, railway directors, mine-owners, and so on—have taken their packs off his back—and I am dead—I'll discuss the question. Meanwhile, are we as a people large-minded enough to give *unselfishness* a trial? Are not the Churches seriously to blame for all——

H. G. WELLS: I've got it! Heroism and a generous devotion to the common good!

ROWNTREE: Really, friend?

GEOFFREY DRAGE: Where there is no vision the people perish! My word, an ass deliberately down! He's been listening to the Fabians. Foolish animal—thinks the State is going to unload him. We exposed that fallacy when I was secretary for the Royal Commission on Labour. Do your duty, ass, silently and patiently, and await the great verdict hereafter. A Liberal Government has misled you with education that tells you more about your rights than your duties. Forget it and come out of that ditch. You're malingering in hope of compensation. That most demoralising Act——

JOHN GALSWORTHY: Ass in the ditch? When I was at school I saw an ass in a ditch, and I said to myself, being a great psychologist: This is a matter of mental states. He is in and I am on the bank. I ought to help him out. So I called three of my companions, and they—I must say more for the fun of the thing than anything altruistic, for altruistic our class is emphatically not—tried, in vain, alas! to help the ass out, and my mother gave me a pat on the back and some short-bread biscuits. Well, as we all see, Generosity Pays! You ought to be helped, John Bull and ass, even if you are a cad. And if——

J. B.: Thank you, sir. Just catch hold of his——

JOHN G.: You interrupted me. If, I was saying, we could only get into touch with labour, if we could only break down the trust system—but I see no means of counteracting its secret and most danger-out and irritating——

LORD H. C.: Nonsense! Try Co-partnership!

H. G. W.: Oh, heat, gentlemen, heat! Do let us try to keep our minds free from——

PHILIP SNOWDEN: What—ass on strike? My good ass, don't go on strike. Don't you know I'm in Parliament? I'll put you right in a few years.

J. B.: He can't help striking, sir. He's down and driven to it. His packs were so heavy he fell in the ditch. Just lend me a hand.

P. S.: Well, I would like first to make him understand that, whatever happens, it's no good striking. Asses have been striking in vain since I was a boy. He must help me assume control of political power. All thoughtful asses are turning their attention to independent political action. He can't get out of the ditch without me and my fellow-members of——

HAMILTON FYFE: Jove, a confounded ass! Emigrate, my ass, emigrate!

DEAN INGE: Oh, deary me, another ass! Oh, it's no good asking me, my man—send for Malthus, and don't have so many asses. God bless you!

PROFESSOR ASHLEY: What's all the trouble? Ass in the ditch? Well, can't you see he's weak from underfeeding? Oh, don't contradict me, Mr. Bull, I'm an expert and know exactly how much food per ass is distributed! If you would only leave off jogging his head and agitating him, he'd lie perfectly quiet. And you must leave off agitating him. There's ever so much to do. At this very moment I'm working up for a Royal Commission, of which I shall be the president, to find out exactly how much food per ass is distributed. By that time——

J. B.: Come up, then! Come up, old feller. Ah, two more tries like that—if we only had someone to help us!

PROF. A.: Agitator!

H. G. W.: I've got it—Co-partnership.

LORD H. C.: The devil you have!

BISHOP WELLDON: I see Mr. Wells, do I not? Are not you he who recently discovered the new-born spirit of the world? I thought I remembered correctly. Of course, you know, your discovery is not very novel. In fact, I myself had already discovered the new spirit. But now we must all help one another—we shall have to help one another, for the new spirit is, as you clearly put it, a passion for equality. We are all in love with equality. But what have we here—an ass fallen within a ditch? How history repeats itself!

J. B. (loudly): Aren't any of you gentlemen going to give me a hand?

BISHOP W.: Dear, dear, how very peremptory! Intimidation will never do. What did I say no more

remotely than yesterday? Intimidation cannot be condoned because it may seem that it tends to bring about soon or late, soon or late, soon or late, soon or—er, an amelioration in the lot of the fallen ass. And here comes my friend, the Headmaster of Dulwich College, Mr. Gilkes. He will certainly have something apposite to remark.

MR. GILKES: The Government must instantly remove this ditch. If they do not, this irritated ass will kick us all to death when he gets out, and thus invert the true principle of life which ordains that ass shall not be as good as his master. Myself, a Conservative, I would allow a proportion of——

BISHOP W.: Hear, hear!

H. G. W.: I've got it! Proportional Representation!

FREDERIC HARRISON: More than eighty years of age, I have seen many asses in ditches, and I look as keenly as ever for an entire regeneration of the ditch system. But I am not a Socialist. A general strike is Anarchy. What we want is a new social, moral, and religious reformation. Sixty years ago I said that. My good ass, don't make such a noise! I can't hear myself speak.

MR. BARNES: Offer him a legal minimum——

SYDNEY LOW: Sorry, can't stop. He wants more of the good things of life. Offer him a motor-car.

J. R. MACDONALD: Only an ass can help an ass. Make room, make room.

J. B.: Just catch hold of his——

J. R. M.: Wait a moment. I'll just run and fetch forty more asses I know, and then we'll get him out, grab all the packs, share up all round, and set him to work again. Not a word! Or, if one, let it be "State." So long!

MR. PEMBER REEVES: Won't he come out? Then there's nothing for him but Compulsory Arbitration. I'll go and draw up a Bill.

VERNON HARTSHORN: Garn! Nothing wrong with the poor ass. He's as good as gold. All-he-wants-is-a-legal-minimum—Plop-te-doodle-I'm-on-the-Daily Mail!

"ENGLISHMAN": So am I. And now that you've all given us your opinions about this ass, I'm turned on to get things level again. Giving you all a space is one thing, but we don't intend to let you release this ass. He shan't get out of that ditch until we've taught him who's who on the road. He's an envious ass, a lazy ass, and a spiteful beast of an ass, and he's fallen in the ditch just to put us to expense in getting him out. You're a fool, John Bull, if you imagine any good of him. Mr. Wells is a fool. Everybody's a fool. Mr. Wells exaggerates. Mr. Wells is inefficient. Mr. Wells has not discovered the causes of asinine unrest. Mr. Wells contradicts himself in that wonderfully brilliant, important, courageous series of articles now on sale at all bookstalls, price one penny.

J. B.: Whatever is the man talking about?

H. G. W.: Don't you know? Haven't you heard? And, continuing, I may say that it seems to me that we are all too impatient: we want to simplify things, we crave a panacea, we crave for one cheap simple remedy, whereas what we want is to think, to clarify our minds, to work for a broad, constructive policy. It becomes advisable to point out that our processizations are defective. We are all too bustled and too gee-whizzed. Scope is not given to our incomparable versatility. We should all be able to be everybody and everywhere at will. We should all be able to pass passionately through every form of industry, we should——

G. K. CHESTERTON: Hullo, Wells! Advancing as usual in all directions? Hullo, John, that ditch is in the wrong place. Let me give you a hand.

J. B.: May your shadow never grow less, sir!

G. K. C.: Ah, thanks! But there's something strange about your ass, John: he doesn't look quite an ass. He looks—eh?

J. B.: I've had my suspicions for some time, sir, that he's *no ass!*

# The Tory in Art.*

By P. V. Cohn.

"YOU ask me to prophesy the general course of European life and thought of the next hundred years or so?" said the Intelligent Observer of the year 1880 or thereabouts. "Oh, that's not a very difficult matter! In politics, Liberalism will be dominant: aristocracy is a spent force. Our present industrial system has its drawbacks, but how are we going to alter it? Does not Darwin teach us that the weakest must go to the wall? Yes, of course, there are the Socialists. Well-meaning fellows enough, but mere visionaries: they will never impose their ideas on the practical men who do the work of governing. The world will become increasingly humanitarian and cosmopolitan. Greater attention will be paid to the moral and physical well-being of the struggling masses. War between civilised nations will cease: we shall have "a parliament of man, a federation of the world." Religion is dead: you can't go against the facts of science, can you? The man of science will be *the* man of the future, and he will be credited with a more than Papal infallibility. Art? Well, I'm afraid art will step more and more into the background. Such art as there is will continue to be a growing revolt against traditions and conventions, until it ceases to bear any relation to life, becomes the pastime of a few obscure coteries, and finally dies of inanition."

Thus our Intelligent Observer—and (as regards England, at any rate) few would have dared to say him nay. Yet if Providence has spared him to this year of grace 1912, he has lived to see nearly all his predictions falsified. Liberalism, and, in fact, the whole of our party machine, with its bolstering-up of capitalism and its legal pills to stop labour earthquakes, is gradually losing ground. Aristocracy in its highest sense—the patriarchal guiding of the many by the few who are "best"—has been championed by one of the most potent intellectual forces of our time, Friedrich Nietzsche. (Here it may be remarked that Nietzscheanism and Socialism, antagonistic as they are in method and outlook, ultimately tend towards the same goal—the removal of our present blind, wasteful struggle for existence.) The doom of commercial profiteering is foretold, and the wage-system denounced as barbarous and unnecessary, by most of the real thinkers of the day. Armaments are increasing, and the ideal of universal peace seems as far off as ever. We have seen a startling revival of religion, even in its more mediæval aspect, and an increasing tendency to question the authority of men of science in general, and of the doctrine of evolution in particular. In art alone there seems some prospect that our friend's forebodings will prove true. Yet in that brilliant young Nietzschean, Mr. Kennedy, we have a critic who sees hope for Art, if she can turn her back on romantic traditions and revert to the classic models of Greece and Rome.

Mr. Kennedy has not attempted a complete history of the English literature of the period. He tries to follow up throughout a definite point of view, and he only chooses such authors as fit in with his scheme. That point of view, derived in its main features from the teaching of Nietzsche, may be defined as intellectual Toryism. The Nietzschean or intellectual Tory is essentially aristocratic, Catholic and classical, and must, therefore, inevitably set his face against the three main currents of nineteenth-century English life—democracy, Puritanism and romanticism. Democracy, our intellec-

* "English Literature, 1880-1905." J. M. Kennedy. (Stephen Swift. 7s. 6d. net.)

tual Tory would say, has merely produced the greatest unhappiness of the greatest number. The real master of the situation is a soulless bourgeoisie, while the hungry sheep look up to the professional politician and are not fed. Puritanism is to him the parent of restlessness and ugliness, responsible for our sects and our slums. Nietzsche's attack on Christianity was essentially an attack on Protestantism: his sympathies are all with the Catholic, Latin cultures; and the Church of Rome, with its hierarchical system, its hostility to popular education, and many other points, presents some strikingly Nietzschean features. Romanticism has led, not merely to the gradual sterilisation of art, but to the present unsatisfactory status of woman, with all its evil effect upon the race. The feminist movement is the result partly of woman's being placed on a pedestal, partly of her protest against the strain of preserving that statuesque position.

Seeing that Mr. Kennedy starts from such premises, and that he is dealing with English literature—Nietzsche classed Englishmen with grocers, cows and women, in his famous catalogue of democrats—it is not surprising that his introduction takes a somewhat melancholy view of the period. Its writers "were caught in a torrent of materialism, atheism, idealism and romanticism." The principal men of letters with whom he deals are Pater, Wilde, Symons, Gissing, Davidson, Shaw, Wells, and Yeats, and only in the first five named does he see any tendency to approach the classical ideal,. What, then, is the definition of the classicist as opposed to the romanticist?

> While the romanticist shrinks from reality, is afraid of reality, and surrounds reality with an exaggerated idealistic halo, the classicist faces reality and deals with it as the sculptor fashions his marble or the potter handles his clay—in other words, he re-creates reality.

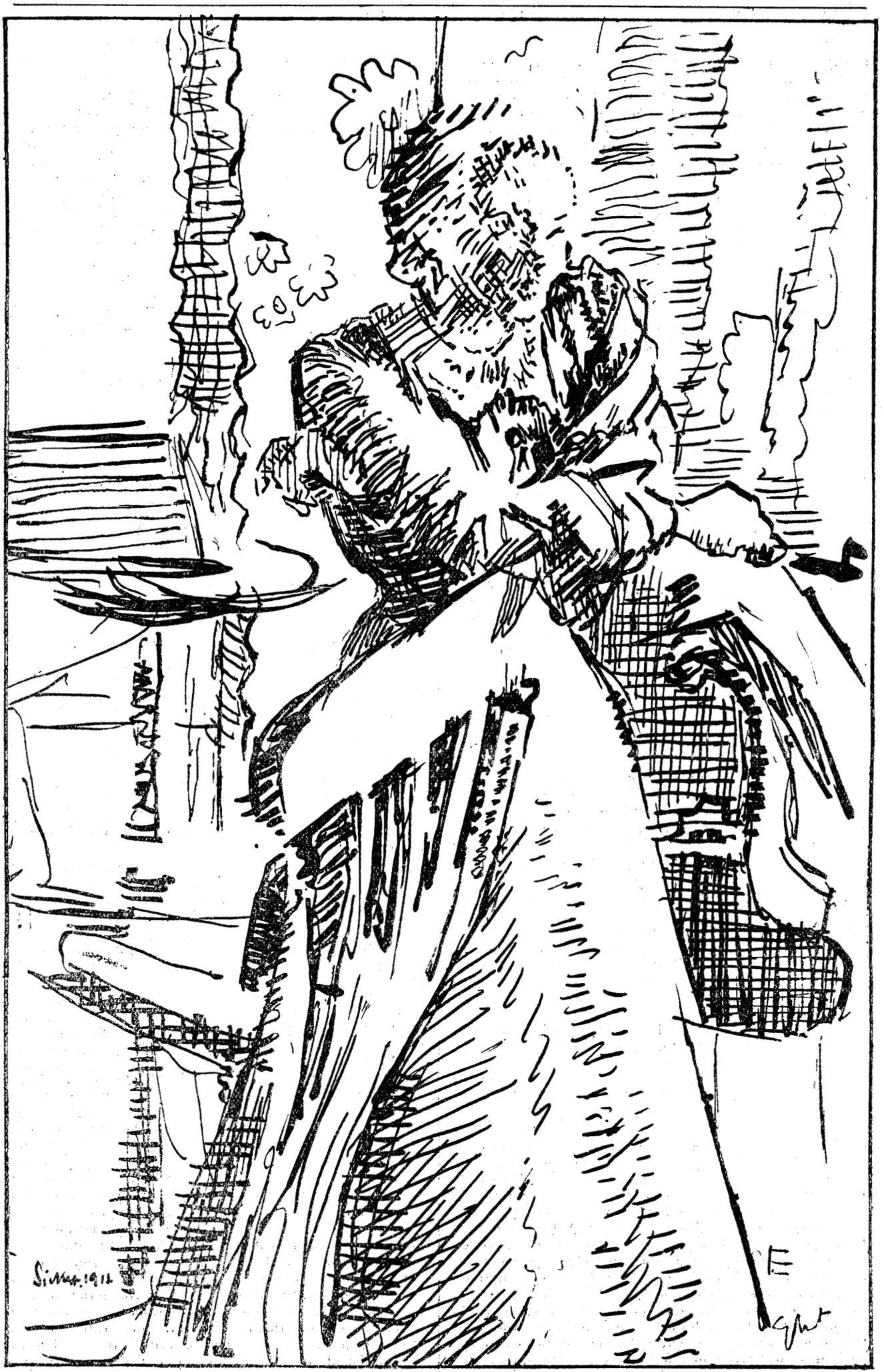
Realism tempered by selection—that is the keynote of classicism. Hence, as Mr. Kennedy acutely points out the failure of Zola and his school. Zola cannot select: "he is overpowered by reality." He adds, with equal acuteness, that Mr. Shaw "endeavours to do for the spiritual world what Zola has done for the physical world." In other words, both writers are romantic realists.

All this is thoroughly sound. It is when we leave the introduction and come to the body of the book that we come to see the extreme difficulty of the task which Mr. Kennedy has set himself. If Mr. Kennedy wished to maintain a consistently Nietzschean attitude, he would have to be as one-sided a literary critic as Nietzsche was himself. Nietzsche's literary judgments are warped by his ethical and social prepossessions. His verdicts on Dante and Milton are simply criminal. Dante he calls "the hyæna that writes poetry in tombs," and Milton he ranks with a third-rate German versifier, Klopstock, author of an unreadable "Messias." The reason is, of course, that Nietzsche could not sympathise with an artist who was also a Christian. Mr. Kennedy knows that Dante and Milton were great artists. He knows that the appeal of poetry lies largely in its power of calling up visions of beauty, and also in its sheer word-music: and that this power is quite irrespective of the fact whether the poet professes Christianity or Mumbo-Jumbo worship. All poetry, and all the more elaborate, half-lyrical prose—the prose of Pater or Wilde—must appeal largely to the emotions. And when emotion comes in at the door, distinctions between romanticism and classicism are apt to fly out by the window.

Thus one must admit that Mr. Kennedy, with all his wide knowledge, his keen judgment, his persuasive force of argument, and his power of apt quotation, has to a certain extent failed. He has failed just because he is far too good a judge of literature to keep his emotions in check, and to allow his Nietzscheanism to dominate his whole outlook. He realises the essentially unclassical, nay, anti-classical, tendencies of the Celtic School; yet, as a lover of poetry, he very properly cannot withhold his admiration for the finest works of Mr. Yeats, whose "Innisfree" is certainly one of the most beautiful lyrics in our language. He appreciates the grace of style, the descriptive ability, the revolt from Anglo-Saxon blindness to beauty, and the easy, not too insistent, humour that characterises the work of Henry Harland. Yet, as Mr. Kennedy himself hints, Harland is a romantic of the romantics: strip "The Cardinal's Snuff-Box" or "The Lady Paramount" of the above qualities, and you have the feeblest of "Family Herald" novelettes. These novels are not even on distant nodding terms with reality: their psychology is within the reach of a fifteen-year-old schoolgirl with a knack for scribbling. With regard to Mr. Arthur Symons, it is difficult to agree with Mr. Kennedy as to the pure classicism of his verse. Surely Mr. Symons is a romantic, but a romantic of the Elizabethan rather than the modern stamp. His Elizabethan attitude towards women—including those whom our more delicate journalists love to call "of a certain type"—comes out very strongly in "London Nights."

When he has to deal with authors who scarcely ever make this sensuous appeal—with Shaw, Wells, Gissing and Davidson—Mr. Kennedy is more consistent, and, therefore, more successful. He can approach these writers from a purely Tory-Nietzschean standpoint, and on that basis his handling of them could scarcely be bettered. The wit and acumen of his attack on Mr. Shaw's Puritanism and aridity, on the undramatic character of his dramas, make the chapter a pure joy to read. Especially to the point are his remarks on the long prefaces and stage directions that mark the Shaw play. Mr. Kennedy does full justice to Mr. Wells' cleverness and imaginative qualities, but condemns his commercial, middle-class outlook, his sentimental sex-obsession, and his theory of the wide scope permissible to the novel. Mr. Wells is, in fact, the suburban villa resident with a touch of genius. One curious point about him is that just at present (as he shows both in the "New Machiavelli" and in his recent "Daily Mail" articles) he is coquetting both with Nietzscheanism and Socialism. In Gissing, with his hatred of the bourgeoisie, his distrust of Christianity and modern "science," his intense admiration for classical culture, Mr. Kennedy sees the almost ideal Nietzschean novelist. Only, as he points out, Gissing underrates the importance of the sex instinct. Davidson was directly influenced by the teaching of Nietzsche, and Mr. Kennedy gives an excellent appraisement of the art of this most "classical" poet of our time. In calling Mr. Davidson "the only honest atheist of his age," Mr. Kennedy throws a flashlight, not only on Davidson, but on the age.

There remains a more important question than any hitherto raised. Is Mr. Kennedy's scheme for the future of art feasible? Can we revert to the purely classical models? We have still many valuable lessons to learn from the classics, yet the answer to Mr. Kennedy's question is more than doubtful. We should have to recapture, not merely the form, but the spirit of an epoch widely different from ours. Even as regards the form there are many difficulties. Our modern, less inflected, less compact tongues, simply cannot attain those wonderful, clear-cut, cameo-like effects of the greatest ancient writers. Language has become widened and loosened. Nietzsche says of the Odes of Horace: "This mosaic of words, in which every unit spreads its power to the left and to the right over the whole, by the sound, by its place in the sentence, and by its meaning, this minimum in the compass and number of signs, and the maximum of energy in the signs which is thereby achieved—all this is Roman, and, if you will believe me, noble, par excellence." ("Twilight of the Idols," p. 113, in Mr. Ludovici's translation.) No better verdict on Horace was ever penned: but it is equally true that the special qualities of Latin greatly helped Horace to do what he did. The spirit of an age so different from ours is equally difficult to recover in its entirety. You may say what you will of Christianity, democracy and romanticism, but you cannot blot them out and try to look as if you had never heard of them. Or, at any rate, if the Nietzscheans ever succeed in so doing, they will have accomplished an upheaval compared with which the French Revolution was an East-End street fight.



THE ARGUMENT.

# Views and Reviews.*

As a quantitative statement, Browning's famous couplet is untrue. "Oh, the little more, and how much it is! And the little less, and what worlds away!" certainly does not apply to the history of the Borgias. Whether Rodrigo Borgia was responsible for the death of Djem Sultan, whether he was innocent of the death of Cardinal Orsini, whether the number of cardinals who died during his pontificate was or was not above the average, the history of this man can never be other than a foul excrescence on the body of Christ. The Archbishop of the old Roman Catholic Church in Great Britain and Ireland is naturally interested in such questions. He shows us a man not all compounded of infamy: a man who, in spite of his crimes, was passionately fond of his children, and was naturally of a genial nature, "almost incapable of keeping a secret." During his pontificate art and science flourished; he even attended the lectures of the young and unknown Copernicus; he improved Rome and renewed the Vatican; he encouraged education, and was by no means indifferent to the spiritual interests of the Church. Among the evidence offered in support of this last assertion Dr. Mathew includes the establishment of a censorship of literature; but enough remains to show that, if Alexander VI did not reform the Church, he had no doubt that it needed reform, and was not averse from doing anything for this purpose, except abolishing simony.

Yet the conclusion is this: "Although modern research has, to some extent, lightened the burden of guilt with which history has charged Pope Alexander VI, and has proved him to be somewhat less black than he is painted, yet there is such undoubted proof of his iniquities that no unbiased person can do otherwise than agree with Von Reumont when he says: 'The reign of this Pope, which lasted eleven years, was a serious disaster, on account of its worldliness, openly proclaimed with the most amazing effrontery, on account of its equally unconcealed nepotism, and lastly, on account of his utter absence of all moral sense, both in public and in private life, which made every sort of accusation credible and brought the Papacy into utter discredit, while its authority still seemed unimpaired. Those better qualities which Alexander undoubtedly did possess shrink into nothing in the balance when weighed against all this.'"

It is to be regretted that Dr. Mathew did not attempt to make clear the causes of this contradiction; for the corruption and culture that existed side by side in Rodrigo Borgia were typical of the period of the Renaissance. "Accustomed as we are now to hear daily that knowledge and culture constitute the greatness and prove the measure of a nation's strength," says Villari, "we are naturally led to inquire how Italy could become so weak, so decayed, in the midst of her intellectual and artistic pre-eminence." Dr. Mathew does not inquire. True, he gives us a chapter on the contemporary history of Spain, and another on the contemporary history of France; but he accepts the contradiction as a fact, and regrets it, but offers no explanation of it. In fact, culture, which bulks so largely in Villari's work, receives little or no attention from Dr. Mathew; he has confined his attention to the political and military history of the time, so that the dual nature of the men of the Renaissance is not apparent. We want to know why men, who shuddered at a graceless gesture, did not shrink from the most brutal forms of assault and assassination; and Dr. Mathew only tells us that it was so.

Villari has attempted an explanation, which, as it occurs in a "Life of Machiavelli," is, perhaps, unduly biased by political considerations. "The Middle Ages," he says, "were ignorant of the political organisation known to us as the State, which unites and co-ordinates social forces according to precise rules. Instead, society was then divided into Fiefs and Sub-fiefs, into great and little Communes, and the Commune was merely a truss of minor associations badly bound together. Above this vast and disordered mass stood the Papacy and the Empire, which, although increasing the general confusion by their frequent wars against each other, still gave some rough unity to the civilised world. In the fifteenth century all this was entirely changed. On the one hand, great nations were gradually coming into shape; on the other, the authority of the Empire was restricted in Germany, in Italy little more than a memory of the past. The Pontiffs, occupied in constituting an actual and personal temporal power, although still at the head of the Universal Church, could no longer pretend to the political dominion of the world, but aspired to be as other sovereigns. In this state of things the Commune, which had formed the past grandeur of Italy, entered on a substantially new phase of existence to which historians have attached too little importance."

He goes on to show that the Commune could only maintain its existence by enlarging its territory and increasing its strength; and that, as it was ignorant of representative government, every extension of territory increased its dangers. Government by its free citizens was the only form known to it, and it was therefore necessary to restrict the number to avoid anarchy. In Florence, for example, the most democratic Republic in Italy, only 3,200 of its 90,000 inhabitants were citizens proper at the time of its most liberal constitution in 1494. At a time when, by the cessation of Imperial or Papal supremacy, the Commune was suddenly left to rely on its own resources, it found itself confronted with this new danger. It could only establish itself by subjugating other communes, and, as Guicciardini said to Machiavelli, "a Republic never grants the benefit of its freedom to any but its own proper citizens." Rebellion was rife; observe, for example, the everlasting revolt of the Pisans against the Florentines; and, in addition to the condottieri who were ever plundering and usurping, foreign invaders fell upon the land and checked all internal progress.

Morality, which had its chief basis in the closeness of family bonds and class ties, began to break down. The snapping of old ties by political reform, the increased equality, and the increased application of the Imperial Roman law rendering women less subject to the domination of their male relatives, are all adduced by Villari as the causes of this decay. Exactly as the Commune had been left to rely on its own resources, so the citizen found himself in isolated dependence on his own strength. Egotism became necessary to self-preservation, and individual names multiplied and faction leaders arose on all hands. The civil wars of the Communes became personal feuds; cities were divided by the names of their most powerful and turbulent citizens; families split asunder and tore each other to pieces; and the tyrant appeared as a person of much political importance. But the very methods by which he obtained his power were an example even to his own followers: "It was necessary," says Villari, "to struggle against the fierce discontent of those who, by force of habit, could not bear to live without taking part in the government; against the savage disappointment of those rival aspirants to tyrannical power who had been forestalled or defeated. . . . Thus the Italian tyrant was, as it were, condemned to reconquer his kingdom daily; and to this end he considered any and every means justifiable." But this does not really explain how the tyrant could also be a man of taste and culture: the explanation is national rather than individual. I shall offer another explanation next week, when I come to deal with Cæsar Borgia.

A. E. R.

* "The Life and Times of Rodrigo Borgia." By the Most Rev. Arnold H. Mathew, D.D. (Paul. 16s. net.)

# Pages from an Unpublished Novel.

By Beatrice Hastings.

## IN THE BUD.

. . . WANDERING outside time, as all children do, with instinctive feet for the field where is most clover, for the wood fullest of fairy bowers, for the tide lowest over the weedy rocks.

This wind blows softly across shining waters.

I came into consciousness beside the sea. It must have happened upon the dazzling shores of Algoa Bay; for I had been brought to the town of Port Elizabeth six months after my birth in London. I think I may safely say that there was a picnic going on, since my family almost habitually went a-picnicking, and that I was the Baby and aged anything under two years. I imagine that excitement and the heat had abnormally expanded my animal brain: and what happened I know. . . . I am about to describe my first glimpse of earth, my entry into the life-theatre. It was a fitting and dramatic entrance enough for any artist. And yet, who noticed me come? The world was about its business. No one knew that I had emerged.

I entered to confront Danger—Death, which danger means to a little animal. I stood as in a cave before a Mouth that approached, rolling to devour me. I looked into its depths, motionless and dumb.

A sparkling light flamed. It sprang from my own head, and flung down the walls about me and above me, making room all around.

The slowest thing was the Mouth, still gliding on, and now, in the light, appearing a Monster, green, flashing, curling. All at once he angered me, rolling on thus to eat me. I stiffened for fight.

The light streamed brighter, wider. It throbbed. I beheld, racing, flashing, curling over the dazzling sand—the Sea.

Then, a hand caught mine. A girl in a white dress, which came only half way down her legs, swung me up the beach with her to safety. Safety was towards my mother. The girl and I smiled together, our hearts jumping, hers differently glad from mine. She smiled *down* upon me.

The brilliance fades. I do not remember touching my mother, or seeing her face. She was only a shadow I distinguished and made for among many tall, moving shadows. . . . I sank again into darkness. . . .

Out of the blue, but still isolated on all sides, comes my second recollection. . . . I was saying that our house, then, was semi-detached to a long, low colonial store. The gutter in front, my world, naturally ran past the door of that store. A few yards of gutter on two sides of me—and upward as high as our balcony: so much is all my scenery as the light floods in once again. It discloses me about to climb up on the pavement. I feel that I have been singing and dancing. A sudden thing comes to the door of the shop. It is the lady of it. She looks at me; and I don't like her. She has a white dress on, but I find her ugly.

"Pooh!" I *see* her say to my pinafore, full of *beautiful* things: my shining, smooth marbles, my glass bottle with a hole in the top to let in sand, my ever so many bits of glass. "Pooh!" In recording now, I can feel how my fatness quivered under the insult. Out gleams my mother on the balcony above. My heart welcomes her. She is my tribe. She shines in her dress.

I hail her, exhibiting my treasures, and confidently denounce my enemy to that enemy's face. She fades into the depths of her den.

My mother laughs, and I see her say something—I feel it to be *above* me—and go in again. And I sit down tremulously upon the pavement. I am disappointed. I expected more from my mother. My teeth click together, and there's no more to be done. I feel somehow in the wrong, and, yet, in the right.

The sun-sparkles have gone away. The dust bothers. The wind mews. And then out comes Annie, black Annie. I'm instantly on guard. Annie always washes me. I won't go.

Before she gets near me, I say, "Nice Annie." But it isn't wash—it is to grab at my pinafore. I arouse the heavens, hang on, conquer, and am left alone. As I balance up, the pavement kicks me on the toe. It is too much. I turn on it. I seize a great stone and kill it dead.

. . . A lovely blue sash, and beads, and a white dress and socks. I am going out to a tea party, and—impossible, but true—it is to be in the tent of a merry-go-round. The caravan is on the green at the back of our house.

Suddenly we are there, among crowds of children. It is Carrie's party. Carrie is a girl bigger than me; in fact, everybody seems bigger than me. I feel very little and quiet. I move about slowly and lightly amid chaos.

Carrie's father is a big brown giant. He says grace when we find ourselves sat down to tea. There is something uncommon about this ritual:—

"Little fishes—Lick the dishes—All round—Amen."

Striking, is it not?

It is said to be an extremely difficult feat to sprinkle salt on a flying bird's tail, but I imagine it scarcely more difficult and delicate than this I am attempting—to weight the wing of a five-year-old's sensation, and trap this into thought and cage it in words.

I did not laugh at that grace, although I knew that it was stupendously funny. Something had arrested me. Perhaps it was too funny. Perhaps the laughter following was too boisterous, shocking to little nerves. I do not remember hearing the noise, but to this day, loud laughter turns me preternaturally solemn. In any case, I did not laugh, but I did behold in a pause of startled life the whole as a scene taking place outside me.

Light came in from an opening in the tent near the tea-table. I was seated about the middle and with my back to the near tent wall. The far side was in a brown darkness, but some of the painted horses gleamed out. The children were in an uproar and dancing about on their seats. The brown giant was doubled up, the tea things were reckless, and a plate of cake had toppled over and lay on the cloth.

But I, with the faintest smile—I saw exactly how I looked and the exact poise of my body, leaning a little back, and how my curls hung above the shoulders, and the breadth of my sash high to the armpits—I beheld a Picture.

It was a pageant for me. I comprehended the people's emotions while conscious of others quite different in myself. I had become aware of spectacle. The dramatic sense was mine. I had mutely composed my first poem, not to be confided until now, a long quarter of a century afterwards. . . .

It is the most fascinating thing to put one's head low among the grass blades and look around through them. Thereunder is a new world. There are webby things that fly up as you look: solemn ones with backs like the chair in the hall, wildly galloping ones, four old uglies carrying off a wriggly worm. You release him and he hides. . . . Anything in the air? Blue—and shining white camels and dogs and elephants. Anything down the hill? Far below, the sea running right into the sky. You can't get down to it, you can see that is impossible. Those houses stand up in front. S'pose they keep the sea from rushing up here. S'pose the people who live in those houses all swim when they want to go in and out. It's a puzzle. How hot everything is.

Anything down the street? A little black girl. Conversation begins; and you find out that she knows where you can gather roses. In a twinkling you are there. It seems a twinkling, but all the land is foreign. There are low, black holes all round, and in and out of the holes peep black faces. The piccaninny does not seem to mind. You do not know that this is the Kafir location by the burying ground, and that the holes are

doors in the low, round kraals which your unaccustomed eyes do not focus.

Suddenly, you forget everything but the difficulty of climbing the wall where the roses are. The little girl offers you a tickey (threepenny bit) if *you* will get them. All right. Up you go. It is a difficult matter to pluck tough oleanders (Cape roses) on top of a wall, and when they do come away, you have to throw them down to the piccaninny before you can descend.

The two of you go down a hill you never knew you had come up. Right high opposite is another hill, and the little girl tells you that you live at the top. All right. Good-bye. But you want the tickey. She says she will go and get it from her mother. She will run quickly while you wait. She only lives a little way.

As you are looking at her and nodding, you flush suddenly. You realise that it will be of no use to wait. She will never come back. . . .

Perhaps the most inevitable weed to grow in a dull London garden is a bad conscience. . . . It is very difficult now, just to wander away on expeditions. You have to escape . . . and altogether you don't enjoy yourself here. You cannot agree with the new régime of the big people, who forbid you to go out of sight. You hate being in sight. You examine the side gate; it is very interesting. Anybody looking? Oo! it opens. You get a perfect fright and dart back into the garden to make sure that you haven't done anything. But you have found them out in a story. There was *no* old man there with toffee to coax you away.

How spidery this garden seems! Next time you find yourself at the gate it opens very softly. It shuts softly, too, behind you.

Down below this dear little river is a meadow blazing with gold flowers. It is worth all the long trudge, but you knew you would find a place somewhere. You gather, gather, gather and roll in the grass until a shouting band sweeps suddenly along the bottom of the meadow. A wild dash and you've reached them, and are eagerly piercing for the centre of the ecstatic throng. Everyone is hurrying over the bright field, madly shouting and waving their arms. You fling up handfuls of flowers out of your pinafore, and a man says something and laughs like a dog.

People seem to have got angry. You are right in the centre of them now, and behold two men stripping off their shirts. They gleam out in the sunshine, and in a flash you understand that they are going to fight. Some men are shouting Bob; others, Dick. You shout Dick because your brother's name is Dick. Dick stands up littler than Bob. He smiles as though Bob were nobody. Bob says something, and whack! Dick makes him be quiet. Somehow, you comprehend that Bob has a habit of saying things, and—that he would like to slip out of the fight! Now a new shout. Police! Police! The crowd is vanishing. All the people are melting away, up the meadow and over the bridge, and you are alone. Suddenly you remember that you have had no dinner: and then, with frightful meaning, the sun sinks, making your flight from meadow to bridge one bound. You ask a policeman the way to Gascoigne Road. He stares horridly, and says, "It's a long way. This is Hackney Downs. Do you know your way up that road?" He points; and you nod and run away up it. Trudge, trudge, slower and slower. The lamplighters appear, terrifying you, for they never come out until tea is over. At last you cheer up. Here is a familiar corner.

Out to a door comes a woman with a jug in her hand. "Little girl," she calls. "Run-across-there-and-fetch-me-two-pennorth-of-ale-in-this-jug-and-I'll-give-you-a-hapenny." You hesitate. You've never seen ale, but you know that it is Drink, and that Drink is the Devil. But you are starving.

You bring the ale, seize the halfpenny and fly the unholy place, to stop the pains in your tummy. You buy a stick of liquorice in the first sweet-shop. It is black, like your sin. Someone says this in your ear. You spit out the bite you have and try another. No use. You can't swallow it. Marvel of virgin conscience!

Immediately, looms up your own house. You slip in the area door, and lock yourself in the bathroom, imploring God on your knees to let you off this time. In the terrifying dark your sobs rise to yells of despair. Someone calls your name and hammers at the door, and when you get the catch undone, behold! the entire family with candles. And it seems as if everybody's mouth is wide open. . . .

Out of the pit of London, I was lifted into the paradise of Sussex. I can with difficulty deny rhyme and metre to the rhapsodical scenes which dazzle my memory. Lilac and laburnum and green swards: swans, peacocks and goldfish: rippling tides, seaweed and dimpled sands: blackberries and a million buttercups in one meadow. It never rained hard, nor was there but one day of winter, and that all sparkling with snow. Once there was a night and a moon—it was a moon of blood, and I expected the Judgment and wrote down a poem, but was ashamed to show it to the big people. But the Sun was a perpetual Somebody. He sat on the fence making faces at me when I forgot to get up early. He tied me around the waist with great golden sashes whose ends he caught up into the air. He showed me the gates of Heaven when the play of each day was over. . . .

My best friend at this period was a milk-woman, to whom I used to play improvised sonatinas—all by Mozart.

Mrs. Wells! Thy plebeian frequenting cost me many penalties. . . . We used to adjourn, after strawberries and cream, in great state to the Parlour, where the piano had stood silent since a little golden-haired adopted daughter passed from earth. Mrs. Wells would hear nothing but Mozart because her Nelly's first, and last, piece had been a tiny minuet by this master. Hence the necessity for improvisation.

Dead, thyself, long since, I hope thou art happy now, poor soul, and with thy Nelly, whom thy pride reflected here for me: "so prim."

. . . . She must have been a tired little girl who took to falling asleep in broad daylight—on the stairs and in the bath, and even at table. The doctor said: no books. Perhaps bed is the solution in managing an infant who cannot be induced to regard the doctor. But, on a golden afternoon, when the happy shouts float up from the green right on to your bed, it is rather likely to inoculate you with ennui. You express your despair by wishing you were dead. Next, you wish you had a book. All books have been removed. You are to sleep.

There must be a book somewhere. There is. It is stuck away on the top of a cupboard. It is a fat book compared with your kind, dark-covered and solemn looking, but it's better than nothing. It is called "Man and Wife."

I have never reperused that book, but I can hardly accept for the plot that "Geoffrey" ran a footrace with the idea of getting a good tea and a divorce—whatever that may be! . . .

A literary introduction bringing extreme pleasure to me took place through "Louisa Manners" to dear Charles Lamb. I lost Louisa in a hayfield, and Fortune let many years elapse before arranging my second meeting with Mr. Lamb; and then he had grown into "Elia." The recalling of such flat epochs makes me beat my wings and declare that a stock of good books would have spared my relations the agony of beholding my monotonous expulsions from various academies for the stultification of genius. Yet, I subside, thankful at least that though I had only three or four books, these were the sterling old-fashioned ones—"Grimm's," "Masterman Ready," "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and of all in the world, "Doctor Syntax," which I knew by heart. These could not satisfy my mind, but also, they could not corrupt my taste. . . .

We were a big family, yet I was always solitary. It is a frequent lament of artists that they suffered martyrdom as solitary children, but genius wailing against solitude must not be rigidly understood. It is the joy of the blest ones to exploit themselves. . . .

One of my earliest attempts at expression took the form of conducting imaginary orchestras. Occasion brought a stranger to overlook me. And my indignation is capable of a flush yet.

# A Ramble Among Words.*

By J. M. Kennedy.

READERS of Nietzsche will remember the importance that, in his earlier years, he attached to "Philologie." "Philologie" does not correspond exactly to "philology," which is, in German, rather "Sprachwissenschaft"; but to "scholarship," the best equivalent, I think, we can get for it. In Nietzsche's time it was clear, of course, that the pedants who had secured the monopoly of education throughout Germany had changed the study of the classics from one of the most fruitful forms of spiritual development into one of the most dreary and barren tasks which their pupils were called upon to undertake; nor was the change confined to Germany. Nietzsche's view was that more could be learnt from "Philologie," if it were studied in the right way, than from any of the other subjects comprised in the curriculum.

It followed that Nietzsche's conception of "Philologie" differed very greatly from that held by the average professor. In fact, when translating this word as he used it I have generally preferred to render it by "philology" in order to indicate the wider meaning he ascribed to it. The study of Latin and Greek, in Nietzsche's view, in the view of all those cultured people who proudly called themselves Humanists, and, in fact, in the view of all experienced scholars, means much more than the mere translation of words and phrases with the aid of books of reference like dictionaries and grammars. Nor will the "notes" at the end of so-called "school editions" of the classics prove of any great value. In reading through Lysias, Plato, or Demosthenes, for instance, we are bound to come across *δοκιμασία*. Our lexicons will translate it somewhat loosely for us as "approval" or "examination," which will not tell us much. But if we pursue our inquiries we shall find that all the Athenian officials were required to undergo a kind of moral examination before taking up office. The Court investigated their conduct, their character, their punctuality (or otherwise) in paying taxes. This inquiry was called a *δοκιμασία*. But when we have probed this word we have also probed several others; and we have incidentally learnt a striking fact in connection with the political system of Athens.

To turn to Rome, anybody, even without a knowledge of Latin, could guess that "coloniæ Romanæ" meant "Roman colonies," and "coloniæ Latinæ," "Latin colonies." Again, however, a closer examination of the words will show that there was a vast difference in the rights of each, and that the status of the citizens and officials differed very greatly. Our knowledge of Latium will be largely increased, too, when we have found out the respective powers of, say, the questors, the pontifex maximus, and the prætor peregrinus. The mere literal translation of the words is easy; but to ascertain their exact signification is a task of magnitude, especially when we endeavour to trace such words in older forms and in older languages.

Our own language, while admittedly not so fruitful for the purposes of scholarship, has, nevertheless, an interest of its own. In English, too, there are words with a history; it would be hard to find a more composite language. In early literature we can trace Anglo-Saxon, Norse, and Danish influences; and for two hundred years and more after the Conquest we can almost see the pitched battles as the scholarly, refined, though remorselessly cruel, French words hurl themselves at the jolly, easy-going, homely English vocables, slay many of them outright, and drive most of the others from the castle to the cottage.

In his little book of 250 pages Mr. L. P. Smith cannot go very thoroughly into each separate branch of the subject. "The English Language," the title of his book, is a comprehensive term; but there is a good deal of the right sort of information in his pages, and it is well put. He points out, for example, that for something like five centuries after the invasion of England the language remained practically unchanged. Then a change began, and in four hundred years—a relatively short time—the old English language had almost disappeared and a new one had taken its place. We know, of course, that the Danish and Norman invasions were responsible for the change; but it is not often that we meet with so concise and accurate an explanation as that given by Mr. Smith. To a student who is really interested in words (and a philologist, in Nietzsche's sense, must necessarily be) this manual, elementary as it is, will prove suggestive in many cases. We have borrowed much from foreign sources, and it is not wasted labour to find out, if we can, why we have preserved the soft sound of the French "ch" in words like "chandelier" and "chaperon," while hardening the consonant in "chandler" and "chapel"; or why we have preserved the soft "g" in "massage" and "prestige," and not in "message." The author raises this and other problems, and indicates how they may be solved.

It would have been too much to expect Mr. Smith to deal with the question of sound, considered merely as sound, in English words; but perhaps he may yet contribute a more advanced volume to this series with a chapter or two on the subject, and also a chapter on words used in a slightly varied sense. Here, again, Latin and Greek are necessary, for in this connection the classical poets are the best experts. Horace is notoriously untranslatable on account of the care he exercised in choosing every single word. His poems are priceless mosaics; and the effect he secures by brevity and carefully selected phrases has never been equalled, except, perhaps, by Heine, who is just as difficult to translate. How but by a long periphrasis can we express the well-known "carpe diem quam minimum credula postero," or the bitterness and scorn of "Teucer te" in "urgent impavidi te Salaminius Teucer te Sthenelus sciens pugnæ," where an eloquent gesture of contempt is summed up in that repetition of "te," or the curious construction of "furit te reperire" in the same ode? Page, delightful man, points out that "reperire" here is an "Epexegetic Infinitive"; but not even a complete knowledge of this fearsome expression will assist us in finding an English equivalent worthy of the original.

Consider, too, those delightful "pathetic half-lines" of Virgil, as Newman called them, the

> . . . . manus effugit imago
> par levibus ventis volucrique simillima somno,

or the "dis aliter visum," or the magnificent outburst in

> . . . . o urbi campi
> spercheosque et virginibus bacchata Lacaenis.

As an example of Virgil's word-twisting, which is always done so well that it never offends us, any of his readers will remember "pugnam lacesso," or "pictas abiete puppes"; or, again, a word like "arena" used for "earth," or "arbor" for "mast."

A chapter on sound, too, could not omit Dante, with the

> Ahi, serva Italia, di dolore ostello,
> Nave senza nocchiere in gran tempesta,
> Non donna di provincie, ma bordello!

where an agony of grief, passion, and despair is furiously concentrated into the last three syllables. And few, indeed, apart from Dante, can we compare with "the mellow glory of the Attic stage," who has left us, perhaps, the seven most musical lines in literary history:

> *ὦ πάτρας Θήβης ἔνοικοι, λεύσσετ', Οἰδίπους ὅδε,*
> *ὃς τά κλεὶν' αἰνίγματ' ἤδη καὶ κράτιστος ἦν ἀνήρ,*
> *ὅστις οὐ ζήλῳ πολιτῶν καὶ τύχαις ἐπιβλέπων,*
> *εἰς ὅσον κλύδωνα δεινῆς συμφορᾶς ἐλήλυθεν.*
> *ὥστε, θνητὸν ὄντ, ἐκείνην τὴν τελυταίαν ἰδεῖν*
> *ἡμέραν ἐρισκοποῦντα, μηδέν' ὀλβίζειν, πριν ἂν*
> *τέρμα του βίου περάσῃ μηδὲν ἀλγεινὸν παθών.*

Later on one of us may resume the subject.

* "The English Language." By Logan Pearsall Smith, M.A. (Home University Library. Williams and Norgate. 1s. net.)

# A Note on Reviewing.

By St. John G. Ervine.

THE other day, an editor sent a novel to me to review. He said: Two hundred words will be sufficient for this. I read the novel, and when I had put it down again, I came to the conclusion that six words would convey all that I thought of it to the readers of my review, the six words being: This is a very silly novel. A reviewer, however, has to remember that brevity is not the source of revenue; and so I expanded those six words into the two hundred required by my editor. Very politely, but I hope very firmly, I told the author that imaginative writing was not within the compass of his mind; and I tried to explain why. I hope that I had conveyed to the author my strong feeling that he should not persist in the making of books. . . . This morning, by an odd chance, I read a publisher's advertisement in a literary journal, and among the books advertised was the one of which I have written. Tagged to its title was a quotation from a review in a weekly paper of some importance. The review was not mine. I have read many books and said my say about them, but no publisher has ever quoted me, a thing that fills me with some joy and some sorrow: sorrow because I should like to see my words printed thus:—

"An absorbing tale. . . . I could not put it down until I had finished it."—St. John G. Ervine in THE NEW AGE.

The review was not mine, but I have a great longing to see the man or the woman who wrote it. Here is the quotation:—

"A first novel of great promise."

Now, human nature being what it is, it is certain that the author of this book will ignore my advice and joyfully accept that of the gentleman from whom I have just quoted. He will tell himself that I, so far from being the honest man that I swear I am, am a jealous, ill-tempered, disgruntled fellow, who cannot bear to think of other men succeeding where I have failed; for assuredly he will believe that I am a critic solely because I cannot create. In a little while he will begin to pity me. "Poor devil," he will say, "it must be hard for him to see me forging ahead easily, when he, though he haunts the houses of publishers, cannot get one book accepted!"

Well, if ruminations such as that will console the young author, I will not disturb his serenity. I will only hope that when he is over fifty he will not think as hardly of the gentleman who declared his first book to be one of great promise as he now no doubt thinks of me!

But what I cannot understand is, why did the critic pronounce this bad, bad book to be one of great promise! Tastes differ! Good heavens, yes, but not to this extent among men of perception. It may be that the fault lies in me. I have, as I have already written, read many books, many of them only because I was paid to read them, and on my word as an honest reviewer, I have found few of them of much merit. Yet, these bad, bad books get published and read and, more astonishing still, get well noticed. Among the books I have recently reviewed is a volume of reminiscences, about as dull a record of a commonplace life as I have ever read; yet in a weekly review of some pretensions I saw a long notice of it which concluded with the words, "This is a book we have read gladly." *I* read it with growing boredom; gladness did not come to me until I had reached the last word on the last page! . . . And that fatuous book of detective tales! . . . "Holds you breathless until the end . . . vivid . . . full of excitement. . . . Mr. So-and-so at his best."

* * * * * *

I wonder whether I am an extraordinarily honest or an extraordinarily dull man. These three books seemed to me to be worthless, yet reviewers write of them as if they were done in the best style. I cannot believe that I am stupid; I refuse to believe that I am lacking in perception; but I will not believe that my fellow-reviewers are stupid and without perception. I have a letter in my desk which I take out now and then and read, so that I may reassure myself of my own quality. I received it from the literary editor of the most widely circulated journal in England. But, before I quote the letter, let me recite the facts which led to my receiving it. On a certain Monday evening, I saw my friend, and he said to me, "I will send some books to you!" On Tuesday morning I received four novels with a request that I should send in the notices by the next (Wednesday) morning, or as soon thereafter as possible! I started on the books at once. Fortunately they were short novels. . . . They were boshy beyond belief, rubbish of the most intolerable type! I could not finish two of them, although I made great efforts to do so. . . . I wrote my notices. . . . Perhaps a little temper crept into them. . . . However, they were not printed. My editor returned them to me with the letter which I have in my desk. "I do not like these reviews," he wrote, "they read as if you were trying to be smart at the author's expense. You should try to encourage them." Good heavens, I wished to *discourage* them! "We never print unfavourable reviews; if a book is too bad to be noticed favourably, we prefer not to notice it at all!"

I lost money over those four novels. My handwriting is fearful, and so I paid to have the notices typed, and I had them delivered by special messenger! . . . You see, I was trying to make a way for myself. I was not paid by the paper for my work: they did not use the reviews, which I could not rewrite: it was impossible to pronounce favourable judgment on the books: they were bad, bad! So my career on that journal speedily came to a close.

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I had hope that I should recoup myself for the cost of typing the notices by selling the books to a second-hand bookseller. All reviewers sell their books, or most of them. I gaily gathered the four novels up and carried them to the dealers. . . . The first man would not take them at all; the second man said that he might be induced to give me a shilling for the lot; and the third man, a kindly soul, who saw that I was in despair and very tired, offered to pay sixpence each for them. I took his florin, and am persuaded that I was wise to do so. Said I, when the money was safely in my pocket, "In heaven's name, sir, who buys this trash?" "I don't know," he replied; "the libraries get most of 'em. Pulp the rest."

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No, I am sure I am not a dull fellow without perception. Those books really were bad; they really ought not to have been published; their authors really ought not to write. . . . But those critics . . . that man who wrote "a first novel of great promise" . . . what of them? I dare not think.

# REVIEWS.

## Modern Democracy: A Study in Tendencies.

By Brougham Villiers. (Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.)

IT is difficult to understand what Mr. Villiers means by democracy. Sometimes he seems to mean organised Labour, sometimes he seems to mean the whole of the working classes, and at other times he seems to mean the whole nation. To this lamentable confusion of thought must be ascribed the absolute lack of light and leading that makes this book valueless except to those who contemplate the stability of the present régime. For at the very moment that Labour is ceasing to be Guarantist, Mr. Villiers argues that it must become increasingly Guarantist in method and aim. "What the more revolutionary section of the friends of the working classes have hardly realised," says Mr. Villiers, "is that the method of democracy is bound to be no less definite than its ultimate purpose. The method of democracy, in the things that have hitherto fallen into its hands, has been that of a steady, methodical building up, an adding piece by piece to its democratic organisation. Democracy has made few sudden and dramatic leaps ahead; it has seldom stood

upon theory or asserted any new principle; but has dealt with every problem as it arises in a practical, rule of thumb, opportunist sort of way, just indeed as it is now doing and will doubtless continue to do in politics." It is almost impossible to criticise such a passage, as we do not know in what sense Mr. Villiers is using the word democracy. If democracy is a system of government, like aristocracy or monarchy, then Mr. Villiers is wrong. The history of democracy is decidedly sudden and dramatic: when the ultimate purpose of democracy has been plain to itself, its methods have been swift and to the point. But if we are to suppose that the ultimate purpose of democracy is not political, but economic (and the context of Mr. Villiers' book suggests that this is his opinion), then we are forced to conclude that its methods will vary in proportion to the clearness of its own perception of its purpose. As soon as this is understood, Mr. Villiers' adoption of the evolutionary hypothesis is seen to be merely a proof of his own blindness. He does not know what democracy wants, he does not know how to get it; so he commits himself to a method that will only make it possible for democracy to advance in all directions, as Chesterton said of Socialism. For Guarantism is simply revisionism disguised as evolution to make it look wise. But Mr. Villiers' case is beggared by the fact that democracy cannot allow itself the long stretches of time that Nature had to work in. The pressure of economic circumstances, up to a certain point, will certainly induce Guarantism as a method among law-abiding people; beyond that point, other methods will certainly be adopted. "Jeremy Bentham observed about a century ago," says Sir Henry Maine, "that the Turkish Government had in his day impoverished some of the richest countries in the world far more by its action on motives than by its positive exactions; and it has always appeared to me that the destruction of the vast wealth accumulated under the Roman Empire, one of the most orderly and efficient of governments, and the decline of Western Europe into the squalor and poverty of the Middle Ages, can only be accounted for on the same principle." It is this fact that makes Mr. Villiers' placid optimism look ridiculous. Life is not becoming easier but harder, and all the palliatives that are being administered are making the condition of the wage-earner worse. In addition to this, the action of capitalism on motives is becoming marked. "You may," says Sir Henry Maine, "take the heart and spirit out of the labourers to such an extent that they do not care to work." That this is to a large extent the explanation of the readiness to strike shown by the working classes (remember how the miners made holiday) we do not doubt. Capitalism, far from increasing the Guarantism of the people, is pauperising its spirit and compelling it to turn its attention not to the modification but to the abolition of the tyranny. The wage system, as Mr. Villiers himself shows, has failed to provide the means of life for all; and no one, except perhaps Mr. Villiers, contemplates that the democracy will endure this slavery until it is free, or that it can become free while it endures this slavery. It is certain that economic precedes political power, and democracy with its eyes open will not adopt the methods of politics to secure its economic power. The Insurance Act, the small holdings, even the Minority Report of the Poor Law Commission (which Mr. Villiers argues must be the basis of all future social legislation), will not increase the economic power of the democracy; and the democracy knows it. To the politicians who want to know how to catch votes, Mr. Villiers' book may be recommended: to the politicians who want to end the present discontent, and to the democracy that wants economic power, the book is useless. The poor are suffering from poverty, and Mr. Villiers' only remedy is politics.

**London's Underworld.** By Thomas Holmes. (Dent. 7s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Holmes' acquaintance with the underworld is sufficiently known to be a recommendation of anything that he may write about it; and these sketches have much of interest for those who are unacquainted with the problem of poverty. Mr. Holmes is remarkably sympathetic, and his conclusions are admirable; but how poverty is to be abolished, and its evil consequences with it, Mr. Holmes never really informs us. He has no apparent desire to abolish the wage system: he relies almost entirely on the sense of justice and charity to find the cure for an evil that has been diagnosed again and again. Really, Mr. Holmes is a reformer without a reform; or, rather, with so many reforms that none of them are likely to be advanced by his advocacy. The key to every one of his problems is economic slavery; and he never advocates economic freedom. But some of his facts are valuable; for example, 100,000 people are committed to prison every year because they cannot promptly pay fines that have been imposed for minor offences. Mr. Holmes has striven for years to abolish this creation of criminals; but, so far, with no success. It is to be hoped that this is not to be a criterion of his powers of reform, or we shall always have the poor with us.

**English Apprenticeship and Child Labour. A History.** By Jocelyn Bishop and R. D. Denman, M.P. (Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)

Here is another big book for the revisionists. Beginning with apprenticeship in mediæval times, the authors argue that the system was well nigh perfect; for it not only taught a lad a trade, but exercised control over all his actions during his most impressionable age, and thus provided the nation with good citizens as well as good workmen. With the growth of the capitalist system, outdoor apprenticeship became the rule; and whatever the lad's value as a workman might be, his value as a citizen declined, for parental control of his leisure time was not as effective as the control of his master. Now, even out-door apprenticeship is on the wane, and the capitalist not only does not control the boy in his leisure hours, but does not teach him a trade. Lest the capitalist system should smash itself by producing only incompetent workmen, the authors propose that the State should take up the responsibilities of the capitalist, and provide more efficient wage-slaves for him. They propose four reforms, and think they are likely to be made: the raising of the school age, the creation of compulsory continuation schools, the further regulation of employment out of school hours, and the appointment of advisory committees to the Labour Bureaux to warn against blind alley employment. There is always a mouse in these mountains.

**The Gathering of Brother Hilarius.** By Michael Fairless. (Duckworth. 2s. 6d. net.)

Modern mysticism, as manifested by the "Road-mender" series, is really no more than a sentimental restatement of the monastic ideal. Brother Hilarius is simply a young monk, who has wondrous beauty, purity of soul, and, of course, artistic genius. He is thrust forth by the Prior to learn in the world the meaning of hunger and love, so that his genius may be fortified and enriched by experience. He never learns the meaning of sexual love; indeed, his monastic vow, and perhaps a native incompetence, preserves his soul from this danger. He returns to the monastery free from sin, but wondrous wise, and terribly clever. He has visions, and paints pictures as good as, if not better than, those painted by the great Italians, is marvellously humble, and loved of all men. The old Prior, who cluttered about him like a hen with one chicken, dies; and Hilarius, of course, succeeds to the office, and makes a better job of running a monastery than even Carlyle's Abbot in "Past and Present." He dies in the odour of sanctity, although presumably stricken by plague, on a bier of pine branches, and with Mary's lilies adorning his couch. Thus this son of a "light o' love" was gathered to the bosom of the Blessed Mary, to whom he had prayed: "Great Light of Love, Mother of my mother, grant love, love, love, to thy poor sinful son."

**Rambles in Somerset.** By G. W. and J. H. Wade. (Methuen. 6s.)

Written by a M.A. and corrected by a D.D., this book is necessarily much more learned than leisurely. The authors lead the reader from place to place, practically all over Somerset, and at each stop

unload a portion of their cargo of knowledge. History, political and ecclesiastical, bulks largely in this volume; and architecture, especially church architecture, is explained and criticised at some length. Nor are the literary associations forgotten, and Fielding, and Coleridge, and Southey, and Tennyson (to mention no others) are all quoted in connection with one or other of the beauties of Somerset. Even an anecdote of Hannah More and Langhorne is related in connection with Uphill; and we are inclined to think that Somerset has been over-populated with literary people. The authors, at least, have spared no pains to make their book interesting to a certain type of person; whether that person is the one whom the authors intended to interest is another matter. Certainly, the motorist would lose his way if he attempted to travel by the descriptions, and the book suffers by the absence of a road map. The only map given is a railway map, which, to say the least, is superfluous. The book has a few photographs of no particular interest, and only one or two landscapes.

**The Cup and the Lip.** By Stephen Knott. (Murray and Evenden. 6s.)

A cliché in every other line and a sprinkling from a dictionary of quotations at the head of every chapter. It ends: "'Here you are wandering in half an hour late as if the place were a damned pot-house!' Beryl threw her arms round his neck and kissed him." The cup and the lip!

**A Candidate for Truth.** By J. D. Beresford. (Sidgwick and Jackson. 6s.)

He was married, so: "We must be brave and strong," he said. "We must make our great declaration of independence, and snap our fingers at the world's opinion. I want you, beloved, and I am going to take you . . ." The further history of Jacob and Betty, announces a footnote, will be told in another volume.

**Journey's End.** By C. Lone. (Murray and Evenden. 1s.)

Helen is smitten with a cancer and lengthily blasphemes the Creator, who, of course, is responsible. Oscar, a sort of mission priest, breaks his vows and marries her, he being consumptive. They die at the same moment. "Oscar!" she murmured. And with a joyous smile, together they drifted upon the "eternal sea," safe in the mercy of God.

**Tales of Mean Streets.** By Arthur Morrison. (Cheap Edition.) (Methuen. 1s.)

# Steps to Parnassus.

By Jack Collings Squire.

## III.—The Humorous Verse Writer's Equipment.

THERE must be many a man who has a strong desire to write humorous verse for our weekly periodicals but whose efforts are constantly thwarted by his inability to think of anything funny. All around him he sees men who are apparently quite devoid of a sense of humour but who seem able to write any quantity of fluent humorous verse that fetches good prices. Such men may be grateful for a few hints on the technique of humorous verse construction. Knowledge is power, and it is the duty of those who possess knowledge to communicate it to their less fortunate fellows who stand in need of it.

The plain truth of the matter is this. There is no need whatever for our young entertainer to have any funny or original notions of his own. If a few simple rules are followed the humour will MAKE ITSELF! These indispensable rules are few in number, easy to memorise, and easy to observe.

The first rule is that normal phraseology should as much as possible be avoided. Use either slang or stilted circumlocutions. A judicious admixture of the two is best. Surprise is the essence of humour, and there is no surer way of producing it than this. Long words and periphrastic sentences have, when employed in avowedly humorous verse, an irresistibly facetious air. There is no necessity for the writer himself to see anything amusing in them; he is sure of that effect upon the reader that it is his desire to achieve.

Take an example. Suppose you have chosen as your subject the death of a favourite Pomeranian dog. The rough draft of your conception runs as follows: "He was a nice dog. I had him a long time. He was given me by an uncle. I am very sorry he is dead." That in itself is not very funny. But it may very easily be developed into a second prose draft which will run as follows: "He was a hound of benevolent and kindly disposition. Long ere the days of Lloyd Georges and Churchills he was established, a household deity, upon my hearth. He was bestowed upon me by an avuncular relative, a good old cove. I weep bitterly because he has kicked the bucket."

The second rule is that you should, whenever possible, illustrate your text with any illustrations save the ones that naturally occur to you. Let us suppose that the dog was a nice dog. The first thing that occurs to you as an illustration of this quality is that he licked your hand. It would be permissible to mention this in a roundabout form, such as "he deposited lingual moisture on my digits"; but it would be better to keep clear of it altogether. Your plan is to think of some species of benevolent and pleasant act that could not be performed by a dog and to attribute that to the deceased. Say, for instance, "He often mixed my drinks (liquid beverages) for me when I was tired," or, "He could always be relied upon to make a fourth for me at bridge."

These two rules will be quite sufficient to ensure the proper management of your subject-matter, with the proviso that you always speak of small or common things with great veneration and of venerable and solemn and great things with familiarity. With regard to form there are several small things to remember. Your metre and the length of the line should be determined by the first two lines that occur to you. The key to success in these matters lies in the management of rhyme. In the first place you should select unusual words and insist on finding rhymes for them; this process will lead to many very amusing results. In the second place you should, when possible, put proper names at the end of lines and find rhymes for them. And, as a matter of general practice, you should have a preference for bi- and tri-syllabled rhymes over those of one syllable. Better than sacrifice an unusual tri-syllabled rhyme, wander from your train of thought and let the rhyme suggest any divagation or parenthesis it will. All such things will contribute to the desired element of surprise. The following lines have been constructed on these principles without the help of any peculiar individual skill or knack:—

Hail and farewell, hail and farewell, my Fido,
Most charitable of the canine race,
Surely none ever mourned a hound as I do,
That peerless miracle of strength and grace;
Never was hunter fleeter in the chase,
Never was friend more jovial at the table;
I choke with sobs, the tears run down my face,
I mean to weep as long as I am able.

Long, long ago he came from Pomerania,
Long ere the days of Churchill and such refuse,
Brought by a relative who had a mania
For buying dogs and giving them to nephews;
A good old cove, albeit of rather stiff views
About the rights of relatives avuncular,
Who had one of those trumpet things the deaf use,
Also a nasal ornament carbuncular.

Never did'st fail to make a fourth at auction,
To gossip when I felt like conversation,
Or hold thy canine peace when I would talk shun,
Or join me in convivial relaxation.
O noblest of thy tikey generation,
I am so sick that you have kicked the bucket
That I shall go on mourning your prostration
Until my friends petition me to chuck it.

It is possible that you do not think this poem funny. Nor do I; in fact, I think it is repulsively silly. But you must admit that it is like many others that are classified as humorous, and that with the aid of the above hints you could have written it yourself. It would be certain of acceptance by most journals.

# Art and Drama.

## The All-Music Play.

By Huntly Carter.

A PLAY has recently come into my hand which not only expresses a revolt against formalism and orthodoxy in drama and makes for rhythmic expansion, but gathers up and focusses some of the main points of the architectonic drama which have been stated from time to time in these columns. Its author, Mr. Ernest Gerrard, is in quest of the rhythmic or all-music drama. It is because Mr. Gerrard has achieved the complete rhythmic structure that his work is of interest to me. I am unable to say what set him racing across epochs in quest of the rhythmical drama. Probably he sickened at the sight of the unhealthy Viewsy nightmare, and nearly perished under the ordeal of the Viewsyites grimacing in his face. In any case, one morning he set to saddling new intentions, and, saying "I'm ill," dashed off in search of the invigorating pastoral pipes. He regarded drama in the true sense as a clash of rhythms, and he aimed at writing a rhythm play with the skill of one acquainted with the resources of legitimate music, speech, action and plastic forms of art. The play was to be born on a rhythmical conception. From the rhythm of its theme should proceed that of its dialogue, thence the harmonious and contrasting rhythms of the accompaniment, the speech, the acting or dance and the decoration. The rhythmic action was to progress from motive to motive, till finally it attained the original rhythm in a higher key. There was to be no ogre of depression to pull down Mr. Gerrard's curtain, but instead a crash of sound symbolising the fall of the axe on the neck of the beast. Drama in his opinion has got to take us to heaven, and we may as well make our entrance as though we enjoy it.

* * *

It would be of interest if space permitted to follow each stage of Mr. Gerrard's preparation and journey. Apparently, though opposed to orthodoxy and dogmatism, he found it essential as a dramatist to become a student of musical theory, art, and dramatic dialogue. Reading his plays discloses that he has not confined his search to certain narrow theories of which everyone knows something, but has turned to subjects of universal dramatic interest. His adventure among Greek music was a necessary one. He does not find Greek music uninteresting. Many intelligent persons do. But he has learnt that it was limited in expression just as all forms of Greek expression were vastly limited in comparison with modern forms of expression. Anyone who infers from this that the Greeks were not a great race is deficient in critical insight. But a misunderstanding or ignorance of the nature of the greatness may lead to the manufacture of much pseudo-classical poetry and drama.

* * *

There has been a notable expansion of musical expression since Bach's time. In this connection two innovations may be mentioned. Bach introduced a perfect rhythm of two runs of four notes, and Wagner introduced a five-fold rhythm, an advance that will be felt as soon as it is introduced into speech. The pursuit of musical advance brought Mr. Gerrard to the problem of mobile colour-mood. His contention is that if the mood of the play is a moving one, then the colour-mood of the setting must be moving also. Indeed, he wants it to harmonise and contrast with the colour variations of the music, just as a piece of landscape is affected by the shifting moods of light, and first dark blue, then light blue, then a note of red travels across the stationary dominant silver-grey. But this attempt to arrange a series of colours in the same harmonic proportions as sounds, and to connect them with the orchestra in such a manner that when the conductor touches certain keys the answering colours appear in the background, is now new. Kircher in the seventeenth and Castel in the eighteenth century first detected the bloody G, the sky-blue C, the verdant D, and other notes of mobile colour which are calculated to make the concert-goer happy though deaf. But it has been reserved to the "Daily Telegraph" to say it is new.

* * *

But if Mr. Gerrard arrived unhappily at colour audition, he also arrived happily at Wagner's important theory. He was clear-sighted enough to see that Wagner's large personal synthesis is all wrong. He saw that Wagner, in attempting to bring all forms of art into the service of the music-drama, had really attained an unheard-of confusion of these forms. In both theory and practice the Master confounded music with poetry and painting, and thus gave his followers ample excuse for increasing the confusion. His theory, too, was never fully carried out. He asked that operatic singing should be replaced by a natural chant or rhythmic speech. "All right," said the German stars, "if you will not let us sing we will shriek." And they did and do. Alas!

* * *

The sight of Wagner wasting his colour on the Stars of Bedlam drove Mr. Gerrard questioning the Elizabethans on rhythmical speech. Here he found there was music indeed for answer. But he realised, no doubt, that he was in a region of poetry where endless confusion of all possible rhythms reigned. Shakespeare was the arch-confounder indiscriminately mixing all the ingredients of rhythmic drama into one poetical hash. Only in one quarter was the clearly defined rhythm an end in itself. Marlowe had made his wonderful discovery that each character has an individual rhythm which should be expressed by the dialogue, a rhythm of patriotism, friendship, hate, envy, as the case might be. Before Marlowe all characters were given one rhythm. It was Marlowe who put Shakespeare's mosaic right, as the "Tempest," one of Shakespeare's latest plays, can prove. It was Marlowe who initiated the most important change in English dramatic poetry. Till "Tamburlaine" appeared plays were written in prose or rhymed verse. But Marlowe felt that prose was heavy and unattractive and rhyme put wearisome and unnatural sluice-gates on the flow of speech. Look how Shakespeare in his earlier plays shackled himself with rhymes and made them act as hurdles in a sort of histrionic Grand National. Perhaps he believed that when modern actors went racing across the Shakespearean rhymed verse they would break their necks. They ought to.

* * *

Thus under the guidance of these formative influences and others, such as the modern theory of rhythmic decoration, Mr. Gerrard gradually wove the winding sheet of Aristotelian orthodoxy and arrived at the conception of the all-music play. In other words, a drama all rhythm from the flash-light of the author's intuition to the last flourish of the stage roman-candle. Eventually he will no doubt evolve the ideal rhythm, composed of at least seven distinct rhythms, music, speech, song, acting, dance, and decoration, such being the modern advance on the Greek three-fold rhythm—music, chant, and dance. It will be the ideal rhythm from which all irrelevant details are eliminated and in which everything is linked together according to truth and subordinated to that great dramatic end—the underlying reality of the subject. Thus reality will annihilate realism.

* * *

I find that my breathless rush after Mr. Gerrard's theory has left me no time to discuss its practical application. Maybe I shall recover from the run round the heights to return to the new growth in the valley. Then it will be found that Mr. Gerrard has sought practically to touch the inherent rhythm in large buoyant audiences. He has no use for the spume-flake dancing on a cosmic grain of sand that will send a clique of long-haired dreamers delirious for five minutes. His aim is drunkenness, not delirium.

# Pastiche.

## A BALLADE OF REWARDED VIRTUE.

VIRTUE is virtue's own reward, they say.
There's nothing like a Liberal Government
For adding to it something that will pay
In cash or honours about cent. per cent.
So if you have a mine in Wales or Kent,
And pots of money, you can make the pace;
Then, if a little your way should be sent,
It really is a most deserving case.

Just think of Mr. X., M.P. for A——,
Who made that most persuasive speech anent
The blessings of that Act which in a day
Or two will be in force, bar accident.
He, truly, is a most well-meaning gent;
We know he doesn't want to take that place
On the executive, coincident;
It really is a most deserving case.

And public-mindedness—a shining ray
That lights our politics—is always bent
To serve the nation. We can murmur, "Yea,
They always spend our money as we meant."
And, when they make new jobs with opulent
Big salaries, we laugh to scorn the base
Insinuations how each fat job went.
It really is a most deserving case.

*Envoi.*

Prince, when they found the swag in Achan's tent
They led him out into an open space,
And all they said was—when their stones were spent:
"It really is a most deserving case."

C. W.

## PUZZLE: FIND THE BOOK.

By Katherine Mansfield.

Among the galaxy of autumnal literary friends and strangers spread over shelf and work-table and floor of my sanctum for evening relaxation and the more sober duties of the newspaper reviewer none has so deeply impressed me with the artistic significance and the peculiar beauty of our time as Professor Rattyscum's lavishly illustrated book of travel: "From Sewer to Cathedral Spire." The work opens as is fitting and fashionable nowadays with a dedication to Mrs. Rattyscum, to whom we are indebted for the generous profusion of "quarter and half-quarter tone" water-colours. It is not without reason that I quote the Professor's words in their short entirety:—

"While I did write, thy busy fingers, dabbler,
Painted the page;
The verdant prattle of thy child-heart, babbler,
Sweet'ning the sage
Words of my virile tongue
As herbs are hung
In juicy breast of roasted farmyard gabbler!"

Voila! (as our great-hearted Charles Dickens was so fond of exclaiming after his journey to Paris in the early 'seventies) there you have the man—the writing hand, the tender eye, and the sardonic, albeit wholesome, twist of the lip! There is something of a divine swoop in the Professor's immediate grip of you; in the way he leads you from the figure of Mrs. Rattyscum painting, perhaps, some intimate corner of the Sahara, to the dining-table, to the roasted bird or the willow pattern dish set in a little mat of pale yellow straw. Gleam of silver, gloss of napery, hoarded splendour of the dust-covered wine bottle, bloom of the fruit in season. . . . "Both so equally beautiful," we might fancy him saying. "For the modern artist refuses to find—nay, *cannot* find—one jot of difference between the beauty of spiritual things and the beauty of the earth, earthy. . . ."

Perhaps an even more forcible example of this modern vision is found on page 076, "Street Idyll in Wang-Thang." He gives a detailed and extremely powerful description of the beating of a girl-child in the open roadway, who, finally escaping her persecutor, leaves on the pavement the handkerchief with which she has stilled her weeping. A boy, who has observed the whole scene "with infinite compassion" possesses himself of the "cambric trifle" and thrusts it into his breast pocket. . . . "Ah, and why not? Surely the tear-stained handkerchief of the little beloved on the paving-stone is as lovely as the first rain-washed flower in the milk-white meadows of Paradise."

It is natural, in the reading of this volume, that the thoughts should fly off to the tragic figure of Heinrich Heine, and it is true that there is a resemblance; Heine is the invalid brother of the Rattyscum family. Small doubt that had he been blessed with the Professor's physique and the permanent pillow of a chaste's wife's lap the fruits of his bitterness might have temperately mellowed. It is difficult to imagine the laughing apostle of "Welt-Schmerz" rising to the primitive splendour of this conception. The Rattyscums, on leaving London, are unable to pass through Chancery Lane as the road is "up" and thronged with labourers. Here is the Professor's note: "And I thought God Himself was to be pitied in that He created the world alone and could not remark the sturdy beauty of workmen in His pay, nor rejoice in their swinging poise, nor inhale through His Omnipotent nostrils the good, rich smells of tar and pitch."

One is tempted to quote endlessly, but the book must be bought and held to be appreciated. In this restricted space I can give only the cup without the cold water, the quiver without the arrows. You must deepen over the pages until your very eyes seem to fasten on to this vivid colour, to shapen in it—until you fancy that the book might glow in the dark—you might rise from your bed and see it phosphorescent, luminous, afloat on your table.

Permeating and penetrating every sewer, lighting upon and uplifted by every Cathedral spire of every country where such things are—and where such things are not finding their just equivalent in intimate probing of the psychology of the cannibal heart on the one hand, or writing in rainbow prose the lonely loveliness of mountains at sunrise on the other, Professor Rattyscum girdles the earth with his pen point for the reader's delight, stirring and keeping ever in motion those twin well-springs of laughter and tears. For who can help but laugh—and we, ourselves are laughing as we write—at the Professor's encounter with a young, recently converted and flannelette-clad cannibal girl in a mission school in New Guinea, who folded her hands, and raising her great black eyes exclaimed: "Me lovee Jesus; Jesus my boy." Yet hardly has one recovered before the Professor suggests the ultimate truth of their naïve statement, i.e., the personal appeal of the carnate Christ to the feminine temperament.

And, to finish with the taste of the Professor strong and sweet in the mouth, I quote from chapter 137, "Wallowings":—

"For the true realist must fain love the swine—the rough-silvered back, the round, bright eyes, like berries twinkling under the eyebrow hedge, the solemn monotone of the snorting snout. Gladly before them he scatters his pearls, laughing, fiery-bosomed, as Nature herself does not hesitate to scatter over the meanest of her creatures dew from the rose of morning."

## OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

By C. E. Bechhöfer.

### VII.—"THE GLOBE."

### NOTES OF THE DAY.

Quite recently we defined a certain bank-robber as "a practical Syndicalist having done his best, in the sphere nearest at hand, to equalise the distribution of wealth." Syndicalism, thus, is shown to possess the leading characteristics of Socialism, which, in its desire to "level down" incomes, ignores intellect, merit, God, and even truth.

### BY THE WAY.

We joke of fried Bacon and Shakespeare,
We joke of the slow Whitehall pup,
We joke of the Channel and mal de mer-ee;
So why don't the sales go up?

### CUCKOOS.

Among British birds is the cuckoo. The cuckoo lives in trees. The cuckoo sings. "Cuckoo" is the song of the cuckoo. The cuckoo flies about. The cuckoo does not sing "cuckoo" as it flies about. A cuckoo . . . .

### BOOK REVIEWS.

"WHO WAS ALEXANDER?" By Catherine Grey. (——).

In a highly interesting thesis, Miss Grey endeavours to show that Alexander the Great was the distinguished author of "The Three Musketeers." She bases her well-written entertaining volume on the premise that the killing-off of characters is usually hailed by d'Artagnan with the remark, "There is a God in Heaven," to which Athos, perceiving how much they are indebted to the author, replies, "It was Doom, ah!" So that, says Miss Grey in her agreeable style, "Dumas" is clearly a mask for the true author, Alexander. We will not here presume to criticise this theory, but Miss Grey has given us a very readable book, full of grace, charm, brilliance, thought, knowledge, sympathy, ease, and a sense of diction.

### ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO TO-DAY.

Extracts from THE GLOBE of June 20, 1812.

. . . . This concealed desire to "level down" incomes ignores intellect, merit, God, and even truth. . . .

# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

### MR. FELS AND THE SINGLE TAX.

Sir,—For all I know to the contrary, Mr. Fels may be, as your correspondent, "Fairplay," affirms, the mildest-mannered man that ever proposed to enrich himself at somebody's else's expense; but King Charles I probably ran him very close, and even Mr. Fels' enemies—the opponents of his Single-tax proposals—are probably not without personal charm. But personal charm has nothing to do with economics, and Mr. Fels ought to know very well that the release of himself and his employees from the obligation of rack-rent and the diversion of economic rent to the State will actually enable him to increase his profits. Not only will his men's living minimum be reduced, consequent on the reduction of their rent, but all the philanthropic State undertakings, now in part paid for out of profits and wages, will be paid by the State out of rent. Should private capitalism therefore continue after the Single-tax is in operation—and Mr. Fels has never suggested that it should not—the whole benefits will fall to his class. The class of Rent will be abolished only to make even more room for Interest and Profit. That Mr. Fels does not expect personally to benefit during his lifetime by this reform I can easily believe. If members of the capitalist class were not individually prepared to be occasionally altruistic in the interests of their class, the class itself would soon cease to exist; there must be honour even among thieves.

NELSON FIELD.

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### MR. LANSBURY AND THE DOCKERS' STRIKE.

Sir,—I beg to call the attention of your readers to the suggestion made by Mr. Lansbury to the dockers assembled on Tower Hill on Sunday last. As reported in the "Daily Herald," Mr. Lansbury said: "If he desired to make supplies sure he would pass a short Act of Parliament to enact that the Port of London, which was a public property, should be carried on for the public benefit by a joint board of masters and men." THE NEW AGE has frequently pointed out that the alternatives before industry to-day are Co-management between Masters and Men or Co-management between the State and the Unions. Of these two prospects, the latter is Socialism, the former is anti-Socialism—being, in fact, a private combine among both wage-masters and wage-slaves against the public interest. Mr. Lansbury appears to have grasped the importance of Co-management by the Unions, but in looking for a partner he has unfortunately chosen the existing private capitalist. Yet what else could he do unless the Government itself is prepared to accept the men's offer? I shall be glad to see, however, if anything further comes of this idea.

R. D. STAINES.

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### MR. JOWETT AND THE CABINET SYSTEM.

Sir,—In the "Clarion" of last week Mr. Jowett, M.P., writes a doleful account of his attempt at the recent I.L.P. Conference to induce the Labour politicians to break up the Cabinet system. Everything he says is undoubtedly true; and no man has more persistently than Mr. Jowett hammered away at the futility of Parliamentary procedure. But the fact is that Parliament is Parliament, and cannot be changed by the Labour Party, do whatever they may. It is a reflection of the existing economic structure of society, and until this structure is changed its reflection will remain the same. It follows that what we need is an economic transformation which in turn will bring about a political transformation. But Mr. Jowett is misinformed if he supposes that the latter can precede the former. Unfortunately, Mr. Jowett is clearer in his politics than in his economics. To the disgust of myself and my Socialist friends, Mr. Jowett's name is found on the back of the Feeble-Minded Bill. A Bill to lethal-chamber men who cannot find employment would probably also secure his support.

JOHN HOPGOOD.

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### "THE NEW AGE" AND THE BISHOP.

Sir,—Your correspondent, Mr. Edward Leach, takes exception to a parenthetical remark in your article on State Socialism wherein you speak of the prayers of the Bishop of Oxford and the Rev. Silvester Horne that the unemployables may soon become fit subjects for further exploitation. The meaning of your gibe was surely obvious: that conformist and Nonconformist are equally complacent in their acceptance of the wage system. Surely nobody doubts that the Churches carefully defend the existing organisation of society. Mr. Leach thinks that the Bishop of Oxford is an exceptional case. Perhaps he will tender some evidence that this particular bishop has ever denounced the wage system, as a system. If Mr. Leach be right in his conjecture, then THE NEW AGE has secured a recruit of some importance; but I, for one, am frankly sceptical. Clergymen do not become bishops by undermining the foundations of the capitalistic temple. If the Bishop of Oxford has in fact denounced the wage system, then the pertinent question will arise—how can he with a clear conscience remain where he is?

OBSERVER.

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### SERVANTS AND INSURANCE.

Sir,—After reading Miss Douglas's letter in your issue of May 23 I should be glad if you will give me the opportunity to show why we consider resistance to the Insurance Act for domestics only out of place.

When we first took objection to the Bill, domestics were compelled to pay and received no benefits whatever. This is now altered and domestic workers of both sexes receive the same benefits as other workers under the Act. The domestics receive no special consideration from the employers to make it wise, necessary or desirable that they should be excluded from the Bill now the benefits are equal to those of others workers. The agitation served its purpose in this. Miss Douglas does not make it clear that the employer is responsible for payment of contributions, as the deductions must be made by employers when wages are paid, or a penalty of £10 is enforced. This also extends to large firms, and private households should not be exempted.

For some years past legislation has protected the worker in shop, factory or warehouse, and left that same employer a free hand with their domestic workers.

May I appeal to all your readers not to assist in this scheme for resistance for domestics only? The Government have recognised us as workers for the purposes of the Act; it is our duty to make them recognise us as workers and give us generally better conditions. I will gladly forward any literature to explain the Act as it affects domestics.

GRACE NEAL,
Sec., Domestic Workers' Union.

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### THE LATE KING.

Sir,—In the midst of the discussion of the late King's personality, engineered by the Press from various motives, you may be amused by the authentic record of his very last words. They were not, as the idiotic Press related them at the time to be, any maundering echo of Nelson's equally fictitious last words, but the honest reflection of the man's real character. "Tell Marsh," he said, "that I am greatly pleased."

ANTI-FLEET-STREET.

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### "BYWAYS OF BELIEF."

Sir,—When I read your critic's notice of the Rev. Conrad Noel's "Byways of Belief," I had a bewildered feeling of being my own grandfather when he was a young man. Surely this sort of criticism is a century too late. Your discreetly anonymous critic should have flourished in the good old days of Jeffreys and the full-blooded school of Edinburgh revilers—I mean reviewers. At all events, in a journal glorying in the name of THE NEW AGE such Rip Van Winkleism seems a bit out of place. I refer to your critic's attack on the attitude the Founder of Christianity adopted on the drink question. Owing to stupidity, malice, or a lazy superficial reading of the chapter on Teetotalism he seems to think he is slinging his Billingsgate at the Rev. Conrad Noel. Of course he is doing nothing of the kind. Any honest, intelligent schoolboy of fourteen years of age would be capable of seeing that the author is simply pointing out the following indisputable facts, i.e., that Christ was not a teetotaler, that on one occasion when "men" had "well drunk" He made more wine, that what He condemned was not the use of God's gifts but the abuse. (For example, He would probably recommend your reviewer to give up reviewing books.) And simply because the Rev. Conrad Noel has demonstrated these incontrovertible facts and applied them to the present day, your critic courteously sums up his religion in the music-hall doggerel verse:—

"Come where the booze is cheaper,
Come where the pots hold more," etc.

Of course, this sort of criticism of the Christian religion and its Founder is very old. It is as old as the Gospel story. It was a matter of absolute fact the criticism passed on Christ by men who observed the manner of life of the new Teacher and His doctrine. "Behold a gluttonous man and a wine-bibber." To Conrad Noel, writes your reviewer, "Catholicism means drink, democracy and dogma." Yes, but so it did to Christ.

J. A. GRANT.

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### MR. CHESTERTON AND ANARCHY.

Sir,—The letter I sent to the "Daily News and Leader" in reply to Mr. Chesterton's amazing article of June 1 was, of course, not printed without omissions. The "Daily News," etc., not only took care to shield those of its readers whom it would have pained to see the fundamental principles of anarchy and democracy roughly handled; but, incidentally, it also shielded Mr. Chesterton and St. Paul, though at the

expense of making the conclusion of my letter quite unintelligible in order to do so.

Mr. Chesterton cavils at my interpreting Nietzsche's Superman as a Ruler-Man, and adheres with truly British prejudice to his materialistic view that anything in the way of "surpassing" must be accomplished in number or quantity. It must either be a question of having less or more toes, or less or more fingers, or something of that sort. The idea of *quality* never seems so much as to dawn upon his mind. And as for the idea of *spirit*—that is apparently an unknown subject to this materialist, or democrat, or anarchist. (We shall have Mr. Chesterton asking me next to give a "shadow of a reason" why a democrat is a materialist.) He cannot conceive of the Superman surpassing his fellows in "spirit." But this was precisely Nietzsche's strongest claim for his Superman.

All this, however, did not surprise me. Much as one deplores the fact that a man should discuss things he does not understand, it does not surprise one if he blunders over them when he does presume to do so. The fact that really did surprise me was that Mr. Chesterton should know so little about the political persuasion to which he has belonged for so many years. He actually asks me to "give a shadow of a reason" for calling the love of speed "democratic." Apparently he cannot see that democracy brings the slaves to power, and that to slaves "time" really "is money." Let Mr. Chesterton ask himself who it is that is pressed for time, or that allows himself to be pressed for time. Take the journalist, for instance, who gets scarcely any leisure to think deeply about questions which require long, calm and profound meditation for their solution; is it not obvious that if he were not a slave, he would *take* the time, and would even fanatically demand it, for thought and for imagination to bear lasting fruit? But he is one among a crowd of other slaves, all feverishly scurrying to nowhere and to nothing, but all feeling in their very bones and marrow the traditional materialistic and utilitarian creed of slaves that "time is money." This is the explanation of democratic speed, Mr. Chesterton.

And now let me return to Mr. Chesterton's notion about a creed and a cause. I agree, of course, that a creed and a cause are needed. They are needed, above all, because a creed and a cause, by giving a people or a nation or a whole continent, a single direction and a single purpose, establish order on earth. For all that, however, I still insist that it is the Ruler-Man who will give, and always has given, mankind such a creed and such a cause, and I do not care a brass farthing whether he says he has got his creed from heaven or from any other fictitious store-house of "power and glory." What on earth made Mr. Chesterton assume that I believed the Superman should say he found his creed in his own head, or "that anyone who thinks himself strong may do anything he likes?" That is merely megalomania—the disease with which *Mr. Chesterton's* creed infected mankind; it has nothing whatever to do with mine.

And Mr. Chesterton literally foams at the mouth at the sound of Nietzsche's name, because it was Nietzsche who was the first to point out this flaw in Mr. Chesterton's creed. It is for this reason that Mr. Chesterton cries madly that Nietzsche ultimately went mad, when he is trying to refute things Nietzsche said long before he went mad. It is for this reason that he tries so hard to make Nietzsche's Superman (the Ruler-Man) appear ridiculous; because Nietzsche pointed to the fact that democracy had no place for such a man, and because, moreover, Nietzsche traced this fault to a much more fundamental error—the error of stuffing the heads of the mob with inflated notions as to the importance of their pestilential personalities. When St. Paul said to the people: "Do ye not know that the saints shall judge the world? And if the world shall be judged by you are ye unworthy to judge the smallest matters?" And, "Know ye not that we shall judge angels? How much more things that pertain to life?"—it was with this "trash" that he sowed the seeds not only of the universal amateurishness of the present day, which makes even Mr. Chesterton write about things (Nietzscheism included) that he does not understand: but also of all the chaos and anarchy which makes life to-day such a maze of futility and humbug. For, if everybody is convinced that he is going to judge "the world" or "angels," how can such an insignificant matter as ruling present any difficulties to him? This gratuitous inoculation of the germ of swollen-headedness into every Tom, Dick, and Harry is responsible for having made the world the chaotic place it is, and when Mr. Chesterton says that men are in need of a creed and a cause, I reply, Yes, though not one which fills their heads with silly and extravagant notions concerning the extent of their own capacities, but one which, on the contrary, will put people in their places, and establish order.

But the best joke is that Mr. Chesterton is surprised that *I* should call *him* an anarchist! A. M. LUDOVICI.

## THE ART OF MR. SICKERT.

Sir,—While I am flattered at the quite undeserved attention that Mr. Huntly Carter has been good enough to bestow on my work in your issue of June 6, I shall be obliged if I might be allowed to reply to him on one point which it appears to me he misapprehends.

I do not propose to touch on that part of his criticism which deals with my drawings or my paintings. A draughtsman should only defend his drawings with his pencil, or his paintings with his brush. My affair is with Mr. Huntly Carter's interpretation of my theory of distortion, and, starting thence, with the application of it to my criticism of the doctrinaire portion of the work of Matisse and Picasso.

Mr. Carter accuses me of laying down "a law of wilful distortion." And yet, on the same page, he quotes words of mine which clearly point to the contrary. "Not only," he quotes me, "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 result from the effort for accuracy of an accomplished hand, and the inevitable degree of human error in the sum." Is it not sufficiently clear that I am here not only ruling out wilful distortion, but strictly limiting even the degree of distortion?

I had in my mind such a bias as was Tintoretto's for a long leg, or Greco's for universal elongation, such a bias as was that of Rubens for plumpness, or that of Rembrandt for a certain squareness or squatness.

The wilful cubistic or other nonsense-distortion of Matisse and Picasso is quite another matter. One question! If Picasso had quietly continued to develop the not untender, half-nursery, half-museum style of which we recently saw examples at Mr. Nevill's gallery, would you and I be discussing him now in Chancery Lane? It needed the colossal nonsense of the cubistic boom, of what the Futurists call "interior mathematics," to make a quite interesting little talent what it is now, merely notorious.

Mathematics are based on universal consent. Cubism is not art. Let us ask the mathematicians whether it is science. But as there is no plant, even of folly, that on the earth doth live, but contains some germ of health, let it be mine to state, in the fullest measure of justice, what is the germ of health, even in the cubiste folly.

One of the vices of all decadent painting is slurring or smearing, that is to say, an excessive disguise of the fact that a painting consists of separate touches. That the cartoons of Raphael or the designs of Goya were made for tapestry, imposed a division of touch on these painters, a limit, that is to say, to blending. The habit of designing for mosaic, again, would be the best possible training for painters aiming at a lofty and august quality of utterance. An analogy may be found in the value of the restriction imposed by prosody on the spoken and the written word. Inasmuch as the cubistes are seeking a formal division of their designs into packets or parcels, they have hold of an old, and therefore a sound, clue. But inasmuch as the packets or parcels into which most of them divide their designs are conditioned by nothing, either in nature or in their medium, they are hopelessly astray. In the work of Marquet you may see all that is useful in their doctrine, subordinated to a sane, creative and traditional talent of a very high order. WALTER SICKERT.

* * *

Sir,—It is no reply to your critic, Mr. Huntly Carter, whose taste, it appears, condemns Mr. Walter Sickert's work as deliberately ugly, to record the fact that other critics have not only other opinions, but maintain them by paying for them. It may interest your readers to know that the original of one of Mr. Sickert's drawings, lately published in THE NEW AGE—"Preoccupation"—has just been purchased by the Johannesburg Art Gallery.

S. F. MONTEITH.

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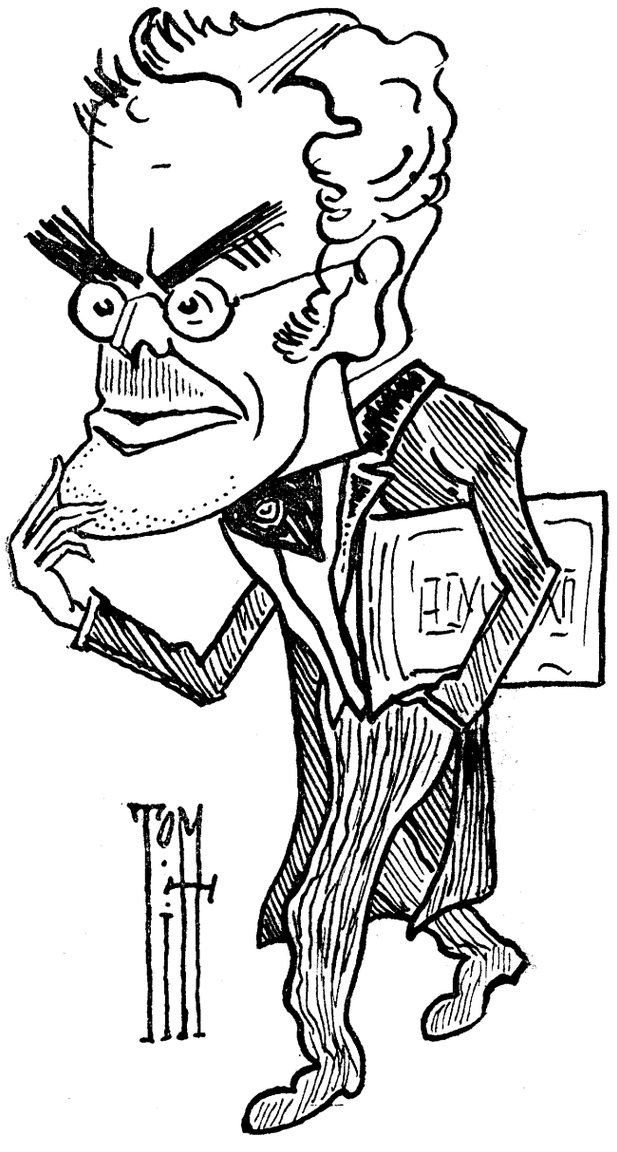
## THE TRUE TRAVELLER.

Sir,—I have been away for some time and have only now seen your reviewer's answer to my letter. The experience with Mad Kitty was my own which, for obvious reasons, was told second-hand. That your reviewer has heard the story before, and told by a barman, too, is so extraordinary that I cannot possibly believe that he is telling the truth. I have now come to the conclusion that your reviewer is a very dangerous man, who would resort to any cowardly methods to make his case good. He has told a wilful lie, and the words I used in haste, that he had a mean, dirty mind, need no other proof. Please let him know what I have said. WILLIAM H. DAVIES

[Mr. Davies has now admitted that his barman was a fiction; and my suspicion has thus been confirmed. I now repeat my statement that his barman was the same as mine. —YOUR REVIEWER.]



MR. BIRRELL.



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